AT DEATH'S DOOR.

Dangerous Illness of Right Rev. Bishop Kip.

HE MAY DIE AT ANY MOMENT.

Nervous Prostration Brought On by Overstudy Causes Him to Sink Into Insensibility.

The Right Rev. Bishop Kip of California is lying dangerously ill at his residence at 901 Eddy street.

Friends and relatives are seriously alarmed over the aged prelate's condition and express no hope of his ultimate recovery. The latter have, in fact, been notified by the attending physician, Dr. Breyfogle, that his death may occur within the next few hours.

Bishop Kip has been identified with the church since 1853, when he was ordained and appointed Missionary Bishop of California.

He was always a great student, and has written numerous theological works, which have gained for him a wide reputation.

Excessive literary work and study combined finally undermined his health.

About five years ago he first began to suffer severely from nervous troubles, which gradually became chronic, but the attacks were not sufficiently severe to cause any alarm about his health.

The malady according to the physicians resulted from overstudy, but by careful treatment he recovered.

Contrary to the advice of his physicians Bishop Kip continued his labors, and the disease became aggravated to such an extent that it assumed an acute form. During this period he suffered from several other attacks of nervous prostration, which confined him to his home and completely prostrated the patient.

During one of these attacks several months ago Bishop Kip's condition became so alarming that he was not expected to recover.

Despite his age, however, he rallied, and after an illness lasting several weeks recovered sufficiently to be able to resume his duties. He was confined to his house ever since and has not been able to travel, which resulted in the appointment of a coadjutor, who relieved him of that part of his work.

The disease continued to become more pronounced, and several consecutive attacks of prostration followed, which sapped his vitality and left him weaker at the termination of each.

His present illness, which may result fatally, dates from three weeks ago, at which time the Bishop was compelled to take to his bed, from which he has not since been able to rise. His ailment gradually became worse, and last Saturday he fell into a semi-comatose condition.

Dr. Breyfogle, his attending physician, was at once summoned, and everything that medical science could suggest was done to assist the aged prelate to successfully battle with the grim enemy. Previous attacks had, however, so weakened his vitality that the efforts of his physicians proved unavailing, and the patient continued to sink gradually. Two nurses and a physician are in constant attendance at the bedside of the dying prelate.

Yesterday afternoon Bishop Kip's condition became slightly worse. Dr. Breyfogle found that he had a high fever and states that within a few hours he will relapse into a state of coma. The physician entertains little hope that his illustrious patient will survive another day.

William Ingraham Kip was born in New York City on October 3, 1811. He was educated at Yale College, where he graduated with honors in 1831 and took up the study of law. His tastes naturally led him to later study divinity and four years later he graduated from the general theological seminary and took orders in the Protestant Episcopal church. He was first called to St. Peter's, Morristown, N. J., and later served as assistant at Grace Church, New York City. In 1838 he became rector of St. Paul's Church, Albany, N. Y., which office he retained until 1853, when he was chosen missionary of California, where his election as Bishop followed four years later.

At 2:30 o'clock this morning the Bishop was still alive.

OAR AND ANVIL.

McLean and Dumphy to Row—A Horse-Shoeing Contest.

A banquet was tendered to James Stanbury, the Australian oarsman, last evening by John Muirhead, the backer and manager of Henry Peterson. The oarsmen from the various boating clubs were present and a general regret was manifested that arrangements could not be consummated between the local champion and James Stanbury, the champion of the world, for a race over the Alameda course.

Stanbury said that although he would be pleased to meet Peterson he could not see his way clear to allow the latter a handicap. The Australian was surprised at the little interest that was manifested in the grand pastime of rowing on this coast, but he was pleased to know that there were a few enthusiasts in the city who may yet revive the sport.

Although the proposed big race between Peterson and Stanbury has fallen through, the admirers of aquatic sport will have the pleasure of seeing a good race on April 16 between A. McLean, the oarsman who came to this country with Stanbury, and William Dumphy of the Ariel Boat Club. Articles were signed yesterday for a race of three miles with a turn over the Alameda course. The consideration is $500, $250 a side. McLean is not considered by his countrymen as being even a third-class oarsman; still there is a general belief among the oarsmen here that Dumphy has struck a snag.

About half a dozen blacksmiths met last evening at a resort on Market street for the purpose of arranging a professional horse-shoeing contest.

The discussions over the arrangements were so ludicrous as to create roars of laughter.

Eddie Graney, a blacksmith and all-round sport, grew very indignant because one of the gentlemen who had entered for the contest suggested that elephants be included in the match.

"I want you to understand, sir," said Graney, addressing the suggester of the ridiculous proposition, "that this match will take place here and not in Africa, consequently only horses and mules can be handled in this game."

The debate lasted several hours. Finally a blacksmith, who had remained silent during the discussion, settled matters by suggesting that the match be arranged anyway, as the gullible public will pay as big an admission fee to see a "rattling" horse-shoeing match as they would to witness a fake tug-of-war pulling-match between anchormen.

DR. HENRY DE GROOT.

A Pioneer Struck and Killed by a Santa Cruz Train.

Dr. Henry de Groot, a well-known mining man was killed yesterday morning by a train near the Second-avenue station, Alameda.

He was standing near the station waiting for the local train bound west. He was reading a newspaper and, being hard of hearing, did not hear the approach of the Southern Pacific train from Santa Cruz as it rounded the curve. The train struck him, and a few moments afterward he was picked up unconscious. He was removed to the Receiving Hospital, where he died half an hour after he was admitted.

It was ascertained that he was at the time of the accident standing in such a position that the guard of the locomotive struck him on the head. The body was not mangled, and there is only a slight bruise where the guard struck.

Dr. de Groot resided at the house of Mrs. Ludman at 1314 Sixth street, Alameda. When she saw the body at the Morgue she became hysterical, and cried out as she gazed on the remains, "My God, doctor, dear doctor, speak to me!"

The deceased was of German parentage, 73 years of age.

Dr. de Groot was at the time of his death geological assistant in the State Mining Bureau.

He was brought up in New York State, received his education there and then attended a course of lectures on law in Union College. He became a member of the bar of New York City, but did not like legal quibbles, forsook that for medicine and in course of time obtained a diploma. That, however, did not suit him either, so he concluded to become a journalist and was working on the New York Tribune when the world was electrified with the news of the finding of gold near Sutter's mill. He was chosen by Horace Greeley to go to California to verify the reports of the finding of the yellow metal. He reached here in 1848, prepared his report and returned with it to New York. But he could not remain in the Empire City, for the gold fever had taken hold of him, and he decided to return to the land of gold, taking with him the members of his family. He reached here the second time on the 28th of February, 1849, on the steamer California. His early days in the State he spent in mining, then tried farming, but he never was content to remain in any one place for any length of time. Then he appeared in the State of Nevada, where he engaged in mining and journalism. A few years ago he became connected with the Mining Bureau, doing field work in the geological surveys and collecting information. He contributed to the State press a great deal of useful and interesting matter.

Dr. de Groot was somewhat peculiar in his style of dress and always wore a hat that was fashionable with the early residents of this State.

He married quite early in life, but after a few years the couple separated and were divorced. One of his daughters is the wife of F. E. Birge of this city.

Dr. de Groot was a member of the Society of California Pioneers, under whose auspices his funeral will take place.

THE STAR JUMPED.

A Sirius but Not Alarming Manifestation.

Some Consolation for the Poet, the Belated Wanderer and the Admirer of the Beautiful.

The calmness, coldness and apparent impassivity of the stars have always constituted a favorite subject of the impassioned poet. It seemed to rile him somehow that he couldn't get at those steady twinklers and shake them up a bit. But the last night or two the stars have to all appearance lost their reputation for steadiness.

They have been jumping up and down, and in at least one case—that of the dog-star, Sirius—have been arrayed in divers colors and have thrown off scintillating fireworks.

People out in the evening have glanced at the heavens and then around them with amazement. Between 9 and 12 o'clock in the west appeared a particularly large globe of sidereal fire and the terms "asteroid," "Elias fire," "fireball" were freely bruited about with varying vagueness.

What was the cause of all these celestial pyrotechnics? Is the star-poet to consider his occupation gone, or, in other words, are the stars becoming lost to sobriety and unsteady of gait?

Professor Davidson said so yesterday.

According to his explanation and that of his assistant, Frank Edmonds, the peculiar phenomenon noted are due altogether to the disturbed condition of the atmosphere.

The atmosphere, they went on to say, lies in strata between the earth and the stars, the strata being determined by the temperature. In an ordinary way the rays from the stars should come to the eye in a straight line.

But the recent sudden change to extreme heat on the earth's surface caused the strata to be thoroughly agitated, the effect being that the rays, instead of falling in a straight line, met the eye at constantly changing angles. Thus the stars themselves appeared to jump around and otherwise disport themselves in an unusual way.

As to the alleged globe of fire the scientists have no doubt, although they did not themselves see it, that it was Sirius. The same causes that led to the apparent jumping action of the stars would account for that particular luminary's apparently increased size, its scintillations and prismatic colors. Add to this the position in which this wonder was seen, and they are positive that it was Sirius under conditions of strong excitement.

"To understand the condition of the atmosphere at such a time," said a scientific authority, "you have only to remember how the air looks immediately above the level of a field of grain. The same quivering appearance is also noted above gas jets by anyone looking at some distant object so that the space immediately above the light comes about half way between his eye and the object in view.

"The best conditions for observing the stars is after a storm; then the air is cool and homogeneous. There is no heated air rising up as in this case and the stars appear correct or usual in magnitude. Last night stars of sixth or seventh magnitude appeared of third or fourth magnitude."

This scientific explanation may relieve some belated home-goers who imagined that their eyes deceived them or that they had supped not wisely but too well.

The poet, too, and all who admire the beautiful may continue their devotion reassured by the authoritative dictum of science.

LOS ANGELES, March 28.—Professor Ira Moore of the State Normal School, speaking of the strange star, declares it unprecedented. He says he doubts that such a phenomenon really was observed, but if it is true, there is no accounting for it. He doubts it, however.

Baseball at Haight Street.

There will be no games of baseball at Oakland this week, but there will be games between the San Franciscos and Stocktons at the Haight-street grounds. The first will take place to-day, the nines being made up as follows:

San Franciscos.	Position.	Stocktons.
Balsz	Pitcher	Fanning
Spies	Catcher	Speer
Power	First base	P. Sweeney
Sharp	Second base	Lawrence
Maguire	Third base	Whitehead
Ebright	Shortstop	Peeples
Carroll	Right field	Sunday
Works	Center field	D. Sweeney
Levy	Left field	Roberts

WARSHIPS MOVING.

Getting Ready for the Gathering at Hampton Roads.

NEW YORK, March 28.—The movement of United States warships to take part in the naval parade April 27 will begin to-morrow at daybreak, when the vessels now at the Brooklyn Navy-yard start for Hampton Roads, there to await the arrival of the foreign men-of-war. This morning there was much activity at the navy-yard, and the bluejackets and marines were sent out for the final shore drill. Stores are being shipped rapidly, and everything about the ships is being cleaned up so the start will find them in the best condition. Floats were in the water alongside the ships, and the white paint was being swabbed down until it was dazzling in the bright sunlight. There are many visitors in the yard.

Finances Rather Easy.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., March 28.—The financial situation in this city to-day is perfectly quiet. The banks did little business beyond the receipt of deposits, there seeming to be no desire to check out.

King of the Green-Goods Men.

CHICAGO, March 28.—Billy Hawley, king of the green-goods swindlers, and represented to be the nephew of United States Senator Hawley, was arrested to-day.

Kansas Wheat.

TOPEKA, Kans., March 28.—Secretary Mohler of the Agricultural Department says the recent general rains insure a fair wheat crop all over the state.

Burning of a Church.

CASTLETON, Vt., March 28.—The Roman Catholic church and F. E. Mascott's business block here were burned to-day. Loss $15,000.

"Dear Sister,

"They charge you with being restless, irritable, excitable, and exacting.

"They don't know the horror that oppresses you.

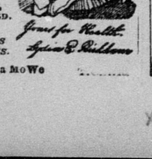
"Every hour pains run rampant through your body. You suffer secretly as long as you can, then go all to pieces and 'don't care' what happens.

"The iron grip of female disease is upon you.

"Dear sister, *Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound* has cured thousands like you.

"It has cured me, and I want to tell everybody.

"It kills the pain. No more backache, no more 'bearing-down,' no more restless days and sleepless nights. Oh! what a blessing! take it and be well! it's a sin to hesitate."—*Mrs. P. A. Quiett, North Hamlin, N. J.*



All druggists sell it. Address in confidence, LYDIA E. PINKHAM MED. CO., LYNN, MASS.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Liver Pills, 25 cents.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

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A WONDERFUL RUN

Search of the Fearless for a Derelict.

A MONTH IN BIG GALES.

Six Thousand Miles Without Recoaling—Observations From a Desert Mountain in the Pacific.

The big 400-ton tug Fearless, owned by J. D. Spreckels & Co., arrived home and tied up at her Folsom-street dock last night at 10 o'clock, having completed the longest run, without recoaling, ever made by any tugboat in the world.

She left San Francisco February 27 and has steamed nearly 6000 miles between here and the equator, returning last night in a weather-beaten condition, after a tempestuous voyage of thirty days.

Captain D. H. Haskell, commander of the Fearless, said last night that he never before, in all his experience at sea, had such a knocking about.

The object of the cruise was to make a systematic search for the derelict Honresfeld, a wreck that has been seen and reported by ships passing through southern latitudes of the Pacific Ocean. It is supposed to be still drifting about, a constant menace and danger to passing vessels.

It was first seen directly in the path of southern-bound vessels, which usually, on their way southward to round Cape Horn, keep far to the westward. Later it was sighted farther eastward, nearer land and approaching the usual track of northern-bound deep-water vessels.

The general currents set toward the land in the position where the derelict was last seen, and therefore a plan was devised whereby it was hoped that the Fearless could go down and intercept the stray and dangerous monster, ascertain what it was, and deal with it accordingly to Captain Haskell's best judgment.

More than one ship is missing. The fact of positively identifying the wreck would be of especial importance to the commercial world, and in case it could be towed ashore there were great possibilities of saving valuable property. In any case, to remove the castaway from a position where it constantly stood in the night as an unseen object with which any vessel might collide, would be a work of the highest importance to the shipping interests of the Pacific Coast.

J. D. Spreckels & Co. offered the services of the Fearless to undertake the job. She steamed away a month ago on her mission, and although an uninterrupted season of violent storms made it impossible for the tug to find the object of her search, she has made a gallant fight for it and completed the most remarkable tug record ever known.

The Fearless is 156 feet long, has 26 feet beam and 16 feet of hold. Her displacement is 400 tons and she has power enough to easily walk away dragging an ocean greyhound in a gale of wind. She was built of steel at the Union Iron Works, and is probably the largest tugboat in American waters.

Her officers are: Captain, D. H. Haskell; first officer, W. S. Thaxter; second officer, Joseph Trewren; engineer, Karl Lehners; second engineer, John English; first assistant engineer, Michael Welch.

A more fatigued and worn-out set of men than they were last night when they got home could not be imagined.

The tug itself bore ample evidence of the tempests it had nobly breasted and the strain to which it had been put. Although no material damage had been done, as the upper works are particularly strong and taut, she was while all over to the top of the smokestack with the salt water incessantly pounding seas had left, and there is scarcely a foot of paint left except on the stern.

It is supposed that the machinery has received no injury, but it will be thoroughly overhauled, as the strain of steaming about in an almost continuous hurricane for four weeks has been enormous.

They had one good day's weather (yesterday) on their way up from San Diego, and the tired men were enabled to put the interior of the cabin, galley, etc., partially to rights and get the boat in some sort of shipshape order, but even after this attempt at sticking up, which was done before they got in last night, the general condition of things was that of a heterogeneous lot of objects after having been shaken up in a bag.

"You should have seen us some of those mornings when we were knocking around down south. This is absolute order in comparison," said Captain Haskell last night, after he had washed up and donned a suit of store clothes.

"I thank God I shall rest in a bed tonight," he continued.

"Oh, yes, we are all well, but we have had a terrible hard run."

"No damage done except to the captain's legs," put in First Officer Thaxter.

It has been Captain Haskell's duty, as he conceived it, to stand watch so much of the time while they were at sea that his legs have become seriously swollen and are very painful. The gales were so violent that the safety of his vessel almost constantly required the captain's personal attention.

Speaking of the incidents of the trip, the captain said:

"We steamed well out to sea at first and then made our course almost due south for upward of 2000 miles.

"From the time we left up to the time we made San Diego last Sunday morning we did not see a single sail or vessel of any description. It was one succession of gales and the heaviest kind of weather. The tug pitched as you know only a tug can, and to get one's meals was a task requiring agility. To stay two minutes in a bunk without passing bars across the body to keep you in was impossible, and to catch an hour's sleep unless you were completely exhausted and nature absolutely gave out was out of the question.

"It was much worse than the motion of a larger vessel, but of course we made the best of our hardships and pressed on toward the south. The supposition was that in the region just to the north of the equator called the 'doldrums,' where land winds are usually variable, alternating with calms, we would find clear weather and get a fair chance to hunt for our stray ship.

"But we caught all the hurricanes that hit you up north here first and then proceeded down to where we were. The farthest point south we went where I could get an observation was 5 degrees north latitude and 124 degrees west longitude. This is the 'doldrum' district and the general current is usually setting to the eastward.

"We made a zizzag course day after day, but the hurricanes continued, and it was not every day by any means that I could determine our position. We had a wild time down there, I can tell you. Oftentimes we could not see half a mile away from us in any direction, and the hope of discovering the whereabouts of our guest grew slim if the weather did not moderate.

"One day, and one only, on the whole southern voyage it was clear and we had fine weather. I found myself near Carlon Island as I had it down on the chart. I turned our course toward the island, as it was about 400 miles from the spot where the crew is supposed to have abandoned the ship. William Campbell and I thought that perhaps there was a likelihood of finding the shipwrecked men on the island.

"Soon we sighted the island and made a landing. The island is a desolate waste in the middle of the Pacific, thousands of miles from civilization, and uninhabited save by 'boobies,' 'Mother Carey's chickens,' an occasional albatross and the usual birds of the southern seas.

"We found no signs of men or wrecks, and I climbed to the top of the mountain that sets back from the shore. It was a long ascent of several hundred feet, and nothing could be more glorious than the view from the summit of that bleak promontory.

"I could see with a glass for a long distance, and for an hour I scanned the horizon for fifty miles around with the hope of making out the derelict that we were after. The sight was beautiful; the broad expanse of a clear day, the shining sun and the boundless ocean were inspiriting and welcome after all the gloom and turbulent weather we had passed through. It was refreshing, notwithstanding my disappointment in not sighting the lost ship.

"But the very next day the lowering clouds and screaming winds began to get in their work again, and I saw it was useless to stay down there any longer. It was right in the equinoctial gales and squalls, and rains never ceased.

"We turned homeward, and the storms did not let up a little bit all the way back to San Diego. I put in there to see if there were any further orders for me in response to a dispatch I sent to the owners of the Fearless. There we divested ourselves of all superfluous covers, etc., that secured the deckload of coal we had when we set out. We took on some water, and leaving there yesterday morning we had a nice run up here, and 'glad to get home' does not do justice to our feelings.

"We had 360 tons of coal on board when we started, and have simply drawn on that stock throughout the trip. We have enough coal left now on our return to steam from 2000 to 3000 miles further. We have already steamed 6000 miles without recoaling, and I am convinced that with economical running we could steam the Fearless 10,000 miles without recoaling. We did not pay especial attention to economy with the coal this trip, but sent her right along most of the while. The Spreckels people can be proud of that tug. She is a good one."

JURORS DISAGREED.

The Bidleman Embezzlement Case Will Be Tried Again.

The case of Enoch Bidleman, charged with embezzling about $7000 from D. V. B. Henarie, the wholesale liquor merchant, was yesterday argued and submitted to the jury.

The case has been on trial for over a week and has been bitterly fought on both sides.

Attorney J. H. Long summed up the case for the defense and bitterly denounced the prosecution and its special counsel, E. S. Pillsbury, and claimed that the books of the firm had been altered in the interest of Henarie, who now in the criminal prosecution was bold enough to claim that he knew nothing about it.

E. S. Pillsbury contended on the part of Henarie that Bidleman had deliberately stolen from the liquor firm, and that his embezzlements extended over a period of many years.

The case went to the jury at about 1 o'clock and, remaining out about three hours, the jurymen were brought into court and the foreman announced that they could not possibly agree.

After consultation with the respective attorneys, Judge Wallace ordered the jury discharged. Bidleman will now have to go through the ordeal once more.

ALLEN OR ANGUS.

The Interesting History of Two Drafts.

It Ends in the Arrest for Forgery of a Young Man Who Claims $100,000.

A young man with dark hair and eyes and sallow complexion was sauntering carelessly along Kearny street late yesterday afternoon, stopping occasionally to look at a tastefully decorated window or to fleck the dust from his stylish garments. In and out of the jostling crowd that thronged the sidewalk Detective Coffey strode a few feet behind the sallow-faced pedestrian, and when he was near California street the officer stepped forward and took him gently by the arm.

"Your name's Allen McDonald, isn't it?" asked Coffey insinuatingly.

"Yes, sir; what can I do for you?" was the courteous reply.

"Just come with me to the office of the Chief of Police. You are wanted for forgery."

McDonald made no effort to release his arm from the encircling hand, and proceeded on his dismal way to the City Prison, where he was locked up and charged with felony.

A few weeks ago McDonald, of whom little is known, went to the First National Bank and presented a draft for $500 on the First National Bank of Gloucester, Mass. The local bank telegraphed the New England institution to ascertain whether Allen McDonald had $500 deposited there. The reply was in the affirmative, and the money was paid. The draft was then sent to the Gloucester bank with a description of the person to whom the money had been paid. Several days later McDonald appeared again at the local bank and again presented a draft for $500 on the Gloucester bank. This time the Gloucester bank, when asked about McDonald's account, wired back: "The first draft was forged. Allen McDonald has an account here, but he is an old man who has a son named Angus."

The police think that the young man who called himself Allen McDonald may be the son of the man in Gloucester. The prisoner emphatically declares that Allen McDonald is his true name and that he has $100,000 deposited in the Gloucester bank.

A Book for Business Men.

Nathaniel C. Fowler Jr., the eminent business and advertising expert, has written the only textbook on advertising, printing and business publicity, a large volume handsomely printed, telling all about advertising, showing samples of advertising, giving the cost of engraving, of signs, and of all kinds of commercial printing—information simply invaluable to every business man whether he be an advertiser or not. A check for $3 75, directed to The Trade Company, Boston, will bring a book worth $100 to any man who does business.

A NICE GUEST.—Mrs. Lena Brandwine of 306 Folsom street swore out a warrant yesterday for the arrest of James Ness for battery and using vulgar language. She stated that Ness came into her house on Monday and wanted her husband to go out with him, but he declined. Ness then coolly went through the house and took away two ducks that she had cooked for that day's dinner. He sold them for two bits, and when he came back she accused him of the theft, when he grasped her by the throat and called her horrid names.

TRY Sanborn, Vail & Co.'s new ceramic gold for china painting. Dealers keep it.

The Survival of the Fittest.

By retaining your baggage checks until you reach this city you will save money, our rates being lower than all others, viz.: Trunks 35 cents each. Baggage called for and delivered to all trains, etc., at the above rates. Morton Special Delivery. Offices—17 Geary street, 408 Taylor street and Oakland ferry depot.

A MISSING BROTHER.—J. E. Walter of Passaic, N. J., has written to Mayor Elliott, asking for inquiries to be made as to the whereabouts of his brother, Harry Walter, lately residing in this city and employed by a piano-dealer of Oakland. Mayor Elliott was instructed in the letter to incur any expense necessary to care for the missing man if sick, and to provide for his transportation to the East.

THE stationery department of Sanborn, Vail & Co. shows many new tints in papers.

SMALL TALES OF A BIG CITY.

Dr. Tennison Deane has sued Basilla Barsotti for $750 for medical fees.

Samuel Nichols has sued Henry L. Fox for $1515 65, claimed to be due on a promissory note.

Thomas A. Cody has applied for letters of administration upon the estate of his wife, Anna L. Cody.

Mary Orford asks for letters of administration upon the estate of her husband, Robert Orford. The estate is valued at about $5000.

A consignment of asparagus was forwarded to the East yesterday by a local firm. It was sent in hopes that it would bring orders on its merits.

P. Kramer, who has lately exhibited a mania for throwing furniture out of windows and praying obstreperously, was yesterday committed to Agnews Asylum.

The Produce Exchange will adjourn from Thursday evening to Monday morning for the purpose of allowing the members to keep Good Friday and Easter.

Mate D. O'Brien of the smuggling schooner Louis Olsen withdrew his plea of not guilty yesterday in the District Court, and pleaded guilty in its stead. He will be sentenced to-day.

The Hobson Gravel Mining Company has incorporated with a capital stock of $200,000, all subscribed. The directors are: Martin Jones, Samuel L. Theller, J. S. Finch, Byron W. Bates and Sylvester Gardner.

The man who was mentioned as having received a beating from Mr. Bennett, the telephone engineer, was not a habitue of the Standard Theater saloon. He merely ran into the place to escape from his pursuer.

Harry Baum was arrested yesterday charged with receiving stolen property, in the shape of a diamond earring. The earring had been stolen by Fred Smith from John Gaxiola, a pawnbroker, and purchased by Baum from Smith.

Joseph A. Ford has sued J. L. Nugent to enforce the payment of $8500, which sum he claims is due him on a number of promissory notes executed by the defendant to one Charles S. Hamilton and by him assigned to the plaintiff.

Three till-robbers appeared for sentence in the Police Courts yesterday. Judge Conlan sent James Sheerin to the County Jail for four months and Judge Joachimsen sent Joseph Brown and Joseph Garcia to the House of Correction for six months.

The main "kicking" about the Governor's vetoes of the San Francisco State building and university building bills is coming from various city contractors and workmen, who are making some tart and vigorous remarks about the matter when opportunity offers.

Albert A. Judge has sued the Southern Pacific Company for $50,000 for injuries sustained on the 26th of November last. He alleges that while crossing the track of the defendant, in Alameda, a train backed into him, without any warning whatever. He was very seriously injured.

The Supreme Court yesterday affirmed the decision of the lower court for the defendants in the suit of Alpheus Bull vs. Charles and Hattie Strong, which was brought to foreclose a mortgage which Bull claimed was made to secure the payment of a loan of $3000. The court held that the claim was not valid against the property in question.

The ladies interested in the San Francisco Women's Literary Exhibit of California Writers will hold its last meeting on Thursday at 2 P. M. at the residence of the president and librarian, Mrs. Warren Ewer, 1513 Clay street. The collection now numbers some 300 volumes with many more yet to be bought. Any lady with a book by a California writer to donate will be welcome.

Murdered His Family.

SCRANTON, Pa., March 28.—Barney McFadden, a miner, last night murdered his wife and child. The house this morning presented the appearance of a terrible struggle for life on the part of the murdered woman. McFadden is missing, and a posse is searching for him.

OVER IN OAKLAND.

A Confiding Farmer Beat Out of $6000.

NEED NOT MOVE THEIR TRACK.

A Colored Highwayman Who Holds Up Chinamen—A Policeman Resigns. Berkeley Notes.

An old man named Stone is at 1457 Eighth street with his wife and several children poverty-stricken, although he had $6000 a few weeks ago, the savings of a lifetime of toil on a farm in Missouri. As his children grew up he became ambitious to leave the farm and come to California, the land of gold, where he believed a fortune could be picked up in a day. That is why he is poor. He sold the old roan mare, abandoned the farm, bought a suit of store clothes, packed up his feather beds, sewed the greenbacks in his clothes and started. Sharpers learned of the old man's journey and followed him. During the five days' journey to this coast in a second-class car there was ample time to form an acquaintanceship. The sharpers, of whom there were two, were Californians and old mining men, of course. They had some mines and would sell him an interest at trifling cost. They didn't particularly care for the money, because they were millionaires, anyhow, but they were willing to do him a favor because they liked him so well. They would just show him some samples, some pure gold bricks, which were worth $18,000, but he might have them for $6000 just to give him a start. Stone bought them. He took them to an assayer, who told him they were worth about $1 apiece. His friends have faded away, and although the police have been told, they are powerless. Stone is in absolute want.

Street Superintendent Harrison has been instructed by the Board of Public Works to defer action in the matter of removing the Southern Pacific's branch track where it comes around the corner of Franklin and First streets. The track was recently built to be used in hauling meat shipped to the refrigerator on Second street. The board will hear arguments from attorneys for the meat company and the railroad on April 4.

A negro highwayman in East Oakland is devoting his talent to holding up Chinamen. He has robbed several recently, and the police department are now looking for him.

The Board of Police and Fire Commissioners yesterday afternoon accepted the resignation of Officer H. S. Aldrich from the police force and appointed John Morrison in his place.

Thomas Crellin has purchased a sixty-foot lot on Washington street, near Twelfth from the Jonas Brothers for $50,000. He will build a brick block.

Charles Kindelberger has been sentenced to seven years in San Quentin for assault upon Mrs. Jesse Hartnett.

T. T. Barker filed his account of election expenses yesterday. The total was $143, of which $100 was paid to Fred Campbell, chairman of the Republican city central committee. The rest was mainly for cab hire.

John Scott, a janitor living in East Oakland, fell from the local train at Cedar street last evening and received a serious concussion of the brain.

The Oakland Typographical Union, No. 36, has withdrawn from the Alameda County Federated Trades on the ground that the trades meddled too much in politics during the city campaign.

General Erasmus D. Keyes, 82 years of age, a graduate of West Point and veteran of the War of the Rebellion, has been seriously ill, but is improving and, it is thought, will soon be out of danger.

BERKELEY DOINGS.

A Day's Developments in the Quiet University Town.

The Longfellow Memorial Association will meet in the assembly room of North Hall to-morrow evening. Rev. Charles W. Wendte will deliver an illustrated lecture on Holland, and a musical programme will be rendered.

M. W. Simpson, '94, has returned to college, and has been elected to his former position of baseball captain. Simpson was a clerk in the Senate during the last session of the Legislature.

E. M. Garnett, Harvard, '85, met the candidates for the crew yesterday afternoon and put them through a preliminary test on the rowing machine. He will begin the general training of the men at once, gradually putting them at work on the stationary oars, at first with stationary, later with sliding seat.

On Monday occurred the death of William Elliott Deamer, father of W. W. Deamer, formerly instructor in the university. The deceased was a member of Knights Templar lodge and a pioneer of 1850, Grass Valley being his home since 1865 up till two years ago.

The Prohibition party held their convention last evening. They will make a strong fight to enforce the one-mile-limit liquor law, at present so flagrantly violated in East Berkeley.

T. C. Taylor, who was most injured by the unfortunate accident Monday, through the blowing out of the breech-block of the cannon, will not be out for three weeks. The other men will soon be around.

Alameda.

The decision of the Superior Court in granting a perpetual injunction to the city authorities in the matter of the opening of Santa Clara avenue to High street is a disappointment to many. Efforts have been made for years past to extend Lincoln and Santa Clara avenues to High street, thus opening a large section of Alameda to settlement, but the Cohens have always successfully resisted the proposed improvement.

TOOK IN THE SIGHTS.

A Countryman Narrowly Escapes With Life and Money.

Frank Marek, a rather well-dressed man, was taken to the Receiving Hospital at about 4 o'clock yesterday morning, supposed to be suffering from an aggravated case of dementia.

He was very much intoxicated and could give no account of himself until he had slept off the effects of his night's potations, and then he told a remarkable story of a lucky escape.

"I came down from the country," he said, "and started out to have a good time. Finally I wound up in the Palace Varieties and treated everybody in the vicinity of the bar. Gradually I lost consciousness, and I am almost sure that some one drugged me.

"When I woke up this morning of course I thought the man who did it, whoever he was, must have been attracted to me by the way I flung my money around and intended to rob me. But for some reason it didn't work."

And the countryman with the devil's own luck pulled out about $800 and showed it to the reporter.

Dr. Deane, who took care of Marek, stated that the patient showed unmistakable symptoms of drug poisoning and that without doubt he would have been robbed and perhaps have suffered severely from the effects of the drug had he not left the saloon very soon after it had been administered.

BY ALAMEDA WOMEN.

Their Fine Exhibit for the World's Fair Open to Inspection.

The Park Opera-house in Alameda was transformed into a bower of beauty by the members of the Ladies' Auxiliary of the World's Fair Association, whose preliminary exhibit commenced last evening. The exercises were opened by a prayer by Rev. W. Scudder, and Mrs. I. H. Chandler read an original poem by Mrs. E. A. S. Page. Miss Pearl Noble gave a cornet and vocal solo and Miss Jehu gave some dramatic action in Roman pictures. Miss Tillie Elmer gave a piano solo. The exhibit will continue this and to-morrow evening and will then be shipped to Chicago.

On each side of the hall were numerous booths presided over by neatly dressed ladies in various appropriate costumes. The Japanese booth was artistically ornamented with bamboo, palms and other oriental products raised in Alameda. The Spanish population was well represented in a neatly arranged corner, while next to it stood the handsome floral exhibit with its rare specimens of plants and shrubs. Alameda's literary products were shown in the form of numerous publications in book form written by local authors.

The art rooms were upstairs in the front rooms and showed no mean skill on the part of Alameda artists. Next to it was the curio room with a vast collection of interesting books and articles, some very ancient. A marble clock, elegantly chiseled and painted, costing $200, was also in this room and will be one of the finest exhibits in California's woman's rooms at Chicago.

The principal feature of the exhibit is a mantel 12 feet high by 10 inches wide. The frame is mostly of redwood, elegantly carved by skillful artists. The base is painted by Mrs. Lang on square tiles, the scene being the Encinal boathouse and San Francisco Bay.

The sisters of Notre Dame Convent have contributed an elegant curtain, which hangs over the hearth, showing some of the most skillful needlework. Eighteen blocks made of the different woods of that county are placed on the background above the mantelpiece.

A MASHER'S FATE.

Osman Day Gets the Law's Limit.

Six Months in a Cell and an Unmerciful Scoring by Police Judge Conlan.

Osman Day, the Market-street masher, who was found guilty of vagrancy by a jury on Monday, was brought before Judge Conlan yesterday morning for sentence.

He had a tired look, in marked contrast to the bold, jaunty air that distinguished him during the trial.

When the case was called his attorney asked for a new trial and arrest of judgment, but the Judge promptly refused the request.

Day was then ordered to stand up, and the Judge in passing sentence gave him an unmerciful scoring.

"You were arrested upon a charge of vagrancy," said the court. "You pleaded not guilty; you were tried by a jury of your own selection and found guilty.

"The charge of vagrancy against you was not of the usual character of vagrancy cases brought before me. You have had the advantages of education and other advantages that the general run of vagrants do not have. You were not charged with being a poor person, who roamed about from place to place with no visible means of support, or the associate of known thieves.

"Your crime, in my judgment, is far worse than these. You had no lawful business, but devoted your time to standing about the street corners accosting and insulting women.

"I am very glad that the jury was intelligent enough to consider the evidence as it should, as I consider you the meanest and most despicable wretch that was ever permitted to walk upon the streets of the city.

"If the truth had been known to many husbands that you were the villain who insulted their wives I fancy you would not have been here to-day to receive your sentence.

"I am sorry that the law will not allow me to fix a heavier penalty. The judgment of the court is that you be imprisoned in the County Jail for the period of six months."

The Court refused to fix bail on appeal, and Day's attorney said he would apply for a writ of habeas corpus.

Day was then taken below and a commitment made out for his confinement in jail. In a few minutes afterward he was handcuffed and led from the prison to the patrol wagon, when a tall, well-dressed blonde stepped up, threw her arms around his neck, kissed him and sobbed out, "Good-by, Osman, you dear boy."

THEY WANT A CABLE.

The Golden Gate Valley Improvement Club Objects to Horsecars.

A committee of fifteen members of the Golden Gate Valley Improvement Club was appointed last evening to go before the Street Committee at their next meeting and request them not to grant the franchise to the Presidio and Ferry Street-railroad Company that was recently asked for. The company has requested permission to put a line on Franklin street, from Union to Greenwich, and over Greenwich to Steiner.

The club's objection to having this line established was, that it was proposed to have horses for the motive power. It was considered unadvisable for any streetcar line to be started, unless modern improvements were used, hence the protest. The committee is to report progress at the meeting next Tuesday evening.

The Divorce Court.

Judge Slack has granted Augusta Epstein a divorce from William Epstein on the ground of willful desertion.

Before the same Judge, the motion of Henry Wolff for another trial of his divorce case against his wife Lillie was denied.

The following new suits have been commenced:

D. J. Kelly against Delia Kelly, Georgie M. Goodwin against William M. Goodwin, and Ella V. Calvary vs. Frank W. Calvary.

Remember

In all cooking receipts calling for Baking Powder, or Cream of Tartar and Soda,

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder

Will give better results. Simply use one teaspoonful of **Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder** to each pint of flour, or in the proportion of two teaspoonfuls to every pound of flour.

How to avoid Alum and Ammonia Baking Powders:

First, All powders offered at twenty-five cents or less a pound can safely be discarded as Alum, for a Pure Cream of Tartar Powder cannot be sold at such price.

Second, Avoid all brands labeled "Absolutely Pure." Chemical analysis, as revealed by the *Scientific American* report, proved that brands so labeled contained, in every instance, either Ammonia or Alum. The first aim of a dishonest manufacturer is to deceive by his label.

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder

not only does finer and better work, but its purity has never been questioned.

MISCELLANEOUS.

An Outrage on the Sick!

The No-Percentage PHARMACY!

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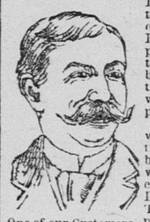

One of our Customers.

Begs to call attention to the fact that some of our REPUTABLE Physicians write their prescriptions so that they cannot be filled by any other druggist than the one from whom they receive a percentage.

Insist upon their writing the prescriptions