CLARA MORRIS AT HER HOME.

Her Charming Country Residence Near Lowere Station on the Hudson.

HOW SHE LIVES AND WORKS.

Regaining Her Health by Horseback Riding—Some of Her Very Many Pets—Splendid Horses, Cows and Dogs—A Brief Chat on Stage Work—No Particular Favorite Among Her Plays.

CLARA MORRIS, the popular and well-known actress, who appeared many times before the public in San Francisco, is at present spending her time and regaining her strength at her charming home on the Hudson. A representative of an Eastern journal recently accepted an invitation from the lady to pay her a visit, and following is his report of that visit:

We took the Sixth-avenue elevated train to One Hundred and Fifty-fifth street, where we changed cars for the New York and Northern Railroad. Fifteen minutes' ride and we alighted at Lowere Station. Entering a comfortable Victoria drawn by a clinking thoroughbred, we were soon spinning along a beautiful country road, turf bordered and tree shadowed. It seemed almost incredible that in such a short time we should have emerged from the heat and bustle of the great city into the peaceful and quiet beauty of the country. The entire drive was a kaleidoscopic view, with an abundance and superabundance of leaf and blossom. We pass thatched cottages, bowered in chestnut,

Clara Morris' Home.

hemlock and apple trees, beautiful gardens, fragrant with white clover, cabbage roses and sweet briar. Entering a gateway, picturesque with huge piles of lichen and moss-covered rocks, we are on the grounds, superbly beautiful, cool and shady. Birds of every description, their little throats bursting with melody, were pouring forth their pears of praise in a fearless, joyous union. Gray squirrels scampered along the closely mown lawn; great round-eyed rabbits hopped lazily aside at the approach of the carriage, utterly without fear, as they knew not what unkindness meant. We stop for a moment beneath a giant chestnut tree; a huge monarch twenty-five feet in circumference, while we are told that this tree is famous as the one around which the savages, years ago, danced to the accompaniment of the shrieks of their captives doomed to torture. We hurry past this reminder of barbarism, and through the mass of luxuriant green a substantial square house is seen, surrounded with a wide balcony literally buried in clematis and sweet-smelling honey suckle. A small sign bearing the legend "Beware the Dogs" is fastened to a giant Norway pine. A moment later we think the warning apropos. A noisy welcome greets us. It is a canine choir. The shrill treble from the silky throat of a diminutive Yorkshire terrier, through the entire chromatic scale, to the deep bay from the red throat of a magnificent mastiff, is distinguished. We dash along the graveled drive, and with a "Whoa, Maxie!" the carriage stops, the door flies open, and in a neat lavender-colored gown, with the hue of health upon her cheeks and in her bright eyes and a grip worthy a plowman, we shake hands with that great expositor of the emotions, Clara Morris.

Through an immense wide hallway, exquisitely furnished, we were ushered into a perfectly appointed drawing-room, which, at a glance, bespoke comfort, ease and elegance. Bric-a-brac in plenty, though not obtrusive, was observable. Portraits of historic value adorned the walls. Over the piano hung a fine crayon of the owner of these beautiful things, while a Japanese screen that shut out the angle near the side window represented her again in the dress of a lady of Japan. This is a rare work of art and has a history as interesting as the arch face adorning it. Peeping from obscure angles, as though afraid to intrude among so many masterly works of art, are seen a number of unique and pleasing specimens of the celebrated actress' cleverness with the graver, chisel and point. But turn in whatever direction we might our eyes invariably return to the owner of this beautiful home, and we cannot help saying, "But, Miss Morris, I thought you were an invalid. I came up here to wheel your chair out on the lawn and sympathize with you."

A ringing, hearty laugh greets this remark. "I an invalid—no, indeed; if you were to see Creole and I racing over hill and dale every morning you would speedily change your mind. Even if so inclined I've no time to be sick; I'm too busy."

"Studying dramatic art, eh?"

"No, indeed. What with my home duties, my crocheting, my painting and carving, the time I give to reading, horseback-riding and my numerous pets, my art, I am afraid, gets but little attention."

"But still you devote much time to the stage?"

"That is true. The demands of the stage to-day are so many and so complex, and the new recruits so numerous, that much time must of necessity be given to preparatory work."

"Speaking of new recruits, Miss Morris, is this marked increase in the army of professionals indicative of the advancement of the art?"

"Not so much, I think, as it denotes the growth of appreciation. The prejudices against the stage and the bigotry of the over-religious have of late years been gradually overcome. The number of theatergoers has increased and the demand for attraction has given birth to the second-class system, and all these things put together are responsible for the multitude of one-part actors and actresses that now exist."

"The stage, in your opinion, has a mission, hasn't it not?"

"Most assuredly. The dramatic art is so fit and flexible a vehicle for teaching and amusement that it is not exaggerating at all to say that the stage has a mission. Even the church has not disdained to borrow its robes, though they may be show and tinsel. But while the stage should and does educate, its chief mission is to relieve the mind—to afford diversion and make people forget themselves and their troubles."

"Do you consider the influence of the stage elevating?"

"Directed in the proper channels, yes. Many wholesome truths, noble sentiments and far-reaching morals emanate from the stage. Then again, the stage insures thought, it directs the mind away from the effervescent side of life to the serious and real things that exist, on which we might possibly never spend a moment but for their presentation upon the stage. But there, we rarely speak of things theatrical here. As I said before, I am too busy."

"Too busy regaining your health?"

"No, indeed; too busy enjoying it."

"Of what does this tremendous press of business consist?"

"Now I see you are laughing; but it is no laughing matter. I arise very early in the morning to enjoy that luxury so boundless here, so unpurchasable in the city—pure, sweet, fresh air—while you are enjoying a beauty nap, I have a five-mile gallop on Creole's back through vale and dell, a light breakfast of fruits and vegetables, fresh from the garden, a hasty glance at the morning papers, just to see what the great world is doing, and then out among my pets. There are half a dozen horses whose great kind eyes look for me every morning; as many cows and almost twice that number of impatient dogs, who imagine all my time should be spent in caressing them.

"Then come the squirrels and birds. They require a great deal of attention if I desire to keep both. I have to keep a good supply of nuts and cones for the squirrels. They get very aristocratic and refuse to hunt for their own food and if the supply from me runs short, they breakfast on birds' eggs; occasionally a cannibalistic squirrel or owl gives me a great deal of trouble. I had a very interesting family of young robins in that big chestnut tree there this spring, and a determined screech owl was bent on their destruction. Many a time I've had to scramble up that tree—"

"Hold on, Miss Morris; climbing trees?"

"Well, really, excuse me, I mean, with the aid of a ladder, of course; but you need say nothing about that, you know. But I was determined that the owl should not have them, and he didn't get them. Then there are ferns and mosses and flowers to look after. See these beautiful lillies in bloom? Every day they must be attended to or the little insects will soon destroy them. Then there are the chickens—you haven't seen my chickens—and the eggs; I'm getting on an average sixty each day now. I spend an hour or two every day painting, and I try to read some—but hark, the dinner-bell. I know that is more interesting than my chatter."

After a most bountiful repast, served in a grand old dining-room, with a wealth of cut glass and silverware, we strolled around the broad veranda enjoying the scenery. The house is situated almost in the center of an immense tract of ground, surrounded by a substantially built stone wall a little less than three feet in height and fenced on every side by immense old pines and chestnut trees. It seemed as if it were possible to shut the world out entirely, and yet from various points glimpses could be had of the noble Hudson rolling away to the northward, Edwin Forrest's famous castle and the sacred grotto of the Lady of Lourdes that stands just at the head of that pretty little lake in the adjoining grounds of the Convent of St. Vincent.

We enjoy the scenery immensely, but much prefer to hear our charming hostess talk.

"Miss Morris, have you any particular favorite among your plays?"

"No, I can't say that I have. I like anything the audience likes. The physical strain is greater in 'Article 47' and 'Camille,' but the play that pleases the audience pleases me."

"And you are eager each year to begin another season?"

"No, I can hardly say that. I do not bid this place an revoir without a struggle." And the lady's eyes grew moist as she glanced tenderly around her beautiful and elegant home. "But this season I am to visit that greatly lauded El Dorado, the great Northwest, and dear old San Francisco, and I leave it with less regret than usual."

"I saw your first performance of 'Camille.'"

"My first performance of Camille? Oh, indeed, I remember it well. It was at the Union-square Theater. We were rehearsing a new French play. Mr. Palmer was sparing no expense in mounting it sumptuously. An army of scene-painters were at work. An imperative call for a matinee performance in aid of some charity was made on Mr. Palmer, and he decided to play 'Camille.' He hastily selected a company for a quick performance, and with one rehearsal I played Dumas' heroine. It was such a hit that all thought of the new play was given up and 'Camille' ran for sixty nights, then considered a very long run. Dear old 'Camille'—it is a great play and has been a good friend of mine."

"Your first appearance in New York was a success, was it not?"

"I'll never forget it," said Miss Morris. "The bill was 'Man and Wife' and I was to play Anne Sylvester. In all that great city I had but two friends. My mother," and the actress glanced affectionately at the pleasant mannered, well-spoken woman of middle age at her side, "and one other. As I stepped upon the stage that indescribable giddiness and bewilderment attendant on stage fright assailed me. My first speech was but two or three words. My cue was given; I opened my lips, but not a sound came forth. 'My God,' said my friend, 'she has failed.' My next cue came. I again essayed to speak. A hollow, unnatural sound issued from my lips that frightened me worse than the audience. The very horror in the sound of my own voice for the first few words so alarmed me that in a moment the lights and the audience were forgotten, and then I was Anne Sylvester."

Havanas of a superb brand were lighted as the shades of evening fell. Hosts of fireflies glistened and gleamed among the trees. From the noble Hudson, whose silver sheen glistened in the early moonlight, came a delightful breeze laden with the perfume of flowers. "You will soon hear my serenaders," said Miss Morris. "They are beginning now, listen," and from above, around and seemingly beneath us, came a low, peculiar and indescribable sound. "Those are the tree toads," said our hostess. "They are the first to herald the coming night. After his little song is over comes the cricket's musical chirp, then the katydid, and so on until music fills the air with fragrance in which each little songer seems to vie with the others in pouring forth his soul in a festival of song. I am never alone nor lonesome here, and I am always so well and strong."

The secret of Miss Morris' returning health is revealed. Drugs and surgical tortures had left her almost a wreck, when a close companionship with nature sprang up. Guided by an ever present, kind, firm and skillful hand she absorbed health from nature's medicines; fresh air, green trees, bright sunshine, sweet flowers, until it gave color to her cheeks, brightness to her eyes and strength to her step.

Our visit to her charming home came to an end all too soon, and will be cherished as the most delightful in our memory.

W. T. GARRATT'S ESTATE.

Inventory and Appraisement Filed by the Executrix.

An inventory and appraisement of the estate of the late William T. Garratt has been filed with the Clerk of the Probate Department by the executrix, Anna G. Garratt.

The lot 68x80 feet in size and sixty feet southwesterly from the southwest corner of Market and First streets is appraised at $50,000; the lot at the westerly corner of Fremont and Natoma streets, 75x137:6 feet, at $95,000; the lot on southwesterly line of Fremont street, near Howard, irregular in shape, about 45x137 feet, at $25,000; the lot on Simmons street, near Harrison, 50x85 feet, at $25,000; lot on Howard street, near Twenty-second, 100x215, at $20,000.

With other smaller lots, the total appraisement of real estate is $414,891 12. Lands in Mexico, comprising 260,000 acres, are valued at $22,174 54, and the Isleton Sugar Works in Sacramento at $5666 58. The testator owned also 3946 shares, valued at $134,164, of the capital stock of the W. T. Garratt & Co. corporation, and a claim against the firm for $135,000 more. A statue of Juarez is valued at $500, and a few old Mexican bells at $250.

The following is a summary of the estate: Cash, $76,078 89; real estate, $414,891 12; stocks, bonds and notes, $122,488 94; stock and claim against W. T. Garratt & Co., $289,164; personal property, $4712 50; total, $907,335 45.

Spare Minute Circle.

The Spare Minute Circle held its monthly meeting in the lecture-room of the First Methodist Episcopal Church on Friday evening. There were 160 present, which is good evidence of the progress of the society. The audience showed their appreciation of the programme by the number of encores called for. At the conclusion of the programme which follows, many remained an hour longer for the social part of the entertainment:

Opening chorus, circle; prayer, pastor; piano solo, "Orfa Grande Polka," W. G. Barr; critic's report, Rev. M. D. Buck; vocal solo, "Love's Old Sweet Song," Miss M. S. Reynolds; essay, "Art," Miss F. E. Trnell; violin solo with piano accompaniment, "The Flower Song" and encore, H. Bernard and Miss S. A. Swan; Literary Acorn, Part I, Miss B. A. Dawe editor, read by C. H. Bryant; vocal solo, "It for Tart" and "Watching for Jamie," Miss B. M. Bibbins; recitation, "The Ride of Paul Venerez," Miss H. M. Davison; essay, "Nature," Miss E. P. Merriam; piano solo, "Quartour Rigoletto" (Verdi) and encore, Professor L. W. Beauman; Literary Acorn, Part II, Miss B. A. Dawe editor, read by C. H. Bryant.

To Reduce Assessments.

Three applications for reductions of assessments on real estate and thirty on improvements have been filed with the local Board of Equalization. James Bowcher, on behalf of Mary Bowcher, applies to have an assessment of $15,000 on a four-story brick building at Stockton and Morton streets reduced to $10,000; John A. Bergerot, to have an assessment of $10,000 on a three-story frame building reduced to $7000; Moses Rosenbaum, an assessment of $16,800 on brick buildings at the corner of California and Octavia to $12,000, also an assessment of $48,000 on a brick building on Eddy, near Taylor, to $30,000; and John F. English, an assessment of $9000 on a house and barn on Howard, near Twenty first, to $6000.

Frank G. Edwards' Assets.

The report of the receiver in the matter of Frank G. Edwards, an insolvent debtor, showed that the stock and fixtures in the store at 123 Geary street had been sold to J. A. Miller for $11,111, and Judge Wallace confirmed the sale. The stock and fixtures had been valued at $8600, and if Mr. Edwards had turned his book accounts into cash he might have effected a settlement with his creditors at about 50 cents on the dollar.

More help and situation wanted advertisements in THE CALL than in all the other papers combined. When you want help or a situation advertise in THE CALL.

THE CALL'S PORTRAITS.

Some More Ladies Prominent in San Francisco Society.

Mrs. Edward J. Eyre, Mrs. Robert J. Wood, Mrs. Edward A. Younger, Mrs. Kate Richards, Mrs. J. D. Redding and Mrs. Sidney B. Cushing.

PERHAPS no other city in the United States can exceed San Francisco's list of charming society matrons. Among the number are many whose childhood was passed in our midst, and who have grown to womanhood under the fostering care of the society in which they now take a leading part. Before they were led to the altar they were belles, and now that they are matrons they have in no wise relinquished the charms that made them so agreeable as young girls.

MRS. E. J. EYRE,

Who, as Miss Florence Atherton, the daughter of Mrs. Domingo G. Atherton, was one of the most popular young ladies ever in San Francisco society, is prominent among the younger married ladies of THE CALL's list. In September, 1888, she married Edward J. Eyre, the son of Colonel and Mrs. E. E. Eyre. The ceremony took place at the residence of the bride's mother on the corner of California and Octavia streets, and was performed by Rev. Father Prendergast in the presence of over a hundred guests. She was attended by Miss Macondray, Miss Eyre, Miss Selby, Miss Lina Ashe, Miss Page and Miss Fitch. The groom's brother, Perry Eyre, acted in the capacity of best man, while the groomsmen were Messrs. John T. Doyle, Dr. Harry L. Tevis, Arthur Page, Charles A. Baldwin, J. B. Casserly and F. C. Beaseley. After the wedding reception the newly married pair went East for the honeymoon. They now reside in the Western Addition.

MRS. ROBERT J. WOOD

Was Miss Matie Peters before she was married to one of the most agreeable gentlemen in San Francisco. The wedding took place at the residence of the bride's mother, Mrs. Charles R. Peters, 1016 Sutter street. Over one hundred and fifty guests were present. They were received by Mrs. Henry Schmiedell, the aunt of the bride, and by Mrs. M. A. Warren, the bride's grandmother. Her cousin, Edward G. Schmiedell, was the groom's best man, and little Miss Marie Baird acted as maid of honor. Henry Schmiedell, the bride's uncle, gave the bride away. Mrs. Wood is the cousin of Mrs. George Howard; the artist, Charlie Peters, is her brother. Mrs. Wood is installed as mistress of a lovely home on California street, and her summers are spent at Hotel Rafael, or in housekeeping in a cottage in the heart of San Rafael. She is one of the brightest and most vivacious young women to be met with in San Francisco. Her wit is clear and keen, her sallies pertinent and to the point. She has a happy faculty of hitting things off in a wonderfully clever way.

MRS. EDWARD A. YOUNGER.

This young matron is a bright brunette, who as Miss Pauline Russell was one of the most dashing of all our vivacious young ladies. She is the second daughter of John A. Russell, for many years the clerk of the Board of Supervisors. The wedding took place with grand eclat in St. Luke's Church in the latter part of 1885. The bridesmaids were Miss Alice Mau, Miss Zulita Wilcox and the sister of the bride, Miss Jean Russell. The groomsmen were Messrs. Philip Wooster, Arthur G. Orenia and Oscar Herold. The Rev. Douglas Miller, then rector of St. Luke's, performed the ceremony. The reception was held at the residence of the bride's father, on McAllister street.

MRS. KATE RICHARDS

(Nee Bancroft) is the daughter of Hubert Howe Bancroft. She is a cultivated musician, with a voice of wonderful power and sweetness. She has given some delightful musicales before and after her marriage. It was a loss to society when she went to reside in Southern California, and it was with feelings of congratulation that she was welcomed back to our city. She is a charming woman of rare grace of manner and brilliancy of mind it would be difficult to surpass. She has had the advantage of an extended and systematic tour of Europe and of studying abroad under the very best masters of the vocal art. As a young lady Mrs. Richards was a very beautiful girl. She was one of the court ladies in the Walter Scott booth of the first Authors' Carnival and was greatly admired, especially for her graceful dancing in the minuet.

MRS. J. D. REDDING

Was Miss Myra Cowles, the daughter of the late Judge Cowles of this city. She was married in the First Congregational Church by the Rev. Dr. Stone about ten years ago. She is the mother of a sweet little girl, and is one of the prettiest young women in all San Francisco, not only for the perfection of her features, but also for the delicacy and refinement of her expression.

MRS. SIDNEY B. CUSHING

Is another popular society matron. She was Miss Grace Eldridge before her marriage. Her father was the jovial, genial auctioneer, J. O. Eldridge, so well known among all old Californians, and who at his death left an immense fortune to each of his two daughters, the other one being now Mrs. Charles Green, residing in her elegant home on the corner of Pacific and Filimore streets. The Cushings have a beautiful place at San Rafael, where they reside throughout the year. Mrs. Cushing is a member of different charitable associations in San Francisco and is actively engaged in the Hahnemann Hospital Aid Association. Mr. Cushing is one of the Board of Managers of that institution.

In appearance Mrs. Cushing is tall, slender and erect, the expression of her countenance is wonderfully pleasant, and her brief eyes beam kindly through a pair of eye-glasses, without which she is never seen.

UP MOUNT CONNESS.

Assistant Gilbert Has Reached the Summit After Much Hard Toil.

Professor Davidson of the Coast and Geodetic Survey yesterday received a letter from Assistant Gilbert, who is making the attempt to scale Mount Conness, from the summit of which Professor Davidson will make triangulation surveys. Assistant Gilbert says that the Tuolumne River was high and not fordable at the usual crossing, and it was necessary to go further up the river and cross on a sheep bridge. From Soda Springs the trail was up a moderately easy grade to the small lake, 1800 feet below the summit, but traveling was very difficult, because the snow surface was full of holes from six to eighteen inches deep, rendering the footing uncertain.

Captain Gilbert, Winston, Lambert and the foreman in the party reached the lake, only seven miles distant, in five and three-quarter hours. From there Gilbert and Winston reached the summit in two hours, over a very steep trail. Nevertheless the party hopes to establish the upper camp about 200 feet below the summit of the mountains and a quarter of a mile from the observing station. The peak upon which the station is fixed is very ragged, and the summit only eight feet wide, so there is a very dangerous, sharp ridge leading to this point, along which it may be necessary to blast out rocks and affix a life-line.

In returning from the upper lake the party sought a new road, but the members came upon a very dangerous cliff and were in jeopardy of their lives until they retraced their steps to the old trail, and only regained the river late at night. Accommodations will be ready for the professor at the top by the end of next week. Two men are kept constantly with the wagons shoveling snow, and there are three four-horse teams hauling. Four or five days' work next week will bring everything up to the Springs. Some miscalculations were made as to provisions for the party, which were intended to last for three months, but will only last three weeks.

The snow is going fast around White Wolf, where much difficulty was met with. It is now nearly gone. Snow Hat, under Mount Hoffman, is still very bad, but there will be little left by the time the professor comes up. The altitude on Mount Conness did not bother the observers much. They were nearly exhausted when they reached the top, but recovered after a rest. They think the professor will be agreeably disappointed in this respect. All the party, with the exception of Mr. Harford, were well. His foot was badly swollen from shoveling in the snow.

Professor Davidson has had everything packed and ready for his start up the mountain for a week past, and will make the attempt to-morrow morning.

PENALTY FOR CRIME.

Recruits for the State Prison and House of Correction.

Judge Van Reynegom has sentenced the following:

James Morton, for an assault upon John A. McGrath with intent to murder on June 7th last, to ten years at Folsom.

Jasper D. Kanary, bondsman for L. M. Johnson, charged with embezzlement, to the House of Correction for three years for perjury.

James Hynes, for an assault upon John Donohue with a deadly weapon on May 30th last, fined $300 or 300 days in the House of Correction.

Francis White, for having robbed J. J. Merz of valuables on April 15th last, sent to San Quentin for four years.

James Morris, for obtaining money by false pretenses in having sold a half interest in a valueless real estate business for $250 to Carl E. Bernwick in May last, fined $250 or 250 days in the House of Correction.

Missionaries From the Orient.

The China, which arrived yesterday from China and Japan, brought a number of missionaries, among them Dr. Dudgeon of Peking, Messrs. Hayes and Reid of Shanghai, and Dr. Niles, Miss Lewis, Rev. G. Siekafoose of Canton; also Professor E. P. Thwing, M.D., who has been successful in initiating measures for the establishment of asylums for the insane in China and Japan.

Affidavits Introduced.

Robert H. McGriggen was before Judge Murphy yesterday to receive sentence for an assault with intent to commit a criminal outrage. Affidavits made by his wife and physician were introduced to prove that the prisoner is incapable of committing the crime charged. The Judge postponed the matter for one week to consider whether or not he would grant a new trial.

A Constant Reminder.

Mrs. Constant keeps a boarding-house at 777 Market street, and one of her boarders, Mrs. Lena Roeck, determined to leave last Tuesday, but when she attempted to pay her account the landlady administered a vigorous thrashing with an umbrella and refused to accept the money. Mrs. Roeck has now sued Mrs. Constant for $299 damages.

Mortuary Report.

The deaths last week numbered 126, and for the corresponding week last year 114. There were 8 casualties, 28 deaths in public institutions and 1 suicide. Causes of death: Phthisis 20, cholera infantum 12, pneumonia 6, inanition 12 and encephalitis 5. Zymotic diseases 25, constitutional 23, local 53, developmental 16 and violent 9.

The people know that THE CALL brings the best results to want ads.

UP THE RIO PLATA.

An Enormous Commerce Carried on Carts and Lighters.

A Method of Landing Cattle Which Astonishes the Citizen From the United States.

THE following interesting description of scenes along the Rio Plata was recently furnished the New York World by a correspondent writing from Buenos Ayres, in the Argentine Republic:

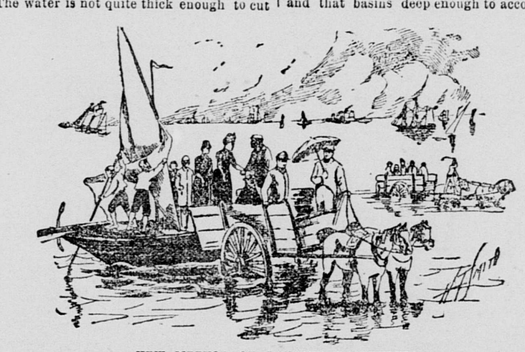
One hundred miles wide at its mouth the Rio de la Plata rolls out to sea a magnificent body, with arms reaching west through the pampas to the Andes, northwest through impenetrable forests to the heart of Bolivia and north and northeast, closing like a shut palm about the republic of Paraguay and

The old way.

penetrating far into the richest provinces of Brazil. It stretches east and west across a continent and extends from a northern tropical sun to a southern cold land as rigorous as Canada. The coffee, the sugar and the cotton of Brazil join the semi-tropical fruits of Paraguay; the flocks from a thousand hills of Uruguay, the riches of Bolivian forests, the grapes and wines of the Cordilleras, the wheat, the corn, the cattle and the wool of the pampas pour out a flood of wealth great enough to sustain the hordes of Europe.

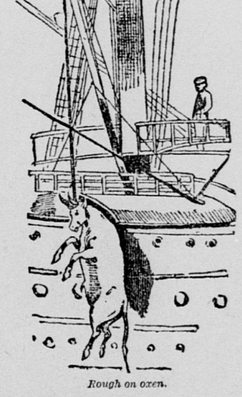
From fifty to sixty ocean steamers sail from the mouth of this river every month, and many of them are as fine as any steamships in the world. Sailing vessels uncounted turn their prows toward every sea.

Rio de la Plata—the Silver River!—name musical and poetical in the extreme. But Cockney London has dubbed it "the River Plate," and River Plate it is to the whole English nation. But why the Silver River? The water is not quite thick enough to cut



NEW METHOD OF LANDING PASSENGERS.

out in chunks and cord up, but it is so thick that for many miles it will not mix water-carts now go, and large enough to afford safe anchorage and maneuvering ground for the mighty commercial fleet that is always at anchor in this port. Walls of granite massive enough to resist the sea were erected, and the millions of cubic yards of earth were used to fill in the reclaimed lands; great water-gates and locks connect basin with basin, so that vessels can move from one to another, and pumping machinery capable of emptying any of the docks in a day for repairs is an essential feature. But such docks alone would have been of limited utility; the system is completed by vast warehouses for the deposit of dutiable merchandise and full luster sheds for the receipt of export goods. The warehouse alone affords nearly 10,000 square yards of floor space for storage. Powerful hydraulic cranes lift goods with ease from the hold of a vessel directly to the warehouse or to the veranda of the sheds, where all is handled without exposure to the weather. When the docks are completed a hundred ocean vessels can unload or load any time. The first dock was finished two months ago, the second will be done in the coming September and the others will follow rapidly. Foreign contractors do the work, furnish the money and take national bonds in payment. The lands reclaimed belong to the General Government, and will more than pay the cost of the entire work.



Rough on ozen.

It is the custom to laud this country for its enterprise, and point to the docks as a crowning evidence of the wisdom of the legislators. My observation, however, suggests that the enterprise of the present Government lies in mortgaging the resources of posterity. A South American legislator will lie awake nights thinking up "concessions," public works schemes or bonds by which he can raise money from an outsider, but he has fixed religious scruples against going down into his own pockets for anything.

However, the water-cart has now arrived at the dripping steps of the Mole and the passengers clamber up. The Mole is a broad walk, thirty or forty feet wide, running out on piles about a quarter of a mile into the river, with pavilions at the land end, were customs officers pretend to examine baggage.

At this point Buenos Ayres seems as busy and bustling as New York, but everything that meets the eye is totally different.

To take a humble example. On the river bank below are thirty or forty "lavenderas" plying their calling. If your eye's have not noticed them your nose wll soon direct your attention that way. These are the washerwomen of the city. Without tub or washboard they kneel on the edge of a dirty pool, and with soap and knuckles rub and scrub away, from time to time rolling the clothing up into a bunch and thumping and whacking vigorously with a heavy wooden paddle. When a garment is washed it is spread out on the bank regardless of dirt, with perhaps a brickbat or a chunk of mud thrown upon it to keep the wind from blowing it away, and is allowed to bleach in the sun, the lavenderas dashing water over it now and then to keep it damp. When the process of bleaching is finished and the clothes have had another dip in the water, they are surprisingly white. Later I saw nearly a thousand of these lavenderas at work at one time on the river bank in another part of the city.

The river bed near the shore is formed of a tough, semi-calcareous clay that does not soften and melt into mud so readily as ordinary clay. When the tide is high waves wear holes in it, leaving pools four or five feet in diameter, thus forming natural tubs for the washerwomen. The water is changed only as often as the tide.

DRY GOODS.

CITY OF PARIS!

Great Summer Clearance This Week!

KID GLOVES!

Shades—Noyer, Coureur, Llama, Chamois, Suede, Cuir, Beige, Paille, Bure.

GLACE.

4-BUTTON "GANTS DE PARIS" GLAZED FINISH, Serrated Tambour Stitched Backs, Taped (pair) 65c
8-BUTTON MOUSQUETAIRE FRENCH DRESSED KID, Plain Backs, Round Stitch, Neat Cut (pair) 75c
4-BUTTON DOGSKIN, PIQUE STITCH, THREE STRAND, Embroidered Backs, Fine Value (pair) $1.00
4-BUTTON "CITY OF PARIS," Egg Tawed, Steel Scraped, Herring Bone Tambour Stitched, Good Shape (pair) $1.25

SUEDE.

MOUSQUETAIRE SUEDE, SAW STITCH, Embroidered Backs, 6-Button Length (pair) $1.00
MOUSQUETAIRE SWEDISH KID GLOVES, Serre Stitched Backs, Round Stitched Fingers, 8-Button Length (pair) $1.25
MOUSQUETAIRE PLAIN BACK UNDRESSED KIDS, Over-Stitched, Latest Cut, six buttons long (pair) $1.35
MOUSQUETAIRE, UNDRESSED FINISH, Plain Round Thread Stitched Backs and Fingers (pair) $1.75

G. VERDIER & CO.-----VILLE DE PARIS.

Southeast Corner Geary Street and Grant Avenue, S. F.

CLEARANCE SALE of REMNANTS of DRESS GOODS Begins Monday, July 21.
jy20 2t

MISCELLANEOUS.

COUGHS, SORE THROAT, WHOOPING COUGH, INFLUENZA, CROUP, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, and every affection of the Throat, Lungs and Chest, including CONSUMPTION, are speedily and permanently cured by the use of WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY, which does not dry up a cough and leave the cause behind, but loosens it, cleanses the lungs and allays irritation, thus removing the causes of complaint. Be sure to always ask for SETH W. FOWLE & SONS' Preparation. Sold by dealers generally. BOSTON, MASS.
de5 2y Su5p TuTh3p

ELY'S CREAM BALM WILL CURE Cold IN Head QUICKLY. EASY to USE

CATARRH — ELY'S CREAM BALM CURES COLD IN HEAD, ROSE-COLD, HAY FEVER, DEAFNESS, HEADACHE. PRICE 50 CENTS. ELY BRO'S, OWEGO, N.Y. U.S.A.

HAY-FEVER

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents, at druggists; by mail, registered, 60 cents. ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren st., New York. del1 1y ThSuTu&Wy

DEAFNESS & HEAD NOISES CURED by Peck's INVISIBLE TUBULAR EAR CUSHIONS. Whispers heard. Comfortable. Successful where all remedies fail. Sold by F. HISCOX, only, 853 Br'dway, New York. Write for book of proofs FREE. fe2 1y SuWe&Wy

OCEAN STEAMSHIPS.

PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

DISPATCH STEAMERS FROM SAN Francisco for ports in Alaska, 9 A. M., June 4, 14, 19, 29, July 5, 14, 19, 29, August 3, 13, 18, 28.
For British Columbia and Puget Sound ports, 9 A. M., June 4, 9, 14, 19, 24, 29, July 5, 9, 14, 19, 24, 29, August 3, 8, 13, 18, 23, 28.
For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, Wednesdays, 9 A. M.
For Mendocino, Fort Bragg, etc., Mondays and Thursdays, 4 P. M.
For Santa Ana, Los Angeles, and all way ports every fourth day, 8 A. M.
For San Diego, stopping only at Los Angeles, Santa Barbara and San Luis Obispo, every fourth day at 11 A. M.
For ports in Mexico, 25th of each month.
Ticket Office—214 Montgomery street.
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents,
se30 10 Market street, San Francisco.

FOR PORTLAND & ASTORIA, OREGON

THE UNION PACIFIC RAILWAY—STEAMSHIP COMPANY will dispatch from Spear-street Wharf, at 10 A. M., for the above ports one of their A1 iron steamships, viz.:
STATE OF CALIFORNIA—May 8, 20, June 1, 13, 25, July 7, 19, 31.
COLUMBIA—May 4, 16, 28, June 9, 21, July 3, 15, 27.
OREGON—May 12, 24, June 5, 17, 29, July 11, 23.
Connecting via Portland with the Northern Pacific Railroad, Oregon Short Line and other diverging lines, for all points in Oregon, Washington, British Columbia, Alaska, Idaho, Montana, Dakota, Utah, Wyoming, Yellowstone Park, and all points East and South and to Europe.
Fare to Portland—Cabin, $16; steerage, $8; round trip, cabin, $30.
Ticket Offices—1 and 214 Montgomery street.
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents,
mr28 10 Market street, San Francisco.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

THE COMPANY'S STEAMERS WILL sail

FOR NEW YORK, VIA PANAMA, Steamship "SAN BLAS," Thursday, July 24th, at 12 o'clock M., taking freight and passengers direct for Acapulco, Champerico, San Jose de Guatemala, Acajutla, La Libertad, La Union, Punta Arenas and Panama.
FOR HONG KONG VIA YOKOHAMA. CHINA ..... Thursday, July 31st, at 1 P. M.
CITY OF PEKING, Saturday, August 23d, at 3 P. M.
CITY OF RIO DE JANEIRO, Tuesday, September 16th, at 3 P. M.
SPECIAL NOTICE.
Until further notice all our China line steamers (both ways) will touch at VICTORIA, B. C.
Round trip tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.
For freight or passage apply at the office, corner First and Brannan streets.
Branch Office—202 Front street.
W. R. A. JOHNSON, Acting Gen'l Agent.
de18 tf GEORGE H. RICE, Traffic Manager.

OCEANIC STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

Carrying United States, Hawaiian and Colonial Mails.
WILL LEAVE THE COMPANY'S Wharf, foot of Folsom street.
For Honolulu, Auckland and Sydney, WITHOUT CHANGE, The Splendid New 3000-ton Iron Steamer Mariposa ..... July 26th, at 12 M.
For Honolulu, SS. Australia (3000 tons) ..... Aug. 15th, at 12 M. Or immediately on arrival of the English mails.
For freight or passage, apply at office, 327 Market street. JOHN D. SPRECKELS & BROS.
se26 tf General Agents.

ANCHOR LINE.

Atlantic Express Service.
LIVERPOOL via QUEENSTOWN.
Steamship "CITY OF ROME" from New York SATURDAY, July 26, Aug. 23, Sept. 20, Oct. 18. Saloon, $60 to $100, Second-class, $30 and $35.
GLASGOW SERVICE.
Steamers every Saturday from New York to CLASGOW and LONDONDERRY.
Cabin passage to Glasgow or Londonderry, $50 and $60. Second-class, $30. Steerage passage, either Service, $20.
Saloon Excursion Tickets at Reduced Rates.
Travelers' Circular Letters of Credit, and Drafts for any Amount issued at lowest current rates.
For Books of Tours, Tickets or further information Apply to HENDERSON BROTHERS, New York, or GEORGE W. FLETCHER, 613 Market st.; or T. D. McKAY, 32 Montgomery st.; or J. F. FUGAZZI & CO., 5 Montgomery ave., San Francisco, or GEO. B. SEAMAN, 1073 Broadway, Oakland. mr24 6mo

COMPAGNIE GENERALE TRANSATLANTIQUE.

French Line to Havre.
COMPANY'S PIER (NEW), 42 NORTH River, foot of Morton st. Travelers by this line avoid both transit by English railway and the discomfort of crossing the Channel in a small boat.
LA NORMANDIE, De Kersablec ..... Saturday, July 26th, 11:30 A. M.
LA BOURGOGNE, Pouliquen ..... Saturday, August 9, at 12:00 M.
LA CHAMPAGNE, Traub ..... Saturday, August 16th, 5:00 A. M.
LA NORMANDIE, De Kersablec ..... Saturday, Aug. 23d, at 10 A. M.
For freight or passage apply to A. FORGET, Agent, No. 3 Bowling Green, New York.
J. F. FUGAZI & CO., Agents, 5 Montgomery ave., San Francisco. mr20 tf

WHITE STAR LINE.

United States and Royal Mail Steamers BETWEEN New York, Queenstown & Liverpool, SAILING EVERY WEEK.
CABIN, $50 AND UPWARD, ACCORDING to location of berth and steamer selected; second cabin, $35, $40 and $45. Steerage tickets from England, Ireland, Scotland, Sweden, Norway and Denmark, through to San Francisco, at lowest rates. Tickets, sailing dates and cabin plans may be procured from W. H. MAYES, Pacific Mail Dock, or at the General Office of the Company, 613 Market st., under Grand Hotel. G. W. FLETCHER, General Agt. for Pacific Coast. ap26 TuWeThSu tf

RAILROAD TRAVEL.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.
(PACIFIC SYSTEM.)
Trains Leave and Are Due to Arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

| LEAVE— | —FROM JULY 14, 1890— | —ARRIVE |