TOSSINGS.

Not a wink all night. Toss? I should say so!
Turned fifty times, more or less; counted sheep—
A great flock disappearing, leap by leap,
Over a fence into dreamland, watched the flow
Of dim waters; thought myself in a show
Riding the merry-go-round with a sweep,
And several times made me dizzy; still no sleep.

Then I fell to thinking whether or no
There were crumbs in the bed, laughed, blamed the seams
In the sheets; got up, turned them, unfast
The blinds; again lay down longing for dreams
And sweet slumber that came not, till at last
Just as across the hills the daylight crept
And the redbreasts sang of morning, I slept.

J. P. IRVINE.

HOW MABEL TOOK CARE OF THEM.

When the train moved away from the station, Mabel pulled out her little red-bordered handkerchief and cried. There, in the car window, was Fay, her dearest friend, moving farther away from her each minute. For awhile she could see Fay's hand and handkerchief moving from the window, but when they had passed out of sight Mabel sobbed aloud. Right by her side stood Fay's mamma. She, too, stood watching the little white signal till it was lost in the distance. Then she turned and held out her hand to Mabel.

"Come, Mabel," she said, in a voice that trembled somewhat, "let us go home now."

"As they walked away together, sympathetic eyes of the bystanders followed them. One soft-hearted baggageman shook his head sadly.

"Hard, isn't it?" he said.

The man standing near him nodded.

"And it seems only the other day they were married!" he answered. "How proud and happy they were! What was the trouble, do you know?"

"No," said the other, with a wrinkle of the eyebrows. "Some nonsense, I guess. Ralph always was a quick-tempered fellow, and she was an only child, you know. I never thought they'd separate, though—and such a sweet little girl!"

His companion smiled a little.

"Did you notice the other one?" he asked. "That's Colburn's young one. Fay and she are as thick as peas. It'll be very lonesome for Mabel, now."

Mabel was already lonesome as she walked away from the station with Fay's mamma. When she looked up, however, and saw the tears in Mrs. Fenwick's eyes she winked very hard to keep back her own tears. She did not know that the reason Fay had been sent away was that Mr. and Mrs. Fenwick had a separated now, but she felt very sorry for the parents left behind, and had promised Fay to take good care of them.

"I do not think my mamma is happy," Fay had confided to her, "for she cries a great deal. I am very sorry to go away just now, only Aunt Lottie wants me so much. And papa is not very well, I think. Sometimes he is cross, and things are all different from what they used to be. You must be good to them, Mabel, so they will not be too lonesome for me"; and Mabel had promised that she would. Now she took Mrs. Fenwick's hand as she trudged along by her side.

"I will be your little girl till Fay comes back," she said. The sad face smiled a little as Mrs. Fenwick looked down at the child thoughtfully.

"Thank you, dear," she said.

Mabel's active little brain had already devised a plan.

"Every morning on my way to school I will stop and see you," she said, after a minute, "and—let me see—every afternoon when I don't have too many lessons, and when my teacher lets me keep me after school, I will stop in the store to see papa."

"Papa!" cried Mrs. Fenwick.

She had hardly listened to the child, but started then, for Mabel's papa, poor young Jack Colburn, had died some years ago.

Mabel laughed merrily.

"If I am your little girl," she said quickly, "then Fay's papa is mine."

Mrs. Fenwick flushed a little. She Mabel talked on without stopping.

"Sometimes we went into his store coming home from school," she continued, "and I know just where to find him—down in the little office at the end, sitting on a high stool, and the man outside always smiles at us just as pleasant, and says:

"'Step right in, little ladies.'"

Mrs. Fenwick choked a little. How many times had she been in that little office herself—but now she would not go any more.

That evening she was all alone. No tired husband came home to tea, and Fay was far away with Aunt Lottie. Some of the neighbors thought of the poor young mother, but none ventured to intrude upon her in her sorrow.

In the morning Mabel came in as Mrs. Fenwick was eating her breakfast. This was an every-day occurrence when Fay was at home, for the two children walked to school together.

"Good-morning," said Mabel, smiling.

"Good-morning," said Mrs. Fenwick. "Come here and kiss me."

The little girl did so and rubbed her own chubby cheek against Mrs. Fenwick's.

"I wish I could stay with you," she said, sadly, "but I daren't be late at school. It's very lonesome without Fay, isn't it?"

"Yes," answered Fay's mother, her eyes filling with tears.

Mabel walked around the room in silence.

"On my way back from school," she said, finally, "I'll go in and see Fay's papa."

"You are very thoughtful," observed Mrs. Fenwick.

Mabel laughed.

"I am taking care of you two till Fay comes back," she answered.

Then she picked up her lesson-books and kissed Mrs. Fenwick good-by.

"Take good care of yourself till I come back," she said.

Mrs. Fenwick stood at the window watching the little figure go down the street. She would turn around every minute and throw a kiss at the window, as Fay used to do.

School was very lonesome for Mabel. Usually Fay sat by her side, and at noon they ate their lunch together under one of the big trees in the school-yard. Some of the other children came up to Mabel now, but she turned away from them and threw a little sigh. Had she not promised Fay that she would be true to her and take no other place? At noon she put her little lunch-basket on the desk before her and ate alone.

The afternoon seemed very long, but when school was dismissed at last Mabel was the first to leave the building. Up the street she ran, around the corner by the green lamp-post, and never stopped till she reached the hardware-store, where Mr. Fenwick had his little office at the end. As she pulled back the heavy door and stepped inside one of the hardware men who had a black streak across his forehead smiled at her from over the counter and asked:

"What do you want, little girl?"

Mabel smiled, too, as she walked past him.

"I'm going to see Mr. Fenwick," she answered.

The man who had only recently come into the store tried to stop her. She only laughed in answer.

"Oh, he will see me," she said, and pushed open the office door.

Mr. Fenwick turned around at the sound. There he sat on the same high stool with his books open before him, but there were great rings under his brown eyes, and Mabel thought he looked tired. As his eyes fell upon the intruder Fenwick started.

"Hello, Mabel," he said.

She walked up beside his high chair and looked up at him smiling.

"How do you do?" she asked cheerfully. "How are you getting along?"

Mr. Fenwick smiled.

"Who sent you here?" he asked.

Mabel drew her little form up proudly.

"Nobody sent me. I thought you might be lonesome without Fay."

"So I am," cried Fenwick, getting down from his stool and lifting the little girl in his arms. "So you came to keep me from being lonesome, did you?"

"Yes," said Mabel, moving her soft hand over his dark hair. "I am to be your little girl while Fay is away. Do you think that she will be gone long?"

Fenwick hesitated. He did not care to tell Mabel that Fay would not come back till it had been legally decided which parent should have charge of her.

"It's very pleasant where she is," he said finally. "I shouldn't wonder if she didn't come back right away."

Mabel brushed away a tear.

"It's very hard on me," she said, "but I suppose it's hard, too, on you and—" She was going to say "on mamma," but thinking he might not understand, finished, "and on your wife."

"Yes, it is."

"We'll have to all keep each other from being lonesome," Mabel said, as Fenwick at last placed her on one of the stools by his side.

For some time the clerks in the hardware store cast frequent glances through the glass door at their employer in his office and the little girl at his side.

"It's Colburn's little girl," said one of them, "she used to come in here with Fay Fenwick. I guess it makes Fenwick feel bad."

When Mabel came out of the office they all smiled at her. She spoke to Mr. Fenwick as she closed the glass door.

"I will try and come to-morrow," she said, "take good care of yourself."

"All right," answered Fenwick, smiling; "thank you."

He sat for some time after she left him with his head on his arm, so only the dark locks were seen through the door. The men outside felt very sorry for him.

"It's too bad," they said; "and they were so happy together."

When Mabel reached home she told her mamma what she had done. Mrs. Colburn kissed her and said:

"All right, darling."

She thought it could do no harm, and possibly the child might comfort them a little. So every morning Mabel called on the forlorn little mother, who grew thinner and paler each day; every afternoon a second stool was placed beside Mr. Fenwick for his little visitor. The hardware men looked forward to her calls with pleasure. One gave her a pencil once, with a big rubber on the end which left a black mark after it every time she used it. But Mabel always smiled on the poor fellow because he did not know about the rubber, probably.

One afternoon she came into the store in a hurry, and ran into Mr. Fenwick's office all out of breath.

"What is the matter?" he asked.

She held up a little three-cornered envelope. It was tinted pink, and on the back was a picture of a tiny white dove with a letter tied around his neck.

"See!" cried Mabel, "here is my letter from Fay."

Fenwick took it eagerly. It was Aunt Lottie's hand writing on the outside, but when he took out the small, pink sheet his heart throbbed, for he knew his little girl had penned it.

"Read it," said Mabel.

It was written well for a girl of 10, and had cost Fay much time and trouble. It read:

Dear Mabel: It is a very nice place here. Aunt Lottie is very good. The conductor was also very good. I hope you don't eat dinner with Annie Dobson. How are my dear papa and mamma? I want to see them and you very much. I think I will come home before long. Write soon to your affectionate

FAY FENWICK.

Fenwick put the paper back in the envelope and kissed it.

"When you answer this," he said to Mabel, "tell Fay that papa kissed her letter."

Mabel laughed.

"Somebody told you," she said; "Fay's mamma kissed it too."

Fenwick colored.

"Did she see it, too?"

"Why, yes, when I went to scho l this morning, you know."

"Does she know you come here?"

Mabel laughed again.

"Why, yes," she said.

"Is she very lonesome?"

"You both ask me the same questions. When I go to see my new mamma she says: 'Do you think Fay's papa is very lonesome?'"

"Is that so?"

Mabel nodded.

"I am going to see her now," she said, after a minute.

"Who?" asked Fenwick.

"Who have we been talking about?" said Mabel, smiling; "my new mamma. She had a headache this morning, and I thought I'd go twice to-day."

"That's right," said the new mamma's husband. "Was she very ill?"

"I think so."

Ralph Fenwick ran his fingers through his dark locks.

"Suppose you send her something by me?" said Mabel.

"What!" cried Fenwick.

Mabel nodded.

"Don't you remember when Fay and I took the tin candlestick, and how pleased she was?"

Fenwick walked around the office.

"I remember," said he.

"You might send me a pair of scissors, only that isn't a good sign—something awful might happen."

"Oh, well then, I won't send them," said he, with a faint smile.

"I suppose flowers are what the sick should always have but you don't have flowers in your store," said Mabel.

Fenwick paused in his walk. A red spot burned on each cheek.

"You wait here and I'll be back in a minute," said he.

He took his hat from behind the door and went out of the store. Presently he returned with a little bunch of violets in his hand.

"Here are your flowers," said he, holding them out to her. "Give them to her if you want to."

Mabel reached for them with a little scream of delight.

"Violets!" she said. "And I know a nice little verse to say when I give them to her. Wouldn't that be nice?"

"Very nice," said Fenwick.

Mabel ran away joyfully. She could hardly wait now. Every little while she lifted the flowers and smelled them.

"They are different from other little violets," she thought—"bigger, with more leaves, and they smell more."

She saw Mrs. Fenwick in the window as she neared the house, and ran in without knocking.

"See what I've brought!" she cried, holding out the bouquet.

She raised them to her nostrils. English violets had tender associations for her.

"They are yours," said Mabel, putting her hands behind her. "Fay's papa sent them, and he said he thought it would be very nice to say this verse with them:

"The rose is red,
The violet blue,
Do you love me
As I love you?"

Mrs. Fenwick did not move her head. The color slowly mounted to her forehead. Then she raised the flowers to her lips and kissed them.

"I thought you'd like 'em," said Mabel. Then, noticing that the tears were running down Mrs. Fenwick's cheeks, she ran and threw her arms around her. "Don't cry; don't, please don't," she said, entreatingly.

Mrs. Fenwick drew the little face down to hers and kissed it.

"Did you really send them?" she asked.

"Of course," said Mabel.

Mrs. Fenwick was silent a minute. Then she detached one of the violets from the others.

"Mabel, are you very tired?" she asked.

Mabel looked out of the window.

"Not so very," she answered.

"And will you do something for me?"

"Of course I will," said the child, smiling.

"Then take this back to your new papa and tell him I sent it."

"Only one?"

"One is enough," said Mrs. Fenwick, smiling through her tears.

Her mind went back to the time when she first sent Ralph a violet, a token of her love for him. After the child had gone she went to the door and watched her down the street. Her heart throbbed loudly, but she kept the fragrant violets clasped in her hands.

Mr. Fenwick had not been himself since Mabel had departed. The books lay open before him, but he paid no attention to them. He had hardly stirred when Mabel returned. She was very tired, but held out the flower to him with a smile.

"I wish it was more than one," she said, a trifle ashamed of the gift she was bringing, "but she said one would be enough."

Mr. Fenwick's heart gave a bound.

"Who did?" he cried, and almost choked in asking the question.

"My new mamma," answered Mabel, frightened at his emotion. "She liked the flowers very much, and kissed them, and told me to bring this back to you."

"God bless the child," cried Ralph, catching up his hat and taking the little one in his arms.

Up the street they went, faster and faster. Mabel did not dare ask to be left at her own house.

Mrs. Fenwick saw them coming. She started toward the door, but it had already been opened. Mabel walked in, and Ralph and his wife stood motionless in each other's arms. Mabel walked about the room feeling a trifle ill at ease. Finally she returned to speak to them, smiling bravely, though there were tears in her eyes.

"I wish," she said, "that it was time for Fay to come back. I don't think I can take care of you two much longer."

WOMEN WRITERS.

Preparations for Their First Annual Convention in September.

Arrangements are now being made to hold the first annual convention of the Pacific Coast Women's Press Association in this city on the 22d and 23d of September in Union-square Hall.

There will be four sessions, at which business of importance will be transacted, including the election of officers for the ensuing year. In response to a universal request from those who had the opportunity of listening to the interesting papers read at the first semi-annual convention in March last, the association has consented to give one public session. This will occur on the evening of September 23d, and consist of a musical and literary programme.

The literary numbers will be contributed by members only. Short papers, the reading of which will occupy from six to ten minutes each, will be read, varied by several excellent poems and fine vocal and instrumental music.

Among those who are expected to appear on that evening are Mrs. Nellie Blessing Eyster, Mrs. Emilie Tracy Parkhurst, Charlotte Perkins Stetson, Adeline E. Knapp, Eliza D. Keith, Alice Carey Waterman, Mrs. Emily Browne Powell, Mrs. Lillian Plunkett and Mrs. Alice Kingsbury Cooley.

The programme is under the direction of Miss Keith, assisted by Mrs. Waterman.

A Malicious Tenant.

Several months ago S. P. Chambers rented his cottage at 629 Fulton street to C. Hardie, but as the latter failed to pay his rent ejectment suits were commenced to oust him. Finally the obnoxious tenant greased every floor and wall in the house, and left of his own accord. Chambers made complaint yesterday for the arrest of Hardie on a charge of malicious mischief.

Guilty of an Assault.

William Heber, charged with assault to murder, was convicted of assault yesterday. He is a gunsmith by occupation. W. H. Ostrander called on him one day for some guns left in his possession to be mounted. A quarrel ensued, and Heber took a shot at him.

SEA AND SHORE.

Return of the Charles J. Wilson From the South Pacific.

Schooners Saved by Tugs—Laid Up With a Broken Shaft—The Pensacola Making Ready to Go to Sea—Movements and Charters.

The schooner Charles J. Wilson arrived yesterday afternoon after a cruise in the South Pacific extending over thirty months. Upon leaving port her destination was kept a secret, but it leaked out that she had gone on a shark-hunting trip and several other vessels were fitted out soon after, but none of them made a success of the business.

How the cruise of the Wilson turned out no one but the captain, to whom she is consigned, can tell and he is as silent on that point as a mummy. The vessel was boarded by a CALL reporter in search of news, but there seemed to be a scarcity of the article on board. "The captain is on shore, but will soon be on board," volunteered the mate, who shares with his commander the distinction of being the only two whites on board, the crew being natives of the Caroline Group. Even the captain's wife is a native of those far off islands.

"I can tell you nothing at all of the trip. You must see the captain," added the mate, but the reporter was not kept waiting long, for the great man soon came on board. He was mad, and the cause was soon ascertained.

"I have been chased all over town by half a dozen reporters, but I have no news of any kind to give, so there is no use of you waiting," he exclaimed. "The Morning Star brought up all the news, and we have nothing more to tell."

KNOWS NOTHING OF SHARKS.

"How is shark fishing?" asked the reporter.

"Sharks is something I know nothing at all about," replied the captain loftily, as he strode from side to side of his little vessel. "Lots of people think they know all about them, but I know nothing. How many did we catch? Well, that is my business, and also the manner in which they are caught."

Finding there was nothing to be learned as to the manner in which the tigers of the sea are captured and prepared for the market, the newspaper man asked whether he could look at a queer boat lying at the main hatch.

"That is a canoe I bought at one of the Caroline Islands, and I expect it is the first of the kind ever brought here," explained the captain.

The craft is quite a novelty, as it is furnished with an outrigger, which is necessary to keep it from upsetting as it is not more than fourteen inches wide. It is about fourteen feet long and nearly three deep, and is made of the bread-fruit tree. It is painted nearly all the colors of the rainbow and would create a sensation should its owner decide to use it in San Francisco. The crew say it is a fine sea-boat, but it would hardly be the kind of craft the life-saving crew at Fort Point would like to use to go off to a ship in distress.

NIGHTLY DRILLING HIS MEN.

In order to make his crew as proficient as possible in lowering the boats in case of a person jumping or falling overboard, Captain Hughes of the steamer Oakland drills his men nightly as soon as the boat is tied up for the day. A reporter was present last night when the cry of "Man overboard" rang out in the boat. A life-buoy had been thrown overboard and allowed to drift away from the steamer. When the alarm was given it was fully 100 yards from the vessel. The boat was lowered and the life-buoy picked up within three and a half minutes.

"People think we take no interest in this sort of thing," said Captain Hughes, "but we do all in our power to pick up every one that either jumps or falls overboard from the boats."

Outside the Heads the weather yesterday was hazy, with a west wind blowing sixteen miles an hour. The barometer stood 29.95.

SAVED ONLY BY THE TUGS.

During the fire at Eureka a few days ago, which destroyed Bendixon's saw-mill, a couple of fine schooners, which had only been launched a few days before, narrowly escaped being licked up by the flames. One of them is a handsome four-masted vessel built for Captain M. Olsen of this city. Nothing but the prompt action of the tugs in towing the two vessels away from the wharf saved them. It is said that the mill was a total loss, estimated at $20,000.

The Government steamer General McDowell was laid up for repairs yesterday and her place was taken by the Spreckels' tug Active.

OFF THE DRY-DOCK AGAIN.

The old war-ship Pensacola was taken out of the dry-dock at Mare Island on Wednesday evening, and her crew has been kept pretty busy since in filling her bunkers with coal and taking in a large supply of provisions. Although her destination is as yet known only to a few, it is thought that she will be sent to Honolulu. She may be expected down from the navy-yard at any time, unless she takes her departure as the Charleston did.

A dispatch from London states that the British ship Angerona, previously reported as having put into Montevideo in a damaged condition, is awaiting instructions from her owners before being surveyed.

BROKE HER SHAFT.

The tug Ethel and Marion met with rather a serious accident yesterday morning while on her way to Oakland. She has the contract to carry THE CALL to Oakland, and was towing a boat load of news that city with the papers when she broke her shaft. The accident took place off Goat Island, and the boat was towed back to her berth at Clay street by the Etna. A new steel shaft is being put in.

The good luck which has followed the John P. West and Northern Light in their cruises after the whale has induced James McKenna, the owner of those two vessels, to make a trip East in order to secure one or more vessels suitable for that business.

IN FROM SEA.

The arrivals yesterday were the steamships Jewel from Port Harford, Point Arena from Mendocino, Umatilla from Victoria, Humboldt from Eureka, Coos Bay from Newport, Afognak from Alaska, West Coast from Carmelo Bay, Gipsy from Santa Cruz and the Norwegian tramp steamer H. Wedel-Jarlsberg from Hong-Kong and Yokohama with a cargo of merchandise for J. D. Spreckels & Bros. The ship William H. Macey arrived from Swansea with a cargo of 2325 tons of coal and 621 tons of coke for Girvin, Balduin & Eyre, and the sealing schooner Mattie T. Dyer from Sand Point with sealskins to master.

DEPARTURES AND MOVEMENTS.

The following named vessels went to sea to-day: The steamers Pomona for San Diego, Arcata for Coos Bay, Record for Russian Landing and Truckee for Tillamook. The ship Queen of England sailed for Queenstown, the bark Helen W. Almy for Honolulu, the Nicholas Thayer for Karluk and the schooners King Cyrus, John Frederick, Louis, Nettie Sundburg and Glen for coast ports.

The moves yesterday were the Dinsbale and Saranac to Port Costa, the Drumeltan to Oakland, the Ivanhoe to Main street, the Sarah and Emma and North Bend to the sea-wall.

CHARTERS REPORTED.

Among the charters reported were the following:

Ship Glory of the Seas, 2009 tons, now at San Pedro, coal from Nanaimo to this port, option of San Pedro—chartered by John Rosenfeld's Sons.

Norwegian bark Bravo, 1022 tons, now at San Pedro, wheat thence to Cork, United Kingdom, Halfe or for Antwerp, 42 2s 6d.

Ship William H. Macy, 2092 tons, wheat to United Kingdom, Havre or Antwerp, prior to arrival; 42s 6d.

Schooner J. N. Ingalls, 91 tons, merchandise to Mexican ports—chartered by the California Powder Works.

Ship Ivy, 1181 tons, wheat to United Kingdom, Havre or Antwerp; 45s.

Harbor-Front Notes.

At a meeting yesterday afternoon of the Harbor Commission Chief Engineer Manson reported in favor of establishing a creosoting plant. The following bills were ordered paid: Six thousand nine hundred and thirty-five dollars for an engine, $12,745 on the pay-roll and $1800 on miscellaneous claims. The Owens Bros.' contract matter was postponed until the next meeting.

BESSIE M'DONALD.

A Strange Story Told About Her Imprisonment.

Mrs. Bessie McDonald, a pretty young woman, occupied a seat in Judge Garber's court-room yesterday, to which she had been brought from the Home for Inebriates on a writ of habeas corpus issued on the petition of Otto Frantz, who swore that Mrs. McDonald is 19 years of age and is the wife of K. C. McDonald. He averred that she was taken from her home at half-past 1 o'clock on the morning of August 15th, wrapped in a blanket and thrown into a hack, by which she was conveyed to the Inebriates' Home. It was shown that there was an irregularity in the manner of committing Mrs. McDonald to the institution, and the court ordered her discharged.

A Welcome Sight.

"I like to see that," said an old longshoreman, pointing to the American bark Valley Forge sailing up the stream, the stars and stripes flying at her mast-head.

"It's a queer thing to say in an American port," he continued, "that the American flag is more the exception than the rule. We see flags from nearly all over the world flying from the masts of merchantmen in arriving in this port. Look over the bay today for instance; yonder is a German flag, yonder a British, over yonder a Norwegian, and there a Chilean pennant. I'll tell you it makes a man's blood jump a little bit quicker to see a merchantman flying the stars and stripes, and I hope to see the day when they will be the rule and not the exception."—San Diego Union.

THE STOCK MARKET.

There was a little drop in prices yesterday, and Fitch, who had been an active buyer on the previous day, changed his front and began selling Con. Cal. & Va., and was not satisfied until he had forced the price down to 6½. At this figure Foster began buying and raised the price to 6⅝, where it rema ned the balance of the day. A drop in Potosi was also noticeable, it being forced down by a line of short sellers, and it is hardly anticipated that the stock will carry its assessment of fifty cents which is delinquent in the boards to-day.

NOTES.

Silver showed quite a varied fluctuation in New York yesterday, selling from 98 to 99¼c.

Colonel E. D. Boyle Superintendent of the Alta, is in the city.

The assessments on the Potosi and Martin White Mining Companies are delinquent in the board to-day.

The following official reports from the Gold Hill mines were placed on file yesterday:

SEG. BELCHER—The west crosscut from the south lateral drift on the 600 level has been advanced 11 feet during the week, making the total length 281 feet; the face is in porphyry and quartz yielding low assays.

BELCHER—Have stopped the south drift from the 200 level, east raise, and started a west crosscut from it which is out 26 feet. The face is in quartz and porphyry, giving low assays. The west crosscut on the 300 level has been extended to a total length of 176 feet. The face is in a mixture of porphyry, clay and streaks of quartz. A small stream of water was struck and the crosscut stopped in order to permit it to drain off. An east crosscut opposite it was started and is now out 10 feet. The face is in porphyry and low-grade quartz.

JUSTICE—Started a south drift from the 370 level, which is out 11 feet. The face is in pay. Have cleaned out the old 622 level east crosscut No. 2 for a distance of 81 feet, and are now engaged in cleaning out the south lateral drift from it. On the 822 level have started a north drift from west crosscut No. 1 and are out 8 feet. The face is in low-grade quartz. The north drift on this level has been advanced 6 feet, and is now out a total distance of 776 feet. The face is in low-grade quartz.

KENTUCK CON.—The west crosscut from the 950-level raise has been advanced 10 feet. Total length 20 feet. The face is in low-grade quartz. Are cutting out to the west from the set below in the north crosscut on the 1000 level through quartz containing small spots of pay. When room enough is obtained will erect a windlass with the idea of continuing the winze below this level, and are still following the streak of pay south from the raise above the 1000 level north crosscut. It presents no change since last report.

CHALLENGE AND CONFIDENCE—The joint Challenge and Imperial west crosscut on the 1100 level is out 100 feet. The face shows a mixture of quartz and porphyry. The joint Confidence and Challenge north drift on the 200 level is in 843 feet. The face is in quartz having no value. The joint Confidence and Challenge north drift on the 300 level is in 383 feet. The face shows quartz having no value.

CONSOLIDATED IMPERIAL—West crosscut No. 1 on the 400 level is out 125 feet. The face shows porphyry. The joint Challenge and Imperial west crosscut on the 1100 level is out 100 feet. The face is in a mixture of quartz and porphyry.

CROWN POINT—The south lateral drift from the 300 level, south winze, is out 102 feet. The face is in a mixture of porphyry and clay. Have resumed work in the 500 level, west crosscut, which is now out 284 feet. The face is in porphyry with streaks of quartz through it. A small stream of water is still flowing from the bottom of the winze. The east crosscut from the south lateral drift on the 1000 level is out 331 feet. The face is in porphyry with small streaks of quartz through it.

At the annual meeting of the stockholders of the Alta Mining Company yesterday 98,280 shares were represented and the following officers elected: Monroe Thompson, President; R. Watson, Vice-President, and S. G. Whitney, J. P. Martin and L. Auburn, directors. L. Osborn was re-elected Secretary, and his financial statement showed an indebtedness of $536 39.

The Superintendent's annual report was as follows:

Up to January 5th of the present year, the date of closing down the mine, we extracted from the stopes of the mine 3560 tons of ore, the assay value of which was, according to battery assay, $13 47 per ton. The ore in the stopes got so poor that it was found to pay for reduction, consequently we suspended all operations in the mine and January 5th. On May 3d we resumed prospecting on a small scale above the 725 level, but finding nothing of value we abandoned it, and having entered into an agreement with the Gold Hill Pumping Association about the middle of June to assist them in draining the mines, we started in on the pump work, such as repairing the drain tunnel, boxes, pipe, etc., which were found to be in bad condition after seven years of idleness. By July 6th, all repairs being completed, we commenced hoisting water with two 700-gallon tanks, and in 24 days we reduced the water from the 1050 level, where it stood, to a point 31 feet below the 1350 level. At this junction I deemed it advisable to stop hailing owing to the unsafe condition of our cables, and I started in to put the pumps in working condition. On the 1st inst. and on the 12th the water rose in the shaft 156 feet, besides filling up the 1450 and 1550 levels which had caved in during the crosscuts and winzes, together with corresponding openings in the Justice mine. With pumps and tanks we are now hoisting 400,000 gallons per day. While repairing the pumps I opened a station between the 1250 and 1350 levels eastward, and the last 15 feet exposed low grade ore in the face. We are not doing anything more now than we commenced tanking, as our whole energy is directed to reaching the submerged pumps before the packing gives out from them. We have succeeded so well thus far considering that they have been under water for seven years, and I have hopes of getting to the 1550 level before the end of the last of this month. With the mine drained to 1550 level, a very important section extending to the 1050 level will be reached for exploration, and, although ore is known to exist in all the intervening levels, little or nothing is known of its extent, but I predict a season of prosperity for the company when this ground is opened up.

BOARD SALES.

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

REGULAR SESSION—9:30 A. M.

300 Andes	.03	100 I & O	.11½	200 Peerless	.05
100 B & S	.3.50	100 Ophir	.85	100 Potosi	.31½
250 "	.33½	50 Justice	.65	250 "	.3.30
100 "	.3.45	100 Mexican	2.35	200 Savage	.2.30
100 Belcher	.2.00	200 Union	.15	100 Utah	.20
1050 Bullion	.2¾	100 Occid	.1.05	500 S Nev	.80
200 Chollar	.2.10	300 Ophir	.3.70	175 S Nev	.3.00
725 Con Cal	.6½	100 Potosi	.31½	100 Union	.2.45
460 "	.65½	200 "	.3.60	100 "	.2.40
50 "	.6¾	150 Overm	.1.60	1000 Utah	.75
100 C Point	.85	50 "	.1.65	50 Yjacket	.1.60
	.b 10	.1.85			

AFTERNOON SESSION—2:19.

100 Alta	.55	180 Con Cal & V	.65	100 Occid	.1.00
100 Andes	.15	150 Chollar	.2.10	150 Overm	.1.60
200 Belcher	.1.30	100 Con Virginia	.14	400 Potosi	.29
100 Belle I	.50	300 Exchq	.45	50 "	.3¼
350 B & B	.3½	50 H & N	.1.80	200 Savage	.2.30
100 Bullion	.2.80	300 Hale & N	.30	100 Utah	.20
50 "	.3.45	100 Justice	.60	240 S Nev	.2.85
350 Bullion	.2.80	100 Mexican	2.35	300 Union	.2.35
100 Bullion	.2.85	100 Ophir	.3.80	200 Yellow Jacket	.70
50 Caledna	.40	200 N B Isle	.35	150 Yjacket	.1.60
150 "	.40				

Following were the sales in the Pacific Stock Board yesterday:

REGULAR SESSION—10:30.

300 Andes	.1.20	300 C C & V	.7.00	300 Ophir	.3.65
100 "	.1.15	50 "	.6⅞	300 Overmn	.1.70
100 B & B	.3.60	200 "	.6¾	100 "	.1¾
300 "	.3.55	300 Belcher	.1.30	200 Peerless	.07
400 "	.3½	300 Exchq	.46	450 Savage	.2.35
300 Bullion	.2.80	500 "	.45	250 "	.2.30
100 " b 10	.2.85	300 G & C	.1½	300 S Nev	.3.00
700 "	.2¾	200 H & N	.1.45	50 "	.2.95
100 "	.2.85	150 H & N	.1.80	200 "	.2.90
500 Caledna	.45	100 "	.1.85	50 "	.2¾
400 Chall	.2.10	100 "	.1.70	50 Utah	.20
250 Chollar	.2.05	200 Justice	.65	100 Union	.2.45
500 "	.2.10	50 Mexican	.2.40	150 "	.2.40
100 C Point	.1.85	100 Nev Queen	.20	150 Yjacket	.1.65
300 "	.1.80	50 Ophir	.3.80		

AFTERNOON SESSION—2:19.

400 B & B	.3½	150 Chall C	.1.05	300 Occid	.1.05
100 Bullion	.2.90	100 Con Virginia	.15	100 Overmn	.1.60
" b 30	.2.80	100 C Point	.1.80	100 Peerless	.07
250 C C & V	.6⅝	100 Exchq	.45	300 "	.06
100 Chollar	.2.10	200 G & C	.1.45	150 Savage	.2.40
100 "	.8 10	.6½			

CLOSING QUOTATIONS.

THURSDAY, Aug. 20—4 P. M.

	Bid.	Asked.		Bid.	Asked.
Alpha Con	.70	.75	Hale & Norcrs	1.75	1.80
Alta	.55	.60	Julia	.10	.15
Andes	1.15	1.20	Justice	.60	.65
Belcher	1.25	1.30	Kentuck	.30	.35
Belle Isle	.15	.20	Last Washoe	.15	.20
Benton Con	1.40		Locomotive	.05	
Best & Belcher	3.45	3.50	Mexican	2.30	2.35
Bodie	.60	.65	Mono	.25	.35
Bullion	2.80	2.85	Navajo	.20	.25
Bulwer	.25	.30	Nev Queen	.20	.25
Caledonia	.40	.45	N Belle Isle	.35	.40
Challenge Con	1.05	1.10	Occidental	1.00	1.05
Chollar	2.10	2.15	Ophir	3.65	3.70
Central	.05		Overman	1.60	1.65
Consolidated Va	.25	.30	Peerless	.05	.10
Con Cal & Vir	6.50	6⅝	Peerless	.05	.10
Confidence	3.50	4.00	Potosi	3.00	3.10
Con Imperial	.10	.15	Savage	2.25	2.30
Con New York	.10	.15	S B & Mides Co	.75	.80
Crocker	.05	.10	Scorpion	.35	.40
Crown Point	1.75	1.80	Sierra Nevada	2.85	2.90
Del Monte	.—	.20	Silver Hill	.15	.20
Eureka	.—	3.25	Union Con	2.35	2.40
East Sierra Nev	.05	.10	Utah	.75	.80
Exchequer	.40	.45	Weldon	.—	.10
Gould & Curry	1.45	1.50	Yellow Jacket	1.55	1.65
Grand Prize	.15	.20			

MISCELLANEOUS SECURITIES.

THURSDAY, Aug. 20—2 P. M.

	Bid.	Asked.		Bid.	Asked.
US Bds	116⅞	117¼	Pacific Lights	.77	.80
Cntrl Pac Bds	98½	99¼	S F Gas Light	62¾	—
Dupont st Bds	153	172	Stock G & L	—	.70
F & C Hill R R	100½	108	Cal st R R	—	110
M & P Hill Bds	60	87½	F & C Hss R	—	35
Mkt st R R Bds	119½	120¾	Cemetery st R R	—	100
N P Coast R R	—	100	N B & M R R	45	60
N P R R Bds	115	117	Omnibus R R	71	75
N Y of Cal Bds	109	110	Presidio R R	—	30
Omnibus CBd	115¾	117	Anglo Nev	—	15
F & O RR Bds	—	120	California Ins	—	107
F & C H Ry Bds	—	91	Commercial Ins	84	100
S F st Ry Bd	115	117	Firemen's Ins	115	—
S F R R Ar Bds	101½	102½	Home Mutual	158¾	—
S P R R Bds	112¾	—	State Investm	70	80
S P R R Cal Bds	108¾	101	Union Ins	82½	—
S P Br R Cal Bds	—	107	Atlantic Pow	39½	45
S V Water 6's	118⅞	—	Cal Powder	.110	—
S V Water 4's	87½	—	Giant Powder	—	55
Anglo Cal Bank	72	76	Sal'ty Nit Pow	7⅞	8¼
Bank of Cal	266	272½	Vigorit Pow	2¼	3
Cal Safe Deposit	43	47	Vulcan Pow	—	14
First Nat Bank	172	175	Rik Dis C M C	22	—
Lf & Am Bank	—	125	Cal Elec Light	13⅝	13⅞
L & S F Bank	35½	40	Cal Elec Wks	3	5
Pacific Bank	155	—	Honolulu Con	3¼	3½
Merch Ex Bank	—	27½	Hutch'n Sugar	5½	6½
Blue Lakes W	—	16½	Judah M'f'g Co	19	21
Contra Cos W	—	102	Oceanic S S	76	90
Marin Co W	46	—	Pac B S & S	—	95½
S V Water	95½	95¾	Pac Ice & Nail	—	33½
Centennial	90	—	Pac Pneumatic	5c	1
Oakland Gas	35⅛	37	Pac Wooden'e	22½	—
Pac Gas Im Co	80	82½			

MORNING SALES.

Board—85 S V Water, 95¾; 25 Safety Nitro Powder, 8¼; 50 do, 8⅛.

Street—50