PERSONALS.

OH, MR. CUMMINGS, COME HOME; MOTHER is dead. 1t*

MRS. D. P.—LETTER FOR YOU AT CALL Branch Office. W. H. B. 1t*

YOUNG MAN, TEMPERATE, INDUSTRIOUS and well educated, desires to form the acquaintance of a young lady of means; object matrimony; references exchanged. Address Acharat, Box 176, CALL Branch Office. au19 2t*

GROCERIES—CLUFF BROS., WHOLESALE and retail grocers; the oldest established and most reliable house on the Pacific Coast; teas and coffees a specialty; no chromos or crockery; best goods at lowest prices; country orders packed and shipped free. 9 and 11 Montgomery ave., 40 and 42 Fourth st., 409 and 411 Montgomery ave., 401 Hayes st. je17 TuThSu tf

MENS' FRENCH CALF SHOES, FORMERLY $5, now $2.50 at LESSER BROS., 406 Kearny. je30tf

LADIES' FRENCH KID BUTTON SHOES $2.50. LAL LESSER BROS., 406 Kearny st. jy17 eod tf

$1.50 FOR CABINETS; FULL LENGTH; Godeus' Art Studio, 10 6th. a8 SuTuTh tf

$2.50 FOR A DOZEN CABINETS WITH ONE beautiful colored picture and gift frame at WILSON'S Gallery, 22 Kearny st. my26 6m

ADVICE FREE; DIVORCES A SPECIALTY; NO publicity; terms reasonable; no fee unless successful; costs advanced to reliable parties. CHARLES ABIGER, attorney, 124 Sansome st., Room 24. au17 tf

YOUNG MAN WOULD LIKE VIOLIN STUDENT to practice with him evenings for mutual benefit; references exchanged. H. A. B., 1515 Hyde street. au17 3t*

IMPORTANT REVELATION! MRS. A. L. Childs, philantropist, having the welfare of every woman at heart, requests the ladies to call on her at once. Room 124, fourth floor, Murphy Building, City. No charge. au17 tf

BUTTONS, BUTTONS, BUTTONS—ALL SIZES, including the large trimming buttons made to order, at the button factory, 110 Taylor st. jy22 3m

ACCORDION SKIRTS AND CAPES; PINKING & knife pleating. 9 Geary st., Rm 1. 22 SuMoTu tf

FINE EYE-GLASSES, 15c UP; 728 MARKET ST. (in celebrated glove-store); only Sundays. a16 7t

ADVICE IN ALL LEGAL MATTERS; DIVORCES A satisfactorily obtained; terms reasonable. R. SCOULAR, attorney, 305 Kearny st. my18 6m

ALL WRINKLES AND LINES ON THE FACE erased; a perfect complexion guaranteed. MME. ELISE, 404 Post st. au1 tf

A DVICE—IF YOU HAVE CATARRH USE NELSON'S AMYCOSE and get well; druggists, 75c.

PRIVATE HOME IN CONFINEMENT. 261 Folsom st., Mrs. M. E. ROGERS, Midwife. a8 tf

LARGEST STOCK, LARGEST STORE, LOWEST Price; easiest terms on new and second-hand furniture and carpets, stoves and ranges; highest price paid for second-hand goods; open evenings. 1017, 1019, 1021, 1023 Mission st., bet. Sixth and Seventh. J. NOONAN. au7 tf

WANTED—EXPERIENCED DANCING TEACHER to take charge of a well-established and well-paying business; one with small capital preferred; must give name and residence and last place of teaching; for further particulars address L. A. HEWS, 71 New Montgomery st., S. F. au5 15t*

PERFECT-FITTING STREET OR TRAVELING dress made in 24 hours for $15, $20, $25; goods all found; also ready-made suits. MRS. M. DAVIS, 234 Taylor st. au4 tf

A TON KEABENY, ROOM 9, YOU CAN BORROW money at low rates; private rooms for ladies; pledges for sale; take elevator. au7 tf

ON THE INSTALLMENT PLAN—DRESS-GOODS, silks, seasilks and satin de chines; also carpets, furniture, lace curtains, blankets and folding-beds at M. FRIEDMAN & CO'S, 228 and 230 Stockton st. Why pay ready money when you can buy just as cheap by making a small cash payment down, balance weekly or monthly? An inspection of our stock is respectfully solicited; orders by mail for goods or samples promptly attended to. 228 and 230 Stockton st., cor. Post; open evenings. ap12tf

FOLDING BEDS—EXAMINE OUR NO. 1001 mirrored with large plate 18x40; walnut, oak and cherry; cash price only $65; our installment price only $50. M. FRIEDMAN & CO., 228-230 Stockton st., cor. Post; open evenings. ap16tf

CASTOFF CLOTHING—JEWELRY BOUGHT and sold; highest price paid. 541½ Market st.

NEWEST PATTERNS; FALL STYLES CATALogues free. Agency 430 Sutter st. jy3 3m

TAILOR BUTTONS MADE FROM ANY MATerial; also ivory-rim buttons. 110 Taylor st., the only button factory on this Coast. je22 3m

MRS. DR. THOMAS (COLORED), ELECTRO MASsage; hygienic specialist. 1511 Leavenworth. 9m

DRESSMAKING—LATEST STYLES; REASONable prices; orders by mail promptly executed; fit guaranteed. MRS. M. DE HAGAN, 967 Mission. 6m

POSITIVE CURE FOR CATARRH, BRONCHITIS, asthma. Wilson's Inhaler, 229 Kearny. jy5 tf

WE HAVE A NUMBER OF FULL-LENGTH MEN to hire for balls, parties or funerals at a reasonable price. ORIGINAL MISFIT CLOTHING PARLORS, cor. Post and Dupont sts.

MONEY LOANED ON ARTICLES; EVERY DESCRIPTION of collateral; old gold and silver bought. COLEMAN'S, 41 3d st., San Francisco. m30

FASHIONABLE DRESSMAKING AT MRS. DARLING'S, 710½ Taylor st. jy25 tf

ADVICE FREE; DIVORCES A SPECIALTY; no publicity; terms reasonable; no fee unless successful; costs advanced for reliable persons. Address Attorney, P. O. Box 1922, S. F. jy25 tf

ARTIFICIAL PAVEMENTS—L. BAUER, CONtractor, rock and brick work. 3015 Buchanan. tf

WATCHES CLEANED AND WARRANTED, 75c at WENZELS, 26½ Third st. jy14 tf

PIANO LESSONS BY GERMAN LADY; HALF hour 25 cents. 931 Market, Room 32. my16 12m

HIGHEST PRICE PAID FOR CAST-OFF CLOTHing, gold, jewelry, books. KLEIN, 109 Sixth st.

A GREAT BUSINESS PROPOSITION—WE CAN save you 50 per cent by purchasing a merchant tailor-made tailor's suit for $15; merchant tailor's price $30. ORIGINAL MISFIT CLOTHING PARLORS, cor. Post and Dupont sts.

PIONEER CARPET-BEATING MACHINES DO the best work. J. SPAULDING & CO., 338 Bethama st.; telephone 3040. ap12 tf

ANDREW—MEET ME CORNER POST AND Dupont, to select a nobby spring suit made by a merchant tailor for $20; our price $15; ORIGINAL MISFIT CLOTHING PARLORS, cor. Post and Dupont sts.

CARPET-CLEANING; 3 TO 5 CTS. PER YARD; best workmanship guaranteed; telephone 2228. S. STRATTON, 1211 Market st. ap6 6m

BE ADVISED IN TIME TO PURCHASE A MERchant tailor-made spring suit in 3 or 4 button cutaway for $20; merchant tailor's price $40. ORIGINAL MISFIT CLOTHING PARLORS, cor. Post and Dupont sts.

CARPET-CLEANING, 3C PER YARD; CHEAPest and best in the city. J. E. MITCHELL & CO., 250 Fourteenth st. ap2 tf

EVEN A FAT MAN NEED NOT GO SHABBILY dressed when we can fit you in a merchant tailor-made suit, newest spring styles, for $18; merchant tailor's price $35. ORIGINAL MISFIT CLOTHING PARLORS, cor. Post and Dupont sts.

DON'T WAIT UNTIL IT IS TOO LATE—100 pairs spring styles light-colored trousers made by German merchant tailor sold last year at $5; our price $4 50 to $8. ORIGINAL MISFIT CLOTHING PARLORS, cor. Post and Dupont sts.

CITY STEAM CARPET BEATING AND RENOvating works; all work guaranteed; 25 cents. Eighth st. G. H. STEVENS, proprietor. jy9 6m

ACCORDION PLAITING DONE AT SHORT NOtice. GOLDBERG, 118 McAllister st. jy11 6m

WINDOW SHADES MANUFACTURED TO ORder by WILLIAM McPHUN, 1195 Market. 24

GIVE A TALL SLIM MAN A CHANCE—WE CAN fit you, no matter how tall, in merchant tailor-made spring suit for $20; merchant tailor's price $40. ORIGINAL MISFIT CLOTHING PARLORS, cor. Post and Dupont sts.

COMPLEXINE POWDER OR CREAM FOR FACE and hands; invisible, harmless; 25c. At DUBOIS', Clay & Leavenworth, & all druggists. jy2 3m

CARPETS THOROUGHLY CLEANED WITHOUT beating; refitting carpets a specialty. CONKLIN BROS., 333 Golden Gate ave.; telephone 2126. 13d

WAISTS CUT, FITTED, STITCHED, COLLARS sleeves in; skirt cut, stitched, braid drapery belts put on; $3. MME. MICHAUX, 116 McAllistr.

YOU CAN BUY YOUR FURNITURE ON INEVERYBODY'S PLAN. CHAS. EXLER, 322 and 324 Hayes st., bet. Franklin and Gough. mr15 tf

PORTRAITS ENLARGED IN INDIA INK, crayon, water colors and pastel. Pacific Portrait Co., 1221 Market st., T. J. O'BRIEN, Mgr. 22

SMALL ADVERTISEMENTS AND SUBSCRIPtions taken at CALL Branch Offices, 603 Larkin st., 339 Hayes st. and 2518 Mission st.; open till 9:30 P. M.

DRESSMAKERS.

ALL LADIES WISHING TO HAVE ELEGANTLY fitting suits made, handsomely draped, for $6, or with goods, making and trimmings for $15, please call MRS. NORRIS, 752½ Geary st. au17 8t*

MME. FLESHER'S SCHOOL OF DRESS CUTting and dressmaking—You are taught to make a dress from beginning to end; cutting, fitting, laying, fine finishing and designing. 127 Geary st. 1y22 1m

DRESS-CUTTING TAUGHT THOROUGHLY BY authentic French tailor system. 610 Post. je15 6m

MISS AGNES KELTER, 119 STOCKTON, NEAR Geary; stylish suits from $3 50 up; cutting and fitting a specialty; perfect fit. 30d

MRS. DR. THOMAS (COLORED), ELECTRO MASsage; hygienic specialist. 1511 Leavenworth. 9m

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DO YOU THINK OF ME.

DO you think of me at the twilight hour,
When evening's calm is near?
Do you think of one who is far away,
Whom once you held so dear?

Do you ever dream of the bygone times,
When we were not apart,
When our hands were join'd in a clinging clasp,
And heart was near to heart?

Do you ever think of the time that's past,
Of days that used to be,
When our spirits were free from worldly care,
When do you think of me?

CECIL LORRAINE.

LEONORA'S STORY.

I WONDER how many people will believe the strange history I am about to write. Not many, I am positive, for as soon as my sad story becomes public it will be known that I, a perfectly sane woman, am an inmate of an asylum for the insane. I, who was once society's favorite; I, who was once possessed of such wealth of beauty as no woman before me ever had. How horrible it seems to think that I am confined here by one I would give my life to save from the awful fate that awaits him as he grows older. Older? No, no, younger! I alone, besides himself, possesses the secret of his life and the manner in which his coming fortune may be averted.

I am the daughter of a beautiful Spanish woman and one who was a rich and wise man. My father, Edward Hume, was a great student, and it was his wish that his son, Leopold, should follow in his footsteps. Leopold was a gay young fellow, many years my senior, fond of society and the ladies; so it seemed as though my father's wish would never be fulfilled.

I once wandered into his study, but the sights I saw there were too horrible to relate—horrible creatures of all kinds, parts of the human body, well preserved, bones to which dried flesh still clung, grinning skulls, bottled beings. I stood and gazed in terror. A part at the end of the room was curtained off and, drawn toward it by some unknown, irresistible power, I advanced picking my steps, knowing not what I expected to see. Drawing aside the curtain I gazed into the dim apartment beyond. Oh, horrors! My heart stood still; my whole being was paralyzed by the sight I met there. A mass of tubes and vessels, which, as my eyes grew more used to the dim light, took the shape of the human form, lay on the floor! The arms and legs were in their places on the trunk, and, holding the horrid head, my father stood gazing on the work of his hands. During the instant I stood there, I heard my father mutter, "Dust thou art," and then I fled. From that day until two years ago I looked upon my father as a murderer!

A few weeks after the adventure my father died, and in my childish heart I rejoiced. On, had I known what was to happen in a few short years, I should have been anxious to enter that room of horrors and destroy—but I must not rave or become, in reality, insane. My brother went into the room alone, and when he came out I saw that his face was as pale as death itself; but, although I knew what had made it so, I said nothing. His hands shook as he sealed up the doors of the room, but his voice was firm when he forbade the servants to enter. From that day Leopold was a changed man, for, although he gave up none of his old pleasures, he would pace the floor by the hour with a puzzled look on his handsome face.

As I grew up I threw myself into the gay whirl of society, and tried to drown the thoughts of my father's crime, but all efforts proved useless—they still remained with me, haunting my dreams, pursuing me to the ball-room. Thus I grew from a pretty child to a dazzling beautiful girl.

A few years ago by brother withdrew from the world, and, for the first time in his life, shut himself away from me. Two hours daily he spent in our father's old study, and during the remainder of the day he read from musty old manuscripts that day by day he came to me and said:

"Come, Leonora, I have something to show you."

Without a word I followed him to his study. The room was in excellent order—not a sign of the things that had been there before. He led me to the end of the room and pulled aside the curtain. My eyes were almost blinded by the sight that met them. Lying on a lounge as though asleep, one beautiful hand hanging carelessly down, was the most grandly handsome being I ever saw in my life. His hair was pure golden and lay in curls on the high, white brow. The lashes and brows were heavy and black, while the beautifully shaped mustache shone as the hair—in golden contrast. The pure Grecian nose, the sweetly curving mouth, the white teeth gleaming through the parted mouth, the grand figure—all were without blemish.

I sank on my knees to feast my eyes on the perfect picture. How long I gazed I cannot tell, but I was disturbed by my brother's whisper.

"Leonora, do you want him for your own?"

He needed no answer other than my delighted look, and taking my hand he laid it into the stranger's, saying:

"I give him to you. When the work is complete he shall be yours to do with as you will."

I started as my hand touched that other, for in it was no life. It was a hand of wood.

"As perfect in everything but earth," continued Leopold. "Our father began the work and left it for me to finish. I can never see him alive, for when his life begins mine must end. It will not be long to wait, however, as death has been knocking at my door for over a year."

Every day I went to look at this magnificent man, and I grew to love him with all the strength of my passionate nature. Two weeks before my father and brother had made him for me—and no one could take him from me. We named him Vincent (conquering) Fernando (pure love), for had he not conquered me and won my love, as so many had tried to do, and, as he lay there, did he not present a picture of "pure peace?"

A week after I had seen my love for the first time, Leopold came to me and said in a weary tone:

"My time is up, Leonora, and I must say good-by. But, child, don't cry so," as I had started toward him with tears. "I have prepared a comforter for you, and you will be more happy than ever. Come!"

We soon stood in the presence of my Vincent, and I trembingly watched Leopold's every motion.

"Here is a bottle that you must treasure as your life. When Vincent has lived six years he must drink this liquid, for he will live backward, as it were, beginning as you see me at the age of 31, and, if he does not drink this liquid, he will become a mass of decay, he will grow younger as the years pass. You hear me?"

With my aid, Leopold raised the figure to a sitting posture, and poured a dark liquid into the mouth. Heavens! Vincent's eyes grew more intelligent, he drew the right arm around himself and motioned me to do the same around the other side. There we sat in terrific silence for more than an hour, my brother growing weaker every moment. At last he drew himself slowly up till his face was opposite the face of the man he had created. His breath came more slowly than before, and then there was a long gasp, and—Leopold was dead. At the same moment I felt a shiver pass through the frame beside me, first very gently and then more strongly, and I knew that the man was alive. My brother's death reversed. The breath came slowly, the eyes opened and fixed themselves on the wall opposite, and—I knew no more.

When I came to myself some one was rubbing my hands. I looked up languidly, and recognized one of our old servants. For some time I could remember nothing—then the whole came back to me. And I sobbed aloud. Anna smoothed my dark hair and whispered comforting words to me.

"Where is—where is my Fernando?" I asked at last.

"Is he the gentleman who behaved so kindly through it all? He is just like poor, dear Leopold, for he knows just what to do. Shall I send him up to you?" asked the servant.

In a few minutes he came, and, throwing myself upon his breast, I burst into a flood of tears, and murmured out my story of sorrow.

Then followed months of bliss. Vincent took up my brother's life just as poor Leopold had left it—being ill, but not showing it. I never knew what happiness was till then. In three months a serpent crept into my Eden in the form of Lucy Pope, a daughter of my father's sister. She was a pink and white Northern girl, whose passions burst forth blood in which the passions of love and hate would not deign to dwell. She soon had eyes for none but Vincent, and he my God! He paid her more attention than he ever paid me. In my rage, I told him the whole story of his creation, but he looked at me with a pitying look in his handsome blue eyes, and I knew he did not believe a word of my tale.

The night after this I was sitting on the moonlit balcony when I heard voices in the grand parlor—his voice and Lucy's. Heavens! what was he saying to her? He was telling her of his love for her, and she, the little fool—she was saying she was happy. My hand spun 'round and 'round, and an iron hand seemed to hold my heart in a terrible grip. They were coming to the balcony and I forced myself to be calm.

How I congratulated them I do not know, but I did it—did it with a smile.

I hastened the preparations for the wedding, and in three weeks they were man and wife. Was I content to have her steal him from me? Perhaps so, for my revenge was to be a royal one. He should die by the hand of her whom he had wronged, and his newly made wife should witness the killing. He had no soul, my brother had given him to me, and it was no sin to end his life.

One day we were walking through the beautiful park. I was looking more lovely than ever before, for expectant revenge flushed my dark face and brightened my glowing eyes. Lingering behind, under pretense of looking at a rare flower, I drew a pretty jeweled dagger, that had been my mother's, and tested it with my finger. The blood flowed from a deep cut in my finger, but I heeded it not. I ran lightly down the path, raised my dagger, and was about to plunge it into Vincent's back when a shrill cry rang out in the calm air. My wrist was grasped, and Lucy Pope had saved her husband.

The next thing I knew I found myself in a suite of elegant rooms, but the light I have come from the fresh atmosphere without through iron bars. Vincent comes to see me and I have faithful Anna, but my heart is crushed and bleeding. He will send to ask the jailer, and I am waiting, waiting for the time when Lucy Pope turns from the baby husband, and then we will see how patiently the beautiful Leonora will care for the tender infant she now loves so passionately.—W. F. Newby in Pittsburg Press.

SHIP SUNK BY A WHALE.

It Knocked a Hole in the Steamer's Side After Being Wounded.

A curious occurrence, resulting in the loss of a steamer, occurred last Thursday off the Varanger Fiord in the north of Norway, says Beyer's Weekly News. A whale that had been harpooned by one of the steamers employed in those waters turned upon its pursuers and rammed the vessel, holing it so badly that it sank almost immediately, the crew having just time to escape from the sinking ship in boats. The whales of the species frequenting the seas of the coast, from North Cape eastward to Varanger Fiord, are notoriously vicious when attacked, and if not killed at once by the explosion of the shell attached to the harpoon are apt to be dangerous.

We recollect a somewhat similar incident that happened eighteen years ago. A whale was struck, but not killed immediately, and it rushed off, towing the vessel after by the harpoon line at a great speed. The engine of the steamer, about thirty horsepower, was started at full speed astern to counteract the whale's strength, in the expectation that the animal would soon succumb, but without avail; then the sails were hoisted and backed, to still further increase the drag, but still the vessel continued to be towed at a high speed, on a direct north course, away from the coast. The vessel was towed in this way for nearly fifty miles without any sign of the animal giving in. At length the position became so critical, the vessel not being provided with an outfit for reaching the North Pole, that the tow-rope was cut, and the whale allowed to escape.

RIDING AN ICEBERG.

Thrilling Experience of the Passengers of the Portia.

Recently the steamer Portia, while on her way to New York, when off the coast of Newfoundland, ran upon an iceberg. When the vessel reached the port of destination the master was seen by a representative of the Herald, who presented the following report:

The second engineer, Mr. McCoy, the Rev. John F. Potter, an Episcopal clergyman, rector of Christ Church, in Harrison, near Newark, N. J., thought was the real hero of the hour. He remained at his engine through all the terrifying moments, and was therefore able, in obedience to the captain's orders, to put on full steam the moment the wave swept the vessel off the ice spur, and got her out of danger.

I found Captain Francis Ash, a Newfoundlander, whose keen, strong features made him look like a son of New England, among his business papers in his snug cabin on board the Portia. This man, who was ice master in the Bear expedition, who personally bore Greely back to friends and safety, has had perhaps more experience with icebergs under every aspect than any other steamship captain living. For the most of his life he has been in the sealing trade. He modestly asked me to narrate the latest experience without reference to his Arctic exploits.

Captain Ash smiled at the suggestion that he might have been too intimate with this Newfoundland iceberg.

WHAT CAPTAIN ASH SAID.

"I was sailing at full speed, it is true," said the captain in the course of his story. "We were about two hundred yards from the berg. I did not consider that dangerously close. In those clear waters you can see any sunken spur at a depth of many fathoms. The berg had none. It had no towers to topple over. It was to all appearances a large, solid block from 500 to 600 feet long and from 50 to 100 feet high. I have at times passed near enough to an iceberg to touch it with my hat. I have often when sealing tied up to an iceberg for a week at a time. Certainly I never knew one to behave as this one did.

"The iceberg was directly in our course. I proposed to pass at what I had every reason to believe was a perfectly safe distance. Just as we got abreast of the first end I saw a few tons of ice fall out of its square face. Then I told the man at the wheel to steer to starboard. In ten seconds there were three bergs instead of one. The break was accompanied by terrible noises.

HIGH AND ALMOST DRY.

"The furthest portion ahead of us tipped so that its submerged part arose directly in our course, lifting as it almost took the sea, there being not more than three or four feet of water under us. The propeller began to go around rapidly. I stopped the engines. We had run squarely upon a shelf about one hundred and twenty yards from the main body of the berg. Then the commotion of the waters caused by the plunge of the berg raised a wave that swept onward while we were trying to go ahead. I signaled the engineer to proceed at full speed. That was the critical moment. Had the berg continued to roll it would have carried us over and under. Had not that wave helped us our ship would have been high and dry on the mountain of ice.

"We left a broad streak of red paint on that ice dock, and the wave that saved us swept quantities of ice aboard. This the passengers gathered and put in tumblers of water," said the captain in conclusion.

AGITATING SUNDAY LAWS.

Ministers in Convention—Prominent Speakers Present.

Yesterday was the second day of the Convention of the American Sabbath Union, which was held in the rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association on Sutter street. In the morning Rev. M. D. Buck of the First M. E. Church presided, and in the afternoon Rev. Mr. Johnston of Oakland was in the chair. Rev. J. Morrison of San Bernardino officiated as Secretary. The convention was non-sectarian and had for its purpose that of introducing to the San Francisco public Edward Thomson, LL.D., District Secretary for the Pacific Coast, who has for some time been engaged in the southern part of the State in organizing societies having for their aim the agitation of Sunday laws.

The organization is national, and Mr. Elliott F. Shepperd, proprietor of the New York Mail and Express, is its President.

The programme in the morning consisted of devotional exercises and organization, followed by a discussion of the topic, "The Sabbath Home," which was led by Rev. M. M. Gibson, D.D. (U. P.) The question was debated for considerable length by various members of the convention.

Rev. John Thompson, D.D. (General Bible Agent, Pacific Coast), spoke on "Dangers to the Nation From a Neglected Sabbath."

Dr. W. W. Atterbury, D.D., of Nebraska, State Secretary of the Association, spoke on the work of the Association.

Rev. W. H. Scudder (Cong.) delivered an address on "Dangers to the Nation From a Neglected Sabbath," and Rev. J. Q. A. Henry (Baptist) on "Sunday Laws Not Oppressive.

Many different views were entertained as to the manner of obtaining Sunday legislation through the Legislature, as well as to what extent the Sabbath should be kept.

At the evening session Dr. A. J. Nelson presided and introduced Miss Carrie Tan of Chicago, International Secretary of the Young Woman's Christian Association, who addressed the convention on "Woman's Interest in the Sabbath Question." She was followed by Dr. Edward Thompson, Secretary of the American Sabbath Union of the Pacific Coast, who spoke briefly of the necessity of a Sunday law in California.

Bishop John P. Newman, Vice-President of the American Sabbath Union, then introduced and handled the question from the standpoint of a layman, and assured his hearers that he was proud to stand a defender of the American Sunday. We have a right, said he, to demand that this day be observed and respected as it was in the days of our fathers. The American people are thinking on the subject. They are discussing it, and ere long we may expect to see a grand popular movement which will forever solve the Sabbath question.

ELOPED, THOUGH ONLY SIXTEEN.

A Youthful Pittsburg Couple Surmounts Many Difficulties to Be Married.

PITTSBURG, Aug. 8.—A sensational elopement took place here last night, when Miss Annie Kress of 3809 Butler street and Bartle Otte went to Buffalo, N. Y., to be married. Miss Kress is an orphan, and lived with her uncle, Leopold Kress of the Eagle Hotel. She is only 16 years of age and the heiress of $60,000. Otte was the bar-keeper at the hotel. When her uncle found they were "keeping company" he discharged Otte and also administered a thrashing to him. Last night when the couple had started for the depot Mr. Kress caught them and gave Otte another beating and started to take his niece away. She managed to break away from him and again rejoined her lover. The uncle then went to the depot, but failed to find them. They went out the road a short distance and flagged the train. It stopped and took them on board, and they are now supposed to be married.—Special to Chicago Herald.

Gaming for a Man's Life.

Before the war a man was on trial in Lauderdale County for murder. The circumstantial evidence was against the man was very strong, and when the jury retired and took a ballot the result was six for conviction and six for acquittal. It remained this way for two days and nights, neither side showing any disposition to change their minds. At last one of the jury, named Silvertooth, proposed a game of seven-up between the opposing sides, one man to be selected from each side, and whoever won the losing side was to stand by the result. This was agreed to, and Silvertooth, who was in favor of acquitting the prisoner, and another juror, who was strongly in favor of conviction, commenced the game. It was a hotly contested game, and each juror had scored six points when it came Silvertooth's time to deal. He shuffled the cards carefully and dealt off the sufficient number to each, and then turned a jack, which made him win the game and which saved the prisoner's life. The six who were for conviction voted with the other six for acquittal, and the prisoner was discharged from custody.—Atlanta Constitution.

The Danube Due.

The Canadian Pacific Company's steamer Danube, the first of the fleet ordered here since the war was declared between that company and the Pacific Mail Company, is due here to-day from Victoria. The Danube is consigned to J. D. Spreckels & Bros. It is not a through boat, but has been running on the sound. She will bring down the freight and passengers destined for this port that arrived at Victoria on the last steamer from the Orient.

SEA AND SHORE.

News Received of a Terrible Storm at Valparaiso.

Captain Meyer Reports a Danger to Navigation—Vessels Spoken at Sea—The Damage to the Mary Garratt.

A sailor who shipped on the American bark Portland Lloyds at Valparaiso, Chile, last month, has written his mother in this city an account of a storm in Valparaiso Bay which almost rivals the terrible one at Samoa. The following are extracts from the letter:

July 24.—It is blowing a living gale and the waves are breaking over the city. Some of the ships parted their moorings and are going ashore. The life-boats have taken the crew from a small brig that was driven on the breakers. A large steamer alongside of us has parted her chains and is in danger of going down.

July 30, 3 in the afternoon.—The weather is not settled yet. It blew great guns last night and will probably do so to-night. A Nova Scotia ship, an English bark and a steamboat went down last night. The bark went ashore within 1000 yards of the door of the Consulate. The Nova Scotia ship is on the rocks near the railroad station and is going to pieces. The sea-wall is covered with people. We got our life-boat ready this morning as some of the vessels ahead lost some of their moorings and they are in danger of coming down upon us. A small vessel close by us is hanging to one anchor. The life-boat was taken off of her this morning but took no one off. She has since cut away her masts and is riding easier. All ships are sending down their spars. We have ours down, with four anchors out.

The letter was evidently sent on board the mail steamer bound north before the storm abated. Since then no advices have been received as to whether the Portland Lloyds and the other vessels weathered the gale or not.

THE CRUISER SAN FRANCISCO.

The new cruiser San Francisco will go on the dry-dock at Hunters Point this afternoon to be cleaned and painted, preparatory to making her official trial trip. Her bottom has grown foul while she has been lying in the bay. Captain Miner Goodall is well bronzed by his experience on the cruiser on Saturday. He says he was on the bridge for thirteen hours steady, and at times the vessel made over twenty knots an hour.

The steamer Santa Rosa arrived yesterday morning, sixty-five hours from San Diego and way ports, bringing 146 cabin and eleven steerage passengers and a large lot of freight. Among her passengers was Judge Thurman of Chicago.

The hull of the wrecked steamer Mendocino, at the north spit in Humboldt Bay, has broken in two. It is said that the hull has moved 600 yards from its original position.

The weather was hazy at Point Lobos yesterday and the wind all day from the northwest, blowing in the forenoon 28 miles and increasing in the afternoon to 36 miles an hour. The barometer read: 8 o'clock in the morning, 30.10; noon, 30.05; 6 o'clock in the evening, 29.99.

A DANGER TO NAVIGATION.

Captain Meyer of the Chilean bark Lulsa Marta reported to the Hydrographic Office yesterday that during the passage here from Caleta Buena on June 30th and July 7th heavy thunder-storms were encountered, in latitude 34° 52' north, longitude 129° 26' west, a number of logs were seen floating.

Assistant Engineer Campbell was inspecting and measuring for the government the hulk of the foot of Lombard street. The contract for the ship has been let to the San Francisco Bridge Company and work will be commenced immediately.

The river steamer Constance, which had a hole knocked in her bottom by striking a snag a few days ago, went on the Merchants' Dry-dock yesterday for repairs.

Charles Longee went down in his dress at Section 8 B of the sea-wall yesterday to fix a defect. He remained down three hours without coming to the surface.

VESSELS SPOKEN.

The ship James Drummond was spoken on July 13th in latitude 32° south, longitude 38° west; the Thessalus, July 16th, in latitude 3° south, longitude 27° west; the Ceylon, July 17th, at latitude 1° north, longitude 27° west, and the Inch Keith, July 14th, in latitude 30° south, longitude 45° west. All excepting the Aberfoyle are bound for this port.

The Oceanic company's steamer Mariposa, hence, arrived at Auckland, N. Z., on Saturday. The Craigend arrived at Liverpool on Friday and the Henry B. Hyde on Sunday.

At the city office of the owners of the steamer Mary Garratt it was learned yesterday that the damage to the steamer by the fire at Stockton will not exceed $4,000. This will be covered by insurance. When the new administration took hold of affairs all the steamers of the line were insured.

The British ship City of Athens has been chartered to load wheat or flour for the United Kingdom, Havre or Antwerp; rate, £2.

Although a strong northwest wind was blowing outside all day yesterday, there were only four arrivals of vessels up to dark.

Captain Lamb 4th will go in command of the bark Valley Forge, which sails to-day for Nanaimo.

MOVEMENTS OF VESSELS.

The steamer Farallon came over from Oakland and docked at Mission No. 1.

The bark E. C. Allen left the dry-dock at the Union Iron Works and docked at Berry street.

The barks Coryphene and Nonantum will tow to sea to-day.

The Hartfield came down from Port Costa yesterday and anchored in the stream.

The bark Valley Forge will go to sea to-day.

The Coryviechan will go up to Port Costa today to load.

The ship City of Athens and the schooner Falconwent to the sugar refinery.

The W. G. Irwin docked at Folsom No. 1.

The Hayttun Republic towed to Mission No. 1.

The ship John A. Briggs is lying in the stream, wheat laden for Europe.

The steamer Columbia is having her propeller shaft fitted at Spear-street Wharf by means of a coffer-dam.

REAL ESTATE TRANSACTIONS.

Robert Fassler to A. Francheschini, lot on N. line of Sutter st., 148 W. of Folsom, W. 38:6¼, N. 130, E. 30:6, S. 130:1¾. $10

Carl E. Kopfer to George Hass, lot on E. line of Sycamore st., 100 N. of Sutter st., N. 25, SE. to point, N. 250, W. 120, S. 184:6, W. 120, to beg.; conv. and wife to George W. Kinsel, lots 14 and 15, block 12, Flint Tract Homestead.

Giovanni Arata to Peter McLean, lot on E. line of Mission ave., 152 S. of Twenty-third st., S. 26x100.

Pacific Land Association to Mary C. Hughes, lot on N. line of Carolina st., 125 S. of Napa, S. 25x100. 5

Charles N. Felton (by attorney) to Leon Greenberg, lot on E. line of Carl st., 175:7½ W. of Cole, W. 50x137:6.

Sarah A. Damon to Reuben T.