ATONEMENT.

WHAT ails you, my heart?
Are you sick? Are you sore?
Are you dead, or alive?
Though your plight I deplore,
I know not, for my part,
Why so poorly you thrive,
What ails you, my heart?

In your dawn, O my heart,
Like a musical wave
Of a fairy-land lake,
You danced blithe and brave,
Without thought, without art,
For sweet singing's sake,
You sang, O my heart.

In your morning, my heart,
You were loved, and did love,
With a glorious passion,
Part as angels above
Love God, and in part
In the sweet human fashion
Of youth, O my heart.

In your noon, O my heart,
You yearned for the light,
Your desire was for fame
In the battle for right.
You played a high part;
You won a pure name—
Then what ails you, my heart?

What is lacking, my heart?
What you craved has been given.
You have wrought; you have learned—
Then what secret unshriven,
What ill beyond art,
What page yet unturned,
Mars your peace, O my heart?

Yet hear, O my heart!
Success is illusion,
To love is to loss,
And content is confusion.
Ask the gods to impart
All you fain would refuse—
All you fear, O my heart!

Ask for death, O my heart!
For that death, bitter-sweet,
That is quick in the grave,
And outlives life's defeat,
Only then will depart
This peace of the slave,
And true peace come, my heart.

Immortal, my heart,
Is your birth—is your fate.
Higher aspire
In bonds finite who wait.
Buy nor sell in earth's mart,
For the rose of desire
Is surrender, my heart!

Julian Hawthorne, in Harper's Magazine for January.

THE GIRL IN THE CAB.

IN London, not many hundred yards from the rows of tall houses and fine squares which contain all that is most respectable in Bayswater—and very awe-inspiring that respectability is—lie some very gloomy, very dirty, and very much neglected slums, which, if they do not contain as large a proportion of the criminal classes as do some of the courts and alleys of the East End, contain a good many members of that class whose means of living are too precarious to leave their integrity absolutely above suspicion.

Charlie Farrington felt this as he picked his way through the puddles, and wished he had waited half an hour for his train at Latimer road instead of making a short cut. He had been playing the banjo at a penny reading—so called because nobody read and admission was free—organized by the energetic incumbent of St. Cuthbert's.

Short cuts, as every one knows, are often the longest ways, and Charlie very soon found himself in a blind alley between two dark rows of squalid cottages, with a blank wall and a heap of rubbish at the end, which last he could feel and smell only. He now began to wish he had taken his wife to the penny-reading, in which case they would have gone home together in a hansom, whereas now he was trying to return home cheaply, as a dutiful husband should. There were some very suspicious-looking customers slinking out of that cottage, should he ask them the way? Better not, perhaps. A banjo is not an effective weapon, and he was all alone and he had his gold watch and chain on, given him by his friends at the bank when he married. If only he could get a cab now! And then, as if in answer to his wish, there came a hansom trotting into the blind alley till the horse nearly struck the wall with his head, and the driver pulled it back on its haunches and swore.

A pretty girl was in the cab. She saw Charlie by the light of the cab lamps and called out in a frightened voice:

"Can you tell me where I am, sir? I think the driver is taking me the wrong way."

The driver was turning his horse rapidly and using the whip.

"Where do you want to go?" said Charlie Farrington, going to the horse's head and standing there.

"To Chester square."

"Where from?"

"Vicarage Gate."

Charlie Farrington whistled to himself. He could see where the driver could get a full view of his stalwart frame by the light of the cab lamps. He was six feet two in his stockings and ex-captain of a foot-ball club, and he said to the driver:

"Look here, my friend, this is not the way to Chester square and you know it."

The man grunted that he had lost his bearings.

"Then you had better find them again," said Farrington, dryly, "or you will have a cup of tea with me. Will you allow me to come with you?" he continued, raising his hat to the girl in the cab, and as she said nothing he got into the cab beside her.

She drew herself back and clung to him, which he rather liked.

"Where was he taking me to?" she said.

"Due west instead of south," he replied.

"Should I have been robbed and murdered if you had not come?"

"I don't know. I always thought yarns about wicked cabmen and their victims were all nonsense till now. Certainly it looked rather queer."

"I've heard they sometimes stab you through the little trap," she said, clinging still more closely to him in her agitation and fright, and apparently going to faint.

"I am very sorry I came if it wrote than look down," he answered, thinking of his engaged days. "Curious," he continued, "very curious. You say you came from Vicarage Gate, and I could have sworn I saw this gray horse and cab with yellow wheels standing outside the concert-hall I've been singing at."

She did not answer. Was she really going to faint? How awkward—he had better put his arm around her waist to steady her. A jolt made her lurch very near him, and he felt the little gloved hand fall upon his. He pressed it slightly for a few moments; then he thought of Mrs. Farrington sitting up waiting to give him his whisky and soda, and he repented and dropped it. Still he rather enjoyed the drive; more, perhaps, than his good little wife would have done if she had seen him. The driver evidently was on his best behavior, and was taking them straight to Chester square.

"I shall write down the man's number and inform the police of this," he said, presently; "what is it?" The little plate was rather blurred and hard to read inside the cab. "I'll call a policeman now, I think, and take you on in a fresh cab."

"Please don't," she said, quickly, though in a rather timid voice, "the truth of the matter is, my people think I have been in the country for the day, but I have really been to see a friend whom I—who—you know one has one's private pals. A good fellow like you will understand."

The slang rather jarred on Charlie Farrington, and the voice was not quite a refined one.

"You mean that you would rather have no fuss made?"

"That's it," she answered; "I thought you'd understand. The cabby may have meant to murder me, but to give him into custody and to have to give evidence of where I took him would be worse."

Charlie looked inquisitively at her. She had ceased clinging to his arm and was lying well back in the cab. Suddenly she peered out of the window, lifting the little blind at the side to see the house better.

"Here is the square," she said; "he has come along well; do you mind getting out? We must not drive up to the house together."

"Thank you, so much," she said, pressing his fingers rather hard. He reciprocated slightly, though he was a young married man and a very good husband, too. "You have saved my life, perhaps."

"Does the driver know your number?"

"Yes; I told him when I got in."

And off she drove.

"She must live right to the other end of the square," said Charlie to himself as he walked in the same direction, and saw the hansom steadily pursuing its way. "By Jovel they are passing the church! The villain can't be playing more tricks; he must know I should have his number. Phew! I must go home before I do anything. I wish I'd not got out."

And home he went to his little house, and his wife was very glad to see him back so early. But before he could tell her anything about his drive—and he meant to tell her something—she cried out:

"Why, where is your watch?"

Sure enough, it was gone; presentation watch, chain and all his money and his pearl studs, nipped clean off at the setting, as if with a pair of shears.

Then he managed to tell his story—more of it, perhaps, than he originally intended, for there was some reproach in his wife's eyes as she tried to console him, and they talked over what they should do.

But the constable on duty outside the concert hall knows nothing of the man who drove a gray horse in a yellow-wheeled hansom, and who was waiting there when the people came out on the night of the penny reading.

And there is no cab licensed with the number .00156.—Selected.

How to Kill a Turtle.

A big turtle afforded the usual amusement for men and boys in front of a Madison-street restaurant. An on-looker raised up his voice and said he would bet a dollar that no one in the crowd could tell the process by which a turtle is killed. Whether no one know, or whether the crowd had been caught in the Baring Brothers' whirl, is not known, but the bet remained open. The man lowered it to a half, and it still remained "on the table." After he had departed another man, a little fellow without any overcoat or shirt-collar, said: "If I had had any stuff I would have taken that bet. I am a professional turtle-killer. The business is a profession, and isn't picked up in a day. Now, I will explain to you gentlemen how to kill a turtle. I know none of you could do it after I tell you, but I want to show you that the duffer who bluffed the crowd doesn't know it all. See? Now pay attention. First persuade your turtle to stick out his head, and when he does you cut his throat. If he gets obstinate and refuses to stick out his head it may be necessary to grab the head with a pair of strong nippers and hold the head between them until the throat is cut. Then you cut the muscles that connect the body with the shell and leave the turtle to die. Now, how many of you can tell me how long that will take? None. Of course not. You don't know. Well, about twenty-four hours. There is a good deal of the human about a turtle. It likes to hang on, the turtle does. If I had had the stuff I could have won that bet." A philanthropic man in the crowd, who said he was fond of turtle soup, tipped the man a quarter and passed on.—Chicago Tribune.

THE STOCK MARKET.

Firmness characterized mining stocks yesterday Potosi sold up to $5 37½ in the afternoon call of the San Francisco Board, while the stock touched $5 75 in the Pacific Board. Bullion rose to $2 40 and the other stocks were also strong.

The demand was much lower as will be seen below.

Local securities were dull, with a decline in Safety Nitro Powder to $7 75.

The German Savings and Loan Society has declared a dividend of 5.40 per cent per annum on term deposits and 4½ per cent on ordinary deposits, payable January 2d.

The Merchants' Exchange Bank (in liquidation for the past fifteen years) has declared another dividend, payable on the 29th.

BOARD SALES.

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

REGULAR SESSION—9:30 A. M.

300 Alpha	.95	150 C C & V	2.60	100 Ophir	2¾
50 Belcher	1.40	150	2½	150	2.70
50	1.45	50 C Point	1.15	100 Overm	1.80
50	1½	200 Exchq	.55	100 Potosi	5.00
100 Belle I	.50	240 G & C	1.35	800	5¼
150 I & B	2.05	300 H & N	1.35	450	5⅛
5	2.10	100 Justice	.95	100 Savage	1.60
2150 Bullion	2.35	20 Kentuck	1.00	100 S H & M	.90
700	2.30	200 Mexican	2.30	100 Union	1.60
300 Caledonia	.35	100	2.35	300 Utah	.45
100 Chall C	1.60	100 N Com	.60	250 W Com	.45
200 Challar	2¼	600 Occid	.85		

AFTERNOON SESSION—2:30.

50 Alpha	.95	100 Challar	2.20	150 Potosi	5⅜
50 I & B	2.15	50	2½	100 S H & M	.90
150	2.10	50 C C & V	2.60	100 S Nev	1.65
250 Bodie	.76	300 C Imp	.20	50	1.60
50	.80	100 Crocker	1½	100 S King	.25
600 Bullion	2.35	100 N Comth	.70	100 Union	1.60
20	2.40	350 Occidn	.70	250 Utah	.45
100	2.30	50 Ophir	2.90	150 W Com	.45
200 Caledonia	.40	600 Potosi	5½	50 Yjacket	1.80
100 Comth	.95				

Following were the sales in the Pacific Stock Board yesterday:

REGULAR SESSION—10:30.

100 Alpha	.95	500 Bodie	.65	200 Occidnt	.80
100	.98	300 Caledona	.40	150 Ophir	2.85
100 Alta	.70	200 Chall C	1.60	100 Potosi	4.90
100 Andes	.66	300 Challar	2.35	150	5¼
100 Belcher	1.35	100 C C & V	2.60	100	5⅜
100	1.40		.50		5½
150 B & B	2.00	100 C Imp	.17	200	5⅝
200 Bullion	.37	100 Crocker	1½	200	5⅞
300	2.40	50 C Point	1.10	100 Savage	1.55
100	.80	100 Exchq	.55	250 Scorpion	.15
100	.85	100	.57	100 S H & M	.90
100	.30	200	.60	350 S Nev	1.60
200	2.40	50 H & N	1.40	200 Union	1.60
650	2.35	100 Kentuck	1.00	100	1⅝
300	2.30	100 Lady W	.20	200 Utah	.44
150	2.35	100 Mexican	2.30	150 Y Jacket	1.90
100	2.60	200 Mono	.45		

REGULAR SESSION—2:30.

100 Alpha	.99	100 Caledona	.38	100 Occidn	.85
100 Alta	.70	200 Chall C	1.60	50	.75
250 I & B	2.05	100	1.65	50 Potosi	5⅝
250 Bodie	.75	300 Challar	2.30	100	5¼
100	.68	100	2.20	100	5½
1250 Bullion	2.50	50	2.20	100	5⅝
100	2.45	100	2.15	100	5.00
100	2.60	200	2.10	150 S B & M	.90
300	2.55	150 C Point	1.20	100 S Nev	1.65
100	2.50	200 Exchq	.60	100 Union	1.60
200	2.35	500 Exchequ	.59	100 Union	1.60
200	2.30	300	.60	200 Utah	.46
100	2.30	100 Mexican	2.30	100 Y Jacket	1.95
100	2.30	200 Mono	.45	250	1.80
200 C Imp	.19	200 Overm	1.80	100	1.85
200	.20				

CLOSING QUOTATIONS.

FRIDAY, Dec. 26—4 P. M.

	Bid.	Asked.		Bid.	Asked.
Alpha Con	.85	.90	Justice	.95	1.00
Alta	.70	.75	Kentuck	.00	.05
Andes	.65	.70	Lady Washgn	.20	.25
Belcher	1.40	1.45	Locomotive	.—	.05
Belle Isle	.25	.50	Mexican	2.25	2.30
Benton Con	1.00	.—	Mono	.45	.50
Best & Belcher	2.00	2.10	Navajo	.15	.20
Bodie	.75	.76	New Queen	.05	.10
Bullion	2.20	2.25	N Belle Isle	.75	.80
Bulwer	.10	.—	N Comonwith	.65	.70
Caledonia	.40	.45	Occidental	.70	.75
Challenge Con	1.50	1.55	Ophir	2.75	2.80
Chollar	2.05	2.10	Overman	1.70	1.75
Commonwealth	.90	1.00	Potosi	.10	.15
Con Cal & Va	2.50	2.60	Prospect	.10	.15
Con New York	.20	.25	Potosi	4.95	5.00
Confidence	4.90	—	Savage	1.60	1.65
Con Imperial	.10	.20	S B & Mides t	.90	.95
Crocker	.10	.15	Scorpion	.10	.15
Crown Point	1.10	1.15	Sierra Nevada	1.55	1.60
Eureka Con	.20	.25	Silver Hill	.20	.25
Exchequer	.50	.55	Union Con	1.55	1.60
Gould & Curry	1.30	1.35	Utah	.40	.45
Grand Prize	.10	.20	Weldon	.10	.20
Hale & Norcrs	1.30	1.35	Y Jacket	1.80	1.85
Julia	.15	.20			

MISCELLANEOUS SECURITIES.

FRIDAY, Dec. 26—2 P. M.

	Bid.	Asked.		Bid.	Asked.
U S Bds 4's	118⅞	119½	Pacific Light	76½	77¾
Cntac Gw Bds	109⅞	101¾	S F Gaslight	57	57½
Dupont Bds	118	118	Stakton G & H	.50	.—
F & C Ice Ry Bds	.—	108	Cal-st R R	108½	—
M & P R R Bds	—	102	Central R R	—	14½
Market R R Bds	—	125½	City R R	55	60
N P Coast R R	.99	102	F & C Bks Ry	—	40
N P R R Bds	—	115½	Geary-st R R	.92	—
N Beach R R Bds	—	110	N B & M R R	55	60
Omnibus Cbd	.117	117½	Omnibus R R	—	76
P & C R R Bds	.117	—	Presidio R R	—	29
Pac Ry Bds	.94	100½	Anglo Nev As	94½	88¼
Powell Ry Bds	.112	118	California Ass	—	114½
S F R R Ar Bds	104	107	Commerc'l Ins	82½	—
S P R R Cal Bds	.110	113½	Fireman's Fd	—	160
S P R R Cal 1878	.92½	—	Home Mutual	150	155
S F Br R Cal Bds	—	109½	State Investm't	76	—
S V Water 6's	.120	—	Union Ins	85¼	87¼
S V Water 4's	—	95	Atlantic Pow	—	43
Anglo Cal Bank	—	80	Cal Powder	.—	150
Bank of Cal	279	280	Giant Powder	—	63
Cal Safe Deposit	—	49	Safety Nitro	7¾	8
First National Bank	—	173½	Vigorit Pow	3¾	5
L P & A m Bank	122	127	Vulcan Pow	—	14
L & S F Bank	35	—	Cal Elec Light	16¼	17
Pacific Bank	—	170	Cal Elec Wks	21¼	7
Merch Ex Bank	—	25	Haw'n Com	14½	15
Blue Lakes Ws	15	—	Hutch'n Sugar	16	—
Contra Costa W	95½	—	Judah'n R'd Co	20	21
Marin Co W	—	48	Oceanic S S	—	80¼
S V Water	93	94	Pac B S & S	70	71
Central Wks	100	102	Pac Ins & Sal	—	34
Los Angs Gas	55	—	Pac Phonogr	—	2
Oakland Gas	34	34¾	Pac Woodnw'e	—	35
Pac Gas Im Co	68¾	—			

MORNING SALES.

Board—15 S F Gaslight, 57; 15 Bank of California, 280.

AFTERNOON SALES.

Board—200 Safety Nitro Powder, 8; 150 do, 7¾; 5 do, 7⅞.

SOMETHING TO LAUGH AT.

"Hark! Somebody is playing a delightful bit of Wagner."

"Oh, that's only James shoveling coal into the furnace."—Life.

* * *

"That's right, my boy. I'm glad you have thrashed the miller's son; but what had he done to you?" "He said I looked like you, father."—Fliegende Blatter.

* * *

Trivvet (sadly)—I have done all I can to make Miss Ophelia love me, but she remains obdurate. Dicey (unfeelingly)—Why not hypnotize her?—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

* * *

"Can women be the heads of business firms in this country?" "Yes, but there's one position they never assume, if married." "The senior member?" "No, the silent partner."

* * *

The following written definition of the word "bachelor" was handed in by a fifth-grade boy: "A bachelor is a man who has no wife, nor wants no wife, nor can't get no wife."—Lulling Signal.

* * *

Miss Brenton—I'll marry you under one condition. Baron Hartz—I will accept any condition, mein own. Miss Brenton—Get Dick Westend's consent. I've been engaged to him for a week, and he might want to keep me.—Judge.

* * *

She (reproachfully)—I didn't get a Christmas present. He (gallantly) — Probably Santa Claus was unable to see anything so diminutive as your stocking. And he basked in the radiance of her smile during the remainder of the evening.—N. Y. Herald.

* * *

In Paris: Mr. Packer—I guess I'll buy the picture, Maria.

Maria—But, papa, the picture is low in tone and color.

Mr. Packer—What's the difference. I ain't buying a music-box.—Texas Siftings.

* * *

"Hey, lady, you have dropped your muskrat collar!" He held it out to her, and three or four pedestrians came to a halt. She was equal to the occasion. Drawing herself up, and assuming all the dignity of a queen, she waved the boy aside and said: "Thank you, little boy, but some poor woman probably dropped it. My seal-skin collar is safe at home."—Detroit Free Press.

St JACOBS OIL
THE BEST.

Rheumatism.

N. Ogden, Mich., May 17, 1890.
"A half bottle of your invaluable medicine, St. Jacobs Oil, cured me of rheumatism and rheumatic swelling of the knee. It is the best in the universe."
J. M. L. PORTER.

Neuralgia.

Hagerstown, Md., April 21, 1890.
"I, and others of my family, have used St. Jacobs Oil for neuralgia and found it a speedy, effective cure."
MRS. AGNES KELLEY.

IT HAS NO EQUAL.
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SEA AND SHORE.

Report of the British Ship Toxteth, From London.

Arrival of the Steamer Australia—Latest From the Wrecks at Santa Rosalia—Mutiny on the Carondelet.

Among the arrivals yesterday was the British ship Toxteth, Captain Whiting, 146 days from London, with a cargo of general merchandise for Meyer & Wilson. The captain reports that off the Horn the ship encountered a succession of northwest gales, and was 25 days from 56° south in the Atlantic to 56° south in the Pacific. Made Piedras Blancas on December 19th, and had to beat up to port against northeast winds.

Captain Whiting also reports that on November 22d, in latitude 15° 52' south, longitude 101° 25' west, Charles Scott, a native of Wales, 36 years of age, fell from the lower maintopsail yard on to the bridge leading to the poop deck and was killed instantly. He was buried at sea.

The weather was hazy at Point Lotos yesterday and the wind all day light from the northeast. The barometer read: At 8 o'clock in the morning, 30.15; at noon, 30.15; at 5 o'clock in the afternoon, 30.09.

THE WRECKS AT SANTA ROSALIA.

Captain T. P. H. Whitelaw, the wrecker, returned on Thursday evening from Santa Rosalia, Mexico, and was on 'Change yesterday. Regarding the wrecked vessels, Selene and A. Thiers, which he recently purchased down there, the veteran wrecker says that their hulls are so badly damaged that it would not pay to haul them off the beach and repair them, and his wrecking crew is now engaged in stripping the vessels and saving the anchors, chains, rigging and everything that can be salved.

The Selene had on board when she went ashore 400 tons of coal and coke and 40 tons of copper matte and the Thiers had 500 tons of coal. This has been saved and sold, the coal for $8 per ton and the coke for $10. The vessels are high and dry, a sand-bar having formed around them by the action of the waves, and it is probable that the hulls will be broken up and brought to this city and sold for old iron.

The steamer Australia, Captain Houdlette, arrived yesterday, seven days from Honolulu, bringing thirty-nine cabin and fourteen steerage passengers. Among the cargo she brought were 9844 bags sugar, 3208 bags rice, 7050 bunches and 818 boxes of bananas, one merry-go-round, 144 cases betel leaves, thirty-three cases fruit and one box coin ($1520.)

MUTINY ON THE CARONDELET.

The ship Carondelet left Port Townsend on Wednesday for Port Pirrie, Australia, with 1,000,000 feet of lumber, valued at $11,560. On Tuesday a non-union crew that had been shipped refused to obey orders, taking unbrage at some action of Lloyd, the chief mate. The men refused to turn to until he was discharged and the assistance of a revenue cutter was called and the men were all placed in irons. They broke their irons after the cutter left and took charge of the ship. The revenue cutter was again called on and the mutineers were put in irons and foot separately. Six volunteered to work and were released and the vessel towed to sea, the recalcitrant ones being still in irons.

The steamer Jeanie, Captain Porter, arrived yesterday, 11 days from Seattle, and the steamer Empire, Captain Butler, 10 days from Departure Bay. Both vessels go into Neah Bay on account of the recent heavy gales on the coast, and were five days coming down from there.

Captain Foss of the man-of-war Sperber unveiled a monument at Apia, Samoa, last month to the memory of the men lost during the hurricane of the German warships two years ago. Consul-General Stuebel and all the German residents in Samoa were present at the ceremony.

BOUND FOR ST. VINCENT.

G. W. McNear has secured the British steamer Strathclyde to load a full cargo of wheat for St. Vincent for orders. This is the first steamer chartered for wheat loading at this port for a month of a year. The last previous steamer for this purpose was the Southern California, which sailed hence for St. Vincent November 14, 1889. This steamer was brought out from England for the coal trade between British Columbia and Wilmington, but was found unsuitable, and was sold to parties in Europe and sent back after having been there about two years. The Southern California was the first steamer to leave this port for Europe with wheat between October 10, 1886, and November 14, 1889.

In 1881-82 there were seven steamers loaded and cleared from this port for Europe, two of these, the Escsalia, capsized in crossing the bar and proved a total loss. In November, 1882, the big steamer Silvertown left this port with the largest cargo of wheat ever taken out. There was a wheat steamer hence in 1883, two in 1884, one in 1885 and one in 1886. The next was in 1889, and this one now chartered will not go away until 1891.

The steamer Mexico sailed yesterday morning for Guaymas and other Mexican ports. She carried fifteen cabin passengers and an unusually large cargo of merchandise.

VESSELS IN TROUBLE.

A dispatch received at the Merchants' Exchange yesterday from Port Townsend says: The Helen N. Kimball, with lumber from Humbolt, put in with cargo shifted and loss of sails. Part of the deck-load will probably have to be discharged.

The British ship Fort George, which arrived late on Thursday night after a short passage of 124 days from Cardiff, exchanged signals with the ship Earl of Dalhousie, hence, in latitude 24° 13' north, longitude 125° 5' west.

The trial trip of the new ferry-boat Uklah, owned by the San Francisco and North Pacific Railroad Company, will be made on the bay to-day. She will have on board as a party of invited guests and will make the run to Tiburon and back.

The barkentine Eureka, from San Diego for Grays Harbor, put into Grays Harbor with loss of sails.

The ship Glenmart, for this port, was spoken on September 25th in latitude 37° 45' south, longitude 51° 28' west.

The steamer Gaelic, hence, arrived at Yokohama on Wednesday.

MOVEMENTS OF VESSELS.

The ship Henry Failing went from the Arctic Oil Works up to Balfour's Wharf, Port Costa, yesterday.

The U. S. S. Bear went to Oakland Creek.

The steamer South Coast, which was recently on the rocks at Fort Bragg, went on the dry-dock at the Union Iron Works.

The Stockbridge hauled into the stream from Spear street.

The steamer Willamette Valley docked at the sea-wall.

The ship Thermopylæ will dock at Union street to-day.

The Crown of India will go to-day to McNear's Wharf and the General Knox to Balfour's Wharf, Port Costa.

The steamer Australia will commence to receive freight to-day and will sail for Honolulu on January 2d.

JILTED THE SAME MAN TWICE.

Pretty Nettie Carpenter, the Violinist, Again Disappoints Mr. Thurshfield.

London professional and even social circles are discussing with avidity certain interesting facts which have leaked out concerning pretty Nettie Carpenter, the American violinist, who, a few months ago, startled her friends both in Europe and America by suddenly engaging herself to George Thurshfield, a young barrister of Lincoln's Inn, and then sensationally running away on the eve of marriage. All sorts of stories are told about Miss Carpenter's coquetry, but not a word of scandal is breathed against her. It is said that the younger son of a British nobleman is paying her very flattering attention and that he has hopes of wedding her and of incidentally becoming her manager. When Nettie ran away to escape the marriage bonds she took refuge at the house of Mr. Whistler. She has since been chaperoned by the doctor's wife. For a while everything went smoothly. She had spoiled love's young dream, yet her spirits were apparently as buoyant as youth, health and pleasant surroundings could make them. For fiddling for half an hour in the Albert Hall or playing a couple of tunes at some swell private concert in London Miss Nettie got £100 a night and sometimes more. She drove a smart trap in Hyde Park, and it was quite a treat to see the piquant, independent American in the procession during the late London season bowing to the dandies and moguls of fashion, every one of whom she knew and the majority of whom had patronized her.

During Nettie's courtship it was observed that her mother, Mme. Wesley M. Carpenter, of the Villa Sarasanette, Dieppe, France, was conspicuous by her absence from London. The fact that Mrs. Carpenter, who is the widow of Dr. Carpenter, the well-known microscopist, was still absent on the eve of her daughter's proposed wedding excited still further gossip. It has since become known that mother and daughter had become estranged. Nettie is high spirited and resented maternal control. Days would elapse during which, though living under the same roof, neither would speak a word. One day Miss Nettie announced her intention of taking up her residence at the Midland Grand Hotel, the host and hostess of which are her great admirers. Nettie became, in a literal sense, their guest. Of late, as stated she has lived with the Whistlers, where her lines fell in pleasant places. About two months ago, however, her pursuit of pleasure was interrupted in a most disagreeable way. George Thurshfield turned up. Instead of the robust youth of six months before, Nettie saw a thin, puny boy, who was apparently in the last stages of consumption. They met at Dr. Whistler's house. George almost forced an entrance. There was a touching interview, but Nettie was obdurate. George went away, and his parting threat was that if Nettie did not marry him he would shoot himself. He haunted the neighborhood. A day or two afterward he and Nettie met face to face on the street. George said:

"Come, I want you to go with me. We will go to the drug-store. I have a prescription here which we must both take. It will end my troubles and yours."

They went to the drug-store, but the clerk's suspicions were aroused and he refused to fill the prescription. About this time Dr. Whistler cabled to Mme. Carpenter, who was in New York, requesting her to come at once to London. Meanwhile Nettie, moved by her former lover's conditions and affrighted by his threats that he would take his life, had again promised him her hand. George was destined to another bitter, humiliating disappointment, for when the hour arrived for the marriage Nettie for the second time backed out. Neither the tears of the bereaved family nor the supplications of the boy himself, nor the importunities of her immediate friends, could change her decision. George, broken in health and spirits, it is said, is going to Australia.—London special to Chicago Herald.

A GREAT ARTIST.

Duke Lorenzo de Medici and the Boy Michael Angelo.

One afternoon the Duke Lorenzo de Medici, in walking through the garden, came upon young Michael Angelo, who was busily chiseling his first piece of sculpture. The Duke saw in the stone the face of a faun which the boy was copying from an antique mask, but which, with his usual impatience of imitation, he was changing so as to show the open lips and teeth. "How is it," said the Duke, drawing closer, "that you have given your faun a complete set of teeth? Don't you know that such an old fellow was sure to have lost some of them?" Michael Angelo at once saw the justice of the criticism. Artists are not always ready to receive adverse comment. Michael Angelo himself was quick-tempered and hard to move. A hot word to one of his boy companions on a certain occasion brought so severe a blow in the face that all truthful portraits of Michael Angelo have since had his nose bitten with a broken nose. But the Duke's criticism was kindly given and was plainly warranted, and the young sculptor could hardly wait until the Duke walked on before beginning the correction. When the Duke saw the faun's face again he found some of the teeth gone, and the empty sockets skillfully chiseled out.

Delighted with the evidence of the lad's willingness to seize and act upon a suggestion, and impressed anew by his artistic skill, the Duke made inquiries, learned that Michael Angelo had borrowed stone and tools on his own account in his eagerness to begin sculpture (he was first set at drawing from the statuary), and ended by sending for the boy's father. The result of the consultation was that the Duke took Michael Angelo under his own special patronage and protection, and was so well pleased after he had done it that no favor seemed too great to bestow upon the energetic young artist. Michael Angelo, then only 15 years old, not only remained to the Duke's palace to pursue sculpture and an apartment in the Medici Palace itself, but had a place at the Duke's table. In fact, a real attachment grew up between Michael Angelo and the Duke, who frequently called the boy to his own rooms, when he would open a cabinet of gems and jewels, seek his young visitor's opinions and enter into long and confidential talks.—Alexander Black in January St. Nicholas.

REAL ESTATE TRANSACTIONS.

S. G. Kellogg to Alexander Brown, lot on the N. line of Nineteenth st., 180 E. of Noe, E. 25x114 10
Winfred M. Byrne to William J. Gunn, lot on W. line of Tenth ave., 100 S. of Clement st., S. 50x120 10
Edward B. Louisson et al. to Peter McDonald, lot 81, Block 15, Mission and Thirtieth Streets Homestead 10
Emily E. Barstow to William C. Clark, lot on E. line of Third ave., 209:6 S. of California, S. 12:6x120, W. 87:6, N. 12:6, E. 87:6 ..... Gift
Hertz Morris to Sarah Morris, subdivision 40, South Park ..... Gift
James F. Jones to Michael Young, lot on S. line of Broad ave., 210 E. of Plymouth st., E. 50x125 10
Rudolph Wanner to James F. Rock 10
Lewis Wolfe (by executors) to Kasparе Cohn, lots 1, Block 15, and lot 15, Block 4, Market-st. Homestead 5,000
Martha Ross to James Ross, lot on W. line of Hitch st., 100 N. of Harrison, N. 25x75; also lot on W. line of Steiner st., 50 N. of Waller, N. 25x106:3 5
James Ross to Martha Ross, lot on W. line of Langton st., 105 NW. of Harrison, NW. 25x80 ..... Gift
Laurel Hill Cemetery Association to James Ross, lot 2685, Laurel Hill Cemetery Association 162
Jacob Rectowald (by administrator) to James R. McElroy, lot on S. line of Oak st., 82:6 W. of Buchanan, W. 27:8x120 3,710
Robert C. Harrison to William T. Cumming, same 1
James R. McElroy to William T. Cummins, same 3,710
Henry B. Sheldon and wife to Patrick J. Martin, outside lands, Block 1059 100
Patrick Murphy (Trustee) to Michael Price, lot on S. line of Chestnut st., 74 W. of Stockton, W. 29:11½x55; also lot on SW. cor. of Stockton and Church sts., W. 25x100, reconveyance 10
Michael Price (by executors) to Henry Kern, lot on NW. cor. of Fifteenth and Church sts., W. 25x100 500
Henry B. Kern to Francis S. Spring, same 10
Henry B. Fiske to O. T. Lemon, lots 1370 to 1376, 1397 to 1399, Gift Map 3 10
Louis A. Levy and wife to George Haas, lot on S. line of O'Farrell st., 62:6 E. of Octavia, E. 37:6x137:6 8,350
Agnes Clark to Frederick Kraus and wife, lot on W. line of Valencia st., 176:6 N. of T. Potrero, S. 25x100 10
W. Zell Easton to L. I. Albert, lot on W. line of Forty-eighth ave., 150 S. of S st., S. 25x120 10
William A. Jones to Alfred G. Nygard, lot beg. 350 ft. S. from SW. cor. of SW. ¼ of Section 1, Township 2 south, Range 6 W., Mount Diablo meridian, S. 5x10 chains; also lot beg. 600 ft. E. from mouth of Point Lobos Creek, N. 5x10 chains 10
Theodore G. Bitty to Alfred G. Nygard, undivided 50 acres of Bitty Tract 5
Joseph Rotnschild to Joseph T. Poheim, lot on NE. cor. of Hayes and Lyon sts., E. 137:6x137:6 10
B. Klumpke to Lizzie Thoynan, lot 5, Block 40, Sunny Vale Homestead 5
Chester S. Packard to D. G. Waldron, lot on W. line of Fifth ave., 125 N. of Clement st., N. 50x120 10
Adolph Sutro to L. A. R. Mack, lot 12, Block F, Park-lane Tract 10
Thomas R. Dunn to Edward Dick, lot 1731, Gift Map 3 10
Henry B. Sheldon & wife to Thomas W. Mulford, lot ont NW. cor. O st. and Forty-first ave., N. 300, W. 120, N. 300, W. 120, S. 600, E. 240 75
Thomas W. Mulford to Charles W. Wright, lot on SE. cor. N st. and Forty-second ave., S. 600, E. 240, N. 300, W. 120, N. 300, E. 120 10
Albert Wilford to Louis Mathe, lot on S. line of Vallejo st., 91:6 S. of Webster, S. 23x113:3 10
Julian H. van Reed to B. Bryant, lot on E. line of Thirty-ninth ave., 200 S. of O st., S. 25x120 ..... Gift
Mary Butler to James Butler, lot 11, Block 487, Bay View Homestead Association 10
Jacob Heyman to F. Vanderveeken, lot 155, Cobb Tract 10
J. F. Smith (by attorney) to Andrew F. Magram, lot on W. line of Tenth ave., 200 N. of J st., N. 25x120 10
Patrick Hayes to Samuel J. Hayes, lot on SE. line of Natoma st., 190 SW. of First, SW. 22:6x80; also lot on NW. line of Minnie st., 300 SW. of First, SW. 24:2x80; also lot on SE. line of Natoma st., 264:6 SW. of First, SW. 72x80 10
Thomas C. Banks and wife to Rudolph Shirek, lot on N. line of California st., 68:9 E. of Stockton, E. 34:9, N. 60, E. 20, N. 77:6, W. 68:9, S. 137:6 10
J. F. Smith (by attorney) to M. C. Gorham, lot on S. line of 17st