HEART BURNING.

I WAS gayest of all at the dance last night,
The lightest of heart in seeming;
I laughed, I waltzed, my cheeks were flushed,
My eyes were bright and beaming.

Ah, little those who glanced at me thought
That my brain was throbbing, aching,
And that 'neath the flowers that lay on my breast
My heart was bruised and breaking.

They did not know that my eyes were bright
Because of pain, and not pleasure;
They did not know that the music to me
Seemed played in funereal measure.

They did not know that I laughed and talked
To keep down the dreadful heart burning;
They little thought I a lesson of life,
A bitter lesson was learning.

They did not know of the hours I spent
In anguish while they were all sleeping;
They did not know how I suffered and prayed,
All the time bitterly weeping.

Alas, I am not the only one
Who laughs with a brain that is aching,
Nor the only one whom the world thinks gay
Whose heart is crushed and breaking.

—The Old Homestead.

THE GRAY GHOST OF GILSUM.

BY FLETCHER REEDE.

"MADAM, do you believe in ghosts?"

"In ghosts!" echoed her ladyship.

"Do we live in the nineteenth century for nothing, that you should ask me such a question? There may be a few fluttering rags of superstition still hanging about me, but nothing quite so worn and threadbare, let us hope, as a belief in ghosts."

"Nevertheless," continued Chauncy de Wolf, leaning against the mantel and looking gravely down at the smoldering embers of the fire, "I am prepared to affirm that if any man ever saw a ghost, I am that man."

"You, of all persons! Perhaps you will expect us to believe next that it was your interview with a ghost which turned your hair white before you reached the thirties."

"Exactly that, madam."

"Then you have a great deal to thank him for."

"Oh, I have more than that to thank him for," replied De Wolf, smiling. "Shall I tell you the story?"

"Oh, yes, do tell it by all means," and madam folded her white hands and lifted her pretty, incredulous face toward her guest.

He was an old college friend, and had come to spend the Christmas holidays with us in our pretty country home on the Hudson. As he stood in front of the fire, his shrewd, kindly face telling its own story of a successful career, he was, perhaps, the last person one would have supposed guilty of such an unscientific belief in the ghosts.

A Roman nose is nature's bet on a man's success, and De Wolf had all the benefit of the bet. His clearly cut features and fine dark eyes were rendered the more striking by the framework of snow-white hair which was brushed straight back from his forehead, giving him, in the opinion of the ladies, an appearance altogether irresistible.

I was not greatly concerned about his appearance, for I knew him to be a thoroughly good fellow, and in spite of his profess on—he was a lawyer—in the main a truthful one; I was, therefore, surprised at the new role which he seemed desirous of playing.

"Are we expected to believe everything you tell us?" asked madam, in a mocking tone, as she assumed a listening attitude.

"Yes, everything," replied De Wolf. "No one who knows me ever accused me of lying that fatal gift—imagination, and you may rest assured that I shall confine myself in the most abject manner to simple facts. I am incapable of telling anything otherwise."

As he spoke, the wind, which had been working with nervous, uncertain fingers at a loosely fastened blind, giving force it open, slamming it against the window with a crash that startled even the cat from her drowsy dreams on the hearth rug. It was a wild night, the snow blowing in great, shapeless drifts about the house, the wind roaring down the chimney and rattling among the ice-coated branches of the great helms outside with a sharp, continuous sound like the sound of musketry. Within the fire had burned low and the long, white curtains at the windows looking strangely weird and unfamiliar in the dim light, shivered and trembled as if, in some occult way, they were in silent sympathy with the spirit of the storm.

When we had gathered up the broken fragments of glass that had closed the shutters De Wolf, who alone had been unmoved by this little household disturbance and the tremendous uproar of the elements, went on with his story.

"It was on a night not unlike this," he said, "when I left Boston to stay a few days with Earle Russell at Gilsum. You remember him at Yale—a very good fellow, but with a penchant for missions. He had married and settled down as pastor of a little country church. The wonder is that he did not go to Nova Zembla or Central Africa, but perhaps his wife saved him from that. However, he had found a mission at Gilsum, and as his wife had gone on to New York to spend a week with her sister, Russell invited me to keep bachelor's hall with him during her absence. Well, we were having a cosy time of it together, when, one night, just as we had settled ourselves in front of the fire in the library tire, with our cigars and newspapers, a boy drove up to the door in an old, unpainted sleigh, and announced that one of Russell's parishioners, an old man, who lived in an outlying district, was dying, and wanted to see the minister. Of course Russell prepared to obey the summons at once, and he did not return till midnight. When he came in, his hands were stiff with the cold and his ears were half frozen, but there was a glow on his face, as he threw off his overcoat and came forward to the fire, which was something more than simple satisfaction at being safely housed again. I actually believe he did not know whether his hands were cold or not.

"'Well,' he exclaimed with a bright smile, 'I have seen one more happy soul start on its long journey. You've no idea, De Wolf,' he went on, 'how it takes away the fear of death, if you never had to see a good man die. It is such a simple thing, after all, and it is wonderful how simply these people look at such matters. When I entered the house, the old man was lying with his eyes closed, but he looked up and smiled as I took his hand and said:

"'"You are ready and willing to go, are you, deacon?" as his eyes met mine.

"'"The old man half raised himself on his elbow and replied, in a low whisper:

"'"Wal, to tell the real truth, elder, I'd rather stay where I'm better acquainted. You see, I've got used to things here, an' I don't know as I care about making any change. But the Lord knows best, and I'm all hi'ng—I'm willing!" As he ended, a wild cry, his old face brightened into a beautiful smile.

"'Two days after, I went with my friend to attend the old man's funeral. About six miles out, we drove up to a lonely farmhouse and alighted. The short, impressive service was soon over, but it seemed a dreary growing dark when we turned our horses' head homeward.

"'It had been snowing in light, fitful gusts all the afternoon, but when the sun went down the wind rose and we found ourselves obliged to face a beating, driving storm. The soft, treacherous snow had changed to sleet, that was hurled at us as if with some fiendish intent. It was impossible to keep our eyes open, and Russell, holding the reins in his hand from force of habit, trusted to Providence and the horse and hid his face in his coat-collar. In spite of the storm, however, we would probably have reached home in safety if, at a turn in the road, we had not encountered a party coming in the opposite direction. The two horses, coming thus unexpectedly upon each other, became frightened and quite unmanageable. What happened to the occupants of the other sleigh I never had the grace to inquire, but Russell and I were both thrown out, and he must have could regain our feet our horse had disappeared. Fortunately, or unfortunately, as it may appear, the accident had occurred in front of the house of one of Russell's friends. The good fellow hastened to our assistance and insisted upon our coming into the house.

"'As we were thoroughly chilled, and covered with snow from head to foot, we willingly consented. We were ushered into a brightly lighted parlor, where a young lady, who seemed to me, in my possibly somewhat dazed condition, an enchanting vision of loveliness, came forward to meet us. I made some incoherent remark which I am thankful to have forgotten, as I have a very definite impression as to its absurdity, the young lady, who wore a blue dress, and had very bright eyes, laughed merrily, and then left the room to order hot lemonade. The storm continued to increase in violence, and our host finally persuaded us to accept his hospitality for the night.

"'I have no very distinct recollection of how the evening passed, but at bedtime we were shown to our respective rooms. Mine was on the ground floor, and as I did not feel inclined to go to sleep, I threw myself on a lounge before a blazing wood fire and gave myself up to a succession of pleasant dreams, in which, I am proud to confess, a young lady in a blue dress played the most important part.

"'I had lain there about two hours, so that it must have been near midnight, when I noticed, for the first time, that the storm was over, and that a few straggling rays of moonlight were streaming in through the window, making strange, fantastic shadows on the wall and floor.

"'I had neglected to draw the curtain, and as I looked up I was confronted by a face pressed close against the window and staring in at me with expressionless, pale-blue eyes.

"'It was the face of the man that I had seen but a few hours before in his coffin. There was the same softly curling gray hair, the same closely cut gray beard and even the same old scar over the left eyebrow. Feature and expression were alike identical. Inexpressibly shocked, I rose to my feet, but as I approached the window the figure retreated step by step. He was dressed in a long gray garment that fluttered in the wind and took on strange shapes as the shifting light of the moon fell upon its soft folds and left them in the shadow.

"'I am ready to admit that I was startled, but as there was nothing really frightful in the appearance of my strange visitor, I raised the window and addressed him with careful politeness.

"'"Well, sir," I asked, 'what is your wish?'

"'My question met with no response, but the figure raised his hand, pointed to his lips and then seemed to beckon me toward him. The window was a low one and I leaped out, but as I landed in the snow the figure turned, and with one wild gesture fan. I started in pursuit. A few rods from the house, upon the other side of the street, was an old graveyard, its broken shafts and headstones plainly discernible in the moonlight.

"'For a moment I stood still, awed by the silent majesty of the scene.

"'Above me rose the sky, like the dome of some spacious temple, its sapphire roof supported on every side by pillars of cloud, white, like marble, or purple in the distance, like porphyry."

At this point in the narrative madam, in an unguarded moment, leaned forward in her chair, but De Wolf, ignoring this unconscious manifestation of interest, went on:

"Just opposite the house was a gap in the fence which surrounded the deserted burial-place, and my ghostly visitor at once showed his familiarity with his surroundings by turning his steps toward the only place by which one could gain admittance.

"I hurried after him, but he was fleet of foot, and as the tall figure of the old man glided in and out among the broken gravestones he seemed of no more substantial essence than a slim, gray shadow driven by the wind.

"Once I came so close to him that I put out my hand to lay hold of his robe, but my foot slipped upon a piece of ice and I fell prostrate across a grave.

"A strange, discordant laugh fell upon my ear. I rose to my feet. The tall, gray figure was just beyond, still beckoning with its weird, white hand, through which the pale light of the moon seemed to shine.

"I made one more effort, and dashed forward recklessly, conscious of nothing but that dim, shadowy figure, forever eluding, forever mocking me.

"Suddenly the ground beneath my feet gave way. I felt myself falling through space. All around me was darkness—a darkness so absolute, so dense, that I tried to grasp it as I fell, in an unreasoning effort to lay hold of something solid and substantial.

"By a quick instinct I perceived that I had fallen through the top of some ruinous old tomb. I groped wildly in the darkness, felt the damp brick walls that shut me in, the stone steps slimy with mold, and saw far above me, through the opening in the roof, a white face, distorted with laughter, peering down at me. In vain I tried to scale the walls; then I felt blindly for the door, every faculty absorbed in one wild idea of escape. The melting snow oozed through the broken walls and fell upon my head. I was knee-deep in water, and plunging about in a fruitless effort to find the door, vaguely conscious all the while that I was not the only occupant of that loathsome place.

"At last my hands came in contact with cold iron.

"I had found the door, but could I open it? With the desperation of despair I threw myself against it. It yielded, and I found myself outside in the snow.

"How I ever got back in the house and to bed I cannot tell. Three weeks after, I woke as from some fearful dream, and found myself in the same room where I had fallen asleep after that eventful night. A gentleman whom I recognized as the village physician, and a young lady in a blue dress, sat in front of the fire, conversing in low tones.

"'Why am I here?' I asked, and was astonished to find my voice so weak and thread like. For an instant I had an impression that I, too, had become a ghost, in which case I would probably frighten the young lady who sat by the fire.

"'But she looked up and answered, quietly:

"'The portrait, or you will be ill again. You have been very sick, but you are better now. You must get well.'

"'I will get well,' I remarked, idiotically, 'if you go on sitting there by the fire.'

"'Then I fell asleep, and when I awoke again I was strong enough to recount the incidents of the night preceding my illness, and to listen to an explanation of my remarkable experience.'

"'Ah!' observed madam, drawing a long breath, "then there was an explanation after all. It was an hallucination—simply brain fever in an incipient stage.'

"'Not at all,' said De Wolf. "My friends followed my footsteps through the snow, found the broken tomb, and, well—yes, captured the ghost.'

"'Ah, the ghost!'

"'Yes. It happened that the man who had died had a twin brother, who was a deaf mute and harmlessly insane. He had wandered away from his home, and but for kindly people who found and rescued him would no doubt have made a venerable ghost on that eventful night.'

"'And the young lady in the blue dress?' De Wolf ran his fingers through his white hair and laughed.

"'Madam, are you acquainted with Miss Clara Wright?'

"'Clara Wright! My own cousin, and she spent last winter in Gilsum. I see it all now. She wrote me last week that she has just become engaged. Are you the man?' she added, with a sudden flash of inspiration.

"'I believe I am,' replied De Wolf, bowing; 'and I can assure you, madam, that I am not insensible of the honor."—Ex.

PARK CONCERT.

An Interesting Programme for To-Day and To-Morrow.

Visitors to the Golden Gate Park to-day and to-morrow will have an opportunity to listen to an extra good musical programme, as follows:

1. "Landjager March". ..... Rixner
2. Overture, "Poet and Peasant". ..... Boieldieu
3. Paraphrase, "Uber Fruhlingszeit". ..... Becker
4. Muscette. ..... Offenbach
5. Selection, "The Black Brigade" (popular songs of the day). ..... Beyer
   Contents—"Sing, Darkies, Sing," "Campdown Race," "Mary Blane," "Happy Are We Darkies So Gay," "The Virginia Rosebud," "Buffalo Gals," "My Old Kentucky Home," "Good Night," "Carry Me Back to Old Virginia," "Ole Zip Coon," "O Susanna," "Stop That Knocking at the Door," Finale.
6. Selection, "Lurline". ..... Wallace
7. Overture, "Raymond". ..... Thomas
8. Descriptive piece, "Hunting Scene". ..... Buccalossi
   "The Morning Breaks," "Calm and Peaceful Night," "Echo in the Hunting Sounds a Merry Blast," "Echo in the Distance," "The Parties Join Singing the Hunting Chorus," "Game Is Sighted," "Sound of the Whip and Barking of Dogs," "Full Cry in Pursuit," "The Death," "Return Home."
9. "The Pacific Waves Waltz" (first time), arranged by J. Knell. ..... A. H. Kayton
10. Introduction and bridal chorus from "Lohengrin". ..... Wagner
11. Selection, "Mikado". ..... Sullivan
12. "Profile Galop". ..... Mullaly

SOMETHING TO LAUGH AT.

The world owes every man a living, but it is a debt that he has to hustle to collect.—Boston Traveller.

* * *

His Doubt Dispelled.—Iowa Lad—Papa, is a saloon a wonder? His Father—Yes my son; a saloon in Iowa is certainly supposed to be a wonder. Iowa Lad—That accounts for it, then. I was reading the other day that a lot of tourists "drank in all the wonders of our glorious prohibition States," and I couldn't make it out.—Puck.

* * *

A Good Father.—Now, children, I tell you, you must never steal. When you want new clothes, the way to do is to buy them on credit, you wont have paid out any money for them, and you will always be looked on as honest, respectable people.—Fliegende Blatter.

* * *

Grocer—Well, my little boy, what will you have? Fifteen cents' worth of molasses. Grocer (as he hands the pitcher over the counter)—Where is your money? Let the pitcher! I put it there so as to be sure not to lose it.—Fliegende Blatter.

* * *

Growler, when asked what he considered the saddest thing in life, said he was always miserable when he had a big appetite and nothing to eat, and suffered terribly when he had plenty to eat and no appetite.—Elmira Gazette.

* * *

MISS UNDERSTOOD.

I boldly asked her for her hand—
Her chasms my heart has smitten;
Somehow she failed to understand,
And handed me her mitten.

—Pittsburg Dispatch.

* * *

It is a glorious thing to resist temptations, but it will be money in your pocket if you avoid them.—Texas Siftings.

* * *

His Only Comment.—Temperance-worker (to a man about to take a drink): Do you know that there are pernicious microbes in beer? Man (after drinking) — Happy microbes.—Munsey's Weekly.

* * *

"Well, Fritz, did you have a good time at your aunt's?" "Oh, yes, father. She took such good care of me; she used to ask me every day whether I was not homesick."—Fliegende Blatter.

* * *

The candidate for representative too often thinks that by misrepresenting his opponent he is putting himself in proper training to misrepresent his constituents.—Boston Transcript.

The ins and outs in politics increase with the introduction of the new polling booth.

SEA AND SHORE.

The Famous Ship Earl of Dalhousie Again in Port.

Two of the Crew of the Bark John and Winthrop Set Fire to the Vessel—A Vessel Bound for This Port Aground.

The British ship Earl of Dalhousie, which capsized in the bay here some five years ago and was afterward raised, arrived yesterday after a good passage of 125 days from London. Her cargo consisted of 11,400 casks of cement and 350 cases of window glass, consigned to Meyer, Wilson & Co. Captain Jarvis, the crank, has left the vessel and Captain Baird, her former mate, is now in command.

The Oceanic Company's steamer Australia, Captain Houdlette, sailed at noon yesterday for Honolulu, carrying a large list of passengers and freight. The granite monument which will be placed over the grave of Jules Tavernier, the artist, was left behind and will be taken to the islands on the Zealandia.

The steamer Humboldt arrived yesterday morning early, 20 hours from Eureka, bringing 24 cabin and 10 steerage passengers. Among her cargo were 100,000 shingles, 540 boxes of apples, 15 cases fresh fish, 27 boxes of butter and $1332 treasure.

SET FIRE TO THE SHIP.

When the whaling bark John and Winthrop was at sea, on April 7th last, two of the crew, William Ritchie and Lewis H. Kilbourn, set fire to the vessel. By prompt action on the part of the ship's company the flames were subdued without serious damage. The men made written confessions to the captain, and will be handed over to the United States authorities for a trial. Some of the crew of the bark tell the usual sailors' yarns about having been ill-treated by the captain.

Work on the new section of the sea-wall is progressing slowly. The guide piles for the wall have been driven in position from Meiggs Wharf to Taylor street, and everything is in readiness for filling in. The bay has been dredged on a line for the wall to a depth of thirty-two feet. A quarry from which rock will be obtained has been opened on Telegraph Hill, facing on Broadway and on Montgomery street.

Captain Libbey of the ship General Knox, which arrived yesterday, 135 days from New York, reports that he was 70 days to Cape Horn, 9 days from 50° south in the Atlantic to 50° south in the Pacific, and 99 days to the equator in the Pacific. Since losing the northeast trades, in latitude 30° north, had light baffling airs and calms and thick, foggy weather to port.

The weather was hazy at Point Lobos yesterday. In the forenoon a calm prevailed, and in the afternoon there was a light breeze from the northwest. The barometer stood: 8 o'clock in the morning, 29.85; noon, 29.83; 5 o'clock in the evening, 29.79.

A SHIP AGROUND.

News was received at the Merchants' Exchange yesterday that the British ship County of Peebles at Newcastle-on-Tyne for this port, partially laden, is aground in the river, and attempts will be made to help her off. A late dispatch says that she is making water and will dock.

The schooner Argonaut and cargo, as she now lies ashore below Point Montara, will be sold at auction at the Merchants' Exchange by S. L. Jones & Co. this afternoon.

The steamer Emily, Captain Roberts, which left early yesterday morning from Redondo, will sail this morning for Coos Bay, and will take up 125 Chinese, who go to work on a railroad.

The ship James Nesmith Jr. for this port was spoken on September 4th in latitude 31° 12' north, longitude 42° 30' west.

The ship Britannia went up to Port Costa yesterday and the Al Ki shifted from Beale to Union street.

The F. S. Redfield went to the Mission flats and the Olga shifted from the sea-wall to Mission No. 1.

REAL ESTATE TRANSACTIONS.

George M. Williams et al. (by Sheriff) to W. S. W. Cragin, lot on NW. line of Clementina st., 84.25 feet NE. of Fifth st., NW. 50x100. ..... $759
W. S. W. Cragin to George Williams, same. 1
George McNulty to Louis Landier, lot on S. line of Sutter st., 137.6 feet W. of Polk st., W. 22x114 10
Selrio Belli to Carlo Corsiglia, lot on S. line of Lombard st., 81:3 W. of Laguna, W. 25x100 10
Thomas M. Jewett to Exigina F. Jewett, lot on W. line of Arkansas st., 383 N. of Sierra, N. 50x100 ..... Gift
Alvina Hayward to Jennie Asch, lot on W. line of Guerrero st., 125 N. of Eighteenth, N. 25x100 10
Charles A. Schmidt et al. to Isabella Brittan, lot on E. cor. Tehama and Fourth sts., S. 80 x75 10
H. A. Cobb et al. to Isabella Brittan, lot on S. cor. Tehama and Fourth sts., S. 80x75. 16,350
Louis D. Rodgersky and wife to Eliza B. McDermitt, lot on NW. cor. of Paris st., 275 NE. of Brazil, NE. 25x100 300
Thomas F. Mangan and wife, to installment Homestead Association, lot on S. line of Diamond st., 122:6 S. of Twentieth, S. 25x125 10
Henry Z. Jones to Thomas Ryan, lot on NW. cor. of Forty-third ave. and U st., W. 240x300 10
Adolph Sutro to Joseph Geraty, lots 27 to 32, Block 1162, Outside Lands. 10
Louis S. Blake to John Reynolds, lot 262, Fruitla Valley Lands. ..... Gift
Elizabeth M. Gunn (by executor) to E. Joost, lot on SE. cor. of Stillman and Princeton sts., E. 60x100; also lot on S. line of Stillman st., 99 W. of University, W. 30x100; lot on W. line of University st., 130 S. of Stillman, S. 120x30 625
Elizabeth M. Gunn to J. G. James, lots 77, 78, 85 and 86, San Miguel Homestead Association 702
B. Joost to J. G. James, same and lots 2, 7, 8 and 29, Block 71, Railroad-avenue Homestead Association ..... Grant
Julia E. Bush to Angelina Prato, lot on S. line of Fulton st., 27:6 W. of Gilbert place, W. 14:4½x57:9 5
Charles N. Stone to George Wolters, lot on N. line of Washington st., 112:6 E. of Baker, E. 25x127:8¼ 10
Jacob H. Reyman to Charles Iverson, lot on S. line of 1st, 57:6 E. of Thirty-second ave., E. 50x100 10
D. J. Lamont to Mary Redding, lot on W. line of Thirty-ninth ave., 250 S. of 8st., S. 25x120 10
Truman Grossett to Sarah J. Carter, lot on N. line of Twelfth st., 150:6 W. of Valencia, W. 23:6x114 10
Frank R. Whitcomb to John C. Spencer, lot on N. line of Twenty-seventh st., 263:7 W. of Castro, W. 50:11x114 10
George S. Fife to Ellen A. Fife, lot on S. cor. of California and Jones sts., W. 68:9x137:6. Gift
Syndicate Investment Company to F. Wenck and wife, lot on SE. cor. of Powhattan st. and Idaho ave., E. 57:4x95 10
John Reeling to William Reeling, lot on W. line of Annie st., 89:6 S. of Ellis, S. 24x75 5
F. W. Reeling to same, lot on E. line of Guerrero st., 140 S. of Fifteenth st., S. 140, E. 225:10, N. 200, W. 113:10, S. 20, W. 112 to beg 5
Ernestine Reeling to same, same as above two descriptions 5
William J. Gunn to John A. Johnston, lot on W. line of Ninth ave., 200 N. of A st., N. 25 x120 10

ALAMEDA COUNTY.

George T. Wright to H. Mohns, lot 40x96:8, on S. line of Encinal ave., 108 E. of Union st., Alameda 10
W. T. Briggs to L. Spoogle, lot 75x99:6, on NE. cor. of Linden and Tenth sts. 10
L. Spoogle to E. J. Handy, same. 10
N. T. McGeorge and wife to A. Gump, lot 37:6x150, on SE. line of East Twenty-second st., 187:6 NE. of Thirteenth ave. 10
E. J. de Puente to William A. Powning, lot 50x180, on NW. line of Third ave., 100 NE. from East Twelfth st. 10
J. C. Talbot to F. Tushar, lot 25x100, on N. cor. of East Eleventh st. and Twenty-seventh ave. 10
F. Johnholtz to C. K. Clark, lot 50x133:5, on E. line of Union st., 250 N. of Thirteenth 10
C. K. Clark to J. Mohl, same. 10
F. S. Osgood to E. D. Bartlett, lot 25x100, on SE. cor. of Seventh and Oak sts. 10
M. de la Montanya to Eliza M. de la Montanya, his wife, lot 100x150, on NW. cor. of Sixth and Grove sts. ..... Gift
E. B. Pomroy to N. J. Marthache, lot 50x100, on NW. cor. of Seventh and Fallon sts., Oakland 10
M. F. Losey to M. Losey, lot 3 and W. half of lot 4, Block 6, Hatch's Tract, Oakland 10
M. E. Kingsland to C. W. Owen, 1 acre, lot 10, Kingsland Tract, Brooklyn 21
A. Gutzeit to B. A. Gilmes, S. half of lot 1, Milton Tract, Oakland 10
O. C. Logan to H. E. Mahan, E. half of lot 6, portion of Brummagin Tract, E. of Shattuck st. 10
W. T. Holliday to L. G. Brattin, lots 1 to 6, Block A, Barker's subdivision; lot 1, Yoakum Tract, Brooklyn 10
W. T. Halliday to W. L. Holway, lots 7 to 15, Block A, same. 10
E. Frank to J. Quail, lot 15, Block 18, Haywards Park Homestead Union 125
F. C. Jarvis to H. S. Jarvis, lots 9 to 16, Block 184; also lot 15, Block 182, Newark 5
F. C. Jarvis to H. S. Jarvis, undivided half interest in 7¾ acres, on S. line of road from Centerville to Irvington 5
B. E. Handy to M. J. Sharp and wife, lot 21, Block 34, Fitchburg Homestead, and lots, Brooklyn 325

L. G. Bingham's Will.

The will of Lindsley G. Bingham, who died in this city on the 1st inst., has been filed for probate. The estate is valued at about $24,500. Miss Mary Jane Whyte is left a life interest in $5000 and certain lands is bequeathed to Cornelia Bingham Mercer, a niece residing in Wilkesbarre, Pa.

Permission to Mortgage.

Judge Rearden has granted the application of the California Bible Society for permission to mortgage certain real estate on McAllister and Hyde streets for $16,000, so that, with the $10,500 on hand, the society can purchase the land for $26,500.

Browning's "Pippa Passes."

Mrs. Sarah Cowell le Moyne will read Browning's drama, "Pippa Passes," at Mission Music Hall this evening. As written by Browning the drama consists of a prologue and four parts, Mrs. le Moyne reading the entire drama.

A Chinese Beauty Remanded.

Lien Suey Lin, a Chinese woman who, according to the Celestials' idea of beauty, was comely enough to make her a desirable acquisition to the Chinese colony, and whose case has been watched with interest by those blink-eyed denizens, was remanded yesterday by Judge Hoffman of the United States District Court to China. She will be conveyed to her native land via the steamer China, and will be discharged from custody at Hong-Kong, whence she came.

STOLEN BY GYPSIES.

Unpleasant Experience of Little Sallie Murphy With a Nomadic Band.

After six weeks' traveling around the country with a band of gypsies by whom she was stolen little twelve-year-old Sallie Murphy managed to make her escape on the 1st instant, says a special to the St. Louis Globe-Democrat from Philadelphia, and arrived at Broad-street Station last night in charge of a conductor of one of the suburban trains. At 9 o'clock she was clasped in the arms of her father at the Twentieth District Station-house, where he had come post haste upon being notified by a mounted policeman, who had ridden out from the Twenty-first District to his home in Darby to tell him of his child's return. It was a much changed little girl who told the strange story of her wanderings in front of the crowd of big policemen. Her long curls had been shaven off close to her head, and her neat clothing had been replaced by rags, and she was worn out. The old traditions that gypsies stain their little captives nut-brown was not carried out in this case, as beneath the dirt her skin still retained its natural fairness. Sallie says she was playing near her home September 25th, when a woman, closely veiled, approached her and asked her if she would like to take a trip to the country.

She said she would, and the woman took her to Sharon Hill Station, where they took a train and came to Broad-street station. Then they went to Manayunk on another train, and after arriving there they walked a short distance into the country, where they came upon a gypsy camp, composed of a lot of men and women and ten little girls, colored and white, of about her own age. They had three wagons and a lot of horses, and the women were seated around a big fire, over which a big pot of soup was boiling. The woman who had stolen her appeared to be the queen of the band, and cut off all her hair and took her clothing away and gave her a lot of rags to wear. They staid there two days, during which a number of girls and young men and women visited the camp, and the gypsy women told their fortunes, while the men traded horses with farmers. Then they started to travel, and went from place to place, keeping along the Lancaster pike most of the time, and camping out each night in a different place.

The other girls and herself were kept closely confined to the wagons, and made to do all the work for the band, although they were not badly treated and always had enough to eat. She watched day after day for a chance to escape, but found no opportunity until yesterday, when she managed to jump from the wagon when no one was watching. She did not know where she was, but wandered along the main line of the Pennsylvania Railroad until she reached Parkersburg, where she met a gentleman to whom she related her story. He procured a ticket for her and placed her in charge of the conductor of in oncoming train. At 10 o'clock she was on her way home to her anxious mother.—Globe-Democrat.

THE STOCK MARKET.

Stocks were quiet yesterday with no features of interest beyond an improvement in some of the Comstocks in the afternoon call.

Local securities were dull and not materially changed.

The Young America South Mining Company of Tuscarora had a cash balance of about $1900 November 1st, and a shipment of ore has been made to Salt Lake City for sale, the proceeds of which have not yet been received.

Occidental Con. shipped $11,000 in October, and will soon send concentrates valued at $15,000 to Salt Lake. Con. California and Virginia produced in October 7460 tons of ore, yielding $112,970, of which $51,358 was gold and $58,612 was silver. Yield to mill, 3500 tons; bullion, $7 85. Total, $15 13. The assay value of ore per ton, per battery sample, was $23 07. The mine has shipped to the Carson Mint $32,205, completing the October account.

Belcher milled last week 275 tons of ore, assaying $22 44; Crown Point, 380 tons, $12 54; Gould & Curry, 365 tons, $19, and shipped to the Brunswick mill 379 tons, assaying $13 85; Savage, 820 tons, $20 63.

The Silver Hill assessment falls delinquent in board to-day.

BOARD SALES.

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

REGULAR SESSION—9:30 A. M.

100 Alpha	1.70	50 C C & V	4.20
100 Andes	1.45	200 C N N	30
450	1.45	400 C Imp	38
100 B Isle	1.00	150 Del M	60
100 B & M	1.50	200 Ophir	4.00
30	3.00	150 G & C	2.15
30	3.00	100 H & N	2.14
100 Bodie	2.30	100 Mono	55
150 Bullion	2.95	100 Lady W	40
150	2.90	100 Mexican	2.80
500 Belcher	2.35	500 Occidental	1.65
300 Caledon	.40	100 N Bisle	1.45
100 Challar	.34½	250 Occid	1.60
60	.33½		

AFTERNOON SESSION—2:31.

30 Alpha	.13¾	100 Confid	.73¾
150 Andes	.14½	200 C Imp	.35
100	.14½	100 Ophir	.4.00
100 Belcher	.2.60	50 Eureka	.3.60
100 B Isle	.95	100 Exchequ	1.20
250 B & M	.3.30	100 G & C	2.12
100 Bodie	1.85	50 H & N	2.30
100	1.90	300 Justice	1.40
50 Bullion	.3.10	600 Lady W	.40
350	.3.12½	100 Occidint	.1.55
100 Chall C	.34½	200 N Bisle	.1.45
50	.3.20	600 N Comb	1.40
300 Challar	.3.40	100 Occidint	.1.60
100 C C & V	.4.10		

Following were the sales in the Pacific Stock Board yesterday:

REGULAR SESSION—10:30.

100 Alpha	1.70	500 Caledonia	44
100	.8 10	1.70 250 Chall C	3.00
100	.8 10	1.80 100 C C & V	4.20
200 Andes	1.45	100	.4½
200	1.45	500 C Imp	.35
100 Belcher	2.35	150 C Point	.2.60
100	.b 30	.2.70 200 Excho	.1⅞
100 B & B	.3.00	100 G & C	2.12
250 Bodie	1.80	200 G Prize	.3
150	1.85	300 Hale & N	.2.30
250 Bullion	3.00	200 Lady W	.40
100	.b 10	.3.05 200 Mono	.88
200	.2.95	100	.b 30
300 Bulwer	.34	100	.80
200	.3.10	100 Navajo	.38

AFTERNOON SESSION—2:19.

300 Alpha	.13½	500 Caledonia	.42
250	1.80	50 Chollar	.3.40
450 Andes	.14½	150	.3½
100	.55	200 Mono	.2.65
100 Belcher	2.65	250	.3.60
50 B & B	.3.00	20 C C & V	4.30
100 Bodie	1.85	300 C Imp	.38
100 Bullion	3.05	100 C Point	.2.55
100	.3.10	100	.2½
200	.3.20	100	.2.20
100	.3.20	200 Excheq	.1⅞
100 Bulwer	.34	300	.1.20
200	.3.20	200 G & C	.2.20
150 Chal C	.3.10	800 H & N	.2.30
250	.3.20	50 Justice	.1.45

CLOSING QUOTATIONS.

	Bid.	Asked.		Bid.	Asked.
Alpha Con	1.80	1.85	Justice	1.40	1.45
Ala	.13	.13½	Kentuck	.95	2.00
Andes	1.45	1.50	Lady Washgn	.40	.45
Belcher	2.65	2.70	Locomotive	.11	.20
Belle Isle	.95	1.00	Mexican	2.85	2.90
Benton Con	1.75	—	Mono	.80	.85
Best & Belcher	3.10	3.15	Navajo	.30	.35
Bodie	1.75	1.80	Ophir Consol	.80	.90
Bullion	3.15	3.20	N Belle Isle	1.45	1.50
Bulwer	.30	.35	N Commonwith	1.45	—
Caledonia	.40	.45	Occidental	1.65	1.70
Central	.10	.20	Ophir	4.25	4.30
Challenge Con	3.15	3.20	Overman	2.20	2.25
Chollar	3.55	3.60	Peer	.20	.25
Crown Point	2.55	2.60	Potosi	.30	.35
Con Cal & Virginia	4.25	4.30	Potosi	7.25	7.38
Con New York	.25	.30	Savage	2.90	2.95
Confidence	7.50	7.75	Sierra Nevada	2.95	3.00
Con Imperial	.35	.40	Scorpion	.25	.30
Crocker	.25	.30	Sierra Nevada	2.95	3.00
Crown Silver	2.50	2.55	Silver Hill	.20	.30
Del Monte	.60	.70	Silver King	.30	.35
Dudley	.05	.15	Syndicate	.05	.10
East Sierra Nev	.05	.10	Union Con	2.65	2.70
Exchequer	1.20	1.25	Utah	1.00	1.05
Gould & Curry	2.20	2.25	Weldon	.15	.20
Grand Prize	.30	.35	W Comstock	.45	.50
Hale & Norcross	2.30	2.35	Yellow Jacket	2.95	3.00
Julia	.25	.30			

MISCELLANEOUS SECURITIES.

	Bid.	Asked.		Bid.	Asked.
U S Bds 4's	.121	121½	Pacific Light	.80	—
CntraCoWBds	100½	101½	S F Gaslight	.58½	58½
Dupont Bds	110	120	Stk Gas Co	.50	—
F & Chlse Ry B	104½	—	Cal-st R R	107½	109
M & P R R Bds	—	—	Central R R	—	21
Mkt-st R R Bds	125	—	City R R	—	100
N P Coast R R	100	—	F & C Hse Ry	—	40
N P R R Bds	114½	116	Geary-st R R	—	50
Sky R R Bds	115	—	H & M R R	45	53
Omnibus CBd	116	117½	Omnibus R R	75	77½
P & O R R Bds	117	—	Presidio R R	27	30½
P & C R R Bds	—	103	Sacramento Ns	98	100
Powl-st Rly Bd	—	120	California Ins	—	117½
SPR Ar Riz Bds	106½	—	Commercial Ins	87	100
SPR R R Bds	114	114½	Fireman's Fd Ins	—	157½
SPR R Cal B