LATEST TALLY QUOTATIONS.

Colonel Robinson Still Dabbling in Shorts.

DEFEATS TRAVELING IN PAIRS.

Oakland Takes Two and San Jose Follows Suit at Sacramento After a Hard Fight for Victory — McCloskey Breaks Catcher Speer's Leg in a Wild Slide for Life and the Home Plate—Amateur Games—Standing of the Clubs.

A careful review of the tally market for the past week shows a decided gain in some quarters. The market yesterday displayed more activity than at any time during the week. Twice did Frisco bull the market with Oakland on the bear side of the fence, and a similar transaction took place on the board at Sacramento in which Horseshoe Finn's hitters held the shorts.

One small batch of fair to medium tallies, which were knocked down to Oakland last Friday, has created a more confident feeling in pennant circles. Their efforts to cover shorts yesterday with a little fresh buying by the Colonel made the market the liveliest and strongest that it has been for some time, but the expectation that the tally statement would show a material increase in the per cent reserve proved disappointing. Final changes show a gain in Sacramento stocks, with a gentle decline in other grades.

We quote: Foul tips were freely offered, but found few takers, though some of the choicer varieties were accepted at considerable risk.

Base hits were dull and weak, the demand at all times being far in excess of the supply.

Three-baggers continued firm and high, with a strong upward tendency, while a decided stringency was noted in home runs.

Errors, slightly damaged by the hot weather, became a drug in the market early in the week, but stocks were replenished sufficiently to more than meet all demands.

A good article in the earned-run line sold at fancy prices, but few of them are coming in.

A GAME WITHOUT THRILLS.

In order to prove that history in the California League repeats itself it is only necessary to state that Oakland lost both games yesterday. This is a regular weekly statement, and arrangements are being made to have it stereotyped in order to save time in the composing-room.

The feature of the afternoon contest was the utter absence of thrills which should accompany each and every ball game. It was commonplace—exceedingly so. Some of the Colonels played like a lot of section hands waiting for the 6 o'clock whistle to blow. The poor fellows are suffering with ong wee, which is French for tired. If any one wishes to know what causes this fatigue let them look at the percentages in another column.

Mike Fitzgerald, pitcher, late of Colorado Springs, appeared in defense of the Colonels. While not so gifted as the phenomenal Mr. Balsz of Vallejo, Mr. Fitzgerald is an earnest and able exponent of the slow drop; also an out curve that is not on good terms with the plate. He did not win the game. Neither was he responsible for the bungling work back of him. Early in the affair the Friscos realized that all things come to him who waits, even a base on balls. So they waited. They also struck the balls that Mr. Fitz handed in, and rapped out ten singles.

Cobb pitched a winning game for the home team. The Colonels managed to hit the ball often enough, but clean fielding prevented the runs from piling up. Oaklands four tallies were brought in with the stick. They had the lead up to the third inning. Then O'Neill tried to cover short field, missed a grounder and filled the bags. His wild throw to the plate let in a run. Phillips made another break of the same kind and two more men scored. A double by Sharp in the next brought two more runs and another pair were captured before the game ended. The contest closed with a score of 8 to 4. Hassamer played a brilliant fielding game, making some fine stops and throws. Following is the score:

AT SAN FRANCISCO, JUNE 14, 1891.

SAN FRANCISCOS.	AB.	R.	BH.	SB.	PO.	A.	E.
J. Sharp, 2 b.	6	1	2	0	6	5	1
Sweeney, c. f.	6	0	0	0	0	0	0
Clark, c.	5	1	1	0	3	1	0
Levy, l. f.	5	1	3	1	2	0	0
Cartwright, 1 b.	4	0	1	0	13	0	1
Swett, 3 b.	3	1	1	0	0	2	0
Hassamer, s. s.	3	1	0	0	1	6	1
G. Sharp, r. f.	5	1	1	1	1	0	0
Cobb, p.	4	2	1	0	0	4	1
Totals	41	8	10	2	27	18	4

OAKLANDS.	AB.	R.	BH.	SB.	PO.	A.	E.
Long, c. f.	4	2	2	1	2	0	0
Cahill, l. f.	5	0	1	0	1	0	1
Hardie, r. f.	5	0	0	0	3	0	0
Phillips, s. s.	4	0	3	0	3	6	1
Stevens, c.	4	0	0	0	3	1	0
Cantillion, 2 b.	4	0	0	0	4	2	1
Youngman, 1 b.	4	1	1	0	7	1	0
O'Neil, 3 b.	4	0	1	0	2	3	3
Fitzgerald, p.	4	1	2	0	2	2	0
Totals	38	4	10	1	27	14	5

SCORE BY INNINGS.

San Franciscos	0	0	1	3	2	0	1	1	0—8
Base hits	1	0	3	1	1	1	1	2	0—10
Oaklands	1	0	1	1	0	0	0	0	1—4
Base hits	2	1	1	2	1	1	1	0	2—11

Earned runs—San Franciscos, 2. Oaklands, 2. Two-base hits—J. Sharp, Levy, Cartwright, Cahill. Sacrifice hits—Cahill 2, Hardie, O'Neil, Swett, Long, J. Sharp, Hassamer. First base on errors—San Franciscos 3, Oaklands 3. First base on called balls—San Franciscos 6, Oaklands 1. Left on bases—San Franciscos 12, Oaklands 8. Struck out—By Cobb, 3, by Fitzgerald 2. Double plays—Phillips to O'Neil, Swett to Sharp to Cartwright, Swett to Sharp to Cartwright. Time of game—2 hours. Umpire—Sheridan. J. W. Stapleton, official scorer.

THE FORENOON GAME.

Pop Swett's Three-Bagger Won for Harris' Team.

The treatment received by Oakland on its own grounds in the morning was simply an indication of what was to come later on. Oakland fell three tallies short of Frisco in the general result. As usual, the tail-enders took the lead for a few minutes and then dropped back into second place.

In the third for the Colonels Stevens got a base on balls and was advanced to second on Cantillion's sacrifice. He hit a hot one to Swett, which struck on his breast and bounded to the pitcher, who threw the batsman out at first. Youngman drove a single to center and Stevens scored on O'Neil's sacrifice fly. Youngman scored on Sommers' long drive to right. In the fifth O'Neill got away on a double and scored on a passed ball and a single.

Then Frisco went to work. Clark had scored in the third on a base on balls and a three-bagger by Levy. In the fifth, with the bags full, Sommers forced in a run on balls. Then Pop Swett lined out a three-bagger, which brought in three runs. He came home on Hassamer's sacrifice fly. This ended the run-getting. Peter Sommers pitched an excellent game. So did Otto Young, each pitcher giving the opposing force five hits. The feature of the game was big Bill Hassamer's work at short. He accepted fourteen different chances without an error. The score is as follows:

AT OAKLAND JUNE 14, 1891.

SAN FRANCISCOS.	AB.	R.	BH.	SB.	PO.	A.	E.
J. Sharp, 2 b.	5	0	0	0	2	3	1
Sweeney, c. f.	4	1	0	0	4	0	1
Clarke, c.	4	2	1	1	1	2	0
Levy, l. f.	4	1	1	1	1	0	0
Cartwright, 1 b.	3	1	1	0	13	0	0
Swett, 3 b.	4	1	1	0	2	1	1
Hassamer, s. s.	3	0	0	1	4	8	0
G. Sharp, r. f.	4	0	1	0	0	1	0
Young, p.	3	0	0	0	0	3	0
Totals	34	6	5	3	27	18	3

OAKLANDS.	AB.	R.	BH.	SB.	PO.	A.	E.
Long, c. f.	4	0	2	2	1	0	1
Cahill, l. f.	4	0	0	0	4	0	1
Hardie, c.	4	0	0	0	4	2	0
Phillips, s. s.	3	0	0	0	1	3	0
Stevens, r. f.	3	1	0	0	2	0	0
Cantillion, 2 b.	4	0	0	0	4	1	0
Youngman, 1 b.	4	1	1	0	7	1	1
O'Neil, 3 b.	3	1	1	0	1	1	1
Sommers, p.	4	0	1	0	0	2	1
Totals	33	3	5	2	24	10	5

SCORE BY INNINGS.

San Franciscos	0	0	1	0	5	0	0	0	*—6
Base hits	0	1	1	0	2	1	0	0	*—5
Oaklands	0	2	0	0	1	0	0	0	0—3
Base hits	0	0	0	0	2	0	1	0	1—5

Earned runs—San Franciscos 1. Three-base hits Swett, Levy. Two-base hit—O'Neil. Sacrifice hits—Levy, G. Sharp, Cahill, Cantillion, Sommers. First base on errors—San Franciscos 5, Oaklands 2. First base on called balls—San Franciscos 6, Oaklands 5. Left on bases—San Franciscos 11, Oaklands 7. Struck out—By Young 2, by Sommers 5. Double plays—Hassamer to Swett. Passed ball—Clark. Wild pitches—Sommers 1, Young 1. Time of game—1 hour 35 minutes. Umpire—Sheridan. Official Scorer—J. W. Stapleton.

AT SACRAMENTO.

San Jose Twice Defeated—"Kid" Speer Has a Leg Broken.

SACRAMENTO, June 14.—Two games were played here to-day, both contests being largely attended. The Giants had won two games of the series, and the cranks thought that that would be all they could win from the visitors. But the players thought otherwise, and two finer contested games were never played on the Sacramento diamond. The only thing to mar the pleasure of the day was the injury to Speer, who had a small bone in his leg broken by McCloskey sliding into him in the second inning. Poor "Kid" had to be carried from the grounds and conveyed to the hotel in a hack. Lookabaugh and France pitched against each other, and the south-paw got slightly the best of it. Lookabaugh was hit for six hits, including two over the fence, while France was hit safely but five times. Stallings caught in Speer's place, Harper going to right field, where he muffed a fly ball. Stalling did good work behind the plate and accepted all chances. Spies caught his usual fine game, and kept the fleet-footed Gardeners from stealing a base. Kid Peeples was all over the diamond at once and accepted everything that came near him. "Beesie" McGuirk made several beautiful pick-ups at first and hit the ball over the fence, as did Sunday. O'Day and Hanley each played a faultless game at second, accepting everything in sight. McVey made a beautiful throw from deep center and caught a runner at the plate. In the first inning Sunday made the longest hit ever made on the grounds, the ball going over the fence in the high air and struck about 100 yards from the fence. In the fourth inning McGuirk duplicated Sunday's hit and scored the second run for the Giants. In the fifth Peeples was hit by a pitched ball, and scored on singles by Sunday and Work. In the sixth the visitors scored their only runs on errors by Sunday and Works, and two singles. In the seventh France got safe on balls, Hutchinson bunted, France taking second. Work got first on balls, filling the bases. Lookabaugh hit McGuirk, forcing in France with the last run of the game. Following is the score:

AT SACRAMENTO, JUNE 14, 1891.

SACRAMENTOS.	AB.	R.	BH.	SB.	PO.	A.	E.
Hutchinson, 3 b.	5	0	1	0	1	3	1
Peeples, s. s.	4	1	0	0	3	5	0
Sunday, r. f.	5	1	2	0	1	1	1
Work, l. f.	2	0	1	0	2	0	1
McGuirk, 1 b.	3	1	1	0	14	0	0
McCloskey, c. f.	4	0	1	0	1	0	0
O'Day, 2 b.	3	0	0	0	1	5	0
Spies, c.	3	0	0	0	3	0	0
France, p.	3	1	0	0	1	2	0
Totals	32	4	6	0	27	16	3

SAN JOSES.	AB.	R.	BH.	SB.	PO.	A.	E.
McGucken, l. f.	5	0	0	0	2	0	0
Hanley, 2 b.	3	0	1	0	2	4	0
Everett, s. s.	4	0	1	0	1	3	0
Ebright, 3 b.	4	1	1	0	2	1	0
Dooley, 1 b.	4	0	0	0	12	0	0
McVey, c. f.	4	1	1	0	3	1	0
Speer, c.	0	0	0	0	1	0	0
Stallings, r. f. & c.	2	0	1	0	3	1	0
Lookabaugh, p.	4	0	0	0	1	0	0
Harper, p. f.	4	0	0	0	0	0	1
Totals	34	2	5	0	27	10	1

SCORE BY INNINGS.

Sacramentos	1	0	0	1	1	0	1	0	0—4
San Joses	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	0	0—2

Earned runs—Sacramentos 2, San Joses 0. Home runs—Sunday, McGuirk. Sacrifice hits—France, Dooley. First base on errors—Sacramentos 1, San Joses 2. First base on called balls—Sacramentos 5, San Joses 3. Left on bases—Sacramentos 8, San Joses 8. Struck out—By France 2, Lookapaugh 1. First base on hit by pitcher—Peeples, McGuirk and Hanley. Double plays—France, Peeples and McGuirk, McVey and Speer. Time of game—1 hour 45 minutes. Umpire—Donohue. Official scorer—Will H. Young.

The Second Game.

The visitors presented Harper, the old Sacramento pitcher, in the box, while old reliable Frank Hoffman did the twirling for the home team. Again did the Sacramento pitcher come off first best. Harper was touched up for ten hits, while "Hoff" was hit for only five widely scattered hits. Hoffman struck out five batters to Harper's three, and gave two less bases on balls. Work played a star game, his phenomenal running catch in the first inning being a feature of the game. He also made two other clever catches, while at bat he secured four safe drives out of five times up. The game was one of the most exciting ever played in Sacramento, and in the ninth inning, when the Giants tied the score, the shouting was deafening, and when Sunday also scored, making the home club ahead, the noise could have been heard for miles. This noise was kept up constantly in the tenth inning, and no doubt helped materially in winning the game. The noise reached its height, however, when Hutchinson retired the last man in the tenth inning. Hats were thrown in the air and many a "dicer" was ruined by the excited cranks. Donohue's umpiring was first class, but one decision being questioned in the two games. In the first inning the home team scored twice on Sunday's force hits, hits by Work and McGuirk, and McGucken's error. In the third inning Lookabaugh was safe on Sunday's error and scored on Stalling's triple. In the sixth the visitors took the lead on Peeples' error of Hanley's pop fly and Ebright's three-bagger, Buck scoring on Dooley's sacrifice. In the ninth the home team took the lead. Hoffman led off with a triple and scored on Peeples' sacrifice. Sunday hit safe and reached third on McGucken's second error and scored on Work's single. The last half Lookabaugh again tied the score on his two-bagger and O'Day's error. In the tenth McCloskey reached third on McGucken's third error and scored the winning run on Spies' sacrifice. The attendance was the largest for some time, about 4000 being present at the second game. Following is the score:

AT SACRAMENTO, JUNE 14, 1891.

SACRAMENTOS.	AB.	R.	BH.	SB.	PO.	A.	E.
Hutchinson, 3 b.	5	0	0	0	3	2	0
Peeples, s. s.	4	0	1	0	1	1	1
Sunday, r. f.	5	2	2	0	1	0	1
Work, l. f.	5	1	4	0	3	0	0
McGuirk, 1 b.	4	0	1	2	12	3	0
McCloskey, c. f.	3	1	1	0	2	0	0
O'Day, 2 b.	5	0	0	0	2	1	1
Spies, c.	5	0	0	0	4	1	0
Hoffman, p.	4	1	1	0	2	2	1
Totals	40	5	10	2	30	10	4

SAN JOSES.	AB.	R.	BH.	SB.	PO.	A.	E.
McGucken, l. f.	5	0	0	0	2	0	3
Hanley, 2 b.	5	1	1	0	1	2	0
Everett, s. s.	5	0	0	0	2	4	0
Ebright, 3 b.	4	1	1	0	2	2	1
Dooley, 1 b.	4	0	0	0	12	0	0
McVey, c. f.	4	0	1	0	3	1	0
Stallings, c.	2	0	1	1	5	0	0
Lookabaugh, r. f.	4	2	1	0	3	0	0
Harper, p.	4	0	0	0	0	3	0
Totals	37	4	5	1	30	12	4

SCORE BY INNINGS.

Sacramentos	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	1—5
San Joses	0	0	1	0	0	2	0	0	1	0—4

Earned runs—Sacramentos 1, San Joses 1. Three-base hits—Ebright, Stallings, Hoffman. Two-base hits—Sunday, Lookabaugh. Sacrifice hits—Everett 2, Dooley, Lookabaugh, Harper, Peeples, Spies. First base on errors—Sacramentos 2, San Joses 2. First base on called balls—Sacramentos 4, San Joses 2. Left on bases—Sacramentos 11, San Joses 5. Struck out—By Hoffman 5, by Harper 3. Double play—Hanley and Dooley. Passed balls—Stallings 1. Time of game—2 hours. Umpire—Donohue. Official scorer—Will H. Young.

Amateur Contest.

The Burlingtons played a game with the M. J. Flavins at the Haight-street grounds yesterday morning, but judging from the score the Flavins must have looked on while the other fellows played. The features of the game were Jackson's pitching and the twenty-two runs made by the Burlingtons. The score is as follows:

AT SAN FRANCISCO, JUNE 14, 1891.

BURLINGTONS.	AB.	R.	BH.	SB.	PO.	A.	E.
H. Stultz, 2 b.	4	2	1	4	2	5	0
Kennedy, 3 b.	5	1	0	2	1	1	0
Wilds, c.	6	3	2	0	12	1	0
Rohan, r. f.	6	3	3	0	1	0	0
Parker, c. f.	5	2	2	0	1	1	0
Traynor, 1 b.	6	4	4	0	7	0	1
Piquini, s. s.	5	3	0	2	1	2	1
W. Stultz, l. f.	5	2	2	0	1	1	0
Jackson, p.	5	2	3	1	1	1	0
Totals	47	22	17	9	27	12	2

M. J. FLAVINS.	AB.	R.	BH.	SB.	PO.	A.	E.
Cullen, p.	3	0	0	0	0	2	0
Black, l. f.	4	0	1	0	2	1	2
Mertes, 1 b.	4	0	0	0	9	0	1
Kenny, r. f.	4	1	2	2	0	0	2
Scott, c.	4	0	1	1	4	2	4
Coleman, 2 b.	4	0	0	0	1	4	0
Phelan, c. f.	3	1	1	0	2	0	0
Dunne, 3 b.	3	0	0	0	3	3	3
Browell, s. s.	3	0	1	0	2	4	2
Totals	32	2	6	3	23*	16	14

SCORE BY INNINGS.

Burlingtons	0	7	1	5	2	0	0	7	*—22
Base hits	0	4	0	5	3	0	0	5	*—17
M. J. Flavins	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	1—2
Base hits	0	1	0	0	1	2	0	2	—6

Earned runs—Burlingtons 2. Home runs—Jackson. Three-base hits—Phelan, Parker, Black. Two-base hits—Traynor, Rohan, Wilds, Browell, W. Stultz, Jackson. Sacrifice hits—Rohan, W. Stultz, Piquini. First base on errors—Burlingtons 9, M. J. Flavins 2. First base on called balls—Burlingtons 5, M. J. Flavins 1. Left on bases—Burlingtons 7, M. J. Flavins 4. Struck out—Burlingtons 3, M. J. Flavins 11. First base on hit by pitcher—Parker. Double plays—Piquini to H. Stultz to Traynor, Coleman to Browell, Jackson to Traynor. Passed balls—Wilds 1. Wild Pitches—Jackson 3, Cullen 1. Umpire—Charles Sweeney. R. B. Marden, Official Scorer.

* Jackson out for not touching base.

Kindergarten Contests.

The Young Deming-Palmers would like to hear from all clubs under 13 years of age. Address challenges to S. Cohen, 911 Powell street.

The Examiners defeated the Natomas by a score of 13 to 11.

The original Golden Citys defeated the South San Franciscos by a score of 17 to 0. The victors would like to hear from all clubs under 19 years, country clubs preferred. Address T. Godsil, 2911 Harrison street.

The Golden City Base-ball Club defeated the Coral Club by a score of 9 to 5. The victors would like to hear from all nines under 19 years. A. Lemke, 58 Richland avenue, Holly Park.

LEAGUE LINERS.

Items of Interest to California Patrons and Players.

CLUBS.	Won.	Lost.	Played	Per Ct.
San Jose	30	17	47	.638
San Francisco	28	21	49	.571
Sacramento	26	20	46	.565
Oakland	11	37	48	.229

Bright sparks of hope from far across the sea have shed their beams on Colonel Robinson, and he now confidently asserts that he is in it. Winning that game last Friday excited the good Colonel and his condition was further aggravated by the performance of Mr. Balsz of Vallejo, who appeared in the diamond last Saturday. While still confident of ultimately gobbling the pennant, the Colonel has shoved the date of beginning to do so a little farther along. One of his latest bulletins set the time in July, but he said yesterday that along about 3 o'clock next October he would be in the race with his pall-bearers. He has his hooks on some new men whom he will spring on the public in a few days.

There are several young ladies in San Jose with ruffled tempers at present, and it was all brought about by the rumor that Bill Everett, the shortstop for the Duke's aggregation of pennant-winners, is about to take unto himself a bride, and she is not a resident of San Jose, either, much to the chagrin of the Garden City ladies, who had entertained hopes of capturing Bill themselves. There is no one thing that causes a more spontaneous unanimity of expression among San Jose girls than the announcement that a resident has had the audacity to go elsewhere and select a bride. No matter how many little spats they may have among themselves in an effort to secure the life-long affections of a young man, all is forgiven if the San Jose belle secures the prize; but just let that young man take a partner from some other portion of the State and immediately there goes forth a united wail of indignation.

Oakland now has a trio of pitchers who ought to be able to do something in the way of helping the team out of its present difficulties. Balsz is a treasure, if he holds out, and is the speediest young man in the league. Sommers is also a good man, and the Colonel has lots of confidence in him. All that is needed now is to fill in some of the low places in the infield.

It is reported that "Kid" Speer, the all-time catcher for the San Joses, will soon become a benedict, and it is partly the result of Duke Finn's admonition—that good ball-playing and a seat on the cold stone steps at the Normal School on moonlight nights were not synonomous. "Kid" had to choose between the two evils (?), and will join the majority of his team at no distant day. The lady is a resident of the Garden City. "Kid" will have plenty of time to court while his broken bones are healing.

The Quicksilvers of New Almaden have a standing offer to amateur nines of Santa Clara County to visit the mines on Sunday, secure a good dinner, a view of the premises and engage in a friendly game of base-ball. So far the visitors have been successful in the games played, but the Quicksilvers are showing remarkable improvement in their playing.

With the exception of first basemen, Bill Everett, shortstop for the San Joses, has accepted more chances than any other player in the league. Bill also has a good record as a batter, always plays ball and is considered one of the most enthusiastic and hard-working members of Manager Finn's club.

San Jose cranks have had a kick coming for the reason that two Sundays have passed and no league game has been played, and there will be none until next Friday. Of course there have been amateur games each Sunday, but the Garden Cityites put aside their swaddling clothes several months ago and nothing short of a league game interests them now.

Right-fielder Stallings of San Jose is getting up quite a reputation for base stealing by his lengthy slides, which in nearly every instance proves successful.

There will be no league game in San Jose until June 19th, on which date the Oaklands will commence a series of three games with the San Joses.

Nick Smith attended the afternoon game yesterday, accompanied by his Charley horse. He expects to be able for work this week.

Hines has not been released from the Oaklands, but will be retained in place of one who is liable to be released at any time, so the Colonel says.

Denny Straud, formerly catcher for the Burlingtons, will hereafter play with the amateur league of Santa Clara County.

Clark's O. N. T.'s defeated the Santa Claras at San Jose on Sunday by a score of 11 to 3. Smith and Sullivan, Andreas and Straud were the respective batteries, E. Carey umpire, J Carey scorer.

On Sunday, June 28th, the Will & Fincks will meet the T. W. Hobsons at San Jose. The latter club will be strengthened before the event.

"Kid" Spear's parrot must have proved a big hoodoo at Sacramento.

At Napa.

NAPA, June 14. — The new Amateur League Club lost its first game with the Will & Fincks to-day by a score of 13 to 7.

Pacific Northwest League.

PORTLAND, June 14.—Portlands 9, Tacomas 2.

SEATTLE, June 14.—Seattles 3, Spokanes 1.

Eastern Base-Ball.

CINCINNATI, June 14.—Cincinnatis 6, Columbus 3.

LOUISVILLE, June 14. — Louisvilles 3, St. Louis 0.

PHILADELPHIA, June 14.—Athletics 9, Baltimores 12.

DENVER, June 14.—Denvers 7, Omahas 4.

SIOUX CITY, June 14.—Sioux Citys 8, Milwaukees 11.

KANSAS CITY, June 14.—Kansas Citys 6, Lincolns 5.

ST. PAUL, June 14.—St. Pauls 7, Minneapolis 5.

NAVAL JOTTINGS.

The Independence Entirely Depleted of Men.

The receiving ship Independence, at Mare Island, is entirely depleted of men, and it is said that the necessary ones for running the boats and to do other yard duties have to be borrowed from the ships alongside the dock. The Mohican, reported ready for sea, lacks thirty men and two officers, a large portion of the crew and officers of the Omaha having been shipped on the 23d ult. to New York, via the Isthmus.

There are eighteen vacancies in the line of the navy, five in the corps of engineers and six in the marine corps available for the members of this year's final graduating class of the academy, supplying places for all but two of the class.

Passed Assistant Engineer J. R. Wilmer of the Albatross has been detached from her and ordered to remain at Mare Island for treatment. Assistant A. M. Hunt has been ordered to the steamer.

First Lieutenant Otway C. Berryman will remain at Mare Island after having been detached from command of the Omaha's marines.

Surgeon Franklin Rogers, from the Norfolk Navy-yard, has been ordered to the Naval Hospital at Yokohama, per steamer of the 7th prox.

The Alert has been lying at the yard so long that a swallow's nest was found under her maintop the other day.

Ensign Robert E. Coontz, detached from the Naval Observatory, has been ordered to the Pinta, at Esquimalt, B. C.

Ensign S. R. Hurlbut and William L. Dodd, detached from the Hassler, have been granted two months' leave.

A YOUTHFUL MURDERER.

A Three-Year-Old Boy Kills His Infant Brother With a Club.

At an isolated point near Liberty, in Amite County, Miss., a horrible murder was perpetrated by probably the youngest criminal on record, a three-year-old boy. The parents had left the house in charge of three children, one 5 years of age, one 3, and an infant only 8 months old. They went out in the field near the house to play. The oldest boy went to sleep and the baby began to cry. The three-year-old boy tried to pacify him, but failing to do so became angry and picked up a piece of wood and struck the infant on the head, breaking its skull. Another blow broke its arm. It was dead when found by the parents and was half buried in a strip of newly plowed ground, in which the baby murderer was trying to conceal the body.—New Orleans special to St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

His Sixtieth Birthday.

Sergeant George W. Harman, one of the most popular and highly respected members of the Police Department, celebrated the sixtieth anniversary of his birthday yesterday. He was the recipient of many congratulations, and the hope was freely expressed that his connection with the force would not be severed for many a decade. Sergeant Harman was appointed to the Police Department of San Francisco in 1854, and has been continuously in its service, except for a period of six years, when urgent private business demanded his more immediate attention. He was appointed a Sergeant in 1874, and since 1880 had had charge of the Second Police Division, Company A, at the Central Police Station.

Temperance Work.

The attendance yesterday at the New Wigwam of those persons interested in temperance work was larger than usual, and the ladies of the Women's Christian Temperance Union of San Francisco have reason to feel satisfied with their experiment of holding regular services on Sunday afternoons. After singing some gospel hymns, brief addresses on temperance were made by Rev. W. W. Case of this city, Rev. Dr. Davis of Halfmoon Bay, Mrs. L. P. Williams, President of the county union.

Fire in Chinatown.

The alarm from Box 293, on the corner of Stockton and Jackson streets, at 8:30 o'clock last night, was for a fire in the one-story frame building, 734 Jackson street, occupied as a tailor-shop by Chow Zun. An exploding coal-oil lamp was the cause of the blaze. The loss is estimated at $200, the building, which was a very old one, being entirely destroyed. The alarm was the first one turned in from the box, which was connected about two weeks ago.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

Fond Hopes Crushed by an Unfeeling Parent.

A Tale That Shows How the Best-Laid Plans of Mice and Men May Gang Aglee. All May Be Happy Yet.

George W. Peckham Jr. of Watsonville is a handsome, stalwart lad, above whose glossy, curly head have circled the suns of eighteen golden summers, and beneath whose blithesome step have rustled the withered leaves of eighteen autumns.

George W. Peckham Sr. is a newspaper editor—a sober, thoughtful man, whose dream of love is o'er, and who no longer sympathizes with the romantic visions of youth.

Miss Lydia M. Odell is a winsome, bright-eyed lass of 21, and her greatest fault seems to have been that she loved Peckham Jr., at least too well, if not unwisely. So runs the tale, at least, and in her far-away Geyserville home she mourns to-day, because her fondest hopes were blighted by the unfeeling interference of the father of the boy she loved.

Not many moons ago she met George W. Peckham Jr. Mutual tastes attracted each to the other, and they were not long in discovering that it was a case of love at first sight. Fond vows were interchanged, and beneath the cold, pale beams of a Geyserville moon they plighted an eternal troth. George was young, but youth is ever hopeful. With Lydia as his companion he would face the world, and carve out a career as his father had done before him. He would return to his Watsonville home, secure the few belongings that he had and return secretly to claim Lydia as his bride.

SHE COUNSELED HASTE.

The blushing damsel listened with willing heart to her lover's plans, and gave her consent, cautioning him, at the same time, of the danger of delays.

On Saturday their plans were all complete, and the happy couple were to meet at the Grand Hotel in this city, from which place they were to quietly steal forth, seek the services of a minister and become man and wife. Nothing was more simple, and not an obstacle seemed to bar the way to the consummation of their dearest hopes.

Lydia came and so did George. This is not only borne out by the fact that their names appear upon the register, but a telltale check-mark also shows that George paid his bill in advance, which it will be admitted was a most thoughtful act on the part of a young man just starting out in life.

All thus far had gone well, but another name on the opposite page explains it all. It is that of George W. Peckham Sr., who caught the drift of what was transpiring and hastened to San Francisco to meet his son. He came on the same train, but managed to conceal the fact from the enterprising boy. On reaching the hotel he realized the situation, and, like Mary's lamb, lingered about until the couple descended the stairway on their way to the City Hall to procure a license.

AN UNEXPECTED OBSTACLE.

The three met in the corridor and the result was that the license was not obtained. The youthful runaways pleaded, but the editorial heart of the elder Peckham was cold and obdurate. Two years—long, slow, drifting years—must pass before he could consent, and if at the end of that time the lovers still love each other with the same longing, yearnsome love, the parental approval would be given. So lonely and sadly they bowed their heads to the decrees of fate and the younger Peckham returned to his home last night to await the coming of the promised time, while Lydia, accompanied by the man whom she had hoped to call her second father, went back to the paternal roof.

Mr. Peckham in a burst of confidence, informed a friend that it was his desire to induce Lydia's parents to persuade her to wait the two years and then the wedding would be celebrated in royal style.

JIM BELL'S RIDE.

A Perilous Journey That Brought the Sioux War to an End.

Some day or other a Western poet shall sing the song of Jim Bell, for he is a hero, a fine, grizzled hero. There was a Western matter-of-fact sort of tinge to his daring act, but if one goes deep enough one shall find a touch of the old knightly heroism of other days.

In one of the anterooms of General Miles' offices in the Pullman Building sits a grim, young-old man with grizzled, close-cut hair, a brown, luxuriant mustache, like Sam Steele's, and hard-braced military shoulders. Messenger James Bell, if you please. A little chap in a blue sailor suit—reefer and cap complete—is perched on his knee, said youth of 7 being the son and heir of General Miles, and wearing worthily the patriotic name of Sherman Miles.

There the little chap sat securely yesterday, and tugged at the old soldier's mustaches, while a Tribune reporter put questions and got answers.

"You want to hear the story of my ride?" continued the old scout. Then he told the story of his epic ride, bearing dispatches from General Terry to General Crook. This was in 1876. Custer had just been slain; it was absolutely necessary to get the two Generals in touch. Terry was on the Big Horn; Crook was at the headwaters of the Great Goose Creek. In the tangled interland the Indians swarmed. Bands of red devils were lurking here and there curled about General Terry's camp. Scouts had been sent out. One after another drifted back to camp; they had met Indians; they had lost their horses in swimming the Yellowstone.

June 9th Colonel Gibbons of the Seventh Infantry posted a call for volunteers to run the desperate race from the Big Horn to the camp on the Great Goose. There was a momentary holding back, then three men stepped forward and answered the call.

James Bell, private.
Benjamin F. Stewart, private.
—— Evans, private.

Evans is still in the service, and has won his stripes. He is stationed in the West.

They expected to have Indian ponies, but this proved an impossibility; so at 5 o'clock in the afternoon they set off mounted on cavalry horses. Each was in full uniform; each of the three carried an infantry rifle, no other arms were worn. Captain Hamilton of the Second Cavalry, who is now in the recruiting service in New York, commanded an escort that led the adventurous three to the lines. By this time it had gone dark, so the three chaps turned their horse's heads up the hill and journeyed on like Dumas' three guardsmen.

"It was the meanest country ever white man put foot on," explained Jim Bell: "a mountainous, gullied, hill country, with scrubby bushes and sinking bogs. We had a watch-horse ahead all the time to try the ground, and far ahead of him we sent one of the gang to keep a weather eye out for Indians. The red dogs were cringing in the bushes to right and left, and lurking in the gulches and the broken ground. There was no chance for a fight. It was simply a case of dodge and hedge all night."

So this night wore away—a scout ahead piercing from the high peaks, the other two following with the blundering, jaded cavalry horses. The night drifted by and the next day there was nothing of importance. No fire was lighted. In those days and in those places the raising of fire smoke might have meant the raising of a scalp.

So the second night darkened down. The three thought of camping for the night at the Rosebud. It was after midnight; the horses were "staked out"; the three men fell asleep under the equine feet. Of a sudden there was a stampede, and the horses were out in the brush, mad with terror.

"Indians," suggested young General Miles.

"No, bear—a bear had stampeded our horses, and after we caught them we decided that sleep was a luxury. So we rode on again.

"Three nights and two days, and the last night was the worst of all. We sighted a blue column of smoke spindling up into the air. This was shortly after midnight, when we caught the dawn glimmer from the hills.

"Indians?

"Friends or foes?

"We lay there, with the horses thrown and blindfolded, and crouched in the grass. The hours went by, but it seemed that every hour was a generation long. Should we succeed in our mission and put the two armies in connection, or die at the red and tortured stake?

"The hours crept on until the dawn brightened and broadened. Five o'clock! Then of a sudden we heard the bugles blowing—the falling in—the roll call—and, thank God, the word from Terry to Crook was delivered!"

Now that was a good piece of work. Jim Bell gave General Terry his first authentic news of the Custer massacre; Jim Bell put Terry in touch with Crook; Jim Bell ended the war.

She Didn't Desire Their Company.

There are many ways of receiving callers, but the plan adopted by a Miss Denmarsh of North River, is not likely to find imitators in good society. The young lady received word that two toughs of the neighborhood, Casey and Bennett, proposed calling upon her that evening. She sent a message informing them that if they knew what was good for them they would remain quietly at home. They did not accept her advice, but they wish they had. When they arrived on the threshold of the maiden's domicile she met them with a Winchester rifle, and emphasized one word, "git." They hesitated. Then the blue eyes flashed keenly along the rifle barrel, and Casey went home with an ugly wound in his scalp. It was a close call for Casey. Bennett received the second charge in the shoulder.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

AN INNOCENT GAME.

How a Wicked Man Was Caught in His Own Pitfall.

The Lounger once witnessed the wicked caught in his own pitfall in a neat and expeditious manner. It happened in this wise. In the little town of Colfax a select coterie were in the habit of assembling frequently, if not oftener, and indulging in the insinuating seductions of "a cent ante and five cent limit." It was a mild dissipation, and one could hardly get hurt badly at it. One of the players in that game, which has since moved to New Orleans, we will call "Confidence," for the reason that while that is not his name it means the same thing his name does.

One night the game was progressing merrily in the sitting-room of the boarding-house, when Confidence, who was playing his hands right up against his apron string, invited an old gentleman, a stranger, who was sitting by the fire, to take a hand. This old gentleman had snow-white hair, his face was cleanly shaven, he wore a white necktie and he looked more like a minister than the drummer for a New York clothing-house that he was. We will call him "Old Innocence," on the lucis a non lucendo principle. In response to the invitation, Old Innocence expressed his willingness to take a hand if the game were explained to him.

This was done, and he was duly initiated into the mysteries of "fours," "straights," "all wool," "a full house," "two pairs," etc. The banker counted him out a dollar's worth of chips, for which Old Innocence made no motion to pay; and when asked for the dollar, he said: "Why, do you pay for them?" "Yes, sir," was the answer, "and what you have left at the end of the game we will buy back." "Excuse me," replied O. I., as he planked up his dollar. It is needless to say that the traditional "snow beneath a summer's sun" was adamant compared with that dollar's worth of chips. In a short while Old Innocence was "going to the bone-yard" again.

After awhile there was a jackpot on the table, and a big one for a five-cent game; it had a dollar and a half or two dollars in it. "Confidence" had the age, and it was "Old Innocence's" first talk. "Confidence" sat serene in the possession of three aces "pat." Old Innocence opened the jackpot in this wise: "Do you have to have two jacks to open it?" "Yes, sir. Two jacks or better." "Is this a jack? (showing a card.) I have not my glasses on." "Yes, sir, that's a jack." "And if I have two of them I can open it?" "Yes, sir." "All right; I open it." And, suiting the action to the word, he put up a red chip.

One or two others did likewise until it came to "Confidence," and he put up two. Old Innocence went back at him; the others found they had no further business in that little difficulty, but "Confidence" put up two, then Old Innocence two and Confidence two, until at last Old Innocence asked: "When does this thing stop?" Upon being informed that he could stop it whenever he pleased by putting up only one chip, he seemed greatly relieved, and did so. Confidence took two cards to his three aces (discarding one jack), and did not help them.

When Old Innocence was asked how many he wanted he said: "If I have two big cards, like an ace and a king, or a king and a queen, with these jacks, can I hold them and take only one card?" Confidence immediately answered: "Yes, sir." "Well, then, give me one card." And he discarded one, face down. Then the interesting part of the game began. It was raise, raise, backward and forward, until some of the players turned away disgusted with the barefaced robbery of the old man. At last Confidence threw his last chip in the pot, saying: "That's my last cent; I call for a sight." To which Old Innocence replied: "You are entitled to it, I believe, by the rules of this game," and showed up four tens.

The jack he had shown was the card he discarded. The sympathizers were comforted. Old Innocence had played poker before Confidence was born.—N. O. Delta.

A MUSICAL OLD CLOCK.

Chimes of Silver Bells That Peal Out Long-Forgotten Airs.

There is a curious and interesting old "grandfather's" clock in W. B. Simonson's art-mechanism store in Brooklyn. This is its history, so far as its history is known:

Mr. Bailey, of Bailey & Lawrence, rubber-dealers in Boston, while on a pleasure trip in England, found the clock in an out-of-the-way place in the town of Grantham, near Cheshire. It was out of repair, and had not run for fifty years. No one could be found who would undertake to put it in order. Mr. Bailey was impressed with its great beauty and fineness of workmanship, and he bought it for $300 and brought it over to Boston, expecting to find easily a Yankee tinker who could "fix" it. No Yankee could put it in order, though many tried, and the old clock remained in innocuous desuetude for years in Mr. Bailey's house.

Mr. Simonson bought the old timepiece, brought it to Brooklyn a year ago, and has spent several months in taking it to pieces and putting it in order. It is a remarkable clock in many ways, and shows at every point that it is the work of a master of the art of clock-making. Its proportions are symmetrical, and it is much taller and heavier than other clocks of the kind. The case is of solid mahogany, and the interior wood-work of oak. The face is of silver and gold bronze, etched all over the surface. In the center is a large figure of Apollo playing on a golden lyre.

The most singular part of the clock is its set of chimes. These consist of thirteen solid silver bells on the top of the clock and concealed from view by a hood, which rises like a half-moon over the top of the face. The striking machinery and the bells had rested for untold years on a stout plank of English cherry, and Mr. Simonton found that the fifty pounds weight of the chimes had broken nine brass braces and warped the thick plank, and that the delicate machinery had been so disturbed by it that the wheels would not revolve. The machinery had been fastened to the cherry plank by nails hand-forged on an anvil.

The music of the bells is peculiarly sweet and soft. When the machinery was in order—the old barrel, like that of a music-box, having been, in fact, spiked anew—it was like waking up a long-forgotten past to hear the old tunes, many of them being known only by their names. The names of the tunes the chimes play are inscribed on the metal clock face. These are the names in the order the chimes play them: "The Minuet," "Britons, Strike Home," "A Young Virgin of Fifteen," "The Lord Biron's Maggot," "O, Lovely Charmer," "An Opera Tune," "Bury Fair," "Katherine Oggie," "This Great World," "Ormond's March," "The Lovely Sailor" and "Dame of Honor." It requires thirty-five hammers to pound out these tunes.

On the clock face is the maker's name, "Edward Hemins," and "Bissiter," the town where it was made, in the north of England.—The Sun.

A THUNDERBOLT MAKES GLASS.

How the Tube Known as Fulgurite Is Manufactured.

"Did you ever see the diameter of a lightning-flash measured?" asked a geologist recently. "Well, here is the case which once inclosed a flash of lightning, fitting it exactly, so that you can just see how big it was. This is called a 'fulgurite' or 'lightning hole,' and the material it is made of is glass. I will tell you how it was manufactured, though it took only a fraction of a second to turn it out.

"When a bolt of lightning strikes a bed of sand it plunges downward into the sand for a distance less or greater, transforming simultaneously into glass the silicia in the material through which it passes. Thus, by its great heat, it forms at once a glass tube of precisely its own size. Now and then such a tube, known as a 'fulgurite,' is found and dug up. Fulgurites have been followed into the sand by excavation for nearly thirty feet. They vary in interior diameter from the size of a quill to three inches or more, according to the 'bore' of the flash.

"But fulgurites are not alone produced in sand; they are found also in solid rock, though very naturally of slight depth and frequently existing merely as a thin, glassy coating on the surface. Such fulgurites occur in astonishing abundance on the summit of Little Ararat, in Armenia. The rock is soft and so porous that blocks a foot long can be obtained, perforated in all directions by little tubes filled with bottle-green glass formed from the fused rock. There is a small specimen in the National Museum which has the appearance of having been bored by the teredo, the holes made by the worm subsequently filled with glass.

"Some wonderful fulgurites were found by Humboldt on the high Nevada de Toluca in Mexico. Masses of the rock were covered with a thin layer of green glass. Its peculiar shimmer in the sun led Humboldt to ascend the precipitous peak at the risk of his life."—N. Y. Journal.

AN OPIUM FIEND.—A white man named Peter Smith was discovered by Sergeant Spillane at noon yesterday enjoying the forbidden pipe in a Chinese opium den. He was promptly arrested and booked at the City Prison.

MORE OLD PAPERS.

Extracts From Journals as Old as the Century.

Napoleon the Center of Interest—Antiquity of American Fox-Hunting—An Expensive Hotel Bill.

A further batch of Philadelphia papers, of dates running from 1800 to 1804, have been sent to THE CALL by C. P. Young. They are, like the preceding issues which have been already noticed, full of intelligence of the campaigns of Napoleon. There are items of news of the flotilla gathered at Boulogne for the invasion of England, of the blockade of Brest by the English fleet under Lord Nelson, of the imminence of war breaking out between England and Spain, and of Sir Richard Strachan cruising off Cadiz to take immediate advantage of a rupture.

The papers also contain the first mutterings of the brewing storm which burst upon the country in 1812, and some of the editorial protests against the actions of British men-of-war, as early as 1803, are remarkable for their vigorous English, as well as the purity of their style. But the news columns are, at this distance of time, somewhat musty reading, though every now and then a curious item of news crops up.

WAR PRICES.

Here, for instance, is an instructive piece of information concerning the effect of the state of war then prevailing in Europe upon the prices of commodities. The incident occurred during a break in the hostilities, when English travelers were flocking to France in great numbers:

Two gentlemen and a boy returning from Paris about a fornight since stopped at Gaillon, between Nantes and Dieppe. The following is their landlord's bill for one night only:

	£	s.	d.
Cold mutton and eggs with a bottle of common wine	1	13	9
A tumbler of brandy and water (with sugar)		7	0
An item which is illegible, but with the comment "very bad" attached		13	1½
Coffee for breakfast		8	9
Total	3	2	7½

Or about $15 50 for the one night's entertainment.

The advertisements of rewards for runaway negroes are always interesting from the quaint particularity with which the fugutives are described. The amount of the rewards seem to have come down since 1799. Here is an advertisement in which $20 reward is offered, though a perusal of it inclines the reader to think the offer a generous one, considering the low estimate the owner has of his absconded property:

A RUNAWAY SLAVE.

Ran away on the night of Wednesday, the 14th of last month, from the subscriber, living on the Germantown turnpike road, near the Rising Sun Tavern, three miles and a half from the city of Philadelphia, a negro boy named Joseph Cyrus about 25 years of age and about 5 feet 8½ inches high, but not built in proportion, but slender in himself, especially in his thighs and legs, stoops a little in his shoulders. He walks in his steps heavy, long and awkward, swaggers and swings his arms. He is stubborn and disobedient in any directions given him, and in appearance and discourse looks something wild, stares up greatly at you and turns the whites of his eyes, and is completely black. These remarks are eminently perceivable in the youth's walk and manners when he is any way intoxicated, which will really happen as often as he has an opportunity, as being given to drink strong liquor.

There is another advertisement for a white man, and John L. Sullivan would learn with regret that the valuation has fallen to $16, though the decrease may be due to his strange deficiency in the tongue:

Ran away from the subscriber, a white man, about 24 years of age, named Stofie Good; short stature; can neither talk good English or Dutch. POOR REYNARD.

There is comfort for the anglomaniac aniseed-tracker and assurance of the antiquity of his favorite sport in the following notice:

Fox chase—Take notice that a fox will be started on Tuesday next at 10 o'clock in the forenoon from the Sampson and Lyon Inn, on Vine street, where those who wish to partake of the sport are invited to attend. The fox is old, wild and lately caught.

They had their Itata difficulty, too, in the days of 1803, judging from the following:

By virtue of a writ from the Hon. Richard Peters, Judge of the District Court of the United States in and for the Pennsylvania District, will be sold by public vendue at the Merchants' Coffee House in the city of Philadelphia, on Monday, the 6th day of February next, at 7 o'clock in the evening, the brig Friends, forfeited by violating the neutrality of the United States, in attempting to fit out and arm the said brig in the port of Philadelphia, contrary to the act of the Congress of the United States in such cases made and provided.
JNO. SMITH, Marshal.

PUTTING DOWN A CARPET.

"I'll Slap It Down for You Like a Pancake," Said Montgomery.

"I wish, my dear," said Mrs. Montgomery to her husband this morning, "that you would come home early and put down the parlor carpet. I have had it beaten, and it isn't much of a job."

"Oh, yes," Mr. Montgomery assented. "I'll slap it down for you like a pancake. It wont take but a few minutes."

But during the day Mrs. Montgomery's soul was stirred with forebodings of trouble. A black cat came under the window and mewed, and at noon she heard three distinct raps on the ceiling. Besides that, the hired girl broke a tumbler, and that is always a sign of trouble.

Mr. Montgomery came home smiling. He "shucked" his coat and vest and took off his collar. Then he wrestled the carpet into the room and spread it out. For some beastly reason it didn't just fit, and Deacon Jones, who happened by and looked into the window, remarked that Mr. Montgomery would have to "hump himself" to make it stretch. Mr. Montgomery looked vicious, but he said nothing.

After two sides were tacked, with Mrs. Montgomery's active intervention, Mr. Montgomery arose and made a formal speech. He addressed his wife as follows:

"See here, my dear, I can put down the carpet all right if I am let alone, but I can't put down the carpet and fight off your futile and inane suggestions at the same time. Now you either retire to the privacy of your apartments and leave me to put down the carpet, or I'll retire and leave you to put down the carpet, or you just stay here and try to boss, and we'll have the biggest monkey and parrot razzle-dazze you ever saw."

Mrs. Montgomery retired, and in a few moments she heard a great pounding, then some wrathful objurgations. Mr. Montgomery had pinched his finger. For a few moments all was silent.

Mr. Montgomery was humping himself stretching the carpet. Mr. Montgomery had kneeled on a tack. Then for ten or fifteen minutes arose a composite noise, made up of hustling, pounding and objectionable language. But it was the last struggle. The carpet was down. Mrs. Montgomery appeared on the scene. Her husband was red in the face, mad way through, but triumphant.

"Merciful heaven!" cried Mrs. Montgomery. "The carpet must come up. There are no papers under it and there are wrinkles in it."

"The man who takes up that carpet," shrieked Mr. Montgomery, fairly dancing with rage, "takes it up after my violent and sudden demise at his hands."

Then he grasped his hat and a few moments later said across the mahogany, "Whisky, please," and as he poured out a generous supply of the rich, red coffin varnish he told the barkeeper how he had just put down a carpet so tight that the tacks all flew out and played a tintinnabulation on the ceiling like the falling of a gentle streamlet over the rocks.—Minneapolis Tribune.

WHERE MURDER LIVES.

A Plat of Ground Where Six Killings Have Taken Place.

A writer in the Carrollton (Ga.) Times tells of a place on the road between Buchanan and Draketown with a remarkably bloody record.

More people, it is said, have lost their lives on a spot of ground less than a mile in diameter on this road than any other plat of land in the State, taking into consideration the sparsely settled community. There is no old grape-shot stand, nor any public gathering place, on this fatal plat.

To begin with, about dark on a June evening in 1886 William Hall was fallen upon by Ed Franklin, and beaten to death on a wagon of oats. A certain rock marks the place where the murder occurred. A little further on the same road, say 500 yards, a little later, a man named Robeshaw was shot and instantly killed by his brother-in-law, Joe Moore, while in a fight. About 200 yards from where Robeshaw was killed, Jim Thompson was shot and instantly killed while sitting in his cabin with his girl on his lap. This was just a few years after Hall was killed. A few years later Wash Golden shot and instantly killed old man Pearce, within a mile of the above places. Just a little later Lige Lambert was shot from ambush by Chislom, Jim Rome, Harris Gollamore, Coon Nunn and others.

Then about two years ago old Adam Golden, a negro, was pounced upon by Bill Reeves and Joe Sanford and beat to death. Then in the same community old man Jesse Wade was killed by a falling tree, also another old man. Within half a mile of the spot where old man Hall was killed Clara Ayers was killed by the accidental discharge of an old army gun and a man named Leak is said to have been murdered on the same plat of land, which the Times naively remarks seems to have much fatality for human life.

WHY HE DOESN'T SMOKE.

Chauncey Depew Gives His Reasons for Abandoning the Weed.

Everybody knows that Chauncey Depew doesn't smoke, says the Detroit Tribune, but the reason of his abstinence forms an interesting story.

"I used to smoke twenty cigars a day," said Mr. Depew, "and I continued it until I became worn out. I didn't know what was the matter with me, and physicians that I applied to did not mention tobacco. I used to go to bed at 2 o'clock in the morning and wake up at 5 or 6. I had no appetite and was dyspeptic. I was in the habit of smoking at my desk, and thought that I derived material assistance in my work from it. After a time I found that I couldn't do my work without tobacco. I could prepare a brief or an argument without smoking, but still I was harrassed by feeling that something was amiss, and the result was not up to the mark. I also found that I was incapable of doing any great quantity of work; my power of concentration was weakened, and I could not think without a lighted cigar in my mouth. Now it is perfectly clear without this power of concentration a man is incapable of doing many things. It is this which enables him to attend to various and multifarious affairs, to drop one absolutely and take up another and give it full attention."

Mr. Depew illustrated his meaning by spreading out the fingers of both hands and making them dodge in opposite directions with great rapidity.

"One day I bought a cigar and was puffing it with a feeling of pleasure which is only possible to the devotee. I smoked only a few inches, and then I took it out of my mouth and looked at it. I said to it: 'My friend and bosom companion, you have always been dearer to me far than gold or woman. To you I have ever been devoted, yet your are the cause of all my ills. You have played me false. The time has come when we must part.'

"I gazed sadly and longingly at the cigar, and then threw it into the street. I had become convinced that tobacco was ruining me. For three months thereafter I underwent the most awful agony. I never expect to suffer more in this world or the next. I didn't go to any physician or endeavor in any way to palliate my sufferings. Possibly a physician might have given me something to soften the torture. Neither did I break my vow. I had made up my mind that I must forever abandon tobacco or I would be ruined by it. At the end of three months my longing for it abated; I gained twenty-five pounds in weight. I slept well for seven or eight hours every night; I require that amount because of my excessive cerebration. When I don't get it I am liable to rheumatism or sciatica. I have never smoked from that day to this, and while no one knows better than I the pleasures to be derived from tobacco, I am still willing to forego them, knowing their effect."

CAUGHT IN A CARPET LOOM.

Staggered Away to Die When the Machine Released Her.

Dora Wex was a bobbin girl in Higgins' carpet factory, between West Forty-third and Forty-fourth streets. On Saturday the factory closes at 3:15 o'clock. So at 2:45, or a little before, Dora began to clean up her loom. When she had finished, she went into the toilet-room and washed her hands. On her way back to the machine she made some laughing remark to another of the girls, Lena Burris, who was a great friend of hers.

When she got to her machine she noticed some loose threads and leaned in at the side to fix them. Just then her bobbin girl came along. Now the little bobbin girls are anxious that the weavers make as much money as possible, and often when they see a loom stopped they start it. The bobbin girl did not notice that Dora was leaning in among the works of the loom and behind the brake. One piece descended, another came forward from the back and caught against Dora's chest and shoulders and chrushed her. Then the bobbin girl saw what had happened and swung the brake back and stopped the loom.

Dora staggered out and tottered forward a step or two. Lena Burns, who was coming toward, saw her totter with her head down and thought she had stumbled. Then she saw Dora clutch her hands upon her chest and fall forward heavily, flat upon her face.

She ran forward to pick her up, and said, laughingly, "Did you hurt yourself?" But there was no answer. She lifted Dora's head to her knee and saw that her face was white. She thought she had fainted. Just then the bobbin girl, with a white face and frightened eyes, came up and said, "She got caught!"

But still Lena did not believe Dora was hurt, for there was no blood. A man came up and lifted Dora's limp body and bore it into the yarn-room. There are thirty looms in the Brussels department, and all this while most of them had been clanging and crashing away.

But the news spread and the looms stopped, and the girls gathered with scared faces about the door of the yarn-room.

They had laid the girl out on piles of yarn. She was unconscious and her breath came faintly. They had torn the clothes away from her chest. On it there was a blue streak at the right shoulder, a blue streak under the left breast, and a small, round blue spot in the center of her bosom.

That was all, except that the blood began to rise to her lips. The doctor tried to give her medicine, but she could not swallow. Soon, even though she was unconscious, she began to writhe and moan. A few minutes of this, then her pulse fluttered and faded altogether. She had died in just half an hour from the time of the accident.—N. Y. Sun.

A BICYCLIST'S PERIL.

Falling to the Bottom of a Deep Well He Has a Hair-Whitening Time.

William Sauer, a young law student, had an experience the other day which he will never forget. Bright and early he started out for a good, long bicycle ride, heading toward Montgomery, a place in Hennepin County, seven or eight miles beyond Fort Snelling. He reached the village and, after a good rest, turned about and started back. Three miles on the way he became thirsty, and discovering a well at an unoccupied farm house, halted to get a drink. He stepped on to the boards which surrounded the pump and commenced pumping. He had not made more than three strokes when the board upon which he stood broke in two and he dropped to the bottom of the well, a distance of fifty feet. He was stunned and remained in a dazed condition for some time. When he at length came to his senses he began calling for help. The well was back from the road at least 150 feet, and there was not a residence within a mile of the place. After a half hour of lung effort his eyes were sufficiently used to the darkness of the hole to enable him to see a little. A small pipe extended down into the water from the pump above.

He wrapped his arms and legs about it with the hope of being able to climb it. It was damp and slippery, and when he got up two or three feet he slipped back into the water. He tried it over again with the same result. Then he tried calling again. He was finally so hoarse that he could not utter a sound. He made another desperate effort to climb the pipe, but it was a failure. Then he gave up hope. But as one thing and another trooped through his mind it seemed to him that he was too young to die. The thought was too terrible. He became very calm and considered the situation carefully. If he could climb the pipe ten or twelve feet he would reach the point where the well-hole became so narrow that he could brace himself against the stone wall with his feet. He mustered all his strength and wrapped himself about the pipe once more. Again and again he climbed part way up and slipped back.

Once he was so far up that he could almost touch the wall with a hand. And then—down in the water he went again. At length an idea struck him. He took off his shirt, tore it into strips, dug up sand from the bottom of the well and worked it into the cloth, and wrapped the strips around the pipe as far as he could reach. Then he climbed up and wrapped strips still further up. At last with one superhuman effort he planted a foot on a stone in the wall. After a few moments' pause to catch his breath he began moving upward, and very soon he was on the outside once more. He was badly bruised, but not seriously hurt.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

A Chicken-Ranch on a Roof.

I once knew a man here in New York who used to raise chickens on the top of his house. Everybody laughed at the idea of his being able to make it a success, but I have bought eggs and chickens from him many and many a time, so I know that he did. He built a railing of slate all about the edge of the roof so the chickens could not fly over. He had plenty of fresh earth on the floor, and in one corner a coop where the roosts and the nests were, and in another corner an awning was stretched for shade.—N. Y. World.

LATEST SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

Movements of Transatlantic Steamers.

NEW YORK—Arrived June 14—Stmr La Bourgogne, from Havre; stmr France, from London.

LONDON—Sighted June 14—Stmr Servia, from New York.

BIRTHS—MARRIAGES—DEATHS.

[Birth, marriage and death notices sent by mail will not be inserted. They must be handed in at either of the publication offices and be indorsed with the name and residence of persons authorized to have the same published.]

BORN.

QUINLAN—In this city, June 7, 1891, to the wife of T. F. Quinlan, a daughter.

ROSEMOND—In this city, June 12, 1891, to the wife of W. E. Rosemond, a son.

HEERDINK—In this city, June 8, 1891, to the wife of John W. Heerdink, a son.

JONES—In this city, June 12, 1891, to the wife of Evan I. Jones, a daughter.

CUELLO—In this city, June 3, 1891, to the former wife of J. J. Cuello, a son.

MUNTHE—In this city, June 9, 1891, to the wife of Daniel P. Munthe, a daughter.

MARRIED.

WITHERELL—BANDY—In this city, June 10, 1891, by the Rev. J. C. Smith, Frank Witherell and Nellie L. Bandy.

DIED.

Bohn, John
Blanc, Alexander
Brandon, Edward
Cummings, William H.
Dearborn, Mrs. Lydia
Goggin, Catherine
Harney, Mrs. Daniel
Howard, Thomas
Hayes, John
Kelly, Margaret
Lane, Norah
Lhote, Fanny
Masten, Emelia A.
Mackell, W. J.
McKnight, Herbert J.
McGregor, Margaret A.
O'Connor, Patrick F.
Phillips, William G.
Ramsey, Mary
Raphael, Mary
Stose, Mrs. Margaret
Tomkinson, Sarah Fay
Walgamot, Edward J. F.

STOSE—In this city, June 13, 1891, Mrs. Margaret Stose, beloved wife of the late Clemens Stose, and mother of Charles Stose of Chicago, Mrs. J. G. Koch and the late Mrs. Joseph S. Schuster and Mrs. F. H. Hammer of San Francisco and Mrs. Emma Kleinsorge of Sacramento, a native of Pfullingen, Wurtemberg, Germany, aged 84 years, 9 months and 26 days.

☞Funeral will take place THIS DAY (Monday), at 2 o'clock P. M., from her late residence, 322 Capp street, between Eighteenth and Nineteenth. Interment private. Please omit flowers. Interment Laurel Hill Cemetery. **

RAMSEY—In this city, June 13, 1891, Mary, beloved wife of William J. Ramsey, a native of County Tyrone, Ireland, aged 40 years.

☞Friends and acquaintances are respectfully invited to attend the funeral services THIS DAY (Monday), at 9 o'clock A. M., at her late residence, 515 Hayes street; thence to Sacred Heart Church, Fillmore and Fell streets, where a solemn requiem mass will be celebrated for the repose of her soul, commencing at 9:30 o'clock A. M. Interment Holy Cross Cemetery. 2

GOGGIN—In this city, June 13, 1891, Catherine, wife of David Goggin, a native of County Cork, Ireland, aged 47 years and 8 months.

☞Funeral will take place THIS DAY (Monday), at 9 o'clock A. M., from her late residence, Twenty-eighth and Bryant street; thence to St. Peter's Church, Twenth-fourth and Alabama streets, where a requiem mass will be celebrated for the repose of her soul, commencing at 9:30 o'clock A. M. Interment Mount Calvary Cemetery. **

TOMKINSON—In this city, June 13, 1891, Sarah Fay Tomkinson, wife of James Tompkinson, a native of Larne, County Antrim, Ireland, aged 60 years.

☞Friends and acquaintances are respectfully invited to attend the funeral THIS DAY (Monday), at 9 o'clock A. M., from St. Mary's Cathedral, Van Ness avenue. Interment Mount Calvary Cemetery. **

BOHN—In this city, June 13, 1891, John Bohn, a native of Germany. [Washington (D. C.) papers please copy.]

☞Friends and acquaintances are respectfully invited to attend the funeral THIS DAY (Monday), at 1 o'clock P. M., from St. Boniface's Church, Golden Gate avenue, between Jones and Leavenworth streets. Remains at the undertaking parlors of Theodor Dierks, 957 Mission street, between Fifth and Sixth. Interment Holy Cross Cemetery.

O'CONNOR—In this city, June 13, 1891, Patrick Francis O'Connor, son of Dennis and Elizabeth O'Connor, a native of California, aged 17 years, 7 months and 7 days.

☞Funeral will take place THIS DAY (Monday), at 10:30 o'clock A. M., from the residence of his parents, 420 Ringold street. Interment Holy Cross Cemetery.

HARNEY—There will be an anniversary requiem mass for the repose of the soul of Mrs. Daniel Harney, at St. James Church, corner Twenty-third and Guerrero streets, THIS DAY (Monday), commencing at 9 o'clock A. M. Friends are invited to attend. **

McGREGOR—An anniversary mass will be celebrated for the repose of the soul of Margaret A. McGregor THIS DAY (Monday), at 8 o'clock A. M., at St. Brendan's Church. Friends are invited to be present.

WALGAMOT—In Oakland, June 12, 1891, Edward J. F., beloved husband of Maude Walgamot, and father of Gladys Walgamot, a native of St. Louis, Mo., aged 28 years.

☞Friends and acquaintances are respectfully invited to attend the funeral THIS DAY (Monday), at 11 o'clock A. M., from the undertaking parlors of Henry Evers, 865 Washington street, Oakland. Interment Mountain View Cemetery. 2

RAPHAEL—In Berkeley, June 13, 1891, Mary, beloved wife of Robert Raphael, and mother of Henry Blyth, a native of England.

☞Friends are respectfully invited to attend the funeral THIS DAY (Monday), at 11 o'clock A. M., from her late residence, corner Shattuck avenue and Parker street, Dwight-way station, Berkeley. Funeral will arrive at ferry at 12:45 o'clock P. M. Interment Masonic Cemetery. 1

BLANC—In this city, June 14, 1891, Alexander Blanc, aged 75 years and 11 months.

☞Friends and acquaintances are respectfully invited to attend the funeral TO-MORROW (Tuesday), at 1:30 o'clock P. M., from his late residence, 837 California street. **

BRANDON—In this city, June 14, 1891, Edward, beloved son of Maria Brandon, and brother of Kate Brandon, a native of Scranton, Pa., aged 28 years, 1 month and 19 days.

☞Friends and acquaintances are respectfully invited to attend the funeral TO-MORROW (Tuesday), at 11 o'clock A. M., from the Chapel of St. Mary's Hospital, where a solemn requiem mass will be celebrated for the repose of her soul, commencing at 9 o'clock A. M. Interment Holy Cross Cemetery. 2

LHOTE—In this city, June 13, 1891, Fanny, relict of the late Eugene Lhote, a native of France, aged 57 years.

☞Friends and acquaintances are respectfully invited to attend the funeral TO-MORROW (Tuesday), at 10:30 o'clock A. M., from her late residence, 112 Turk street; thence to the French Church, Bush street. Interment Holy Cross Cemetery by 12:30 o'clock P. M. train.

HAYES—In this city, June 14, 1891, John Hayes, beloved father of Jeremiah, John, William, George and Annie Hayes, Mrs. William Barnes and Mrs. W. J. O'Neill, a native of County Cork, Ireland, aged 74 years.

☞Friends and acquaintances are respectfully invited to attend the funeral TO-MORROW (Tuesday), at 9 o'clock A. M., from his late residence, 2123 O'Farrell street; thence to Holy Cross Church, where a solemn requiem mass will be celebrated for the repose of his soul, commencing at 9:30 o'clock A. M. Interment Mount Calvary Cemetery. No carriages. **

KELLY—An anniversary solemn requiem high mass will be celebrated for the repose of the soul of Margaret Kelly wife of Martin Kelly, and mother of Thomas, Mamie E., Agnes, Alice, Teresa, Emily and Frank Kelly, TO-MORROW (Tuesday), at St. Brendan's Church, corner Harrison and Fremont streets, commencing at 9 o'clock A. M. Friends are invited to attend. ***

MASTEN—In this city, June 14, 1891, Emelia Antonia, beloved wife of N. K. Masten, aged 55 years, 4 months and 27 days.

☞Friends are invited to attend the funeral services TO-MORROW (Tuesday), at 1:30 o'clock P. M., at the family residence, 2218 Clay street. Interment private in Mountain View Cemetery, Oakland. **

MACKELL—In Kania, Cooks Inlet, Alaska, June 3, 1891, W. J., beloved son of Mrs. Jeannette Mackell, a member of Morse Lodge, No. 257, I. O. O. F., and Pacific Marine Engineers, a native of Belfast, Ireland, aged 40 years, 11 months and 19 days.

☞Remains at the undertaking parlors of McAvoy & Gallagher, 20 Fifth street. Notice of funeral hereafter.

PHILLIPS—In this city, June 14, 1891, William G., only son of William J. and the late Sarah M. Phillips, a native of San Francisco, aged 13 years, 7 months and 25 days.

☞Notice of funeral hereafter. 1

McKNIGHT—In this city, June 14, Herbert J., youngest son of Hughey and Emma McKnight, a native of San Francisco, aged 1 month.

CUMMINGS—In this city, June 14, William H. Cummings, a native of Albany, N. Y., aged 73 years, 5 months and 22 days.

LANE—In this city, June 14, Norah, wife of C. C. Lane, a native of Queens County, Ireland, aged 48 years.

DEARBORN—In this city, June 14, Mrs. Lydia Dearborn of Colma, San Mateo County.

CITY AND COUNTY ALMSHOUSE.

HOWARD—In the City and County Almshouse, June 13, Thomas Howard, a native of Ireland, aged 49 years.

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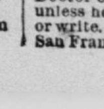

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