HAVE YER EVER BEEN TICKLED?

IT'S TUFF

For our APING, WOULD-BE COMPETITORS to stand idle while we are crowded, yes jammed, to the doors every day.

Our Way-Down Below Zero

PRICES are selling the goods for us, not our pretty faces.

Handsome Christmas Suits, $30 Ones,
Elegant Christmas Overcoats, $30 Ones,
'LL LEAVE OUR HOUSE NEXT WEEK AT

$20.00

RAPHAEL'S!

Commencing To-morrow,

And 'll Hold Good for the Entire Week,

We'll Name Prices That'll Be Sure to Tickle Yer!

THINGS 'LL HUM NEXT WEEK!

WE'Z YER PEOPLE!

WORSTED PANTS, $1.55.
TWEED OVERCOATS, $2.45.
HAIR-LINE STRIPED PANTS, $1.90.
FINE WORSTED OVERCOATS, $7.85.
NOBBY CHEVIOT SUITS, $6.75.
CASSIMERE SUITS, IN NOBBY STYLES AND SHADES, $8.50.
RAFTS OF PRETTY SUITS, Tailor-Made Ones, at $10.00.
NOBBY TROUSERS, $6 ONES, Price on 'Em Now, $3.50.
IF YOU WANT TO SEE PRETTY STYLES SEE THE SUITS WE'LL TURN OUT THIS COMING WEEK AT $12.50.
If You Want to See the Biggest Bargain Ever Offered in the Clothing World See the Overcoats That We'll Turn Out at $10 To-morrow.
DRESS COATS AND VESTS, in Narrow and Wide Wales, Handsome Styles, Were Considered Big Value at $18, Next Week They'll Go at $10.

OPEN EVENINGS UNTIL 9 O'CLOCK.

OH, SAY!

Don't you think the prices we're quoting 'll make our would-be COMPETITORS RATHER GREEN AROUND THE GILLS? Well I wonder if they wont.

TO-MORROW,

And every day next week, we'll give you your choice of SOME MIGHTY HANDSOME SUITS AND OVERCOATS, goods that were gotten up specially for our Holiday trade, and 're worth every cent of $20, for

$15.00

RAPHAEL'S!

RAPHAEL'S,

433, 435 and 437 Montgomery Street, Corner of Sacramento.

IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS.

A Chat With a Niece of the Late General Guadalupe M. Vallejo.

She Tells of the Time When Her Father Owned Broad Acres at the Mission of San Jose.

Miss Guadalupe Vallejo, who contributes to the current number of the Century Magazine an interesting article on "Ranch and Mission Days in Alta California," is now living across the bay in that Athens of the Pacific Coast, the fair city of Oakland. Learning this fact, a CALL representative took a trip in search of her, and, after some difficulty, and one or two disappointments, succeeded in finding the modest domicile at the corner of Telegraph avenue and Twentieth street, where a little sign, bearing the legend "Spanish Taught," is the only outward indication that here a daughter of one of the oldest and proudest of our old Spanish families, whose father dwelt in regal style in his fine old home, and called his nearly all the land between Mission San Jose and Decoto, now dwells, and maintains her aged mother and herself by teaching her mother tongue to the invading Americans.

Miss Guadalupe is the youngest daughter of the late Don Jesus J. Vallejo, who, with his brother, the late General Vallejo, are well-known characters in the history of Alta California. Their father,

DON YGNACIO VALLEJO,

Figured as prominently in his day in the exploration and settlement of the province as did his sons in the exciting times of the revolution and the conquest. Indeed, as Miss Vallejo herself remarked, the traditions and records of the family cover the entire period of the annals of early California, from San Diego to Sonoma.

THE CALL representative found Miss Vallejo in a sunny little sitting-room, up a long flight of stairs, alone, but busy with a task along the line of her chosen profession. She is translating into the Spanish one of Ouida's novels for publication, but with true Spanish courtesy she laid aside her work, and, with a pleasant smile, at once endeavored to make her unknown visitor feel at home.

A copy of the latest issue of the Century, which the latter carried, furnished at once explanation of the intrusion and subject-matter for conversation. "Ah, yes, those were good old days," said the lady, who looks fully thirty years too young to have any personal recollections of Alta California. "We were so peaceful, so happy, in our simple life. You say you have seen my old home at the Mission of San Jose? I am glad of that, but you can hardly form any idea of what it was in the days of the Spanish regime. Where, now, are the so many homes and small holdings? In those days stretched for miles, my father's grain-fields and stock ranges. I have not seen the place in years; I never go back there, but my mind is full of those happy memories. There are sad ones as well, for it was during my earliest childhood that the troublous times were at their height. Still, we had many seasons of peace and prosperity, if you would call them such, when

THE TROUBLE

Was not so near by. We lived on a large scale, in many ways, in those days. My father was a man who had a great love for the most elegant and beautiful of everything that he could procure. Did any one have an unusually fine weapon, the best bit, bridle or horse trapping of any description, to sell, it was always brought to my father, and, if it was really the best of its kind he was very apt to buy it." A ripple of amusement passed over the fine Spanish face, and, after a moment the speaker continued: "I remember a very fine saddle my father owned. He had bought it from a Mexican, for a large amount. It was of elegantly embossed leather horn, cantle and stirrups richly trimmed with gold and silver, and the coraza richly embroidered in the same materials. My father thought a great deal of it, and was sorry enough when some men came to him one day and told him that General Sutter had no saddle, and asked him if he would sell him his. He thought it was best to comply with the request, and sent his saddle. Some time after, General Sutter with his soldiers rode through the old Mission, and we all turned out to view the cavalcade. The General rode at the head of his troop, but as the little matter of paying for the saddle had been neglected and he did not care about having the trappings recognized by my father, he had thrown the embroidered coraza over on to the left side out of view. My father's eyes were keen, however, and he also understood the action, so he rather mischievously sent the General word,

WITH HIS COMPLIMENTS,

That his horse was not saddled right, as the coraza was on the wrong side.

"We younger ones were terribly afraid of the Americans then. Those terrible Americans was the manner in which we thought of them. I will never forget my first experience with them. My uncle, General Vallejo, was confined in the jail at Sacramento. He managed to procure a pencil and with it wrote on a bit of cigarette paper a message of warning to my father that the Americans were coming on our way and would capture him if he did not flee at once. This note he made into a wad and threw at one of our countrymen who waited under his window, and who at once brought it to my father. We were then living at what is now the town of Niles, but was then only known as Vallejo's Mills. We had a house there, as well as at the Mission. My father deemed it wise to heed the General's warning and resolved to take a company of Indians and go to the forest for safety, while the women of the family should go on to the present town of Haywards, where lived the Castros, who were relatives of my mother. Well, the men would need much food in the forest and therefore great fires were built in the huge oven and an enormous quantity of the finest bread was baked for them to take with them. Other provisions were also made ready and the party was nearly equipped to start when the dreaded Americans themselves arrived upon the scene. Of course no explanation was made as to why such great quantities of food had been prepared and I suppose

THEY MUST HAVE CONCLUDED

It was the regular Spanish style of doing things, and I fancy they were glad enough for it just then, for they had been making long, hard marches, with but scant provisions, and were nearly famished, so they fell upon and in a very short time completely made way with the food which we had expected would last my father and his Indians for many days in the forest. This band had no orders to arrest my father, but they desired to enter and search the house for arms and ammunition, as it was their policy to disarm all the Spanish residents. Of course all the really valuable arms had been safely hidden, but my father was deeply incensed at the idea of his house being searched, and sitting down beside his door he said to the officer in command: You may go in, if you will, but you will not come out.

"It was very rash of my father to take this tone with the soldiers, but he was deeply indignant at another little thing that occurred just then, and he could not forget that he was a Spanish gentleman and entirely within his own rights. The little incident I refer to was in connection with myself. I was but a wee child then, and as I stood gazing in awe at the dreaded Americans one of the officers put out his arm toward me and would have caressed me, but I was terrified at the idea of being touched by one of the awe-inspiring conquerors and ran back. The coals with which the great oven had been heated had been raked out and were still glowing red on the hearth. So great was my terror of the American who essayed to touch me that, deeming my doom sealed anyway,

I RAN TO THIS PILE OF COALS

And would have thrown myself on them, in my fright, had not my father's barber put out his arm and saved me. Seeing my alarm made my father angry, and as he was naturally a brave man he lost sight of the possible danger to himself in his determination to defend his home.

"And so you say the old house at the Mission is still standing? It must be badly fallen into decay. It was an unusually fine structure for those days. There were other two-story adobes at Monterey, but none in our section, all the Mission structures being one story in height.

"Save for the little cluster of houses about the Mission there were very few buildings between us and the bay, and I remember with what interest we children used to climb the brown sides of Mission Peak and look off across the level to note whether any new buildings were going up. The smallest hut seen in the distance, if new, was an event that served us for a theme of conversation and speculation for a long time. The scene from the peak now is very different, I can assure you," and for a moment a faint shade, perhaps of regret, passed over the genial Spanish face, but the accustomed cheerful look chased it away with a promptness that demonstrated that not a little of the fiery old Don Jesus' courage and strong will had descended to this daughter of his whom not even the memory of by-gone splendor and ease can daunt in the hard struggle with life among strangers and under new and untoward conditions. The time had flown all too quickly, and with thanks for the interview and for the cordial invitation to come again, the representative bade the brave lady a regretful adieu.

ADELINE E. KNAPP.

A PERTINENT QUESTION.

Were the Lick Baths Intended to Be Free or Not?

On the 3d of November last the long-looked-for Lick Free Baths were thrown open to the public. They at once became very popular, as is attested by the fact that no less than 11,152 persons applied and were accommodated during the ensuing month. The gratifying success of their efforts was regarded with pleasure by the Trustees, until at last the decided popularity of the baths became somewhat too manifest.

It was soon seen that some check must be placed upon the fast increasing number of applicants, and the plan adopted was the imposition of a charge of five cents upon every one, by requiring him to pay for the use of a towel at that price. From a certain class this immediately raised a protest, and complaints have been heard from every source. The people maintain that they are unlawfully restricted of their just rights, and the trust deed of James Lick providing for the expenditure of $150,000 in the erection of free baths is directly violated by the act of the Trustees, it was maintained

A CALL representative called upon the Superintendent of the baths yesterday to ascertain the reason for the new rule. The latter was highly indignant that complaints of the kind had been circulated abroad, and asserted that the rule is absolutely necessary. There is a class of shiftless people, he said, who frequent the baths daily merely as a lounging place, and who occupy the bath-rooms from thirty to forty minutes, to the inconvenience of all those waiting a turn. The place is also constantly besieged by a horde of small boys, who furnish their own towels, or rather do without any towels at all, and who not only discommode other bathers but fill the air with foul language, clamber over the partitions, scratching and denting them, and throwing soap and brushes about the rooms.

The Superintendent declared that five neighboring families send daily an average of eight children for baths. The only means of reducing the number of these objectionable people is to impose a charge of 5c, and exclude all children not accompanied by parents, and the measure was therefore adopted.

Trustee Ira P. Rankin, who was next seen, declared the charge to be necessary because of the insufficiency of the funds to meet all expenses. He said the baths are trebly worth five cents, and was surprised that the public should be so foolish as to regard the payment of that sum as a hardship.

"Are you aware that the imposition of a fee in spite of the provision of the Lick will that the baths shall be free, is subject to injunction by the court?" was asked.

Mr. Rankin was not aware of the fact, but admitting it to be so, would continue to charge five cents admission to the baths, as under no other circumstances could they be maintained.

The section of the deed of trust of James Lick regarding the baths is as follows:

Eleventh—And in further trust, to expend the sum of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars ($150,000) under the direction of H. M. Newhall, Ira P. Rankin, Dr. J. D. B. Stillman and John O. Earl and the survivors of them, in the erection and maintaining in the city of San Francisco of free baths; the site or sites therefor to be acquired and held by the persons last named and the survivors of them, in trust, to forever maintain such baths for the free use of the public, under proper and reasonable regulations; said baths to be erected as soon as practicable to raise the money after the money has been provided to erect said telescope.

"It never fails to relieve at once," is what everybody says of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

It's true! No humbug. You can buy Salvation Oil for only 25 cents a bottle.

GEORGES OHNET'S "DERNIER AMOUR."

The Latest Play by the Author of "The Master of the Forges."

Plot of the Newest Stage Attraction—The Home Life of the Author—He Never Reads a Disagreeable Article.

Special to THE CALL.

PARIS, Nov. 25, 1890.—A new play by the author of "Serge Panine" and "Maitre des Forges" is always an event of interest. Georges Ohnet's "Dernier Amour" has been produced at the Gymnase Theater, but its success was not equal to its merit.

Princess Mina de Schwartzbourg, after the death of her husband, marries Count Armand de Fontenay, whom for years she has loved. Countess de Fontenay entertains in her Paris home, and one evening

Georges Ohnet.

Marie Tessandier.

gives a theatrical representation. Her husband is not present, and his absence troubles the fete. The Countess finds a half-burned telegram in his room, signed "Lucy," and containing these words, "Come to-day, without fail." The Count's absence is thus explained.

Lucy Andrymont is a young American orphan, a distant relative of Count de Fontenay. After the death of her parents she comes to Paris anxious to see a representative of the great family to which her mother belonged. She addresses the family lawyer, asks for an interview with the Count de Fontenay and the lawyer never tells her that Fontenay is married. Fontenay himself does not mention his wife and he and Lucy admire each other to a great degree. One day the Countess calls upon Lucy, tells her who she is and invites the young girl to be her guest. The consequence is a natural one. Armand de Fontenay and Lucy become lovers. She wishes to flee from the house to which she has brought so much trouble and he contemplates suicide. The Countess aids the lovers by putting an end to her own existence and before death she makes them promise that they will marry as soon as possible.

Mme. Marie Tessandier, one of the best actresses of Paris, played the role of the injured wife with her usual talent, but Monsieur Duflos, in the role of Fontenay, was a ludicrous caricature. Raphaelle Sisos, as an American cousin, was refined and graceful, and the minor roles were very satisfactory.

Georges Ohnet has talent. His novels are seriously studied and easily written. He has a contempt for style, and Amelia Scholl expresses regret that Ohnet reserves his wit for his private letters—none for his plays. Although Ohnet considers the career of a novelist much more agreeable than that of a dramatist, the latter has for him great attraction. He says: "If you like a calm, peaceful existence, be a novelist, but if battles do not frighten you be a dramatic author. You may write ten novels and then not be known, but have one theatrical success and you are a brilliant light."

Ohnet pays no attention to what is said of him by the press. His only judge is the public. "The day that I feel that my public is wearying of me, that day I shall cease to write. As for the press, I never answer an unpleasant article, for the reason I never read one."

Apropos of this characteristic is related an amusing story: A critic, writing of one of Ohnet's plays that he judged very bad, began his article by extravagant expressions of admiration for Ohnet personally, and finished by the most cruel criticisms of the author. One of Ohnet's friends said to him:

"Have you read the article?"

"No."

"Read it, or shall read it for you? It begins by praise and ends with the most adverse criticism."

"Read it to me if you like, but only the pleasant part."

Ohnet stopped the reader as soon as the disagreeable portion of the article began by saying, "Do not spoil my pleasure."

"Write to the author," said the friend.

"Certainly. I shall send my card with thanks."

Some days after the friend met the critic, who said, "Ohnet was delighted with the article I wrote concerning his play."

"Yes, but he only listened to the first part. He knows nothing of the strong expressions at the close." The critic's astonishment can be imagined.

Georges Ohnet's home in the Department of Seine et Marne is called "Chateau des Abymes," and here he has lived five years with his mother and his two children.

Here he receives his friends and here he writes his novels. The park of Abymes was designed by Vare, the gardener who arranged the Bois de Boulogne; and in one of the wings of the castle is a clock that tells the hour to all the surrounding villages. The entire castle was furnished by Georges Ohnet himself, and furnished in the most artistic manner. Gobelin tapestries are admired by Ohnet, as they are by Alexandre Dumas. Ohnet buys old authentic tapestries and covers walls and furniture.

His salon is Louis XV in style and the wood dates from that epoch; a curious clock is of carved wood, gilded and engraved with the arms of Brittany.

Behind a superb sofa, upholstered with Gobelin tapestries, is a buffet, inlaid with pearl brought from Tonquin and, scattered throughout the room, are Chinese bronzes, forming a curious combination with the Louis XV furniture.

The fireplace of the billiard-room is one of the curiosities of the castle. It is very old, was brought from Saint Denis, and represents the arms of France and Navarre.

The dining-room is a typical baronial hall, in Flemish style, and among its decorations is a fine copy of Ruysdeel's "Torrent."

From the large window of a study whose ceiling is raftered in pure Flemish style one sees a lake and the routes by which in 1871 the Prussians came to Paris.

There are those who reproach Georges Ohnet for his wealth. There are those who say that he has never had to battle with adversity and that fortune has always showered her favors upon him.

To some extent this is true. Georges Ohnet began life with a moderate competence, but although to-day he is wealthy, he has not always been favored by fortune. At first his manuscripts were refused in all directions and at least fifteen of his earlier plays never were produced—never were printed. Only in 1875 did "Regina Sarpi" appear at the Theater Historique, and since then Georges Ohnet has been accused of grasping all the chances in literature. The truth is Ohnet believes that in Paris there are only four serious theaters, and as each theater produces perhaps three plays a year, he has no right to represent his own plays oftener than once in two years.

In this he follows the advice of a dear friend who said to him, of "Serge Panine": "You have had a great success. Keep quiet for at least two years, and always allow a space of at least eighteen months between two productions, otherwise you will weary the public."

Ohnet writes only in the morning, very slowly, and six months are required to complete a novel; even two or three years before he puts a thought on paper he has prepared the plot, but he never makes a note. All is in his brain, and only when he has decided the slightest detail does he begin to write.

At present Georges Ohnet is writing two novels. "Vengeance de Femme" is a dramatic novel, in which he pictures living personages, and "Conquerante" is a "fin de siecle" novel, in which the reader finds the heroine in a shop and leaves her in a splendid home.

All Georges Ohnet's works belong to the series "Batailles de la Vie," but his novels gain much by their transformation into drama.

BARONESS ALTHEA SALVADOR.

REAL ESTATE INTELLIGENCE.

Another Piece of Market-Street Income Property Sold.

The Price Obtained Therefor Said to Be About $142,000—A Large Mortgage Recorded.

Building News—Sales.

It was ascertained late yesterday afternoon at a prominent real estate office that the sale of a Market-street business stand has been consummated at a figure in the neighborhood of $142,000. Full particulars of the transaction will likely be published on Tuesday.

MORTGAGES.

A loan of $250,000 was made by the German Savings Bank last week on the property situated on the east corner of Market and Fremont streets and two corners on Howard and Sixteenth for one year at 7 per cent.

The Hibernia Savings and Loan Society loaned $28,000 on similar terms on the northwest corner of Sutter and Sansome streets, and $20,000 on a lot 180x225 on the east line of Guerrero, 140 feet south of Fifteenth.

Contracts have been recorded during the past week amounting to $110,107, principally for improvements to be made in the Mission.

SALES.

G. H. Umbsen & Co. reported yesterday sales as follows: Lot 24x80 and improvements on the northeast line of Seventh street, 275 feet southwest of Howard, for $6600; lot 100x160 on the southwest line of Theresa street, 80:6 feet northwest of Mission, for $1525; lot 16:8x75, 542 Jessie street, for $4000; lot 27:6x137:6 and two cottages, 1111 Golden Gate avenue, $8500, and lot 25x114 and cottages, 417 Thirtieth street, between Sanchez and Noe, for $1900.

P. A. Dolan & Co. have disposed of the house and lot 23x113:6 on the south line of Vallejo street, 91:6 feet east of Webster, to Dr. L. Mathe for $7400.

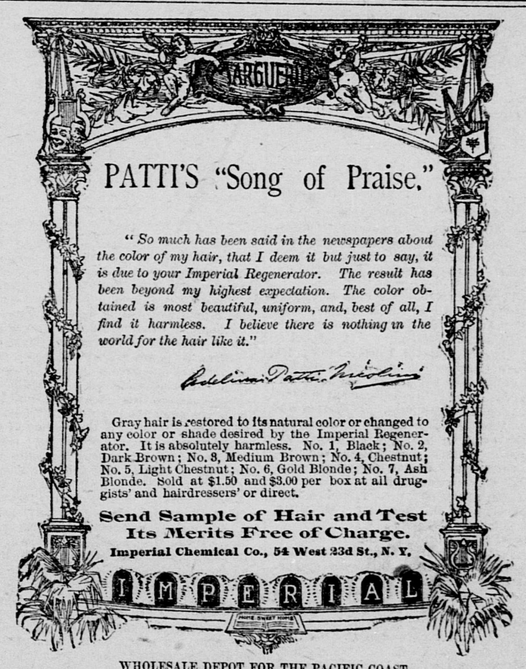
Wilson & Carr have disposed of lot 25x137:6 on Golden Gate avenue, near Masonic avenue, for $1750; house and lot 30x60 on Chelsea place, near Bush street, for $3750, and lot on Priest street, near Washington, 40x51, $1350.

BUILDERS' CONTRACTS.

I. C. Stump with Bush & Mallet, for tile work on southeast corner of Pine and Jones streets, $2200.

Eastland & Fowler's Stock.

J. J. Groom, receiver of Eastland & Fowler, has sued H. H. Goddard to recover possession of all the firm's merchandise lately conveyed to him by bill of sale, and valued at about $70,000. The complaint sets forth that Goddard obtained possession of the stock by falsely representing that he was in a better position than any one else to dispose of it to the advantage of all the creditors.



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Gray hair is restored to its natural color or changed to any color or shade desired by the Imperial Regenerator. It is absolutely harmless. No. 1, Black; No. 2, Dark Brown; No. 3, Medium Brown; No. 4, Chestnut; No. 5, Light Chestnut; No. 6, Gold Blonde; No. 7, Ash Blonde. Sold at $1.50 and $3.00 per box at all druggists' and hairdressers' or direct.

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