FROM ALGERIA TO SICILY*

A Parting Peep at the Arab Quarter of Algiers.

The Moorish Bazaars and Their Strange Occupants—The Remarkable Fertility of the Colony.

Special to THE SUNDAY CALL.

CATANIA, Sicily, March 5, 1890.—One does not require a week's time in Algeria, or to go with his eyes open more than 200 miles from the city of Algiers in any direction in the interior, to discover, aside from the human interest which is absorbing on every hand, and the scenic beauties and splendors which are unexpected and surprising, that here the French have found a new empire whose possibilities as a garden spot for enjoyment and material development surpass all ordinary calculation. The native interior population and their strange manners and customs have been well and fully described. The beauty of topography, the impressiveness of military and civil roads, the winsomeness of shaded lanes and ways, the wondrous beauty and luxuriousness of the flora, the enchantment of valley scenes, the depth and beauty of ravines, gorges and inter-mountain vistas, the foaming of cascades and torrents, the almost Norman or English sweetness of flashing streams, the picturesqueness of countless vineyards, and mountainside herds, with their white-robed shepherds, and the grandeur of the Atlas peaks, so lofty that their caps of snow often withstand the assaults of the summer sirocco until July, have all been well told by travelers who have come before me. But I have seen presented no references to those things on which the future of any country must depend. In what respect may France be vastly benefited by its Algerian possession at such stupendous original cost of life and treasure? is the constant query of the earnest reader and earnest observer. The answer is everywhere given in such stupendous proofs of rich rewards that the visitor is constantly forced away from the contemplation of the native people, customs and archæology to the liveliest, most exciting speculations upon commercial and agricultural possibilities under the new and enlightened regime.

CLIMATE AND RESOURCES.

As to climate, one is reminded constantly of the vast variety accessible in Mexico. Every possible degree of heat or cold can be definitely secured during nine months of the year. So, too, every form of vegetation known to torrid, temperate or frigid zone is here discoverable by the botanist.

Trafficable and always profitable products of the soil, but twenty-five hours' distance by steamer from European entrepots, are cultivable in Algeria in an equal proportion and variety. Algiers is but twenty-five hours from Cadiz, Barcelona, Marseilles, Rome and Venice, forty-eight hours from Madrid and Paris, and but eighty hours—the same time as Jacksonville, Fla., is from New York and Chicago—from Vienna, Berlin and London. Any morning you may enter the market in Place de la Lyre or in Place de Chartres, in Algiers, and the exhibition of eggs, potatoes, peas, beans, asparagus, mushrooms, artichokes, cauliflower, lettuce, and all known northern and tropical vegetables; roses and branches of buds, blooms and blossoms such as all Cuba cannot surpass; and apples, plums, pears, cherries, dates, figs, bananas, tamarinds, pomegranates, melons and every known delicious fruit of every land and clime, is something your eyes can seldom elsewhere behold. And yet all this is but a hint of what another quarter of a century of French husbandry in Algiers will disclose. France, then, has found what is practically

A NEW AMERICA,

Twenty-five hours from home, wherein she may remove the overplus power of her splendid industrial activities; with the added advantage of a soil and clime capable of incalculably diversified employment. Even the date, that precious almost manna of the Arab, the feet of whose tree are in "the water and its branches in the flames of heaven," is transforming the northern edge of Sahara into a garden, through French irrigation. Two crops of potatoes are annually yielded. Beetroot for sugar manufacture is already successfully cultivated. The fig is everywhere, forms an immense food supply when fresh, is exported for spirits distillation, and no American need be told of its universal foreign consumption when cured. Nearly all the guava jellies which come by way of France are made from the Algerian fruit. Algerian bananas and oranges of the most delicious flavor are now rivaling in the European markets the same fruit from the Azores, Canaries and the West Indies. Wheat, barley, rye and corn as fine as produced anywhere in America, and already to a yield of nearly 400,000,000 bushels, are grown. Cotton is still in an experimental status; but specimens of extraordinary yield and texture are secured. The vast tobacco plantations of Mascara and elsewhere are now producing a leaf the equal, if not the superior, of the most-prized product of the sunny valleys behind Havana. But more than all this, if you have loitered in the noblest vineyards of France, Spain and Italy, you will find that those of Algeria now surpass the most splendid plantations either of those countries ever knew.

THE ARAB QUARTER.

A parting peep at Algiers was taken in the old Arab quarter of the city. One ceases to wonder over the rhapsodies of artists upon this bit of Moresque holding itself sturdily against all inroads of modern progress. Its outlines still very clearly define those of the ancient city. Down here harborward are the grand boulevards, plazas, palaces and shops of the new Paris the French have made. The two great general markets, the fish-market of the port, and two stately mosques occupy a line of common ground upon which all nationalities seem to meet. From this line, as a broad base of nearly a mile in length, converging gradually as you ascend to the Kasbah, or ancient citadel, rises and narrows the old Arab quarter, a dense mass of Moorish structures from 100 to 1000 years old. No one ever gave, no one can ever give an adequate description of this almost trackless labyrinth. Nothing exists in Europe or America to which it can be likened. I have attempted its exploration on eighteen different occasions. On each but one I was rescued and conveyed back to recognizable precincts and locations only after an excellent exhibition of pantomime and coin. There is but one street or way, which starts at somewhere and finally reaches anywhere. That is the Rue de la Kasbah. This at one time led from the quays to the pirates' stronghold on the heights. What is left of it rises a step in every two yards, and 500 crumbling stone steps still remain. To the right and left of this there are, I am told, upward of 400 distinct streets, thoroughfares, courts, alleys and lanes. No two are at right angles. Every curve or sinuosity imaginable is described. It is

A MAZE OF SHADOWY BURROW,

Where flit and loiter swarthy beings sheeted in ghostly white. In not a half dozen of these Arab streets can one catch a glimpse of more than a tiny blue thread of sky above. The widest streets are not upward of twelve feet in width; the average one does not exceed eight; and in very many one can touch the opposite walls with outstretched hands. The habitations of rich and poor are joined. None are detached. A corner may impede progress here; a lumpy angle may obtrude there; a ponderous facade may cut into the street beyond; but an endless, irregular, wall broken only by depth in lowly, or height in more ponderous structure, by massive protruding doorways, abutments of vaulted arches, and huge stone moldings and basins of fountains confronts you in every intricacy of shadowy thoroughfare. In nearly every street and passage the second, third and sometimes a fourth story of the structures each extend beyond the lower one, giving effects like those in the Dutch city lanes in Amsterdam. The street side of each succeeding story is propped from the lower one by huge timbers at acute angles; and in these dove and swallow cotes are hung. The streets are stone, the walls are stone; the props, and all exposed timbers are whitewashed to resemble stone; and the effect is something like wandering in a tunnel of dazzling white, whose vaulted sides are ornamented by strange and uncouth architectural floriture, and through the truncated pointed arch of which twilight way there is seen but the slenderest line of sky.

ARCHITECTURAL ORNAMENTS.

A few dainty balconies, flung like drift of spume against these walls of white, are seen. The decorations of these are light and graceful, and one can readily trace the origin of the suggestive and enchanting Spanish and Italian balcony. But they were never for else than ornament. No woman's form ever added complete grace to their beauty. But these balconies are rare. No windows are chosen for ornamentation. They are invariably high, little, barred prison-like. All other architectural beauty is found in carved doorways, among which are many magnificent specimens; in bases and capitals of spiral stone pillars supporting arches vaulting the streets, over which superstructures often shut out the sky, and are in the pure Arab style of 1000 years ago; about the facades and fonts of numberless fountains set in cool alcoves, projecting unexpectedly from blank walls, or built upright from the center of tiny squares, the only place in all this old quarter where sunlight ever reaches the earth; and, behind the massive walls, in interiors, whose structural grace and exquisite ornamentation are an endless feast of artistic delight. Again one finds in these interiors the origin of that loveliest of all inner forms of household architecture, the Spanish patio, or court, which American people of wealth might so happily copy at least with the modification of glass coverings; thus preserving all the enchanting features of wide, lofty, lightful open spaces; the desirable opportunity for promenades, fetes and festivities within court and galleries; and, above all, perfect ventilation and the facility for the noblest and most classic use of pillars, arches, balustrades, draperies, chandeliers or candelabra and songful fountains possible for the beautifying of the home.

THE BAZAAR.

One will see stranger things within these streets than their quaint architecture. The shops are all merely tiny niches in the walls. The Moorish merchant enters his black little den through a trap-door; lowers the shutter, which falls, often in steps to the street, and sits in the center of his possessions, which are all within reach, voiceless and grave the day long, like a forsaken Punch in a pantomime. Every manner of a shop is just like his. In some workmen are embroidering the white burnous, utilizing their great toes for holding tight the disengaged thread. In others greasy fritters are fried in a solemn and stately manner while one waits. Some display ostrich eggs and native ornaments. Here and there is a seller of herbs and vegetables. Again white-robed and bearded men are surrounded by crates of charcoal and tiny bundles of fagots. In others almost priceless oriental draperies are packed and bunched around a merchant who smokes and dreams as if no thought of traffic ever entered his head. The ancient and venerable letter and scroll writer has his niche, or chair at archway side, and waits with that stoic patience only an Indian or a Moslem can command, to indite epistle or trace sacred passage from the Koran upon egg-shell, or on ribbon for some devout one's amulet. Shoemakers squat cross-legged, sewing and hammering upon sandals and slippers only. Bread-sellers crouch against walls and doorways. Groups of swarthy Kabyles with their copper ewers are ever before the gurgling old fountains. Veiled women wriggle and mince to and from market or khouba. Stately Arabs appear and disappear, their flowing robes shutting out the vistas of the narrow streets. Cloth venders higgle-haggle at the cracks of massive doors barely ajar.

FUNERALS.

Funeral corteges pass on the run—for the dead Moslem arrives in paradise that much more speedily. Girls with dough-covered boards ready for the bakeries are as fleet as the funerals. Tiny donkeys loaded with street-garbage force you against the walls. Other donkeys with panniers packed with fruits, orange-blossoms and roses, fill the shadowy ways with the attars of sunny Algerian valleys. The same weird, wild scenes of semi-barbaric life that were here a thousand years ago are here to-day, every day, all day, and will remain. And if you wander these ghostly ways at night, all is still, shadowful, silent. You see the white, silent walls about you. You know that white, silent forms whisk past you. And away up there through infinite space you see the white, silent stars looking down.

It holds, fascinates, enthralls. One is bound with almost inseparable fetters of interest to it; but when you have put the "white dove upon the hillside" behind you, something like a breath of relief comes, as it did to me yesterday, when I stepped foot on Sicilian shores, even if above the white walls and domes of thrice-razed Catania loom the dark and forbidden outlines of hideous, fearful and ever-destroying Ætna.

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"CATCH IT, FIDO."

The Woful Tale of a Boy, a Dog and a Soft-Rubber Ball.

—Harper's Young People.

ATTACKED BY A BEAR.

A Thrilling Experience in the Life of Count Tolstoi.

AN incident is related about the celebrated writer, Count Tolstoi, which nearly cost him his life. He went on a bear hunt with some of his friends, and, after selecting a spot which commanded a good view of the surrounding grounds, some of the more experienced hunters suggested that the snow had better be trampled down so that it would be easier for them to move about and get out of bruin's way and have time enough to take a shot at him if he should come upon them unexpectedly.

The Count, however, although up to his waist in the snow, objected to this and said that it was entirely unnecessary, since the whole thing consisted of shooting the bear and not wrestling with him.

They did not have to wait long, for the bear, which had just risen from its lair, was walking along to get out of the way of the hunters when it suddenly stepped out into the open space directly in front of Tolstoi.

He very coolly took aim and fired, but the ball, for some reason or other, went wide of its mark. Taking aim again, he fired, this time hitting the bear in the head and the bullet lodged in the lower jaw and of course only made a very irritating wound, which made the bear so savage that, taking a few jumps, he was upon Tolstoi before he was able to realize it. Just as the bear came close enough to him he dropped down and of course the bear went right over his body. Tolstoi's whole body sunk into the deep snow, and the only part that remained exposed was his head, which the bear tackled as soon as he had recovered from his surprise in seeing Tolstoi disappear so suddenly.

Tolstoi did his best to push his head down as low as possible, and elevated his fur cap for the bear to bite. Twice the savage animal snapped at it, and then discovering his mistake, made a bite deeper down, this time taking a piece of flesh from the Count's right cheek.

Just at this moment his comrades returned, and by their loud yells succeeded in driving away the bear, who very slowly turned his back upon the hunters and walked into the woods, master of the situation.

A. PAULI.

RETURNED TO CHINA.

Several Remanded Coolies Depart by the City of Peking.

The steamer City of Peking sailed yesterday for China, and a large number of coolies, including two women who were on board, were taken off on writs of habeas corpus. Seven remanded men and one woman were placed on board by their bondsmen, to be taken to Hong-kong.

Collector Phelps was very much surprised at the small number of departures, because at least fifty were notified to be on hand and return to China. Among those who returned was Gee Quong Sue, the "merchant" whose case was made a test before Circuit Judge Sawyer, after he had been remanded by Judge Hoffman. Sue claimed that while he had been in China for eight years he still retained partnership in a store in this city, and that his principal place of business was in San Francisco.

The Federal Judges held that where a Chinese returned to China and remained away several years he is not entitled to a landing, though his claims to being a merchant may be substantiated, unless he can bring proof that his business made it necessary for him to remain away.

Several farmers in Pomona Valley have begun to cut their hay crop.

THE FLIRTING WOMAN.

Ward McAllister Lays Down the Law for the Married.

Attentions a Young Wife May Receive From Men—When Society Shows Its Disapproval.

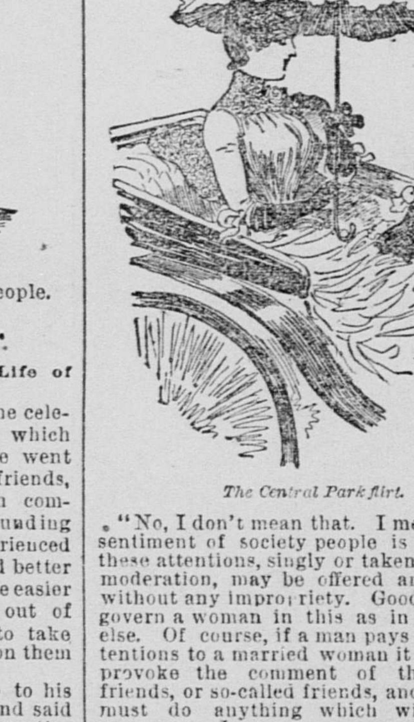
THE question is, "What attention may a married woman legitimately accept at the hands of her young man acquaintances?"

This was the question I asked Ward McAllister the other day, and it was prompted by the stories that have secured circulation in the clubs of late connecting the names of young married women in a very unpleasant way with the names of men who were supposed not only to be friends of the family to which the women in question belong, but tried friends of the women's husbands. The stories concern people who are of considerable consequence in the social world of New York and are therefore peculiarly interesting.

When people move in the higher circles a pugilistic solution cannot be employed and the Police Court is of no service whatever. The complications, therefore, which arise from young and frolicsome society matrons accepting attentions from reckless young bachelors, which they frequently do, offer a more delicate and more tedious problem for the address and diplomacy of those immediately interested, and the solution of it or the attempts at solution may legitimately command the attention of all students of human nature and social philosophy.

"According to the best social usage," replied Ward McAllister frankly, "a young married woman may accept any attentions from a friend of her husband which she might have accepted before her marriage, so long as those attentions are offered publicly and offered without any attempt whatever at concealment. She may freely accept from bachelor friends invitations to the theater, to the opera, or to balls. She may accept escort of this kind to supper and may accept at the hands of gentlemen flowers and other trifling presents, which simply denote the friendship and esteem of him who makes such offerings. On the other hand, the wife may invite such friends to dinner at her home as frequently as she cares to do so or her husband cares to have them there, and she may do so without incurring any comment or any criticism. It is generally agreed, however, that one inflexible rule must be observed, and that is that no attentions which are paid by him or accepted by her shall be of a clandestine character. Just as soon as there is anything secret about such intimacy it contributes an unfortunate and undesirable color which condemns it at once. There is no impropriety whatever in a married lady walking in the streets with a friend of her husband's so long as the street is one of the principal thoroughfares of the town. In other words, she may properly walk along Fifth avenue or Broadway, or any of the streets connecting such avenues, but if she is seen walking in Sixth avenue or Seventh avenue so accompanied or up in Harlem or in Battery Park, where a modern novelist, I believe, has one of his women walk with an admirer, the mere fact of their appearance at those places is suggestive of criticism."

"Do you mean that all these attentions may be paid by one man to a married woman, without legitimately exciting remark?"



The Central Park flirt.

"No, I don't mean that. I mean that the sentiment of society people is that any of these attentions, singly or taken together in moderation, may be offered and accepted without any impropriety. Good taste must govern a woman in this as in everything else. Of course, if a man pays all these attentions to a married woman it is bound to provoke the comment of the woman's friends, or so-called friends, and no woman must do anything which will provoke comment. Just as soon as gossip is excited over what she is doing she must call a halt. The friendship between a man and a woman may be perfectly proper. That has nothing to do with the case. She must avoid the very appearance of evil. If she is wise, as most American women are, matters will never reach the point where any comment is suggested, but if they do reach that point, the whole thing necessarily must be dropped. Gossip is vital and permeating and there is no arguing it down except by removing the excuse for it."

There is one branch of this subject on which Mr. McAllister naturally did not care to talk, and that was the branch which deals with the possible action of the husband when matters come to a critical point, so far as the attentions of some man or other to his wife are concerned, and reach a stage where silence is no longer possible. Some clubmen say that, in a case like this, the only thing to do is to thrash the interloper. Another class of men who may or may not have had experience to guide them say that the very best thing to do is to go to the gallant knight who insists on paying attentions to a giddy and thoughtless matron and tell him that if he does not withdraw his attentions a very prompt resort will be had to firearms. The only trouble with this scheme is that very few men who hold any kind of a position care to use such explosive measures, and a threat of this sort is taken as an empty threat. Another class of authorities on this delicate point think that the wife alone should be dealt with, and instructed to inform her admirer that his attentions must be dropped and his visits to the husband's house must cease. There is one trouble, however, with this method; it is not always efficacious.

A number of cases are to be found in society to-day where young and attractive married women are accepting the attentions of unmarried men, accepting them constantly and without any particular disguise. And each of these cases is marked by the clandestine character to it which Ward McAllister, in voicing the sentiment of society, declares cannot exist without suggesting impropriety. In two cases the women are wives of millionaires, and in another case the woman is a society woman of magnificent face and figure, who is included in Ward McAllister's celebrated 100 beauties, with a husband, however, who treats her with persistent and systematic neglect. There are other cases besides these and there have been dozens of them in the recent history of social New York. The young married women belonging to what is known as the Hempstead Hunting Set are exceedingly frank, according to all accounts, in their acceptance of the compliments and attentions of their blithe young bachelor friends, and a well-known club man the other day said that it was no unusual thing for the bolder among these courageous knights to offer lightning salutes to the objects of their admiration and to have such warm and particular attentions accepted without question. As may easily be imagined no affairs of this kind are carried on to any extent without attracting the interested and studious attention of the dowagers, the old bachelors and other people who, by reason of circumstances, are spectators rather than participants in the game of social life, and they are talking like mad all the time about the cases I have mentioned and several others, of which it would perhaps be wise not to make mention at the present time.

"When does society take cognizance of the fact that married women are accepting attentions from men other than their husbands. I don't mean by gossiping of such attentions, but by indicating in some positive social way their disapprobation of such proceedings?"

"The rule of society," said Mr. McAllister, "is that society has no business to recognize anything of the kind until the husband does. So long as a husband expresses no disapprobation of what his wife is doing, her conduct is regarded as something with which nobody else has any concern."

The rule here formulated by Mr. McAllister is the one generally recognized, and has been expressed in various ways at other times by women who are high in social position; but, as a matter of fact, it is a rule so liberal that society only adheres to it in a modified form. Numbers of society women in New York who possess such hampering adjuncts as husbands and children, and who have accepted sentimental attentions from admirers, have found that the kindness of their husbands did not protect them in a social way. In several cases such women have been left out in the distribution of invitations for leading social affairs, and when they have brought their every-day life more in accordance with conventional notions their names have been replaced on the list of guests for such entertainments.

Young wife who cannot help flirting.

An Englishman who lived for a year in New York, and who saw a great deal of society here, declared just before returning home that there was more flirting and more sentimental nonsense in New York among married woman than in any social center where he had ever been. He added, however, that there was really less of the sort of thing of which a divorce court can take cognizance than there is in London or in Continental capitals. As a matter of fact, there have been very few divorces in the history of New York society where they grew out of the attentions accepted by married women, and there has been only one duel. People who know the history of society in London and Paris declare that this is an exceedingly good record. A. H. HEWITT.

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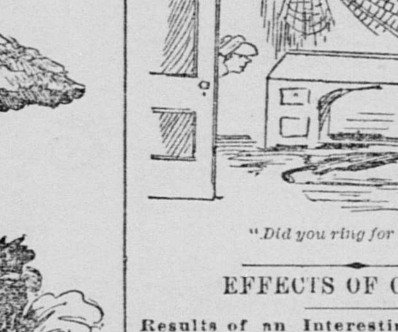
WAITED FOR THE MESSENGER.

"Take a seat, I have rung in for a messenger boy."



"Did you ring for a boy?" —Life.

EFFECTS OF COFFEE.

Results of an Interesting Series of Experiments at Rio de Janeiro.

FOR the thorough investigation of the effect of coffee upon various substances many experiments have been performed in Rio de Janeiro, dogs being the subjects experimented upon. Several canines were confined in a spacious inclosure, so that they would not perish from lack of exercise, some of them being fed on meat, while others were given mixed food, and the weight of the food eaten by each dog daily was noted. After getting the animals accustomed to such living they were given daily a certain amount of coffee, which was always prepared in the same way. It was noticed after a few days that there was a perceptible quickening in the circulation of the blood and of respiration, a rise in the temperature of the body and a larger quantity of food was consumed when they were given coffee than when they were not. Hence we can see from this that coffee has a tendency to quicken digestion and in a way to increase the demand for food. On the other hand the dog that was given the choice of either lard or sugar pudding died on the ninth day.

From other experiments it has been ascertained that coffee diminishes the quantity of gases in the blood, but increases the amount of sugar and urea. A dog that was fed on water only lived thirty-one days, while one that was given coffee besides the water lived only thirteen days. From this it can be seen that coffee may be compared to meat broth, beef tea, which not only nourishes, but also increases the need of more nourishment. Coffee aids the blood to take up a great deal more nourishment than it would without it and therefore it is beneficial to those persons only who lead an outdoor life or have an abundance of exercise.

Furthermore, it is only good when the person uses a great deal of meat in his food; people living entirely on vegetable food should avoid drinking coffee.

According to the "Lancet" Dr. Luderitz has recently made a number of observations on the destructive power of coffee on various microbes. He found that the organisms all died in a longer or shorter period. In one series of experiments anthrax bacilli were destroyed in three hours, anthrax spores in four weeks, cholera bacilli in four hours and the streptococcus of erysipelas in one day. Good and bad coffee produce precisely similar effects.

College of Pharmacy.

The President and Board of Trustees of the California College of Pharmacy, Department of Pharmacy, University of California, announce that the opening of the eighteenth annual lecture session will take place to-morrow evening at 113 Fulton street. Hon. Horace Davis, President of the University of California, will address the students on "Systematic Study," after which A. H. Breckenfeld of the San Francisco Microscopical Society will give a practical talk on "The Microscope and Its Use in Science." Through the kindness of members of the San Francisco Microscopical Society, a large number of instruments will be used for demonstration.

He Must Explain.

Detectives Burke and O'Shea arrested N. W. Emory, a junk-dealer, late Thursday night on a charge of burglary. They claim that he sold a valuable set of harness to J. Myers, a Mission-street second-hand dealer, for $3 50. The harness had been stolen from the stable of J. F. Logan, 922 Mission street. He says that a boy sold him the property.

MISCELLANEOUS.

HOTEL RAFAEL!

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THE FAVORITE SUMMER RESORT OF CALIFORNIA.

Fifty Minutes' Ride From San Francisco.

AN ELEGANT FAMILY HOTEL.

Service, Table and Appointments Not Excelled by Any Hotel in the World.

CLIMATE PERFECT. NO FOGS.

THIS DELIGHTFUL HOTEL HAS BEEN doubled in capacity, and many improvements have been added for the comfort and amusement of guests.

AN OTIS PASSENGER ELEVATOR HAS LATELY BEEN PUT IN; over 40 elegantly appointed public bath-rooms and 60 private bath-rooms have been added. A large, well-ventilated stable, with 40 roomy stalls, has just been built, and will be conducted by the hotel management.

RATES—$3 per day and upward; $17 50 per week and upward, according to room. Special rates by the month.

W. E. ZANDER, Manager.

mr16 SuTuTh 2p

Bermuda Bottled.

"You must go to Bermuda. If you do not I will not be responsible for the consequences." "But, doctor, I can afford neither the time nor the money." "Well, if that is impossible, try

SCOTT'S EMULSION

OF PURE NORWEGIAN COD LIVER OIL.

I sometimes call it Bermuda Bottled, and many cases of

CONSUMPTION, Bronchitis, Cough or Severe Cold

I have CURED with it; and the advantage is that the most sensitive stomach can take it. Another thing which commends it is the stimulating properties of the Hypophosphites which it contains. You will find it for sale at your Druggist's but see you get the original SCOTT'S EMULSION."

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3 Grand Prizes—5 Gold Medals.
MENIER CHOCOLATE
PUREST, HEALTHIEST, BEST.
Ask for Yellow Wrapper.
For Sale Everywhere.
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DRY GOODS.

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IT WILL PAY YOU — THIS ADVERTISEMENT! — TO READ

IF YOU WANT ANYTHING IN THE WAY OF

Cloaks, Parasols, Hosiery and Wash Fabrics.

A SENSATION IN PARASOLS.

No such wonderful values ever before presented for the money. Call early Monday and see what we offer. YOU WILL NOT BE DISAPPOINTED.

FAST BLACK AND COLORED SATEEN PARASOLS, worth 75c, At Only 40c.

FAST BLACK SERGE PARASOLS, with fancy handles, worth 85c, At Only 40c.

PONGEE SATEEN LINED PARASOLS, worth $1 50, At Only $1 00.

PONGEE SATEEN LINED LACE-TRIMMED PARASOLS, worth $2 25, At Only $1 50.

26-INCH GLORIA SILK UMBRELLAS, fine natural handles, mounted with a silver patch and silver beads, with large rings, worth $1 75, At Only $1 00.

GLORIA SILK AND ALL-SILK SERGE UMBRELLAS, in fine hard-wood handles and silver hooks, worth $2, At Only $1 25.

FINEST QUALITY ALL-SILK AND SILK SERGE UMBRELLAS, with choice large bamboo and partridge hook and ring handles, worth from $3 50 to $4, At Only $1 50.

Lot 1—FANCY LACE COVERED PARASOLS, in figures and stripes, the newest carved handles, positively worth from $8 to $10, At Only $5.

Lot 2—FINE BLACK AND COLORED SILK PARASOLS, with inserted lace, all the latest styles, some with gold and silver trimmings, actually worth from $12 to $14, At Only $6 50.

WASH FABRICS.

We know that we can offer you the most original, the largest and the most beautiful line of Printed Satines that can be shown, either in French or American designs. These goods are all fast colors, and nothing that you can buy for a spring wash dress will give you as much pleasure as a dress of the PACIFIC SATINES, At 15c Per Yard.

FRENCH SATINES.

A beautiful assortment in all the latest artistic designs, 25c Per Yard.

LADIES' GARMENTS!

ALL-WOOL, FINE CLOTH NEWMARKETS, with Leg o' Mutton sleeves, plush yoke and belts, worth $15, At $8 50 Each.

ALL-WOOL EXTRA FINE CLOTH NEWMARKETS, with Leg o' Mutton sleeves, plush trimmings, worth $15, At $10 00 Each.

ALL-WOOL CLOTH NEWMARKETS, in handsome stripes, with yoke, cuffs and belts of plush, worth $20, At Only $12 50 Each.

LADIES' JACKETS.

FINE ALL-WOOL CLOTH JACKETS, in all the plain colors, At $4 00. Good value at $6 50.

FINE ALL-WOOL BEAVER CLOTH JACKETS, in solid colors, At $5 00. Well worth $7 50.

FINE ALL-WOOL CLOTH JACKETS, all the new shades of tan, with handsome vest fronts, At $6 50. Good value at $10.

CHILDREN'S GARMENTS.

We have just received an immense assortment of MISSES' and CHILDREN'S CLOAKS in a variety of new designs with plain and Leg o' Mutton sleeves, richly trimmed in plush and other ornaments, at from $4 00 To $12 50 Each.

HOSIERY

FOR LADIES.

LADIES' FAST BLACK COTTON HOSE, regular price 25c per pair, 15c.

FOR MEN.

MEN'S PLAIN and FANCY STRIPED HALF HOSE, medium and heavy weight, regular price 25c per pair, 12 1-2c.

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CHILDREN'S FAST BLACK DERBY RIBBED COTTON HOSE, good quality, regular price 25c per pair. We offer Sizes 6 to 7 at 12½c, Sizes 7½ to 8½ at 15c.

NOTE—We call the attention of housewives, hotel and lodging-house keepers to the fact of our being able to supply them with blankets, comforters, quilts, sheetings, linens, napkins, curtains, etc., at prices far below market quotations.

☞ Mail orders promptly attended to. Goods forwarded C. O. D. or on receipt of remittances by express or mail. Samples free on application.

PHILIP KENNEDY & CO.,

Southwest Corner of Market and Fifth Streets.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

SPOT CASH Price List.

Ladies' Fine Dongola Kid Button Boots, heel or spring heel $2 50
Ladies' Fine French Kid Button Boots 3 00
Ladies' Extra Fine French Kid Button Boots, Satin finish 3 50
The same quality sold all over for $5.
Ladies' Fine French Kid Button Boots, patent-leather tip 3 50
Ladies' Extra Fine French Kid Button Boots, stitched edges, Waukenphast Bottom 4 00
Ladies' Extra Fine French Kid Button Boots, London toe, French Kid tip, Waukenphast bottom, stitched edges 4 50
Ladies' Extra Fine French Kid Button Boot, Diamond patent-leather tip 4 00
Ladies' Extra Fine French Kid Button Boot, spring heels 4 00
Ladies' Extra Fine French Kid Button Boot, foxed all around, square toe, patent-leather tips, the latest style out 5 00

Gents' and Boys' Shoes Reduced in Proportion

We have the largest variety of Ladies' Low Shoes and Slippers to select from.

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When you can't get fitted elsewhere go to NOLAN SONS. You can always get fitted there, as we have the largest store and the largest stock to select from.

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THE PALACE HOTEL OCCUPIES AN ENTIRE block in the center of San Francisco. It is the model hotel of the world. Fire and earthquake proof. Has five elevators. Every room is large, light and airy. The ventilation is perfect. A bath and closet adjoin every room. All rooms are easy of access from broad, light corridors. The central court, illuminated by electric light, its immense glass roof, broad balconies, carriage-way and tropical plants, are features hitherto unknown in American hotels. Guests entertained on either the American or European plan. The restaurant is the finest in the city. Secure rooms in advance by telegraphing.

THE PALACE HOTEL, San Francisco, Cal.

no7 tf

DISSENSION IN THE FLOCK.

Rev. Sim Pitts, Overfed and Haughty, Comes to Grief.

How Old Sandy Came to Be Installed as Pastor of the Pine Knob Church.

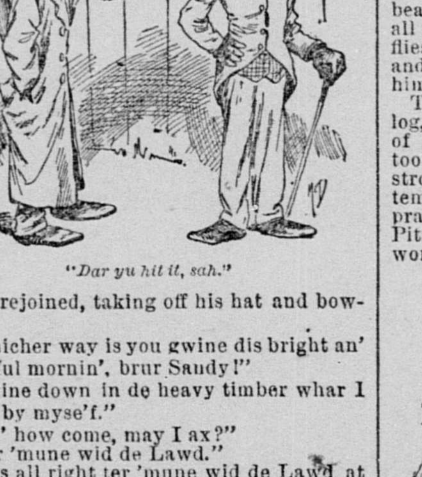
TROUBLE arose in the church. For years the Pine Knob congregation, colored, had been in a most happy condition. The revivals had been well attended, and the sisters had shouted with fervent lustiness; but ambition crept in and then trouble arose like a poisonous vapor.

It was old Sandy Bottomly's fault. He had grown jealous of the great and deserved popularity of the Rev. Sim Pitts, and wickedly rebelled against him. The truth is, old Sandy wanted to give up his trade of making horse-collars and devote himself to the ministry; and, not contented with the prospect of breaking away alone, he strove to create dissension and thereby lead a number of the members away with him.

There had been low mutterings in threat of an outbreak, when, one day, the Rev. Sim Pitts met old Sandy in the road.

"Good mornin', brur Sandy, good mornin', sah."

"I thanks you, sah, fur de sallytation,"



"Dar yu hit it, sah."

Sandy rejoined, taking off his hat and bowing.

"Whicher way is you gwine dis bright an' beautiful mornin', brur Sandy!"

"Gwine down in de heavy timber whar I kin be by myse'f."

"An' how come, may I ax?"

"Ter 'mune wid de Lawd."

"It is all right ter 'mune wid de Lawd at any time, but is dar anything special dat you has got on han' ?"

"Nothin' dat needs to consarn you, sah."

"But it is allus er paster's business ter 'quire er bout anything dat consarns one o' his flock."

"Oh, doan you fret erbout de flock; de flock's all right. You jes go on now an' ten' ter yo' own erfairs an' eat de dominecker chicken an' de red rooster an' de angel's food dat de sisters fix fur you."

"Oh, yas, it is all right fur me ter eat de angel's food," the preacher quickly retorted, "but I reckons dat angel's food would be outen place wid you. Deviled ham would be erbout yo' size."

"Whut do you mean by dat, sah?"

"Oh, ef you doan know, w'y I kaint hep it. De Lawd ain't called on me ter furnish language an' brains too."

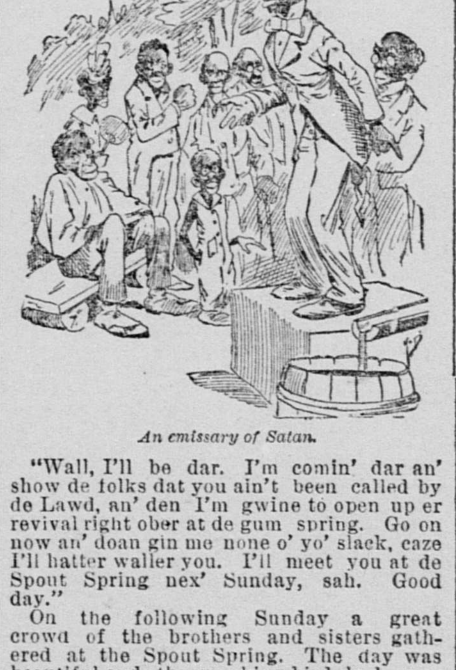
"Dar you hit it," old Sandy exclaimed; "hit it den sho, fer de Lawd ain't called on you er tall."

The preacher began to swell up like a toad.

"I grabs yo' meanin' by de ha'r, sah, an' I now sees dat de cat is dun jumped outen de tow sack. Fur some time, Mr. Sandy—ain't gwine call your brur no mo—ole Satan has been puttin' mischief in dat head o' yourn. Dis yere church has snatched so many pussons er away frum de jaws o' torment dat Satan got powerful oneasy, an' he has dun chused you ez er agent ter hep him. Oh, I has got de thing down fine."

"Is you? Is you got it down fine? Wall, I reckon you has had it fine fur er good while. I reckon you has been libin' offen de fat o' dis yere lan' an' er wallerin' in de shade wid er hunk o' pie in yo' claw, while de uder folks o' de 'munity is out in de hot sun makin' suthin fur you ter take yo choice frum. Yas, sah, dat's er fack, you has got it mighty fine; but lemme tell you, ole pusson, I'se gwine hab er little o' dat ar pie myse'f. I'se er gittin tired o' makin' hoss collars, an' I'se gwine ride roun' de 'munity wid gloves on my han's; an, mo'n dat, I ain't goin' out ter drum up er congregation, but is gwine ter take yourn erway frum you. Oh, you neenter splode, neenter brissul up caze you know I kin whup you in de flesh in er minit; an, mo'n dat I kin whup you in de sperit, an' I gwine tor do it. Now jes keep cool an' look at dis ercasion squar in de face. Next Sunday yo' revival begins at de Spout Spring, doan it?"

"It do, sinner man."

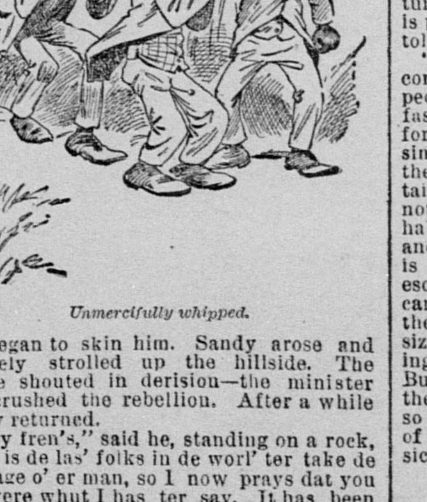


An emissary of Satan.

"Wall, I'll be dar. I'm comin' dar an' show de folks dat you ain't been called by de Lawd, an' den I'm gwine to open up er revival right ober at de gum spring. Go on now an' doan gin me none o' yo' slack, caze I'll hatter waller you. I'll meet you at de Spout Spring nex' Sunday, sah. Good day."

On the following Sunday a great crowd of the brothers and sisters gathered at the Spout Spring. The day was beautiful and the mocking-bird had sung all night in herald of its coming. Butterflies blazed against a moss-covered bank, and a humming-bird flew down to gaze at himself in a dewdrop caught by a violet.

The Spout Spring flowed through an old log, and fell on the pebbles with a splash of silver. Old Sandy came and quietly took a seat on a rock. The preacher, strong in confidence, gave the rebel a contemptuous look. A hymn was sung, a prayer was offered, and then the Rev. Sim Pitts arose. He spoke a few commonplace words, and then turned upon old Sandy



Unmercifully whipped.

and began to skin him. Sandy arose and leisurely strolled up the hillside. The people shouted in derision—the minister had crushed the rebellion. After a while Sandy returned.

"My fren's," said he, standing on a rock, "you is de las' folks in de worl' ter take de 'vantage o' er man, so I now prays dat you will yere whut I has ter say. It has been norated erbout de 'munity dat I wants ter preach. I does, bruders, but fur why? Case I think dat you needs er hones' man ter take keer of you. At one time Mr. Pitts wuz a fus' rate pusson, er visitin' de sick an' hep-in' ter bury de dead, but like de pen-fed hog, he is got fat an' lazy, an' lemme tell you dat when er man gits lazy it is mighty hard fur him ter be honest. So, now, I is gwine ter take his place. Hol' on, folks."

The people had begun to cry out against him.

"Jes' hol' on er minit, fur it is wid yo' leave dat I am gwine ter do dis. Las' night suthin' came ter me in er dream an' tole me dat dis man wuz corrupt. Dat suthin' said dat we would all find it out dis day. I axed how, an' den de sperit said dat as proof de very water whar he preached would be 'taminated. I said sholy not, fur dar want no purer water in de world den de Spout Spring, but de sperit 'sisted on it, an' now ef it doan prube ter be a fack, w'y, I'll hab no mo' ter say, an' dis pusson dat has got fat offen us kin go ahead. Bruder Fin," old Sandy added, addressing a well-known deacon, "will you please step down thar an' taste o' dat water, sah?"

"Oh, stop yo' foolin' an' let dis yere revival go on," brother Fin answered. "You know dar ain't no better water in de world."

"Dat's jest whut I blebes myself," said old Sandy, "but I wants ter see an' know ef dat wuz sho' nuff sperit."

"Oh, I'll taste de water," brother Fin replied, "an' den I hopes you will go away from yere an' let us worship in peace."

He dipped up a gourdful of the water, drank a swallow, threw the gourd down and heaved distressingly. A commotion followed. Other brothers drank and gagged. The preacher seized a cupful, drank, and had to lie down. It would be impossible to describe the scene that followed. Women threw up their hands in terror, and old men stood and trembled. One fellow, bolder than the rest, seized the bough of a thorn tree and let in on the preacher. The false prophet ran away, glad to escape with his life.

Old Sandy was installed as pastor. He lived high for a few weeks. Then an ugly secret leaked out. The old rascal had discovered the source of the Spout Spring and at a timely moment had emptied a barrel of soap-grease into it. He was unmercifully whipped with the thorn bough that had been used on the Rev. Sim Pitts, and shortly afterward, upon conviction of having stolen a hog, was sentenced to the penitentiary for three years.

The Rev. Sim Pitts will preach at the Spout Spring next Sunday.

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FERNS AND BUTTERCUPS.

Yellow Blossoms From Fields, Feathery Leaves From Valleys.

"I WONDER how many realize that almost a small fortune has been made this season by the sale of wild flowers."

That was the remark of a lady connected with the Women's Exchange, that worthy charity established for the purpose of enabling needy gentlewomen to earn a livelihood. The one she addressed was a writer for THE CALL. Upon seeing the surprise which manifested itself in his face she continued.

"There has been a great demand for the wild buttercups and ferns this season. Every spring a great many wild flowers are sold at the exchange, but during the past few months the demand has been greater than ever, and you must understand that it represented just so much clear gain, for nature kindly plants the seed and does the gardening, so that all the outlay the one who supplies the market is called upon to make is actually very slight. It is only the time taken in picking them, in sending them to market and in paying the small commission which is required at the exchange. The same with the ferns. And can you believe it when I tell you that for a number of weeks they have sold to the tune of nearly $35 every week? I think that is pretty good when you take all that I have told you into consideration.

"Now that the California poppies are coming in there will be another variety for people to go crazy over. It has been very fashionable this Lent to use wild flowers for table decorations on account of their simplicity. Now, for my part, I think that they are well enough for day-time entertainments, such as lunches, but if you have noticed, wild flowers have a disagreeable habit of shutting up tight at night, and so the charm of a bunch of buttercups is lost in the gaslight. The same with the eschscholtzias; they roll themselves into candle snuffers as to shape—a bunch of them will lose more than one-half of its size. Hence they are valuable only for giving the massed effect of a bright bit of color. But the ferns are the most satisfactory; they keep fresh, bright and green for ever so long, and a bunch of ferns and a handful of violets make a beautiful offering to a sick friend."

The Los Angeles Session.

Justices of the Supreme Court Beatty and Fox left for Los Angeles yesterday, and will be followed to-day by Justices Sharpstein, Patterson and McFarlane. The Supreme Court will convene in Los Angeles to-morrow. Clerk Spencer and Deputy Maddox are already there.

The Kelso Courier asks: "What has Kalama? The townsite is one-half a perpendicular goat-pasture, while the other half is a green-eyed goose-pond."

CLINGING LEECHES.

Blood-Suckers That Bite Each Other. Slimy Vampires—Two Bits Each.

YES, those are leeches, said a druggist in reply to the question of a CALL reporter. "You look as if you didn't like their appearance. Well, they are not attractive, certainly, and yet they are of great service to the science of medicine."

"Where do they come from?" asked the reporter, conquering his repugnance sufficiently to look into the glass jar which was half-filled with water, the leeches hanging on to the sides with a glutinous determination to stick there.

"Oh, principally from Norway. They are found hanging to the great cliffs along their friths and forths. They are shipped here in great numbers, being packed in mud or allowed to cling to charcoal, which is kept moist for their convenience. We buy them from the wholesale druggists and put them in glass jars. But they are not profitable investments even if they do bring the price of twenty-five cents apiece."

"Why, has the demand for them fallen off?" asked the reporter.

"To a certain degree, yes, for, as you probably are aware, there is not so much blood-letting as in former times. But that is not to what I referred. We lose so many of them that it makes them a poor stock to carry. Would you believe it? They get to fighting in the jar and bite each other most viciously, suck each other's blood, or whatever you may choose to call the life fluid of a leech, and so kill each other.

"In a jar containing two dozen I have often found all but eight or ten lying at the bottom of the jar as dead as they could be, killed by their comrades."

"Can't they be used over and over again?"

"There seems to be a dispute about that. I know that often in the hospitals they try to save them, for, as you can readily estimate, it becomes somewhat expensive to buy leeches for the crowd. But although frequently they are able to make the leech disgorge its load of blood, yet, as a general thing, a full leech has to be thrown away. It refuses to take hold again.

"It has always struck me as rather funny that one of the principal uses to which the general public put a leech is to reduce the discoloration of what is vulgarly known in sporting circles as a 'black eye.' A leech will quickly draw off the extravasated blood, leaving the skin somewhat tan-colored, but not suggestive of a contact with a bruiser's fist. Would it surprise you to learn that every now and then some fellow comes into the store and wants us to make a work of art of his black eye, to paint it out as it were. I know that years ago a prominent druggist in this city used to make a specialty of retouching damaged optics. He had a little room in the rear of his store, which he facetiously called the 'studio,' and many a man has gone into the studio with his eye in mourning to emerge with it restored to its normal appearance by the use of grease paints. But that was long ago, and now we all send any such applicants to a firm who make such work a part of their regular business as painters and decorators of exteriors."

HELD SACRED BY LAW.

A Spanish Woman's Mantilla Cannot Be Seized for Debt—French Ruffs.

A Spanish woman's mantilla is held sacred by law, and cannot be seized for debt. There are three kinds of mantillas which, de rigueur, form the toilette of the Spanish lady. The first is composed of white blonde, used only on State occasions, birthdays, bull fights and Easter Monday. The second is black blonde, trimmed with deep lace, and the third for ordinary wear is made of black silk, trimmed with velvet.

By the sumptuary laws of Mogha Nuadhad, one of the kings of Ireland, killed at the battle of Maylean, A. D. 192, we learn that the value of a queen's raiment, should she bring a suitable dowry, ought to amount to the cost of six cows; but of what the said raiment consisted history is dark. However, according to the same record, the price of a mantle was a young bullock or a steer.

In 1579 the ruffs of the French, it is said, had such an outrageous size, in depth, that the wearers could scarcely turn their heads. It is told how "Reine Margot one day, when seated at dinner was compelled to send for a spoon with a handle two feet in length wherewith to eat her soup."

Almost every village in India contains its weavers, and to them the yarn when spun is delivered. Those in Gujerat, near Baroche, are described as fixing their looms at sunrise under the shade of tamarind and mango trees. On the banks of the Ganges, and in other parts of India, however, the weavers work under cover of their sheds, and fix the gear of their looms to a bamboo in the roof.—Dry Goods Chronicle.

The Carson Tribune says J. T. Goodman will have editorial charge of the Territorial Enterprise during the next political season.