A JOYFUL HOST.

The Big Parade of the Democrats.

TORCHES AND BOMBS.

Cleveland's Victory Is Duly Celebrated.

A GRAND TRIUMPHAL MARCH.

A Very Creditable and Attractive Procession in This City Last Night.

The Democrats had possession of the town last night.

The great parade was a grand success.

Not satisfied with the 10,000 men that were turned out by this city, Alameda sent over her contingent under the command of William English, who rode at the head of the procession and acknowledged every cheer for Cleveland by doffing his white hat.

Close behind English rode Dick Hammond, who wants to be Secretary of the Interior.

This, however, is merely incidental, for the two gentlemen named were lost in the great demonstration over Democratic success.

Beyond a doubt it was the greatest parade of the kind ever witnessed on this coast, and when it was done it left the average citizen to wonder if there were any Republicans left in the town.

Miles of torches and dozens of loud-sounding bands filled the air with light and music.

"Dixie," "The Star-spangled Banner," and "When the Robbins Nest Again" were mingled with "Annie Rooney," "The Harp That Once Wore Overalls" and other patriotic airs.

Behind the musicians who made up the braying bands there were thousands of marching men.

There were men in red caps, men in blue caps, men in white hats, and men with no hats at all.

Some carried torches and some bore transparencies aloft to indicate their joy over the result.

But above and beyond all this the Democratic rooster was most prominent.

Thousands of them waved aloft or clung to lapel or hatcrown of the howling, hooting, perspiring, jostling, crowding mob that wormed its way through the crowded streets.

And there was a crowd on the sidewalks that surpassed all expectation.

To place it at 50,000 would be a conservative estimate, and to write it down that fully one-half of that number were women would be to draw it mild.

They blocked the sidewalk for a mile along Kearny street, and Market street was packed from Battery street to Van Ness avenue.

The doorways and windows were alive with people, and the crowd flowed out into the street and surged to and fro like a living sea.

Every angle and projection was taken possession of and 100,000 necks twisted and craned to see the marching men and flaunting banners.

After all, however, it was a good-natured crowd, and no one seemed to be the least bit put out by the unusual crush.

They took it all as a matter of course, and even the Republicans joined in the general hilarity.

As usual the small boy was out in force. He edged his way through the throng and made night hideous with the blast of his big tin horn. He took possession of every telegraph pole and lamp post and howled himself hoarse in his joy over the spectacle presented to him by Max Popper's followers.

At the corner of Post and Kearny streets one excited female attracted the attention of the crowd and gained the cheers of the throng in the street by appearing in an upper window in scanty attire and with a bundle of Roman candles, which she proceeded to turn loose—that is the Roman candles and not the attire.

She waved her arms frantically and sent a shower of red, white, blue and yellow lights hissing out into the empty air. Then she waved an adieu to the crowd and disappeared from view.

One enterprising genius who realized the monetary value of patriotism and who had evidently been there before had taken his stand at the junction of Geary and Kearny streets with an express-wagon load of Democratic roosters and tin horns.

He drove a thriving business by the hour and raked in the plastres at a bewildering rate. He was heard to remark that he intended to buy the tall chimney-pot across the way in a few days, as he understood it was for sale cheap.

A block farther up Market street a dozen or more enthusiasts had seized the roof of a two-story building and from the muzzles of as many shotguns as they could handle they sent out a roar of exultation.

They squandered enough ammunition in value to carry a county, and between volleys danced and howled like madmen.

In their minds they saw visions of Federal positions and there was not one who did not fancy himself in a soft job in the Custom-house.

THE ORDER OF MARCH.

It Was Headed by Red Fire and Tailed by Carriages.

The order of march of the great procession was as follows, the route being from Market and Battery streets to Kearny, to Montgomery avenue, countermarch on Kearny, to Market, Market to Van Ness avenue:

Bomb and Red Fire Wagon.
Park Band.
General P. F. Walsh, Grand Marshal.
Colonel William P. Sullivan, Chief of Staff.
Hon. William Kreling, Chief Aid.
Special Aids.

FIRST DIVISION

Hon. William D. English, Commander of Alameda County Clubs. M. J. Laymance, Chief Aid.
Temescal Rangers, mounted.
Band.
Athens Drill Corps.
Young Men's Democratic Club.
Minority Club.
Cleveland and Stevenson Drill Corps.
Band.
Old Hancock Fire Brigade.
Field Marshal.
Second Ward Fire Brigade.
Seventh Ward Cleveland and Stevenson Club.
Alameda City Club.
Haywards Club.
San Leandro Club.

SECOND DIVISION.

Democratic Societies of California.
R. P. Hammond, President.
Fire Wagon.
Fred Raabe, Marshal.
Third Regiment Band.
Uniform Division Hickory Club.
Democratic State Central Committee.
Iroquois Club.
Iroquois Cadets.
American Club.
Pioneer Democrats, Dr. R. Beverley Cole Chief.
California State Democratic Clubs.
Twenty-eighth Assembly District Club.
Fond Democratic Club.
Drum Corps.
Young Men's Democratic League.
Blum's Band.
J. F. Kennedy, Assistant Marshal.
Thurman Uniform Club, escorting Manhattan Club
Laguna Democratic Club.

MAGUIRE DIVISION.

C. F. Burgman, Assistant Marshal.
Fire Wagon.
Maguire Fire Brigade.
Independent Maguire Club.
Maguire Cadets.
Decorated Wagon.
Neptune Club.
Colored Central Democratic Club.
Drum Corps.
Cleveland and Stevenson Club No. 1.
Thirty-ninth Assembly District Club.
California Band.
Mohawk Club.
Italian Swiss Club.
French Club.
Forty-fourth Assembly District Clubs not assigned elsewhere.
Union Veteran League.
Cleveland Commercial League.
Cleveland Guards.

THIRD DIVISION.

Second Division of Democratic Societies of California.
Ed Graney, Marshal.
Fire Wagon.
Phœnix Band.
Hearst Democratic Club.
San Francisco Business Men's Club.
Young Men's Independent Democratic Club.
Carmen's Democratic Club.
Thirtieth District Uniform Club.
Jackson Stalwarts.
Cleveland Fire Brigade of the Forty-fourth and Forty-fifth Districts.
Forty-second Assembly District Clubs and other clubs.

FOURTH DIVISION.

Third Division of Democratic Societies of California.
Robert Boyd, Marshal.
Fire Wagon.
Walcott's Band.
Cleveland and Stevenson Rangers.
Thirty-fourth Assembly District Club.
William P. Stout, Assistant Marshal.
Thirty-first Assembly District Club.
Thirty-ninth Assembly District Club.
Jefferson Club.
Jackson Club.
Drum Corps.
German-American Central Club.
German Fidelia Club and other German Democratic Clubs; also all other unassigned clubs belonging to the Democratic State Society of Clubs.

FIFTH DIVISION.

Fire Wagon.
C. J. Murphy, Marshal.
Pythian Band.
Tin Pyramid.
Cleveland Club, Fortieth District.
Forty-first Assembly District Club.
Golden Gate Valley Democratic Club.
Anchor and Homestead Club.
Bow-Bow Club.
Swiss Democratic Club.

SIXTH DIVISION.

Fire Wagon.
Eureka Band.
Dr. Hapersburg, Marshal.
Cleveland Club, Thirtieth District.
Thirtieth Assembly District Club.
Thirty-second Assembly District Club.
Cleveland Club of Potrero.
Thirty-third Assembly District Club.
Thirty-fifth Assembly District Club.
Thirty-sixth Assembly District Club.
Steamship Stevedore and Veteran Seaman's Democratic League.

SEVENTH DIVISION.

Carriages.

Even the Buckley Democrats, who ran Billy McMann for Sheriff and made a wild dash to knock out Sullivan and Dwyer,

A Young Democrat in Line.

shouted their best and burned bushels of red fire in order to square themselves.

In front of their headquarters they had constructed a fragile-looking platform, and from it kept a stream of rockets blazing away into the night, just to show that Dan Regan and Jimmy Long were on deck.

The picture of Cleveland which they had flung to the breeze weeks ago seemed to smile as it looked down upon the crowd, and formed a striking contrast to the stern and hard-set features of the Vice-President-elect.

Directly opposite and spanning Market street a mammoth banner, bearing the portraits of Harrison and Reid, swung sullenly in the wind, and one could almost imagine that the unusually placid face of the President bore traces of a sort of tired feeling as it gazed upon the marching hosts of Democracy.

As they passed beneath it Tom Clunie and Bill English removed their hats politely, and were cheered by the crowd in the street. Williams' whiskers fairly curled with delight as he bowed his thanks, and dashed the rowels into his $2 an hour steed.

Some little confusion was caused at the crossing of Pine and Kearny streets by a collision with a detachment of the Salvation Army under the command of a stalwart sergeant in a poke bonnet. The army with its banners disputed the right of way, and a bewhiskered soldier strove to drown the leading band with the strains of a mildewed guitar. The leader of the band blew himself red in the face and worked the buttons of his tawdry uniform, but he knocked the guitar out in the first round and the Salvationists made a detour and disappeared in the direction of the ferry.

In front of the Baldwin a score or more of small boys had mounted the lamp-posts, and in spite of the protests of the millionaire proprietor, who threatened them with all sorts of violence they maintained their perch, and created a din that was simply hideous. When Dr. O'Donnell passed in his carriage one of the youngsters grew so excited that he fell with a whack and was carried away to be patched up.

Taken all in all, the parade was one to be remembered. It was the first outburst of the enthusiasm of victory, and it was certainly a credit to the men who had it in charge.

From first to last—that is, from the mounted police at the head down to the burst O'Donnell boom that brought up the rear—it voiced the gladness of the Democracy, and turned the night into a howling carnival of joy.

A Noisy Load.

Even General Walsh on his rawboned horse looked about two inches taller as he rode at the head of the first division, and Max Popper tugged at his mustache with unusual vigor as he glared up at the deserted rooms of the Republican State Central Committee.

Max realized that he had made the best fight ever waged for his party in the State, and he was proud of it, as well he might be.

At last the blaze of the red fire and the sputter of the skyrockets died out, the marching columns broke ranks and the tired Democrats faded out of sight, and Bill English went down to the Grand Hotel to tell Billy Foote what a great man he was and what a splendid Federal official he would make.

Foote nodded his acquiescence and they went out to see the town.

Such was the end of the big blowout that ratified the election of Grover and his running mate.

The grand marshal, General P. F. Walsh, had his headquarters in the rooms of the Democratic State Central Committee, Grand Hotel, where the aids were assigned their different positions in the procession.

Here also gathered long before 8 o'clock the members of the State Central Committee and the executive of the County Committee. Handshakings and congratulations were in order, and it was a study to watch the beaming faces as greetings were exchanged.

Max Popper, chairman of the State Central Committee, stood in the hall, with a broad smile illuminating his manly countenance and a magnificent bouquet of La France roses in his left hand.

It was a merry and enthusiastic crowd, composed of the foremost men in the ranks of the Democracy of this city and county.

Meantime Grand Marshal Walsh and his chief of staff, Colonel W. F. Sullivan, had been quietly completing their arrangements, and had selected the following special aids: Sylvain Godchaux, W. J. Kelly, A. T. Spotts, S. H. Taylor, Artemus Webster, S. Parker, J. F. Kennedy, Colonel H. S. Shaw, Charles Kremer, Henry Megge, J. L. McDonald, R. T. Acres, T. J. O'Brien, J. J. Flynn, J. J. Chappell, John R. Klein, G. Caglieri, E. L. Wagner, Theodore Metzler, Harry Wise and others. William Kreling was chief aid.

A few minutes before 8 o'clock the aids took up their positions on the corner of Market, Sutter and Sansome streets.

By this time an immense crowd of people had congregated on Market street from Montgomery to Battery, most of them wearing the Cleveland rooster on their head gear.

The various clubs also began to assemble at their respective rendezvous. The clubs composing the first division assembled on the north side of Market, the right resting on Battery. The second division on the south side of Market street, the head of the division resting on Second street. The third division on Battery street, the right resting on Market, extending north of Battery. The fourth division on First street, the right resting on Market extending south to Howard and west on Howard. The fifth division on Sansome street, the right resting on Market, extending north on Sansome. The sixth division on Second street, the right resting on Market, extending south to Mission and west on Mission. The seventh division on New Montgomery street, the right resting on Market, extending south to Mission and west on the north side of Mission.

During the assembling of the divisions the enthusiasm of the immense crowd was kept up to the highest pitch. As each club made its appearance, preceded by its drum corps or band, cheer upon cheer rent the air. What with the wild cheering, the blare of trumpets, the beat of hundreds of drums and the unearthly screech from thousands of fog horns and tin whistles the din was simply deafening. Men shouted till they were hoarse and yelled for Cleveland and Stevenson.

Colonel Sullivan, the chief of staff, kept his aids galloping to and from the different divisions, and his orders were carried out with military precision.

By half-past 8 o'clock the report was received that the divisions were all in readiness for the start.

The Oakland and Alameda contingents had not yet, however, made their appearance, but in a few minutes the glare of torches rounding the corner at the foot of Market street presaged their arrival.

They were accompanied by a large crowd of friends, and as they came within shouting distance of the waiting thousands they were greeted with rousing cheers. They halted on the corner of Market, Sutter and Sansome streets, and here the enthusiasm was intense. "Hurrah for Oakland and Alameda!" was shouted from thousands of throats, and many excited San Francisco Democrats rushed among the visiting clubs and warmly shook hands with the members and some of them danced for joy.

After this bubbling effervescence of enthusiasm had somewhat subsided preparations were promptly made for starting the procession on its triumphal march.

The signal to start was the firing of three bombs, and immediately thereafter a squad of mounted police under the command of Sergeant Sharp cleared a way for the processionists.

The start was made at seven minutes to 9 o'clock.

It was a pretty sight to watch the different divisions with their torches swinging into line. The scene was enough to inspire enthusiasm in the heart of the most phlegmatic of mortals.

The yelling and cheering seemed to be contagious and sad-faced men were forced to come out of their gloom and yell with the rest.

A squad of police on foot, under the command of Sergeant Harter, led the procession, followed by the Park band of fifteen pieces, under the leadership of J. Bree.

Then in gallant array rode the grand marshal with his large corps of aids, all of whom wore a Cleveland rooster on his hat and seemed to take a pardonable pride in the importance of their position.

The bomb and redfire wagon, which should have taken up its position in front of the Park band, got tangled up in the midst of the vaqueros from Butchertown, who followed the grand marshal and his aids. They kept it there as the glare from the red light lent additional picturesqueness to their striking appearance.

"Here come the boys from across the bay," was the cry as the fine band of the Fifth Infantry Regiment came into view. Hon. William D. English, commander of the Alameda County clubs, rode at the head of the division with his chief aid, M. J. Laymance.

A transparency preceding the Athens Drill Corps bore the motto, "Alameda Democracy Solid for Cleveland." The drill corps looked well in their natty white uniforms, with black leggings. They turned out about eighty strong.

Major McIlwraith and his Temescal rangers rode behind the Fifth Regiment field band. They wore red sashes across their manly bosoms and white bands on their hats, while each horse's head was decorated with plumes of pampas grass.

"We're from Oakland and don't you forget it," shouted the contingent from West Oakland, as they swung along to the music of "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay," dressed in their neat uniforms of white. They were over one hundred strong.

They were followed by the old Hancock Fire Brigade of Oakland in full uniform and each man also wearing a Cleveland apron. The officers wore helmets while the men had donned white caps. Captain Ryan had good reason to feel proud of his command. They were headed by the Oakland drum corps.

The Oakland Cadet Corps followed and the members of the Cleveland and Stevenson Club concluded the visiting divisions.

The Forty-fifth Assembly District of San Francisco, John F. Gately marshal, was the next in line. They had as mottoes "Good-by, Baby McKee," and "Our Friend, J. J. McDade, for Sheriff." Each man wore a gray plug hat, and some of them found amusement in trying to burn up their hats with the torches in front of them. "Hurrah for Cleveland!" they yelled; "it's only a hat."

The Americus Club, preceded by a drum corps, made a fine show with their torches and flags.

One of the most enthusiastic portions of the procession was that of the "Boys of the Ackerson Club," who marched gayly along behind the Americus Club, cheering lustily all the time.

Then came a lull in the glare of the torches as the delegations from the Democratic societies, in carriages, fell into line on the corner of Market and New Montgomery streets, followed by others on foot. Chairman Watkins of the executive committee carried an immense red foghorn, about twice his own length. It was fortunate for the crowd that he did not attempt to blow into it.

The band of the Third Regiment headed the Hickory Club's flambeaux and drill corps in their uniform of blue with white facings and roosters in their caps. They were under the command of Captain Curran. They had as a motto, "Our Congressman, James P. Maguire."

The Iroquois Club turned out in large numbers. The cadets had a number of transparencies, among them "Down with McKinley," "Equal rights to all, special privileges to none," "We're for Cleveland to a man."

The Greystone Club had as prominent mottoes: "A public office is a public trust"; "Has McKinley's tariff increased your wages?" They waved a full-sized, brightly plumaged rooster on their heads as a distinguishing mark.

The Young Men's Democratic League followed with brooms and flags.

This division was under the direction of Marshal Fred Raabe.

One of the best features of the parade was the large and enthusiastic Maguire division. It was welcomed with tremendous cheering by the crowds, and from the time the first red-shirted Maguire fireman made his appearance until the resplendent Cleveland Guards had marked the close of the division there was no end of applause and shouts of Maguire.

If any man had come out to see the procession with any idea that Maguire was not overwhelmingly popular he must have changed his opinion in a very short time.

"Maguire! Maguire! Maguire!" The air was full of it.

First rode Assistant Marshal C. F. Burgman, gorgeous in parade splendor. He looked every inch a leader.

His horse pranced proudly enough to the martial music of the cornet band that followed.

The musicians were alive to the importance of their duties and played with an unction that was something irresistible.

Behind them followed the fire wagon decked in flags and red, white and blue streamers. It tossed uncomfortably from side to side of the rough street and filled the gasping crowd with wonder and admiration.

"Stand back!" shouted the mounted police.

The throng shrank back from the restless horses of the police and then broke into wild yells of delight.

It was the Maguire Fire Brigade, over a hundred strong. They wore red shirts and black tile hats and stepped along as proud and self-satisfied a you please. Each had hold of a rope, which was attached to the fire engine, at least seventy-five yards behind them.

They pulled and tugged away cheerfully and nodded to friends in the crowd. When the engine appeared there was still more cheering.

It was covered with flowers and flags, and perched high and dry on the top sat a big gray eagle.

The Independent Maguire Club followed It consisted of at least 150 men.

"What's the matter with Maguire?" shouted the crowd.

"He's all right!" came the thundering reply.

Two hundred men, fully equipped with horns and badges and campaign paraphernalia, followed close after.

They blew mighty blasts on their horns and shouted on every occasion.

Then came gayly decorated wagons full of men and women who waved handkerchiefs and flags as they jostled by.

The Neptune Club came next, rejoicing in innumerable banners and flags, and shouted and cheered as they marched along.

The Colored Central Democratic Club

The Mounted Police.

was next in line, with nearly 100 men. They wore black stiff hats with little paper roosters stuck on them.

As they passed by they were cheered to the echo. A drum corps of a dozen pieces broke into "Marching Through Georgia," coming along on their heels.

The players were dressed in dark blue coats, trimmed with white braid, and wore jaunty blue caps.

They were followed by the Cleveland and Stevenson Club No. 1, bearing banners with the pictures of both candidates. The Thirty-ninth Assembly District Club came close after them fully 200 strong. They marched four abreast, and made a fine showing as they swung along.

The California band, with a large number of pieces, directly preceded the Mohawk Club. Ah, how the children started in amazement! Here were to all intents and purposes a tribe of ignorant, untutored savages. There was war paint and feathers and leather chapps with fringed leggins, and brawny arms and stern faces.

They sat straight and easy on their horses and looked about in evident amazement at the consternation they were creating.

They had banners, from which ugly warriors looked down fierce and forbidding. The children marveled at it and began to smile in contented reassurance when they saw Mr. Cleveland's face close up to the Indian. It must be right after all.

But quick, there is no time to lose over Indians and such things. While they were wondering at the curious savages the Italian and Swiss clubs had almost passed.

They were dressed appropriately and in keeping with their nationality. The Forty-fourth Assembly District clubs followed one after another. There must be plenty of Democrats out in the Forty-fourth.

Then came the Union Veteran League with 200 men in line. They were marching three abreast in royal style.

The throngs broke into wild cheers of delight as they pressed forward and saw a gallant company swinging straight along toward them.

There was no straggler out of step to break in on the beauty and symmetry of the advancing column. Six men in a line and over forty such lines, and right in the center was the flag of the Cleveland Commercial League. It was one of the prettiest sights of the evening.

The Thurman Club, in white and blue uniforms, in their rear, was scarcely less gorgeous.

Their suits were clean and fresh looking, and they must have numbered 100 men.

An Impressionist Sketch.

A maroon banner floated before the Manhattan Club, which was out with 75 men.

Next came the Cleveland Guards and the Maguire division was past.

There were plenty of banners and transparencies all along the columns of the Maguire division. The Union Veterans had a big white box which they carried high before them.

On it was printed in big black letters:

We were soldiers in '62.
We are Democrats in '92.
We are patriots ever.

In advance of the third division came the second division of democratic Societies of California. Ed Graney, acting marshal of the division, rode immediately after. Then came the Laguna Club with banners that read: "For Revenue Only."

They were out in full force. Three hundred men were in line. As they passed they jingled cow-bells and blew on their long tin horns. The Anchor Club followed in a decorated wagon.

"No Homestead for Us!" was the motto of the Homestead Club next in line.

The Forty-second Assembly District Club followed. Then there came the Hearst Democratic Club, wearing white duck hats. The Ackerson contingent followed in hay wagons. Plenty of horn-blowing and cheering greeted them.

The Godchaux Club was led by a large covered wagon. A lady sat on the front seat holding a big white rooster.

"Hurrah for Godchaux, Our First Assemblyman," was on their banners.

As the procession filed by an occasional Maguire contingent would be found, solid and cheering, although out of their line.

They would bear banners on which were inscribed, "What's the Matter With the Single-tax?" or "Maguire's Australian Ballot Did It."

There were Independent clubs and Young Men's clubs and Business Men's clubs and district clubs without end.

It was utterly confusing and bewildering to see them. Red fire was throwing a lurid light over the whole scene.

There were seven divisions in all and a long row of carriages in the rear. Some of the striking mottos borne by the companies were: "Down went McKinley," "Cleveland Forever," "A clean sweep," "We wanted J. G. Maguire and we got him," etc.

The most remarkable was a large tin pyramid fully twenty feet high, upon which was a sign with the words, "Tin Tariff Imposition."

Twenty millions a year,
But we've nothing to fear;
The McKinley tin
Did not win.

It was on a float drawn by eight horses.

Drum corps, brass bands, uniformed companies, glittering trappings, giddy, gorgeous transparencies, thronging but good-natured humanity, fluttering flags, and crowded windows and "a sea of upturned faces" were features of the great parade.

Ladies and children looked down from every accessible point, fluttered handkerchiefs and applauded. Over all was the din of exploding rockets and the cheering of thousands of men, and the smoke and light of torches and calcium lights, ruddy and pale by turns.

No wonder the spectators were bewildered.

With evident relief they saw the last company file by from its countermarch on Market street and disappear toward the ferry.

The crowd closed in behind the few stragglers that followed and emptied itself through every by-street and alley to its homes.

By 1 o'clock the last of them had left and only a few benighted revelers cheered and sang where thousands had thronged an hour before.

CLEVELAND HATS.

What Befell a Teamster Who Bought One of Them.

Two enterprising peddlers were doing a rushing business yesterday afternoon on Battery street. They were driving a wagon, upon which was written, "Cleveland campaign hats, 50 cents each."

All the teamsters and fruit men appeared anxious to display their loyalty to the President-elect, for scarcely one passed the wagon without clothing himself with a brand new, tall white hat, and the scene on Battery street as the wagon passed along was extremely amusing.

One burly teamster, clothed with leather apron and boots to the knee, had just completed his purchase and was strutting about with all the dignity he could command. Some person, evidently of the Republican persuasion, threw a rotten potato from behind a pile of sacks close by.

His aim was true, for the hat was covered with squash and mud, and the laughter indulged in by the onlookers made the crestfallen teamster extremely wrathy. With an angry cry he rushed at the pile of sacks whence the missile was thrown, but catching his foot on the curbstone he measured his length on a pile of refuse from a near-by commission-house.

Rising, he commenced a diligent search for the offender, incited by the jeers of the crowd that had collected to see the fun.

"There he goes," yelled a mischievous boy. "Here he is," shouted another, and each time there was a shout he would rush to the place indicated.

This continued until the boys entered into the thing with spirit and commenced to pelt the now thoroughly enraged teamster with any refuse they could lay their hands on, but always keeping at a safe distance.

In a short time he was covered from head to foot with mud, ancient eggs and other refuse which abounds in the neighborhood; and at last, finding that he was unable to catch one of his tormentors, jumped on his wagon and drove off, followed by a parting shower of spuds.

MISS MASON'S LUCK.

A Wealthy Greek Leaves Her a Large Fortune.

Miss Florence Mason of this city has suddenly and unexpectedly had a large fortune thrust upon her. She is now an unincumbered heiress, and her popularity will doubtless increase at an amazing rate. Something like $100,000 was left to her by one Racilio Argires, who lately died on an Island in the Adriatic Sea.

The story of this handsome bequest and the young recipient is a strange and romantic one. Miss Mason is but 17 years of age, a beautiful brunette, and is at present living with her parents at Sausalito. She belongs to an old and highly respected family, her father, John Mason, at one time being the proprietor of a large brewery in this city.

In their prosperous days the Masons were recognized social leaders. Mrs. Mason, a most estimable and gifted lady, was the acknowledged ruler of the swell set of this city and was beloved alike by young and old. She is long since dead, but her gentle, loving disposition and manners are still remembered by many.

Long before Miss Florence, the handsome heiress, was born, Racilio Argires appeared on the scene. He came out from his native country (Greece) in a private yacht around Cape Horn for a visit to San Francisco. He was a wealthy and intelligent young Greek, bringing the best of credentials, and soon became intimate with the Mason family, to whom he was introduced.

Argires intended to remain in San Francisco but a short time, but the Masons made life so enjoyable that his visit lengthened into months. Finally he took his leave, and though he never came back the young Greek kept up a steady correspondence with the father of Florence.

Several years after Argires had left a lady and gentleman presented themselves at the home of the Masons.

The gentleman was the brother of Racilio Argires, and the lady was his wife. They brought letters of introduction from Racilio to the Masons, who had in the meantime dropped down in the world. Mrs. Mason was dead, and Mr. Mason was struggling to retrieve his fallen fortunes, but he extended a hearty welcome to the relatives of his former friend.

Shortly after taking up their abode with the Masons the Argires were taken sick. The man died, and during the interval that preceded the death of Mrs. Argires Florence Mason was the gentlest of nurses, doing everything in her power to alleviate the sufferings of the invalid, but she, too, passed away.

This lady left a will containing several bequests and leaving the remainder of her estate to Miss Mason, but the filling of the bequests exhausted the estate and the young lady realized nothing.

Now comes the strange part of the affair. About two weeks ago Miss Mason received a letter from D. G. Camarinos, the Greek Consul in this city.

She was informed that Racilio Argires had died, leaving his estate to his brother, not knowing of his death. By the death of that brother the property reverted to his wife, and, as she had made a will in favor of Miss Mason, that lucky young woman is entitled to the fortune of $100,000. According to the laws of Greece, Miss Mason will have no trouble in claiming the estate.

THE PRISON DIRECTORS.

They Hold a Meeting at San Quentin.

The California State Board of Prison Directors met yesterday at the San Quentin prison.

A full board was present.

The meeting was held partly for the purpose of discussing what action should be taken in regard to the decision of the Superior Court of Marin County as to opening the county road through the prison grounds.

It was decided to appeal to the Supreme Court.

Judge Angellotti's decision was somewhat of a surprise to the members of the board.

They regard it as injurious to the prison and it will entail extra expense in the way of additional guards.

The monthly bills were read and referred to the committees.

It is understood that some changes are contemplated among the employes of the prison.

Captain Goodall Serenaded.

The employes and friends of Captain Charles Goodall of the Pacific Coast Steamship Company, who has just returned from Europe, gave him a serenade last evening at his home, on the corner of Pierce and McAllister streets. The serenaders were invited into the house and pleasantly entertained by the genial captain and his family.

STILL WAITING.

Candidates on the Ragged Edge.

ANXIOUS FOR THE RETURNS.

Many a Close Fight Will Be Decided When the Official Count Comes In.

Many of the candidates for municipal honors are still on the anxious seat because there are still some precincts to hear from.

Among other anxious men are McDade and Scott, who both want to have the serving of warrants and subpenas. Billy Blattner wanted this work, but will have to serve the Third-street saloon in some other capacity.

At present McDade leads Scott by some 1600 votes, but he is very anxious about the other twenty-seven precincts not included in that count.

It is nonsense to talk of the Treasurer. Widber succeeds himself; but when it comes to Recorder the fight is strong, as there is only a difference of 24 votes in favor of Reed against Glynn, with twenty-five precincts to hear from.

The San Benito rancher is to have the chance to comply with the regulations of the United States and prove up on his homestead in good shape, and it is hoped no wicked Democrat will jump his ranch while he is still collector of licenses of the city and county of San Francisco.

The fact is that while other men are left behind by him, he is outvoted by Haley and is 2929 ballots short.

Billy Barnes was so personally popular that his election was a foregone conclusion but there was some surprise expressed at the election of Cresswell for Attorney and Counselor, but he gets there just the same.

Coroner Garwood's large vote was rather a surprise, but he is left by 2000, and his place will be taken by Dr. Jerome A. Hughes.

Freese succeeds himself as Public Administrator by a large majority, almost the largest on the ticket.

There are many who will regret that Charley Tilton got left for Surveyor. The Non-Partisan nomination that he could have had would have elected him, but Fitzhugh gets there by nearly 2000.

What a sweep Ackerson made. The people of San Francisco only need hope that he will make as clean a sweep of the streets as he did of his opponents.

Wallace is sustained in his fight against the bossism in the city and has been returned as Superior Judge by the largest vote polled. Slack has also been re-elected, and so has Troutt, and Seawell comes in as the fourth Judge.

Joachimsen secured the Non-Partisan nomination for Police Judge, and is consequently the leader in that fight by nearly 5000. His coadjutors will be Campbell and either Humphreys or Low.

The five Justices of the Peace will probably be Dunn, Barry, Willett, and either Cook or Gray.

When it comes to Supervisors the question becomes mixed, but the following candidates appear to have the best showing:

In the First Ward Goodwin leads by 3500 and may be counted as safe; but in the Second Ward the returns, with twenty-five precincts to hear from, are considerably closer. Rogers D. only leads Browell N. P. by 259 votes.

Montgomery has carried the Third Ward.

Kennedy, who was on both the Non-Partisan and Democratic tickets, has carried the Fourth Ward by 12,000 plurality.

While the figures are closer in the Fifth Ward, there can be no doubt of Forman's election, and he was considered too honest to go on the Kelly-Crimmins ticket and was nominated by the Non-Partisans.

Whether or not his Christian name had anything to do with it, there is no doubt of the election of Christian Reis as Supervisor of the Sixth Ward.

James Ryan gets there in the Seventh Ward and Robert Day in the Eighth, but Heyer, who has the indorsement of Pat Dolan and all others of that ilk, is not sure yet, as Dundon is close after him, only 260 votes behind, and "still there's more to follow."

Turning to the Tenth Ward, Hinton has knocked Sonntag into a cocked hat, and used him up almost as badly as the latter's namesake used the deputy sheriffs who were after after him and his "pardner."

A thousand majority is sufficient to insure that Jefferson G. James will be the next Supervisor from the Eleventh Ward.

Poor August Helbing who pulled out his $10 so gracefully at the Wigwam and paid for his nomination on the Mike de Young ticket, will have to make it up on mining stocks, for James Denman has anyhow 3500 votes more than he could poll.

When it comes to talk of School Directors the people should pity the man who has to tabulate them and say who is elected.

Sixty-five candidates packed as closely as sardines in a box, ten of them women, prepared to reform the schools, give one an awful task when tired out.

But somehow or another there is no gallantry among the people of San Francisco and no woman was elected.

It is true that while father, mother and daughter in one instance ran, the father got there and the ladies were left, but any one who was ever married knows how that will be, the ladies will have the vote on the board.

As at present appears the following will compose the School Board next year: Pelham W. Ames D., J. T. Burke N. P. D., Charles A. Clinton N. P., Thomas R. Carew D., J. J. Dowling D., Charles W. Decker R., S. E. Dutton N. P., F. J. French N. P., F. A. Hyde N. P., H. J. Stafford D. and C. E. Perkins N. P.

For the unexpired terms Broderick will take Smiley's place on the first Monday after the votes are counted, unless, as is probable, the present Auditor decides to fight the matter out in the courts.

Dalngerfield will assume the bench and be Superior Judge till 1895.

James A. Campbell will step from the Justices' Court to the Police beach, but Dunn and Barry are fighting for his position.

Goodwin has been elected a Supervisor for the First Ward, and Rogers, probably, for the Second.

Charles A. Clinton will have no difficulty in showing that he is a School Director for the unexpired term, for he leads his next opponent by nearly 5000 votes.

This completes the list on the municipal ticket.

PERSONAL NOTES.

Miss Mackenzie of San Jose is at the California.

Major Frank McLaughlin of Oroville is at the Palace.

Charles Rule of the Duncan Mills is staying at the Grand.

Warden Charles Aull of Folsom Penitentiary is at the Palace.

J. H. Smith, a contractor of Portland, Or., is registered at the Lick.

Charles S. Fay, a capitalist of Boston, is registered at the California.

Dan M. Murphy, a capitalist of San Jose, is registered at the California.

A. Longini, a prominent manufacturer of Chicago, is staying at the Palace.

Dr. W. Culin, a well-known physician of Seattle, is registered at the Palace.

O. M. Welburn, a well-known fruit-grower of Gilroy, is staying at the Grand.

W. F. George, a prominent attorney of Sacramento, is stopping at the Grand.

Captain D. B. Jackson, a prominent member of Seattle shipping circles, is staying at the Lick.

T. K. Armsby, a well-known California fruit buyer of Chicago, is registered at the Palace.

E. S. Churchill, a wealthy banker of Napa, is registered at the Palace with Mrs. Churchill, Miss Churchill and Miss Lyle.

Sheriff J. M. Standley of Mendocino is registered at the Russ. He has for many years held the office of Sheriff on the Republican ticket, but the cyclone has caught him at last and he now gives way to a Democratic rival.

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