There was, away back in the past, upon the top of a mountain a somber and lugubrious old chateau. It was nothing but a mass of turrets, ramparts and drawbridges loaded with chains; mail-clad men watched night and day upon the battlements, and only soldiers received a hearty welcome from Count Enguerrand, the lord of the manor.

If you had seen the old warrior walking in the long galleries, if you had heard the sound of his quick and menacing voice, you would have trembled with fright, just as that pious and pretty demoiselle, Odette, his niece, trembled. Have you never noticed, in the morning, an Easter daisy bloom at the first kisses of the sun among the nettles and thorns? So the young girl was blooming among rough knights. When a child she had stopped in the midst of her games and her eyes had become swollen with tears on perceiving her uncle. Now, she was tall and pretty; her bosom was filled with vague sighs, and a fright more violent than before seized upon her every time Comte Enguerrand chanced to appear.

She dwelt in a distant turret, occupying herself with embroidering handsome banners, resting from that toil by praying to God and contemplating from her window the emerald country and the azure heavens. How often, in the night, rising from her couch, she had gone to gaze at the stars and how often her heart of 16 years had sprung forth toward the celestial space, demanding of those radiant sisters what could be agitating her thus. After these sleepless nights, after these outbursts of love, she felt like throwing her arms around the neck of the old knight; but a harsh word, a cold look stopped her and, trembling, she resumed her needle. You cannot help pitying the poor girl; she was like the fresh and balmy flower, the brightness and perfume of which are disdained.

THEN THE FAIRY BEGAN TALKING TO THE LOVERS.

One day the troubled Odette was dreamfully watching the flight of a pair of turtle-doves when she heard a soft voice at the foot of the chateau. She leaned out of her window and saw a handsome young man who, with a song upon his lips, was demanding hospitality. She listened and did not understand the words, but the soft voice oppressed her heart and the tears flowed slowly down her cheeks, wetting a stalk of sweet marjoram which she held in her hand.

The chateau remained closed; an armed man cried from the walls:

"Withdraw; only warriors are here!"

Odette was still looking. She let the stalk of sweet marjoram wet with tears escape from her, and it fell at the feet of the singer. The latter, lifting his eyes and seeing that blonde head, kissed the stalk and departed, turning to look back at every step.

When he had disappeared Odette knelt at her prie-dieu, where she made a long prayer. She thanked heaven without knowing why: she felt happy, though totally ignorant of the subject of her joy.

At night she had a beautiful dream. It seemed to her that she saw the stalk of sweet marjoram which she had let fall. Slowly in the midst of the quivering leaves appeared a fairy, but a fairy so pretty, with wings of flame, a crown of myosotis and a long green robe, the color of hope.

"Odette," said she harmoniously, "I am the Fairy Amoureuse. It was I who sent to you this morning Lois, the young man with the soft voice. It was I who, seeing your tears, wished to dry them. I go through the earth gleaning hearts and bringing together those who sigh. I visit the cot as well as the manor-house. I have often taken pleasure in uniting the shepherdess' crook to the scepter of kings. I sow flowers beneath the steps of my proteges. I chain them together with such brilliant and precious threads that their hearts leap for joy. I dwell among the grass of the paths, the glowing embers of the winter hearth, the draperies of conjugal beds, and everywhere I place my foot kisses and tender chats are born. Weep no longer, Odette; I am Amoureuse, the good fairy, and I come to dry your tears!"

And she went back into her flower, which refolded its leaves and again became a bud.

When Odette awoke a ray of sunshine was lighting her chamber, the song of a bird was mounting from without, and the morning breeze, perfumed by the first kiss it had just given the flowers, was caressing her blonde tresses. She arose joyously and spent the day in singing, wholly believing what the good fairy had told her. She glanced at the country every few instants, smiling at each bird that passed, feeling impulses within her which made her leap and clap her little hands one against the other.

When evening arrived she went down into the great hall of the chateau. Beside the Comte Enguerrand was a knight who was listening to the old man's recitals. She took her distaff, seated herself before the hearth where the cricket was singing and the ivory spindle whirled rapidly in her fingers.

At the height of her work, having cast her eyes on the knight, she saw the stalk of sweet marjoram in his hands and instantly she recognized Lois, with his soft voice. A cry of joy almost escaped her. To hide her blushes she bent over toward the ashes, stirring the coals with a long iron poker. The embers crackled, the flames scattered, noisy sheaves sprang forth, and, suddenly, from the midst of the sparks, Amoureuse arose smilingly and hastily. She shook from her green robe the fiery particles, which ran over the silk like golden spangles; she sprang into the hall, and, invisible to the Comte, placed herself behind the young folks. There, while the old knight was relating a terrible fight against the infidels, she said to them softly:

"Love each other, my children! Leave recollections to austere old age, leave it long recitals beside glowing embers. Let only the sound of your kisses mingle with the crackling of the flames. Later on there will be ample time to soften your vexations by recalling these delicious hours. When one loves at 16 the voice is useless; a mere glance says more than a long discourse. Love each other, my children; let old age do the talking!"

Then she covered them with her wings so that the Comte, who was explaining how the giant Buch Tete-de-Fer was slain by a terrible blow from Giralda, the "weighty sword," did not see Lois placing his first kiss upon the forehead of the quivering Odette.

I must speak of the beautiful wings of the Fairy Amoureuse. They were as transparent as glass and as light as the wings of a gnat. But, when the two lovers found themselves in peril of being seen, they grew, grew, and became so obscuring, so thick, that they stopped glances and stifled the sound of kisses. Hence, the old man continued his prodigious recital for a long time, and for a long time Lois caressed the blonde Odette under the very beard of the wicked suzerain.

Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu! what beautiful wings they were! The young girls, I have been told, still find them sometimes!

When the Comte had finished his long story, the fairy Amoureuse vanished in the flames and Lois took his departure, thanking his host and sending a final kiss to Odette. The young girl slept so happily that night that she dreamed of mountains of flowers lighted by thousands of stars, each a thousand times more brilliant than the sun.

On the morrow she went down into the garden, seeking the gloomy arbors. She met a warrior, bowed to him and was about going away when she saw in his hand the stalk of sweet marjoram bathed in tears. And she again recognized Lois of the soft voice, who had just returned to the chateau under a new disguise. He made her sit upon a bank of sod beside a spring. They gazed at each other, delighted to see each other in broad day. The tomtits sang; one felt in the air that the good fairy must be wandering about somewhere near. I shall not tell you all the words heard by the discreet old oaks. It was pleasant to see the lovers chat so long—so long that a tomtit which was in a bush close by had time to build itself a nest.

Suddenly the heavy steps of the Comte Enguerrand were heard in the alley. The two poor lovers trembled. But the water of the spring sang more sweetly and Amoureuse emerged, smiling and hurriedly, from the clear crystal. She surrounded the lovers with her wings, then glided softly along with them, passed the Comte, who was greatly astonished at having heard voices and seeing no one.

She soothed her proteges, she began to withdraw, repeating to them in a low tone: "I am she who protects amours, she who shuts the eyes and ears of those who love no longer. Fear nothing, handsome lovers! Love each other in broad day, in the pathways, beside the water of springs, wherever you may be. I shall be there to watch over you. God has placed me here below that men who rail at everything holy may never trouble your pure emotions. He gave me my beautiful wings, ordering me to go and make young hearts rejoice. Love each other. Where you are there shall I be to watch over you."

And she departed, sipping the dew, which was her only food, drawing along in a joyous round Odette and Lois, whose hands were interlaced.

You will naturally ask me what she did with the two lovers. Really, I am afraid to tell you. I am afraid that you may either refuse to believe me or be jealous of their good fortune. Well, you are exceedingly curious, and I see plainly enough that I must satisfy you.

Then learn that the fairy roamed about thus until night. But when she wished to separate the lovers she saw they were so troubled, so greatly troubled at being obliged to quit each other that she began talking to them in a whisper. It seemed that she was telling them something nice, for their countenances sparkled and their eyes opened wide with joy. And when she had finished speaking and they had consented, she touched their foreheads with her wand.

Suddenly Lois and Odette were transformed into stalks of sweet marjoram, but sweet marjoram so beautiful that the like of it could only have been made by a fairy. They found themselves placed side by side, so close to each other that their leaves intermingled. Theirs were marvelous flowers which were destined to remain in bloom, exchanging eternally their perfume and their dew.

As to the Comte Enguerrand, he consoled himself, they say, by relating every evening how the great Buch Tete-de-Fer was slain by a terrible blow from Giralda, "the weighty sword."

And now, when you go into the country, you can look for the enchanted stalks of sweet marjoram and ask them what flower the fairy Amoureuse lies concealed.

A TIRED AGENT.

He Sells Tickets to the World's Fair.

Many People Think the Tickets Are Good for a Trip Around the World.

"What's the fare from here to Chicago and return—$72 50?"

"Yes, sir."

"Will the same ticket take me to Liverpool and back by way of the World's Fair?"

Such are the questions put to the ticket-sellers at the local agencies a great many times during every working day since the World's Fair rates were advertised and an accompanying notice inserted to the effect that those having friends in foreign countries could take advantage of the low rate to Chicago and visit Europe on the same trip.

Yesterday a tired-looking clerk in one of the large ticket agencies leaned wearily over the counter and explained to a CALL reporter the reasons for the apparently foolish questions.

"You see," he began, "the most of the people who ask these questions are foreigner. They get confused over the term 'World's Fair,' and many of them get a notion that being a world's fair it must extend all over the civilized world, and consequently a ticket to the fair will carry them all over the entire planet. I believe the poles are the only points I have not been asked about in connection with these tickets.

"This morning a woman came in and wanted to know how long a layover she could have in Donnybrook on a 'World's Fair' ticket. She seemed very much disappointed when she learned that the tickets were only good to Chicago and return.

"Yesterday a man came in and said his brother had been crippled in an accident in a mine in Wales and wanted to know if he would be allowed to spend the whole stopover time allowed with his brother in Wales."

"Have any Chinese applied for tickets yet?" was asked.

"No. The Chinese don't seem to have much curiosity regarding the fare to the World's Fair or any place else. When they want to travel about the only question they ask is, 'How muchee?' I wish other people were that way."

Just then a woman entered and stepped up to the counter when the following dialogue took place:

"Do you sell World's Fair tickets here?"

"Yes, ma'm."

"For $72 50?"

"Yes, ma'm."

"How long can I stop over in Kansas City on one of these ticktes, and have time to visit friends in New York and see everything?"

The seller of tickets was silent for a moment and looked perplexed.

"These tickets are only good to Chicago and return," he finally said, glancing apprehensively at the woman as if expecting a storm.

"Are you sure of that, young man?"

He was quite sure, and was saying something about being sorry that she had misunderstood the advertisement, when she cut him short with:

"Oh, you needn't apologize or make any excuses, because it's only a mean advertising dodge to sell poor people something they don't want. But you won't catch me," and she stepped indignantly from the office.

"I wish that advertisement could be changed, so that people couldn't help understanding it," said the clerk.

ROUND TARGETS.

A Shooting Club Discards the Old Firing Regulations.

The Schuetzen Section of the San Francisco Turn Verein at its meeting last night decided to abandon the old system of shooting and in the future to regulate its contests by the latest and most approved methods of target practice. The shooting section agreed to adopt the new firing regulations that prevail in the United States army. Under the old system the target was square. Under the new tactics it is oval. There are also many technical differences in the manner of shooting, loading of gun, position and method of counting.

The action of the Schuetzen Section of the San Francisco Turn Verein marks an important era in the history of marksmanship on the coast. Its marksmen take the highest rank in the world, as proved by the laurels won at Creedmoor in 1876, and more recently at the international contest at Berlin. Other German clubs are also likely to go in for modern target practice and abandon the old firing regulations, which they cling to more from custom than anything else.

The new firing regulations of the San Francisco Verein will go into effect immediately and will govern all the contests for this season.

DEATH FOR A DIME.

A Bonanza for Would-Be Suicides.

Two Patients Treated at the Receiving Hospital Who Got Laudanum Very Cheaply and Easily.

There is a common impression that the sale of laudanum or any other preparation of opium, including morphine, of course, is prohibited by law, unless the purchaser is provided with a medical prescription.

Two cases were admitted to the City Receiving Hospital which seem to prove that the law is a dead letter, or is at all events more honored in the breach than the observance.

The first of these cases was that of W. K. Bailey, 22 years old, residing with his parents at 54 First street.

Bailey's trouble was unrequited love, and he decided that four drams of laudanum was the proper remedy.

It was a few minutes before 3 o'clock yesterday morning when young Bailey was taken to the Receiving Hospital in an unconscious condition. There was found in one of his pockets a half-ounce vial in which only two or three drops remained, with a fresh label on it marked "Laudanum—poison" and a "death's head" illustration to point the moral and adorn the tale.

The vial when full would contain about 360 drops of laudanum. The full dose for an adult is from twenty to thirty drops, and young Bailey had taken enough to kill four people with ease and certainty.

Dr. Samuels had an anxious time with his charge, but eventually the young man was enabled to leave the hospital at 9 A. M. in care of his friends.

It sometimes happens that a large dose of laudanum, taken with suicidal intent, defeats the object of the taker by causing vomiting, and this may have been one of the reasons for Bailey's failure, but in any case Dr. Samuels was forced to admit that the youth had an extremely close call. It took a lot of work with a battery and hypodermic injections of strychnine and belladonna to counteract the effects of the poison which had been absorbed.

In the afternoon another case was brought in, and again there was an anxious time for the Receiving Hospital physicians.

Georgina Jackson, the young wife of the keeper of the O. K. saloon, at 1062½ Howard street, had become despondent from ill-health and purchased ten cents' worth of laudanum. How much she took is not known, but it was a full dose. Her husband gave her coffee and walked her about, according to the popular treatment, but finally got nervous and had her taken to the Receiving Hospital.

When she got there she was unable to stand, but finally Dr. S. Deane was able to pronounce her out of immediate danger. She seemed to be attached to her husband, who was very solicitous about her, and was obviously relieved when assured that she would probably be well in a few hours.

There is a State law and also a local law governing the sale or preparation of opium, but at present there is no trouble in solving the problem of "Death for a dime."

FATAL TERMINATION.

Death of the First Mate of the Steamer Arago.

Frederick Cook, the chief mate of the steamer Arago, who shot himself in the head on Friday night, died in the Receiving Hospital yesterday afternoon.

There are one or two peculiar circumstances about Cook's case.

On the morning of March 10 Cook had a difficulty with a man named O'Harrell on Stockton street, in the course of which he sustained a heavy blow over the head. Dr. Deane attended him at the Receiving Hospital and diagnosed the case as alcoholism and possible fracture of the skull.

Cook rallied rapidly and was discharged at his own request, but a few hours later he was again taken to the Receiving Hospital in violent epileptic convulsions.

He was detained and treated for these, and, being apparently fully restored to consciousness and health, was discharged for the second time.

On Friday evening he visited the daughter of John Hey at 215 Sacramento street and there shot himself in the manner described in yesterday's issue of THE CALL.

The question arose whether the injury inflicted by O'Harrell was not indirectly the cause of the man losing his mental balance and taking his own life.

Last evening, however, P. J. Kolick, who had known Cook for five years, said the latter was subject to epilepsy and had always acted queerly. Dr. Berry also found the scar of an old wound on Cook's head, so that the epilepsy was explained.

Bismarck on the List.

The Deutscher Verein, which is one of the most select German clubs in the city, at its last meeting elected Prince Bismarck an honorary member. The club decided to have engrossed the diploma certifying the fact of the Iron Chancellor's election to membership, and the idea was well carried out by the committee appointed for that purpose. The diploma was written upon the most expensive vellum and bound in silver and gold. A copy of the diploma will be hung on the walls of the Verein's clubrooms.

The handsome present prepared by the different German clubs of the city, to be given to Prince Bismarck on the occasion of his birthday in April next, as stated in THE CALL several days ago, was sent to Germany on Friday, and it is thought if no delay is experienced on the way it will reach the home of Prince Bismarck on his birthday in order to express the felicitations of California Germans at the event.

The Deutscher Verein has also sent its diploma of honorary membership to Germany, and it is expected to reach there in time for the great statesman's birthday.

The Bridegroom That Never Came.

Louise M. Hopkins has sued Patrick McBride for breach of promise of marriage, and wants $15,000 to soothe the injury to her heart. She states that confiding, believing and relying on McBride's promise she was in readiness to marry him on Sunday, March 12, 1893, between the hours of 3 and 6 o'clock in the afternoon of that day, but that defendant failed and refused to appear at the time appointed for said marriage and has failed and refused and still fails and refuses to marry her. McBride is reputed to be worth considerable property.

Insanity Commitments.

The following persons were yesterday certified as insane and committed to the asylums named:

Niles Metzger, 43, native of Sweden, sailor, for twelve years a resident of Australia, was sent to Stockton.

Edward Claffey, 54, a native of Ireland, twice previously committed, was sent to Napa.

Gontavo Ogara, 20, a native of Japan, three years resident in this State, was sent to Stockton.

The Southern Pacific Sued.

Frank M. Pixley has sued the Southern Pacific Company for $819 30 paid by him in part purchase of certain lands on the San Bernardino base and meridian, for which he had agreed to pay $2200. Pixley claims that the defendant company has rescinded the contract and failed to return him the part payment.

A QUEEN DOWAGER

How Kalakaua's Widow Looks and Talks.

SHE IS FOND OF AMERICANS.

A Semblance of Royal State Maintained in the Hawaiian Cottage.

Correspondence of THE MORNING CALL.

HONOLULU, March 1.—Out at Waikiki, in a picturesque cottage in the midst of the park that bears her name, dwells Kapiolani, the Queen Dowager, widow of Kalakaua.

Thither one evening, in accordance with an arrangement previously made by a member of the Advisory Council, I was taken, accompanied by the court interpreter, a very necessary companion in visiting the Queen Dowager, for although she loves Americans and cherishes the pleasantest recollections of her visit to the United States Kapiolani speaks not one word of their language. When the carriage drove up to the door we were received by a lady in waiting of majestic proportions even for an Hawaiian, who, with slow and stately tread, preceded us to a noble apartment, at the farther end of which her Majesty sat awaiting us.

The Queen Dowager is a much more pleasing woman in appearance than the ex-Queen, although Liliuokalani is a charmingly attractive lady. She is of fairer skin and is younger by a number of years; but, while she has a dignified grace and courtesy of manner sure to please, her face lacks the genial smile that ever lights the Queen Dowager's countenace. To use a word possibly incongruous as applied to royalty, Queen Kapiolani is jolly.

Her Majesty was handsomely attired in a garnet holoku, the dress worn by all the native women, jewels flashed at neck and ears and from her plump fingers, and upon her head was a beautiful and curiously wrought turban that appeared to be of the fine straw or grass that the natives weave so deftly. In one hand she held, scepter-wise, the usual feathered emblem of royalty affected by the Hawaiian rulers, and which, I noticed with pleasure, she used with considerable dexterity to keep off the mosquitoes. The other hand was occupied in caressing a lovely white kitten, with the funniest black ears and tail, and a single black spot on one side. My heart warmed to her, instantly, as the heart of a lover of cats always must to a fellow worshiper at the feline altar, and no sooner had she acknowledged my greeting with a dignified though gracious bow than her Majesty and I were en rapport over puss.

Dowager Queen Kapiolani.

The Queen Dowager began to ask me at once about America and to tell me, with Mr. Wilcox's aid, how she had enjoyed her stay in that country and with what pleasant anticipation she looked forward to attending, if her health permitted, the Columbian Exposition. She liked the hurry and bustle and enterprise of America—the sense of life and doing that was in the very air, and all the activity of our hurrying American life. Then, with a sudden change of subject, she inquired what I thought of Hawaii and of the recent changes. There can only be one opinion about this loveliest of spots, and so I told her, it is a paradise on earth. Half-jesting, I depicted to her the change that was coming when the cable should connect the islands with the outside world and keep the people on the qui vive of excitement over the daily news; when business men could no longer go a-fishing nine days in the week; when railroads should cut the country in every direction, and the locomotive engines should puff and bells ring and clang through the valleys; when steamers should come in twice a week and men should run to catch street cars in Hawaii Nei.

And her Majesty laughed heartily, inquiring with a mockery of great earnestness how soon I thought that time would come—she so longed to see it.

The political aspect of the recent upheaval was touched upon but lightly. It is rather an open secret that her Majesty's sympathies are wholly with the party of progress.

Then pussy claimed our attention, and the Queen Dowager explained that the little creature had been a Christmas gift to her, and was named "Merry Christmas" in honor of the day. She told me the Hawaiian word for cat—poupouki—and its curious derivation. When the early missionaries came to the islands and first saw the tailless Hawaiian cats their invariable exclamation was "Poor pussy," which, the natives, attempting to repeat, rendered poupouki, and poupouki the feline creature is to-day in the lovely Hawaiian tongue. Merry Christmas knew full well that she and her kind were the subject of our conversation, and she arched her back, rubbed her head against her mistress' hand and played with the royal eyeglasses, just as any saucy little American cat would have done. Then, at the Queen's request, the lady-in-waiting told me of a beautiful white cat at the palace, the especial pet and property of the late King. This cat was always with his Majesty when the latter was at home, and was devotedly attached to him. The animal, like all its kind, was very neat and particular about its appearance.

A few days before the arrival of the news of the King's death pussy suddenly developed a mania for rolling in a pile of soot from the kitchen chimney, and went about blackened from head to foot with the stuff. The superstitious natives all declared this to be an evil omen, and when the news of Kalakaua's death arrived their belief received full confirmation.

The lady-in-waiting had a great fascination for me. I think she is the largest woman I have ever seen. As I watched her pass down the length of the great apartment, her loose holoku floating about her, I realized as I had never been able to do before just why the missionary ladies who made the first dress for the first Hawaiian woman who ever wore one hit upon that particular style. It was in 1819, the story goes, that this robe was made on board the ship Thaddeus, for the great chiefess Kalakua. She, herself, bought a web of white cambric to have a dress made like those worn by the white ladies. These were made in the style then prevailing, a very deep yoke, with a short bodice, belted at the waist, and a full skirt. The chiefess was a huge woman, and a belt was found to be impracticable, so the ladies instead gathered the loose skirt on to the yoke.

The native women were so delighted with the new garb, so much more convenient than their own, that they at once gave it the name holoku, expressive of the fact that in it they had perfect freedom of motion. The holoku is exactly like the "Mother Hubbard gown" that had such a painful popularity in our country some years ago. It is, to-day, the regulation costume of the Hawaiian women. They wear it at church and on shopping expeditions, in the park and on state occasions, and, this delightful climate permitting such scantiness of attire, it is not an uncommon thing to meet upon Fort street an old woman of the poorer class whose holoku is her sole garment. Even the men, as well, often appear in this convenient garb. I saw a stalwart, bearded man one day clad in a holoku, sawing wood in front of his cottage. The effect was very funny.

The Queen Dowager preserves no mean semblance of royal state in her reception-chamber in the Park Cottage. The apartment itself must be fully fifty feet in length, and is of noble breadth. The polished floor is strewn with rugs; the tables and chairs are of rare and beautiful woods from many quarters of the globe; the low walls are hung with handsome pictures and decorations from far-off lands. Between the low, quaint windows is a life-size bust in white marble of the late King, flanked on either side by the kahilis or feathered staffs, some 12 or 15 feet in height, that doubtless stood beside Kapiolani's throne-chair when the present dowager was queen-consort. Feather capes and ornaments were everywhere, and the chamber furnished the same startling combination of barbaric splendor and civilized elegance present everywhere in Hawaii Nei, the land of poi—and pate de fois gras.

The Queen Dowager, referring to the rare old feather capes, those marvelous specimens of native handiwork, spoke of the early days, when the people had no money or goods, but paid their taxes and supplied their needs by means of the priceless yellow feathers of the mamo bird, and the talk turned on those primitive times. "Were not the people almost as well off as now?" I asked. Her reply was noteworthy. "Better off in some respects, perhaps; but they are more enlightened now."

So it is, ever. In this paradise, as in every other, of all the trees in the garden man prefers to eat of the tree of knowledge of good and evil, and as in that memorable first instance, the Hawaiians are paying the price—they are surely dying—they are almost all gone.

After a pleasant hour the pressure of other duty compelled me to leave my interesting hostess, and all unwillingly I withdrew, her Majesty expressing in kindly phrase as we shook hands her pleasure at my visit, and her hope that we should meet again, this fall, in San Francisco.

ADELINE E. KNAPP.

HE TRIED TO FLY.

The Strange Freak of a Cranky Shoemaker.

He Sailed From a Second Story Window Into a Blanket Held Below.

"I'm a flying machine and I'm going to fly to Heaven at Hand," were the words shrieked out of the window in a second story of a lodging-house on Turk street, near Jones, on Friday afternoon.

In a few moments considerable excitement prevailed among the large crowd that gathered in front of the house, attracted by the noise.

The man was in a semi-nude condition, and jumped up and down on the window sill, at the risk of his life.

The man was a shoemaker named Emil Dartman, and he appeared to have gone crazy on aerial navigation. He is a small man, and very nimble. In both hands he carried huge red fans, which he had torn from the walls where they were used for ornamental purposes. These fans Dartman waved to and fro, as if preparing the atmosphere for his journey to the unknown.

The landlady of the house was notified of the strange actions of Dartman, and attempted to enter his room, but found that the door was locked on the inside.

In the meantime the crazed shoemaker stood on the window-sill and threatened to fly away into space. It was seen that the man was really going to jump, as he was thoroughly in earnest.

A blanket was procured and held under the window by seven or eight men in the crowd, and a wait was made for Dartman to begin his winged progress through the air. It was evident that he was about to sail away as soon as he got through talking about Heaven at Hand and his wonderfully endowed powers as a human flying machine.

"I am going to fly now, folks. You will all fly some day. The gift comes from above. Hurrah! Oh! Oi! I am off for heaven!" he yelled, and shrieked and plunged head foremost from the window.

Instead of sailing away, wafted on etherial wings toward the stars, like Pegasus of old, poor Dartman fell ingloriously in a heap on the blanket which was held outstretched to catch him.

The blanket saved him from having every bone in his body pulverized by contact with the stone pavement.

When taken to his room after the door had been broken open it was found that the shoemaker had sprained an ankle and injured his left arm. He had been terribly shaken up in his fall, but not enough to bring him to his right senses.

It was found on investigation that Dartman had been on a protracted spree and had been suffering from delirium tremens, when he attempted to fly toward "Heaven at Hand."

The wild freaks of the crazed shoemaker is the talk of the entire neighborhood.

SPRECKELS LEADS

Republican Forces Under New Management.

The Old Leaders Are Left Out in the Cold—Honest Politics an Assurance.

That the old Tocaloma Club recently disbanded will again appear on the political field cannot be doubted.

A meeting of the representatives of the Republican party, one of the members of which styled it the "Good Republicans," was held yesterday afternoon at 21 Third street.

A great deal was said as to the choice of a leader, and it was finally concluded to have a committee of members wait on John D. Spreckels and tender him the presidency of the club.

Much comment was indulged in as to the probability of his accepting the proffered office.

A member of the club said: "You see last week several of the self-constituted leaders of the Republican party assembled and passed resolutions recommending John D. Spreckels as leader. As they represented only a small portion of the leading spirits of the party Mr. Spreckels refrained from declaring himself as to whether he would accept or not."

"Some 200 stanch Republicans are with our side of the fight, and in private Mr. Spreckels has signified a willingness to accept the presidency of our club, which virtually will make him the leader of the Republican forces. The matter will be definitely settled next week.

"It will place the Republican party on the level again and prevent much of the fraud and treachery shown and attributed to the representative men of the party during the last election," said Mr. McManus, "and give us a clean government of our municipal affairs. With Mr. Spreckels at the head of the party honesty is assured in all things."

A PORTRAIT TALK.

Frank G. Carpenter Will Lecture Here on April 10.

Frank G. Carpenter, the well-known newspaper correspondent, whose letters from Russia, printed in THE CALL, have recently attracted widespread attention, will deliver a lecture in Metropolitan Hall on April 10, under the auspices of the San Francisco Press Club.

Mr. Carpenter will present a new feature in the lecture field by giving to his audience what he calls "A portrait talk on the men and women I have interviewed; or, the queer experiences of a newspaper man."

He will illustrate this talk by more than 100 magnificent stereopticon views, made from original negatives during his various travels.

Although for the first time in California, Mr. Carpenter will find that he is well known here on his arrival.

His interesting letters which have been published in the Sunday CALL have made his name familiar to the San Francisco and Pacific Coast public.

The lecture will be a continuous story of personal experiences, interspersed with funny anecdotes and it will bring the hearers of it face to face with men they read about every day.

Having traveled extensively as a correspondent Mr. Carpenter's range of experiences is a very wide one, and the public men he met personally included famous European monarchs, American statesmen, President Diaz, Prince Bismarck, scientists, writers of note and artists.

The Press Club is making elaborate preparations to bring Mr. Carpenter before the public in a manner befitting a man of his merit.

The Death Record.

The weekly report of Dr. J. W. Keeney, Health Officer, shows 119 deaths from all causes. Of the decedents 81 were males and 38 females; 36 were natives of the Pacific Coast, 18 of other States and 65 of foreign countries.

By ages, 13 were under 1 year old and 1 was between 80 and 90, 18 were between 60 and 70 and 10 between 70 and 80. There were 22 deaths in public institutions, 7 casualties and 3 homicides.

Consumption caused 22 deaths, heart disease 8, pneumonia 9, Bright's disease 5 and apoplexy 4. As classified, zymotic diseases caused 12 deaths, constitutional 27, local 58 and developmental 12. The deaths for the corresponding week of last year were 99.

SHE HAS THE KEY.

A Patient Woman With a New Religion.

SHE'S TERRIBLY IN EARNEST.

Her Mission Is to Found the Nucleus of a New Order of Life on Earth.

A patient, toiling woman; her hair grown gray in working for what she thinks to be the truth; always reading, writing, talking that those about her may share her joy; a fond mother; the propagandist of a new philosophy.

This is Sister Cashman.

You may not think to be the truth what she thinks it to be, but she is sincere at least and awfully in earnest.

"I know," she says, with an emphasis that is almost terrible, if not convincing. "There is no longer a doubt of it. We are related to God from the interior. It is only truth that relates us to the divine.

"We have passed the stage of doubting, thinking and speculating. We know. All is certainly in our path, all truth, all light. We have no creed, no church, no dogma, only the Bible is our guide, and we read it as none others do. Our eyes have been opened by the spirit of God within us, and we read understandingly."

Six years ago Dr. Bowen and Professor Waite came out here to preach a new religion. They called it the New Order of Life. What the teaching consisted of was never very clear to those who did not become converts.

And there was one, it is said, who did become a convert without clearly understanding this New Order of Life.

He was Captain Moore, a man of some means, much earnestness, and of a moderate degree of what the New Order of Life people called spirituality. He endowed a home or institute for the New Order of Life.

Perhaps a score of Dr. Bowen's and Professor Waite's converts inhabited the institute, which was located in Alameda for a time.

Then the New Order of Life folks showed that they had still some of the old order of life left in them. They fell to quarreling.

It got into the newspapers, and for awhile scandal was in the air. Then Dr. Bowen and Professor Waite went East, the former to die and the latter to propagate the new doctrine in fresher fields.

And the institute of the New Order of Life was disrupted. Captain Moore was lucky enough to get his property back, and the converts were scattered and most of them became apostates.

But not all turned back into the old paths. Among them was a determined, wiry little woman, who for years had been groping about in the dark, searching for even a single feather of that great beautiful white bird called Truth.

She was not a woman classically educated, nor yet one whose ample means give time in after life to read and study enough to make up for the deficiencies of their youthful education.

She did menial labor at the institute, used the broom and the duster and the mop; was housekeeper and chambermaid for the inmates of the institute of the New Order of Life.

She was Sister Cashman.

"If one goes into a line of study above the masses one must be crucified. I expect that, but it only enhances the value of the work to me," said Sister Cashman to a CALL man last evening.

"God has given me a mission to perform. Is is to found in this city the nucleus of the New Order of Life. I have worked hard, God only knows how hard, and in the years since I have seen the light I have shown it to some others.

"There are a dozen converts in San Francisco now, and many inquiring souls have been awakened and are asking themselves the eternal questions, which may only be answered when we have related ourselves to God in the proper spirit.

"The churches have been led by the sign and symbol too long. They preach the allegorical as the real. We read the Bible in the light of the Greek and Hebrew etymologies.

"We have come to a state of consciousness through the unfoldment of our intellect and spirit. It is a very deep study, but very beautiful. We understand just where mankind is and what is its destiny. Every soul must, sooner or later, come into full relationship with God."

This is Sister Cashman's philosophy. It may not be entirely clear to you, but there are many things not clear to all men.

For six years she has preached and taught this to a chosen few. Her own three girls and her grown-up son, who is the mainstay and support of the family, are all converts to the mother's new philosophy.

Last Sunday she hired one of the little lodgerooms at Red Men's building on Post street and lectured there in the afternoon and evening. Though the announcement was duly made in all the papers and neat display cards distributed here and there throughout the city bearing the tidings that a new prophet had come to Israel, though all this were done, the attendance was deplorably small.

"And I'd rather speak the same words to 100 people than to 100 empty chairs," she said to THE CALL man.

"But the people are not ready for the great truth, and I am satisfied to do my little and trust the rest with God.

"The Bible is but the travail of the human soul, the history of the human family, yet man will not see it. He goes on in his blind worship of symbols and forms. He worships the empty word, while we come into the complete relationship with the spirit.

"Jesus has come to the mind that can conceive Jesus as a pure life; we must live it. The kingdom is then established upon the earth; it has always been in heaven. Heaven is an expanse, something beaten out, broadened, made to hold. Thus the mind is through the intellectual nature unfolded and, dwelling upon spiritual things, Japheth rests in time in the tents of Shem."

Sister Cashman has another name. To the little volume she has written, entitled "The Key to the Kingdom, or Heaven Upon Earth," she has signed the single word "Spider."

"The spider taketh hold with her hands and is in king's palaces" is the quotation from Proverbs which seems to explain this rather odd signature.

But to know the real cause of "Spider" one must read this pathetic little dedication on one of the fly-leaves of "The Key":

"This little work is dedicated to my four dear children, who have unremittingly sustained me for years by their diligence and happy hearts. The appellation, 'Spider,' which they gave me endeared itself to me, and I thought to partially repay them I would weave or spin a silvery web that might unite us more closely to him we love, and who is our sustainer in truth, for in him 'we live and move and have our being.'"

It is rather a unique volume, "The Key." There are verses in it, many Biblical quotations and much of the Greek and Hebrew literal translation.

The verse is not of a high order, but there may be knowledge in it for many, even though they draw different conclusions from the facts stated. Here is a sample etymological stanza. In its general composition you have read something like it in the child's primer, or in "Mother Goose," but the information it contains to nonclassical scholars is reliable, at all events:

Reuben is perception, to see or to know,
Simon, understanding, in truth it is so;
Levi, association, this f culty links.
Judah, with Abraham, faith it represents;
Dan stands for judgment, to choose, to decide,
Napthali, crafty, let it not abide;
Gad, which is memory, labors to pierce,
Asher, the will, let its firmness ne'er cease;
Issiacher is selfish, let it be denied,
Zebelum is social, have pleasure, not pride;
Joseph, constructive, is laden with thought,
Benjamin, conscientious, the spirit has wrought.

"My chief end and aim in life has been to know God," says Sister Cashman, or "Spider," "but now I have found him; I have related myself to him, and I cannot rest in peace while others are ignorant."

A curious discovery was some years ago made, among the archives of Southampton, of a box containing the original naval laws of that port as early as the fourteenth century. One of them was that if the majority of the sailors of a vessel on the point of sailing were of opinion that the wind was unfavorable, and the vessel was wrecked afterward, the captain was responsible for the value of the goods lost.

Cost and Cure.

For 10 Years.

POTTSTOWN, PA.

I was a sufferer from neuralgia for ten years; tried all kinds of remedies without relief, and had given up all hope. I tried a bottle of

ST. JACOBS OIL,

and it effected such wonderful relief that I recommend it to all.

CHAS. LAW, JR.

One 1 Bottle.

DRY GOODS

A RARE MONEY-SAVING OPPORTUNITY THIS WEEK AT OUR GREAT BANKRUPT SALE!

We are rapidly effecting the clearance of the BALANCE OF THE KELLY BROTHERS' BANKRUPT STOCK necessitated by the lack of space to accommodate the VAST IMPORTATIONS OF SPRING GOODS now being uncased and placed on exhibition, and in pursuance of our object we this week offer every article remaining at figures that in many cases are even lower than the following

SACRIFICE PRICES!

LADIES' CLOTH AND FUR-TRIMMED JACKETS.

At $3.50.
LADIES' REEFER JACKETS, in black, blue and tan, collar and fronts faced with ostrich feather trimmings; also FINE CLOTH NOVELTY JACKETS, in fancy vest effects, reduced from $10 to $3 50 each.

At $5.00.
LADIES' SINGLE AND DOUBLE-BREASTED REEFER JACKETS, in shades of tan, gray and navy, in mottled effects and in plain colors, handsomely finished, worth $12 50, will be closed out at $5 each.

At $7.50.
LADIES' SINGLE-BREASTED REEFERS, in gray and tan mottled materials, rolling fronts faced with silk; also half-fitting Single-breasted Reefers, in brown and gray effects, and Double-breasted Reefers in gray and tan, with front and sleeves handsomely braided; reduced from $17 50 to $7 50 each.

At $6.90.
LADIES' JACKETS, made from black and navy blue, plain and striped Cheviot cloaking, revers and collar of black coney fur, fastened with fur ornaments, former price $12 50, will be closed out at $6 90 each.

At $7.50.
LADIES' JACKETS, made from light and dark mixed cloaking, revers and collar trimmed with seal or light fur, ornaments fur or silk corded, former price $12 50, will be closed out at $7 50 each.

At $10.00.
LADIES' JACKETS, made from fine quality cloaking, revers and collar of seal or light opossum fur, tan and gray shades, also black and navy blue, trimmed with black fur, former price $15, will be closed out at $10 each.

Children's Jackets.

At $2.00.
MISSES' JACKETS, ranging in size from 4 to 12 years, double breasted, in stripes, checks and mottled effects, worth $4 00, will be closed out at $2 00 each.

At $3.50.
CHILDREN'S DOUBLE-BREASTED JACKETS, in striped and mottled effects, in medium shades, good materials, Jackets nicely finished, reduced from $7 to $3 50 each.

J. J. O'Brien & Co.
MURPHY BUILDING,
Market Street, corner of Jones,
SAN FRANCISCO.

RENEGADE DOGGIES

A Confirmed Drunkard and a Thief.

"Whisky" Was a Noble Newfoundland, but Through Sorrow Became a Regular Sot.

Drunk as a lord and apparently as happy as the general run of drunks, a big Newfoundland dog wended his way laboriously across Valencia street from a corner saloon.

Reaching the curbstone he propped his legs against it, and then sighting a friendly lamppost staggered toward it, using it as all good drunkards do, as a means of support.

"Whose dog is that?" asked a bystander.

"A policeman should be called, as I think he has a fit."

"Dat feller must be one of dem temprance dudes," said a small boy. "Funny if he don't know a jag when he sees one comin' his way."

Inquiry revealed a remarkable state of affairs regarding the dog. Something like a year ago he came to engine-house 13, located on Valencia street. His coat was shaggy and dirty and he sported a broken leg. He was taken in by the firemen and carefully tended until he recovered. He used to sleep behind the stall of one of the horses, and he and the horse became firm friends. He would go to every fire in the neighborhood. Children used to delight in playing with him, and he became a general favorite.

One day his equine friend was taken sick and was soon carted away by the dead-horse man.

The dog wandered away and seemed to dread the engine-house ever afterward, as he never visits it now, only when on a time.

One night he appeared in Burke's saloon, on the corner of Valencia and Twenty-sixth streets, and begged so hard to be let remain that the barkeeper had not the heart to turn him out. A bundle of sacks was placed under a corner of the counter and the dog made comfortable.

When the saloon was opened in the morning it looked as if a cyclone had hit it. Stretched at full length on the floor was the dog, drunk as he could be. He had drunk all the beer drippings, broken several bottles of whisky and wine and gorged himself with the contents. Of course he was kicked ignominiously into the street. Then began a career of debauchery and degradation equaled only by a water-front bum.

"Whisky," as the dog is now known about the neighborhood, goes from saloon to saloon, and drinks the drippings of beer kegs. No one molests him. When good and drunk, he reels along the street to the engine-house, and takes up his position as he did in days gone by, but he is a sad commentary on the once famous "Bruno." Even the common street cur shuns him. He is an outcast, and resorts to the flowing (slop) bowl to quench the fire raging within him. It has been suggested that he be given the Keeley cure.

He himself can sober up in an incredibly short space of time. Going into a vacant lot, he will eat a lot of grass and alfalfa, and comes out refreshed and rejuvenated—ready for more beer. His speedy mode of living will soon end his earthly career, as he cannot continue on his wild debauches much longer. Yesterday a small boy tied a tin-can to his tail, thinking to get him to hurry along a little. Whisky simply turned around, examined the can closely, and staggered off to the nearest saloon, where he went behind the bar, growling at the proprietor.

"By the powers of Mulkelly's cat, 'av thot dom dog ain't rushin' the growler," said a bystander.

And so he was. The can was filled by the appreciative bartender, and, after drinking its contents, Whisky dragged it off to the next place on his route.

One evening last week a policeman beheld a small black dog dashing madly down Third street dragging a huge string of sausages after him. He had no more than disappeared around the corner when a fat and fussy German, all out of breath, hailed the officer and inquired about the dog.

"Yes," said the officer, "I saw him; guess you don't want them sausages now."

"Ach, not dem sissages; ich vill de hund haben," replied the German.

This dog belongs to Sergeant Bennett of the Potrero and is an inveterate thief. He will steal anything from a billiard ball to a crosscut saw. Sergeant Bennett is in constant fear of getting into trouble over the antics of his dog.

"Why, he stole my trousers the other morning," he said, "and when I found them he had got away with what money there was in the pockets."

Every one around the Potrero knows the dog and watches him closely. His owner is thinking about sending him to the World's Fair in the "prison exhibit."

Rosetti's Model.

London Figaro.

A certain critic, evidently not numbered among the faithful, has been to the Burne-Jones exhibition at the New Gallery and is sorely troubled to account for the likeness between Burne-Jones' women and those of Rosetti. The explanation is very simple. In their early days they both painted from the same model. The long, oval faces, with the sweeping curve of the neck, the full-bowed mouth, the large, languorous eyes and the thick Tuscan hair, which crop up eternally in the canvas of both artists, were painted from Elizabeth Eleanor Siddall, afterward Mrs. Rosetti, who was referred to in "Pictures and Painters" recently. She was the daughter of a Sheffield tradesman and came to London as a milliner's assistant. She was discovered by another pre-Raphaelite brother, Walter Deverell, from whom Rosetti stole her. Under his tuition she became a clever artist herself, and Rosetti wrote of her that "her fecundity of invention and facility are quite wonderful; much greater than mine." Her portrait appears in nearly every picture of his, but I am told by one who saw her before her marriage that "Fazio's Mistress," which was at the Guildhall in the spring, is the truest to nature, though Rosetti preferred the "Rosa Triplex," in which she is shown once full-faced and twice in profile. "Beata Beatrix," with its sad inscription, "Quo modo sedet sola civitas!" in the National Gallery, was painted after her death.

L ROADS IN ENGLAND.

The System Upon Which the Liverpool Road Is Constructed.

London Spectator.

No such misgivings need apply to the case of the new railway at Liverpool. In size and power, as well as in the ingenuity of its details, it surpasses the best American models. It extends along the quays of the great line of docks on the Mersey for nearly seven miles. Its carriages are of full size, not arranged like a tramcar, but like the ordinary passenger car of the United States, each being in two compartments and capable of seating fifty-seven persons. Beneath each car is an electric motor of from one hundred to seventy horse-power, and the speed will be as high as thirty miles an hour. The power to work the trains, and with them the accessories of signals and light, is the same and generated from a single point on the system. The whole runs upon an "overhead railroad," or continuous bridge of iron. That is not, however, the essence of an electric railway, though the lightness of electric rolling-gear makes such an arrangement cheap and suitable for the purpose.

The two electrical lines now contemplated are short and confined to the west of London, one being designed to run from Shepherd's Bush to the city and the other across Hyde Park to Paddington. But if the suburban lines could be made to center at some common point, such as Earl's Court in the west, meeting a city traffic conducted solely by electricity, the gain in comfort and convenience to the traveling London public could hardly be overrated. Instead of hundreds of steam locomotives, exhaling gases which do not support life, and are so far injurious to life and adding to the din, which is an almost greater agent in London wear and tear than foul air itself, the traffic would be inodorous and inaudible. The ease of stoppage and lightness of the trains are both guarantees of safety, either in preventing or mitigating accidents, and with greater safety secured, the number of trains run would be increased. With such advantages in its favor, it cannot be long before the electrical motor supersedes the steam engine for urban traffic, and the success of the Liverpool railroads will in every sense be London's gain.

MAKING ANCHORS.

A Little Maine Town Where Nearly All of Them Are Forged.

New York Sun.

"The little town of Camden, Me., ought to have its name changed to Hope," said a dealer in ship supplies and stores, "for it turns out more of the emblems of hope than all the other places in this country combined. All of the stately ships that come out of the Maine shipyards look to that little village on the Penobscot for their anchors. Scores of sturdy smiths swing their hammers day after day all the year long in the black, smoky, long, low Camden shops, where only anchors are forged. Sometimes the triphammers are going all night about the forges, and the blazing of fires and the ring of the hammers are seen and heard for miles away. Thousands of tons of old iron are purchased by these queer establishments every year, for anchors are forged largely from cast-off iron.

The material is cut into small pieces by great shears that clip through the iron as easily as a cheese knife slices a cheese. The pieces are bound into bundles by strong wires, and are then fused in the forges. Then they are pounded and welded into the various parts of the anchor, some workmen fashioning the rings, others shaping the flukes, others hammering out the palms, and others forging the shanks. Then the 'completers' take the different parts and fuse and weld them into the finished anchor. Anchors of all sizes and weights are turned out from the noisy shops of Camden, the graceful little pleasure-boat anchor, weighing but a few pounds, as well as the great 50,000 and 75,000-pound anchors of the biggest ships.

"There are many interesting relics at Camden in the line of rusty and broken anchors that did duty in their day on famous merchant vessels, historic warships, and sturdy whalers. What is left of the anchor of the United States frigate Cumberland is among these relics."

Many New York brokers are said to have earned in commissions more than $1000 per hour during the Reading cyclone.