IN CUSTODY.

A Butte, Mont., Jewelry Thief Arrested.

Trapped at Ogden With a Large Quantity of Plunder in His Possession.

Closing Session of the Department Encampment of the Grand Army at San Jose.

Special by the California Associated Press.

BUTTE (Mont.), April 23.—J. M. Donaldson, the Park-street jeweler, whose place was entered and robbed of $6000 or $7000 worth of jewelry three weeks ago, received a telegram from Chief of Police Metcalf of Ogden yesterday, announcing the capture of Salmon, one of the suspected parties, in that city, and the recovery of a number of watches, thirty chains, twelve watch charms and a number of diamond rings taken the night of the robbery. Mr. Donaldson secured the services of Curly Rhodes, a well-known detective, and put the case in his hands. Rhodes went quietly to work on the case, and forwarded telegrams to points likely to be visited by the thieves for the purpose of disposing of their stolen jewelry. He wrote letters to the authorities of the smaller towns and kept seduously at work. Within the past few days Detective Rhodes received information that induced him to believe that the fugitive thieves were heading for Ogden. He accordingly wired a description of the goods and supposed thieves to the Chief of Police, and requested him to be on the lookout for them. Yesterday he was rewarded by receiving a telegram from Ogden announcing the capture of Salmon and the recovery of about half the jewelry. The Sheriff left for Ogden to-day to take Salmon into custody and bring him back.

ADJOURNED SINE DIE.

Closing Session of the G A. R. Encampment at San Jose.

SAN JOSE, April 23.—At the opening of the third day's session of the Department Encampment to-day, the election of the following delegates to the National Encampment was announced: H. T. Habbert, A. E. Leavitt, J. H. Eustes, San Francisco; E. K. Alexander, San Bernardino; C. A. Fuller, Marysville; and N. Doyley, San Jose. The election for four members of the Veterans Home Association resulted as follows: W. H. H. Hart, G. H. Stevens, San Francisco; P. H. McGrew, H. F. Smith, Oakland.

Santa Cruz was selected as the place for holding the next encampment. A resolution fix the department headquarters permanently at San Francisco was defeated, thus allowing the Department Commander to fix the headquarters. This is the third year the same motion has been defeated.

Resolutions recognizing the societies of Sons of Veterans and Daughters of Veterans, and sending them greetings, were adopted.

Resolutions recommending the raising of a flag on every school-house in the State were adopted.

The Ladies of the Grand Army being a national organization, it was decided that it should first seek to obtain the recognition of the National Encampment.

An invitation to visit the State Normal School was accepted.

Past Department Commanders Aiken, Kinne and Robinson were appointed a committee to collate the early history of the order in California, and have it published in pamphlet form.

The report of the Council of Administration was presented, and the recommendations adopted, one of which gives the Department Commander $50 a month for traveling expenses.

The department officers were installed by Past Department Commander Kinne.

Commander Buckles appointed T. C. Mastellar, Past Commander of Lincoln Post, San Francisco, Assistant Adjutant General. The other staff appointments are to be announced in general orders.

At 5 o'clock the encampment adjourned sine die.

A camp-fire was held to-night in Horticultural Hall to which no one was admitted who did not wear the Grand Army badge. Pork and beans, hard-tack, coffee, pipes and tobacco were on the bill of fare, and speeches, army songs and stories were the order of business.

A handsome Past Department Commander's badge was presented to retiring Commander Gard.

Camp will be broken to-morrow morning, and nearly all the comrades will depart for home. A number will remain and visit the Woman's Relief Corps Home and other places of interest.

SUICIDE AT MAYFIELD.

An Unknown Man Found Dead Near the Stanford University.

MAYFIELD, April 23.—An unknown man committed suicide under a tree near Stanford's University. He was in Mayfield yesterday noon, and was seen lying under a tree toward evening and again this morning, when an examination was held and he was found to be dead, having shot himself. The ball entered the right temple and came out at the left temple. A Smith & Wesson revolver was in the man's right hand. He was about 40 years of age and had black hair and a heavy black curly mustache tinged with gray. There was four days' growth of a heavy black beard mixed with gray. The body is of medium size and weighs 160 pounds. He wore a navy-blue coat, pants and vest, black slouch hat, long blue and white cravat, white shirt, turn down linen collar and heavy laced walking-shoes, nearly new. It is supposed he was of French or German descent. Five dollars in cash and posters of a San Francisco bakery and a San Jose theater were in his pockets. He had blue overalls and working clothes on under his better suit. On the arrival of the Coroner at 5 o'clock this evening a further examination for identification will be made.

A closer examination has been made upon the body. On the right arm, tattooed in India-ink from the wrist up, is the crucifixion of the Savior, with two women at the base of the cross. On the left arm is the Goddess of Liberty holding the American and Irish flags. The word "Ireland" is written at the base of the Goddess. The Coroner's jury returned a verdict of supposed suicide by shooting. Deceased had light-brown eyes, and it is supposed he was a sailor of Irish descent.

WELL ENTERTAINED.

The Visiting Pioneers From New England Having a Good Time.

LOS ANGELES, April 23.—The Pioneers from New England, 150 strong, went to San Diego last night. They will return this evening and start north on a special, stopping a few hours at Tulare, Fresno and Merced, reaching Sacramento early on Friday. All are having a jolly good time. The argonauts of the early days are lost in wonder at time's changes. "We laid the corner-stone and you built the edifice," is their boast. About sixty members of the party were here in 1849. The party is due in San Francisco next Monday. They will remain four days. Some are going to Santa Cruz County to see the descendants of the Donner party.

RECEPTION ARRANGED.

Demonstration by School Children in Honor of Senator Stanford and Wife.

SACRAMENTO, April 23.—It was arranged here to-night to tender Senator Stanford and wife a reception on Friday evening. It will be in the nature of a demonstration by the school children of the city in acknowledgment of what the Senator has done for the cause of education. The reception will take place in the State Library, which will be decorated with flowers for the occasion, and the children will be presented to the Senator and his wife between 9 and 10 o'clock. While the reception is in progress a full band will discourse music in the park in front of the Capitol building.

PROPERTY RECOVERED.

A Lost Valise and a Portion of Its Contents Found.

WEAVERVILLE, April 23.—The valuable valise belonging to Rev. Father Bohn, which was lost from the stage near Lewiston a few days ago, was found to-day in a cobin, but of the contents $800 in coin was gone. Checks for $2000 had not been molested. Five Chinamen have been arrested, but the one who is supposed to have stolen the property is still at large, but the Sheriff and a posse are still on the hunt. The five who were arrested have been lodged in jail and will be tried as accessories.

SACRAMENTO.

A Subject for the Asylum—Difficulty in Securing a Jury.

SACRAMENTO, April 23.—A young German named Adam Heiselberg was to-day brought down from Folsom to be examined for insanity. He insists that he shot Constable McComber of that place seven times and killed him. He says he used to run the crazy house at Stockton, where he has 42,000 keepers, and that he once licked John L. Sullivan, although he admits that Sullivan is a pretty good fighter. He is supposed to be an escape from the asylum.

A special venire of forty talesmen was exhausted to-day without securing one jurymun for the trial of the Freeman murder case. Another venire for thirty was ordered. Eleven jurymen had been secured up to last night, but none to-day.

Two Fresno wheelmen, S. H. von Schmidt and O. J. Treat, arrived to-night from Napa, en route home. They left Fresno last Saturday and went by way of San Francisco to Napa.

SLAUGHTERING DEER.

Reported Violation of the Game Law in Yuba County.

MARYSVILLE, April 23.—A report comes from Strawberry Valley, high up in the mountains of Yuba County, that the Indians and a few whites are slaughtering deer along the line of melting snow. It is said that twenty-seven of the animals have been lately killed, ten by one Indian. The past winter was very hard on deer and many perished in the snow. Some persons think that to preserve this game from extinction it may be necessary to prohibit the killing of any kind of deer for a season or two. The present slaughter is in violation of the law, as the close season lasts till July.

A BOY DROWNED.

John Dillard Swept Away by the Current in Truckee River.

WADSWORTH, April 23.—While catching driftwood this morning John Dillard, a ten-year-old child, accidentally fell from a pier of the County Bridge over the Truckee River and was drowned. He was seen by several people, but he could not be rescued on account of the current being too strong for the best swimmer. The body has not been recovered.

Picnic at San Jose.

SAN JOSE, April 23.—The Society of the Order of St. George of San Francisco, Alameda and Santa Clara counties held a picnic at Agricultural Park to-day, which was largely attended. A series of thirty games were contested. The bicycle race for one mile was won by Julius Smith of the Garden City Club in 3 minutes 22 seconds, Marshall Harris of the University of the Pacific second.

Fourth of July at Redding.

REDDING, April 23.—The Native Sons intend to have an old-fashioned Fourth of July celebration at Redding, and are canvassing the city to-day. The Red Bluff military company and band have promised to join in with them, as also the military company here and Wilson Post of the G. A. R. Business men are giving the affair much encouragement.

Prisoners Sentenced.

UKIAH, April 23.—Fred. G. Weber, who shot Hiram Grotevant at Cleone, last October, was to-day sentenced to imprisonment at San Quentin for seven years. William Hargraves was sentenced to pay a fine of $600, or serve 600 days in the County Jail, for an assault with a deadly weapon upon Thomas Flynn in a dance-house row at Fort Bragg.

Flag-Raising at Redwood.

REDWOOD CITY, April 23.—At the session of the Teachers' Institute to-day flag-raising exercises were held at the public school grounds. Hon. G. Holitt, Professor C. H. Allen and others participated. The flag was presented by the scholars.

Residence Burned.

ANAHEIM, April 23.—The residence of L. W. Kirby, seven miles northeast of Anaheim, was destroyed by fire yesterday morning. Loss, $2000; insured.

EASTERN TURF EVENTS.

The Winners at Linden—Close of the Memphis Meeting.

LINDEN (N. J.), April 23.—The weather to-day was clear and pleasant and the track fast. The races resulted as follows:

First race, six furlongs, Salisbury (Doane) won, St. John (Horton) second, Little Addie (Hyslop) third. Time, 1:16.

Second race, five-eighths of a mile, Captain Wagener (Slack) won, Stryke (Bergen) second, Emily Carter (Lamley) third. Time, 1:02½.

Third race, seven furlongs, Fordham (Hamilton) won by ten lengths, My Fellow (Littlefield) second, The Doctor (Horton) third. Time, 1:29½.

Fourth race, one and an eighth miles, Grey Dawn (Littlefield) won, Tristan (Hayward Jr.) second, Hamlet (Soden) third. Time, 1:56¾.

Fifth race, one mile (selling), Little Jim (Taylor) won, Maia (Flynn) second, Supervisor (Hamilton) third. Time, 1:44¾.

Sixth race, half a mile (selling), two-year-olds, Interest colt (Slack) won, Addie L (Anderson) second, Lizzie S colt (Littlefield) third. Time, 0:51.

Closing Day at Memphis.

MEMPHIS, April 23.—To-day was the closing day of the meeting. The weather was showery and the track muddy.

First race, half mile, two-year-olds, Ben March (Fink) won, Linlithgow (M. Davis) second, Black Knight (Barnes) third. Time, 0.54.

Second race, six furlongs (selling), Mary K (Barnes) won, Mountain (Overton) second, Venango (Burlingame) third. Time, 1:21½.

Third race, one and three-sixteenths miles, Hypocrite (Overton) won by eight lengths, Elyton (Barnes) second, Tom Stevens (Fink) third. Time, 2:11¼.

Fourth race, seven-eighths of a mile, Jess Armstrong, Sibagey won, Hardee (Abbas) second, Bettina (Hollis) third. Time, 1:35.

Fifth race, one mile (selling), Mamie Fonso (Barnes) won, Carlton (Overton) second, Jack Cocks (Abbas) third. Time, 1:49.

Sixth race, six furlongs (selling), Skobeloff (Barnes) won, Leo Brigel (Sloan) second, Katie S third. Time, 1:19¾.

Linden Entries.

NEW YORK, April 23.—Following are the entries for the Linden races to-morrow:

First race, one mile—King Idle 99, Top Sawyer 105, Prodigal 115, Tenbooker 117, Royal Garter 111, Lonely 101, Silleck 101, Autumn Leaf 110.

Second race, seven-eighths of a mile—Ocean 112, Trojan 99, Bob C 99, Sam Morse 101, Horseburg 96, Lee Christy 96, Salvini 121, Esau 121, Seadrift 121, Salsbury 124.

Third race, seven-eighths of a mile—Spendall 112, Gainesville 112, Major Daly 117, Stonemason 117, Waterson 117.

Fourth race, one and a sixteenth miles—Salvini 102, Ten Booker 102, Hairspring 85, Henry George 90, Hamlet 98, Goldenreel 98, Esau 100, Castaway 105, St. Paris 109, Gray Dawn 112.

Fifth race, seven-eighths of a mile, Pontico 108, Count Luna 108, Bohemian 114, Miss Olive 106, Ethlis 116, John Arkin 111, Jennie McFarland 105, Sir William 105, Little Jim 104, Monte Cristo 100, Not Guilty 98, Hairspring 99.

Sixth race, four and a half furlongs, for two-year-olds—Kitty B 95, Planette filly 100, Lottie 90, Angie A 90, Best Boy 110, Favora 115, Interest colt 98.

Bayard's Tips.

NEW YORK, April 23.—Bayard's tips for the Linden races: First race, Prodigal or Silleck; second, Sam Morse or Seadrift; third, Major Daly or Stonemason; fourth, Salvini or Castaway II; fifth, Little Jim or Miss Olive; sixth, Lottie or Best Boy.

A Chinese Woman's Suicide.

Fong Ling, a woman of ill-repute, living at 805 Washington street, yesterday morning at an early hour swallowed a quantity of opium with suicidal intent. She informed some Chinese in the house of her act several hours later, and a physician was called in, but he failed to save her life, as the poison had done its deadly work. She died about 3:30 o'clock in the afternoon, but the matter was not reported to the Coroner until 12 o'clock last night, when the body was removed to the Morgue.

The Pomona Times says: A band of Chinamen filling two cars passed through Thursday night en route to Cuba via New Orleans. The Chinamen are bonded in transit, the railroad company being under bonds of $5000 on each Chinaman to deliver them safely to the customs officers at New Orleans, from which they will be shipped to Cuba. They were closely guarded to prevent any one of them from escaping.

GETTING IN SHAPE.

Some Good Contests on the Eastern Diamonds.

Boston, New York, Cincinnati and Pittsburg Win the League Games.

O'Day's Fine Work for the New York Brotherhood Team—Brooklyn and Chicago Defeated.

Special by the California Associated Press.

BOSTON, April 23.—The Boston and Brooklyn National League teams played a fine game to-day. It was one of the cleverest games ever put up in this city.

The new pitcher, Nichols, after an unfortunate wild pitch in the first, which, coupled with Collins, two-bagger, let in two runs, held the Brooklyns down to goose eggs.

Boston batted hard and sharp. Summary:

Bostons.....0 0 1 0 0 4 0 0 0—5
Brooklyns.....2 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—2

Base hits—Bostons 13, Brooklyns 5. Errors—Bostons 8, Brooklyns 3. Batteries—Nichols and Ganzell, Hughes and Bushong.

A Pretty Contest.

NEW YORK, April 23.—To-day's game between the New York and Philadelphia League clubs was a pretty contest, but unfortunate errors at critical moments by Glasscock and Hornung gave the game to Philadelphia.

Rusie pitched well for New Yorks. Bassett, Sommer, Hamilton, Tiernan, Myers, Clements, Allen, Mayer and Vickery did splendidly. Summary:

New Yorks.....0 1 0 1 3 3 0 0 0—8
Philadelphias.....0 1 0 0 2 0 0 0 0—3

Base hits—New York 7, Philadelphias 7. Errors—New Yorks 4, Philadelphias 1. Batteries—Rusie and Sommer, Vickery and Clements.

Downed by the Reds.

CINCINNATI, April 23.—Twelve hundred and sixteen persons saw the fray between the Chicago and Cincinnati league teams to-day.

Chicago opened up furiously on Duryea, but after an uphill fight the Reds passed their Illinois rivals and won the game.

Young Sullivan lost his head in the seventh, and his bad throw cost his club two runs. Summary:

Cincinnatis.....1 0 1 2 3 0 2 0 0— 9
Chicagos.....4 0 0 0 0 1 0 1 0— 6

Base hits—Cincinnatis 9, Chicagos 11. Errors—Cincinnatis 2, Chicagos 5. Batteries—Sullivan and Laner, Duryea and Keenan.

An Awful Exhibition.

PITTSBURG, April 23.—The league game here to-day between the Pittsburgs and Clevelands was probably the most fearful specimen of ball-playing presented here within recent years.

After playing two hours and thirty minutes the game had to be called on account of darkness. Summary:

Pittsburgs.....5 1 4 3 3 0 2 2 0—20
Clevelands.....5 3 0 1 1 1 1 0 0—12

Base hits—Pittsburgs 16, Clevelands 13. Errors—Pittsburgs 2, Clevelands 8. Batteries—Daniels and Miller, Daily and Zimmer.

THE BROTHERHOOD.

O'Day Pitches a Great Game for Ewing's Men—At Boston and Pittsburg.

NEW YORK, April 23.—The game to-day between the New York and Philadelphia Brotherhood clubs resulted in the second victory for the local players.

O'Day did superb work, holding the Quaker batsmen down to three base hits.

Out of twenty-seven put outs made by New York twenty were fly catches.

Ewing's drive in the fifth inning was the feature and made the spectators howl. Summary:

New Yorks.....0 1 0 1 3 3 0 0 0—8
Philadelphias.....0 0 0 0 0 0 0 1 0—1

Base hits—New Yorks 5, Philadelphias 4. Errors—New Yorks 1, Philadelphias 7. Batteries—O'Day and Ewing, Bulmiter and Cross.

Good Fielding.

BOSTON, April 23.—At Brotherhood Park to-day the features of the game were the phenomenal catching of Morgan and Murphy, the great field work of Bauer at second and Nash at third. With the bases full in the ninth Daly managed to strike out Seery. Summary:

Bostons.....2 0 0 0 2 6 0 0 0—10
Brooklyns.....0 1 0 4 0 2 0 0 0— 7

Base hits—Bostons 13, Brooklyns 10. Errors—Bostons 6, Brooklyns 8. Batteries—Daley and Murphy, Van Haltren and Daly.

Large Crowd at Pittsburg.

PITTSBURG, April 23. — Another good crowd was present at the game to-day between the Pittsburg and Chicago Players' League clubs.

Galvin pitched well, while Dwyer was hit hard and often. Summary:

Pittsburgs.....0 0 2 1 1 0 0 0 0—4
Chicagos.....0 0 1 1 0 0 0 1 0—3

Base hits—Pittsburgs 8, Chicagos 7. Errors — Pittsburgs 6, Chicagos 3. Batteries—Galvin and Carroll, Dwyer and Boyle.

No Game at Buffalo.

BUFFALO, April 23.—The Brotherhood game scheduled here to-day between the Bisons and Clevelands was postponed, owing to a heavy rain.

American Association.

LOUISVILLE, April 22. — Louisvilles 2, Columbus 3.

PHILADELPHIA, April 23.—Athletics 11, Syracuse 10.

Sacramentos' New Baseman.

SACRAMENTO, April 23.—Manager Zeigler has signed Andy Smith, late of the Texas League, to play first base during Stapleton's illness. Smith is highly recommended as a good fielder and hard hitter.

Denvers' First Defeat.

DENVER, April 23.—Sioux City won the game to-day with Siebel in the box, who did some brilliant work. The score stood: Sioux Citys 5, Denvers 2.

WON AND LOST.

Relative Positions of the National and Players' League Teams.

The following table gives the number of games won, lost and played by each club of the National and Players' leagues. It will thus be an easy matter to compare the work of the rival clubs:

NATIONAL LEAGUE.	Won.	Lost.	Played.	PLAYERS' LEAGUE.	Won.	Lost.	Played.
Bostons	3	1	4	Bostons	2	2	4
Brooklyns	1	3	4	Brooklyns	2	2	4
Chicagos	2	2	4	Buffalos	3	0	3
Clevelands	1	3	4	Chicagos	3	0	3
Cincinnatis	2	2	4	Clevelands	0	3	3
Philadelphias	3	1	4	Philadelphias	2	2	4
Pittsburgs	3	1	4	Pittsburgs	2	2	4
New Yorks	1	3	4	New Yorks	2	2	4

THE ISLAND OF MARTINIQUE.

On the Surface It Is Charming, But It Has Frightful Drawbacks.

Viewed on the surface, all is bright and full of beauty, grace and color in Martinique scenery; but closer inspection reveals a formidable seamy side. The forests, with their prodigal growth, their exquisite arboreal forms, their brilliant flora, their gorgeous birds and butterflies, are, to use a figure, planted full of the deadliest mantraps and spring-guns. The fearful serpent known as the "fer de lance" is the sovereign of these shades. The poison he secretes produces the most horrible effects. The victim of his fangs suffers swift mortification. His tissues lose coherence and dissolve—strange mystery—into the semblance of decayed vegetation; into imitations of those many hued fungoid growths which abound in the habitat of the venomous reptile. If the fang has touched a vein there is no hope, and it seems that the majority of such wounds prove mortal. So infested is the island by this snake that travel after nightfall is impossible, even in the outskirts of St. Pierre, for the "fer de lance" prefers the darkness for his excursions, and he haunts the highways. His deadly and ubiquitous presence, moreover, has hitherto prevented any thorough scientific exploration of the island. The deadly creature is too well concealed by his skin-markings, which make it impossible for any but an expert to distinguish him from the ground or the tree roots or the fallen logs about which he lurks; and to go into the Martinique woods alone is, for the stranger, to court one of the most dreadful of deaths. Nor is the "fer de lance" the only drawback to life in the tropics. Numbers of tempting fruits and brilliantly colored fishes are poisonous. Even the sparkling mountain water cannot be drunk without an infusion of spirit, if the drinker be heated. There is a beautiful fruit called the "manchineel apple," which is deadly. There are trees to lie under which is most dangerous. In fact nobody ever thinks of lying on the grass at Martinique, for it swarms with insect pests. There are immense hairy spiders outside of the towns not less venomous than the tarantula. In the houses are found equally venomous spiders. There are three kinds of biting ants, all very venomous; roaches as big as mice, who eat everything eatable and defile what defies their horny mandibles; mosquitoes, and, last but not least, the centipede. Mr. Hearn's description of this repulsive creature is realistic enough to make one's flesh creep.—N. Y. Tribune.

THE CREST OF MOUNT ETNA.

First Glories of Dawn at the Crater.

The Grandest Sunrise Human Eyes Can Behold—Panoramic View of a Hundred Cities and Villages.

Special to THE CALL.

PALERMO (Sicily), March 18, 1890.—There never came to me a sweeter or more perfect sleep than that one upon the rough benches of the half-ruined Casa degli Englesi, on the desolate plateau just beneath the great cone at Etna. Balbino, friend and guide, said he would awaken me betimes, and he did. It was a singular feeling to realize where the night had been spent, as Balbino assured me no one had ever been known to pass an entire night at the weird retreat and to remember how, if the death-dealing volcano had once hiccoughed in those hours, our Italian and American anatomies would have blended with the fused elements and floated down to the cities and the sea, in after years to be worked over and sold as lava relics to coming generations of tourists.

There was a bright glow within the hut, and a still more welcome aroma of cooking food, for one's appetite is ravenous in these crisp upper regions. Balbino had brewed a pot of black coffee, roasted eggs in the ashes beneath, and with our canteens of wine and water, our fowl and bread—a composite of the flour of wheat, corn and chestnuts—had spread a toothsome repast upon two huge blocks of lava. It was 2 o'clock in the morning when we had finished this, adjusting our heavy woolen blankets like knotted tunics, and after "banking" the little fire for use on our return, stepped out into the cold and stinging air.

"The guides take the straneiro from the Casa to the summit in an hour," said Balbino. "But that," with a reproachful tone, "ese maledetto. They do that to completely exhaust them and add greater value to their pretentious services. We will go, a suo bell' agio, leisurely, like gentlemen, in two. The ninfei (water lilies) are peeping from the sky."

By water lilies the poetical Balbino meant the stars. It was dark—very dark—without. But the stars were more than shining. They glowed, each like a topaz bead pendant from a canopy of velvet. So near they seemed, the impulse almost came to lift one's staff in effort to touch them. Against the side-arc of such a sky

THE BLACK PEAK

Set like a wall of onyx to be crashed against at a step's advance.

Balbino marched with the step of a veteran across the rough plateau of perhaps three-quarters of a mile to the base of the cone. Our eyes soon became accustomed to the darkness, and by my guide taking in his disengaged hand one end of my staff I was able to follow very comfortably. I asked him why he had not provided torches, and he told me they were only a hindrance to the practical guide, as the light blinded one, save where standing, and destroyed the effect of the starlight.

"See, there is the proof," he shortly added. "There are strangers, guides and torcher lost in the Bosco. The party is trying to reach Etna for the sunrise. They will not come so far as the Casa."

Turning I saw far down the mountain a half-dozen flashes like bright fire-flies, now swaying and waving, now lost behind the mazes of oak, chestnut and ilex, and again leaping into view. They added a weird feeling of pursuit as we pushed on, not without many a stumble and an occasional fall. Before leaving the Casa we had wound thongs of kid-skin about our trousers at the ankles. My companion wore shoes; but I had a pair of honestly made American boots, with legs reaching nearly to the knees, and the soles well filled with stout hob nails, an invaluable aid in climbing Pico in the Azores a few months before. Balbino had eyed these enviously, while binding a pair of leather leggins around the tops of his shoes. Before we could have crossed the plateau the ashes, grit, and loose scoriæ would have cut to the flesh through one's stockings without this protection. Half way across the rock-strewn plain we came upon traces of snow, and soon, ice, snow and disintegrated lava in large piles, where, after the wind had fiercely tossed it about, it had been banked in most fantastic forms. We had trouble in some of these. They were as slippery as shot. We would climb upon our hands and knees over some sharp hump of lava and fall of a solid footing on the other side, frequently sliding and crunching out of our way down startling declivities, only to land waist-deep in some of the shelly pockets, or to be brought up with thud and thump against some solid lava wall beyond. But in this wise, and without serious discomfiture or mishap, we crossed the billowy masses and reached the base of the final cone. To my eyes it seemed a vast precipice, interminable in height, absolutely insurmountable. And here the real struggle began. I never had a more thorough admiration for physical agility than the thin little Sicilian now compelled. It seemed that the wiry fellow had wings for unseen use.

A PERILOUS CLIMB.

Uncoiling a slender leash, woven of hair and much resembling a lariat, and leaving me in possession of one end below, he would appear to leap from point to point in the darkness above until the line was taut, when with endless repetitions of soothing and reassuring "Agevolmente!"—"Gentilmente!" ("easily!—gently!") he would half draw me to his own safe station of ascent. Now and then we would find a few yards of almost level space. Again, the course would wind about and between jagged curling fringes of lava, set there like convolutions of wave-crests whirled upon end and instantly congealed. But everywhere were cinders, grit, ice, snow, needle-pointed spears of lava, powdered sulphur, ashes, pitfalls, and worse than all, the danger of dislodging the rocking masses above us.

On several occasions we had barely passed, and pushed our weight from treacherous scales of mingled snow and scoriæ, when they cracked away and went crumbling behind, frequently dislodging other crusts and projections, when a combined crash and thundering into the darkness would follow. At these times my own bravery would forsake me, I am afraid, and I would beg Balbino for indulgio and rest. With the utmost suavity the little old roll of bones always acceded; and, far above me, while my knees beat the cinders from my trousers, and my chattering teeth rattled like castanets, chirpas a canary in the groves behind Catania, this human mountain elf would ruminatively hum a merry Sicilian canzione, now and then letting a few lively though respectfully modulated bars escape through his not wholly unmusical nose.

Perhaps an hour and a half was consumed in this manner of climbing, when, on being pulled up a particularly precipitous and ugly slope I stood on my feet beside Balbino, and even before he had sententiously uttered the one word "Trionfo!" I saw the stars beyond a jagged mass of black, and was conscious that we were at last at the very crater's edge. After groping about with the greatest caution for a little, Balbino found an angle in the lava which offered fairly good shelter. We crept into this, huddled closely together, and, watching the torches which still flickered far below in the Bosco, or wooded region, waited for the dawn. It was an eerie spot to rest. It seemed darker than when we left Casa d egli Englesi, nearly two hours before.

DARKEST HOUR BEFORE DAWN.

Innumerable times in my life I had read, heard or thought the old saying about the darkest hour being just before the dawn. However familiar one may be with centuries-old material or ethical truisisms, there is a one time in each individual's life when individual facts sweep into and possess the remotest territories of realization. In that way this familiar truism came to me for the first time, and for all time, at the edge of Etna's crater. The atmosphere was perfectly clear, rare and crisp. The stars were apparently all visible, but a film seemed to gradually overcome their former quality of pulsing glowing, then to remove their peculiar globular, dew-drop like form and tremulousness, and finally to almost erase them from the firmament. Balbino's practiced eye comprehended all this in a material sense, and he said we had now but a little time to wait. But that little time seemed very long. Fortunately no wind was blowing, but it was bitterly cold; and the cold seemed to come in waves, each more intense than the preceding one. Intermittent with these were apparent pulsations of warm air bearing an odor as of asafetida. These were the exhalations of Etna.

Though we were now within a few feet of 11,000 feet above the sea-level I did not experience that difficulty in breathing which many travelers lay great stress upon, although an actual condition of weakness and weariness was continually contended against. The most marked blended physical and mental experience in these extreme altitudes is, I think, an almost uncontrollable impulse to step off and down to the greatest depths below, coupled with a dim sort of fancy that one is ready-winged for such descent, and even steady-headed Balbino had, or pretended to have any number of authentic reminiscences where unfortunate persons, unable to control similar fatal impulses, had been dashed to pieces upon the lava rocks below.

But even while he was relating these the density of the darkness had given way. Through the murky gray the horizon line of the Ionian sea and the sky could be faintly traced. We left our little shelter and found solid footing in the crust of the crater's edge, where we could cling tightly to the flinty lobes, angles and ridges which some former action of the boiling lava had provided. Hardly was this done before the stars were swept from sight and the entire sky had changed to a dark opaline hue. Then, as the first faint shimmerings of red quivered above the sea, as if to sweep the last vestige of night from the earth's face, came such a blast of piercing wind as hurled showers of lava-grit whistling before it, tore great crusts of ice and lava from their places, and caused us to cling to each other and the serrated cone-edge for our very lives. It passed as quickly as it came, roaring across the Bosco toward Palermo. When we looked again,

THE EASTERN SKY WAS AFLAME.

The Ionian Sea dimpled and rippled by the softer breezes of lesser altitude, a mass of tremulous purple; and the crests of the Calabrian Mountains of lower Italy seemed emitting a sinuous stream of liquid fire.

"Vivo—acuto!" almost yelled Balbino, as he lifted me bodily from my feet and whirled me squarely about so that I faced the west. "This is the momento eminentissimo!"

And so it was "the supreme moment." As I was whirled about, the last glimpse was of the first glories of the grandest sunrise human eyes can behold. The next instant my eyes rested upon equally as grand a scene, a curious and almost sublime effect in light and shade; probably one nowhere else visible upon the globe, owing to the non-existence elsewhere of like combined conditions of altitude, contour and almost limitless expanse of panoramic background. To make this clear to the reader, it must be remembered that Etna, standing near the center of the eastern shore of the island of Sicily, rises from a base, fully 60 miles in diameter, gradually and almost unbrokenly to the tremendous altitude in its crater of practically 11,000 feet. The first rays of the rising sun strike horizontally athwart this, but all is darkness beyond. Half way across Sicily is thrown a shadow worth a year's travel to see. Tender mists of gray and pearl and blue in countless valleys blend with this mighty sable wing, transforming it to a purple as exquisite as the untouched film of the grape. To its almost measureless point its edges are as clearly defined as those of a velvet fabric stretched upon a bed of green, and no artist's brush will ever reveal such liquid streams of rose fading to flushing green, as, leaping and flashing along its lines, startle and amaze as though one had been granted a vision of light for an instant possessing the essence of life itself!

From this brief and entrancing spectacle, one involuntarily turns to the contemplation of the majestic cyclorama spread out to view. Where else can such a mighty reach of vision be found? There is nothing to intercept the sight. Three seas, the Italian, Ionian and the African, blend with the horizon, save where, on the west, more than 100 miles away, stand the heights behind Palermo, and where, to the northeast, rise the Apulian mountains in the narrow strip forming Southern Italy. With your glass you can see across the Isles of Lipari to the eternal fires of Stromboli, the ancients' entrance to purgatory; while, over 125 miles to the south, are discerned the outlines of Malta, where Calypso enslaved Ulysses, St. Paul was shipwrecked and the British Empire, behind the most tremendous ramparts of our time, dominates the Mediterranean and holds the golden key to all the Orient.

A MAGNIFICENT VIEW.

Nearer the glistening roofs of more than 100 cities and villages shimmer in the morning sunlight, among the greatest of which are Aci, Reali, Giarre, Massina, Randazzo, Bronte, Aderno, Paterno and classic Catania and Syracuse. Nearer still the vast rim of flowers, olive groves and vineyards. Above this the lesser but still stupendous circle of green, where stand the massive oak, chestnut and ilex trees. Then desolation complete, horrid, hateful, unspeakable. From one's feet clearly traced to the farthest base-edge, lead great furrows of purply black, where the livid rivers ran, interspersed with lesser volcanic—but specks from where we stand—and awful gulfs miles in width, hundreds of feet in depth and so hideously blasted, cursed and lifeless that even silence crouches shudderingly in their formless and hideous depths. This, the faintest hint of what one sees. No one can come with the power to reveal even this beggarly proportion of what is felt.

But here is the crater and its ragged rim. It is sullen, inactive now. Hundreds of fantastic, craggy, jagged masses stand upon its smoother lower crust, reaching sprawlingly in every direction with great lava claws. Everywhere, describing the most curious angles and curves, run slender seams with lips of green and yellow, where the sulphuric breath has left its stain and poison. Sluggish, shimmering waves of air, with now and then a ghostly thread of steam, rise from these seams. These, with a ceaseless, tremulous vibration which would not take long to effect genuine seasickness, are all that tell of the infernal powers beneath. Balbino, shrugging his shoulders, and remarking, "It is shamming, like a bad woman!" descended into the pit, ran about upon the crust, broke off relics to take away, and punched the seams savagely with his pike to illustrate his bravery and contempt. Then, one last look at so vast and yet so little a portion of our good old earth; the descent and meeting of the belated travelers, who glared at us for our own better luck; another meal at the wretched Casa, where it seemed we had been long years before; and then a light-some step out and down into the world of sunshine, verdure and song; while, far and near, waking a myriad echoes in wooded gorge and glen, there came to us, mingled with tuneful songs of rivulets and birds, the clear and mellow notes of shepherds' pipes, as with matin melodies their flocks were led up lower Etna's verdant sides.

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COAST ITEMS.

Brief Notes From Pacific States and Territories.

The authorities of San Lucas, Monterey County, have established fire limits in that town.

The people of Carson City refused to vote in favor of issuing bonds for a school-house.

The Portland Oregonian says the Puget Sound ports are flooded with halibut and deep sea fish of every variety.

The owners of the Mountain mine, near Sierra City, have ordered a forty-stamp mill from the Downieville foundry.

The town of Roswell, Lincoln County, N. Mex., is 216 miles from any railroad. No other place in the United States can say as much.

There is not an empty house in Deming, N. Mex., and the local paper, The Headlight, announces that it will soon be published daily.

The people of Tombstone, Ariz., have become convinced that their name is a "hoodoo" and are agitating for a change to that of Richmond.

Three suspicious persons have been arrested at Tacoma for the alleged murder of an old man who was found dead near Castle Rock last Monday.

A Chinese gardener was murdered and robbed at his cabin two miles from Middletown, Lake County, on Thursday. Suspicion points to an Indian.

Parley McFarlane was sent to the Utah penitentiary for life on Tuesday for murdering two railroad surveyors in San Pete County last September.

The Portland plasterers and brick-layers have joined the strike. They have no real grievance, as plasterers now get $5 for a day's work of eight hours, and brick-layers $6 for nine hours. At a meeting of brick-layers Monday evening, they decided not to work with non-union men, but will stick to nine hours' work.

A gang of eight thieves were arrested in a low den at Seattle on Tuesday night. The police succeeded in finding a large amount of stolen property in the house. One of the prisoners was a woman.

Work was begun on the new water works for Dixon last Tuesday. Two tanks holding 40,000 gallons each will be raised to the height of fifty feet and the mains will be eight inches in diameter.

The Daily Republic of San Luis Obispo says C. H. Johnson gave the Southern Pacific Railroad a right of way over his ranch for nothing, while it will damage his property to the extent of $25,000.

The floral display at the Los Angeles fair is remarkably fine this season. A striking feature is a miniature Eiffel Tower 125 feet high covered with roses and illuminated with an electric light of 75-candle power.

George W. Hancock, who killed a young man named Jones thirty-two years ago, in Utah, has been sentenced to serve ten years in the penitentiary at Provo. A stay of execution was granted and he was released on $15,000 bail.

OBITUARY.

DR. WILLIAM WRIGHT.

Dr. William Wright, an old pioneer of Santa Clara County, died at his ranch near Santa Clara on Tuesday evening last, after an illness of some weeks. The deceased was a native of Baltimore, Md., and was 64 years old. He came to California in 1849 and settled on 360 acres of land near Lawrence Station, in Santa Clara County, where he lived till his death, except a brief interval when he went to the mines. He leaves a widow and two children.

S. F. PIERSON.

S. F. Pierson, a former Chairman of the Trunk Line Commission, died at Philadelphia yesterday.

LATEST SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

Arrived.

WEDNESDAY, April 23.

Schr Rebecca, Gruner, 30 hours from Humboldt; 230 M ft lumber, to Taylor & Co.