FOUR HOURS OF HASHEESH.

Jules Claretie Gives His Experience With the Oriental Narcotic.

EFFECT ON FOUR PARISIANS.

Varied Hallucinations Produced by the Green Drug—The Effect of Music—A Man Who Wished to Fly—Hysterical Mirth and Strange Convictions—Suffering and Syncope—After Effects.

Written for THE SUNDAY CALL.

WE should never let an opportunity to see or learn something new escape us. That is the most certain way to get rid of our illusions. I took hasheesh day before yesterday. One of my friends, who had just returned from Algeria, had brought back with him a few cakes of that species of sweetmeat which the Arabs call madjound. Sweetmeat, no; it is butter, a kind of rancid and greenish butter, or rather a paste, a pomade with a disagreeable odor. A few grammes of hasheesh, and suddenly, they say, infinity opens, the unknown reveals itself, the fantastic becomes real and the imaginary Alhambras are peopled with exquisite visions. There are enchantments and allurements, also paradisiacal harmonies. What dreams, surprises, gayeties, emotions and unknown sensations are contained in that bit of madjound as big as the thumb! Much less would tempt a person.

Nevertheless I hesitated for a moment. Suppose the demon of vertigo should conquer me forever? Suppose this first trial should result in hasheesh taking possession of me? Those artificial El Dorados have, it seems, such delicious seductiveness? No matter, I would try, I would see.

It was agreed upon between four friends that we would take hasheesh together. At dinner we were seven—three merely to watch the four hasheeshians, among these spectators being a doctor to study us and a scribe to take down our words, actions and gestures. It was half-past 7 o'clock. Ernest, he who had returned from Algeria, showed us how the hasheesh was taken—in small fragments in a spoonful of preserves.

We drank coffee, which is an acid. In twenty minutes the effects of the hasheesh would commence; in twenty minutes the blue realms of the houris would have no secrets for us. Heaven was about to open.

AWAITING THE EFFECTS.

We chatted. What was going to happen? What were the first effects of the green paste? What would we see, say and feel? It was still Ernest whom we consulted. He did not promise us mountains and marvels. "Hasheesh," said he, "after all only develops the character of the person who takes it, but it develops it beyond measure. There is nothing fatiguing, terrible or dangerous. In the Arab hostelries it is served after the meal to tired travelers in order to give them a few hours of rest."

Fifteen minutes passed. Nothing! Suppose the experiment should fail? Our scribe got ready his paper. We were all seated, looking at each other with eyes full of an uneasy doubt. Ernest alone, Ernest d'Hervilly, sitting upon a carpet, with legs crossed in Turkish style, waited with fatalistic smile and assurance.

Eight o'clock—A certain trouble. The temples buzzed, the cerebellum seemed violently compressed; the pulse quickened and throbbed feverishly. At the wrist, a trifle painful, the swollen veins stood out. The legs appeared to be losing their strength. We questioned each other. "Do you feel anything? If so, what?" A silence. Suddenly, I knew not why, came a great burst of laughter. I cannot tell where it started: it seemed to flutter about the room. All of us were laughing, without cause and simply for the sake of laughing. It was hysterical laughter. The laughter of maniacs. Then atony—a sudden, profound silence.

The spectators looked at us; they doubted. This lack of faith in my frankness singularly irritated me. It seemed to me that it was a gross insult. I wished to prove to the incredulous persons that I had laughed involuntarily, but it was impossible. The words fled from me. All grew vague in my brain. The slightest syllable cost me an effort. A desire for motion seized upon me, made me leap to my feet, walk back and forth, swing my arms, legs and head for nothing but the pleasure of doing so.

Ernest, squatted on his carpet, rocked his head like a Chinese image and contented himself with repeating, as he looked at his neighbor, who was twisting about as if he had been poisoned: "That George is funny!"

Funny! The word took a sense I had not known it to possess, a strange, inexplicable, comical sense. It seemed to me that I saw it shake itself, grow animated and dance. The letters jostled each other, smiled, turned somersaults and rolled.

SENSATIONS CAUSED BY MUSIC.

Half-past nine—George had calmed down, but believed himself drunk and repeated from time to time, as he stared at the floor: "Too much wine! oh! too much wine!" Christophe repeated in a plaintive tone that he wanted to go, that he ought to go. He cried, as he strode about: "A carriage! a carriage! They are assassinating my mother!" Ernest laughed with a stupid air.

As for me, I was yet pursued by the hallucination that all was over; that we had been deceived; that the green paste was poison. Paul Tisserant and the two others—those who had taken nothing—much frightened by our condition, were talking in whispers. I saw them distinctly; it even seemed to me that I heard them. I had the firm conviction that they were talking of bleeding me, for, curiously, during the past five minutes the fear of poison had flown and terror of cerebral congestion had seized upon me.

I turned toward George and said to him: "See here, you are a doctor; does our case present any danger? Oh, you can speak! After all, what is done is done and it is absolutely indifferent to me whether I die or not."

He looked at me with bulging eyes and replied: "Yes, yes, danger—there is danger—danger for me."

I believed myself dying of apoplexy and George was persuaded that, having insulted me, he knew not how, I had sworn to assassinate him that very night. My looks appeared to him ferocious, my slightest action atrociously menacing and my words murderous. He was livid, he trembled and his eyes were haggard; but, internally he did not wish to appear to show the least fear. In his normal condition George Bessay was brave, resolute and gay. I divined nothing of his preoccupation, but consulted him, supplicated him to care for us. He applied all my words to himself as so many threats.

From 10 to 11 o'clock.—This painful condition lasted fully an hour, an hour of terrible suffering, during which I felt my life escaping from me, my temples beat and floods of blood gush with a roar toward my brain; an hour of mad fear, during which I saw myself stretched out in that room and heard the prayers for the dead. I took up one of the newspapers lying on the table and distinctly read in it the local item which narrated our death; I saw the grief of our relatives and friends, I heard them weeping. All at once I felt that perception was leaving me. The walls fled, the floor sank and the ceiling flew away. Then nothing. Emptiness, darkness, the unknown death!

THE AWAKENING.

"Eh! what do you say to that?"

I suddenly resumed consciousness. It was one of our watchers, who was striking me rapidly with a wet napkin. This had roughly drawn from me the syncope which had taken possession of me. But my rescuer's smile seemed to me to be full of sarcasm; I asked myself if he had not insulted me; I was ready to leap at his throat and yet I supplicated him to begin anew, for the congestion had grown painful. During a quarter of an hour when the blood flowed to my face the wet linen struck me thus. But how strongly my pulse beat!—what a fever I had! I clenched my teeth as if lockjaw was coming on. I suffered horribly. Then, suddenly, an immoderate desire to depart seized upon me. I demanded a carriage as Richard III demanded a horse: "All, all I have for a hack."

Midnight—I departed on foot with George, who followed me with bent forehead. The streets appeared to me vast, broad and dark. The passers looked to me like shadows, phantoms. Ten minutes afterward I was at home. The hallucination was disappearing little by little. I recollect, however, that, wishing to get a glass of cold water, the dining-room, which was very small, seemed immense to me—a desert, a Sahara to cross, with my dry throat and heavy feet.

"I offer you hospitality," said I to George. "You should not be alone in your present state."

"I am resigned!" he replied.

I saw him turn purple. The idea that apoplexy was about to strike us both had not yet completely quitted me.

"Take off your cravat! take off your cravat!" I cried.

He stared at me terror-stricken and I heard him murmur, "Already!"

He removed his cravat and threw himself into an arm-chair with the despair of a condemned man who surrenders himself to the executioner. I did not understand his dejection. I still believed that he, as a doctor, had a knowledge of the danger we were running and my former ideas of death returned to me.

He was still thoroughly convinced that I was going to assassinate him. His eyes were fixed on a collection of weapons. I shall never forget the look he cast at the Japanese sabers and the Scotch claymores. He went to bed with an air of resignation. I threw myself on a sofa, after having gazed for a moment at the floor. George told me afterward that, while I was looking down, he read my thoughts like an open book, and they ran thus: "I despise my friend as I do the mud on my shoes!" I felt a heaviness of the head, a fire in my throat, a band of iron around my forehead. I closed my eyes, and saw red, green and blue roses whirling about in the darkness. Then, overwhelmed, I fell into a deep, comatose sleep.

RESULTS ON THE MORROW.

The next day I had trouble to collect my ideas; words failed me to express what I had felt, and, strange to say, I stuttered. George remained absorbed, still asking himself if his horrible nightmare was not a horrible reality. He spoke but little and seemed yet to fear me. So far as I was concerned nothing remained of the past hallucination, nothing but a violent fire in the throat, pains in the stomach, a void in the brain, a throbbing of the right temple and a feeling of shame and regret.

The day which followed, a fine summer day full of sunshine, appeared to me frightfully long, dull, tresome and sad. I had within me the bitter sensation of a lost illusion. That was all I had brought back with me from my journey into the infinite! Where are those famous ecstacies, those promised visions, those dreamed-of allurements, that expected excitement? I have told what I saw, what I felt, clearly, exactly, with the precision of a scientific narration. Yes, it was no stranger than that. Perhaps, beneath the blessed sky of the Orient, hasheesh brings delicious excitation to its calm and contemplative consumers. But, with our feverish, nervous and restricted life, to take hasheesh is to increase a hundred fold the cares, the confusion, the troubles and the evils which besiege us daily. I have been assured that we took too strong a dose of hasheesh, which no doubt was the cause of our uneasiness, terrors and morbid nightmares. It is possible. Nevertheless, I am persuaded that the deception we experienced is frequent, if not general, and that it is fully deserved.

Ah, if a spoonful of that green paste snatched us suddenly from our diurnal perplexities, from habitual meanness and from customary folly, who would not promptly create for himself, at the side of active life, a dream-life, and abruptly quit the earth and the mud for the sky and the cloud?

Take care! That dream is haunted by phantoms, that cloud is not empty, and its inhabitants are called Evil Visions!

Better, far better than the disgusting beatitude of mirages is the healthful bitterness of reality which preserves like the saline perfume of the wind from the sea.

JULES CLARETIE.

AGENTS CHARGED WITH FRAUD.

William Winter Brings Suit on Account of a Sale of Outside Lands.

A suit was begun in the Superior Court yesterday by William Winter against C. M. Arnold and F. W. Demarest to recover $3,185, besides which the court was asked to issue a warrant for the arrest of Arnold upon a charge of fraud.

It is alleged by Winter that on March 25, 1887, he entered into an agreement with the defendants, by the terms of which they were to sell certain outside lots for specified sums, they to receive a commission of $25 upon each lot so sold.

The averment is made that they did not act squarely with him in the matter, and that there is now due him from them the sum of $3,185. An accounting of their transactions is also asked.

Police Department Expenses.

The monthly report of Chief Crowley for June was filed with the Board of Supervisors yesterday. It shows that the expenses of his department during that time were $44,583 07, of which the Police Commissioners were paid $450, Chief of Police, $333 33; Chief's clerk and property clerk, $300; fifty detectives and sergeants, $6250; twelve corporals, $1404; 335 patrolmen, $33,995 32; rent, $260; telephone bills, $138 97; contingent expenses, $626 45; stationery, $75. The sum of $812 was retained on account of the Police Relief and Pension Fund.

Read the want ads. in to-day's CALL. It always has the most.

James C. Flood's Estate.

James L. Flood and T. I. Bergin, executors of the estate of the late James C. Flood, have filed their final account in the Superior Court of San Mateo County. They report $85,459 92 cash on hand. The estate was appraised at $2,231,955 50. The heirs are Mrs. Mary Emma Flood, Cora Jane Flood and James L. Flood. An undivided half of the estate will go to the widow, Mary E. Flood, and the remaining one-half will be equally divided between the son and daughter.

Deaths of the Week.

During the past week the deaths recorded at the Health Office numbered 122, as against 83 for the corresponding week last year. The more fatal diseases were: Consumption, 11; pneumonia, 5; paralysis, 3; heart disease, 11; Bright's disease, 4; bronchitis, 5; cholera infantum (mainly attributed to impure milk), 4; cancer, 5. There were 5 casualities, 1 suicide, and 28 deaths in public institutions.

For Injuries Received.

Michael Moloney yesterday began a suit in the Superior Court against John Doe McKinnan to recover $2250 damages, averring that on the 16th of last April, while employed by the Ferries and Cliff House Railroad Company as track-cleaner he was injured by the overturning of a lumber-laden wagon which was in charge of a person in the employ of the defendant.

Every day THE CALL publishes the most want ads. It is the only want medium.

CAPTAIN LONG'S PASSENGER.

How He Worked on the Fears of the Master of the Vessel.

An Ingenious Story Told in a Plausible Manner in Order to Secure a Portmanteau That Was in the Hold.

Written for THE SUNDAY CALL.

I HATE the sea. For certain reasons, however, I am compelled periodically to cross the Atlantic, and on the first occasion I had a letter of introduction to good Captain Long.

We shook hands, the screw began to move and I rushed off to my cabin, where I remained throughout the voyage. I believe he came to see me often in my misery. "Visiting the sick" at sea is a much more unpleasant thing than on shore, remember, but I didn't know and I didn't care. I saw him—to know him again—at New York; and in short, though on board his ship, he might have been its rudder for all I saw of him. We met on shore both in the New and Old World pretty frequently.

"It was five or six years ago," said he one day, "and in the summer time, that the ship was making her voyage out, and a very good voyage. The whole way the sea had been like a duck-pond."

Here I shook my head incredulously. I had seen the Atlantic in the condition referred to and felt it.

"Well, I should not perhaps have said 'the whole way,'" he admitted with a smile, "for when we were about a hundred miles from port we met with a breeze of wind. I remember the breeze because we picked up a little sailing boat with only one man in her, who had been blown out to sea, and whom we took on board. About half an hour after that incident I was informed that one of the passengers wished to speak with me in private upon a very important matter. Accordingly he came to me—a commonplace looking man, whom I had scarcely noticed as being on board; indeed, he was insignificant enough in every way save for the expression of his face, which certainly exhibited the most intense anxiety and distress of mind. Of course I thought he had been drinking, and in fact was on the verge of the 'jumps,' which is what the Yankees term 'delirium tremens.'

"'Well, my man, what is it?' said I, severely. 'I have no time to throw away.'

"'That is true, captain,' he answered, in a thin, quavering voice and with a strong American accent; 'but your time will be even shorter than you imagine unless you listen to what I have got to say to you. You will never see New York, and much less make it, unless you are prepared to act on the information I am about to give you. Neglect it, and your ship will be at the bottom of the sea in'—he looked at his watch—'yes, exactly an hour and a half.'

"'All right, my man,' said I. 'You may go. I'll send the ship's doctor to look at you,' for of course I thought he was wandering in his wits.

"Then what had seemed like anxiety in his face became mortal fear—genuine abject terror, such as no actor could have imitated. He threw himself upon his knees, and, clasping his hands together, besought me not to treat its words with incredulity.

"'Then why, sir,' I replied, 'do you talk such nonsense about my ship?'

"'Because it's true, captain,' he groaned. 'There's dynamite on board and clock-work machinery connected with it. As I am a living man if the thing is not at once looked to, the ship and all on board of her will be blown to atoms within the time I have mentioned.'

"'Good heavens, man, tell me all,' I cried, 'and quickly.'

"'Nay, but I daren't and I can't,' he pleaded, 'unless I have your solemn promise that you will not betray me.'

"'Well, I promise. Now, where is this dynamite?'

"'One moment, captain; there is time, and to spare, now, since you have listened to reason, and I must prove to you that, though I once hearkened to the whisper of the devil, I repented and would have undone the mischief if I could. The ship is insured in London—never mind where or how—for a large sum, and I have been employed to sink her. I brought the machinery, set to this very day (for you have made the voyage quicker than was thought possible), down to Liverpool, in a small portmanteau which was sent on board the night before she sailed. It was a stipulation that I should sail with you to see that nothing interfered with the execution of the plan. But I swear to you no sooner did I touch the deck than I repented.'

"'Come at once, you scoundrel,' cried I, 'and identify this horrible thing.'

"I set twenty men to work immediately to bring up the luggage on the deck, which, since we had not even sighted land, astonished them not a little.

"'Quick, quick, my good fellows; there will be extra grog for you,' I said, 'if you turn the things out within the hour. That dreadful portmanteau, as it happened, was at the very bottom of all—a mangy, ill-looking thing enough, and, though small, as heavy as lead. Now, just throw that overboard, my fine fellows,' said I, 'will you, and be careful not to knock it again at the bulwarks.'

"Now that all was safe, as I thought, I called the fellow into my cabin. 'Look here,' said I, 'you unmitigated thief and villain, there's one point in your story that wants clearing up. Your life is not very valuable, it is true, but I dare say you yourself put a fancy price upon it, and that being so, how could you take personal charge of a machine that, according to your statements, was to blow us all to splinters? How comes it, I mean, that you was on board with it yourself?'

"'Well, captain,' he replied, 'you see I am a poor man, and the money was a good round sum, and as I told you, my employer insisted on my going to see that the thing was going right with my own eyes; there was a risk, of course, but the fact is that arrangements had been made for meeting me in this very latitude. The man in the boat whom you took on board was on the lookout for me off the ship.'

"'When we were still some way from the harbor we were met by a police boat, the chief officer of which demanded to be taken on board to speak with me.

"'Hullo!' I said, when we were in the cabin together; 'no extradition business, I hope. There is no murdering Englishmen among my passengers, is there?'

"'Well, no,' he answered; 'but I've reason to believe there is a citizen of the United States who would neither stick at murder nor anything else.'

"Then I thought of the dynamite, of course, and rejoiced that the villain had been discovered without any betrayal of his secret on my part.

"'You have a warrant for his apprehension I conclude?'

"'Well, no, captain, that is just my difficulty, for I don't know just which man it is; but I've an order to search the luggage. Information has come by wire that a whole outfit for forging American bank-notes is being imported by your ship. It will not be down below, of course, but in the man's personal luggage in his cabin.'

"I smelt a rat at once and I dare say looked pretty blank and bamboozled.

"'According to my instructions,' continued the officer, 'the plant is contained in a portmanteau of bullock's hide, with brass nails around the rim and easily recognizable.'

"Of course the officer didn't find that portmanteau among the 'personal luggage,' though I am bound to say he looked for it very carefully and scandalized some of my saloon passengers not a little by his unwelcome attentions; nor was it among the larger articles, though they all lay exposed on the deck as if for his especial behoof and convenience. His impression was, he said, that his 'information' had been incorrect and that the bullock's-hide portmanteau must be coming over on the next ship, which, I said, was possible, because everything is possible, you know, though I own I did not think it very probable.

"As to the owner of the article in question, he kept out of my way and slipped out of the ship on the first opportunity. His story was so far true that he intended to keep the things in his cabin to be got quietly on shore, only the steward had objected and caused it to be taken below. That information had been telegraphed from England to the New York police was known to his confederate, who had come out to warn him, and they would no doubt have saved me all trouble by dropping the portmanteau overboard themselves, only it was among the other luggage. How to get it out and dispose of it without discovery was the problem they had to solve, which they accomplished by means of the dynamite story."

W. E. WESTON.

Landlady vs. Lodger.

Mrs. Mary McMahon, who keeps a lodging-house at 952 Mission street, had until recently among her lodgers Kate Castlebrog, who was, however, very derelict in her payments. Indeed, Mrs. McMahon affirms that for months she has not received a penny for her rent, and at last becoming tired of Kate's company, she watched for an opportunity to give her a hint to that effect. The opportunity came on Friday night, when her lodger could not forego the pleasures of visiting the display of fireworks. The door was locked, and when the lodger returned and found it impossible to enter her room, she called on Mrs. McMahon and administered a black eye, after which she kicked in the door. Officer Gilfoy arrested her then for battery and malicious mischief.

WILLS FOR PROBATE.

How Mrs. Burscough Disposed of a $25,000 Estate.

The will of the late Helen Burscough was filed for probate yesterday. The estate consists of real property, which is valued at $25,000. A lot on Bryant street, near Third, is bequeathed to Ellen Burscough, a daughter, who is directed to use the rents thereof to the support of her father during his lifetime. At his death and if the daughter is married she will convey the property to the other five children of the testatrix. The daughter, Ellen, is appointed executrix.

The late Henry Brisk's will was also filed for probate by the Public Administrator. The estate, which is valued at $6000, is partially disposed of to relatives. Among the bequests is one of $100 to the Baltimore Orphan Asylum.

Every day THE CALL publishes the most want ads. It is the only want medium.

The Law Library.

J. H. Deering, Secretary and Librarian of the San Francisco Law Library, yesterday filed his annual report with the Board of Supervisors. It shows that the membership is 362. The deaths during the year were D. S. Terry, Leander Quint and Robert Tobin. On the shelves of the library are 28,830 volumes and 1300 were added during the year. The principal contributors of books were Judge P. Hoge, J. Travis and Congressman W. W. Morrow. The total income of the library was $6367.

THE CALL brings the best results to want ads. It is the only want medium.

Street Contractors at War.

Suit was begun in the Superior Court yesterday by P. H. Norton against James McCoy and others to restrain them from grading Alabama street, between Twenty-fifth and Army. Norton says that he has a permit from the Superintendent of Streets to do the work and that McCoy is not entitled to go on with it as he is now doing.

Twenty Years' Experience.

C. D. Fredricks, the well-known photographer, 770 Broadway, N. Y., says:

"I have been using ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS for 20 years, and found them one of the best of family medicines. Briefly summing up my experience, I say that when placed on the small of the back ALLCOCK'S PLASTERS fill the body with nervous energy, and thus cure fatigue, brain exhaustion, debility and kidney difficulties. For women and children I have found them invaluable. They never irritate the skin or cause the slightest pain, but cure sore throat, coughs, colds, pains in side, back or chest, indigestion and bowel complaints."

"The Call's" Premium Dictionaries.

THE CALL has received another consignment of the "Allen" edition of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, which is being forwarded as rapidly as possible to subscribers whose orders are on file. These books are substantially bound in leather, beautifully embossed, and in quality of paper and excellence of workmanship are a perfect marvel.

RETURNED FROM SACRAMENTO.—Frank Woenne, charged with the misappropriation of $200 entrusted to him by J. Schoenfeld to pay a bill, was brought to this city yesterday from Sacramento on the complaint of David Adler, a collector for Schoenfeld.

AFTER dinner take one of Carter's Little Liver Pills, and you will be free from sour rising of food from the stomach. Try them and be convinced.

BERTELING has the only reliable methods to fit defective sight. 427 Kearny street.

BIRTHS—MARRIAGES—DEATHS.

[Birth, marriage and death notices sent by mail will not be inserted. They must be handed in at either of the publication offices and be indorsed with the name and residence of persons authorized to have the same published.]

BORN.

JONES—In this city, July 2, 1890, to the wife of William Jones, a son.

CLIFFORD—In this city, to the wife of W. C. Clifford, a daughter.

YOUNG—In Benicia, June 28, 1890, to the wife of William Young, a son.

FINNERTY—In this city, May 21, 1890, to the wife of James E. Finnerty, a son.

WALSH—In this city, June 27, 1890, to the wife of Thomas F. Walsh, a daughter.

SMITH—In this city, June 27, 1890, to the wife of C. O. Smith, a son.

MCCORMACK—In this city, June 5, 1890, to the wife of John McCormack, a daughter.

WOODMANSEE—In this city, July 5, 1890, to the wife of C. F. Woodmansee, a son.

VAN MALE—In Bieber, Lassen County, Cal., June 28, 1890, to the wife of Dr. J. J. Van Male, a daughter.

CAVALLI—In this city, June 26, 1890, to the wife of George F. Cavalli, a daughter.

SULLIVAN—In this city, July 4, 1890, to the wife of Myles J. Sullivan, a daughter.

MITCHELL—In this city, June 23, 1890, to the wife of P. Mitchell, a son.

LINDAUER—In this city, July 4, 1890, to the wife of E. R. Lindauer, a son.

FENNELL—In this city, June 23, 1890, to the wife of James S. Fennell, a son.

MOSKIMAN—In Oakland, June 30, to the wife of R. H. Moskiman, a daughter.

BABCHUCK—June 29, 1890, to the wife of J. Babchuck, a son.

KRAMER—In this city, June 21, 1890, to the wife of S. H. Kramer, a son.

MAGINN—In this city, July 1, 1890, to the wife of S. Magnin, a son.

LAWRENCE—In Golden Gate, Alameda County, to the wife of E. M. Lawrence, a daughter.

WARREN—In Alameda, June 27, 1890, to the wife of C. P. Warren, a son.

BURKE—In this city, June 24, 1890, to the wife of Joseph Burke, a son.

FIBUSH—In Oakland, July 2, 1890, to the wife of J. Fibush, a son.

MCCLELLENEN—In this city, June 29, 1890, to the wife of George B. McClellenen, a daughter.

OYSTER—In this city, June 30, 1890, to the wife of A. E. Oyster, a daughter.

SALINGER—In Oakland, July 2, 1890, to the wife of A. M. Salinger, a son.

MITCHELL—In Nelson, Butte County, June 12, 1890, to the wife of W. L. Mitchell, a son.

DIETZ—In this city, June 24, 1890, to the wife of H. R. Dietz, a daughter.

LEZOTT—In this city, June 30, 1890, to the wife of J. R. Lezott, a daughter.

MAESTRETTI—In this city, June 23, 1890, to the wife of F. A. Maestretti, a son.

SAIRSOT—In this city, June 29, 1890, to the wife of Rudolph Sairsot, twins.

MAGNIN—July 1, 1890, to the wife of S. Magnin, a son.

MARRIED.

HOFFMAN—RASSETTE—In this city, June 28, 1890, at the residence of the bride's parents, 1223½ Bush street, by the Rev. O. Renaudier, Henry H. Hoffman and Antoinette A. Rassette.

HELMORE—HAWES—At St. Nicolas, Great Yarmouth, June 17, 1890, by the Rev. W. Donne, M.A., Percy, eldest son of George Helmore, Esq., formerly of Shortlands, Kent, and Emily, third daughter of James W. Hawes, Esq., Great Yarmouth.

RULISON—BUTENOP—In this city, June 14, 1890, by the Rev. Dr. J. B. Stewart, Harry W. Rulison and Minnie A. Butenop, both of San Francisco.

MURPHY—FOSS—In this city, July 3, 1890, by the Rev. Father Lagan, D. C. Murphy and Marie Foss, both of San Francisco.

SCHEGGIA—MULANEY—In this city, June 1, 1890, Arnold Schegglа and Kitty Mulaney.

SEVERS—JONES—In this city, June 25, 1890, by the Rev. John Coyle of Napa, B. E. Severs and Ella A. Jones, both of San Francisco.

BAXTER—PIKE—In this city, June 26, 1890, by the Rev. Joseph Worcester, Eugene R. Baxter and Anna E. Pike, both of San Francisco.

PRINGLE—MASON—In this city, June 29, 1890, by the Rev. J. P. Dickson, George P. Pringle and Mary A. Mason, both of San Francisco.

CHADWICK—KILGARIFF—In this city, June 4, 1890, by the Rev. Father Nugent, Rufus S. Chadwick and Mary Kilgariff.

CINQ-MARS—FOGARTY—In this city, June 28, 1890, by the Rev. J. P. Dickson, Arthur E. Cinq-Mars and Feany Fogarty, both of San Francisco.

BARTLE—LITTLE—In Oakland, June 25, 1890, by the Rev. William H. Cook, Frank Bartle and Harriet M. Little, both of Oakland.

FUHRBERG—FEIGE—In this city, June 28, 1890, by the Rev. Fred Schunemann-Pott, Henry O. Fuhrberg and Lena Feige, both of San Francisco.

SHEFTEL—CARO—In this city, June 22, 1890, by the Rev. Dr. Falk Vidaver, Marks Sheftel and Jennie Caro, both of San Francisco.

DIED.

Bayes, Margaret
Cailleau, Marie
Chauncey-Van Antwerp Ada
Clough, George W.
Collison, James
Daly, Elizabeth
Dick, William E.
Griffin, Charles
Griffin, Cora
Hoff, Peter G.
Hughes, Charles G.
Horan, Joseph J.
Hellmann, Mary M.
Hall, Pierre
Helnhold, John M.
Kerwin, John E.
Luders, Elsa
Lindauer (infant)
Lebley, William
Monoghan, John
McCormick, John
Merani, Josie
Mulloy, May A.
McCormack, Annie
O'Connell, Mary E.
Partmann, Peter J.
Paul, Maggie
Pascoe, John
Rayner, Mary
Sullivan, Daniel
Stuart, Mrs. Mary A.
Spillard, Alice
Timmins, Mrs. Mary
Vertue, Eleanor
Zelazny, Samuel
Zollver, Henry C.

CAILLEAU—In this city, July 4, 1890, Marie, beloved wife of Armand Cailleau and sister of Mme. Berthe Deschin and Mrs. Blanche Rebelmans of Paris, France, and cousin of Mme. Adele Strauss, a native of Paris, France, aged 30 years, 6 months and 5 days.

☞ Friends and acquaintances are respectfully invited to attend the funeral THIS DAY (Sunday), at 2 o'clock P. M., from the Church of Notre Dame des Victoires, Bush street, between Grant avenue and Stockton street. Interment I. O. O. F. Cemetery. 2

MERANI—In this city, July 3, 1890, Josie Merani, beloved daughter of Joseph and Carrie Merani, a native of San Francisco, aged 2 years and 4 months.

☞ Friends and acquaintances are respectfully invited to attend the funeral THIS DAY (Sunday,) at 2 o'clock P. M., from her late residence, 13 White place, off Vallejo street, near Hyde. **

PAUL—In this city, July 4, Maggie, beloved wife of Horatio Paul and mother of Mrs. J. Dodge, Mrs. F. Desmond, Mrs. C. Hutchinson, Horatio, Dora, Albert, Freddie and Willie Paul, aged 46 years.

☞ Friends and acquaintances are respectfully invited to attend the funeral THIS DAY (Sunday), at 2 o'clock P. M., from the residence of her daughter, Mrs. F. Desmond, 109 Hermann street. 2

HUGHES—In this city, July 3, 1890, Charles G. Hughes, a native of Bath, Me., aged 63 years and 4 days.

☞ The funeral will take place THIS DAY (Sunday), at 2 o'clock P. M., from his late residence, 610 Geary street. Interment Mount Calvary Cemetery. 2

O'CONNELL—In this city, July 3, 1890, at her late residence 110 Devisadero street, Mary E., beloved wife of Daniel A. O'Connell.

☞ The funeral will take place THIS DAY (Sunday), at 9:30 o'clock A. M., from the house; thence to Sacred Heart Church, where a solemn requiem mass will be celebrated. Interment Mount Calvary Cemetery. **

ZELAZNY—In this city, July 4, 1890, Samuel Zelazny, beloved father of Mrs. J. H. Goldstein, Mrs. H. and J. Netzorg, Mrs. S. Gumm and Albert and Joseph Zelazny, a native of Malora, aged 69 years, 10 months and 28 days. [Detroit (Mich.) papers please copy.]

☞ Friends and acquaintances are respectfully invited to attend the funeral THIS DAY (Sunday), at 10:30 o'clock A. M., from the residence of Mrs. J. H. Goldstein, 119 Leavenworth street. Please omit flowers. 2

DALY—In this city, July 4, 1890, Elizabeth Daly, beloved mother of Mrs. Nellie Englis, John, Richard F. and Charles Daly, a native of Upper Glenmeyer, County Cork, Ireland, aged 66 years. [New York papers please copy.]

☞ Friends and acquaintances are respectfully invited to attend the funeral THIS DAY (Sunday), at 8:30 o'clock A. M., from her late residence, 146 Minna street; thence to St. Joseph's Church, Tenth street, where a solemn high mass will be celebrated for the repose of her soul, commencing at 9 o'clock A. M. Interment Holy Cross Cemetery. **

MULLOY—In this city, July 5, 1890, May A., beloved daughter of Kate M. and the late Charles W. Mulloy, a native of San Francisco, aged 9 years.

☞ The funeral will take place THIS DAY (Sunday) at 2 o'clock P. M., from the residence, 1321 Golden Gate avenue. Interment Holy Cross Cemetery.

ZOLLVER—In this city, July 4, 1890, Henry C. Zollver, beloved brother of John A. and Pauline Zollver, a native of San Francisco, aged 36 years and 5 months.

☞ Friends and acquaintances are respectfully invited to attend the funeral THIS DAY (Sunday), at 2 o'clock P. M. from his late residence, 6½ Cleveland street. A solemn requiem mass will be celebrated for the repose of his soul, TO-MORROW (Monday), at St. Patrick's Church, commencing at 9 o'clock A. M. Please omit flowers.

COLLISON—In Oakland, July 4, James Collison, a native of Scotland, aged 50 years, 8 months and 6 days.

☞ Friends and acquaintances are respectfully invited to attend the funeral THIS DAY (Sunday), at 2 o'clock P. M., from the undertaking parlors of Henry Evers, 865 Washington street, Oakland. Interment Mountain View Cemetery, Oakland. 1

HEINHOLD—In Oakland, July 5, 1890, John M., beloved son of John M. and Mary Helnhold, a native of Oakland, aged 2 months and 22 days.

☞ Friends and acquaintances are respectfully invited to attend the funeral THIS DAY (Sunday), at 2 o'clock P. M., from the residence of the parents, corner of Second and Harrison streets, Oakland. Interment Mountain View Cemetery, Oakland. 1

STUART—In this city, July 3, 1890, Mrs. Mary A. Stuart, beloved wife of the late James Stuart, a native of County Tyrone, Ireland, aged 54 years.

☞ Friends and acquaintances are respectfully invited to attend the funeral TO-MORROW (Monday), at 8:30 o'clock A. M. from her late residence, 40 Spear street; thence to St. Brendan's Church, where a solemn requiem mass will be celebrated for the repose of her soul, commencing at 9 o'clock A. M. Interment Mount Calvary Cemetery. **

SPILLARD—In this city, July 5, 1890, Alice, beloved daughter of Ellen and Richard Spillard, a native of St. Joseph, Mo., aged 21 years, 2 months and 8 days.

☞ The funeral will take place TO-MORROW (Monday), at 9 o'clock A. M., from the residence of the parents, 306 Valencia street; thence to Mission Dolores Church, where a solemn mass of requiem will be celebrated. Interment private, Mount Calvary Cemetery. **

MCCORMACK—In this city, July 5, 1890, Annie, beloved wife of John McCormack and mother of J. W. McCormack, a native of Londonderry, Ireland, aged 42 years, 9 months and 14 days.

☞ Friends and acquaintances are respectfully invited to attend the funeral TO-MORROW (Monday), at 2 o'clock P. M., from her late residence, 36 Golden Gate avenue, corner of Jones street. Interment Laurel Hill Cemetery. 2

MCCORMICK—In this city, July 5, 1890, John, beloved husband of Mary McCormick, a native of Callan, County Kilkenny, Ireland, aged 65 years.

☞ Friends and acquaintances are respectfully invited to attend the funeral TO-MORROW (Monday), at 9:30 o'clock A. M., from his late residence, 8 Rondell place, off Sixteenth street, between Mission and Valencia; thence to Mission Dolores Church, where a solemn requiem mass will be celebrated for the repose of his soul, commencing at 10 o'clock A. M. Interment Mount Calvary Cemetery. **

HORAN—At Mokelumne Hill, July 1, 1890, Joseph J., beloved husband of Ellen I. Horan and son of Ellen Horan of Mokelumne Hill.

☞ Interment took place at Mokelume Hill, Thursday, July 3, 1890.

PASCOE—In this city, July 5, 1890, John Pascoe, father of James Pascoe, Mrs. M. Parolini and Mrs. A. M. Cox, a native of England, aged 74 years.

☞ Notice of funeral hereafter.

HELLMANN—At Mountain View, Santa Clara County, July 5, 1890, Mary M., beloved wife of Richard Hellmann and mother of Horatio, George, Anthony C., Frederick, Richard J., and George H. Hellmann, a native of Tacna, Peru, aged 61 years.

☞ Notice of funeral hereafter.

SULLIVAN—In this city, July 5, 1890, Daniel, beloved husband of Johanna Sullivan and son of Matthew Sullivan, brother of Patrick Sullivan and Mrs. Kate Lynch and brother-in-law of Timothy and Thomas Lynch, a native of the parish of Ballyhersey, Valencia, County Kerry, Ireland, aged 41 years.

☞ Notice of funeral hereafter.

PARTMANN—In this city, July 3, Peter Joseph, infant son of Hermann and Mary Partmann, aged 3 months and 12 days.

CHAUNCEY-VAN ANTWERP—In Denver, Colo., July 3, Ada Chauncey-Van Antwerp, aged 34 years, 7 months and 12 days.

LUDERS—In this city, July 5, Elsa, beloved daughter of John and Emma Luders, a native of San Francisco, aged 4 months and 26 days.

VERTUE—In Oakland, July 2, Eleanor, beloved wife of Rev. George Vertue, a native of England.

LINDAUER—In this city, July 4, infant child of E. R. and Aidie Lindauer.

CLOUGH—In this city, July 5, George William Clough, eldest and beloved son of Elijah and Louisa J. Clough, aged 24 years and 9 months.

HALL—In this city, July 5, Pierre Hall, a native of New York, aged 85 years and 9 months.

KERWIN—In this city, July 5, John Edward, beloved son of Thomas and Maggie Kerwin, a native of San Francisco, aged 5 months.

DICK—In this city, July 4, 1890, William Edward, infant son of William H. and Mary A. Dick, aged 4 days.

BAYES—In this city, June 28, Margaret Bayes, a native of New Jersey, aged 30 years.

LEBLEY—In this city, June 28, William Lebley, a native of Massachusetts, aged 76 years.

RAYNER—In this city, July 2, Mary, beloved daughter of E. S. and Anna M. Rayner, aged 17 days.

TIMMINS—In Santa Clara, June 29, Mrs. Mary Timmins, aged 91 years.

GRIFFIN—In this city, June 30, Charles Griffin, a native of San Francisco, aged 5 months and 15 days.

GRIFFIN—In this city, July 1, Cora Griffin, a native of San Francisco, aged 5 months and 16 days.

HOFF—In this city, July 1, Peter G. Hoff, a native of San Franc