

**The San Francisco Call**  
 SUNDAY, JULY 5, 1896

**AMUSEMENTS.**  
 CALIFORNIA THEATRE.—"A Luch of Violets."  
 COLUMBIA THEATRE.—"London Assurance" to-  
 morrow night.  
 THE GRAND OPERA.—"One of the Best."  
 TIVOLI OPERA.—"A Trip to the Moon."  
 OPERA.—High-Class Vaudeville.  
 SUTRO BATHS.—Bathing and performances.  
 SHOOT THE CURTAIN.—Daily at Haight street,  
 one block east of the Park.  
 PRESIDIO ATHLETIC GYMNASIUM.—Baseball.  
 BASEBALL.—Sixteenth and Golden streets.  
 GOLDEN GATE PARK.—Golf and Park Band.

**CITY NEWS IN BRIEF.**

Six thousand Hibernians enjoyed the Fourth at El Camp.  
 The New Casino at the Chutes opened yesterday with a good variety bill.  
 The Emporium has donated \$1000 to the Christian Endeavor Convention.  
 F. G. Smith was found dead yesterday in his late home, 1217 1/2 Golden Gate avenue.  
 Trained Japanese athletes performed a number of novel feats at the Presidio yesterday.  
 Joseph Taber and his wife, both old pioneers, died in their home in Berkeley yesterday.  
 William Marston Bowles will be ordained a priest of the Episcopal church next Wednesday.  
 The shipping in the harbor was prettily decorated yesterday in honor of the Nation's natal day.  
 Light fog Sunday morning; fresh southeasterly winds increasing in force in the afternoon.  
 The worst fire yesterday was in a dry-goods store at 1304 Stockton street, where the damage was \$200.  
 The necessary treatment was begun yesterday at the Posthouse, all the lepers taking the medicine.  
 F. A. Coulter, a young painter, was drowned yesterday in San Pablo Bay while on a pleasure excursion.  
 Several interesting and closely contested games were played in the handball courts yesterday afternoon.  
 A unusual number of men and boys injured by the careless use of fireworks were treated at the Receiving Hospital yesterday.  
 The opening shoot of the Pacific Tournament Association began yesterday at Alameda.  
 The Fourth of July street draperies of lanterns and of fire by night and the fireworks were witnessed by admiring thousands.  
 Waldo J. defeated W. Wood in the match race at Ingleside yesterday. Other winners were Helena, Adele and Captain Harris.  
 Eloquent literary exercises in honor of "the day we celebrate" took place in the Auditorium in the afternoon.  
 The Fourth of July parade was a spectacle of beauty two and a half miles long, and it required one hour for it to pass a given point.  
 In the Fourth of July parade all the floats were admirably decorated.  
 "The Little Red Schoolhouse" shared in the splendor.  
 Watson Manning, an eight-year-old boy, was killed last evening by being crushed under an electric car at Twenty-third and Mission streets.  
 George Wallerford, superintendent of the Alcazar building, committed suicide by shooting himself yesterday afternoon. No cause is known.  
 The Native Sons of the Golden West were in the parade with their beautiful banners and flags. They marched ahead of the Queen of California.  
 The Weather Bureau's box kites were caught in a gale on Twin Peaks yesterday and too badly damaged to permit the experiment to be carried out.  
 F. Z. Ziebach, Government agent for the last two years on St. George Island, one of the great Pribilof seal rookery group, arrived yesterday from Bering Sea.  
 Friday night the yacht Wave, lying at Jackson street wharf, was plundered by water-front thieves and a number of valuable articles stolen from the cabin.  
 The Pacific Mail steamship Coler arrived last night at twenty days from San Francisco, anchored off Powell-street wharf. She will go to her dock this morning.  
 The Scottish Thistle Club celebrated Independence day at Shell Mound yesterday with an enjoyable programme of National athletic games and dances.  
 There were three baseball games here yesterday. The Athletics beat the Giants, 2 to 0; Stocktons beat San Francisco, 12 to 4.  
 Two thousand people attended the second athletic picnic at Shell Mound yesterday. The Ladies' Mutual Aid Association in Schuetzen Club Park at San Rafael yesterday.  
 Several marches in the parade were over-crowded. The parade on Van Ness avenue near the guns of the model of the Oregon and received an ugly but not a fatal wound.  
 There were only eleven alarms of fire between 12 o'clock and 6 o'clock yesterday. There were fourteen alarms on July 4, 1895. Of the eleven yesterday three were false.  
 The principal features at the literary exercises in celebration of the Fourth were the poem by Louis Robertson, the oration by Zenas U. Dodge and the patriotic tableau.  
 The League of the Cross Cadets had a dress parade on Van Ness avenue yesterday afternoon before taking the parade on the city where they are going into camp for eight days.  
 A number of bell-boys at the Baldwin went on a strike last evening. They said they had been asked to take a party to the city for a day. The proprietor of the hotel says their statements are false.  
 D. Clifford, living on Ninth and Bryant streets, while juggling in a park yesterday, fractured his left leg, which was attended at the Receiving Hospital.  
 The Japanese in the Fourth of July parade secured from a hot-air balloon a wonderful balloon which burst in mid-air and formed into a man resembling them.  
 Sam Hardy of Oakland yesterday won the final match of the ninth annual lawn-tennis tournament of the Pacific States Association, after a recent absence from the city, having been absent the winner of the tournament which ended yesterday takes the championship by a 2-1 score.  
 Three important matters are to come before the meeting of the directors of the local Musicians' Union on Tuesday. The competition on the part of the letter-carriers' band, and the band of the local police, and the other posts, and the recent advent of a Russian band are all to be considered.  
 The State Mining Bureau has just completed through W. L. Was an eighteen-months' careful examination of the Southern California oil regions, the idea being to furnish the public with information about the oil fields. The Bureau is in petroleum and where oil is most likely to be found in paying quantities.  
 Frank Martin, a laborer, 40 years of age, was arrested last evening for robbing a pocket and charged with grand larceny. He was taken a purse from Mrs. George Youneman of 21 Clara avenue, on the corner of Stockton and O'Farrell streets, and taken to the station. He was charged the fellow for a block before overtaking him. The purse was found in the fellow's pocket.  
 The kite-flying experiment under the auspices of the CALL, and which was to have been conducted yesterday by Forecast Official Hammond, was postponed on account of the prevalence of high winds. All preparations had been made for exploiting the upper aerial strata to an extent never before attempted, but Boreas or Austro was not propitious and the experiment is discouraged, and says he will try again.  
 Edzer Emory, a bright boy, 15 years of age, is in the City Prison, but is not charged with any crime. He is the son of a newspaper publisher, William McDonald, in Oklahoma, who removed to this City. The boy came on here on a job of stepping into the shoes of his father. He has been unable to find out where McDonald is located, so he called at the City Prison and told his story. He will be detained with other boys being made to find his stepfather.

**COMPANIONS IN LIFE AND DEATH.**

**Joseph Taber's Wife Survives Him Hardly Two Days.**

**BOTH WERE PIONEERS. Five Generations of Their Family Were Living at the Same Time.**

**OLD AGE CAUSED BOTH DEATHS. A Small Estate Left, Which Will Be Inherited by Their Two Daughters.**

For eighty-two years Joseph Taber had wandered along life's pathway. The memories of his youthful days had become chilled and dampened by the snows of many winters, and his eyesight dimmed by the dust, the glare and the heat of numerous summers, but his mind was vigorous and his heart bright for all that. There was one to soothe him in his old age, who had borne him company through all his joys and sorrows, his red-letter days and his periods of trial and vicissitude, his wife Caroline Taber.

Joseph had passed the eighty-second milestone of life, and from the eminence to which he had climbed could gaze back over a long and industrious career, but the vision of his wife Caroline extended further than that. Her toll through the desert of life with the rest afforded by his cases had come on and on for eighty-three years. Her silvered hairs bore honorable evidence of the crosses she had borne.

Upon the side of a hill at 1607 Mason street lived this quaint old couple. They had been living there as long as the oldest neighbors could recall.

As regularly as clockwork their curtain would be raised at early morn, and shortly after the shades of twilight had fallen their light would be extinguished. They were regular in their habits, this old couple. The wisdom of this course, the old man said, their long experience had taught them.

But a week ago there came a change. No longer did the curtain rise in the morning, and all was silent and hushed.

Kind neighbors grew apprehensive and investigated the changed condition of affairs. When J. T. Tate, who lives on the opposite side of the street, knocked at their door it was some time ere he obtained a response, and then the old man came to the door and slowly opened it. His strength was exhausted with the effort and he sank to the floor.

It was a sad tale this gray-haired patriarch had to tell. His wife had been ailing in health for four or five years, and he had done all the housework during that time. But a few days before Tate visited him he also had succumbed to the ravages of time and had been forced to recline his stiffened limbs upon a couch.

They did all they could for the aged couple, these kind neighbors; medical skill was summoned and a competent nurse provided, but it was all in vain. The angel of death had knocked at their door and marked them for his victims.

Wednesday morning at 2 o'clock the old man quietly passed across the dark river, where he himself believed would come succor of trouble and care.

His funeral procession had hardly filed away from the undertaker's at 2 p. m. Friday when the news came that his wife also had ceased to breathe. As she had accompanied him in life, in death she had joined him.

The old man was a genius, the neighbors say, and not only furnished his house generally and in detail, but made his own clothes as well. As for the old lady, little she seen of her. One year ago last October she descended the steep flight of stairs that leads to the little dwelling on the hill, and presented a beautiful bouquet of roses and other fragrant flowers to her neighbor, Mrs. Tate. Prior to that time, it is said, she had not descended those steps for four long years.

Besides some \$3000 in the bank, the old man is said to have left real estate, with improvements, valued at about \$4000. This will doubtless be inherited by the only surviving relatives, his daughter and her daughter, for both had been married before their union.

The old man's daughter is the wife of Dr. Wilder of Los Angeles; and that of his wife, Mrs. Caroline Guilda of Boston. Both are said to be old women and to have grandchildren themselves, one being said to have even a great-grandchild. Their arrival here is expected at any time.

Mrs. Taber's remains are in the hands of embalmers, and will be interred by the side of her husband this afternoon. This is said to be the last wish expressed by her in life.

**THE BRAW SCOTS AT SHELL MOUND.**

**How the Thistle Club Honored Independence Day.**

**THE GAMES AND DANCES. Lads and Lassies in Their National Sports and Costumes.**

**FUN, SKILL, GRACE AND BEAUTY. A Complete List of the Prize-Winners in the Numerous Contests.**

The braw Scots for which Fourth of July yesterday at Shell Mound. It was the thirtieth grand annual gathering, under the auspices of the San Francisco Scottish Thistle Club, and from 10 a. m. until 7 p. m. the grounds were all merry and active, thus illustrating the truth of the quotation at the head of the official programme: "Clanna nan Gaidheal an' Gualibh a' Cheile." This translated into English means that sons of the clan stand shoulder to shoulder.

Thousands of strong lads and winsome lassies were in attendance and gave full vent to the exuberance of their youthful and patriotic spirits. The picturesque Highland costumes and the quaint music of the bagpipes recalled to the canny Scots many pleasing memories of the hills of their own dear native country.

The exercises comprised, in addition to the usual dances in the pavilion, thirty-nine athletic games, for which the Scots are so famous. These contests were open to all comers, barring professionals, and included lots of strength, fun and skill. Cash prizes ranging from \$1 to \$10 went with almost every game.

Following is the list of the winners:  
 Quarts—First prize, Alex Sharp; second, R. Jardine; third, M. Wilson.  
 Best race (man in plain Highland costume)—First, A. McCaw; second, O. Boyle; third, J. Kenny.  
 Girls' race (handicap), 15 years and under—First, Evelyn Moore; second, Corinne Telford; third, Mabel Hesketh.  
 Standing high leap—First, J. Searns, 4 feet 6 inches; second, T. Carroll, 3 feet 11 inches; third, C. Grant and J. Murphy, 4 feet 7 inches.  
 Putting heavy stone—First, T. Carroll, 34 feet 9 inches; second, D. Campbell, 32 feet 6 inches; third, J. Cameron, 32 feet 6 inches.  
 Putting light stone—First, T. Carroll, 45 feet 6 inches; second, D. Campbell, 42 feet 5 inches; third, J. Cameron, 42 feet 5 inches.  
 Hop, step and jump, or hop, hop and jump—First, C. Grant, 42 feet 2 inches; second, M. Wilson, 42 feet 2 inches; third, J. Murphy, 39 feet 9 inches.  
 Best dressed boy in Highland costume—First, A. Beaten.  
 Mile race for amateurs (for gold and silver medals)—First, H. A. E. Jaehrie, Y. M. C. A.; second, G. Klasmann, Y. M. C. A.; third, J. D. Finlay, Y. M. C. A.; fourth, W. G. Watson, Y. M. C. A.; fifth, J. B. Finlay, Y. M. C. A.; sixth, J. B. Finlay, Y. M. C. A.; seventh, J. B. Finlay, Y. M. C. A.; eighth, J. B. Finlay, Y. M. C. A.; ninth, J. B. Finlay, Y. M. C. A.; tenth, J. B. Finlay, Y. M. C. A.

**THE GOVERNMENT AGENT ON ST. GEORGE RETURNS AFTER TWO YEARS.**

**Accompanied by Others Who Have Seen Longer Service in Bleak Bering Sea.**

J. E. Ziebach, who has been on St. George Island in Bering Sea for the last two years, is at the Occidental. He arrived from Unalaska yesterday on the steamer Homer, which made the trip down in nine days.

Mr. Ziebach held the official Government position as agent on St. George Island, and is now on his way to visit his wife in Scotland, S. D., where he was formerly engaged in journalism.

"The Government appoints four agents for the sealing grounds in the Bering Sea," said he. "Each of the large seal rookeries thus has a Government guardian. St. George Island is one of the Pribilof group, which consists of St. Paul, an island about twelve miles long by four miles wide; St. George, about ten miles by three miles, and two small rocky islets where there are walrus, but no seals. It is a very desolate island. St. George on St. George Island of about 100 natives. It is pretty desolate in winter, although the weather is not so severe on the mainland.

The Government used to permit 100,000 seals to be taken annually from 1880 to 1890, but there was such an alarming decrease in the number of seals that the limit was reduced to 15,000. This year, however, the limit has been increased to 30,000. Well, it is a good thing that the Government will be able to kill that many young males on the islands. This regulation affects only the rookeries and the sea for a distance of sixty miles around them. In that, in the open water, the Government seals can be captured without firearms may be taken. Between forty and fifty sealing vessels take advantage of the open water each season, the average haul being eight-tenths of a ton are caught.

"J. B. Crowley of Boston, Ill., has retained me as agent at St. George. The other agent is James Judge from Columbus. I shall go back as soon as I receive my orders.

"On the Homer as a fellow-passenger to this City was Dr. Gardner Percy Pond, who has returned here to his old home after service on St. Paul Island, where he was company doctor. The Government requires of the company that holds the sealing privilege that it must have a physician on each island to care for and dispense drugs to the natives without charge. He is going back on the Homer as soon as it loads for Unalaska.

"Mr. and Mrs. J. Tuck also came down from Unalaska. They came away for good after seven years' most successful work at the head of the Government Home Run School. Their Government Home Run School, which has been one of the kind that has been done in that part of Unalaska. A Miss Sowl and a Miss Meller are now in charge of the school.

The Government built a new home there last summer, and the Methodist Home Missionary Society had a building put up, but both were blown down, as they had been poorly constructed. The contractor has to rebuild them this summer.

"We get the papers on St. George only once in eight months, so I am a little behind on news generally, and particularly about our present expedition just sent out to Bering Sea.

"We are the first that have come out of Bering Sea this year.

**OPENING OF THE CASINO.**

**A Good Variety Bill Presented at the New Chutes Theater.**

**The Black Patti Made a Distinct Hit—Impassioned Russian Orchestra.**

There was a large crowd at the opening of the Chutes Casino, on Haight street, yesterday afternoon. The building is a good deal in the style of the late Vienna Prater of Midwinter Fair fame, but it is without the cumbersome galleries which disgraced the Prater. There are tables where liquid and solid refreshments can be partaken of, and it goes without saying that smoking is not prohibited.

The acoustic properties of the building are by no means unsatisfactory, though in high-barnlike structures of the kind, with high-raftered roofs, it is not to be expected that the sound will carry quite so well as in a regularly built theater.

The lofty roof, however, will be of great service in giving full scope to the performances of acrobats and aerialists.

The Marie-Therese family, who formed part of yesterday's programme, appeared to much better advantage than they had previously done at the Orpheum on account of the wide space for their aerial bonanzas.

The Imperial Russian Court orchestra, under the direction of Jules Simonoff, made its first San Francisco appearance and played popular orchestral selections brightly and briskly and with a good rhythmic swing. The orchestra is distinctly of a popular kind. It would be pressed by a few more strings, but the brass is good and does not become noisy and a good deal of shading was obtained.

The Black Patti made a decided hit, receiving two encores and enough applause to justify her in taking a third. She has a powerful soprano voice of wide range, which is particularly noticeable in her registers, and her command over her breath is something remarkable. Barring too much tendency to indulge in a tremolo, she sings with scholarly finish, and is as smart at home in bel canto, bravura operatic arias as in simple folk songs. Her first song yesterday was an aria from "I Lombardi," which she sang with the ease of an experienced prima donna. "The Cows Are in the Clover," was her first encore, and "Old Folks at Home," which she sang with charming pathos and simplicity, was her second encore.

Professor Fred McArt's trained African baboon and monkey comedians at once endeared themselves to the audience by their intelligence and agility. The baboon was property man and showed great industry and common sense in arranging all the accessories needed for the performance. As for the monkey, many of them proved to be positive artists. One little gray dog wore a wig and did a whirlwind dance in rainbow-tinted skirts; another executed a skirt dance and managed his flowing draperies like a miniature Lola Fuller. The hero dog of the company was a fireman, who rescued an infant from a house which should have been ablaze, but which the property man had forgotten to ignite.

The dog did his part of the performance just the same by dying of his injuries on the stage. His fellow-firemen gave him a grand funeral, while his widow wept tears over his remains.

Two other comedians put on gloves and showed a great deal of science in a three-round prize fight. They were finally arrested for violating the law by a dog-dresser as a policeman.

The performance by Maria Aragon, a wire-walker, came to an abrupt end through her apparatus breaking down. There was a good deal of delay between several of the acts, owing to the stage machinery not having been completely finished.

Crowds of people visited the other attractions at the Chutes, which have been added to by a haunted swing. In the evening there were some fine fireworks on the lake. A pyrotechnic display of forty-four rockets was also exhibited.

Young men or old should not fail to read Thomas Miller's advertisement on page 11.

**NEW TO-DAY.**

**How Old are You?**

It makes no difference whether you answer or not. It is always true that "a woman is as old as she looks." Nothing sets the seal of age upon a woman's beauty so deeply, as gray hair. The hair loses its color generally from lack of nutrition. If you nourish the hair, the original color will come back. That is the way that the normal color of the hair is restored by

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\* This testimonial will be found in full in Ayer's "Curebook" with a hundred others. Free. Address J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

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**F. A. Coulter Drowned Yesterday in San Pablo Bay.**

**YACHTING TO BENICIA. He Is Supposed to Have Slipped and Fallen Into the Water.**

**THE FATHER GRIEFSTRICKEN. Now Only One Son of His Family of Eight Children Is Left to Comfort Him.**

A sad accident befel a yachting party that left Tiburon Friday evening for Benicia, whereby one of the party, F. A. Coulter, was drowned in the waters of San Pablo Bay. The party consisted of four young men of this City, James P. Devine, Ed A. Linforth and F. A. Coulter, all residents of the Mission, and Frank Koster, who lives on Third street, near Howard. While sailing along with a stiff breeze about 2 o'clock yesterday morning Coulter slipped and fell overboard, and although his companions endeavored to find him, they could see nothing of the missing man. "We left Tiburon between 8 and 9 o'clock Friday night," said Ed Linforth, one of the party yesterday, "in the Ethel S, a trim yacht of thirty-six feet length, and one of the most seaworthy craft on the bay. We intended to go to Benicia to spend the 4th and return Sunday.

"Between 1 and 2 o'clock in the morning, just after we had passed Point Pinole, we were scudding along with a good breeze. I was at the wheel, but I had my back toward the bow, taking in the mainsail. Coulter or Jack, as we familiarly called him, came out of the cabin while I was busy with the sail and stood on the cockpit. Just as Jim Devine came out of the cabin he saw Coulter slip and fall overboard from the cockpit and disappear. "As soon as Devine saw Coulter fall he shouted to me, 'Stop the boat—Jack is overboard.' I immediately brought the boat to the wind and told Koster to cut away the sails.

"With the small boat we hunted around for nearly an hour, but couldn't see anything of Coulter. After this we started back immediately and arrived at Tiburon about 6 o'clock in the morning and notified the Coroners of Marin and San Francisco counties."

F. A. Coulter, the young man who was drowned, was about 25 years of age and lived at 812 Church street, near Twentieth. He was a painter by trade, although formerly an iron-molder, and was a member of the local Painters' and Decorators' Union No. 1. He lived with his father, William Coulter, and his older brother, George M. Coulter, and had often gone out in the Ethel S, which is owned by young Linforth, a fellow-worker and close friend of the drowned man.

The aged father was almost overcome with grief when seen by a CALL reporter yesterday afternoon, a few minutes after hearing of his son's sudden death.

"I wish I were dead," he repeated, as great tears trickled down his grizzled cheeks; "now they are all gone but one. Ten years ago my wife died and I was left with eight children. George is the only one left. I always mistrusted that yacht and didn't want my son to go out in it. Oh, I wish I were dead, I wish I were dead."

London and Liverpool are both at the level of the sea. Glasgow is 30 feet above it, Manchester 50 and Birmingham 300.

**COMPANY A BANQUETED.**

**National Guard Enjoys the Hospitality of Major Fahey of the Cosmopolitan.**

**Speeches and toasts were made, and a general good time was had. At the conclusion of the feast an adjournment was taken to the parlors of the hotel, and several of the guests have often trained a thirty-mile stretch by his side. In this way I will give my little fellows plenty of muscle as they are growing."**

**While the father was taking one of the babies began to nod in his carriage and the mother hung a curtain from the awning, which folded in the drowsy occupant, and it slept peacefully there.**

**PHILADELPHIA'S OUTING.**

**A Camp Taylor Picnic in Honor of First Gunner James Clausey.**

**The Philadelphia Outing Club gave a picnic Sunday, June 23, at Camp Taylor, in honor of James Clausey, first gunner of the U. S. Philadelphia.**

**There was a good crowd present, and there was a jolly good time among the redwoods and on the placid stream in boating and fishing. There was enough, and of the right sort, to eat and drink, and there was a speech or two—not too long—and there was dancing and flirting and all sorts of good times in sufficient quantities to make the participants long remember the event. Among those present were:**

Miss Annie Corrigan, Miss Agnes Corrigan, Miss Katie Abern, Miss Nellie Walsh, Miss Alice Walsh, Miss Kittie Walsh, Miss Birdie Lehman, Miss Svybi Murphy, Miss Maggie Murphy, Miss May Murphy, Miss Ida Garvin, Miss Emma Goyette, Miss Alice Garvin, Miss Minnie Walsh, Miss Kittie O'Connor, Miss Etta Martin, Miss Lizzie Fowler, Miss Tessie Stevens, Miss Katie Burke, Miss Agnes Marron, Mrs. Marron, Miss May Mahoney, Miss Florence Upham, Mrs. C. W. Walsh, Miss Josie Shea, Miss Katie Shea, Miss Emma Fisher, Charles Atwood, Mr. Reagan, Dave Barry, Mr. Gates, James Hill, Jack Marron, Mr. Marron, Mr. McDonald, Al Laderich, Abe Elburg.

**LOYALTY ON THE FRONT.**

**A Yacht Lying at Jackson-Street Wharf Looted by Water Thieves.**

**How a Perambulating Machinist and His Family Take Their Country Vacations.**

**Along the water front out on the bay the shipping was profusely and prettily decorated—colors flying from mast and yard. All of the British vessels in the harbor flew their bunting with Old Glory at the fore and their own national ensign at the mizzen, a graceful observation of the American naval day.**

**The white cruiser Charleston showed all her flags and signal numbers streaming from head to stern and the old operator Comanche fairly outdid herself. Over her decks and above the bridges white awnings were spread and lines of bunting blazed fore and aft.**

**Two divisions of the Naval Reserve were quartered aboard of the vessel, their bedding, rations and accoutrements, and once more she is a man-of-war. It is the intention of Lieutenant Commander Turner to give the battalion several days' drill afloat at the guns and in the boats. Officers and men alike are standing watch and performing all their duties under the strict discipline of the navy.**

**The water-front thieves were quite active around Jackson-street wharf Friday night. James Paine, the owner of the yacht Wave, left his vessel alongside of the dock about 5 o'clock in the evening and returned at 11.**

**A considerable change had taken place in his appearance. The little vessel had been overruled and she showed unmistakable signs of being the worse for wear. Not only had she been rummaged around the deck but the cabin had been plundered from clothing to establish the visitors had helped themselves, sparing nothing. They took a large iron-bound trunk which indicates that they boarded the yacht in a barge. The trunk was a 12-gauge shotgun, one large marine glass, three suits of clothes, several bars of powder and shot, an extension bin, a saw-set and all the provisions the cabin contained.**

**The thieves also took a number of valuable papers belonging to the owner, among which were the deeds to several pieces of property in South San Francisco. These could be of no use to anybody except to Mr. Paine, and to take them away was mere wantonness and a reasonable theft. The police are making a search for the missing articles, but have not yet found any trace of them.**

**Among the great crowd that took the ferryboats for a trip into the country yesterday were Alfred Ehrenclou of 1108 Hyde street and in his family, a wife and five small children.**

**Mr. Ehrenclou, who is a well-to-do machinist employed at the Union Iron**

**AT THE LAND NG PLACE.**

**The Big Tree at the Battery Where Newcomers Find Shelter.**

**"It is a startling fact that, almost without exception, the adulterated teas are dangerous to health. Some of them are actually poisonous—especially impure green teas, which contain copperas and Prussian blue."—New York Herald.**

**Do Americans really drink so much poison in their tea, or do we pay the New York Herald and other leading American papers to tell fibs for us? Why do you suppose you give money back if you don't like Schilling's Best—just for fun?**

Japan, 50 cents  
 Oolong, 60 cents  
 Ceylon, 75 cents  
 Ideal Blend \$1.25  
 Ask your grocer.  
 A Schilling & Company  
 San Francisco

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"Between 1 and 2 o'clock in the morning, just after we had passed Point Pinole, we were scudding along with a good breeze. I was at the wheel, but I had my back toward the bow, taking in the mainsail. Coulter or Jack, as we familiarly called him, came out of the cabin while I was busy with the sail and stood on the cockpit. Just as Jim Devine came out of the cabin he saw Coulter slip and fall overboard from the cockpit and disappear. "As soon as Devine saw Coulter fall he shouted to me, 'Stop the boat—Jack is overboard.' I immediately brought the boat to the wind and told Koster to cut away the sails.

"With the small boat we hunted around for nearly an hour, but couldn't see anything of Coulter. After this we started back immediately and arrived at Tiburon about 6 o'clock in the morning and notified the Coroners of Marin and San Francisco counties."

F. A. Coulter, the young man who was drowned, was about 25 years of age and lived at 812 Church street, near Twentieth. He was a painter by trade, although formerly an iron-molder, and was a member of the local Painters' and Decorators' Union No. 1. He lived with his father, William Coulter, and his older brother, George M. Coulter, and had often gone out in the Ethel S, which is owned by young Linforth, a fellow-worker and close friend of the drowned man.

The aged father was almost overcome with grief when seen by a CALL reporter yesterday afternoon, a few minutes after hearing of his son's sudden death.

"I wish I were dead," he repeated, as great tears trickled down his grizzled cheeks; "now they are all gone but one. Ten years ago my wife died and I was left with eight children. George is the only one left. I always mistrusted that yacht and didn't want my son to go out in it. Oh, I wish I were dead, I wish I were dead."

London and Liverpool are both at the level of the sea. Glasgow is 30 feet above it, Manchester 50 and Birmingham 300.

**COMPANY A BANQUETED.**

**National Guard Enjoys the Hospitality of Major Fahey of the Cosmopolitan.**

**Speeches and toasts were made, and a general good time was had. At the conclusion of the feast an adjournment was taken to the parlors of the hotel, and several of the guests have often trained a thirty-mile stretch by his side. In this way I will give my little fellows plenty of muscle as they are growing."**

**While the father was taking one of the babies began to nod in his carriage and the mother hung a curtain from the awning, which folded in the drowsy occupant, and it slept peacefully there.**

**PHILADELPHIA'S OUTING.**

**A Camp Taylor Picnic in Honor of First Gunner James Clausey.**

**The Philadelphia Outing Club gave a picnic Sunday, June 23, at Camp Taylor, in honor of James Clausey, first gunner of the U. S. Philadelphia.**

**There was a good crowd present, and there was a jolly good time among the redwoods and on the placid stream in boating and fishing. There was enough, and of the right sort, to eat and drink, and there was a speech or two—not too long—and there was dancing and flirting and all sorts of good times in sufficient quantities to make the participants long remember the event. Among those present were:**

Miss Annie Corrigan, Miss Agnes Corrigan, Miss Katie Abern, Miss Nellie Walsh, Miss Alice Walsh, Miss Kittie Walsh, Miss Birdie Lehman, Miss Svybi Murphy, Miss Maggie Murphy, Miss May Murphy, Miss Ida Garvin, Miss Emma Goyette, Miss Alice Garvin, Miss Minnie Walsh, Miss Kittie O'Connor, Miss Etta Martin, Miss Lizzie Fowler, Miss Tessie Stevens, Miss Katie Burke, Miss Agnes Marron, Mrs. Marron, Miss May Mahoney, Miss Florence Upham, Mrs. C. W. Walsh, Miss Josie Shea, Miss Katie Shea, Miss Emma Fisher, Charles Atwood, Mr. Reagan, Dave Barry, Mr. Gates, James Hill, Jack Marron, Mr. Marron, Mr. McDonald, Al Laderich, Abe Elburg.

**LOYALTY ON THE FRONT.**

**A Yacht Lying at Jackson-Street Wharf Looted by Water Thieves.**

**How a Perambulating Machinist and His Family Take Their Country Vacations.**

**Along the water front out on the bay the shipping was profusely and prettily decorated—colors flying from mast and yard. All of the British vessels in the harbor flew their bunting with Old Glory at the fore and their own national ensign at the mizzen, a graceful observation of the American naval day.**

**The white cruiser Charleston showed all her flags and signal numbers streaming from head to stern and the old operator Comanche fairly outdid herself. Over her decks and above the bridges white awnings were spread and lines of bunting blazed fore and aft.**

**Two divisions of the Naval Reserve were quartered aboard of the vessel, their bedding, rations and accoutrements, and once more she is a man-of-war. It is the intention of Lieutenant Commander Turner to give the battalion several days' drill afloat at the guns and in the boats. Officers and men alike are standing watch and performing all their duties under the strict discipline of the navy.**

**The water-front thieves were quite active around Jackson-street wharf Friday night. James Paine, the owner of the yacht Wave, left his vessel alongside of the dock about 5 o'clock in the evening and returned at 11.**

**A considerable change had taken place in his appearance. The little vessel had been overruled and she showed unmistakable signs of being the worse for wear. Not only had she been rummaged around the deck but the cabin had been plundered from clothing to establish the visitors had helped themselves, sparing nothing. They took a large iron-bound trunk which indicates that they boarded the yacht in a barge. The trunk was a 12-gauge shotgun, one large marine glass, three suits of clothes, several bars of powder and shot, an extension bin, a saw-set and all the provisions the cabin contained.**

**The thieves also took a number of valuable papers belonging to the owner, among which were the deeds to several pieces of property in South San Francisco. These could be of no use to anybody except to Mr. Paine, and to take them away was mere wantonness and a reasonable theft. The police are making a search for the missing articles, but have not yet found any trace of them.**

**Among the great crowd that took the ferryboats for a trip into the country yesterday were Alfred Ehrenclou of 1108 Hyde street and in his family, a wife and five small children.**

**Mr. Ehrenclou, who is a well-to-do machinist employed at the Union Iron**

**AT THE LAND NG PLACE.**