SHOW HIM YOUR HANDS.

IN one poor room that was their home,
A mother lay on the bed,
Her seven young children around her;
And, calling the eldest, she said:

"I'm going to leave you, Mary—
You're nearly 14, you know,
And now you must be a good girl, dear,
And make me easy to go.

"You can't depend much on father;
But just be patient, my child,
And keep the children out of his way
Whenever he comes home wild.

"And keep the home as well as you can;
And, little daughter, think
He didn't use to be so—
Remember it's all the drink."

The weeping daughter promised
Always to do her best;
And, closing her eyes on a weary life,
The mother entered her rest.

And Mary kept her promise
As faithfully as she might;
She cooked and washed and mended,
And kept things tidy and bright.

And when the father came home drunk,
The children were sent to bed,
And Mary waited alone, and took
The beatings in their stead.

And the chubby little fingers lost
Their childish softness and grace,
And roughened and chapped and calloused;
And the rosy, childish face

Grew thin, and haggard, and anxious,
Careworn, tired and old,
As on those slender shoulders
The burdens of life were rolled.

So, when the heated season
Burned pitiless overhead,
And sap from the filth of noisome street
The fatal fever spread,

The work and want and drunken blows
Had weakened the tender frame,
And into the squalid room once more
The restful shadow came.

And Mary sent for the playmate
Who lived just over the way,
And said: "The charity doctor
Has been here, Katie, to-day.

"He says I'll never be better—
The fever has been so bad;
And if it wasn't for one thing
I'm sure I'd just be glad.

"It isn't about the children—
I've kept my promise good,
And mother will know I stayed with them
As long as ever I could.

"But you know how it's been here, Katie—
I've had so much to do
I couldn't mind the children
And go to the preaching too.

"And I've been so tired like at night,
I couldn't think to pray;
And now, when I see the Lord Jesus,
Whatever am I to say?"

And Katie, the little comforter,
Her help to the problem brought,
And into the heart made wise by love
The Spirit sent this thought:

"I wouldn't say a word, dear,
For sure he understands!
I wouldn't say one word at all,
But, Mary, just show Him your hands!"

MARY A. CUSHMAN in Woman's Journal.

A MARRIAGE OF VENGEANCE.

LAST week I was at the office of a discharged prisoners' aid society, when, among other applicants, was one whom I will call John Lock. He was still a young man, his age being not more than thirty-three, and he had been convicted of the serious offense of attempting to poison his wife and condemned to ten years' penal servitude. He was certified as "well educated," and in prison he had earned all that was possible in the way of good-conduct money. He was willing to undertake any kind of work by which he might get an honest living, and to save out of his earnings to call on me Saturday. On that day I chanced to look in at the office again, and shortly afterward John Lock appeared. He was much altered, and looked as though he had been much frightened. Recognizing the Secretary at his desk, he hastily remarked: "I beg your pardon, sir. I can't take a job in London. I wish to be sent away, if you please." "To be sent where?" "Anywhere," answered John Lock, desperately, "so that it is far enough—far away that the money due me will pay passage to. I don't want any other clothes, sir; these I have on will do. I only want to get away." "To get away from whom?" "From my wife, sir. She might have been dead for all I know to the contrary, but she came to me in the street yesterday as a great lady, not two hours since, and she has opened my eyes. I wouldn't have believed that a woman could have so much of the devil in her." The fact is," remarked the Secretary, "you have been looking for your wife and have found her, and you wish her to live with you again, and she refuses." "Live with her again! I'd rather be man executed with horror. What! after all she has revealed to me? Good Lord, no! I shall kill her if I remain where she can put herself in my way. She is mad, I believe, though she does look more like a fiend. She wishes me to kill her. She swears that she will haunt and harass me until I do it, so that I shall end my life on the gallows. And so it will be, I feel sure, and yet I can't do it. I am unable to put the sea wide between us, so that we cannot come together again. For the good Lord's sake, gentlemen!" and he clasped his hands together and spoke as a condemned man begging for his life, "don't refuse me what I am asking." There were no more prisoners to be attended to at the office that morning, and I felt more than ordinarily interested in the matter. I felt particularly curious in the matter. Mr. Secretary remarked, "You will have first to make out that yours is a case for unexceptional treatment. To which of your attributes you owe Taylor's letter so pitiabling?" "I think she must be mad, gentlemen," returned John Lock. Then, after a few moments of pondering whether he should speak out and, if so, to what extent, he promptly resolved to tell the whole story. "I cannot account for it in any other way, but if you will kindly have patience to listen to me you will be able to judge for yourselves.

"I will be as brief as I can, but I must go back to the time when we were both single, and when she—my wife, I mean—was sweetheating with a fellow-clerk of mine in the same office, a young fellow named Taplow, and we were much of an age. Caroline Speed was my wife's maiden name, and we were all three members of the Mechanics' Institute, and that is how we made acquaintance. I was in love with Carry from the first time I saw her. I am not of a very bold disposition, and I kept my feelings to myself for a long time, and until I thought that I might speak; and when I did she laughed in a disdainful sort of way, and said that she must refer me to her young man, my fellow-clerk. I never for a moment dreamed that there was anything between them, but when I asked Taplow he informed me otherwise. They had been keeping company in a quiet way, he told me, for six months or more, and it was settled that they should get married as soon as he had saved money to make a decent home for her. He was getting only £80 a year, and feeling sanguine that in two years, perhaps, a little spiteful of what he had told me, I remarked: 'I hope you are in no hurry, Seth. How long do you think it will take you to save enough to buy a decent home, when at the outside you can't put up more than ten shillings a week?' 'Well,' said he, 'I can't say to a certain one secret, Jack, and I will tell you another, but you must promise to keep it dark, for it would be the sack at a moment's notice if it came to the governor's ears. I have been doing a bit of betting on horse-races, and I've been lucky at it. But you mustn't suppose that I am such a fool as to believe in it as a means of increasing one's income. I have won a few pounds already, and I mean to collect them a chance to win a little more at all events. But "never no more" after we are married, I promise you that.' Well, gentlemen," continued Jack Lock, moistening his dry lips with his tongue-tip, and with anything but a nice look in his eyes, "knowing me only as what I appear as on your books, you may not believe what I am going to say. I admit that I felt the disappointment cruelly, and none the less, you may depend, because it was one whom I might call my bosom friend who had occasioned it. But I felt more on account of the second secret Seth had confided to me. I said nothing about it to him at the time, but that same night I wrote him a letter, begging and imploring him to abandon gambling, which would be sure, sooner or later, to end in his ruin. Nor did I think it my duty to keep the horse-betting secret quite so close as I had promised to. I went frank and disinterested to Miss Speed and told her about it. I showed her the letter Seth had sent me in reply to mine, and in which he said it was too late for me to preach like that to him, anyhow, as he had put £3 on a horse for the St. Leger, and hoped to win £30 by it. I pointed out to her the risk she was running in marrying such a man. She always was quiet, temperate, and methodical; and in all the world of it, and she would tell Seth that I had betrayed him. That was too much for my patience, and I told her that the information I had given her was in the confidence and confidence, and that if she tried to make ill-blood between me and Seth, worse than she imagined might come of it. So she kept a still tongue. But worse came of it for all that. Seth's luck at betting took a bad turn, as he himself told me, and he lost more than he had won, and he was strongly tempted to a crime I feel sure he would have shortly committed or even thought of committed. Three £5 notes, the property of the firm, were missing from my desk. It was, of course, a very serious thing for me, and I had to do all I could to clear myself from suspicion. I suspected no one, least of all Seth, but when I was closely questioned by the principal as to what I knew of the habits of my fellow-clerk, I was compelled to tell the truth, and mentioned what I knew about Taylor betting on horse-races and his having lost money lately. He was questioned, and the result was that a police officer was called in, and on a search being made the stolen notes were discovered in Seth Taylor's cigar-case, and he was tried for the robbery and sent to prison for eighteen months. I was very near getting sent to jail for not making the firm aware that Seth was engaged in gambling, but, fortunately, the letter in which I had begged him to break off the dangerous habit was found, and that, of course, was in my favor. Seth, of course, declared he was innocent, and went so far as to declare that somebody who had a private spite against him had placed the notes where they were discovered. He and Carry Speed, who volunteered as a witness, related in court what transpired at the private interview I had with her, and how I had threatened, that if she made known to Seth what I had told her, 'worse would happen to him.' But the Judge said it was monstrous to endeavor to put a false construction on a perfectly innocent remark made by an intimate friend of the prisoner, and one who, as shown by the letter already mentioned, had proved himself to be a good adviser. But I didn't matter much about Taylor's sentence being such a severe one. He fretted himself to death in prison, and only lived five months after his conviction.

"I saw but little of Miss Speed once during the whole of that five months. I had no animosity against her, but I did not care to meet her again after the base insinuation she had made against me at the trial. You, to my surprise, shortly after Seth Taylor's death, she wrote to me. It was all over now, she said; but her mind could get no rest until she had begged my forgiveness for what she had done, since she no longer she reflected on it the more she was convinced that she had misjudged me. There was a lot more in her letter to the same effect, and with which I need not trouble you. You will easily understand that I was very much surprised and pleased as well. I made it my business to see her and tell her so. All my old love for her came back when we met, and she was no longer disdainful. I was beside myself almost with delight at the prospect of winning her after all. Of course I never dreamed of such a thing after what had happened, and least of all did I dream of the horrible trap that was being laid for me. When, a few weeks after our reconciliation, I asked her to be my wife, in the quiet way that now seemed natural to her she accepted my offer, and we were married.

"She was not the fond and cheerful wife I expected to find her, but no woman could have been more patient and obedient or more devoted to my interests. A long time before I had insured my life for £300. Nothing would satisfy my wife but that I should insure her life as well, and for twice as much as my policy stood for, and I made no objection. This was when we had been married not more than four months. A month after the insurance had been made her health was not so good as it had been previously. She would be ill for a day or two and be well again for perhaps a week, and then she would relapse. We lived in apartments and had no servants, and when she was ill I waited on her and never made a trouble of it, for if ever a man loved a woman I loved her. She gradually grew to be more frequently unwell, and the doctor we called in seemed puzzled to make out what was the matter with her. A girl, who was employed by our landlady, came in at odd times and gave her medicine and prepared anything she fancied in the way of food. The landlady was paid extra for this, but she gave the servant no more than her ordinary wages, so that what the latter did was not done willingly, and one day my wife asked me if I thought it possible that the girl could be wicked enough to tamper with her food out of spite. She had had some broth that day, she said, and she thought it tasted strangely. I ridiculed the idea as a sick woman's fancy, but the same afternoon I was fetched in a hurry from the office, the messenger bringing the startling news that my wife was very ill—near dying, in fact—and that the maid servant had been given into custody on suspicion of having poisoned her. When I reached home I found such to be the case. It appeared that during the morning the girl had prepared my wife some arrowroot from a packet I myself had bought the day previously, and she was immediately afterward—before she had emptied the cup, indeed—taken with such violent pains that the doctor was sent for, and to him my wife mentioned her suspicions of the servant. The doctor examined the remains of the arrowroot in the cup and thereby discovered such ample proof of guilt that the girl was at once arrested. I felt so furious against her that I could have killed her. As I have already told you I loved my wife sincerely and would have suffered death myself almost to have saved her from harm. Happily the prompt remedy that was adopted averted the threatening danger, and the next evening she was able to see and reply to the questioning of the Police Inspector who visited us. I was at the bedside the whole time and heard all that was said and the strange taste my wife had for some time past detected in the food the girl had given her. The Inspector wished to see the cupboard in which the food was kept and moved several articles from the shelves himself and took possession of them.

"As I have told you, we occupied only two rooms, and the cupboard was in the sitting-room. We were alone there, examining the things in the cupboard, when he suddenly turned on me with the question: 'Do you yourself ever keep poison in this house?' I replied that I never did. 'If I kept any,' said I, 'you may depend that I should keep it safely locked away.' 'To be sure you would, and you would keep the key safe in your pocket. Are they there now?' I at once produced my little bunch of keys, and told him that they were never out of my own possession. He took them in his hand. 'Don't be alarmed,' said he, 'but I have a particular wish to give a peep inside any drawer or box they will unlock. Have you any objection?' I advanced to snatch my keys from him and demand his authority for taking such a liberty. But he had come all prepared. Taking out his pocket-book he showed me a search-warrant. I had raised my voice angrily, and so, as I supposed, alarmed my wife in the next room. She hastily slipped on a dressing-gown and came in to where we were. She was white as paper, but calm enough. I was not. I was trembling with rage and indignation. I explained to my wife what it was that the Police Inspector wished to do. Well, where is the harm?' said she innocently. 'There can be nothing, my dear, that you wish to conceal, or that you need be afraid of.' I could say no more. There were only three things that were locked in the room—the two drawers of a writing-table and a desk that stood on a sideboard. The desk contained only a few private papers, including the two insurance policies, and it was weeks since I had opened it. That was the first thing the Inspector unlocked, my wife and myself looking on. In one corner there was a small linen bag, half full, which I had never seen before, and in my wonderment I made some exclamation and put my hand toward it. But the Inspector was too quick for me. Having secured it, he quickly put his finger and thumb into the bag and took out a pinch of the stuff it contained and held it up to the light. 'It is salt, isn't it?' my wife remarked. 'The same kind of salt, ma'am, that your arrowroot was seasoned with. If I am not mistaken,' the Inspector answered, as he carefully tied up the bag again; 'this is arsenic.' Healing this my wife shrank from me with a look of horror, and without a word went back to the bed-room, while I, feeling stunned or like one in a dream, was taken away to the police station.

"I have already tried your patience, gentlemen, with my long story, and I will not trouble you with the terrible details of what followed. I was committed for trial for the attempted murder. It was shown that my wife's salary I had insured my wife's life for £600, and the doctor was called to prove that within a month the symptoms which were consistent with slow poisoning began to appear. It was shown that the packet of arrowroot in the cupboard and the beef-tea essence, which were intended for my wife's exclusive use, were already poisoned, and it could not clearly be proved otherwise to the Police Inspector that the keys of the desk where the little bag of arsenic was discovered were not in my possession. Unfortunately, too, it was proved that the prosecution did not fail to point out how much my guilt was increased by the cunning attempt to put the crime on the innocent servant-girl, and to cap all it was proved that I was sentenced to ten years' penal servitude.

"As I have already informed you, I never from the time of my conviction received any communication from my poor wife, which, of course, added much to the bitterness of my cruel punishment, since it put my fidelity to my trust, too, believed my guilty, and scores of times I prayed that I might soon die in prison, like Seth Taplow. But my consciousness of innocence supported me, and I lived through it. And now comes the most terrible part of my strange tale. I never thought to see my wife again, but in my way here this morning I met with her. I did not know her at first, she looked so old and altered. It was a joyful moment when I beheld her, and I put out both my hands, but she clasped hers behind her, and there was relentless hatred in her eyes. 'Good God!' said, 'can it be that you have all along and still think me guilty?' There was no wasting of words between us. 'While you live to overhear us,' she said, 'listen to what I have come on purpose to tell you. I know of no guilt of yours but one—your murder of the man I loved. It was for that I married you, that I might be well revenged.' And then she told me how she herself had planned the poisoning for which I had been tried and convicted. It was she who had procured the arsenic and with a false key placed it in the desk where it was found; she who had mixed the poison with the food. To carry out her fiendish design, she had taken small doses for a month or more herself, and finally a larger though not a fatal dose, so as to make it abundantly clear that it was my villainous intention to murder her so as to obtain the insurance money. She was still with no one to overhear us, said she, 'let me tell you that it was not that you might be sentenced for a paltry ten years that I laid the deadly risk. I hoped you would have been sent away for twice as long—for your life, perhaps. But I have not done with you yet, John Lock. To be rid of me you will have to kill me. I will goad you to it, and die happy, knowing that you will end your life on the gallows.'"

I have nothing to add to John Lock's strange story, and the reader is as well able as myself to judge if there was any truth in it, or whether it was a romantic fabrication on the ex-convict's part to excite sympathy. Inquiry, I believe, was made for his wife, but she had been lost sight of for years, and was nowhere to be found, while as for John himself, at his most earnest request, and to the last persistingly in the statement he had made, he was shipped to America.—London Telegraph.

IS IT BLACKMAIL?

A Sad Case of Destitution Discovered by Undertaker Hoska Yesterday.

A remarkable case of destitution came to light yesterday. Undertaker Hoska was called to care for the remains of Alexander Anthony Wheeler, who died of consumption in the afternoon, on Wright avenue, near E street, in the fourth addition. It was found that Mr. Wheeler, who was 37 years old last Christmas, had left a widow exactly his own age to a day. The couple had lived here four years. They were married in England when extremely young—some twenty-one years ago. Fifteen children have been born of the union, of whom only three are now living, four having died of scarlet fever in one day.

Mr. Wheeler had bought two lots of the Tacoma Land Company a year ago, for which he had paid one-third down. In December he fell sick and has been unable to work since. For the past six months Mrs. Wheeler has supported the family by taking in washing, although she is not specially strong. They have held to the land through thick and thin, hoping that it would be half paid off so that they could realize something on it. Their interest in this land has kept them from getting help from the authorities.

On Thursday afternoon Mr. Wheeler, who has been able to get around in a feeble way, came into the house and lay down without taking off his clothes. In that condition he had died, having received scant attention as his wife and neighbors could give him. When Undertaker Hoska went out there last night the family were utterly destitute, neither the wife nor the children having had a morsel to eat during the day while Mr. Wheeler lay dying.

Mr. Hoska, after caring for the dead, left with them $5 for present necessities, but when this money is exhausted they will be in sore straits.—Tacoma Ledger, July 12th.

SEVERED HONDS.

Marital Relationships That Proved Unpleasant.

Judge Hunt granted the following divorces yesterday:

To Marie A. from William P. Hemmenway, for cruelty. The custody of a minor child was given to the mother.

To Annie M. from John D. Brown, for desertion. This couple were married in Boston in 1858, and have not lived a year together since. The house on Sutter street occupied by the plaintiff was given to her.

To Harriet E. from Leonard A. Alvey, for willful neglect. The plaintiff was allowed to resume her maiden name of Palmer.

A divorce was granted to Charlotte Greenlee from Bert Greenlee by Judge Rearden, for desertion.

Judge Wallace has granted a divorce to Mary from Willard Brown, for extreme cruelty and infidelity, but refused a divorce to Dora B. from Wade White, because her charge of extreme cruelty was not sustained.

Emma C. Bostwick was granted a divorce from Sprague N. Bostwick by Judge Wallace, for cruelty, and the defendant was ordered to pay his wife $75 per month alimony. Bostwick receives a salary of $175 a month as private secretary of J. C. Stubbs of the Southern Pacific Company. Mrs. Bostwick charged her husband with calling her vile names and frequently assaulting her in a cruel manner.

CALIFORNIA MARBLE.

It Is to Be Used in the Construction of the D. O. Mills Building.

D. O. Mills, who is soon to commence the erection of a ten-story building on the northeast corner of Montgomery and Bush streets, has just closed a contract with the Inyo Marble Company for about $75,000 or $100,000 worth of marble to be used in the new building. The contract calls for about 20,000 square feet of marble tiles, 20,000 square feet of moss agate and colored marble for wainscoting, about 7000 cubic feet for thirty feet high of the exterior from the line of the street up, besides pillars, blocks for steps and plumbers' slabs. This is the first large contract that has ever been signed for California marble. Mr. Mills, before signing the contract, thoroughly investigated the matter, and concluded that for the use to which it is to be put the marble is superior to any imported. The marble will be dressed at the quarry, and then taken by rail to the polishing mills at Essex, on the Truckee River, and there polished.

HER FATAL MISSTEP.

A Woman Attempts to Leave a Moving Train and Is Killed.

Mrs. Kelly, a woman of middle age and supposed to have been a resident of San Jose, died at St. Mary's Hospital yesterday morning from injuries received at the Fourth and Townsend streets depot, while stepping from a moving train.

She arrived at the depot on the 9 o'clock train Tuesday morning. As the train was stopping she attempted to step off and was thrown on her head. She became insensible immediately on striking the pavement, and the officials placed her in a hack and conveyed her to St. Mary's Hospital. A slight scalp wound was found on the left side of her head, but blood oozed from the ears, mouth and nose, indicating internal injuries and concussion. She never regained consciousness after the fall.

There Was no Criminal Intent.

United States Commissioner Sawyer yesterday heard the case against P. Laterra, charged with abstracting and opening mail from a mail-box in the lodging-house at 523 Kearny street. George Black, a mail-carrier, and Charles McGovern testified for the Government, the testimony of the second-named witness satisfying the Commissioner that Leterra is not in his right mind, wherefore his discharge followed. The relatives of the accused promised to take better care of him in the future.

To Supply the Indians.

R. V. Belt, the Assistant Commissioner of Indian Affairs, whose headquarters while in the city is at 105 Front street, yesterday opened the bids for the contract to furnish, to the value of about $60,000, supplies for the Indians of California, Oregon, Washington and part of Idaho. There were forty-five bidders, mostly from this city, and the articles to be furnished included groceries, provisions, agricultural implements, hardware, crockery, harness, leather, oils, paints, etc. The names of the successful bidders will be announced in a few days.

HANGED HIMSELF.

Patrick Clancy, Capitalist, Commits Suicide.

Patrick Clancy, a capitalist, was found dead yesterday afternoon in his room at the Ahlborn House, corner of Grant avenue and Bush street. He had hanged himself in the closet.

Clancy went to live at the Ahlborn House about a year ago, and had made it his residence ever since. He was worth from $40,000 to $50,000 and lived off the interest of his money, which he loaned out in small sums. But disease laid hold of him, and gradually he failed in health from a complication of disorders. Despondency followed, until he found an escape from it by taking his own life.

He was last seen alive in the hotel on Tuesday afternoon, shortly after which hour, it is believed, he went upstairs to his room and made deliberate preparations for hanging himself. He opened the door of the closet and threw one end of a piece of clothes-line across the door, securing the cord between the jamb and framework above. On the other end he made a noose and placed it around his neck. Then, apparently, he let go of the rope and dangled with his toes touching the floor until he strangled to death.

Yesterday afternoon, at 2 o'clock, a chambermaid entered the room and noticed a rope hanging from the top of the half-open do or. She still further opened the door with some difficulty and was horrified by the awful sight before her—a tall, gray-whiskered old man hanging, or rather standing on the floor, rigid in death, his eye-balls bulging out on his cheeks, with a terrible expression on his glazed pupils. His tongue hung upon his chin, and the whole countenance was awful to behold. The girl ran screaming from the spot and notified the proprietor. Immediately the Morgue officials were sent for and the body removed.

On a table in the suicide's room were a number of bottles of medicine, showing that he had been under treatment for his incurable diseases.

Deceased evidently wished to appear decent in death, for he dressed in his best clothes and clean linen. He was about 55 years of age and was an uncle of Rev. D. S. Clancy, D.D., of New York City. Another nephew of his lives in this city. The body is at the Morgue.

THE STOCK MARKET.

Mining stocks were dull and uninteresting yesterday. The tendency of prices was downward in the morning and upward in the afternoon board. The close appears below.

Trading in local securities was fair. Hawaiian Commercial sold up to $14¾ and Safety Nitro Powder up to $13.

Almont (Pima County, Ariz.) is assessed ¼ of 1c, delinquent August 13th.

The Bodie Con. and Crocker assessments fall delinquent to-day, and the Gon. New York delinquent sale takes place also.

The monthly dividends of the Omnibus Cable Company have been increased from 12½c per share to 25c.

Oceanic S. S. Co. has declared a dividend of $1, payable on the 1st.

Eureka Con. has declared a dividend of 25c. The stock is now quoted at $4 and upward, against $1 a year ago, when there was an assessment of 50c on the stock. It was the twelfth assessment, making a total of $550,000. There were 85 dividends paid up to and including the one for July 9, 1888, making a total of $5,127,500. The dividend just declared is the first in two years.

The San Francisco Stock Exchange has declared a dividend of $100 per seat.

At a special meeting of the Directors of Gould & Curry H. Zadig, J. Wollberg, George Wells and G. Frieberg were elected trustees, and Messrs. Bell, B. Low and H. P. Havens were elected in their places. Mr. Havens was subsequently elected President.

Holmes milled last week 181 tons ore, assaying $23 40 per ton.

BOARD SALES.

Following were the sales yesterday in the San Francisco Stock Board:

REGULAR SESSION—9:30 A. M.

250 Alpha	1.35	200 C C & V	4.40	150 Herculan	3¼
100 Andes	.90	300	4.00	50 Occid	1.70
50	.85	200 Con V	1.45	300 Ophir	4¼
35 Belcher	2.80	150 C Point	2.90	100 Overm	2¾
150	2.85	200 Del M	1.05	150 Potosi	7⅞
600 B Isle	1.35	200	1.55	650 Savage	4.65
25 B & B	4.10	100 Eureka	4.00	225	4.60
100	4.05	100 Eureka C	1.05	100 S H & M	1.10
150 Bodie	.90	200 H & N	3.00	200 S Nev	3.35
300 Bullion	3½	50	3.05	80 S King	.70
200 Chal	.40	200 Hendricks	40	150 Union	2.90
100 Challar	3¾	100 Justice	1½	50 Weldon	.15
150	3.80	200 Kentuck	1.40	250 W Com	.40
200 Clim	.41	100 Mexican	3.35	250 Yjacket	3.20

AFTERNOON SESSION—2:30.

100 Alpha	1.35	100 Eureka	4¼	100 N Com	2.80
200 Alta	1.15	100 Eureka C	.90	150 Ophir	4.40
100 Belcher	2.85	200 Gen'l Wash	1.05	100 Overton	.75
50 Belcher	2.85	500 G Prize	.50	40	8.00
15 Benton	2.80	50 H & N	3.10	550 Savage	4.80
50 Bullion	3½	300 Julia	.39	150	.40
50 B & B	4.15	300 Hendricks	40	300	4.70
310 Bodie	1.00	50 Iowa	.75	150 S Nev	3.40
100 Bullion	3½	100 Justice	1½	100 Union	2.90
100 Caledonia	.45	100 Navajo	.70	300 Union	2.90
250 C C & V	4.20	2	60	400 W Com	.40
100 Crocker	.20	100 Nev Q	.90	150 Yjacket	3¼
100 C Point	3.00	100 N B Isle	1.30		

Following were the sales in the Pacific Stock Board yesterday:

REGULAR SESSION—10:30.

250 Alpha	1.35	400 G & C	2.95	250 Overm	2¾
250	1.30	400	2.90	400 Potosi	7⅞
100 Belcher	2.85	200 Gen'l Wash	1.05	200	8
300 B & B	4.10	200	3.00	150	7⅞
400 Bodie	4.05	450 H & N	3.05	600 Savage	4.60
100 Bodie	.90	100 Julia	.39	100	.40
400	.91	500 Julia	.30	100	4.65
200	.90	100 Justice	1½	250	4.70
200 Bullion	3½	100 Kentuck	1.40	100 S H & M	1.10
400	3.60	150	1.45	150 S Nev	3.40
200 C C & V	4.20	400 Lady W	.37	150	3.45
100 Chollar	3.80	100 Ophir	4.45	200 S Hill	.55
400	4.00	100	4½	100 Utah	1.05
400	4.10	100	4.30	150 Yjacket	3.15
450 Clim	41				

AFTERNOON SESSION—2:30.

200 Alpha	1.35	450 G & C	2.90	400 Savage	4.60
250 Belcher	2.90	200	2.95	150	4.65
200 B & B	4.15	230	3.00	200	4.70
100 Bullion	3½	100 G Prize	.50	250	4.65
150	3.70	200 H & N	3.10	400 S Nev	3.40
200	3.60	500 Julia	.39	150	3.45
500 Bulwer	.28	220 Mexican	3.35	250 S Hill	.38
200 Chal C	3.00	100 Ophir	4.40	250 Union	2.95
200 C C & V	4.15	150 Potosi	7⅞	250 Utah	1.05
100 C Point	3.00	200	7⅞	250 Yjacket	3.20
200 Exchq	.90				

CLOSING QUOTATIONS.

WEDNESDAY, July 16—4 P. M.

	Bid.	Asked.		Bid.	Asked.
Alpha Con	1.30	1.35	Justice	1.50	1.60
Alta	1.20	1.25	Kentuck	1.40	1.45
Andes	60	65	Lady Washgn	30	40
Belcher	2.85	2.90	Mexican	3.25	3.30
Belle Isle	1.30	1.40	Mono	60	65
Best & Belcher	4.05	4.10	Navajo	70	75
Bodie	.90	.95	Nev Queen	30	90
Bullion	3.60	3.65	N Belle Isle	1.30	1.40
Bulwer	25	30	N Commnwlth	2.70	2.80
Caledonia	45	50	Occidental	1.65	1.70
Challenge Con	3.00	3.05	Ophir	4.30	4.35
Chollar	3.80	3.85	Overman	2.70	2.75
Commonwealth	3.25	3.50	Mercer	25	30
Con Cal & Va	4.20	4.25	Peerless	1.05	1.10
Con New York	45	50	Potosi	7.75	7⅞
Confidence	7.00	8	Savage	4.65	4.70
Con Imperial	35	40	B & Mides Ct	1.30	1.40
Crocker	15	20	Corplon	25	30
Crown Point	2.90	2.95	Sierra Nevada	3.40	3.45
Eureka Con	1.60	1.65	Silver King	65	70
Exchequer	90	95	Union Con	2.85	2.95
Gould & Curry	2.90	2.95	Utah	1.05	1.10
Grand Prize	.50	60	Wellman	3.15	3.20
Hale & Norcross	3.05	3.10	Yellow Jacket	3.15	3.25
Hendricks	40	45			
Julia	25	30			

MISCELLANEOUS SECURITIES.

WEDNESDAY, July 16—2 P. M.

	Bid.	Asked.		Bid.	Asked.
U S Bds 4's	121⅛	—	Pacific Lightg	79¾	81½
Cutaco Wbds	98¼	101	S F Gaslight	58	58½
Input st Bds	100	—	Stakton G & H	30	60
F & C Hse Ry B	106¾	110	Cal-st R R	—	110
M & T R R Bds	—	90	Central R R	—	19
Mat-st R R Bds	122½	123	City R R	—	100
N P Coast R R	103	—	F & C Hse Ry	35	38
N P R R Bds	115¼	116½	Geary-st R R	—	100
N Ry Cal Bds	90½	—	N B & M R R	—	53
Omnibus Cbl	118	118½	Omnibus R R	77⅞	80
P & C Ry Bds	117	120	Presidio R R	15	35
P & C H Ry Bds	—	106	Angelo Nev As	87	90
Powl-st Ry Bd	120	—	California Ins	111	—
SPR R Ariz Bds	105	106¼	Commercial Ins	85	—
SPR R Cal Bds	110	—	Fireman's Fd	155	—
SPR R Cal Bds	102	—	Home Mutual	140	—
SP R R Cal Bds	111½	—	State Investm	77	80
SV Water 6's	123⅝	125⅝	Union Ins	83½	90
SV Water 4's	—	94½	Atlantic Pow	42	45
Anglo Cal Bnk	83	89	Cal Powder	140	190
Bank of Cal	262	270	Giant Powder	70	75
Cal Safe Deposit	—	65	Hazard Pow	12	14
First Nat Bank	170	—	Vigorit Pow	7	7½
L P & A m Bank	123½	—	Vulcan Pow	—	18
L & S F Bank	105	—	Cal Elec Light	21⅞	22
Pacific Bank	160	165	Cal Elec Wks	—	6½
Merch Ex Bnk	15	23½	Haw'n Com	14¾	15
Blue Lakes W	16	—	Hutch'n Sugar	22	21
Contra Cos W	90	91	Juds'n M'f'g Co	17	18
Marin Co W	—	50	Oceanic S S	—	100
S V Water	98¼	98½	Pac B L & S	66	—
Central Gas	—	95	Pac In & Nail	—	35
Los Angs Gas	55	—	Pac Phonogr	1¼	2½
Oakland Gas	35	35½	Pac Woodnw'e	25	—
Pac Gas Imp Co	62	63			

MORNING SALES.

Board—80 Cal Electric Light, 21⅞; 50 Rutchinson S P Co, 20; 30 S F Gaslight, 58¼; 15 Hawaiian Commercial, 14½; 50 Safety Nitro Powder, 12⅞; 5 do, 13; 50 do, 12¾.

AFTERNOON SALES.

Board—145 Omnibus Cable, 78; 25 do, s 3, 78; 50 Cal Electric Light, 21⅞; 50 do, b 3, 22; 10 S V Water, 98¼; $1000 S P of A Bonds, 105¼.

Bank Examination.

The Bank Commissioners report the condition of the American Bank and Trust Company to be as follows:

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts	$324,565 55
Cash in vault	115,952 67
Due from banks and bankers	34,357 53
Furniture and fixtures	2,225 81
Expenses and taxes	6,102 95
Other assets	7,576 91

LIABILITIES.

Capital paid in coin	$211,200 00
Due depositors	268,977 67
Interest collected	10,159 61
Rents and exchange	335 14
Dividends unpaid	90 00
Total resources and liabilities	$490,762 42

At Cathlamet, Oregon, the salmon fishers are taking two tons daily with seines.

RAILROAD NOTES.

Local Ticket Agents Complaining of Dull Times.

The Southern Pacific Company is about to issue a new freight tariff sheet, between San Francisco and points on the Union Pacific, west of Nampa, Idaho, which is the junction for Boise City, Idaho. The route will be via Portland in connection with the Shasta route, covering the old Oregon Railway and Navigation line, with the exception of the western end of the Oregon Short Line, which will be replaced by Huntington's new road. This will be an all-rail tariff and the first one ever issued over this route.

"In nine years' experience in the ticket business on the Coast," said an agent yesterday, "I have never known times so dull as at present. If this continues I am afraid that some of the Eastern roads will discontinue the San Francisco offices and move them to Tacoma, Seattle or some other town in the North where there is business. Some of the officials are about to reduce their clerical force, having no use for men when there is so little to do.

"I do not know how to account for this, unless the cause is to be found in the fact that an unusual number of large excursions have been run this year and absorbed in a few months the travel which belongs to a whole season.

"I think the excursion business this year has been run into the ground, and next year you will see them fewer and much higher rates. Freight business is a little better, though not to be compared for a moment with the traffic for the same period last year."

"I have sold one ticket to-day," said another agent, "and last year at this time we were doing a rushing business. I do not know what has got into the people. They seem afraid to go further than Santa Cruz or Monterey, and Eastern people are all steering for the North."

A special train of fifteen cars, containing rolled oats, consigned to a Front-street merchant, left Cedar Rapids, Iowa, on Monday over the Northwestern, and will arrive here over the Santa Fe. This is the largest shipment of rolled oats ever made to San Francisco.

James Patterson has been appointed Traveling Freight Agent of the Union Pacific, with headquarters at Sacramento, vice F. F. Eccles, transfered.

J. F. Burgen Jr. and Peter McGlynn of the San Francisco and North Pacific Railway are expected home from New York on Monday next.

Heavy rains at Octa and Dragoon, Ariz., have done considerable damage to Southern Pacific trackage.

E. A. Holbrook, General Traffic Manager of the Chicago and Northwestern, left yesterday for Napa.

THE COUNTY CLERK.

Annual Report of the Office Business Transacted.

The annual report for the fiscal year ending June 30th of County Clerk Davies has been submitted to the Supervisors and sent to the printers. The office records show a