ALL IN THE SWIM.

Practicing for Olympic Tournaments.

COMING OF THE STRONG MEN.

A Few of the Athletes Who Will Cut a Dash in the Big Bathtub.

The athletic committee of the Olympic Club announced a few days ago that entries for the wrestling tournament would be received last evening.

Leader Kolb waited two hours for the coming of the strong men, and as only a few "squeezers" put in an appearance the receiving of entries was postponed until Monday evening, when, if none of the wrestlers are present, a meeting of the committee will be called to consider the advisability of declaring the tournament off.

The old system of watching and waiting for athletes to enter a tournament has been declared obsolete.

In future athletes must appear at headquarters when an announcement is made that the committee will be present to receive entries. Those failing to comply with the new rule will be considered out of the race.

The proposed swimming tournament has already created considerable interest among clubmen, and it is thought that the entries for the various natatorial events will be numerous, as among the members there are several crack swimmers and divers.

"I think the race for the Catton badge will be very exciting," said Eddie Kolb last night, as he rubbed a Turkish towel over his massive shoulders. "There are, in my mind's eye, about a dozen men who will make a great race for the prize."

"Who are they?"

"Well, let me see. Yes, there is Jack Leighton, a beautiful swimmer, who can shoot from end to end of the tank with the grace and speed of a sea serpent. Then there is Jonah Parker, who can dive like a wounded duck. Cyclone Lyons is another graceful swimmer. George Eckhart is famous as a natator and would be a phenomenal if he could only keep his mouth over water."

Kolb paused awhile to think and giving his suspenders a double yank the thought of a few more cutters flitted across his mind.

"Yes, I must not forget Harry Cook and Adipose Tissue Belcher. Now these well-known athletes are terrors in the water and can perform really wonderful feats. Then there is little Johnny Hammersmith, Fred Larkin, Linguist Haberley, Bob Vail with his twenty-five overall, short-haired Bob McArthur, George Woolrich and Obese Denhardt.

"Well, I could enumerate several more really wonderful water pushers if I only had time to consider, but call again and I will have a list of our crack swimmers for you."

It is said that Oscar Tolle and Downey Harvey will soon go into training for their ten-mile swimming match, which will take place in the tank some evening in the near future. The match is for blood, and will be a strictly private affair.

The officers of the California Club met with "closed doors" last evening. Director Livingston, as well as other officers who had been accused of unofficerlike conduct, were exonerated.

The annual election of the club will take some time next month.

The dues for the Purtell and Barron fight were fixed at $2.

The Allen and Wilkes fight was set for March 10.

There being no evidence to prove that Peppers had done wrong, he will receive the money that is due him.

SMALL TALES OF A BIG CITY.

In the United States District Court yesterday Claus Stilling and Judah Boas were each fined $200 for sending lottery tickets through the mail.

The North Beach and Mission Railroad Company now issues transfers to the Ellis-street line and this company transfers passengers to the Fourth-street line.

Colonel John O'Byrne will lecture on "The Geography of the Heavens" before the Geographical Society of California in Union-square Hall on Monday next.

In the case of William S. Chapman vs. the Bank of California, the Supreme Court has affirmed the judgment of the Superior Court, which was adverse to Chapman.

John Wilby, who was caught trying to commit a burglary in the residence of Mrs. C. Lagrave, at 704 Railroad avenue, one night last week, was held to answer in the sum of $5000 to the Superior Court.

The will of the late James Phelan was admitted to probate yesterday. James D. Phelan testified that the property to be distributed was worth over $1,000,000, exclusive of the deeds of gift made by his father.

Charles von Roesierk, a young man with a fondness for throwing cobblestones at pedestrians, was held to answer the charge of an assault with a deadly weapon in the sum of $1000 bail, in default of which he went to jail.

The shortage in the street fund is $41,000, which makes it impossible for the Supervisors to order any more work during the fiscal year. The $5000 appropriated by the late Board of Supervisors for the improvement of Holly Park will be used for repairing sewers and streets.

In his will the late John Brady bequeathed to his son John the property 320 Mason street; to his daughter Mary Josephine, the property 310 Sanchez street, together with the furniture; to his son Thomas, $3000, and to Rev. Father Brennan $500 for masses for the repose of his soul.

Past President Thomas E. Keough of California Parlor No. 1, N. S. G. W., was presented, at the meeting in Pioneer Hall, Thursday night, with an elegant gold watch, suitably inscribed, chain and locket, as a mark of esteem and in recognition of his invaluable services to the order.

In the Police Court yesterday W. S. Brown, the padlock-worker, was held to answer the charge of grand larceny in the Superior Court, with bail fixed in the sum of $2000. Brown was one of the coterie of swindlers who had a trick lock, with which they swindled a score of dock laborers out of various sums.

The libel case of Paul O. Burns against A. G. Hawes, Pacific Coast manager of the New York Life Insurance Company, was again called in department 2 of the Police Court yesterday, and after arraigning the defendant the case was continued until Monday next. The case has been on the calendar off and on since September 16 last.

Olinto Marchette was committed yesterday to the Agnews Insane Asylum. His wife testified that in Italy a few years ago in a fit of insanity he stabbed his mother to death. He was committed to an insane asylum, and, after a few years' confinement, was discharged. He afterward showed signs of insanity again and his relatives sent the family to this city.

Sam Mathews, a young Swiss who has been running the Ocean View branch of A. P. Mordaunt's hay, grain and feed store, was arrested yesterday afternoon by Sergeant Price and Officer Byrnes, and charged at the Seventeenth-street police station with embezzlement. He had sold nearly all of the stock, and could not account for any of the money which he had received.

The executive committee of the Golden Gate Union of Young People's Societies of Christian Endeavor at its monthly meeting Thursday night arranged an appropriate programme for the twenty-fifth quarterly convention of the union, to be held in the Central M. E. Church, on Thursday evening, February 2. Arrangements were also made for a general consecration meeting next Tuesday evening in the First Christian Church, Twelfth street.

Another improvement club has been formed. This time it is the Park Lane Tract and Improvement Club, and it meets on Seventeenth street, above Clara avenue. It held its first regular business meeting last night, and the following officers were elected: President, C. Adams; vice-president, H. Foley; secretary and treasurer, James Whitaker. The only business transacted was the formation of a petition to the Supervisors to establish a grade on Mars street, from Seventeenth street to Corbett road, Uranus street, according to a profile already made, and Serpentine road and place.

A Horrid Man.

New York Times.

On a Sixth-avenue train the other evening an old man sat literally packed among women. As the train approached the Twenty-third street station he began to button up his coat preparatory to leaving the car. He looked about grimly among the clustered women till he caught sight of an elderly man standing with them. Reaching out arm's length with his cane among the furbelows and feathers, he managed to touch his fellowman on the elbow. The other understood at once, and wedged his way back to the waiting seat. When he was safely there the old man got up, and glaring defiantly at the baffled fair ones, picked his way rheumatically out of the train.

Skins Snakes.

Cincinnati World.

A prominent Germantown manufacturer owns a setter dog, called Brave, which has a singular penchant for hunting snakes. After killing one he places one paw on the reptile's head, and, seizing the neck with his teeth, he proceeds to skin it after the manner of skinning an eel. These trophies he proudly carries to his master, who nails them on the woodshed, much to the satisfaction of Brave. During a month's gunning trip in Perry County Brave's collection numbered forty-one skins, five of which had been stripped from good-sized rattlesnakes.

The Very First Complete Bible.

The first complete Bible printed in England was issued in 1535 without any publisher's name. It was the work of the celebrated Miles Coverdale, who incorporated, with revisions, Tyndale's books of the New Testament as well as his Pentateuch and Book of Jonah. It was thus only partially original as far as Coverdale was concerned, the remaining portion being a translation of a translation. No perfect copy of this edition is known to be in existence. A copy sold a few years ago in London for a sum equal to $600 had the title, nineteen leaves and map missing. The Coverdale Bible is also called the "Bug Bible" and "Treacle Bible," on account of two curious passages found therein. The passage in Jeremiah which we now read as "Is there no balm in Gilead?" is made by Coverdale to read as "Is there no more treacle at Gabahad?" The psalm which says "Thou shalt not be afraid of the terror by night" reads, "Thou shalt not nede to bee afrayed for any bugs by night." The ninth psalm, in that portion which should say "Put them in fear, O Lord," Coverdale makes to say "Set a schoolmaster over them."

MEN ARE CREDULOUS.

A Broker Tells Two Stories to Illustrate His Theories.

New York Tribune.

They wandered from subject to subject in a listless way over their coffee and cigars, as men often do when they have enjoyed a good dinner, until the broker got on his favorite hobby—the average man's credulity. His companion, a lawyer, disagreed with him, and that at once started them on a lively argument. After a few minutes of general discussion the broker said:

"Well, I'll give you an instance. It is a pretty good story, anyhow, and perfectly true, almost incredible as it seems. In the town where I was born there lives an old river captain named Stewart, who is a great practical joker. The proprietor of one of the two hotels in that place is a rather pompous and conceited old man. Stewart walked into the office of the hotel one day a few years ago and drawing out a $1 banknote asked the proprietor if he could change an $11 bill. The old fellow said 'yes' and took the bill, which, sure enough, had the number eleven on the corners, and just glancing at it handed the amount in change to Stewart. The joker had added another figure in ink to the numbers on the bill, and as the proprietor did not like to acknowledge that he had never seen an $11 bill before, he had only glanced at it casually before putting it into the drawer. Stewart walked out of the hotel and told all the men he met about the joke.

"About fifteen minutes after Stewart went away, a man walked in and said to the proprietor:

"'Mr. Kennedy, I understand that you have an $11 bill here; may I look at it? I never saw one.'

"Kennedy produced it, and the man marveled over it for several minutes. Before he got through examining it another man walked in and asked to see the bill, and then another and another. Finally Kennedy's curiosity became excited, and he thought he would see what the bill really looked like. He saw at once how it had been 'fixed,' and his face was a study. The boys shouted with laughter, and the old fellow had to acknowledge that the drinks were on him, and he set them up like a man."

"Hum, that was funny," commented the lawyer.

"Well, here's another instance," commented the broker; "Stewart went to a picnic one day with some men, and one of them had on a brand-new hat he had just bought in the city. It was an almost white derby, and it at once attracted Stewart's attention.

"'Well,' he said, going up to the young man, 'you've got one of those new hats, have you? Let's look at it.'

"The fellow took it off with some show of pride and handed it over for inspection.

"'I saw one of them hats the other day in the city,' said Stewart to the little group of men who had gathered around him, 'and I had half a mind to get it, but I was in a hurry—I didn't stop. They are something entirely new. They don't burn, you know. I'd like to have that hat; what'll you take for it?'

"'I don't want to sell it,' answered the owner, grinning with pleasure at being the object of so much attention. 'I didn't know it was fire-proof, though. Are you sure about it?'

"'Oh, yes,' replied Stewart, confidently. 'Sell it to me and I'll show you.'

"'No, if you're sure, I'll try it myself,' and the young countryman walked over to a wood fire, followed by the crowd of men who had been gaping with wonder at the reported qualities of the new hat.

"'How will I put it in?' he asked Stewart, who stood near by, with a look of intense interest on his face.

"'Oh, chuck it right in; it can't hurt it,' replied the joker.

"So the innocent victim threw his hat into the fire, which, of course, made short work of it. The man's face was convulsed with rage and astonishment, and his temper was not improved when the crowd of men burst into a roar. He looked around for Stewart, but that gentleman had discreetly disappeared."

"'Oh, come off! Go and tell that to the marines as your 'experience.' You can't make me believe such fairy stories," said his auditor.

"Those stories are perfectly straight; I knew the men myself."

"You did, hey? Well, they're pretty good stories anyway. Hang the discussion; let's have something to drink."

MERELY A BLUFF.

A Conversation Which May Have Been Taken From Real Life.

Chicago Daily Tribune.

"Your musical taste, Miss Quickstep," observed the young professor, looking over the piles of sheet music that lay on the piano, "is highly creditable to you."

"I am glad you think so, professor," murmured the young woman.

"I am sure of it," he rejoined, positively. "It is only the trained musician, whose taste has been carefully cultivated, and whose ear is attuned to the diviner harmonies breathed forth from the souls of the great masters, that is capable of making so unerring a selection of purely classical music as this. 'Schubert's Serenade,'" he continued, looking the pile over again and reading the titles, "'Rhapsodie Hongroise No. 2,' 'Selections from Chopin—'"

"I do so love Shopang," interrupted Miss Quickstep, softly.

"He is adorable. 'Gems from Mendelssohn's Songs Without Words.' 'Beethoven's Symphony in A Minor,' 'Arias from Gluck's Iphigenie en Tauride,' 'Bach's Variations from Vom Himmel Hoch'—by the way, have you ever heard D'Albert in—"

"Dolibare is wonderful, wonderful!"

"Um—yes, in many things he is indeed admirable. Here, I see, are some rare selections from Handel's 'Rinaldo,' from Haydn's 'Die Jahreszeiten,' 'Gems from Graun,' 'Beauties of Judas Maccabæus'—everything classical—purely classical! And yet I must not linger too long in mere anticipation. You will favor me, I am sure, Miss Quickstep, with something from—"

"Oh, professor!"

"I shall not presume to dictate your choice. Your own exquisite taste, I am persuaded, will guide you far better in the selection of—"

"Professor, I—I don't play."

"You do not play! Do I understand you aright, Miss Quickstep?"

"Indeed you do. I can't play a note. This is a lot of music I got at the recommendation of a friend."

"You astound me! Then this—this remarkable collection is—pardon me—is—is merely a—"

"You are right, professor," said Miss Quickstep, drumming carelessly on the table with her fingers. "It's merely a bluff."

A Southerner in New York.

New York Tribune.

A Southerner visiting the city was asked by a resident:

"What in all that you have seen has impressed you most?"

"The tired and worn-out appearance of the people I have met," was the astonishing answer. "They all seem to be on the run. They seem to have a hunted look. They go about as if they had but one day to live, and are too tired to make it interesting."

"What impresses you most about our institutions?"

"Their immensity. When I return home things will look so small that I shall feel like a big man. The rivers will look like creeks and the great oaks will seem as saplings. I thought Atlanta was a tremendous place till I saw New York. When I go back I shall not be able to walk in the streets, but shall stride over the tops of the houses. Atlanta, after all, is only a hamlet."

One of Prof. Stowe's Love-Letters.

Chicago Post.

Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe is reported to be critically ill. Her biography will appear this month from the pen of a noted writer. It will contain a love-letter from the late Professor Stowe to his wife, whom he adored as an angel. Here is a quotation: "There is no woman like you in this wide world. Who else has so much talent with so little conceit; so much reputation with so little affectation; so much literature with so little nonsense; so much enterprise with so little extravagance; so much tongue with so little scold; so much sweetness with so little softness; so much of so many things and so little of so many things?" All husbands who wish to win the everlasting gratitude of their wives should write such letters as they have to write after this fashion.

Swear? Oh, No! He Merely Smiled.

Washington Star.

It is alleged as one of the reasons why Mr. Edward Murphy should be elected Senator from New York that he does not permit the use of profane language in his brewery. Mr. Murphy was not, it appears, in his brewery when he heard of Mr. Cleveland's condemnation of his candidacy.

BERTELING has the only reliable methods to fit defective sight. 427 Kearny street.

OVER IN OAKLAND.

A Shoe Clerk Grew Weary of Living.

POLITICS GETTING WARMER.

The Republicans Will Nominate a Straight Ticket—News From Alameda and Berkeley.

Albert Sherwood, a shoe clerk, committed suicide at 573 Twentieth street yesterday afternoon while delirious from the excessive use of liquors. He jabbed himself in the neck several times with a fork and then discarded it for a knife, with which he cut his throat. He leaves a widow and a four-year-old child.

The German-American Political Club of Oakland has been organized with 170 members. It will indorse a ticket from the numerous candidates to run for office next spring, with the object of procuring better recognition for the German element.

The Republican Executive Committee met last evening and directed the nominating committee to be ready to report the names of delegates for a convention by next Friday evening. The Republicans will nominate a straight ticket, indorsing no outside candidates.

Last night the Board of Education rejected a bill of W. D. Catton for $115 for constructing a fence 150 feet long across the Cole School site. Mr. Ingler reported that the proper cost would be about $35 and recommended the payment of that amount. He said the fence had been flimsily constructed out of old material and the others were of the opinion that it ought not to be accepted.

The water-front company is not in politics, but it took occasion yesterday to distribute a cartload of circulars containing the decision of the three wise men sitting on the Alameda County Superior Court bench, relative to the Carpentier ordinance. The cart was kept going up and down Broadway and the circulars were handed out to everybody who would take them. The object is presumed to be to counteract anything that may be said against the corporation during the political battle just beginning.

Mayor Chapman stated yesterday that he will not appoint a commissioner of the Board of Public Works to take Eli Playter's place till next week. He has received only one positive application. Councilman Wilkins and John C. Gohrman are considered among the candidates.

The Board of Health held a regular meeting last night, at which Health Officer Dunn reported that only sixty-six deaths occurred in December as against 110 in the same month of last year. The total number of deaths for the year has been 777 as against 856 last year. It is the smallest death rate within ten years.

The Sanitary Inspector reported the need of better services at various places in the city and the secretary was instructed to bring the matter before the Council.

The quarrel over the Gideon Woodward estate between the widow and her stepchildren was renewed yesterday, when the widow asked the Superior Court to remove John A. Woodward as executor. She charged that he owes the estate $10,000 borrowed money and that the daughter is also designedly in debt. The property is worth $200,000.

The water-front suit has been continued till next Tuesday.

Alameda.

The contest among the Democrats for the appointment of postmaster seems to have narrowed to Frederick K. Krauth Jr. and Thomas C. Stoddard.

Gustave Anderson, the San Francisco stevedore arrested on a charge of assault with a deadly weapon, will have his examination before Justice Peckham next Tuesday.

The Alameda City Auxiliary of the Alameda County Woman's Board World's Fair Association gave a musical and literary entertainment in Park Opera-house on Thursday evening. The object was to acquaint the people of Alameda with the aims of the auxiliary. Several members of the State and county boards were present, and delivered short addresses.

Berkeley.

Thursday evening the directors of the Holmes Library met at the residence of Mr. Shattuck.

The several canvassers reported $1250 subscribed, besides subscriptions to ten of the leading periodicals, and donations of a nucleus of a library in books. Quite a portion of the town has not yet been canvassed and the directors feel assured of a solid and permanent financial footing for the library. A large room will be secured in Shattuck block, which will be divided into two parts, a fireside and a reading-room. A librarian will be employed, whose duty it will be to make the place so homelike and inviting that the youth of the town will prefer it to the billiard-hall or the street corner. The terms of the directors as determined by lot are: One year—F. K. Shattuck, D. L. Bishop, E. B. Payne. Two years—P. R. Boone, E. T. Whittemore, C. W. Woodworth. Three years—J. K. Laymance, S. D. Waterman, J. I. Logan.

Hearts of Oak Lodge, A. O. U. W., of West Berkeley Thursday evening installed as officers for the ensuing year: L. P. Jensen, past master workman; M. Forbes, master workman; S. A. Penwell, recorder; J. Squires, financier; F. Bengfoski, guide; C. Stein, inside watchman; P. O'Connel, outside watchman.

Manager Brown of the University football eleven denies in toto the report that there will be a match game between the two universities in February. There was a rumor that the freshman teams of the sister universities would play, but nothing has been done in the matter. There will be but one intercollegiate game a year and that will be played on each Thanksgiving day.

The Berkeley Gymnasium has formed an eleven, and it is practicing regularly on the university campus.

The case of Moran vs. Penny, which was tried before Justice Penwell yesterday, resulted in the discharge of defendant.

Mr. Osborne, owner of the electric plant, was in Lorin yesterday, making preparations to erect the four electric-light masts.

The ladies of West Berkeley have formed a relief society for benevolent purposes. The officers are: Mrs. Schuster, president; Mrs. Bluett, vice-president; Miss Kate Teague, secretary; Mrs. Christopher Johnson, treasurer.

THE STORY OF A HAT.

How an Important Invention Was First Made Known.

An English technical paper relates the following story of one of the most noted British mechanics: Somewhere about 1777, a traveling millwright, footsore, and with the broadest Northern Doric accent, stopped at Soho, the engine factory of Bolton & Watt, and asked for work. His aspect was little better than that of beggary, and the proprietors of the place had bidden him godspeed to some other shop, when, as he was turning away sorrowfully, Bolton suddenly called him back.

"What kind of a hat's yon ye have on your head, me mon?"

"It's jist a timmer, sir."

"Timmer, me mon? Let's look at it. Where did you get it from?"

"I jist made it sir, me ain sell."

"How did you make it?"

"I jist turned it in the lathie."

"But it's oval, man, and the lathe turns things round!"

"Aweel! I jist gar'd the lathie gang anither gate, to please me. I'd a lang journey afore me, and I thought to have a hat to keep out water, and I hadna muckle siller to spare and I made me ane."

By his native ingenuity the man had invented an oval lathe to make his hat, and the hat made his fortune. Boulton was not the man to lose so valuable a helper, and so the after-famous William Murdock, the originator of gas lighting, entered the service of Boulton & Watt. One of the most noticeable inventions which he subsequently made was that of the locomotive, for in 1784 he made the first small model of a carriage driven by steam.

What Is the Use of the Boiler?

Lewiston Journal.

The Maine steamboat engineer was polite and attentive. It may be that he was flattered by the fact that a lady so impressive in her manner should have come to him for information. At any rate he told her all about it, just where the steam came into the cylinder, where it escaped and how it was that the piston-rod attached to the crank turned the wheels that propelled the little vessel through the waves. She appeared to be all wrapped up in the information, and when he had finished she turned a beaming face upon him and said: "Now what is the object of the boiler?"

A Dry Goods Box.

New York World.

It is an undeniable fact that a dry goods box is capable of many things. It is already quite accustomed to being converted into a shoe box. Such a pretty one was seen the other day that it is worth describing. The top of the box was covered with a cushion of light pink uncut velvet bound with a heavy cord of pale green silk. The sides of the box were then covered with pink silk. The front of the box was removed and a shelf made to fit in between the two sides. A pale green silk curtain hung before this shelf, a dainty curtain with a wild rose design over the faint green background. When the curtain was pulled aside a row of shoes could be seen. One side of the box was ornamented with the legend, "Rest for the Weary," which inscription the owner said applied strictly to the shoes. The shoe box was a great convenience, making it an act of comfort to button one's shoes when using it as a seat. It was placed in the room of a young woman, where all the decorations were in pink.

HISTORY OF THE TILE.

The Ancient Forms Found on Old Buildings in America To-Day.

St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

The red brick tile which is found on the roofs of many houses is the representative of an epoch in the history of the civilization of the world. To this day it is used in Eastern Europe almost exclusively, but where civilization has made rapid strides the ordinary tile has had many substitutes, and the roofs of the houses of the largest cities in the world are to-day covered in various ways.

The tile is not of uniform shape, however, and in the course of time has undergone frequent changes. It was unknown to the old Trojans; at least Schliemann in his excavations at Ilios found no tiles. The oldest tiles of the old Hellenic era were made 1000 years before Christ, and samples of them were found under the temple of Hero in Olympia. It was a wooden tile, such as is found in Europe to-day on some of the oldest buildings. Wood tiles were composed of slightly curved or inverted plates, fitted together in such a way that they exclude rain. This kind of tile has been called the "Normal" by ethnographists, because, from all indications, it represents the oldest form of tile. It is the invention of the Chinese, and to this day is used in Corea, China and Japan. Later excavations almost demonstrate that it is the oldest form of tile used in Western Asia, from where it was brought to the countries of the Mediterranean. In the Japanese language this tile is called "hongarava" or the "genuine tile."

In the course of time endeavors were made to weld together the two parts of the wood tile, and this was called the pan tile, having the form of the Latin letter S inverted lengthwise. The home of this form of tile was in the Netherlands, and from there it was introduced in Scandinavia and England and Northwestern Europe to the Pommeranian border.

Later on tiles were made on much simpler form, resembling the wood shingle, so that there are really three forms of tiles, the last being the flat tile with a nose at one end, by which it was hung to the laths of the roof.

The American scientist, E. Morse, who has given especial attention to the history of the tile, says that these three forms are found in North America on many roofs of old houses, denoting the nationality of the people who originally settled the territories in question. In California, which was settled by the Spaniards, the "Normal" tiles are found the same as on the Mediterranean coast. On the Delaware River, inhabited by the Dutch, the old pan tile is found on the roofs of the oldest houses, and in Pennsylvania, where German customs prevailed, the oldest houses still extant are found to be covered with the third form, the flat tile.

PRINGE GEORGE.

How He Exercised Good Influence Over a Constantly Offending Bluejacket.

The Young Man.

When Prince George, Duke of York, had the independent command of the Thrush, on the West Indian station, it fell to his lot to have to convey, as prisoner, a young bluejacket belonging to another ship, who had been hitherto a constant offender and continually on the blacklist. The man came on board the Thrush merely as a prisoner for conveyance from one part of the station to another under sentence of punishment. From his demeanor, however, and by close observation of him, Prince George came to the conclusion that there were many seeds of good in the man and the making of a better career. When the term of punishment was fulfilled and the time came for him to rejoin his own ship Prince George determined to try and give him the chance of a new start in life. On arriving in port and after calling upon the man's captain, who naturally was only too glad to be rid of him, he went to the admiral and asked permission to transfer him to the Thrush. The admiral, astonished at the proposition, gave his consent.

Prince George went back to his own ship, had the man brought aft before him on the quarter-deck and spoke to him as probably he had never been spoken to before. He told him that he was henceforth transferred to the Thrush; that, as commanding officer, he put him in the first class for leave and gave him a clean sheet as regards his past offenses. "I do not ask you to make me any promise as to your future behavior. I trust to your honor and good feeling alone. But remember that, by the rules of the service, if you offend again in any way, or break your leave, I have no option, but am bound to put you straight back again to that class from which I remove you. Your future is in your own hands. You have had no leave of absence for 12 months. Go ashore now with the other special leave men. Your pay has been stopped and no money is due you. Here is a sovereign. I trust to you not to misspend it. You know as well as I do what you may do and what you may not do. God help you to do the right and keep you from wrong."

The man was completely overcome. He, of course, answered nothing, but saluted and was then marched forward again. His officer's confidence was not misplaced. During the rest of the Thrush's commission he was never once an offender, but showed himself as active, willing and smart a hand as any in the ship, and after working hours he was the life of the forecastle. In the ship in which he has subsequently served he has maintained his good conduct and has attained a petty officer's rating.

FACTS ABOUT GRAY HAIR.

Early Bleaching Doesn't Indicate a Loss of Vitality.

Jenness Miller Magazine.

Many persons begin to show gray hairs while they are yet in their twenties, and some while in their teens. This does not by any means argue a premature decay of the constitution. It is purely a local phenomenon, and may co-exist with unusual bodily vigor.

Many feeble persons and others who have suffered extremely, both mentally and physically, do not blanch a hair until past middle life, while others, without assignable cause, lose their capillary coloring matter rapidly when about 40 years of age.

Race has a marked influence. The traveler Dr. d'Aubigny says that in many years he spent in South America he never saw a bald Indian, and scarcely a gray-haired one.

In the United States sex appears to make little difference. Men and women grow gray about the same period in life.

In men the hair and beard rarely change equally. The one is usually darker than the other for several years, but there seems to be no general rule as to which whitens the first.

The spot where grayness begins differs with the individual. The philosopher Schopenhauer began to turn gray on the temples, and complacently framed a theory that this is an indication of vigorous mental activity.

Long-Distance Photography Assured.

American Register.

It is said that long-distance photography is rendered quite a success with the new camera with a telescopic objective of Dr. Adolph Miethe. The object consists of a convex lens of considerable length of focus, and a concave lens of short focus. These are placed a certain distance apart, depending on the differences of the two foci. By the laws of optics this arrangement projects an inverted image of an object at a long distance from the lenses. The size of the object is greater the nearer the lenses are together, and the greater the distance between the foci. To obtain good images the lenses are of special form and achromatic. The whole camera looks very much like a Galilean telescope. By substituting an ordinary opera glass for the objective on the camera, and drawing it out a fairly good picture will be obtained on the ground glass of the camera. Excellent detail photographs of parts of the city of Potsdam have been taken by Dr. Miethe's apparatus two miles away.

Why He Preferred His Old Coat.

Pittsburg Dispatch.

The story from Roumania of the Greek miser who enjoined upon his wife that he should be buried in his old coat is a curious illustration of how closely mankind are apt to connect this world with the next. A kind-hearted fellow-countryman offered to supply a shroud, and when the widow explained the situation shrewdly suggested that she should thoroughly examine the garment for which the deceased had expressed such an attachment. In the lining of the coat were 35,000 francs in notes. Their late proprietor, like a wit of our own land, evidently thought this "a very nice sum to begin the next world with."

Neuralgic headaches promptly cured by Bromo-Seltzer—10c a bottle.

AFRICAN BUFFALO.

It Is a Dangerous Animal to Arouse.

THE ADVENTURE OF A SAILOR.

An Encounter Which Came Very Near Proving Fatal to the First Mate of a Schooner.

Americans who remember the buffalo as one of the most majestic and restless of wild beasts forget that he has a cousin in Africa that is even a more dangerous foe to meet face to face. What he is like may be seen in the following story, told in the Philadelphia Press by the first mate of a schooner that in September, 1889, was bound up the western coast of Africa from Port Natal and Cape Town. The ship, needing repairs, was lain to in Woolfish Bay, at the mouth of the River Swakop, where live a few poor natives whose dream of happiness and greatest evil is Medford rum. Wishing game, the teller of this story and two others went ashore to hunt. What happened he thus describes:

We kept pretty close together, we three, until we came to what appeared to be a natural opening or clearing in the forest. Half an hour's walk brought us to this, which was at least twenty acres in extent and covered with a light brushwood.

"Look!" said Bostwick, clutching my arm as he turned around—he was in the lead—"yonder is a blooming shot, my lad; can you make it? Thunder!" he ejaculated in the same breath, "there's three of them."

Almost before I knew it Captain Warner and Bostwick had dropped to a knee and fired. Two brown bodies sprang into the air and then, with a convulsed twist, dropped back into the brush, while a third body went bounding as if it had been shot from a catapult. I had missed my shot.

The game secured proved to be a pair of koodoos or twisted-horn antelopes. They are about the size of a Shetland pony, with white streaks running zebra-fashion over their backs and sides on a reddish-gray background. It is the choicest game found anywhere in South Africa.

I felt greatly provoked over my lack of luck, and while the captain and his passengers were trying to secure vegetable withes, with which to tie the feet of the animals together for slinging over a pole, to transport back to the coast, I wandered along the western side of the clearing, in search of something to kill. I had just about concluded to return when I caught a gleam of water through the trees, a little farther on, and, thinking it might furnish some water fowl, plunged through the forest toward it.

It proved to be only a narrow creek, which broadened out into a shallow pool, and which evidently emptied into the Swakop. There was no sign of bird or beast anywhere near it, and, pretty well disgusted, I turned to go back. In that instant I heard a fierce snort, the rush of a huge body, and the next moment I felt myself flying through the air, my gun knocked from my hand and everything hovering in chaos around me. The instant I struck the ground I was on my feet. I had an instinctive feeling that my life was at stake.

As I raised myself there came rushing upon me again that big dark body, but this time it was no indistinct image; it was the huge form, the curling horns, the glaring eyes and thrashing tail of a Cape buffalo, a solitaire, an old bull driven from the herd and rendered desperate by isolation.

Despite my critical condition I almost laughed at myself. I felt that I was the victim of an hallucination, that I was only dreaming, and that pretty soon I would waken from the horrible nightmare and all would be well. This feeling was the instantaneous outgrowth of an idea which swept on me like a flash. It could not be a Cape buffalo, because this point was at least 600 miles from the Cape, and how could the dreaded buffalo—and in its wild state a solitaire, an isolated bull especially, nothing is more dreaded by the Boers and bushmen—have strayed away thus far? If this was a Cape buffalo he must be at least 250 miles from his favorite haunts. This was my idea, but the reality dispelled it, for there was the great brute with its horns forming a bone helmet on its forehead, making for me with its head down, and bent on my destruction.

I had no time to dwell on the rapidity of thought; how, after the first attack and in the few seconds interval before the second, all these things had come into my mind, had been duly discussed and then dismissed; what I had then to do was to escape that snorting monster which had rushed upon me from his slimy burrow or wash on the edge of the creek. Without giving me a respite, the enraged brute was upon me once more, but I managed to leap aside just as the awful front, with its gleaming eyes, like gems in velvet, swept past me in impotent rage.

It was at this juncture that I made the mistake which came nearly costing me my life. I endeavored to recover my shotgun. It had been knocked from my hand at the first onslaught of the buffalo. The latter had been lying in its lair on the bank of the stream, a characteristic of the brute, and sprang at me as I turned.

Dazed by the attack, I had miscalculated the distance of my weapon. I reached it, but at that instant the buffalo was on me again, and, dropping the gun, I had only time to seize one of its long curved and bare-like horns to save myself from being gored. In the ensuing two minutes I lived an age. To release my hold on the horn of the maddened animal was to precipitate myself to death. To hang on meant that sooner or later I would be trampled to death. I had already experienced what this meant, for, lying with my shoulders to the ground and with the horn held close against my breast, my feet and legs were dragging along the side of the buffalo, and in this fashion one of the hoofs of the brute had been planted on my right foot with a force that made me scream with pain and led me to believe that my foot had been crushed.

My weight fortunately kept the buffalo's muzzle close to the ground. I was a dead weight dragging him down, but how long could I sustain this unequal struggle? Then I began to scream and cry aloud for help. It seemed almost useless, for the distance was so great that I did not even then believe—and all these thoughts passed through my brain like fire—that Warner and Bostwick could reach me in time. But I made the forest ring with my shouts; they even astonished the buffalo, for he halted with lowered head, blazing eyes and frothing muzzle, and for at least a moment remained motionless, save for a slight vacillating movement of the head, and with forefeet planted wide apart.

If you ask me to explain how it was that all these minute details stood out so conspicuously in my seeming death hour, I must reply that I do not know. Possibly my brain was cleared by the impending presence of death. I have heard that in drowning persons see everything of moment in their past lives moving before them like a panorama with awful distinctness of detail.

In my case the present was intensified. My brain was clearer, my thoughts and ideas and sensations were intensified, and I believe that if I had been called upon to speak, my language, describing all this, could have been more comprehensive, more loud, perhaps, more scholarly than it ever was before or since.

The plunging and snorting of the buffalo began the instant I ceased shouting from exhaustion. He swung his head and tried to plunge his horns into his body. I almost grinned to myself at the spectacle I must have presented to an outsider. That of a wet house floorcloth on the end of a mop-stick swung to and fro by a child.

Round and round, up and down the narrow, grass-grown space between the trees demonlike brute raced, dragging one after him and seeking at every opportunity to pin one to the earth with his long, curved but lancelike horns. My face and right shoulder were covered with the hot foam in his lolling jaws, while his hot breath burned like a furnace fire on my face.

At the end of five minutes, when my left leg stung as if a thousand bees had buried their little poignards in it, and which was owing to the flesh being torn off the calf in great strips six inches long, laying the bone bare, an inspiration came to me. I had borrowed a sheath-knife from one of the men on the Shoop before I came away. It was hanging at my right side. Mustering every bit of remaining strength, I released the hold of my right hand on the buffalo's horn and reached for the sheath-knife. I got it loose, and then, with a feeling of revenge which I cannot describe, but with inconceivable pain I threw myself a little more to the right, never releasing the hold of my left hand on the buffalo's horn, I plunged the knife almost up to the hilt in the right eye of the beast. The next instant I was lying prone on the grass, while the most terrible roar I ever heard was making the forest ring. I had been thrown aside like a bit of cork by the brute, which was charging to and fro and tossing its head in an agony of pain, while a thin stream of blood ran down and dripped from its muzzle.

To save my life I knew that I must get away, but exhaustion, the rending pain in my left leg, and a placid sort of acquiescence is what seemed to be my unavoidable death, held me down. In one of his turns the buffalo caught sight of me with his remaining eye. The knife, like my gun, lay ten feet away from me, and I was absolutely helpless. I saw the great head lowered for the attack that would end my existence when I heard a voice—it was Bostwick's, and he seemed to whispered the words, although he asserted afterward that it was a ringing shout—say:

"Keep cool and shut your eyes."

I did as I was bidden. In a dreamy sort of way I shut my eyes; there was the roar of a gun, the sound of voices in my ears, and then I dropped off to sleep.

When I awakened Bostwick and the captain were bending over me; my neckcloth was all wet and clammy where they had been dashing water over me to revive me. I was unable to walk back to the mouth of the river, so four of the ship's crew who were summoned by Captain Warner carried me back.

The rest of the story is soon told. Bostwick had heard my cries and arrived just in time to put an end to the Cape buffalo before his final charges on me. I will carry the scars of that encounter on my right leg for life. Bostwick has been my brother-in-law for two years. He doesn't talk much about that scrape, but when he does he always betrays his South Africa experience by adding:

"I don't see how that bloody brute ever got so far at the Swakop."

"Neither do I."

A CLEVER GIRL.

She Made a Good Impression, Although She Told a Fib.

New York Times.

The devious ways of young women are once more illustrated in a little tale of a recent happening. A young woman from a neighboring city came to spend a fortnight with a married friend of this town. The hostess had planned a small theater party of four for the night of her guest's arrival, and, as the train was a little late, she hurried her off to her own room at once to "fuss up" while they visited.

"Dick's brother takes you," began Dick's wife. "He's awfully nice, and I do hope you will like each other. I'll tell you everything he likes and doesn't like. You're just his style in appearance—dark and petite—and your voice will captivate him, for he adores music; but, Nell, seriously, there is one thing you mustn't do while you're here, and that is, eat onions in any form."

At this Nell groaned and sank back with an exclamation of horror. "I've done that very thing to-night," she cried, theatrically; "I dined on the train, you know, and the soup had onions in it: I ate some potato salad flavored with onion, and, worse than all, there was some delicious mixed pickles as a relish, which I ate much of by picking out the tender, crisp little onions!"

Then both women looked very solemn.

"It's dreadful, Nell," finally said Mrs. Dick. "Arthur is a perfect crank on the subject; says he thinks nobody should go abroad at all who will eat onions at the risk of making himself disagreeable to all with whom he comes in contact. Oh, dear, I ought to have written you!"

But Miss Nell had risen to the emergency.

"Don't worry," she said, confidently; "I see a way out. Let me have a bit of parsley to chew and I'll manage the rest."

A little later the four were seated in the theater, Arthur and Nell on the best of terms, and nobody but Dick's wife noticing how constantly Nell kept her handkerchief over her mouth. Presently the young diplomat leaned forward, asking her hostess if she had a vinaigrette with her. "No," was the reply, and then everybody asked if she felt faint.

"I'm not ill," said Nell, demurely, "but—I hate to speak of it—somebody near me has been eating onions, and their flavor is peculiarly disagreeable to me."

Arthur swallowed the bait way up to the float.

"Let me change places with you, Miss B——," he said, earnestly. "I haven't noticed onions in my vicinity, and I shan't mind it as you do, though I understand and sympathize with your dislike. It is atrocious that people have so little regard for the actual rights of other people. There should be an ordinance preventing onion-eaters from coming to public places."

Nell prettily deprecated, but finally reluctantly changed places, and, having thus completely and literally thrown him off the scent, continued to increase the favorable impression she had evidently made.

"Oh, you clever girl!" said Mrs. Dick, when at the end of the evening she went in to say good-night. "Arthur is completely hoodwinked. He told Dick downstairs just now that you were delightful, and he liked you better than ever when he found you were with him on the onion question." And Nell smiled wickedly, but said her prayers and slept the sleep of the just without a tinge of remorse.

SHOCKED THE DUCHESS.

Chauncey Depew Lets His Imagination Loose in Discussing Divorces.

New York World.

Here is a story by which, according to accounts, Mr. Depew shocked an English duchess. She was one of those insular old ladies who are very anxious to know if all those dreadful things said about America are really so. Mr. Depew took her in to dinner.

"Is it really true," she asked, "that your divorce laws are so lax that American courts sometimes grant divorces in half an hour? I have been told so by people who have been there."

"Indeed, it is not true. Such stories are told not by your own countrymen who have been in the United States, but by Americans who delight in shocking the English people by outrageous stories about Americans. I know of only one State and one town in my country where the divorce laws are so scandalously lax as they describe. That is in a small town in Indiana. There are two great American railways which have very luxurious trains—fast trains, which we call limited express. One of these trains passes over the New York Central Railway, of which I have the honor to be president, and the other goes over the Pennsylvania. It is customary, I believe, one-half hour before the limited express on the Pennsylvania road reaches that town for the conductor, or guard, as he is called in Britain, to announce that the train will stop half an hour at the next station for those desiring to obtain divorces and that the courthouse is at the right of the station and directly across the street. So many Americans, I regret to say, avail themselves of the escape from matrimony that the Pennsylvania limited express is never without passengers. Sometimes, if the divorce has been mutually agreed upon by husband and wife, they travel together in the greatest luxury and good will imaginable, and where either party intends to marry again, it is, I believe, not uncommon for the new bride-elect to accompany as a third party the two persons about to obtain their divorces. The court is always in session when the train arrives, so that the petitions may be filed, cases argued and decrees entered well within the limit of half an hour, which the railroad allows. A clergyman has his office next door to the courthouse, so persons may be united to others seeking conjugal happiness immediately after the late marriage has been dissolved. So at the end of half an hour the Chicago limited resumes its flight west, and the couples who came to be divorced have taken their partners and are already off on their second honeymoon."

The Duchess threw up both hands in horror and said:

"A civilization that permits such outrages as that is simply dreadful."

Transmission of Power in Italy.

Pittsburg Dispatch.

Extraordinary progress is being made in Italy in the line of the electrical transmission of power. The great natural resources of the country lend themselves to the spread of the industry. Rome is being lighted by electricity from the Tivoli Falls, while in Milan alone there are eighteen installations for the utilization of water power. The Alzano waterfall is to be used for distribution, 50 horse-power being transmitted at three miles, and 180 horse-power at a quarter of a mile. At Pavia, power is transmitted from Gravellone, 500 yards to the extent of 200 horse-power. In the province of Navarre, a transmission plant of 1000 horse-power is now being constructed, the current to be sent from Cassagno to Intra, a distance of six miles.

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A FLAXEN FABRIC.

Use of Linen in the Olden Time.

THE NOBLE ART OF WEAVING.

Expert Workmen in Ancient Days. The Fine Cloth Made by the Ingenious Egyptians.

There is no other fabric in the world that has such a history of its own and such a part in the world's history as linen has, says Harper's Bazar. No one knows at what point of primitive life the savage found the wool of his sheep preferable to its hide, nor just where linen came like a new dispensation over that. Other plants besides the flax have come up since. The jute, whose leaves the East Indian eats like spinach, has an immense production to-day; and the common pricking nettle of our fields has been made into both cloth and paper. Indeed, the delicate Chinese grass cloth, that looks sometimes like nothing more substantial than a hoar frost, is produced from a species of nettle, which is carefully cultivated and gathered three times a year for the fine fiber of its third inner layer.

But the use of flax once habitual, the improvements in the manufacture seem to have reached perfection at an early day in India, Egypt and Babylon. We read of Hindostanee muslins so fine that when spread on the grass and wet with dew they were invisible. A Persian Embassador brought to his royal master a cocoanut enriched with jewels, in which was inclosed a turban muslin thirty yards long, so fine that with closed eyes one could scarcely recognize it by the touch.

It was probably from the Egyptians that the Hebrews brought many linen-weaving secrets. The splendid hangings of the tabernacle in the wilderness, as well as the priests' robes, were of shining linen, and the high priest's girdle was of linen so curiously made as to suggest a snake's skin. These robes were afterward raveled to make wicks for the sacred lamps. The mufflers and veils and stomachers and turbans, which made the picturesque toilet of the Hebrew women, were all of linen, and it is fine linen that always moved the imaginations of their poets. Solomon, we are told, had veils and hangings of the softest linens wrought with exquisite devices; and that Egyptian princess who was his wife brought with her from home dresses of linen whose sheer gauze was wondrously embroidered. Perhaps in the bales that came to her were the linen lawns from Tyre and Sidon, "so thin as to be transparent, and which glow with purple"; the gauziness of which such fabrics were capable is known now by a bit of fine linen brought from Thebes, which had in it 540 threads to the inch.

Both the Egyptians and Babylonians wove golden threads into their linen occasionally. Egyptian napkins embroidered with golden flowers have been found, and mummies swathed in gold-wrought linen. The Babylonian cloth with which one of Nero's dining-rooms was hung, worth nearly $200,000 of our money, was doubtless of this description. The robe which Achan coveted was probably a Babylonian one—not of linen, however, but woven entirely of gold. Cato having inherited a Babylonian robe — perhaps of a similar sort—ordered it sold, as too costly for an honest Roman to wear. Indeed, many of the old Roman families regarded linen itself as something too luxurious and effeminate, and clung to their woolen robes long after the rest of the world wore the softer fabric.

Ovid speaks of the priests of Rome as wearing linen, and probably the lawn of the Anglican Bishop is the legitimate successor of that linen. One is led to fancy that there must have been an immense manufacture of linen in Egypt from the character of the wrappings of the mummies, which had sometimes as many as forty thicknesses, and used 300 yards of material. Many of these linen bandages were written and painted on with great delicacy. Indeed, linen was used instead of papyrus to some extent; the Sibylline leaves themselves are said to have been written on it.

Ben Jonson speaks of a tablecloth costing $90, and in his era a linen shirt, with its fine finishings, was worth £10. A century later a weaver in Dunfermline, where the king sat with Sir Patrick Spence drinking the blood-red wine, wove a shirt without a seam, and finished without a needle, save for a button.

Linen is not cheap now, but it was mightily expensive in those old days. It was the expense of it so late as the time of Charlemagne that caused Voltaire to think many diseases of the skin that went under the name of leprosy were due to the want of linen, probably as its want occasioned uncleanliness and irritation. The habit appears to have been remedied afterward, although it took several hundred years to do it; for one of the officers of the household of Mary Queen of Scots, in her imprisonment, complained that she was allowed but sixty pairs of sheets, which was truly a beggarly equipment for royalty.

It was in order to encourage the manufacture of linen, a hundred years or more afterward, then the Scotch enacted a law forbidding one to be buried in anything else. Perhaps even in this there was felt, almost as strongly as the need of a prosperous industry, something of the pure and fine character of linen, whose preparation has left so little of soil and decay that it is the fit and symbolic drapery for the holy of holies, the only garment for the purified priest as he waits upon the altar.

A GHOSTLY COMEDY.

A Hotel Guest Who Was Thirsty Makes a Sensation.

Cleveland Leader.

The failure of an electric bell to work properly was the innocent and remote cause of a somewhat disquieting occurrence at the usually staid and quiet American House early yesterday morning. At a quarter to 5 o'clock a guest who shortly afterward had cause to heap bitter reproaches upon himself, became afflicted with an acute case of insomnia and concluded that he wanted some ice-water. He first tried the bell in his room, but receiving no response stepped out upon the landing over the office in his long white robe de nuit. He called down over the railing to the clerk on duty, made known his desire and after seeing a bellboy sent on his errand waited in the hall to receive the water. At this moment one of the chambermaids, who was up betimes to do some necessary cleaning in one of the upper rooms, emerged upon the floor, broom and duster in hand. Her approach was so nearly noiseless that the guest failed to hear her, and she did not notice him until she had arrived to within a few feet of where he stood, everything being in total darkness, except for a faint light sent up from the office. The result is one for the imagination only. A succession of bloodcurdling screams emanating from the frightened chambermaid's throat accompanied her precipitate flight in the direction from which she had come and rang through all the building. A second later twenty bolts shot back in their sockets as with a single motion, and simultaneously twenty white-robed forms bounded out in the corridors, the owners thereof inquiring with visible agitation for the fell murderer. An explanation of the strange affair was presently forthcoming. One of the servant girls appeared and stated that her frightened companion had bolted into her room and into her bed, where she had fainted away, not reviving for some minutes. As for the unhappy man who was to blame for the wholesale "early call," he re-entered his room without the icewater, and several large, angry "swears" were afterward heard to escape through the transom. His identity was not revealed.

The Negro "Medicine Men."

New York Sun.

The southern negro still shows many traces in character and disposition of his ancestors of the Dark Continent, particularly in his strong faith in the "medicine men" of his own race, who practice more or less of voudooism. Of these quacks the most dangerous are those who add something of the white man's smartness to their native cunning. One Brutus Cæsar, arrested in New Iberia, La., some time ago for practicing medicine without a license, became frightened and offered, in return for clemency, to show the authorities "so many 'medicine men' the jail wouldn't hold them." The officers had forty of these practitioners crowded into the jail within three days. These quacks reap a great harvest from the ignorant negroes, especially from laborers who flock into Louisiana in the sugar-rolling season. The laborers pay to the "medicine men" a fee of a few dollars in advance to insure free treatment in case of sickness during the season and protection from all manner of supposed malign influences.

Gypsies in Paris.

A somewhat rare and curious sight was seen in Paris a few days ago. About sixty gypsy caravans were drawn up in line, and with their occupants (about 500 in number) publicly disinfected. This measure was taken in consequence of the discovery of five or six cases of cholera among the gypsies, who had recently arrived from Belgium and Prussia. The caravans were found to be in a most filthy condition.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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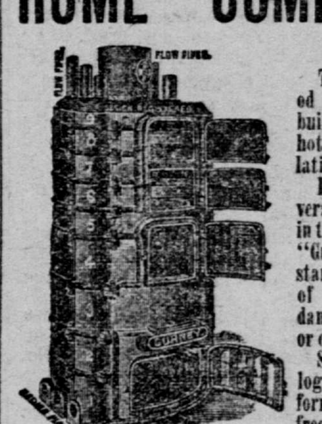

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SHERIFF'S SALE.
PETER TAUT PHAUS vs. OLIVE J. CLARK. — JUSTICES' COURT. No. 55,328. Execution.
Under and by virtue of an execution issued out of the Justices' Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 23d day of December, A. D. 1892, in the above entitled action, wherein PETER TAUT PHAUS, the above named plaintiff, obtained a judgment against OLIVE J. CLARK, defendant, on the 28th day of March, A. D. 1891, I am commanded to sell all that certain lot, piece or parcel of land, situate, lying, and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and described as follows: Commencing at a point on the northerly line of Sutter street, distant thereon one hundred and thirty-seven and one-half (137:6) feet westerly from the point of intersection of said line of Sutter street with the westerly line of Octavia street; thence westerly along said line of Sutter street seventy-seven and one-half (77:6) feet; thence at right angles northerly one hundred and thirty-seven and one-half (137:6) feet; thence at right angles easterly thirty-nine feet nine inches (39 feet 9 inches); thence at right angles northerly one hundred and thirty-seven and one-half (137:6) feet to the southerly line of Bush street; thence at right angles easterly along said line of Bush street thirty-seven (37) feet nine (9) inches, and thence at right angles southerly two hundred and seventy-five (275) feet to the point of commencement, being part of Western Addition block 199.
Public notice is hereby given that on MONDAY, the 23d day of January, A. D. 1893, at 12 o'clock noon of that day, in front of the New City Hall, Larkin-street wing, in the City and County of San Francisco, I will, in obedience to said order of execution, sell the above described property, or so much thereof as may be necessary to raise sufficient to satisfy said judgment, with interest and costs, etc., to the highest and best bidder for lawful money of the United States.
C. S. LAUMEISTER, Sheriff.
San Francisco, December, 31, 1892.
SIDNEY V. SMITH, Attorney for Plaintiff's assignee, Mills Building. de31 ja7 14 21

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