A ROMANCE OF RUSSIA AND SIBERIA,

By Prince Josef Lubomirski, Author of "Safar-Hadji, a Story of Turkistan," etc.

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[CONTINUED.]

"Yes, Colonel."

"Madam, you can go now. That gentleman, however, will stay here till further orders."

"I—upon me," said the lady, very firmly. "Mr. Popoff's arm and protection are indispensable to me. I must take several important steps to-day, and your gendarme cannot well pay visits with me."

"You forget that the gentleman is a Russian subject," said Palkin, impatiently.

"A truce to these formalities," said Mme. de Dugarcy, haughtily. "Mr. Popoff is just now under the protection of France. He gives me his arm and that settles the question. Use force if you dare."

"Cautious, madam; be cautious. Diplomatic privileges do not go quite so far. The Emperor shall know all."

"What!" exclaimed the young lady. "Now you threaten me with the Emperor? Very well. I shall drive from here directly to the Winter Palace and explain it all to the Emperor. Gendarme, get me a coach."

"You will not take your eye from this person!" said Palkin, bowing.

She motioned to Jana, who, half fainting, awaited the end of this scene to keep up her courage and went downstairs, leaning on Popoff's arm. The gendarme had brought a droschke, she took a seat and ordered the coachman to drive as fast as he could to the Winter Palace.

They had barely left when from the opposite direction another droschke appeared, and Schelm, with a huge portfolio under his arm, got out.

It was, perhaps, 2 o'clock in the morning when Count Wernin's valet waked him from profound sleep and announced that a strange lady in company with Count Lanin's Secretary wished to see him. A gendarme, he said, accompanied her. Wernin arose reluctantly and somewhat impatiently put on a gorgeous dressing-gown. When he entered the reception-room he found there Popoff and Mme. de Dugarcy warming themselves at the fire. The gendarme stood at the door. The Frenchwoman had found it impossible to see the Emperor at this hour and therefore came to Jana's father.

The old man wept bitterly when he heard the terrible news and cried: "That is Schelm's revenge! My poor, poor child! I shall see Schelm at once and fall at his feet. My son-in-law is innocent! I'll sacrifice my whole fortune to save him."

"If your Excellency should not succeed it will be my turn to act," said Popoff.

Wernin looked at him astonished.

"Who are you?"

"I am Count Vladimir's Secretary and owe him everything. Before I came to him I was employed in Schelm's office and I have a weapon which, in my hands, may not be very dangerous, but—"

"What do you mean?"

"That in the hands of your Excellency this weapon is mightier than all the gold of Russia."

"Why don't you tell me at once what weapon it is?"

"Clear evidence that Schelm has stolen money and that the Count is innocent. But these documents can only be submitted to the Emperor himself."

Wernin sank exhausted into a chair.

"The Emperor! Only yesterday I could have done that! But to-morrow they will arrest me as the father-in-law of a man who is accused of having conspired against the person of the Emperor and I shall never obtain an audience. Your weapon is useless."

The French woman interrupted him.

"I am Jana's friend and I can always reach the Emperor! Intrust those papers to me! Monday the burgesses will give a great ball, at which the Emperor will certainly appear. I promise you I will speak to him and hand him the papers."

Wernin shook his head.

"Idle hopes! You are not allowed to address the Emperor at a ball!

"What a gentleman may not do a lady can and what is forbidden a Russian is permitted a foreigner. Besides, I take the responsibility."

"Ah, my lady," exclaimed Wernin, "if you could do that!"

"Certainly, it shall be done. And now, Mr. Popoff, may I ask for those papers?"

"Only as a last resource, when everything else fails, can this weapon be used, for as it crushes Schelm it crushes me also. When a poor man rises to overthrow a great man he generally perishes first."

"But who can be this man Schelm?" she asked, filled with awe and terror.

"He is the man who watches over the safety of the empire, works in secret, concocts conspiracies."

"Now I understand. A policeman; a spy on a large scale. Ah, the more zealously shall I work for you. Mr. Popoff, what are your plans now?"

"Your Excellency will go on Monday to Schelm and offer him a large sum of money. Perhaps the Countess will go with you. If you fail I'll go to him to-night. In the meantime you will go to the ball and wait for me there. If I cannot bring you the Count's pardon I shall at least bring you irrefutable proof of Schelm's criminality."

"You—you—the law is innocent?" asked Mme. de Dugarcy.

"Beyond all doubt. Vladimir must be innocent. Schelm's association with the conspiracy proves it. I predicted the man would avenge himself."

"I swear to save the Count," said Popoff.

"Count upon my gratitude, young man," replied Wernin.

"And now I must go," said Mme. de Dugarcy. "To-morrow morning I'll come and see Jana, and I am always ready to serve you."

"A thousand thanks," said Wernin, kissing her hand.

When the lady reached the door the gendarme stopped her.

"Does your companion remain here?" he asked.

"Yes, indeed! I return to the French Legation."

She said smiling to Nicholas:

"Mr. Popoff, you will have to spend the night at the embassy. Nothing can be done with this man."

"Oh, God!" cried Wernin, when he was alone, "take my life, but save my children!"

And the old counselor remained all night sitting before the fire, wrapped in dark and dismal thoughts.

The bells began to ring merrily and the streets were full of people. The gilt cupolas of St. Isaac's and Our Dear Lady of Kasam shone in the rays of the sun. All Petersburg was in gala dress; it was Sunday, the day following the events just mentioned.

The Fort of Peter and Paul, the foundations of which are laid on the bed of the Neva, seemed alone to keep aloof from the universal joyousness. The rays of the sun seemed to be unable to warm these sad walls, and the dense enveloping fog gave to it the appearance of a tomb. The bells of the fort rang, to be sure, like all others, but their sound came low and sorrowful, as if tolling for a funeral.

The casements, on a level with the river, have to be lit by gas and by night with oil lamps. The prisoners are fearful. Cell No. 12, at the end of a corridor, lies opposite to a grated door that is covered over with bars and padlocks. This door was a few steps from the bank dedicated to the river. Here, as everywhere, the walls are damp and cracked in many places; the dirty, uneven floor consists of bricks; the vaulted ceiling is very low; the small window, heavily grated outside; nothing but the waves of the Neva can be seen. And yet the keepers open this cell only reluctantly, never as long as any other cell is unoccupied. For this cell has its own grewsome story. A large number of unhappy beings have here ended their lives, and if tradition may be believed, the famous princess Tarakoff also perished here in the waves, when, in 1787, her cell was suddenly flooded. In the year 1849 an old keeper was still alive who vowed he had seen the corpse of the wretched lady, as it was found after the waters had subsided. The rats, however, had left nothing but the skeleton of the beautiful woman. On the evening of the day, which had just passed, a rich capture seemed to have been made, for eleven times in succession the ponderous gates of the fortress had been opened. At last all was full, and Miller of Millertown was sent to the lifted cell. He rested his elbows on a small table, the one article in the cell, and was sunk in deep meditation. Fifteen hours had gone by since his arrest, and he could not yet recover his usual calmness. He was emphatically a man of action, of energy, and preserved even in battle his incomparable repose, while giving proof of his matchless boldness and resolution. But now, alone in this dungeon, he had ample time to reflect, and with reflection came conscientious scruples and apprehension.

"Well," he said to himself, "it is done! Schelm has conquered and I have committed the most horrible deed that human imagination can well devise. I shrink from myself. Ten of Hearts, that brave, loyal Colonel, will be shot or hanged, or sentenced to lifelong labor in the mines! Four of Hearts, the young man, full of trust and confidence, at whose mother's table I dined recently, is in prison! The Treasurer of the Ministry of Finance, who had remained honest these thirty years, was tempted by me and by my misleading words. I have used my talents—for I have it in me to become a leader of men—to ruin five men by taking them into a conspiracy of which they did not even dream. And Vladimir! I cannot think of him! I do not believe in parsons' tales—but if there should really be a just God—"

And now Miller began to speak, as is often the case in solitary confinement to an invisible person:

"Do you know that Schelm is capable of deceiving me even yet? The world knows no greater rascal than Schelm. I may, after all, have committed this fearful crime in vain. Why is he not here? I have waited so long already. He ought to have been here to give me my money and my freedom. He is really cruel to keep me waiting so long. I long for fresh air. I long for the wide, wide world! I must flee from Russia and try to forget all. Oh, my former misery, how I now envy you.

"There below me flows the river, farther on is the Baltic, then Germany, France and England. There I want to forget Vladimir, Schelm, Russia, the Czar and Siberia. But where is the rascal? Does he not know that with one blow I can knock over the whole cunning structure of his intrigue?"

Suddenly he paused in his walk. A rat ran across the floor, climbed up on the damp wall and disappeared in a crack near the window.

"That was only a rat—one of those that will eat me here, for Schelm is capable of forgetting me. If he should betray me as I betrayed them."

The rat had been frightened by a noise in the passage. Miller's heart began to beat violently when he heard the door open slowly and saw the lantern of the keeper, who was followed by another person. It was Schelm, who sent back the keeper and remained alone with his victim.

"At last!" exclaimed Miller. "I have waited for you impatiently. I think I should have lost my mind if you had not come."

Schelm smiled knowingly.

"I come to keep my word, because I am fully fully satisfied. Here are 100,000 rubles. Are you content?

"Perfectly, if I can live away from here. But that is not all. When shall I be free again? You come surely to give me liberty."

"Not exactly," replied Schelm. "Your evidence will be required. Lanin will deny, no doubt; he will have to be convicted."

"Another step down in my humiliation."

"Yes, you two will be confronted with each other!"

"Spare me that—only that! I would rather take my life than to look into his eyes after what has happened."

"Be calm, foolish man! Your wish shall be granted, but your evidence is needed. That alone will secure your liberation."

"You will not spare this poor young man, Schlem?"

"Look at me! Do I look like a man who spares an enemy? His cell adjoins yours."

Miller went quickly over to the other side.

"Will you soon let me out of this cursed hole?" he asked with trembling voice.

"Certainly, next week?" said Schelm, hastily going out.

No sooner, however, did he reach the passage than he shrugged his shoulders and ordered the next cell to be opened—Vladimir's.

Lanin had spent sixteen hours here. At midnight he had been arrested; at 2 o'clock cast into this fearful cell; now it was 4 o'clock in the afternoon. He ate a little of the black bread left by the keeper and looked out of the small window. The Neva was flowing close under it; he could not even see a piece of the sky above. The setting sun, reflected from the surface of the river, cast a greenish, unhealthy light on the prison walls. At this moment the door opened and Schelm entered. Lanin shook with excitement when he saw who it was. The keeper remained outside without closing the door.

In a moment Vladimir was at the threshold and with one look at his adversary asked him:

"Perhaps you can explain why this has been done to me, as you seem to have the thread of this intrigue in your hand."

A devilish, scornful laugh was Schelm's only answer.

"You laugh!" exclaimed Lanin, "and yet you know that I am innocent."

Schelm raised his dirty, crooked forefinger and said ironically:

"Innocent? Why, that is news!"

Vladimir seized him by the coats.

"Mr. Schelm, explain yourself. I allowed perhaps an unbecoming jest to pass when I ought to have checked it; you wish to punish me for it, and certainly I have been punished already. Mr. Schelm, I have suffered, suffered agony. I repent that jest. Shorten my sufferings and release me."

Schelm smiled, continually feasting his eyes and his mind at the sight of his victim's suffering.

"You answer not. What more do you want of me, my fortune? Take it! I know you are omnipotent; remember that we once were comrades!"

"What nonsense are you talking?" suddenly said Schelm. "You do not see before you Mr. Schelm, whom you once knew, and who may have had reason to be offended by your conduct. No! You have now to do with the head of a division in the Ministry of the Interior, who comes here to examine and see in the prisoner solely a man accused of high treason."

Vladimir looked into his eyes; Schelm could not endure his honest scrutiny.

"Do you think I am guilty?" asked Lanin, trying to master his indignation. "The letters on your portfolio made it clear to me that this is your revenge. Do you know that I have ever conspired."

"For two months my agents have been looking for the Ace of Hearts, the head of this disgraceful conspiracy. You your-self acknowledged that you were the Ace of Hearts!"

"I? Great God! But you know this is vile slander. I will not be ruined, however. I have many friends and kinsmen!"

Schelm laughed aloud.

"The man who once conspires against the Emperor loses friends and kinsmen at once. Young man, be candid, try to tell me the truth and your honest confession may soften the Emperor's just wrath."

An unusual noise was heard at this instant. Spurs sounded and swords struck the stone floor; there were hurried steps of soldiers; four men with torches preceded the newcomers. On the threshold appeared the Governor of the fortress, in company with the Emperor's aide, Count Lanin. Schelm turned deadly pale; Vladimir quickly approached the door and called out:

"Villain, my friends and kinsmen have not deserted me. Dear uncle, save me!"

"The General kept him back coldly.

"If this gentleman told you that you had no kinsmen he was perfectly right. I did not come to see you from pity, but to pity you, because you have deserved your fate. I come in obedience to an order of his Majesty the Emperor, who does not wish to see our name forever disgraced, in consideration of my faithful services."

As soon as Schelm noticed the drift of affairs he endeavored to poison the mind of the Count.

"Your Excellency," he said, "let us begin the investigation."

Count Lanin looked at him severely.

"My words were not addressed to you. From personal regard the Emperor has deigned to suppress this affair in quiet without judicial sentence. Lanin, Miller were caught in the act. The criminal here present has himself confessed that he was the anonymous head of the conspiracy. What good could an investigation do? His Majesty the Emperor has graciously ordered that all proceedings shall be stopped out of consideration for the name which I unfortunately bear. You are exiled to Siberia as a simple colonist, not as a private soldier, nor as one condemned to forced labor in the mines. Considering the magnitude of the crime, this is very mild punishment. In like manner your fellow-conspirators also will be sent to Siberia. His Majesty thus richly rewards my modest services. Be grateful, young fool, and forget under the smock-frock which you will hereafter wear the name you have covered with shame!"

Vladimir listened to his uncle's words perfectly dumfounded. His uncle had so far always shown him an affection which approached weakness. The manner in which he now spoke showed him that he would never be able to justify himself since his nearest relatives doubted his innocence. Still he was indignant at such injustice.

"Uncle!" he cried, "I want to be tried. I demand an inquiry. I am innocent. I am the victim of a wretched intrigue!"

This language of despair touched the old gentleman deeply; he replied, therefore, in a milder tone:

"You are out of your senses. Instead of attempting to defend yourself, try, rather, to conduct yourself well. The Czar is graciously inclined toward you, and perhaps in ten years—"

"But, I swear I am innocent. Let me tell you—"

"Enough!" said the General, sternly. "Have the courage at least to confess your crime; your accomplices have confessed all."

"I beseech you, be kind enough to listen to me."

"Not a word more. Day after to-morrow you start for Siberia. And you," he added, turning to Schelm, "you have nothing more to do here. Follow me."

"Uncle, as God is my judge—"

But the torches had already disappeared; the door groaned and Vladimir was once more alone in his cell.

The sun had set. Instead of the greenish shimmer which had been reflected from the waters of the Neva, night had come, and darkness had covered all. The poor, despairing prisoner, unable to bear all this at once, threw himself on the damp floor and wept.

Schelm had in the meantime left the prison In the passage the General, leaning on the arm of the commandant of the fortress, had curtly dismissed him. The head of division remained standing in the dark passage.

His thirst for revenge was not completely satisfied; he had hoped to see Vladimir hanged or at least sent into the mines; the Czar's mercy made him furious. The jailer interrupted his dark meditations by asking humbly:

"Does your Excellency go no?"

"No!" replied Schelm. "Open No. 12 once more and remain at hand as long as I am speaking with the prisoner!"

Miller had become more quiet and was eating a piece of the dry black prison bread, when the door opened a second time and Schelm appeared on the threshold. His face looked so ominous that Miller sprang up, seized with sudden apprehension.

"Not one of you is to be tried! The Czar's pardon includes every one of you. I no longer need your evidence and you will never see me again. The money you may keep!"

"And my liberation?" asked Miller, trembling.

"Ha! ha! ha! A conspirator wants to be set free! I wish you farewell, Miller; in Siberia remember me!"

Miller was about to fall upon Schlem. He would have killed him on the spot. He hurt himself against the iron bound door, which the jailer had closed at the right moment.

When Schlem saw himself safe he rubbed his hands with joy.

In the meantime Miller shouted so loud that the words were heard through the thick, stout door:

"You do not know me yet! And if I were buried in the mines of Siberia you should not escape my revenge."

"What powerful lungs the man has," said Schelm to his companion. "He has missed his vocation. The Czar likes to have men in his army who can give loud orders—he might have become a General."

The jailer opened his eyes wide. Schelm patted him on the shoulder affectionately.

"Well, in Siberia they will have enough to tell each other. That will be nicer still," he added with his Satanic smile.

To be Continued.

Accident to a Driver.

John Cabois, who is the driver of a bakery wagon, met with a painful accident yesterday. As he was driving along Sutter street, near Devisadero, the fore wheels of the wagon struck a rut in the street and he was thrown out, breaking his right leg. He lives at 531 Jackson street.

ST. VINCENT'S SONS.

Demonstrative Meeting at the San Rafael Asylum.

Archbishop Riordan Presides Over an Assemblage of Prominent Catholic Laymen.

The Orphans' Home.

St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum, beyond San Rafael, never looked more cheerful and inviting than it did yesterday in the warm sunshine and nestling amid picturesque hills clad with springtide leafage and verdure; nor did the charitable sons of St. Vincent de Paul in this city ever feel better pleased, compensated for their labors and encouraged for future work among stray orphan little ones than when they entered the portals of that institution on the occasion of a quarterly meeting shortly before 10 o'clock in the morning.

Rev. W. D. McKinnon, President of the asylum, received the visitors, welcoming them to the boys' home, which he has made so happy and comfortable during his brief protectorate. The meeting was without exception the pleasantest one in the history of the society.

As early as 8 o'clock in the morning nearly 300 prominent Catholics were aboard the ferry steamer Tiburon on their way to the orphan home among the Marin hills, whither the large party was taken from Tiburon in three special cars. Arriving at the asylum at 10 o'clock they walked in procession into the pretty church and assisted at high mass.

The altar was beautifully decorated with big clusters of calla lilies and bouquets of exquisite white and red spring roses that filled the sanctuary with their odorous incense; and there were many wax lights burning softly around the tabernacle. Rev. Father Cottle of St. Bridget's Church celebrated the mass and was attended by three bright acolytes of the asylum. A choir of boys sang the mass very creditably, putting remarkable feeling and sweetness into some of the devotional compositions. At the conclusion of the service his Grace, Archbishop Riordan, gave his blessing upon the kneeling congregation.

THE ARCHBISHOP SPEAKS.

His grace read the gospel of the day from the altar, after which he announced the programme arranged for the guests' pleasure.

The gathering was one to which he had looked forward to for many months and he was glad that so many prominent Catholics had come together in St. Vincent's Asylum to discuss the wants of the poor. For in his opinion benevolence or charity is an atmosphere in which the human race should live; yet, viewed from a historical point, men do not live in harmony with each other. Man has always been man's enemy. In early years the warrior was the ideal man and all the poetry of the ancient world but the spies of hero conquerors.

In the time of pagan Rome there was not an asylum, a home for the sick, the weary or the destitute, and strange as it may seem, in the language that has been handed down in the church, there is no such word as "charity," no such word synonymous in Latin. To be happy in pagan times was to be rich, great and respected for power. Giving charity did not constitute an iota toward happiness.

Strange, too, that no nation has ever been able to conceive other conditions suitable to man than Christian nations. The idea that there is a God in heaven and all men are his subjects, who should live in unity on earth, is only Christian. Looking at human life as it is now, every monument that was raised in the interest of humanity to aid the distressed is Christian only. Not one can be pointed out which is infidel or atheist. Every such monument in the world to-day is the product of Christianity.

WHY CHRIST CAME.

The good brothers of St. Vincent de Paul are banded together in the interest of charity. Christ said that the poor man should have the gospel preached to him. It was for this reason he came down to aid the great mass of people who were suffering. He came to make men feel that they were all brothers, with a common inheritance, made by God into his image and likeness, destined to be with him in his own home after their earthly life. This has been the teaching of the Christian religion for 1900 years.

Christ said: "I was hungry and you gave me to eat; I was thirsty and you gave me to drink. I was naked and you clothed me."

And the multitudes cry out: "When, oh Lord have we done all these things to you?" The answer was, "Whenever you gave to the least of my little ones you gave to me. Come, then, into the kingdom prepared for you."

The Society of St. Vincent de Paul is to make men feel that they are brothers and should have charity in their hearts for each other. It is placed under the patronage of a great Christian saint, who, much more than any one else of modern times, stands out prominent in gathering together all classes of men in bonds of Christian charity.

The great charitable heart of the American people that always is overflowing with sympathy for suffering is very encouraging. For man does not love man naturally.

Why should one man give another charity—something without some ulterior or supernatural motive? There are many circumstances against it. Human nature is selfish; it cannot elevate itself by itself.

CHARITY MUST BE INSPIRED.

Our charity must be inspired by a higher motive than nature is able to give us; and this motive is divine grace and love of God. Naturally men are impelled from one another, but through God they love one another, for he has told men that they are like to His own image. We treat the beggar, because we think of him who had no place to lay his head; we go to the bedside of the sick, because we think of him who was a man of sorrow, and in this way our administration of charity comes easy, for we are doing it for him. In this spirit his Grace exhorted the society to continue its good work.

"May this spirit of our divine Lord descend upon you and be the awakening of a new and grander spirit in your hearts, that when you come to die you will hear these consoling words: 'I was hungry and you gave me to eat, I was thirsty and you gave me to drink, I was naked and you clothed me,'" were the closing words of the Archbishop.

The quarterly meeting of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul was then held in the church, and the following reports of work done in the last three months were read by P. J. Thomas, the Secretary. The Archbishop presided, while beside him sat James M. Burnett, President.

THREE MONTHS' WORK.

St. Joseph's Conference—Families relieved 36, persons in same 109, visits 42, receipts $241 35, expenditures $168 15, balance $73 20.

St. Brendan's—Families relieved 7, persons in same 27, visits 55, receipts $218 85, expenditures $38 50, balance $215 30.

St. Rose's—Families 19, persons in same 34, visits 37, receipts $37, expenditures $47 50, balance $16 55.

St. Bridget's—Families relieved 12, persons in same 49, visits 153, receipts $257, expenditures $223 50, balance $136 60.

Mission Dolores—Families 15, persons in same 47, visits 15, receipts $404 50, expenditures $59 25, balance $345 25.

St. Patrick's—Families relieved 65, persons in same 265, visits 187, receipts $473 50, expenditures $492 15, balance $348 80.

St. Peter's School-house—Families relieved 26, persons in same 68, visits 76, receipts $268 25, expenditures $123 90, balance $200 96.

St. Mary's Cathedral—Families relieved 25, persons in same 75, visits 110, receipts $1067 05, expenditures $1053 20, balance $78 50.

St. Teresa's—Families relieved 3, persons in same 8, visits 26, receipts $27 25, expenditures $38, balance $33 20.

St. Francis'—Families relieved 22, persons in same 65, visits 84, receipts $270 85, expenditures $146, balance $138 91.

Sacred Heart—Families relieved 10, persons in same 24, visits 12, receipts $227 85, expenditures, $71 75, balance $186.

St. Dominic's—Families relieved $50, persons in same $94, visits 8, receipts $364 08, expenditures $167 15, balance $218 23.

DISCUSSED BY HIS GRACE.

Before the meeting adjourned the Archbishop spoke about the reports submitted. He said he was glad to see that each conference had a balance in hand after the hard winter; but he was sorry to see that the visits were comparatively few and impressed upon the members the importance of paying frequent calls upon the sick and suffering poor. From priests who visit sick people he had it that those stricken ones lying upon sick beds suffer from loneliness. The members of the society, then, should increase the number of their visits to their more unfortunate fellows who are confined to weary, painful beds, groaning under the tedium of illness.

Then changing his theme to the asylum, he said:

"We do pretend, and we challenge investigation, that the boys are as well treated as in any public institution. The food I eat myself when here is the same food that the boys have. The bread, which is the mainstay of a boy's life, is as good as any to be found in the city, and meats and all supplies are invariably ordered of the best quality."

Since the recent fire $60,000 has been expended on the new asylum. A technical school has just been established, and in it the older boys were learning useful trades, although this department is in its infancy at present.

A collection was taken up for the society fund, and $103 80 received from the congregation.

THE ORPHANS' WELCOME.

The party withdrew to the assembly hall and were entertained quite pleasantly by the little fellows. About one hundred lads sang a glad welcome chorus which received rounds of applause, after which a manly boy read the salutory address, as follows:

Most Rev. Archbishop, kind President, friends and members of St. Vincent's Society: Welcome to our orphan home to participate with us in the joyous relaxation of which we are assured by your presence to-day; and it now becomes our pleasure to reciprocate by offering our united endeavors to make the occasion even more pleasing and memorable.

To-day we would not cause you to feel that we are orphans, children of earth's tears; we stand in no need of sympathy while the fostering care of our most reverend Archbishop, kind President and friends surround us, while we are sheltered by the hallowed precincts of St. Vincent's Orphanage; but for us there is an evil day, the day on which we shall bid adieu to our secure refuge to seek a livelihood amid the world's applause or censure. It requires little reasoning and few examples to prove that our strength is weak, that temptations are strong, it is then we would ask you to remember that we are orphans and to assist us in the great strife, that our names may be heteafter mentioned in obedience and defense of just principles instilled by those who have striven to implant deep in our minds the essentials of duty and honor. We may not, as a rule, occupy the highest walks of life, which are trodden by the chosen few, requiring influence or princely patronage, but there is within our reach a power, the highest in man's possession and one which angels might stoop to enjoy—the power of doing good to mankind which all may possess, which requires no passport but of Heaven, and to this power and greatness we aspire. It is said that the youth of our land are its hope and its promise, as their fathers are its strength and support.

To us, who have been so early deprived of parental care, let us look to you, and on our brightest tablets of record, among its best detentions, may we ever find inscribed the friends and members of St. Vincent de Paul.

CLEVER BOYS.

The boys amused their guests with a clever flag-drill, choruses, songs and recitations, all of which proved most enjoyable. The affair was directed by Miss L. McKinnon, Miss M. McCue and Miss A. Byers, who played the accompaniments to the musical numbers.

Lunch was served in a refectory immediately after the entertainment. The Archbishop here occupied the position of genial host, forgetful of his dignity, and was most cordial to the lowliest visitor. He stood at the head of the table and said the grace before and after lunch.

The big buildings were then thrown open for inspection. On every side could be seen the results of Father McKinnon's care and the evidences of his radical changes. Mr. Maslin of the State Board of Examiners was present, and said the institution was better kept than any of its kind in this State, and superior to all. Walls, floors, class-rooms, dormitories, etc., were all scrupulously clean, and nowhere could be seen in an asylum of its kind more comfortable and cleanly beds than those set out in snowy linen at St. Vincent's; and the boys themselves looked the picture of health, well fed, dressed and cared for. Only one little fellow lay sick in the hospital, and he had fallen over a fence and hurt himself.

TEACHING ORPHANS TRADES.

The technical school recently established was inspected with evident interest. It is still a new venture, but quite successful, and the boys give promise of becoming good mechanics in the shops.

There were thirty-nine pairs of shoes ready made on a bench for the boys. Very soon the shoe department will supply both the asylum and the Orphan Home in South San Francisco. The trades now taught are shoemaking, tailoring, harness-making, saddlery, cooking and baking, but it is expected that all the useful trades will be taught before another year elapses. Some very fine sets of harness have been made by the young orphans and are in the shops for sale. Mr. McCarthy ordered three sets yesterday on seeing them. Many of the lads are made familiar with farm work on the asylum ranch, several acres of which were planted in fruit trees last year by the present President. In time Father McKinnon will build a cannery and drying rooms and teach his wards how to cultivate and preserve California fruits. There are 545 boys in the asylum now.

Regarding the Dominican Sisters, who recently succeeded the male teachers, Rev. W. D. McKinnon says:

"Many of our boys never knew the blessed associations of home nor the tender ministerings of a mother's love. To such the gentle method of the sisters, their skill, their exhaustless patience and forbearance have gone straight to the heart, inspiring confidence and love. The result of these influences is to be seen to-day in the improved obedience, discipline and morale of the school; and it has been established that pupils who in almost open rebellion against their male teachers have undergone the rule of the sisters, been rendered docile in an incredibly short time."

INVITED GUESTS.

The party returned edified to the city at 3 o'clock on a special train.

Among them were: Police Commissioner Tobin, James O'Brien, M. C. Hassett, A. Redmond, Rev. D. O. Crowley, Father Cottle, Mr. Cottle, Patrick O'Donnell, Patrick Cronin, Patrick McCormick, John Reidy, John Murphy, James McCloskey, Michael J. Madden, Patrick Barry, Michael Skelly, William Deeney, John Lysott, C. H. Rogers, P. Shea, Dr. O'Toole, E. Petibeau, Thomas Lowney, John J. McKinnon, Patrick Curty, A. F. Bernard, Bernard Bradley, James McMenomy, James McKenna, A. H. Loughborough, Judges Coffey, F. S. Wensinger, M. Carroll, James Mulcahy, J. J. Meehan, T. Gallagher, John Rafferty, T. E. Sweeney, William Walsh, Bernard McDonald, John Holton, J. J. Green, Edward O'Neill, James Kittemann, John Devine, Edward McGrath, John Blake, James Sheia, L. Cunningham, Cornelius Deasy, P. J. Lavin, J. J. Groom, D. J. Merrin, James Hanley, Frank Monohan, R. M. Roche, Hugh Moffit, Thomas McCreigh, John O. Kane, Peter J. Donahue, J. W. Farren, John Keegan, P. F. Dundan, T. P. Riordan.

The officers of the particular council of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul in this city are: J. M. Burnett, President; Very Rev. J. J. Prendergast, V. G., Spiritual Director; P. J. Thomas, Secretary; C. J. I. Devlin, Assistant Secretary; Roger O'Donnell, Treasurer.

Appleby's Death.

Gus Appleby was taken from 764 Howard street on Saturday night to the Receiving Hospital, suffering from palns in the heart. At 3:15 o'clock yesterday morning he died and the body was removed to the Morgue. An autopsy was made yesterday, which shewed that Appleby had died from the effects of pleurisy. Nothing is known about the man or his antecedents.

The Fresh Fragrance

Of SOZODONT renders it the most agreeable article ever used as a tooth-wash. It has none of the acrid properties of the astringent tooth-powders, and instead of contracting the gums it renders them firm and elastic.

Burglars in a Store.

John Mallon and Daniel McCarthy, two young men, were arrested yesterday morning at 6 o'clock and charged with burglary by officers Con Kelly and J. C. Daly. It is alleged that they broke into a store at 143 Clara street, and stole therefrom a quantity of cigarettes and whisky and $1 50. The men entered the place by a side door.

You Need It Now

There is nothing of greater importance to you than your health. At this season nearly every one is feeling more or less weak, tired and miserable, a condition naturally following the unhealthful winter, the epidemic of "the grip," pneumonia, typhoid fever, etc. This should be overcome at once, as it indicates a low health-tone and special susceptibility to disease.

Hood'S Sarsaparilla

Is the ideal Spring Medicine and blood purifier. It is peculiarly adapted to thoroughly purify and renovate the blood, overcome that tired feeling and build up the whole system. If you have not yet taken your spring medicine do not delay longer, but take Hood's Sarsaparilla Now.

"Hood's Sarsaparilla is the cheapest medicine I can buy." F. R. RIEDEL, Belleville, Ills.

The chief reason for the marvellous success of Hood's Sarsaparilla is found in the article itself. **It is Merit that wins,** and the fact that Hood's Sarsaparilla actually accomplishes what is claimed for it is what has made it the medicine first in the confidence of our countrymen, and given to Hood's Sarsaparilla a popularity and sale greater than that of any other blood purifier.

The Spring Medicine

"Every spring I take from three to five bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla, because I know it purifies the blood and thoroughly cleanses the system of all impurities. That tired feeling will never visit the system that has been properly cared for by Hood's Sarsaparilla."—W. H. LAWRENCE, Editor Agricultural Epitomist, Indianapolis, Ind.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

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100 Doses One Dollar

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THE GREAT REMEDY FOR PAIN
For Stablemen and Stockmen.
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Cuts, Swellings, Bruises, Sprains, Galls, Strains, Lameness, Stiffness, Cracked Heels, Scratches, Contractions, Flesh Wounds, Stringhalt, Sore-Throat, Distemper, Colic, Whitlow, Poll Evil, Fistula, Tumors, Splints, Ringbones and Spavin in their early Stages. Directions with each bottle.
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Furnishing Goods
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—OF THE—
Stock of W. F. O'Banion,
712 and 714 Market Street.

This sale will not be converted into a HUB of misrepresentation, falsehood and foolishness, but the best values ever offered in San Francisco will be continued for a few days yet, as a large amount of money must be raised.

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.....OF AN.....
Immense Stock of Fine Spring and Summer Goods that has never been exhibited on this Coast. Fine Tailoring at Moderate Prices.

Elegant Business Suits, made to order from	$25 00
Stylish Pants, made to order from	6 00
Fine Silk-Lined Overcoats, made to order from	25 00
Stylish English Walking Suits, made to order from	30 00
Fine French Pique and Beaver Suits, made to order from	40 00

And all other garments in like proportion. These are prices never offered before.

All garments made by First-Class Mechanics. Perfect Fit, best of Trimmings and Workmanship guaranteed or no sale.

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105, 107 and 109 Santa Clara st., San Jose, Cal.
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1021 and 1023 Fourth st., San Diego, Cal.
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WAS ESTABLISHED IN 1858 FOR THE CURE of nervous diseases and also for chronic complaints and for the suppression of outrageous quackery.

The proprietors are physicians who have the highest type of medical educations, having had a very extensive practice running back for forty-five years, and having a knowledge far in advance of the generality of the profession. We are not tied down by any effete or hide-bound code of ethics in medicine, but use all systems the best and most effectual in the cure of human ills.

With minds matured and enriched by long practice and studies of an advanced order, also by an extensive hospital practice, we are enabled to insure a speedy and permanent cure of any case we may undertake.

It is not necessary to enumerate the diseases to which we give special attention. It is also impossible to enumerate the thousands of people who are to-day suffering from the indiscretions of earlier life, and who have terrible poison still running in their veins. Reader, if you have ever had a reason to believe that a terrible poison has entered your system, no matter what from, it may have at first developed, call at once and we will tell you if it is still lurking in your system. It will cost you nothing to be examined and may save you a great deal of suffering and sorrow, maybe an untimely grave. Only afew months since a party called; he would not take the advice offered at the Institute; he doubted the statement of the physician. To-day he is in God's acre at Laurel Hill. Take warning by his fate, and if you have reason to feel that the poison may be in your system seek advice at once.

Ladies—We thoroughly understand those complaints incident to your delicate organizations and can warrant you rapid relief and certain cure as the case may require; you may rest assured of honorable and scientific treatment.

Our female monthly remedies are superior; they never fail of the desired effect.

All letters directed to HOWARD MEDICAL INSTITUTE, 236 Sutter street, will receive prompt attention and will be considered confidential. Office hours 9 A. M. to 8 P. M.; Sundays 10 to 12 A. M., 6 to 8 P. M. mr16 tf

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