NEW TOGS, BUT ALL MADE EAST

The National Guard Will Soon Wear Cincinnati Uniforms.

LOCAL HOUSES ARE INDIGNANT.

Pettibone & Co. Will Furnish Goods at an Exceedingly Low Figure.

HAVE BEEN GIVEN THE CONTRACT.

But Slight Differences in the Eastern Bid and Those of Local Firms.

The appropriation of $20,000 given by the State for purchasing uniforms for the National Guard of California is doomed to go out of this State. Although many local furnishers and makers of uniforms and other military goods put in bids to furnish the goods at a figure almost at the same price, the Eastern firm of Pettibone & Co. of Cincinnati was given the contract, and will, in the natural course of events, receive the amount which had been given by taxpayers to the State for the purpose of procuring uniforms. Local dealers are disgusted at the movement and see no reason for it.

Colonel Thomas A. Nerney of the State Guard under General James, and who incidentally represents Pettibone & Co. on this coast, placed their bid in the hands of the uniform board, and the fact that he is also the military inspector for the same company is causing a vast amount of thinking among the military tailors and furnishers.

The bid under which Pettibone received the contract is placed at a figure 14 cents lower on blouses and trousers than the Government can supply the Government troops with the same wearing apparel. The bid which was handed in by the Eastern manufacturer did not cover prices for overcoats, caps or leggings, and it is contended that the firm will supply the coats and trousers at a losing figure and then place the overcoats with the men at a high figure, and in that way make up for lost amounts on apparel furnished in the bid.

A point which has also caused worriment is the fact that the bids were to have been closed on October 9, but the time of closing was postponed a week at the suggestion of some one not known to the local dealers. The Government furnishes the United States troops with blouses and trousers at $5 69, and the Eastern company has given bonds to furnish the same material as per stipulations at $5 55, but rumors are rife that it is impossible for them to furnish the goods at a figure lower than the Government prices if the goods are properly inspected upon arrival.

The only bid covering the whole wearing apparel was offered by the Pasquale Company of this city, with prices lower than other local dealers, and also with a price on hats 10 cents lower than that offered by the Eastern firm.

The price of woolen goods has materially risen during the past year, which renders it hard to understand how woolen suits can be furnished this year at prices lower than has ever been offered the Government in years gone by. The fact of any one particular firm receiving the contract have not incensed the local manufacturers as has the fact that the sums which will be paid for the uniforms must pass out of the State, and also that the said sums were given to the State by the taxpayers.

The dealers will possibly look further into the matter and attempt to show the uniform board that the Pettibone Company now has trouble to settle with the I. O. O. F. over the material placed in suits ordered by them some time back, and also that the price charged, though small, was too high a figure to suit the organization if the material sent was to be accepted.

The old regulation blouses were lined with material at a cost of 23 cents per yard, but the material now used in the new suits costs the manufacturer $1 42 per yard, which increases the cost of each garment materially and renders it more difficult to keep the price down to the former standard. Also it is shown that the blouse goods formerly used cost 78 cents per yard, with the present cost figure at $1 04. The comparison of bids will show but a slight difference between local and the Eastern firms.

Pettibone's bid only covered blouses and trousers at $5 55 and hats at $1 10. Pasquale & Co. of this city offered to furnish blouses and trousers at $6 70, overcoats at $9 25, hats at $1, caps 85 cents, and leggings according to specifications at 54 cents, which was the lowest bid with the exception of the prices placed on blouses and trousers by the Eastern company, and their price was placed below that allowed by the Government on uniforms for the United States troops.

Litchfield, a local dealer and manufacturer, placed a bid with a figure on blouses and trousers at $7 90, overcoats $14 95, hats $1 09 and leggings 59½ cents.

Martin Gets No Money.

Judge Daingerfield has granted a new trial in the case of George N. Martin against the Southern Pacific Company. The jury awarded the plaintiff $25,000 damages and the court thought the amount excessive.

NEW TO-DAY.

RED ROUGH HANDS

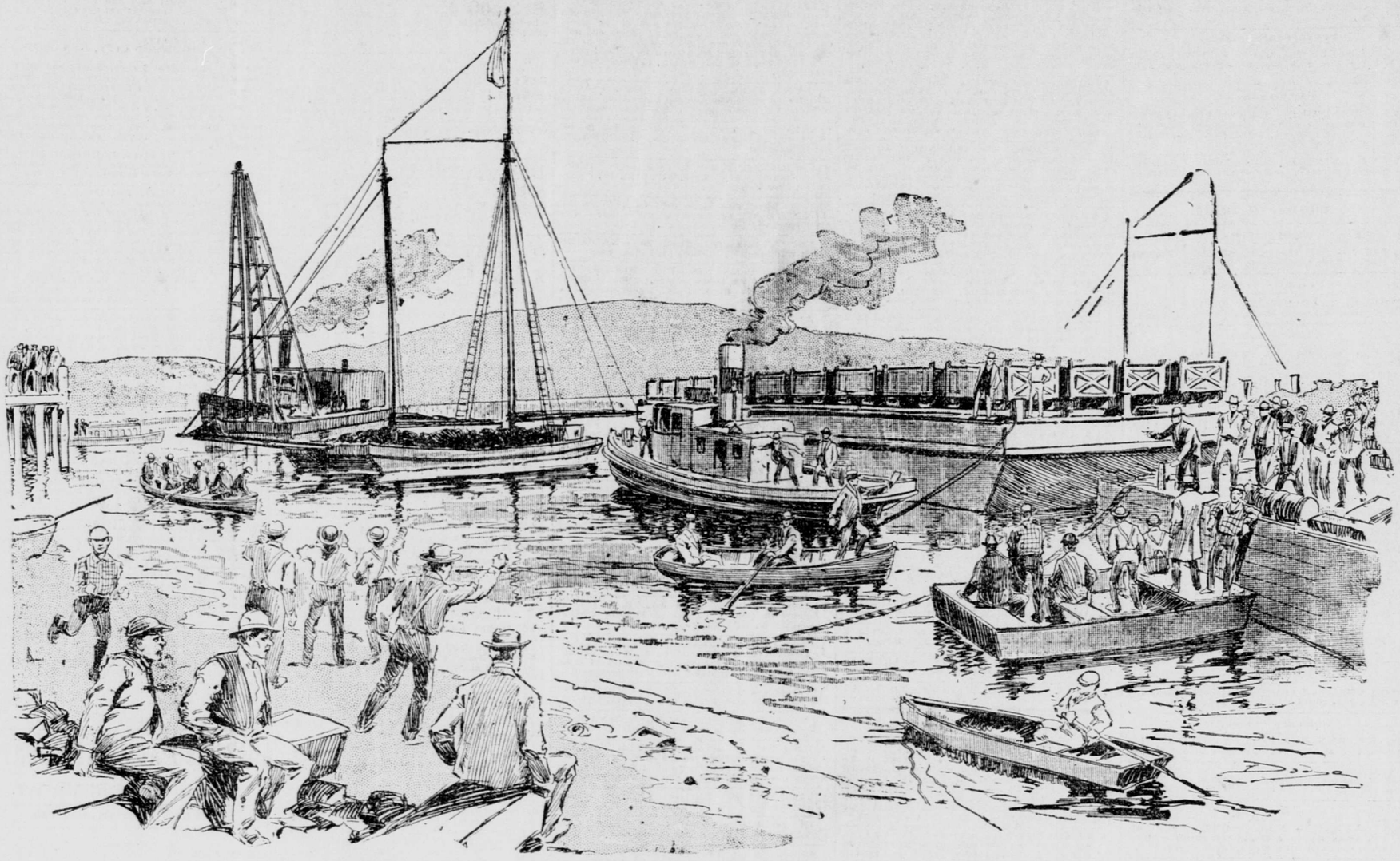
Itching, scaly, bleeding palms, shapeless nails, and painful finger ends, pimples, blackheads, oily, mothy skin, dry, thin, and falling hair, itching, scaly scalps, all yield quickly to warm baths with CUTICURA SOAP, and gentle anointings with CUTICURA (ointment), the great skin cure.

Cuticura

Is sold throughout the world. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Sole Props., Boston.
"How to Produce Soft, White Hands," free.

ITCHING HUMORS Instantly relieved by CUTICURA REMEDIES.

OFFICIALS PARLEY, BUT THE PILES REMAIN.



Chief Wharfinger Root Was Not Appreciated When He Tried to Serve the Court's Order. He Was All But Told to Get Off the Earth.

AN unsuccessful if not inglorious attempt was made yesterday to surprise and capture the stronghold of the Fair estate forces at North Beach. What was worse, defiance was hurled at Governor Budd and his militia. It was, in fact, an eventful day on the water front, and when the sun went down it set upon a retreating squadron of steam craft, manned by the State harbor police, under command of Chief Wharfinger Root and under the eyes of President E. L. Colnon of the Harbor Board.

Early in the day there were signs in the Harbor Commissioners' office of an imminent naval battle. From 11 o'clock until 2 an effort was being made to get the three Commissioners together for a council.

The Governor repaired to his private quarters in the Palace Hotel to write a declaration of war. He waited, however, until Judge Hebbard had issued a modification of his injunction restraining the Harbor Commissioners from interfering in the contest between the gas company and the Fair estate for the possession of that portion of the water front at the foot of Devisadero street. By noon the modification was secured. The following is a copy of the legal order:

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco—James S. Angus, Thomas G. Crothers and W. S. Goodfellow, executors of the last will of James G. Fair, deceased, plaintiffs, vs. Harbor Board, People's Gas Manufacturing Company, Albert Miller et al., defendants.

On motion of the attorney for the defendants, and good cause therefor appearing, it is hereby ordered that the temporary injunction and restraining order issued ex-parte herein on October 16, A. D., 1897, be and hereby is modified so that permission is hereby given to the defendants, E. L. Colnon, F. S. Chadbourne and P. J. Harney, as composing the Board of State Harbor Commissioners, to remove the piles for the distance of 100 feet within the premises described in the complaint herein and situated in the City and County of San Francisco, and commencing for the same at the northerly termination of the piles now standing on Devisadero street, between Tonquin and Jefferson streets, so-called, and thence extending southerly along said line of Devisadero street for a distance of 100 feet and being the same piles placed in said locality on or about September 25, 1897.

J. C. B. HEBBARD.

Dated this 25th day of October, 1897.

The Governor having hastily perused this order immediately wrote and handed to President Colnon the following letter:

PALACE HOTEL, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., October 25, 1897.

To the State Board of Harbor Commissioners, San Francisco, Cal.—GENTLEMEN: I desire to call your attention to the modification of the injunction served recently on your board in regard to certain obstructions on Devisadero street, between Jefferson and Tonquin streets, in this city, and to request that you now act in conformity with the opinion of the Attorney-General and remove said obstructions. Yours truly,

JAMES H. BUDD.

President Colnon hurried at once to his headquarters, expecting to meet the other two Commissioners. Governor Budd having some other business on his hands concluded not to take his ex-officio seat. About half past 1 Commissioner Chadbourne strolled in. Half an hour later Commissioner Harney made his appearance. The board was called to order, and after the reading of the minutes the Governor's letter was read. This being passed over to the other Commissioners President Colnon offered the following resolution:

Resolved, That in pursuance of an order of the Superior Court, modifying the injunction issued October 16, in conformity with written instructions from the Governor, the chief wharfinger is hereby directed to take such men and appliances from the department of repairs and the department of tugs as may be necessary to perform the work and remove the piles for a distance of a hundred feet, "commencing for the same at the northerly termination of the piles now standing on Devisadero street, between Tonquin and Jefferson streets, so called, and thence extending southerly along said line of Devisadero street for a distance of 100 feet, and being the same piles placed in said locality on or about September 25, 1897," and the superintendent of urgent repairs and the superintendent of tugs are hereby instructed to co-operate with the chief wharfinger in the carrying out of these orders.

Colonel Chadbourne was opposed to any immediate action by the board. He wanted first to see the opinion of the Attorney-General. After glancing at it he suggested that the proper place for the fight was in the courts. It was really a conflict between the gas company and the Fair estate, and they ought to be left to fight it out.

President Colnon thought the interests of the State ought to be protected.

Colonel Chadbourne replied that in his opinion any demonstration against the piles would be illegal. He thought the Governor was not exercising good judgment in the matter, but since he had practically directed that an attack should be made he would not vote against that course. He would, most assuredly, follow the Governor in any attempt of the State to vindicate her rights.

The secretary thereupon called the roll upon Colnon's resolution. The president's name was called first.

"Pass me for the present," said that gentleman. "I want to see how the others will vote."

Then Colonel Chadbourne's name was called and he voted "aye," his brother Commissioners greeting his vote with laughter. Harney voted aye and Colnon made the adoption unanimous.

The meeting immediately adjourned, and preparations for doing battle were at once made. Chief Wharfinger Root, who was present, was directed to rally all the wharfingers and with the tugboat Governor Markham and piledriver 2 proceed to the point of attack and pull up those offending piles.

The necessary orders to clear the deck for action were communicated to Philip T. Brown, Superintendent of Tugs and Dredges, and to L. E. Long, Superintendent of Repairs.

Chief Wharfinger Root placed in his pocket Judge Hebbard's order and all hands repaired to the water front to embark with their fighting men for the scene of hostilities.

At 3 o'clock the Governor Markham left for the Howard-street wharf to tow pile-driver No. 2 to the front. There were on board the tug, attired in their handsome uniforms, Chief Wharfinger Root, Assistant Chief Wharfinger Scott and Wharfingers Edward Buckley, Edward Short and Geo. H. S. Dryden, Storekeeper H. W. Peterson and Superintendents Brown and Long. At the Howard-street wharf these were re-enforced by Wharfingers Alexander Rosborough, Robert Stafford, James B. Hyslop, Edward M. Buckley and State Harbor Policeman I. T. Mooney. The piledriver, having been duly lashed alongside the tugboat, the formidable-looking engine of war was turned in the direction of North Beach.

On the way down Chief Wharfinger Root pulled out his war map and conferred with Superintendent Long in regard to their plan of action. Asked what he intended to do, Root said: "I shall simply do my duty, and if we can get near those piles we shall pull them out."

At 5 minutes to 4 o'clock the invading craft came into full view of the army of occupation. Thus far the movement seemed full of promise. The enemy seemed to be inactive. Only one man among them was in sight from the water, and he stood on a pile of rocks carelessly handling a shotgun. Otherwise the place had the appearance of a deserted camp.

The Governor Markham, with the piledriver, was approaching close to the shore, when suddenly a column of white vapor shot up from the enemy's vidette boat, which in this instance was the piledriver Tamalpais, lying directly across the line of piles which was the object of attack. The vapor was from her steam whistle. A rapid succession of shrill toots had a magical effect upon the scene.

Men on shore were seen scurrying from every direction toward the Tamalpais. The adjacent rocks suddenly swarmed with a defending horde. The time for something decisive to happen seemed imminent.

The armed mercenaries of the Fair estate had rallied to a man to repel the Harbor Commissioners' craft. Meanwhile the gallant wharfingers had clambered over the side of the tug and formed a hollow square on the piledriver. The mishaps of war then began to obstruct the course of true strategy.

Captain Jake Petzinger, at the wheel of the Governor Markham, found obstructions in his watery path. Colonel Baker was the first. In this case Colonel Baker was a scow schooner loaded with charcoal and making for the near-by wharf of the Fulton Iron Works. A large barge loaded with empty rockcars was the next. This was moored right along the front of the 100 feet of trespassing piles. There was no way apparently of getting to close quarters, and while Root's expedition was looking for an opening the Tamalpais kept its whistle screaming.

The Chief Wharfinger, accompanied by his assistant, stepped into a rowboat and was pulled to the fortifications. They displayed no flag of truce, but rode calmly in the face of grim fate. Boarding the Tamalpais the wharfinger pulled out—not a gun, but his court papers—and asked for the man in charge.

The big crowd, consisting of about seventy all told, looked sullen and put its 140 hands in its hip pockets. A meek-looking man came forward and said he was the foreman of the gang. He looked at Judge Hebbard's modification in Root's hands and begged to be excused from reading it verbatim, as he had no authority except to protect the property in the absence of the superintendent Livingstone. Would the emissary from the Harbor Board kindly postpone any belligerent movement until he could be called.

The whistle wire was again jerked for several minutes.

Root concluded to make the best of his opportunity by investigating the nature of the defenses. No attempt was made to frustrate this audacious spying upon the works and Root and Assistant Scott saw that they would require two or three more towboats to attempt any effectual attack.

They saw a great iron chain running over from the Tamalpais to the rocks. They saw a big anchor buried under about twelve tons of rock. They saw the car-laden barge wedged in the gap that shut them out from the piles. They saw that the enemy was too well prepared to admit of any successful assault by the piledriver.

Returning to his own craft Root held a conference with Superintendent Brown, the result of which was that Brown accompanied him back to the fortifications to view them and discover how best to reduce or destroy them.

And now the real humors of war began to develop and expand. It was half-past 5 o'clock. Another hour and darkness would surely stay anything like active hostilities. Root and Brown boarded the Tamalpais, this time to meet H. L. Livingstone, foreman for the contractors, and Charles A. Warren, the senior partner of the firm of Warren & Malley, the contractors.

The first inning was with Livingstone, who, after reading Judge Hebbard's order, said he could not recognize its legality. "We've got our orders, he said. "We've got possession and mean to stay here. We shall kill anybody who dares to dispute our right."

"I propose to do my duty," said Root, as he quietly stroked his mustache.

"All right, go ahead, and we'll fight. Why didn't you bring Jim Budd and his militia here? I should like to see them," scowled Livingstone.

Root and Brown proceeded to take another look around, in which occupation they were rudely interrupted from the shore. It was the voice of Contractor Warren pitched to a roaring "Key."

"Get off my property! Why don't you chuck those men overboard? Throw that fat man off" (pointing to Superintendent Brown). "They have no business there. I will tolerate no interference. Get off my property, I say. Why don't you throw that fat man in the water?" were the words the breeze waited.

Nobody raised a hand. The crowd of hired fighters displayed no weapons. The lone shotgun man never bulged from his post on the rock pile. Brown cast an eye about him for a safe line of retreat, and concluding that discretion was the better part of valor slipped over the side of the Tamalpais into his own rowboat. Chief Wharfinger Root, stepping on a narrow plank from the stern of the piledriver to the shore, made straight for the roaring voice.

For the third time he drew from his breastcoat inside pocket the type-written order of court. It was a paper bullet, but it did not stop the loud torrent of denunciation rushing from the mouth of the tall contractor.

"I don't give a ——," roared Warren. "I shall obey nothing but an order of court. Get out of here, I tell you, or blood will flow. Any man that touches a line here will be killed. Get out."

"But this is an order of court. Read it," said Root.

Warren took the paper, read it through and handed it back, at the same time saying, "It don't amount to anything. It's no good. Get out, I repeat."

"We shall move that barge and piledriver," was Root's rejoinder.

"You will, will you?" shouted Warren. "You had better make arrangements for your funeral. I won't move those boats and you shall not move them."

"Well, I'm only here to do my duty, and that's all there is about it," said Root.

"That order," roared Warren, "is only an order permitting you to remove piles. It doesn't say anything about removing barges. Move anything else at your peril," and Warren chuckled and laughed as he said: "I've got you there. I knew all about that order. It's no good. Get off my property or I'll have you thrown into the bay."

Root was fairly nonplused, discomfited, cast down. He knew he could not do anything more, and by this time had fully made up his mind that without any opposition it would take one or two days to haul the obstructions out of the way. After giving a twist to his warlike mustache he moved toward the narrow plank, as though to cross it to the Tamalpais.

Warren roared again to the crew of his pile-defense boat: "If that man crosses that plank chuck him overboard. D'ye hear me? Why don't you throw all those people who have no business down there into the water?"

Root turned to the fierce-looking contractor and said: "Can I not go back to my boat?"

"Not over my property. Get out of here!"

"Well, all I must say, you are very accommodating," replied the Chief Wharfinger, as he and his assistant walked away in the opposite direction toward the Fulton Iron Works and down to the muddy shore below, where they hailed their boat.

And then Warren began to chuckle again and laugh great laughs, sandwiching them with comments on the stupidity of the Harbor Commissioners.

"Those fellows are no account," he chirruped. "They don't know anything. Why, they have no jurisdiction here and I shall not recognize their jurisdiction within 150 feet of the line of that seawall. Somebody will get killed if they undertake to play any more monkeyshines here." Then, turning to Livingstone, his fighting lieutenant, he said, "Why didn't you touch off some of that dynamite just to show what we had on hand for them."

The sun was making a great red streak in the horizon across the Golden Gate as the bloodless battle was brought to this inglorious close. In the gloaming another craft with steam up appeared in the cove. It was the launch Amy, and on board were President E. L. Colnon and Commissioner Harney of the Harbor Board. The news of the day's disasters was conveyed to them by Root. It was resolved to withdraw the State's piledrivers and all the attacking force under the friendly cover of the darkness. Commissioner Harney was appointed a committee of one to go ashore at that point and drive post haste to the Palace Hotel to report the situation to the Governor, and ascertain from him what his further pleasure was concerning the conduct of the company.

The attacking fleet then put about for the home run. Sadness and silence fell upon the blue-coated warriors and President Colnon refused for a time to be comforted. Asked for his opinion on the day's doings, he replied that he was a man of peace—that he had conscientious scruples against the unnecessary effusion of blood. What chance, anyway, could a number of unarmed wharfingers have when opposed by a bloodthirsty gang of men armed with shotguns? Somebody would have been killed had Root proceeded to extremities. What would then have been said in disparagement of the Board of Harbor Commissioners. No, the board had exhausted its powers in the matter.

It was now for the Sheriff to take a hand in the game. It was that officer's duty and not that of the Harbor Board to enforce the decrees of the courts, and so saying the humane president of the Harbor Commission changed the subject and called attention to the glorious panorama of bay and shore which San Francisco offered, as the lights on the hills and the lights on the glistening waters studded the darkness.

At the Clay-street wharf word was conveyed to President Colnon that Major Harney had telephoned from the Palace Hotel for Colnon to keep all his forces on hand. They were so kept until 7 o'clock, when orders were issued dismissing them.

The Fair people were caught napping when the modification matter was before Judge Hebbard in the morning, and none of the attorneys for that interest were present. It was not until late in the evening when they learned of the tactics of their opponents, and then the brains of the legal lights who look after the interests of the estate were put to work

They succeeded in checkmating the forces of the State, and prevented them from taking any further hostile action looking to the overthrow of Warren & Malley's forces by getting an order from Judge Hebbard setting aside the previous order modifying the injunction and fixing the hearing of the restraining order for to-morrow morning at 10 o'clock. The following is the order:

It is hereby ordered that the order made and filed herein this day modifying the temporary injunction and restraining order issued herein on October 16, 1897, is hereby set aside, and the application of the defendants for a modification of said temporary injunction and restraining order is set for hearing before this court, Department 4, on the 27th day of October, 1897, at 10 o'clock A. M.

J. C. B. HEBBARD, Judge.

The action of Mayor Phelan in appearing before Judge Hebbard and asking for a modification of the restraining order was criticized in strong terms by the adherents of the Fair interests. Said one of them last night:

"Taking sides with the gas company does not speak well for the Mayor. The company claims that the State owns the water frontage there and if that is the case there are no streets and the Mayor in asking for a modification of the restraining order is virtually siding in with the gas company and taking away from the city millions of dollar's worth of property.

"Judge McKenna decided that the Legislature dedicated those streets to the city in 1858. We claim that the streets belong to the city and that the blocks belong to us. Mayor Phelan appeared before Judge Hebbard to show that the city wanted the modification. That doesn't look as if he was so very much interested in the city."

The rival forces may now rest easily as the court has taken the matter into his hands.

New Southern Pacific Bridges.

The Southern Pacific Railroad Company will start work to-morrow upon the stone foundations for a new steel bridge 77 feet in length over Butte Creek, near Dunham station, in the Sacramento Valley, and upon the stone foundations for two steel bridges near the great Vina ranch, one of three 60-foot spans over Deer Creek and the other of three 30-foot spans over Pine Creek, in the Sacramento Valley. The company has very recently completed a long steel bridge over the Tuolumne River near Modesto, and near Lodi a large force of men is now at work upon the piliars that are to support a big steel bridge over the Mokelumne River.

LOOTING OF A SCHOOLHOUSE

The Garfield Primary Raided by a Band of Thieves.

Property of Pupils and Teachers Carried Away or Destroyed.

Desks Broken Open and the Principal's Room Robbed—The Police Notified.

Vandals, bent as much on destroying property as robbery, almost wrecked the interior of the Garfield School on Telegraph Hill some time between closing hour on Friday last and the time of opening yesterday morning.

When the janitor opened the school yesterday for the admission of the pupils he found the building looking as though a small cyclone had been at work inside. Desks, both of teachers and pupils, had been broken into and the contents either destroyed, thrown about the floors or carried away, windows were shattered, and even the clocks had suffered. The timepieces had either been taken down or set back several hours, the hands being bent as though the vandals had used considerable force in tampering with them. The malice of the marauders was shown in their treatment of the school drum. The head was cut clear across with a knife, so as to render it useless. Not one room escaped damage of one kind or another.

The office of the principal, Miss Mary A. Scherer, seemed to have received special attention from the thieves, and every drawer and pigeon-hole in the desks showed evidence of having been carefully searched.

The robbers obtained entrance to the schoolyard over the back fence and thence made their way into the building through a window, the sashes showing evidences of the work of a jimmy. The loss to the pupils and teachers will be considerable, and the city will be put to an expense of several hundred dollars to repair the damage done the building and appurtenances.

Miss Scherer notified the police of the matter yesterday morning, and an effort will be made to locate the vandals who did the work. Several children in the neighborhood told the authorities that they had seen a man climbing the fence on Sunday and gave a description of him that may lead to his arrest.

From the amount of damage done it is believed that more than one man was concerned in the affair, and suspicion attaches to a number of tough characters who have been frequenting the neighborhood of the school of late.

WILL BE TRIED HERE.

Martin Berry, the Seattle Tailor, Booked for Grand Larceny.

Martin Berry, tailor, who was arrested Saturday night on a dispatch from Seattle that he was wanted there for grand larceny, got his attorney yesterday to apply for a writ of habeas corpus before Judge Dunne for his release.

To circumvent that movement he was last night booked on a charge of grand larceny committed in this city. He is accused of stealing a number of ladies' jackets, capes and skirts valued at $266 from Martin Linza, a merchant in this city, on July 26 last.

The police also allege that Berry some time ago swindled an Oakland merchant out of $800 worth of goods.

A Good Riddance.

Jesse R. Grant, alias William Morris, the ex-convict, who tried a flim-flam game with some skeleton keys in Judge Conlan's court last Wednesday, appeared for sentence yesterday on a charge of carrying a concealed weapon. The Judge gave him the limit—six months in the County Jail.

HER ANCHOR GOLD PLATED

The Whaler Thrasher Gets "Color" in the St. Lawrence Bay.

One Man Rescued From the Nevark Killed and Another Is Crazy.

Eight Seamen From the Various Vessels of the Winter Fleet Reported Frozen.

The Arctic steam whaler Thrasher, which started on her homeward voyage October 9, reached here last night and was piloted to her anchorage off Powell-street wharf by Captain D. H. Haskell of the Gracie S.

Mate J. J. Thatcher tells a story of gold in the waters up north. He said: "When we took in our anchor at the north head of St. Lawrence Bay we found the palm of the bill plated with gold. We dragged some and the gold worked into the pores of the iron, and any one who don't believe the yarn can see the yellow metal in the holes."

The Thrasher has on board 5000 pounds of whalebone and 350 barrels of oil.

Captain Cogan reports that when in 71 degrees north latitude and 174 degrees west longitude the vessel was in the midst of a large number of whales, and a large catch would have been made had he not had the misfortune to break a shaft and lose the propeller.

One of the foremast sailors taken from the whaler Nevark, which was lost some time ago, was killed during the voyage. The men were cutting in a whale when the tackle parted and struck him. Another man rescued from the same vessel went crazy during the trip down.

On October 3 the vessels Alice Knowles, William Bayless, Karluk and Jeanette were seen going to the westward, and the last seen of the Karluk she was chasing away.

The tender Jennie and eight whalers expected down this fall are caught in the ice and will not be able to get out this year. The only vessels of the Arctic fleet which can be looked for are those sighted by the Thrasher, which were going westward. The others are caught in the ice near Herschel Island.

It is reported that eight men from the crews of the various ships of the winter fleet have been frozen to death.

DEPPE HELD FOR MURDER.

Judge Conlan Decides to Send the Case to the Superior Court.

H. N. Deppe, the saloon-keeper who shot and killed Joseph Zammitt, a fireman, in front of the truckhouse on Market street, near Tenth, was yesterday held to answer before the Superior Court by Judge Conlan on the charge of murder.

It was urged on Deppe's behalf that Zammitt had boasted about his intimacy with his wife, which had so preyed upon his mind as to drive him nearly insane, but the Judge came to the conclusion that his only course was to let a jury decide on the facts in the case.

NEW TO-DAY.

Winter over-coats

$5 to $50

If you're not ready to buy you're welcome to come to see the styles; you won't have to buy of us

Come, learn all about
right materials
linings
plain seams
strapped seams
double breasted
single breasted
short cut
medium cut
long cut
fit
and the perfection of putting together

Full line of ulsters and Mackintoshes
correct styles
right prices

Umbrellas
weather proof
from 50c up

See window display

ROOS BROS
27–37 Kearny corner Post 45

TURKISH RUGS! TURKISH RUGS!

Will be sold for advances on freight and duties.

This is one of the finest and rarest lines that ever came to the United States, and will be sold

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Goods now on inspection. Catalogues now ready. The public are invited.

The fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher is on every wrapper of CASTORIA.