PERSONALS.

EDUCATED AMERICAN GENTLEMAN OF 35, good appearance, temperate, industrious, best of character, very affectionate and with some means, solicits correspondence with honorable ladies who have some means of their own, willing to marry a man, if suited, who will make a good, true woman a devoted husband: letters come direct to me. HOWARD HASTINGS, box 76, this office. *

WOULD LIKE TO GET THE ADDRESS OF the young man who some months ago bought a dulcimer from Kolander's music-store, Market st., opposite Seventh; the compliance with the above will, I think, be of interest to the advertiser and the addressed. Address Dulcimer, box 123, Call Branch Office. mr19 2t*

I WILL NOT PAY ANY DEBTS CONTRACTED by my wife. CHAS. FECHER. mr19 3t*

PACIFIC DANCING CLUB, 645 GEARY ST. Classes Monday and Wednesday evenings; socials Friday evenings. mr19 2t* SuWe

LATEST BALLROOM DANCING TAUGHT BY Pacific Dancing Club, 645 Geary st. 19 2* SuWe

WANTED—BASSO (PROFUNDO) AND ALTO for prominent church. Address B. A., box 133, Call Branch Office. mr19 2t*

RAG CARPETS WOVE TO ORDER AND FOR sale; also chenille wove rugs and silk rag portieres, and dealer in carpet twine in hank or chain at lowest rates. GEO. MATTHEW, 709 Fifth street, Oakland, Cal. ja8 3m SuTu

HAVING MADE EXTENSIVE ADDITIONS TO our premises by taking in the store, 224 Stockton st., we respectfully extend a cordial invitation to call and inspect our new and splendid assortment of furniture, body Brussels, tapestry and ingrain carpets, portieres, lace curtains, pictures, mirrors, stoves, ranges, folding beds, etc.; also a carefully selected stock of dress goods, silks, velvets, cloaks, wraps, etc.: in all of which we are now prepared to offer special inducements; weekly or monthly payments. M. FRIEDMAN & CO., the largest and most complete installment house on the coast, 224, 228, 230 and 306 Stockton st., 237 Post st. fe15 tf

ATTENTION LADIES — "EMMA" BUST DEveloper will enlarge your bust 5 inches; guaranteed: sealed instructions 2c, or 24 page illustrated catalogue 6c, by mail. Emma Toilet Bazar, Boston Mass. ja8 Su 13t

J. P. McELROY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, REmoved fm. Oakland to 91 Chronicle bldg. mr12 6m

HENRY HUFSCHMIDT, SANITARY PLUMBER and gasfitter; jobbing, 623 Golden Gate. 14 3m

HIGHEST PRICE PAID FOR CAST-OFF CLOTHing, books and novels; send postal. 247 Fourth st. ja27 tf

WINDOW SHADES MANUFACTURED TO ORder by WILLIAM McPHUN, 1195 Market. 24tf

MACHINE WHITE-WASHER; ROOM DONE, $1 50 up. 1444 Market MARTIN JACKSON. 3m

A. T. BRILLIANT, 209 MASON ST., SELLS dress goods, cloaks, curtains, carpets, furniture, rugs; small weekly payments; open evenings. tf

BUTTON-HOLE AND PLEATING FACTORY, formerly 18 O'Farrell, moved to 724½ Mkt. 18tf

BOUGHT—SEND YOUR OLD GOLD & SILVER by mail to the old reliable house of COLEMAN, 41 Third st., S.F.; will send by return mail the cash; if amount not satisfactory will return gold. mr31 tf

HIGHEST PRICE PAID FOR CAST-OFF CLOTHing, gold jewelry, books. KLEIN, 109 Sixth. tf

DANCING, BALLROOM OR STAGE TAUGHT. IRVINE'S, 927 Mission, 102 O'Farrell. 19 1m Su

GIRL BABY FOR ADOPTION. MRS. DR. FUNKE, 1416 Eighth st., Alameda. mr17 3t

IMPROVED TROUSER STRETCHER—KEEPS the trousers in perfect shape; prevents bagging; 50c. B. BLANK, 312½ Minna st. mr17 9t

MACHINE WHITEWASH CONTRACTS TAKen; machines for sale. 5 Spear st. mr17 1y

HARD TIMES MEAN CLOSE PRICES; IF going housekeeping pay me a visit and I will save you from $15 to $100 on an outfit; I carry a larger stock than any two stores in this city: furniture, carpets, linoleum, oilcloth, bedding, mirrors, stoves, etc.; new or second hand: easiest terms; lowest prices. J. NOONAN, 1017, 1019, 1021, 1023 Mission st., above Sixth; open evenings. mr16 tf

RAZORS, SCISSORS, ETC., GROUND AND POLished. 23 Montgomery ave. mr15 7t*

NEW YORK DECORATING COMPANY OFFERS to tint rooms from $3 up; estimates furnished on house, signs, fresco painting. 120 Taylor st. 14 6m

G. & E. SNOOK, PLUMBERS, ROOFERS, steam and gas fitters. Telephone No. 1727. 630 Sacramento st., near Kearny. mr14 3m

TURKEY AND CHICKEN DINNER, SUNDAYS, with wine, 25 cents. Dining Parlors, 1109½ Sutter st. mr12 1m

ADVICE FREE ON DIVORCE LAWS, PROBATE, insolvency, collections, damages, liens etc. G. W. HOWE, att'y., 850 Market, cor. Stockton. mr8tf

$1.50 DOZEN; CABINETS; FULL LENGTH. GODEUS' Art Studio, 10 Sixth. mr9 15t

PIANO LESSONS BY GERMAN LADY; HALF hour 25c. 931 Market st., room 32. mr5 tf

SURE, SPEEDY AND PERMANENT CURE FOR chronic and private diseases of both sexes: consultation free; confidential; seminal weakness permanently cured; no medicine used. DR. BRYANT, 710¾ Post st.; hours 10 to 4 and 7 to 8. fe24 6m

BANGS CUT & CURLED; HAIR DRESSED, 25c. La Verite Bazaar, 1170 Market st., over Maze. 1m

FOLDING BEDS—EXAMINE OUR NO. 2005 mirrors, with large plate 18x40; walnut, oak, cherry and 16th century; cash price elsewhere $50, our installment price reduced to $40; country orders promptly attended to. M. FRIEDMAN & CO., 224, 228, 230 and 306 Stockton st. and 237 Post. tf

IF YOU SUFFER WITH CANCER, ECZEMA, syphilis or scrofula send name and address to P. O. box 305, Oakland, Cal.; it will pay you. fe16 tf

LADIES' CALLING-CARDS ARTISTICALLY printed; low prices. HOYLE, 534 Commercial.

SMALL ADVERTISEMENTS AND SUBSCRIPtions taken at CALL Branch Offices, 603 Larkin st., 339 Hayes st. and 2518 Mission st.; open till 9:30 P. M.

DRESSMAKERS.

ATTENTION, DRESSMAKERS — INSTRUCtions in cutting the new full skirts; also the new draped sleeve; patterns cut, 25c, at McDOWELL Dress-cutting School, rooms 87 and 88, over the Maze, 1170 Market st. 1

FREE—1 MONTH'S INSTRUCTIONS IN DRESS cutting and making; scientific lady tailor system; suits $3 50 up. 461 Natoma st. mr19 3t*

FEW MORE PUPILS WANTED TO LEARN lightning system dress-cutting; bring own work while learning. 706 Larkin st. mr18 3m

DRESSMAKING BY McDOWELL'S SYSTEM; suits made from $4 up. 222 Eddy st., downstairs. mr18 3t*

TAILOR SYSTEM TAUGHT; SUITS $5 UP; FIT guaranteed; 115 Kearny st. MISS GILLIGAN. 3m

TO THE LADIES—DRESSMAKING SCHOOL: Morse perfect system: cutting, fitting; all branches; patterns 25c; linings cut and fit, 50c. JOSEPH STEELE CO., 122 Taylor, R. 14. mr12 1m

1157 MARKET — STYLISH SUITS FROM $5 up; country orders promptly filled. 12 15*

537 O'FARRELL—DRESSMAKING; CUTTING and fitting a specialty; reasonable. mr10 3m

MISS M. E. KNOTT, DRESSMAKER; SUITS IN latest styles; country orders promptly attended to. 527 Post st. mr11 3m

MISS WELCH—DRESSMAKING; SUITS $3 50 up; good work; fit guaranteed. 1430 Mission. 3m

LATEST STYLE; PERFECT FITTING SUITS very reasonable. 122 Murphy Building. mr9 6m

DRESSMAKING; FAMILY SEWING; GOOD work. MRS. MONK, 146A Fifth st. mr9 1m

DRESSMAKING; SUITS, $3 UP; FIT AND good work guaranteed. 109 Fifth st. mr9 2m

BEST DRESSMAKING IN THE CITY AT HALF usual prices. MRS. R. L. JONES, 103 Fell st. 8 tf

FIRST-CLASS DRESSMAKING, REASONABLE prices; cutting or fitting a specialty; children's dresses done best of style. 505 Post st. mr8 3m

FASHIONABLE DRESSMAKING; GUARANteed. MRS. FILIC, 1540 Powell, reasonable. 7 1m

DRESSMAKING — SUITS $3 50 UP; WORK guaranteed. MRS. FOSTER, 1215 Powell. 7 1m

FASHIONABLE DRESSMAKING—SUITS FROM $3 50 up; perfect fit guaranteed. 518 Jones. mr5 1y

FASHIONABLE DRESSMAKING; FIT GUARanteed; suits $3 50 up. 1152 Folsom st. mr4 3m

MRS. TISHLER, 308 HAYES—DRESSMAKING; suits $4 upward; children's dresses a specialty. fe25 tf

MRS. B. KELTER, 119 STOCKTON ST.; SUITS $3 50 up; stylishly draped; fit guaranteed. f12tf

A WEEK'S NEWS FOR 5 CENTS—THE WEEKLY CALL in wrapper, ready for mailing.

EDUCATIONAL.

ART LESSONS IN DRAWING AND PAINTING; diploma received. OLIVIA KINGSLAND, 432 Geary st. mr19 tf Su

SPANISH AND FRENCH THOROUGHLY AND rapidly. Meisterschaft, 122 O'Farrell. mr18 1m

AN EASY METHOD OF LEARNING ON THE piano; special attention paid to children; terms reasonable. MRS. J. CAVANA, 245 Eighth. m15 3m

ELOCUTION THOROUGHLY TAUGHT. LEO COOPER, Saratoga Hall, 814 Geary st. ja13 6m

HOME SCHOOL FOR BOYS AT LOS GATOS: English, Latin and modern languages: $25 to $30 a month; extensive grounds; excellent table; San Francisco references. Address MRS. H. B. VAN HARLINGEN, box 315, Los Gatos, Cal. fe16 tf

VIOLIN, MANDOLIN, 50c PER HOUR. PROF. L. MERKI, 1038 Howard st., nr. 6th. mr8 3m

VIOLIN, MANDOLIN, BANJO, CELLO, 75c PER lesson, given at pupil's residence. PROFESSOR FRANCIS, 1038 Howard st., near Sixth. mr8 3m

PROF. MISS M. McMAHON, GUITAR AND banjo. 1525½ Mission; reasonable. mr2 3m

GUITAR, PIANO AND VOCAL LESSONS $3 TO $5 per month. 39 Fifth st. ja27 6m

WANTED — MANDOLIN, GUITAR, BANJO note players for club rehearsals. Professor D. MANSFIELD, artistic performer, 1705 Market. 1m*

PROF. G. MANSFIELD, TEACHER OF VIOLIN, mandolin, guitar, banjo. 1535 Polk st. fe4 3m

SINGING; VOICE CULTURE. APPLY DAILY, 505 Powell st., PROF. J. R. OGILVIE. fe1 3m

HEALD'S BUSINESS COLLEGE, 24 POST ST.; double-entry bookkeeping, penmanship, shorthand, type-writing, telegraphy, etc., all included in business course under one fee of $75. je30 tf

PACIFIC BUSINESS COLLEGE, 320 POST ST.; life scholarship $75: day and evening. oc20 tf

MERCANTILE COLLEGE & NORMAL SCHOOL, Golden Gate & Van Ness. Day & evenings. 18 tf

SCHOOL CIVIL, MINING, MECHANICAL, ELECtrical engineering, surveying, architecture, assaying: estab. 1864. A. Van der Naillen, 723 Market

DENTISTS.

ANY ASYLUM-KEEPER KNOWS ALL DENTAL gases are dangerous; by my wonderful secret local application to the gums teeth may be filled or extracted painlessly; thirteen first prizes for finest filling, crownwork, bridgework and plates. I recommend my dental college that has removed from 1170 Market st. to 1 Fifth st., cor. Market; you can have good dental work done at my college for one-half the price the cheapest dentists charge those wishing me to do the work call at my main office, 6 O'Farrell st.; examination at both places free. DR. G. W. LEEK. au16 tf

$7 PER SET; TO PLEASE OR NO CHARGE; filling $1; ext. 50c. DR. PERRY, 8 Mason. tf

COLTON DENTAL ASSOCIATION, 806 MARKET st. DR. CHARLES W. DECKER. je8 tf

DR. H. G. YOUNG—EXTRACTION PAINLESS; plate-work, bridge-work, teeth without plates, a specialty. 1841 Polk st. my14 tf

NO PAIN—EXTRACTING OF TEETH MADE easy, 50c and $1; artificial teeth from $5; filling from $1. CROOME Dental Association, 759 Market st., bet. Third and Fourth. ap12 tf

$7 A SET FOR TEETH; WARRANTED AS good as can be made; filling $1. DR. SIMMS, dentist, 930 Market st., next Baldwin Theater. oc1tf

DR. A. LUDLUM HILL, 1443 MARKET ST., NEAR Eleventh; no charge for extracting when plates are made; old plates made over like new; teeth from $8 per set; extracting 50c; gas given. 4tf

DR. C. H. WILSON, DENTIST, 923 MARKET st., bet. Fifth and Sixth, opp. Mason. de15tf

FINANCIAL.

SAN FRANCISCO COLLATERAL LOAN BANK, 558 Kearny st., the only corporation that lends money on diamonds, watches; low interest. oc4 tf

HEY! FOR A SOLDIER'S LIFE!

How a "Call" Man Became a Cavalryman.

I left THE CALL office the other day for the express purpose of finding out what a regular soldier must go through while he is learning the business of soldiering, and I have succeeded even better than I expected. I decided that about the only way to get at the truth of the matter was to go through it myself, and after making out my will I went directly to the recruiting office on Market street.

There was a man sitting in the door dressed in a neatly fitting uniform with an infantry sergeant's chevrons upon his arms and stripes upon his trousers, and his whole make up looking very much like a clothing store advertisement.

I asked him if this was the place where a man could enlist in the army, and he informed me that it was, and told me to go upstairs to room 2, where I went.

Another sergeant received me, a cavalryman this time, and when he learned that I had ambition to wear the blue clothes and belong to Uncle Sam he rubbed his hands in anticipation of a victim and invited me to read the notices which covered the walls in the place of wallpaper. I did so and after a few minutes told him I was ready for the next degree.

He next ushered me into the august presence of the recruiting officer, an infantry captain, who after a few minutes' conversation with me asked me for references covering the last two years of my life and these were furnished him.

The captain then felt in the drawer of his desk and took out a paper about the same size as a business letter head, closely printed on both sides, and with a very legal appearance about it.

"If you have considered all things carefully and still desire to enlist," said he, "you will be required to take this oath and sign your name to it. Read it and if you are willing to sign it do so."

This is how it read:

I, ——— ———, desiring to enlist in the ARMY OF THE UNITED STATES, for the term of five years, do declare that I have neither wife nor child; that I am of the legal age to enlist and believe myself to be physically qualified to perform the duties of an able-bodied soldier; and do further declare that I have never been discharged from the United States service (army or navy) or any other service on account of disability, or by sentence of either civil or military court, or in any case except with good character, and for the reason given by me to the recruiting officer prior to this enlistment.

I read it, and decided to cut all my poor relations and be alone in the world for

I Was Placed Upon the Machine That Determines the Height of the Victim.

about an hour, and therefore signed the paper. The officer then took the paper and ordered me to "strip," which I did.

I was then informed that the medical examination that I was about to undergo was so severe that only one person in six on the average succeeded in passing it, and with this encouraging information to consider I was placed upon the machine for determining the height of the victim. This was duly recorded, and I was weighed. I had no idea that my clothes weighed so much until I was weighed with a suit of clothing such as was the prevailing style when Adam was a boy.

One of the sergeants, the cavalryman, was instructed to take my chest measurement with a tape measure, and he did so. I think that he must have imagined that he was on active duty and was cinching a horse—that is judging by the pressure that he brought to bear upon my chest. He then told me to take a long breath, and allowed the tape measure to slide through his fingers. He was evidently satisfied with the measurements before and after breathing, as he allowed me to take the next degree, which was a test for color-blindness. He handed me a number of pieces of worsted and directed me to state the colors of them.

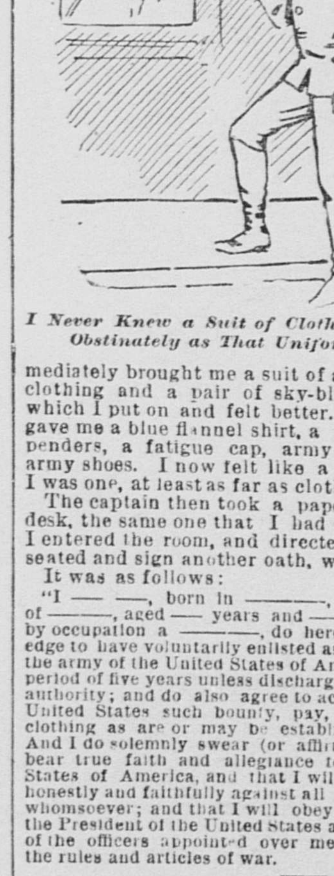
The next step was more difficult, as I was made to read a number of small letters at a distance of thirty feet and with only one eye. Then with the other eye I read them backward. At the same distance the sergeant spoke in a low tone of voice and one of my ears was covered, and I had to repeat what he said. The same process was used to test my other ear.

The surgeon then took me in charge and acted as if he was training for a prize-fight; that is, he thumped me in the breast, back, chest, sides and elsewhere until I was reminded of a song entitled "It's a lucky thing that I haven't got my gun."

I suppose that if I had made it known at the time that I wanted to go into the cavalry he would have probably stepped upon my toes to see if I could stand the same pressure from a horse's hoof, but he was in ignorance of the fact.

Then he listened to the beating of my heart; it did not go fast enough to suit him, and at his suggestion I sprinted around the room, picking up all the loose splinters on the floor with my bare feet. Still it did not suit him, and I jumped up and down for about five minutes, first upon one foot and then upon the other, and finally, when I was about ready to drop, he became satisfied.

I was by this time in a violent perspiration, but as soon as the doctor got through with me I began to feel cold. But they im-



I Never Knew a Suit of Clothes to Act so Obstinately as That Uniform Did.

mediately brought me a suit of army underclothing and a pair of sky-blue trousers, which I put on and felt better. Next they gave me a blue flannel shirt, a pair of suspenders, a fatigue cap, army socks and army shoes. I now felt like a soldier, and I was one, at least as far as clothes went.

The captain then took a paper from the desk, the same one that I had signed when I entered the room, and directed me to be seated and sign another oath, which I did. It was as follows:

"I ——— ———, born in ————, in the State of ————, aged —— years and —— months, and by occupation a ————, do hereby acknowledge to have voluntarily enlisted as a soldier in the army of the United States of America for the period of five years unless discharged by proper authority; and do also agree to accept from the United States such bounty, pay, rations and clothing as are or may be established by law. And I do solemnly swear (or affirm) that I will bear true faith and allegiance to the United States of America, and that I will serve them honestly and faithfully against all their enemies whomsoever; and that I will obey the orders of the President of the United States and the orders of the officers appointed over me according to the rules and articles of war.

——— ———(Seal).

Subscribed and sworn to before me this ——— day of ———, A. D. 18——.

———

Recruiting officer.

I then left the recruiting officer, who by this time knew that I desired to be a member of a cavalry troop, and followed the sergeant into another room, where he issued to me the following articles, which every cavalry private must draw from the office upon his first enlistment: Overcoat and cape with yellow lining, riding boots and one blanket.

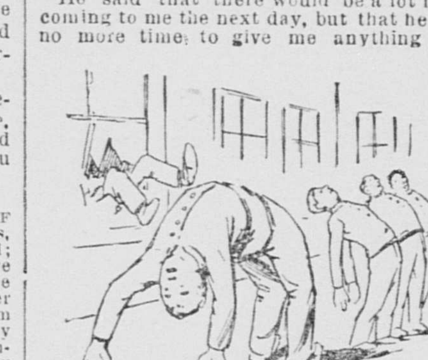
The sergeant, who was a very pleasant young man and who looked really handsome in his cavalry uniform and bright buttons, which fitted him as though he had been melted and run into it, made a bundle out of my "drawing" and we started for the Presidio, where he took me before the ruler of that part of the earth, the post commander, who in turn referred us to the post adjutant, at whose office my qualifications were taken. The sergeant then took me to Troop B, Fourth United States Cavalry, and introduced me to the first sergeant, who proved to be a very agreeable young man.

Here at the headquarters of my troop the recruiting sergeant left me alone in my glory—or misery, whichever suits the fancy best—under the command of the first sergeant. This officer was very businesslike, and remarking that I had better enter upon my duties with a clean conscience he took me to the troop's bathroom, where I went through the evolutions of a bath and again reported to the first sergeant.

He opened one of the doors leading from the office and took me into the storeroom, which looked more like a prison than what it is called, and proceeded to issue me about everything that he could think of. He began with a bunk, which he was kind enough to inform me was already upstairs, so that it did not have to be taken up again, for which information I was duly thankful. Then he gave me a mattress, two mattress covers, four sheets, two pillow-cases, another blanket like the one already issued me at the recruiting office, and a pillow.

He directed me to carry these upstairs and went with me to show me where I was to sleep and where to put them and gave me a chest to put them in. There was more stuff downstairs awaiting an owner and we went below to claim some of it. What he gave me on that occasion was a suit of stable clothes made of white duck and of two pieces, a coat and pants, and a curry-comb and brush so that I could clean a horse the next morning.

He said that there would be a lot more coming to me the next day, but that he had no more time to give me anything that



One of My Companions Bowed Through the Window.

afternoon. I noticed that the men were beginning to get outside of the building, and asked one of them what it was for, and he told me it was nearly time for "retreat" to sound. I looked around to see something to retreat from but did not see anything. Still I went up to my bunk and got my overcoat and cape and came back all ready to run.

I noticed they all had their capes on inside out, and I put mine on that way too, but it did not look right somehow, nor could I get it right any way that I could fix it. A sergeant, who had been standing alongside of me laughing at my awkward attempts to fix the cape, gave me a lift and had the cape on right before I could see how it was done. Then he took me out by the side of the house, which they call the quarters, and placing me in a certain spot told me to stand there until after "retreat."

I thought if he expected me to stand there after all the others retreated he would be mistaken, but I took my place and awaited developments. The buglers or trumpeters began to blow their horns and some one shouted, "There it goes," and the first sergeant commanded "Fall in!" and began to call the roll. I did not see any retreat, and asked the man on my right when it was coming, but he did not answer nor did he even turn his head. I thought that he was very cool about it and asked the man on the left the same question. He gave me the same answer, and I collapsed.

The roll was soon called, and the first sergeant went to the right of the line and said something, which sounded like "High ace," and I thought that I had struck a card game on a large scale; but every man in the line placed his left hand on his hip, as if he was tired, and I followed their example.

"Grunt!" said the sergeant, and followed the command with "Face rest!"

I have since learned that he intended to say "Right dress," "Front" and "Parade rest"; but he made a very poor attempt at doing so.

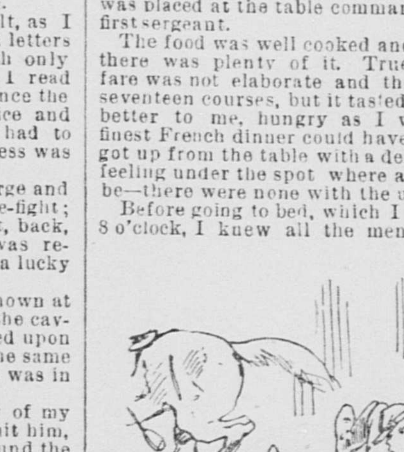
The men with the music then played something that sounded like "Where Did You Get That Hat?" and a gun went off—like an encore.

The first sergeant remarked something about "This fist," and they all retreated to their quarters. The sergeant intended to say "Dismissal."

Before I had got far on the retreat a horn up near the flagpole commenced to play an exaggerated version of a fish-horn solo, and there was a stampede for the dining-room, where a good hot supper awaited us. I was placed at the table commanded by the first sergeant.

The food was well cooked and clean, and there was plenty of it. True, the bill of fare was not elaborate and there were not seventeen courses, but it tasted a great deal better to me, hungry as I was, than the finest French dinner could have done, and I got up from the table with a deliciously full feeling under the spot where a vest should be—there were none with the uniform.

Before going to bed, which I did at about 8 o'clock, I knew all the members of the



Cavalry Practice.

troop, and a very friendly lot of men they proved to be. It was at this time that the man whom I had spoken to while at retreat explained his reason for not answering me. He said that it was not allowable to even turn one's head while in the ranks.

I was very glad when the corporal in whose squad I had been placed told me that I might go to bed, and I lost no time in seeking out my bunk and preparing for rest. I told my nearest neighbor that the servant had not made my bed, and he seemed amused; however, he told me that the Chinaman had been discharged that afternoon, and that another one had not been hired in his place. I had not been accustomed to housework while at home, and did not know just how to make up my bed; but he kindly volunteered his assistance and I crawled in between the sheets, completely tired out.

I asked my neighbor what time I was supposed to get up the next morning, and was informed that the bugle would sound reveille at 5:30 o'clock and that at this call I must go through the same ceremony as at retreat. He said something else, but I did not hear it, as I could not have kept awake to save my life, I was so tired.

It seemed but a few seconds to me when the bugle began a doleful piece which I think must have been the original tune that the old cow died on. That settled it; I must get right up, and I did. It was very dark but I was too busy dressing (as I knew that I only had five minutes to get into line) to notice the absence of light or even to look around to see if the others were up. I never knew a suit of clothes to behave as obstinately as that uniform did. The trousers acted as if they had the colic and were all cramped up. My coat sleeves felt as though they had been sewed together and my shoes positively refused to behave as any well-regulated shoe should do.

About six minutes elapsed before I was ready and even then I had to resort to my big boots for footwear, but with these under my arms I started for the door. Then it was that for the first time I noticed how dark it was, and even then I did not appreciate the fact until I attempted to kick a hole in an iron bedstead with my right toe.

The attempt was disastrous, to say the least, and I sat down hard upon the bare floor, and let the boots down heavily too. Several of the sleepers were awakened by the noise and the rest awoke before I got back to my bed, and then all hands told me with language more forcible than polite, that the call which I had mistaken for reveille was "taps," and meant lights out. My chagrin can be better imagined than described as I again sought the sleep which at last came, and I slept until awakened by a stir in the room.

Before I was thoroughly awake, the man who slept at my right called out to me that there was "only three minutes more before assembly," and that "first call" and "reveille" had blown while I was asleep. I dressed as speedily as possible and just succeeded in getting into line when my name was called by the sergeant in command.

Breakfast followed immediately after the rollcall, and though I was not as hungry as at supper the night before I could appreciate the efforts of the cook. I was beginning to feel like a soldier, and I thought my troubles were about over, but my thoughts were rudely interrupted by the corporal who had charge of me. He told me to go upstairs and put on my stable suit and campaign hat and get ready for "stables," which would blow in a few minutes.

The call sounded and I joined the line of men who were dressed like painters and marched to the stable of the troop, which was near the barracks. I think that the call must have been a song, because one of the soldiers sang the following accompaniment to its music:

Come off to the stable
All you that are able
And give your poor horses some oats and some corn:
For if you don't do it
Your colonel will know it,
And then you will rue it as sure as you're born.

At the stable my corporal showed me the horse which was to be mine and instructed me how to use the currycomb and brush in a scientific manner. I followed his directions as nearly as possible, but when I got through the horse looked more like a gunny sack full of wheat than like the sleek-looking animals which the other men were leading out to water. I have since found out to my sorrow that the horse allotted to me was formerly the property of an old soldier who had taught him all kinds of tricks which he never lost a chance of exhibiting, whether I was willing or not.

After stables I was shown the printed programme of the day, which was as follows:

First call for reveille	5:30 A. M.
Reveille	5:55
Assembly	6:00
Mess call (breakfast)	6:05
Stable call	6:15
Assembly	7:00
Sick call	7:00
Fatigue call	7:00
Guard mounting	8:00
Assembly	8:30
Drill call	8:30
Assembly	9:00
Drill call, boots and saddles	9:00
Assembly	9:30
Recall from fatigue and drill	11:45
First sergeant's call	11:45
Officers' call	11:45
Mess call (dinner)	12:00 M.
Fatigue call	1:00 P. M.
School call	2:00
Stable call	4:30
Assembly	4:45
First call for retreat	5:45
Assembly	6:00
Retreat	6:05
Mess call (supper)	6:05
Tattoo	9:00
Attention	10:45
Taps	11:00

This was all Greek to me except the mess calls, which I thought did not come quite often enough. However, as there were only two stable calls in the day I guessed that I could manage to exist for five years with these calls.

At about 9 o'clock a corporal found me in the troop's reading-room and told me to go upstairs and make my bed. I told him that I was not used to such work, but he laughed and told me that I could not learn any younger, and then it dawned on my mind that my neighbor on the right had been making game of me when he told me that the Chinaman had been discharged the day before. Under the direction of the "non-com," short for non-commissioned officer, I did my chamberwork and fell into the awkward squad for instruction.

I expected to be instructed how to ride a horse at this interesting stage of the proceedings, but instead of being marched to the stable I and three other miserable beings in the troop were commanded to take off our blouses and slip off our suspenders.

"Are we to learn how to dress according to tactics?" was the question that I asked myself, but as there was nobody there who would answer the question I did not ask it aloud.

"Tighten up the back buckles in your trousers and spread out about three yards apart," was the next command, and I breathed free because I knew that I was not to be examined again as I was at the recruiting office—stark naked.

"Now I will instruct you in the calisthenic exercises of the army," said the corporal, and he did with a vengeance. He started in very easily, merely having us raise our hands straight out in front of the body and then dropping them at the sides again. Then he got a little more excited and gave us a motion which reminded me of a windmill in distress. After this he contented himself for a few moments by tying our arms up into knots of all kinds from the bow knot to the slip noose, and then having us to untie them as best we could.

Next he allowed us to strike the air very forcibly, taking good care to keep out of reach of our fists, and then gave us an imitation of a water-wheel at different speeds. He tried neck exercises next, and nearly twisted himself out of joint and expected us to do the same, but we did not suit him, and he made us bend our heads over backwards and sideways to limber our necks.

I do not know whether the corporal expected to train us for the pulpit, Senate, or merely for campaign speakers, but he taught us to bow in all the most outlandish positions that he could think of, including one where I bent so far over forward that I began to see the back of my shirt, when I lost my balance and turned a complete somersault, landing with my feet on top of the window-sill.

He did not stop the exercise to see whether I was killed or not, but changed to the next, and I got up just in time to see one of my companions in misery, who was standing near an open window, turn over backward and go out, taking the whole sash with him. He landed safely on the grass and came around to the front door and into the room again just as if nothing had happened. He took his place in the set, narrowly escaping a kick on the shins from another recruit when the commander gave a kicking exercise.

An exercise in squatting, followed by one in which we walked around the room bow-legged, knock-kneed, cross-legged, and in fact almost every way except on our ears, came next in the order of business, but we were getting used to the matter and were surprised at nothing.

He gave us a lot of exercises which tended to make us candidates for the Morgue, and finally ended the lesson by giving us several steps in a clog-dance and left us standing in a position which was a combination of a skating rink exhibition and a knockout blow in a prize-fight. It is needless to say that we were all ready for dinner after so much exercise as this.

We were given a short rest after dinner and then taken to the stable for our first lesson in saddling and bridling a horse. This was easy, but it got tiresome when we had done it about twenty times and we were given a change of programme.

I thought that the worst part of soldiering was the calisthenic exercises of the morning, but I appreciate now that it is one of the easiest things in the service.

At the direction of the "non-com." we removed the saddles from the horses' backs and took the blankets off with them, and stood at the heads of our animals. The command then came, "Prepare to mount," and the necessary instructions came with it. The correct way, according to the drill regulations, is to place the left hand on the horse's neck and the right upon his withers, the reins in the right hand, and spring lightly from the ground and raise the body, keeping it erect and supporting the weight on the hands; carry the right leg, knee bent, over the horse and sit down quietly on the horse's back.

The next command was, "Mount," and we attempted to do so. One man attempted to spring clear over the horse, but lit on his stomach across the horse's back, and the horse walking off with him in that position it might have resulted seriously had not the corporal captured the animal before he left the corral. As far as I myself was concerned, I managed to get into the first position without any trouble, but when it came to putting my right leg over the horse's back that was out of the question, and I slid down the horse's front leg to the ground, like a small boy coming down a tree.

After two or three attempts we got on our horses' backs, much to the amusement of the old soldiers who had congregated to see the sport. Now came the fun of getting off again. It was easy enough to get off, but to do it in a scientific manner, and all four together, was another matter. But after many falls we satisfied our officer and we were allowed to rest for the remainder of the day.

I had just got myself fixed comfortably in the reading-room and had found the latest city paper when the first sergeant called me into the headquarters office and told me that the rest of my outfit had arrived and I had better put them in my chest.

This is what he gave me: One dress coat and helmet with a yellow plume, which needed an application of hair restorer before it would look well; a fatigue suit of brown canvas (two pieces); one pair of gauntlets for riding; two pairs of white gloves for dismounted drills; one saddle, blanket and bridle (I had been using a borrowed outfit); a pair of spurs, carbine and carbine sling, pistol (sixshooter) and holster, saber and belt, field belt of brown canvas, saddle pockets (I was glad that some part of the equipment was to have pockets); a mess kit, composed of a plate, knife, fork, spoon, cup, etc.; a canteen, lariat and picket pin; and one rubber poncho to keep the water from my bedclothing while in the field.

I carried my arsenal upstairs, packed my extra clothing in my chest and on the shelves above my bed and delivered my mess kit over to the cook, who told me that I was to be detailed to wait upon the tables the next day, or, as he more gracefully expressed it, "to be dining-room orderly." Sure enough before bedtime the first sergeant detailed me to be a waiter, and after the same ceremonies as the night before I retired, to sleep like a log until the cook awoke me just before the first call to "come down into the dining-room and begin work."

I waited at the table for three meals and ate at the second table all that day, besides my other duties, but the two squad drills were about the same, and it did not make me so tired as it did the first day.

The third day was the same, with the exception of the dining-room work, which was performed by some other man, but on the fourth day my real misery began.

At the time when we assembled for the afternoon squad drill we "went down in the sand," as the regulars call the sandy stretch where a recruit is given his first lesson in trotting and galloping his horse. We went down with only a blanket and a surcingle and a curb bridle on the horses, but before we got through we wished that we had taken a mattress to fall on to and a pillow for a saddle.

We had got nearly half way down to our doom when I twitched my bridle a little to make the horse go faster, and I guess that I must have given the signal to my trick horse to do one of his numerous tricks. At any rate the first thing that I knew was that the animal had sat down like a dog, and that I was gracefully sliding off backward. I lit on my feet and ran around to his head to see that he did not run away, but he evidently had no intentions of leaving my company, or even going away with me, and he probably would have been sitting there yet but for the corporal in charge, who had had experience before with the same animal.

He knew how to start the beast into action again, and he instructed me in the art, which was to get onto his back again and lean forward and tickle his ears. I did so, and he rose so suddenly that I had to lock my arms around his neck to keep from going over his head into the road. Needless to say, I was very careful how I used the reins on him after that.

With no further incident, except a short trot which dismounted two out of four of the "greenies," we arrived at the sand lot and went in. The corporal was very careful to shut and fasten the gate after we had gone through, and this looked very suggestive, to say the least. We thanked him, mentally, before we got through for thus saving us a walk back to the barracks.

The first stage of torture was not so very bad, as he allowed us to walk our horses around the inclosure a few times; but the rest was not so easy. It was a trot from one end to the other, and though he started us with three yard intervals it was not two minutes before my legs felt as if they were in a vise, and still getting closer to each other, they soon felt as if they were being made into cider. This is an excellent way to reduce fat. We trotted back and forth a few times and then tried a gallop. I say "tried," because there were four horses to catch before we had gone ten feet.

I renewed my practice of sliding off backward and another tried to go out of the front door, over the horse's ears, and succeeded. The others contented themselves with an exit sideways, but as the sand was soft nobody was hurt.

The corporal smiled very good-naturedly, caught the horses and again we mounted. I, at least, had already begun to feel that I would have to take my meals in a standing position for the next few weeks, and had anybody offered me a pillow then and there I should have vowed eternal friendship for that person. Our commander gave us a few minutes' rest at this interesting juncture and we appreciated it.

I used to be considered an expert at jumping street-cars and thought nothing of boarding a railroad-train at an ordinary rate of speed, but when the "non-com." told us that he would let us practice at mounting on the trot and gallop I thought that I would fall dead on suspicion. But he kept his word and two of the horses were tied to the fence and their riders placed themselves in the middle of the lot to await the arrival, on the trot, of the others.

I was one of the lucky (?) ones who were allowed to retain their horses at the first inning, and I thought that I would go through with flying colors. I kicked my trick horse in the ribs, but I guess that I must have touched a hidden spring, for he began to waltz toward the man who was waiting for me. He did not attempt to mount that time, but climbed the fence with such speed that a disinterested spectator would have thought that he had been caught stealing watermelons and was trying to escape the owner of the patch.

I soon got tired of the dizzy dance and got off. How I did so need not be recorded, but I brought up in a sitting position in the sand.

The horse was caught and I made the attempt again and, pursuant to instructions, held out one hand and foot to the man who desired to escape the enemy in my company. I think that we would have succeeded in doing the trick had not the horse shied and landed us both on the sand, locked in each other's embrace.

This ended the drill and we went back to the stable and put away our steeds. I was never so tired and so hungry before in my life as I was that night and I went to bed at 7 o'clock.

The next two mornings we practiced in the manual of the carbine and saber dismounted, and in the afternoon with the same implements mounted; that is after we had spent another hour learning to mount and dismount with a saddle. The dismounted drill is easy enough, but what a time we had with the mounted saber drill.

The mysteries of "draw saber" were explained, and in fact the whole manual, and there was not any special trouble; but when the exercises came we were not so fortunate. There is a knot on the saber hilt which is fastened around the wrist and with this in position we were instructed in the moulinets. The right and left were all right but when the one to the rear came I knocked off my cap, and, in trying to save it, I jabbed my horse in the back with the point of the saber. Of course he bolted, and I went with him, for the reason I was afraid to fall off. I finally succeeded in calming the poor beast and returned to my place.

He suffered more that day than I did, for while executing the command "Right cut" I nearly executed the horse, and had he not lowered his head he would now have been minus a portion of his ears. The "Against infantry, right point" was a very disastrous experiment to me. In this movement the rider leans over to the right and points his weapon at an imaginary foe on foot, and when I made the attempt to do this I lost my balance and fell upon the spot where my foe was supposed to be. If he had been there he would have surely been killed as I lit in a very ungraceful position, and drove my saber into the ground over eighteen inches.

This ended the trials for that week, as the next day was Sunday and there was no drill except in cleaning the horses twice.

After this the manuals of the different weapons came easier to me and I could ride several hours without feeling sore, and although I knew that I must be in the squad for three months I began to like the life and I do yet. There is but little hard work in the cavalry troop, plenty of good food, all the accommodations of home in the barracks, including a barber-shop in the troop's building.

There is also a reading-room in the building, in which there are all the papers of the city, the funny papers of New York, etc., and a first-class billiard-table for the use of the troopers. On a cold day there are several large stoves to gather around, when the men can listen to stories by the old soldiers, for this is the troop that captured Geronimo, the noted Indian, and some of these stories are worthy of print.

On rainy days there is no drill, and if a man is on guard he gets into the sentry box on his beat instead of walking past, and the whole life is one in which a man can have a good time generally. If he is sick or gets injured, a thing which seldom occurs, he is taken to the post hospital, where he receives the best of medical attendance and care from the stewards, and draws his pay for the whole time.

In fact if a man is careful in the army he need not spend a cent of his pay, even for his clothes, and can save the whole $13 per month, against a rainy day when his time is served out. In addition to his pay he gets $1 per month as a retainer after his first three years have passed, and still another $1 after four years of service, and the term is only five years.

This makes a total of $816 that a man can save during his term in the army. Of course he can make even more if he is a good enough soldier to receive the appointment of a non-commissioned officer.

INTERNATIONAL MEET.

An Effort to Have the Great Coursing Contest Held Here.

There is being made a great effort among coursing men in the State to hold the next international meeting in California, and if possible in San Francisco. In order to bring about this result the owners of dogs in various countries of the world, like England, Scotland and Australia, have to be consulted, and considerable correspondence is now going on to see if the great meet cannot be held here.

There are some dogs of the best pedigree in this State, and whose records are known, and it is thought that should the meet be held in California, the hounds of the Golden West will not disappoint their owners. The holding of the meet here would give a great boom to coursing. Should the foreign dog men decide to come to California a great kennel show will also be arranged to bring out the best of the canine race in the State. Somewhat favorable replies have already been received by some prominent dog-owners from Australia, where there are plenty of good hounds.

Another thing which is liable to give a lift to coursing is the probable formation of a Merchants' Coursing Club, to be composed entirely of business men. Invitations have already been issued to sixteen merchants who are known to own hounds and to take an interest in coursing, and a meeting will be arranged the coming week. The object of the club will be to raise the tone of coursing in the State. In the coursing clubs of England, among the members, may be found some of the great men of the kingdom, but hounds are not so well appreciated in America.

A London newspaper relates that recently Queen Victoria was greatly charmed with a piece of music performed by the band playing in public at Osborne, and sent one of her attendants to learn the name of the piece. The attendant came back and reported, with some embarrassment, that it was entitled "Come Where the Booze Is Cheaper."

FIVE IN IRONS.

Arrival of the Murderers of Mate Fitzgerald.

A TRAGEDY ON THE HIGH SEAS

The Bloody Midnight Crime on Board the Hesper—Statements of the Prisoners.

Five sailors, shipped by the American Consul at Tahiti, arrived at this port yesterday morning in irons on board the barkentine Tropic Bird. They are charged with murder. The first news of their shocking crime reached here by the steamer Australia from Honolulu on the 8th inst. and was published in THE MORNING CALL on the day following.

They belonged to the crew of the American bark Hesper.

On the night of January 13, on the high seas, M. Fitzgerald, the second mate of that vessel, was done to death with a hatchet and his body thrown overboard.

T. St. Clair is charged with being the principal murderer. His accomplices are Hans Hansen and Herman Sparf. Two other members of the crew of the Hesper, Thomas Green and Edward Larsen, are charged with the tragedy and being privy to a conspiracy with the three first named to murder J. F. O. Sodergren, the captain, and afterward to seize the Hesper.

The actual facts of the awful crime will not be disclosed until the five sailors mentioned are brought to trial in the United States court.

The prisoners were brought to this port in charge of John Brander, who was appointed a United States Marshal by Consul J. Lamb Doty of Tahiti for the special purpose of conducting them to San Francisco. Brander was assisted by two gendarmes detailed by the French authorities at Tahiti to turn the prisoners over to the United States Government.

A large envelope containing the testimony taken before the American Consul was handed to United States Attorney Garter. This gentleman said it was against the rules of his office to give the evidence to the press in advance of its presentation to the Grand Jury. He had, however, used it as a foundation for the complaint he had sworn out charging all the five men with murder.

After warrants had been issued the pris-

THE FIVE PRISONERS IN THE MARSHAL'S OFFICE.

oners were identified and then delivered by United States Marshal Long into the custody of the County Jailer.

The Hesper is now on her voyage to this port with the other members of the crew who are to appear as witnesses against the prisoners.

The story of the tragedy, as told by Captain Sodergren and as already published in THE MORNING CALL, is as follows:

The Hesper sailed from Newcastle, N. S. W., last December with a cargo of coal for Honolulu. At midnight on January 13 Lucas, the first mate, discovered that Fitzgerald, the second mate, was missing. He aroused the captain, when a search was made, resulting in the discovery of blood stains amidship.

Further investigation established the fact to the captain's satisfaction that Fitzgerald had been killed by St. Clair with a hatchet, and by Hansen with a bludgeon, during the second mate's watch, and that Hansen and Sparf afterward helped St. Clair to throw the mutilated remains into the sea. The three men were at once put in irons and the Hesper's course changed to Tahiti, where she arrived fourteen days later.

Captain Sodergren, it is said, has stated that Fitzgerald was killed in pursuance of a plot to murder all the officers, after which the Hesper was to be sailed to some port in Chile and sold there by the murderous conspirators or used as a pirate ship in the China Seas.

The murder, it is charged, was conceived by St. Clair, who proposed that the second mate should be killed and thrown overboard, and then that the captain and first mate be called up on deck one at a time and killed. Hansen and Sparf acquiesced in the diabolical plot. St. Clair worked up the scheme by telling his accomplices the captain had on board several thousand dollars.

About 10:30 P. M., it being a very dark night, Fitzgerald was surprised and cut down by St. Clair and Hansen. The accomplices weakened at the sight of blood and refused to go any further.

Soon after these three were double-ironed Green and Larsen made several attempts to saw their chains, in consequence of which the captain placed them also in irons.

When Marshal Long boarded the Tropic Bird to receive the prisoners the gendarmes refused to give them up unless he showed them his authority.

"I don't blame them," remarked Captain Burns of the Tropic Bird. "They don't understand our customs and are afraid of losing one of their men, and that would mean for them five years in the chain gang."

Finally the matter was arranged by the Marshal giving his personal receipt.

In the Marshal's office the five prisoners made a gruesome-looking set. They were all about the medium height and looked pale after their close confinement on board ship. They seemed quite unconcerned over their situation and seemed rather good-humored than otherwise. They talked without any apparent restraint, but gave very contradictory accounts of the tragedy and of their connection with it.

When the five prisoners grouped themselves for their photograph by a CALL artist they seemed to regard the incident as quite a jovial affair. They laughed and cracked forecastle jokes while they posed.

St. Clair, the ringleader, occupied the middle seat. Sparf sat on his right and Hansen on his left. Green stood up behind St. Clair and Sparf and Larsen between St. Clair and Hansen.

St. Clair stated that he had lived in New York since he was three years old. He denied that he was the murderer, and said that Mate Fitzgerald lost his life by falling from the rigging. "I did not see him go up," he said. "Sparf told me he had gone. I heard him cry out as he fell, and knew the place where he dropped. The reason I gave no alarm was because I had no regrets. I was glad he was so well disposed of, and would not feel any pain if the captain had followed him. I was dissatisfied with the life I was leading and was prepared for anything. I was tired working for $20 a month, and I had been badly treated by the captain and the mates, especially by Fitzgerald."

Sparf and Hansen talked freely about the tragedy. The first named is a Swede and the second a Dane. They said the officers of the Hesper were constantly abusing them, and several times St. Clair had suggested they "do up" the old man and the mates, but no one listened to him. On the night of January 13 it was Fitzgerald's watch on deck. Larsen was at the wheel. About 10:30 Fitzgerald came from aft almost amidships. St. Clair shouted, "Now's the time, boys," cutting the mate to the deck. He seemed to go mad at the smell of blood, and struck the prostrate man about thirteen times. He then ran back to us with the ax in his hands and said: "Now come on, let us finish it. We'll get the captain and mate out and kill them and then we'll be bosses of the ship." They refused to have anything to do with the affair. Then St. Clair went aft and standing over the cabin door ordered Larsen, who was at the wheel, to call out the captain. Larsen refused and St. Clair went forward again.

Three-quarters of an hour later, these two alleged accomplices assert, St. Clair proposed to them to throw the body of the murdered mate overboard and wash up the blood. They got the body over, but before they could clear away the blood Lucas, the first mate, came on deck.

Sparf said that St. Clair called him and Hansen cowards and other tough names. When the mate came on deck the men told him they had not seen Fitzgerald for an hour or more. The captain was called, and when daylight broke stains of blood were discovered. The men were then put in irons.

Hansen informed THE CALL reporter that when the captain asked him what had become of Fitzgerald he told the captain that he did not know because he was asleep in his berth. In telling the captain he was asleep he had told him a lie.

Larsen said it was his trick at the wheel when the mate disappeared. He saw him go forward, but did not see him fall. Fitzgerald, he said, was disliked very much by all hands. Larsen said he did not know why he was arrested.

Thomas Green seems to be the one who at the proper time will turn State's evidence. His story is that he belonged to the captain's watch and was in his bunk at the time of the murder. Hansen, he said, had asked him how he would like to get rid of the old man, meaning the captain, and he gave Hansen to understand that he would like to have a hand in the job. The subject was first broached to him about 7 o'clock on the night of the tragedy. Near eight bells that night he was aroused by St. Clair, who asked him to turn out and throw the old man overboard. He told St. Clair to wait until he could get on his trousers. He asked St. Clair what had been done with the mate, when St. Clair replied that he had been done for and invited Green to go up and look at the pools of blood. Green says that he then refused to go on deck.

The Hesper left Port Townsend last August for Adelaide, South Australia. Captain Sodergren's wife accompanied him on the voyage. At Adelaide he shipped a new crew in the forecastle, and sailed from that port for Honolulu on December 22.

Two other members of the crew, Jens Olesen, a Norwegian, and Harry Westerling, are suspected to have been implicated in the plot.

Captain Sodergren was to decide on his way here whether he should proceed against them as accessories.

Captain Sodergren is well known in this city, having for many years been the master of the bark Lady Lampson, recently lost near Palmyra Island.

The murdered man was about 36 years old. He leaves a widow in Waterford, Ireland, and some relatives in Louisiana.

REAL ESTATE.

A Record of Transactions During the Past Week.

Real estate circles are discusssing with unusual interest next Thursday's auction of Von Rhein & Co. One reason is that the firm seems to have catered to the taste of all classes.

The Turk-street property being within a couple of blocks of Market street, is the magnet for men of capital on account of its rental of $2160 per year. The four marine view lots, corner of Jackson and Central avenue, one of them with a handsome nine-room dwelling, are the attraction for the homeseeker, especially since it is known that the owner's order to the auctioneer is, "Sell, sacrifice or no sacrifice," and the man of more modest means is eagerly hoping to secure one of the twelve lots (three corners) which, while they face a park entrance and are within two minutes' walk of the children's playground, are yet to be sold, even if they should only bring $50 per foot and then only one-third cash needs to be paid.

Five car lines pass the lots, and they are ready for building. Hitherto no lots similarly located, with reference to the park and its attraction, have sold for less than $3500 to $5000. The four lots, corner of Hayes and Scott streets, are within one block of the Brodie block, every lot of which found a ready buyer at a recent auction. When one considers that in addition to these there is property on Golden Gate avenue, on Valencia, Howard, McAllister, Hampshire and Twenty-third streets on the catalogue, that buyer must be hard to please who fails to find in all this variety of Von Rhein & Co.'s catalogue something worthy of his attention.

Sol. Getz & Bro. of 18 Post street effected the following sales this week: Lot 25x120 on the west line of Twenty-seventh avenue, 150 feet south of C street, for $350; lot 25x120 on the east line of Tenth avenue, 100 feet south of N street, for $550; lot 25x120 on the west line of Twenty-second avenue, 100 feet south of K street, for $450; lot 82:6x100 on the northwest corner of Twenty-seventh avenue and L street for $1000; lot 50x100 in block 64, Excelsior Homestead, for $600.

Troy & McNally report a very active week and the following list of sales: Three flats and lot 25x137:6 north line of Page street, 150 feet east of Broderick; $8800. Cottage and lot on west side of Sanchez street, 91 feet south of Twenty-seventh; $2450. Lot 50x127:6 on west line of Fourteenth avenue, 175 feet north of D street; $1100. Lot 25x100 on north line of Haight street, 50 feet east of Devisadero; $3300. Lot 75x120 on west line of Forty-second avenue, south of O street, for $240. The northwest corner of Ney and Craut streets, in College Homestead, for $1500. They have also made several other sales, particulars of which will be published in a few days.

Charles H. Ford reports the following sales made during the week at his office: Lot 25x120, on Twentieth avenue, near Lake street, $700; lot 25x120, on Seventeenth avenue, near A street, $525; lot 25x100, on B street, near Eighteenth avenue, $575; lot 75x120, on California street, near Twenty-first avenue, $2000; lot 25x120, on Eleventh avenue, near K street, $600; also a 670-acre stock ranch in Tulare County for $7000, and eight lots south of Golden Gate Park ranging from $175 to $200 each.

E. J. Quillinan, formerly with Umbsen & Co., is now manager of the house-renting department with Proll, Baehr & Co.

SMALL TALES OF A BIG CITY.

S. Meechan has been sentenced by Judge Daingerfield to three years in San Quentin for robbery.

Judge Levy has granted the petition of Isaac Abraham, who asked to have his name changed to Abrams.

Daniel R. Dempster has sued the Mutual Oil Company of this city and L. M. Perreta for $396 21 on a promissory note.

The Reformed Episcopal Church has so far perfected its organization as to establish services every Sunday in a public hall in the Alcazar building on O'Farrell street.

Joseph B. Cook, the defaulting Police Court clerk, was locked up in the County Jail yesterday afternoon on the four indictments found against him by the Grand Jury.

Yum Lung, a Chinese, while working on the ship Electric yesterday, fell down the hold and was removed to the Receiving Hospital. It is thought he is injured internally.

Chief Crowley received a dispatch yesterday from Frank Dubacher of Bisbee, Ariz., that Matt Drye died there on Friday, and that he had a father in Oakland and a brother in this city.

D. J. Lenihan, the Fourth-street barber, who was caught ransacking the residence of Mrs. Catherine Palisky, 22½ Welch street, was yesterday held to answer before the Superior Court in $2000 bonds for burglary.

James Brady has sued Charles Haseltone & Co. for $5000 damages, claiming that his left hand was crushed by defendants' negligence during the unloading of coal on the ship Katie Davenport on February 25 last.

William Lewis Wilson has bequeathed all his property, valued at $5000, to his brother, Silas Hart Wilson, and his three sisters, in proportion respectively as the number of children of each bears to the total number of beneficiaries.

Frank Bucher, general secretary of the United Brewery Workmen's Union, was yesterday held to answer before the Superior Court by Judge Joachimsen in $500 bonds for assault with a deadly weapon upon Constant Harth of the Co-operative Brewery.

Rev. Augustus Lemkau of Oakland will deliver a free lecture for men only this afternoon at 2:30 o'clock, before the members and friends of the German branch of the Young Men's Christian Association, at 232 Sutter street. There will be special music and singing.

Judge Conlan yesterday dismissed the charge of embezzlement against W. W. Harris, who had appropriated money belonging to an insurance company, on the ground that the crime charged was committed in Colusa County, and he had, therefore no jurisdiction in the matter.

L. H. Taylor has sued the Honey Lake Valley Land and Water Company for $1850 and interest. The basis of the action is the refusal of Frederick W. Lake and F. M. Shideler to comply with the conditions of an agreement made on December 15, 1891, and of a further agreement on April 1, 1892, canceling the former in relation to certain engineering and irrigation works.

Marriage Licenses.

The following licenses to wed were granted yesterday:

J. Henry Miller and Marie Schlueter, 34–28.

Eugene L. Horton and Minnie Goldsworthy, 22–22.

Gonzalvo Maririllo and Isabel McDonald, 27–17.

Hoke Smith is the name of a streetcar-driver in Philadelphia.

AUCTION SALES.

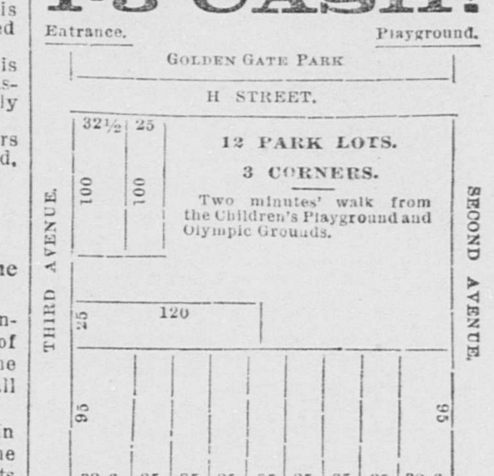
AUCTION

THURSDAY, MARCH 23,
AT 12 M. SHARP,
—BY—
VonRhein & Co.
AT SALESROOMS,
513 CALIFORNIA STREET.

TURK, NEAR TAYLOR.
RENTS $2160.
30x137:6—122 Turk st., bet. Taylor and Jones; 43 rooms, which number, by finishing basement, can be largely increased. Rent $180 per month. One tenant.

1-3 CASH!

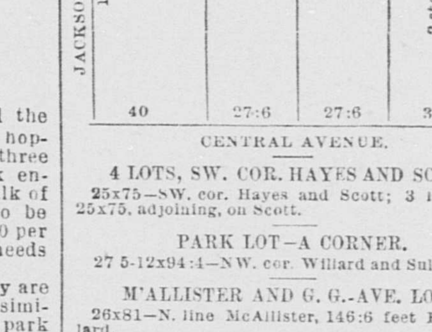
Entrance. Playground.



Electric Cars Now Within Two Blocks. Within a Month Will Pass the Lots.

THESE LOTS
Must Be Sold
if they do not bring even over
$50 PER FOOT!
Can YOU afford NOT to buy? Two minutes from CHILDREN'S PLAYGROUND.

MARINE VIEW!
INSPIRATION POINT!
SE. cor. Jackson and Central ave.
GREAT BARGAIN!
The owner must leave the State at once. One lot with modern, handsomely decorated 9-room house.
FOUR LARGE SIZE LOTS.



4 LOTS, SW. COR. HAYES AND SCOTT.
25x75—SW. cor. Hayes and Scott; 3 lots, each 25x75, adjoining, on Scott.

PARK LOT—A CORNER.
27 5-12x94:4—NW. cor. Willard and Sullivan.

M'ALLISTER AND G. G.-AVE. LOTS.
26x81—N. line McAllister, 146:6 feet E. of Willard.
25x137:6—N. line of Golden Gate ave., 200 W. of Willard.

VALENCIA-ST. DWELLING.
24x90—925 Valencia; 8 rooms and bath; should be raised and store put under.

HOWARD ST.—8-ROOM HOUSE.
25x90—1210 Howard, bet. 8th and 9th; 8 rooms; bath; rent value $60; rapidly becoming business property.

VILLA—20TH, NEAR VALENCIA.
35x85—827 20th. 9-room villa house, bet. Valencia and Mission; sunny belt.

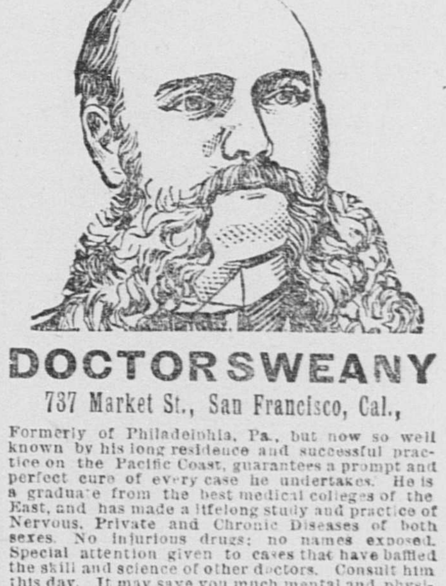
HAMPSHIRE-ST. COTTAGE.
25x100—819 Hampshire; 5-room cottage; strongly built for raising; street sewered and macadamized.

RICHMOND LOT—8TH AVE.
25x120—E. line of 8th ave., bet. A and B sts., commencing 125 feet from B st.

TWENTY-THIRD ST. COTTAGE.
25:6x114—1412 23d, bet. Sanchez and Noe; neat 5-room cottage; must be sold under order of court. mr12 15 19 21 22 23

S. BASCH, AUCTIONEER.
319 and 321 Sutter Street, above Grant Avenue. Salesdays—Monday and Thursday—Outside Sales a Specialty—Advances Made.

TUESDAY.
Tuesday........March 21, 1893,
At 11 o'clock A. M., on the premises, 1430 MARKET STREET, I will sell the VENDOME SALOON, recently fitted up at a cost of $1500, and consisting of the highest class of saloon fittings. S. BASCH, Auctioneer.
Bids will be received for the place as an entirety up to the hour of sale. mr19 3t



DOCTOR SWEANY
737 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.,
Formerly of Philadelphia, Pa., but now so well known by his long residence and successful practice on the Pacific Coast, guarantees a prompt and perfect cure of every case he undertakes. He is a graduate from the best medical colleges of the East, and has made a lifelong study and practice of Nervous, Private and Chronic Diseases of both sexes. No injurious drugs; no names exposed. Special attention given to cases that have baffled the skill and science of other doctors. Consult him this day. It may save you much mental and physical suffering, and add golden years to your life.

FREE TREATMENT every Friday afternoon from 2 to 4 for the POOR who call at my office in person.

LOST MANHOOD and all its attending ailments, both of Young and Middle-Aged Men, a specialty. The awful effects of early indiscretions, producing weakness, NERVOUS DEBILITY, night emissions, exhausting drains, pimples, bashfulness, loss of energy, weakness of both body and brain, unfitting one for study, business and marriage, treated with never-failing success. Get cured and be a man.

BLOOD AND SKIN diseases, sores, spots, pimples, scrofula, syphilitic taints, tumors, tetter, eczema and all troubles arising from an impure state of the blood completely eradicated from the system.

KIDNEY AND URINARY. Weak back, pain in side, abdomen, bladder, sediment in urine, brick dust or white; pain while urinating, frequency of; Bright's disease, and all diseases of bladder of both sexes.

CATARRH throat, lungs, liver, dyspepsia, indigestion and all diseases affecting the bowels, stomach, etc.: diarrhœa, dysentery, etc. Troubles of this character relieved at once; cures effected as soon as possible.

PRIVATE diseases, gleet, gonorrhœa, syphilis, hydrocele, varicocele, tenderness, swellings, weakness of organs, and piles, fistula, rupture, quickly cured without pain or detention from business.

LADIES If you are suffering from persistent headaches, painful menstruation, leucorrhœa or whites, intolerable itching, displacement of the womb, or any other distressing ailment peculiar to your sex, you should call on DR. SWEANY without delay. He cures when others fail.

WRITE your troubles if living away from the city. Thousands cured at home by correspondence, and medicines sent secure from observation. Book on SEXUAL SECRETS mailed free to any one describing their troubles.

Office hours—9 to 12 A. M., 2 to 5 and 7 to 8 P. M. Sundays—10 to 12 A. M. only.

F. L. SWEANY, M.D.,
737 Market st., San Francisco, Cal.
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COAL!

New or Old Wellington	$9 50
Coos Bay	7 50
Diamond House	8 00
Greta	8 50
7 Sacks of Redwood	1 00

KNICKERBOCKER COAL CO.,
522 Howard Street, Near First.
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