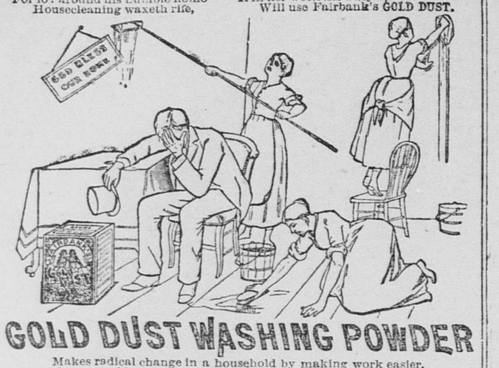
MISCELLANEOUS.

"The melancholy days have come, The saddest of the year," When from domestic scenes a man Will quickly disappear; For lo! around his humable home Housecleaning waxeth rife, And brooms, and mops and kindred [things Absorb his wedded wife; But he'll return at eventide And sweetly smile we trust, If in her work his busy spouse Will use Fairbank's GOLD DUST.



GOLD DUST WASHING POWDER

Makes radical change in a household by making work easier, shorter and less expensive. Try it in yours. Sold everywhere. A Large Package for 25 cents.

Made only by N. K. FAIRBANK & CO., CHICAGO, St. Louis, New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Montreal.

fe24 1y FrMo

HEART GROWTH.

In early days we passing fancies take—
Our love is changing and our hearts untrue
As butterflies that flit from flower to flower—
For fickle childhood ever seeks the new.

But as the years go by we come to feel
That scenes and faces strange and all the rest
Can never be the same as those we've known,
And that "old tunes are sweetest, old friends best." CORNELIA RAYMOND.

THAT MYSTERY.

"Now, Phil, really, what do you like best—the white blouse or the pink?"

"My dearest Blanche, you look lovely in either."

"No, but really?"

"And truly!"

"You're too ridiculous, Phil," cried Mrs. Lorimer, laughing. "As a lady's maid you are not a success—go and smoke your cigarette on the balcony, and I'll be ready in a second."

Mr. Lorimer obeyed with the submission and alacrity of a newly made spouse, and, moreover, waited with a patience and resignation only to be found in a man whose married life can still be counted by weeks.

"I haven't been long, have I?" asked his wife, with delightful conviction, when she returned after an interval; "and, oh, Phil, don't you think this is the most perfectly lovely place on the face of the earth?"

Mr. Lorimer's answer was somewhat wide of the mark, and by no means worthy of record, but certainly Eden-on-Sea was a delightful spot.

"It's delicious," repeated Mrs. Lorimer, ecstatically; "but come, Phil, I'm quite ready for my drive! Oh, there, my shoe is undone; do tie it up for me."

Philip was kneeling at her feet, and she was laughingly instructing him in the art of tying a shoe lace, when, to the unutterable confusion of both, the room door opened and a stranger stood in the doorway.

"Excuse me, I am afraid I have made a mistake."

Mr. Lorimer jumped up, glaring at the intruder savagely.

"I thought this was room 24."

"This is 24a," growled Lorimer. "Your room is next on the left."

"Thank you; a thousand pardons!" and with a courteous bow the stranger withdrew.

"Idiot!" began Phil, but Mrs. Lorimer interrupted him.

"Oh, did you ever see such a handsome man? He had a face like an archangel!"

"Archangel be—pulverized! I think people might take the trouble to see that they don't blunder into other people's rooms. Come along, Blanche, the carriage is waiting."

The evening passed pleasantly enough, and when toward its close Mr. and Mrs. Lorimer lounged upon their balcony in the moonlight, it seemed as if there could be nothing to mar the delights of this best of all possible worlds. Suddenly a terribly discordant note was struck.

"Listen!" whispered Blanche.

"Eh, what?" said Phil, whose whole attention had been engrossed by his companion, and who, unlike her, had not the feminine knack of doing two things at the same time.

"Don't you hear some one talking in the next room?" whispered Blanche?

"Well?"

"But they're quarreling; listen!"

"Not I! Why shouldn't they quarrel if they like? Let's go in?"

But at that moment, a woman's voice, low and piteous, reached their ears.

"Oh, Frank! have you no pity?"

"There, didn't you hear?" whispered Blanche, in awestruck tones.

"Yes; and I don't mean to hear any more. Come in, Blanche."

"How stupid you are, Phil! They are in the next room, I tell you!" she reiterated impatiently.

"What of it?"

Mrs. Lorimer gave a little petulant stamp.

"There was no one with that gentleman who came in here this afternoon, and he was alone at table d'hote! Now, do you understand?"

Phil gave a low whistle, but before he could make any remark the walling voice reached them again.

"Frank, don't force me! I cannot! I will not! It is too awful!"

Phil drew his wife quickly into the room and closed the window noisily.

"But, Phil, aren't you going to do anything? Suppose—"

"Stuff and nonsense!" interrupted Phil, crossly; "it's no business of ours! But your archangel does not seem to be a very amiable person!"

"But don't you think—"

"I think it's time to turn in!" replied her husband, decisively; for Philip was a true Britisher, with a hotel objection to putting his fingers into other people's pies. Every man for himself and Scotland Yard for us all, was his motto.

Blanche, on the other hand, was a true daughter of Eve, and she determined to discover if possible whose voice it was that she had heard and what was the meaning of its piteous appeal. If possible—but how was it to be done?

Chance gave her an opening, which she was quick to seize. Having gone up to her room after breakfast next morning she found the chambermaid still busy with her dusting.

"Oh! you can go on," she said, smiling, as she seated herself by the window. The maid was clearly the very person to enlighten her. But how to come to the point?

"I am afraid I am dreadfully nutidy," Blanche began after a moment, with a conciliating little smile.

"Not at all, madam," replied the girl demurely.

"Have you many rooms to do?" continued Mrs. Lorimer with kindly interest.

"The whole of this floor, madam."

"Does the lady in the next room give much trouble?"

"There is no lady in No. 24, madam, only a gentleman who arrived yesterday. Anything I can get for you, madam?"

"No, thank you."

Here was a mystery! No lady in No. 24, and yet there was undoubtedly a woman's voice last night! It was most extraordinary; and Blanche communicated the result of her investigation with intense trepidation. Phil, however, declined to be interested in the affair or to discuss it in any way, so his wife was forced to keep her conjectures to herself, and they were of a nature anything but flattering to the male occupant of No. 24.

As the day wore on the keenness of her interest in the handsome stranger and his mysterious companion waned somewhat before the more enthralling problems connected with her own costume for the dance which was to be given that evening. Phil had an anxious time pending the settlement of these questions, but in due course all of them were disposed of in the most successful manner, as was sufficiently proved by the crowd of partners who flocked round Mrs. Lorimer as soon as she made her appearance in the ballroom. Blanche had, indeed, quite forgotten the mystery of No. 24 in the excitement of the ball, when it was recalled to her by the sight of her neighbor standing in the doorway. Her heart beat fast as she noted—what woman ever fails to do it?—that his eye followed her round the room with a glance of interest and admiration.

"Now," she thought to herself, "he will ask me to dance, and I shall be able to put some searching questions to him."

The hope, however, was doomed to disappointment. The stranger contented himself with admiring Mrs. Lorimer from a distance, and for once at least that little lady retired to her room not altogether satisfied with herself.

It was again a brilliant, moonlit summer's night, and Blanche threw herself into a capacious chair by the window, prior to disrobing. She was commencing a somewhat petulant complaint upon the shortcomings of the evening's entertainment, when suddenly she was pulled up short by a low, blood-curdling wail from the adjoining room.

Blanche started up, white and frightened.

"Phil, what was that?"

Before he could reply the moan of pain became articulate, and once more the woman's voice reached them in low, distinct tones through the open window.

"Frank, let me out! Have mercy on me! Oh, let me out!"

A man's voice, again in gruff, unintelligible reply, and thence once again the piteous, pleading voice:

"I'll do anything, Frank! I'll never tell anybody you are my husband. Only let me go!"

Blanche's grasp on her husband's hand tightened. Philip listened not less intently than she did.

"Have pity, Frank, have pity! Don't you remember that you used to say you loved me? Why are you so cruel now? I never did you any harm. Oh, let me out! I can't bear it! You can have all my money, every penny; only don't make me go back!"

A brutal, unqualified oath was the sole answer to this appeal; it was followed by a faint, smothered cry.

"No! no! never! I will not go back into that horrible box! I had rather be killed outright."

There was absolute silence for a second, and Blanche and Philip stood breathless; then came a muffled shriek of agony.

"No! no! oh, no, Frank! I did not mean it. I'll do what you like! don't kill me! Help! Help!"

With a cry of righteous rage Phil dropped his wife's hand and dashed across the balcony. He shook the closed windows vigorously, regardless of everything save the frantic desire to prevent a horrible crime.

A dead silence had followed the woman's last cry, and when at last Lorimer forced the windows and bounded into the room, he found it in darkness, except for the streak of weird moonlight that followed him.

In the darkness he could just discern the figure of a man standing by a huge black trunk.

"What is the meaning of this?" asked the man, advancing, but Phil pushed him roughly aside.

"What have you done with that unfortunate woman?"

A feeble moan struck on his ear. "Where are you?" he cried. "I will help you."

"Oh, let me out! let me out!" came to him in feeble—it seemed almost dying—tones.

"You brute!" cried Lorimer, beside himself with excitement and indignation.

At this moment the room was invaded by a motley crowd in all stages of dishabille, for, after Phil's departure, Blanche had raised an alarm in such incoherent fashion that half the hotel was swarming into No. 24, uncertain whether murder, fire or sudden death was the cause of the midnight disturbance.

"It is his wife," exclaimed Phil, frantically. "He's been trying to kill her. She is hidden here somewhere."

"Here! here! Oh, I am dying.

"The trunk!" cried some one. With one accord they bore down upon the huge black trunk; every one's fingers were thrust forward to unhook the straps, the moaning growing fainter and fainter, till at the last fastening gave way, it ceased altogether.

"We are too late," cried Phil, as he threw open the lid. The poor thing is!"—— He stopped, started back, and looked around in bewilderment. The rest of the company crowded forward, and peered into the trunk.

"Why, it's empty!" they exclaimed in chorus.

"Gentlemen! gentlemen!" cried the suave voice of the hotel proprietor from the door. "What does this mean?"

"We don't know," cried every one, uncertain whether to be greatly amused or intensely indignant.

"This gentleman," continued the proprietor, indicating his guest of the seraphic countenance, who stood smiling silently, "this gentleman is Mr. Delavere Darcey, the celebrated ventriloquist, who will appear tomorrow evening at the Winter Gardens. He has been amusing you with a little private rehearsal?"

* * * * * * *

There was a most gratifying attendance at the Winter Gardens on the following night to witness Mr. Delavere Darcey's entertainment, for as the poet tells us—

Great are the uses of advertisement.

But neither Philip Lorimer nor his wife was among the audience. They had left Eden-on-Sea by an early train.—London Truth.

HOTEL ARRIVALS.

PALACE HOTEL.

T Hill & w, Baltimore
N Hill, Baltimore
A T Stefel & w, St. Louis
R J Ketcher, Pa
J Dartington, Los Ang
John Ballard, Cal
G G Kimball, Red Bluff
G D Adams, Boston
Mrs C Shephard, Springfld
C Ballenhue, Springfield
F W Krals, Connecticut
T B Temple & w, Minn
Miss N C Kennedy, Pa
Howard Hill, Pa
H P Manly & w, St Louis
C Kirby & w, Connecticut
WBKuhner, Indianapolis
H B Goodman, Napa
F H Jones, Boston
Miss Bowers, Brooklyn
H M Yerrington & w, Nev
W Mallek, Idaho
E S Mallack, Denver
A C Cleveland, Nevada
W Cox, London
Mrs N C Lewis, Sanger
H H Knapp, Napa
Miss G Crockett, Wis
W A Potter, N Y
E C Voorhies, Sutter Ck
E H Butler & w, Detroit
J Freeman, Denver
M L Wood, U S N
Miss Ingraham, N Y
E L Goodsell, Colusa
Miss A E Hill, Baltimore
T Northworthy, Duluth
D W Lubeck, Auburn
A W Davis, Sacramento
A Wrighison, San Jose
T Springs, Vancouver
J H Adams, Spokane
M S Davis & w, Santa Rosa
E Ballenhue, Springfield
J G Adams, Denver
S P Wood & w, N Y
E D Kennedy, Pa
Miss W S Hill, Pa
D Hill & w, Pa
J C Thayer & w, Wis
J J Meigs, Nevada
Mrs F Opp, St Louis
E Mathewson & w, Cal
Mrs W C Rowes, Brooklyn
W C Bowers, Brooklyn
J Z Newcomb & w, N Y
R K Coaster, Idaho
R A Grider, Denver
I Braygrotte, Boston
O Davidson, Kingsburg
Mrs Bartlett, Maple Island
A C Thursby, St Paul
Mrs C A La Graces, Wis
C H Bennett, N Y
E S Barnes, Drytown
F Williams, Detroit
C McK Winslow, U S N
R H Ward & w, N Y
John Boggs, Colusa

INTERNATIONAL HOTEL.

C S Delmar, Los Angeles
E F Morris, Salt Lake
Mrs C Ryan & ty, N Y
E McKenny, Manass City
P Robinson, Cloverdale
F C Martin, Cloverdale
F J Pinnick, U S N
J H Oliver, U S N
W J Harmer, U S N
Mrs J H Clark, Denver
E B Williams, Eureka
E Z J Simmons, Colusa
D T Feiderbacker, Colusa
HL Darnville & ty, Eureka
C G Bennett, Chicago
L L Francis, San Jose
H Sliva, San Jose
F A Bratka, Minn
J G Mayer, Eureka
W W T Morrison, Boston
T L Clark, Boston
S Little, N Y
J B Foote, Tenn
J K Reed, Ark
J Brown, Ark
W B Furgeson, Ark
M N Knox, Denver
W Drummond, Iowa
R S Garrison, Iowa
D O'Rourke, Iowa
B N Goetz, Mont

The City Child's View.

Little Beth, in the country—Grandpapa, you must have to keep an awful lot of policemen out here.

Grandpa—Why, Beth?

Beth—Oh, there's such a lot of grass to keep off of.—Inter Ocean.

The old belief that an egg laid on Good Friday or Easter Sunday will not spoil—simply dry up—has been seemingly proven in a single instance at Newtern, N. C., where Moses Roberts made a test by keeping an egg laid on Easter day of last year to the present. On breaking the egg open a few days ago it is claimed to have retained every indication of a fresh-laid egg.

AN UNCANNY SITE·

Why a Brick Foundation Is Neglected.

MR. PHILIPS' INFORMATION.

It Was too Near the Cemetery to be Suitable for a Home for Old Ladies.

People who go out to Calvary Cemetery—that is, the live ones—often wonder who built that big brick foundation on the western side of Masonic avenue, between Junipero and St. Roses street.

That's hardly stating the case with exactitude either, for the people who do the wondering are not aware that Junipero and St. Roses streets form the southern and northern boundaries of that extensive foundation, that is now grass grown and moss covered.

They just wonder about the pile of bricks opposite the cemetery, not knowing of the existence of such thoroughfares as Junipero and St. Roses.

And indeed the latter have no real existence off the map of the city, which, in this instance at least, is a little bit too previous.

In truth, it is a wild sort of country out there, with a thousand crumbling tombstones for the foreground and grim Lone Mountain in the background.

Masonic avenue separates the cemetery from the brick foundation. Only a patch of weeds and some shrub and many yellow poppies separates the brick foundation from the base of Lone Mountain.

It is this wildness of the place that makes folks wonder so what could ever have induced anybody to think of building on the big tract occupied by the brick foundation.

But there is a valid reason for the existence of that foundation, as any of the old residents in that neighborhood will tell you. True, there aren't many old residents in that immediate vicinity nor residents of any living kind save the lizards and the bluebirds, if the truth must be told.

Way around on Geary street is a man with a beard who makes sepulchers and things used only by the dead. His name is Phillips. When THE CALL man asked him why that foundation was built he grew thoughtful and tugged at his beard a while. The answer finally came to him like an inspiration, and his whole face lighted up with intelligence as he said:

"Why, that there foundation was built to put a building on it."

This was highly important, if true, and THE CALL man hastily inquired who built the foundation.

"Well, the Sisters of Charity built that," he said. "They intended to establish a home for old ladies there, but the Archbishop didn't approve of the plan, so it fell through. They had over a million feet of lumber on the ground ready for building.

"And the lumber laid there and got mildewed and some of it was spoiled altogether. They sold it off in small lots, I bought some of it. If they'd gone ahead they'd made a nice place."

Mr. Philips is right. Of course, no one will be inclined to deny the truth of his first statement. But for the benefit of those who might not be inclined to accept Mr. Philips' statement in toto, unless fortified rated in some way, it may be added that in previous years the late Archbishop Joseph Sadoc Alemany looked with favor upon the plan of establishing a home for old ladies on this site.

And were it not for the cemetery opposite a better place could hardly be selected for such a purpose. The air is pure and sweet out here, and the location is high and healthy.

But Archbishop Riordan, upon the death of his predecessor and coadjutor, came to the conclusion that the cemetery was a fatal obstacle. Some of the old ladies themselves very naturally objected to the plan, and as the condition was somewhat changed, so that it was no longer necessary to build there, the project was halted just when the foundation was completed, even after the cornerstone had been laid amid very impressive ceremonies.

It certainly is not a cheerful location, and the chances are that the foundation will crumble away before it is utilized for a residence purpose.

They might shut out the view of the tombstones and sepulchers from the level of the street by building a high fence about the cemetery; but even then the view would be uncanny to weak-minded or nervous or superstitious persons who should have their bedrooms on the second-floor front directly opposite.

THE ABANDONED FOUNDATION.

PROPULSION OF VESSELS.

A Novel Screw Invented by an Astorian Founder.

The Astorian.

A valuable Astoria invention that will be exhibited at the World's Fair is an improved propeller for vessels. It is patented, owned and manufactured by the Scow Bay Foundry and was designed by J. L. Lovell, one of the firm. The improvement consists in the manner in which the blades are attached to the hub and the form of the blade. The hub is of cast steel, and has as many sides as there are blades. Each side is dovetailed into its corresponding blade, the fitting of the hub and blades being tapered so that a washer and nut on the end of the propeller shaft covers all the sections, and on being tightened forces them all solidly to their seats around the hub. This device does away with all of the bolts that are usually used to fasten the blade to the hub, and makes the operation of removing a broken blade and inserting a new one easy and expeditious.

The inventor claims a great gain in efficiency in his improved blade, which differs from others principally in having an opening or hole one quarter of the width of the shank of the blade, and extending from the hub through the center of the blade a little more than one-third of its length. It is claimed that this allows dead-water around the hub of the wheel to escape more freely. Several of these wheels are in use, and those who have them are emphatic in their recommendation. They declare that as great speed is gained with less consumption of fuel, and that the wheel does its work with less jar and strain on the vessel.

The Scow Bay Foundry has two wheels that will be exhibited at the World's Fair. One is of bronze 24 inches in diameter and the other a 38-inch wheel, 76-inch pitch, of castiron. A third wheel 38 inches in diameter and 57-inch pitch is for a 65-foot launch which will be run on the lake during the World's Fair. This wheel will be driven by a triple expansion engine with cylinders of diameter of 4½, 7 and 12 inches by inches stroke, 200 pounds initial pressure. It this wheel does as well as those that are in use here it will attract a great deal of attention. The two wheels will be shipped for Chicago probably by the first of next week.

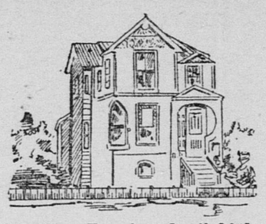
Fish nets are made from some very strange materials. The Eskimo manufacture them from strips of seal hide and from thin slices of whalebone. By the Fijians they are constructed of human hair. Savages in various parts of the world plait the inner fibers of tree bark for fishing lines, and the Indians on the Pacific coast of North America use for the same purpose seaweed—a sort of kelp which is strong enough to hold a finny captive of 150 pounds weight.

What Is Money

Weighed against that health it so often fails to buy? Dross indeed. While we can none of us claim a total exemption from that greatest of all ills to which flesh is heir—ill health—we may do much to lessen the chances of incurring it, and this not alone by the adoption of such sanitary measures as are to be found in daily exercise, regular hours, prudence in eating and drinking and a wholesome diet, but also by resorting to judicious preventive medication when the system is threatened with unhealthful influences. For instance, residents or sojourners in malarious localities should use Hostetter's Stomach Bitters as a defense against chills and fever, and persons who incur much out-of-door exposure should employ it as a safeguard against rheumatism. Travelers in the tropics find it invaluable also as a means of arresting liver complaint and constipation and counteracting the debilitating influence of a torrid climate. 17

AUCTION SALE.

EVENING AUCTION.



NO PLACE LIKE YOUR OWN HOME!

EVENING AUCTION.

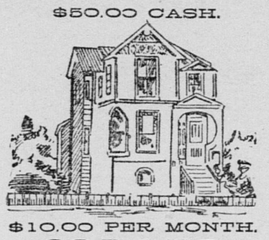
87 CHOICE HOME LOTS IN THE MISSION.

Saturday Evening, April 29th, At 7:30 o'clock.

WILL BE SOLD AT METROPOLITAN TEMPLE, FIFTH STREET, NEAR MARKET.

Workingmen, Mechanics, Clerks.

$50.00 CASH.



$10.00 PER MONTH.

TITLE PERFECT.

CERTIFICATE FURNISHED FREE.

Interest only 6 per cent.

WE WILL PAY THE TAXES FOR 1893, 1894 and 1895.

TAKE VALENCIA STREET, or MISSION STREET, or SUTTER STREET, or FOLSOM STREET CARS AND TRANSFER TO ELECTRIC ROAD DIRECT TO THE LOTS.

66 LOTS FRONTING SAN JOSE AVENUE, MOUNT VERNON AVENUE, UNADILLIA and DELAWARE AVENUE. HENRIETTA AVENUE CARS PASS THESE LOTS.

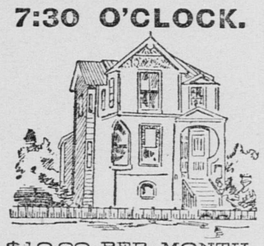
21 LOTS FRONTING ON DAY STREET, HOFFMAN STREET and DOUGLASS STREET. Castro-street cars only 6 blocks from this property, and will be extended to within one block of these lots.

SATURDAY EVENING AUCTION

$50.00 CASH.

N. B.—If you do not secure a lot on Saturday Evening, the lots remaining unsold will be offered at auction on the following MONDAY and TUESDAY EVENINGS, May 1st and 2d, at the same place and on same terms. All these lots must be sold.

7:30 O'CLOCK.



$10.00 PER MONTH.

L. GROTHWELL & CO.

318 MONTGOMERY STREET.

RECEIPTS OF PRODUCE.

THURSDAY, April 20.

Flour, qr sks	5,004	Middlings, sks	105
Wheat, ctls	20,238	Gr Screenings, sks	1,095
Barley, ctls	22,555	Hay, tons	584
Oats, ctls	238	Straw, tons	40
Rye, ctls	80	Wool, bls	208
Corn, ctls	250	Quicksilver, flks	65
Beans, sks	100	Hides, no	1,500
Potatoes, sks	1,158	Wine, galls	60,120
Onions, sks	79	Brandy, galls	2,900
Bran, sks	600		

San Francisco Meat Market.

Mutton and Lamb continue to decline. Hogs are weak. Wholesale rates from slaughterers are as follows:

BEEF—First quality, 6½@7c; second quality 5½@6c; third do, 4@5c ⅌ lb.

VEAL—Large, 6@7c ⅌ lb; small Calves, 7½@8c; Dairy Calves, 8@8½c ⅌ lb.

MUTTON—Wethers, 6½@7c ⅌ lb; Ewes, 6c.

SPRING LAMB—8½@9c ⅌ lb.

PORK—Live Hogs, 6½@6¾c for heavy and medium grain-fed; stock Hogs, 5½c ⅌ lb; dressed do, 9½@10c ⅌ lb.

THE STOCK MARKET.

Yesterday was a regular old-time day in mining stocks. Prices advanced under lively sales, and the brokers were kept on the jump executing orders. Good news generally travels slowly, but if the attendance in the board rooms is any criterion it made an exception in this case, as the exchanges were unusually thronged. Private advices reported important improvements in Potosi, and the reports were borne out by the actions of the stock, the improvement is in the east supposed and the 850 level. The ore assays from $7.00 to $35 per ton. The raise from the 1000 level, however, is where the best prospects have been found of late, this raise the bunches of ore show a great improvement and are now averaging $36 in gold. This is an excellent showing, and if it holds for a few days will give continued strength to the market.

Ore shipments from the Justice and Kentuck are going on. The Washoe mill started up on Monday on ore from the former mine, and the Kentuck mill on Kentuck yesterday. The 1100 level of Jacket and Kentuck continues to look well, but the Jacket people are holding still and allowing the stock to take care of itself.

The market opened with a strong tone and the active buying of Cope, Marks, Eaton and Barrett was the feature of the day. No great amount of stock changed hands on the early call, but after the call everything was very lively under a sharp advance.

Con. Cal. & Va. sold up to $2 60, Chollar to 80c, 2900 shares; Ophir to $2 60 and Potosi to $2 35, 3950 shares.

On the 2:30 P. M. call the advance continued and Potosi sold up to $2 45, and Ophir to 2 60, 3400 shares with the balance of the market following suit.

After the call there was a further advance under lively sales and the market closed very strong and active.

NOTES.

Silver was steady yesterday at 83c in New York and 35d in London.

The Paraffine Paint Company has declared a regular dividend for the quarter of 3 cents per share, payable on the 29th.

The Trinity gold placer mine, about four miles from Weaverville, in Trinity County, has become the property of a syndicate of Denver capitalists. At the head of the syndicate are Bailey, Gilder & Co., the Denver bankers. The purchase price of the property is $250,000. Previously the mine was owned by a stock company, the principal shareholders of which were P. M. Paulson and O. M. Loveridge.

Following are copies of weekly letters from Gold Hill mines on file at their local offices in Virginia:

CROWN POINT—The west crosscut from the top of the raise above the main west crosscut from the shaft is now cut 6 feet in ore. The face shows porphyry. West crosscut 2, 300 feet south of the shaft on the 400 level, is out 65 feet. The face is in por phyry and seams are forewarning. No change worthy of notice elsewhere in the mine.

CHALLENGE CON. AND CONFIDENCE—Are still finding some ore in small streaks and old fillings while prospecting on the upper levels.

BELCHER—On the 200 level the south drift from south crosscut is 15 feet in. The face shows porphyry. On the 300 level the northeast drift is in 55 feet. The face is in porphyry. On the 350 level the northeast drift 50 feet north of the north winze is out 62 feet. The face shows porphyry. On the 460 level the southwest drift is in 117 feet. The face shows porphyry. On the 600 level the southwest drift is 84 feet. The face is in porphyry. We have hoisted during the week 20 tons of fair grade ore.

The Homer Gold Mining Company of Nevada County has elected the following officers for the ensuing year: William J. Smith, president; Charles Proseinger, vice-president; Alfred Chase Steele, Andrew Gotz and John Fischer directors. Charles Steep was elected treasurer and Charles J. Heggerty secretary. The president and several of the trustees leave for the mine on Saturday to let contracts to sink shafts and prosecute the work of opening up the mine again in a business-like way.

BOARD SALES.

Following were the sales in the San Francisco Stock Board yesterday:

REGULAR SESSION—9:30 A. M.

100 B & B	1.65	100 H & N	1.00	800 Potosi	1.95
100 Hanover	25	300 "	1.05	900 "	2.00
500 Justice	09	200 Ophir	2.50	100 Savage	1.25
250 CC & V	2½	300 Ophir	2½	200 SB & M	.35
100 C Point	.90	500 Ovrmn	.25	100 S Nev	1.30
150 G & C	.70				

AFTERNOON SESSION—2:33.

300 Alta	.20	100 Exchq	.15	350 Potosi	2.65
200 Andes	.50	30 G & C	.70	450 "	2.60
100 Belcher	1.10	200 "	.75	300 "	2.55
250 B & B	1.65	400 H & N	1.10	500 Savage	.14
20 "	1.70	200 "	1.15	250 "	1.30
1300 Bullion	.50	100 Iowa	.10	200 S B & M	.30
500 Chollar	.80	100 Mexican	.13½	100 S Nev	.30
500 Chollar	.80	100 Mexican	.13½	100 Union	1.20
125 "	.75	300 Ophir	2.60	100 Utah	.10
610 CC&V	2.45	200 Ovrmn	.25	50 Y Jacket	.85
1200 C Imp	.05	300 Potosi	2½	100 "	.90

Following were the sales in the Pacific Stock Board yesterday:

REGULAR SESSION—10:50.

300 Andes	.47	300 C Point	.86	50 Potosi	2.10
500 Belcher	1.05	300 H & N	1.00	100 "	2.15
50 B & B	1.60	250 "	1.10	450 "	2.20
400 Bullion	.48	200 Kentuck	.30	250 "	2½
300 "	.46	300 Mexican	.13½	200 Savage	.15
500 "	.47	350 "	1.70	750 "	2.35
500 Chollar	.48	50 "	1¾	100 "	2.38
500 "	.49	100 Ocid	.15	300 Savage	.15
900 "	.70	300 "	1.80	100 "	.20
500 "	.75	100 Ovrmn	.25	650 "	.14
1000 "	.77	50 Ophir	2.60	100 S Nev	.30
250 "	.79	650 "	2½	150 "	.35
500 "	.80	50 "	2.55	100 S Hill	.07
500 "	.85	300 Potosi	2.40	100 Union	.10
500 CC&Va	2½	350 "	2.50	200 "	.15
100 "	2.55	900 "	1.95	100 Yjacket	.81
200 "	2.60	200 "	2.00	200 "	.83
100 C Imp	.04	100 "	2.05	100 "	.85

AFTERNOON SESSION—2:30.

50 Belcher	1.10	500 C Imp	.05	400 Potosi	2½
100 B & B	1¾	500 C Point	.88	800 "	2.55
250 B & B	1¾	100 Exchq	.15	100 "	2.60
750 "	1.70	100 Julia	.07	1200 "	2.65
900 Bullion	.49	100 "	.08	50 "	2.58
100 "	.50	200 Lady W	.20	200 Savage	.20
100 Chal C	.30	250 Mexican	1.70	400 "	.30
100 "	.35	250 "	1¾	150 "	1.30
300 Chollar	.80	150 Ophir	2.60	100 "	1.35
100 "	.81	350 "	2.65	100 Scorpion	.07
100 "	.78	50 "	2½	50 S Nev	1.35
100 "	.75	100 Ovrmn	.25	200 "	.40
250 CC&V	2.60	100 "	.28	300 S Hill	.07
100 "	2.65	100 Potosi	2.40	500 Utah	.08
50 "	2.70	250 "	2.45	500 Yjacket	.85

CLOSING QUOTATIONS.

THURSDAY, April 20—4 P. M.

	Bid.	Asked.		Bid.	Asked.
Alpha Con	.10	.15	Jackson	.25	
Ala Cons	.05	.10	Julia	.05	.10
Andes	.45	.50	Justice	.10	.15
Belcher	1.10	1.15	Kentuck	.30	.35
Bullion	.45	.50	Lady Washington	.05	.10
Best & Belcher	1.65	1.70	Mexican	1.70	1.75
Bodie	.20	.30	Mono	.25	.30
Buckeye Con	.05	.10	Navajo	—	.10
Bullion	.45	.50	New Pelton Isla	—	.10
Bulwer	.25	.30	N Commonwealth	—	.10
Caledonia	.10	.15	New Queen	—	.15
Challenge Con	.35	.40	Ophir	2.55	2.60
Commonwealth	—	.10	Occidental	.15	.25
Chollar	.75	.80	Overman	.25	.30
Con Cal & Va	2.55	2.60	Peerless	—	.20
Confidence	1.00	—	Peer	—	.20
Con Imperial	—	.05	Potosi	2.45	2.50
Con New York	.10	.15	Savage	1.20	1.25
Crocker	—	.10	S P & Midas Co	.25	.30
Crown Point	.85	.90	Scorpion	.05	.10
Exchequer	.15	.20	Sierra Nevada	1.35	1.40
East Sierra Nev	—	.05	Silver Hill	.05	.10
Eureka	—	1.50	Silver King	—	.25
Grand Prize	—	.10	Union Con	1.10	1.15
Gould & Curry	.65	.70	Utah	.05	.10
Hale & Norcrs	1.10	1.15	Yellow Jacket	.85	.90
Iowa	—	.10			

MISCELLANEOUS SECURITIES.

THURSDAY, April 20—2 P. M.

	Bid.	Asked.		Bid.	Asked.
U S Bds. 4's	112½		S V Water	98½	99¼
Cal-st C Co 5's	105¼	—	Blue Lakes	.20	
Oak Co W 5's	101¼	102¼	Capital Gas	.50	.57
Dupont 6's	100	105	Central Gas	.90	100
Do, ex-coup	.95	—	Oakland Gas	42½	—
Fa Chset 6's	—	101	Pac Gas Imp	.80	.81
LA Light Co, 6's	100	104	Pacific Lighting	—	.70
Do, Gntd, 6's	100	104	S F Gaslight	.72	72¼
Mkt-st RR Bds	122½	—	Sutro G & R	—	.30
Mutual Ave 6's	5	20	Cal-st R R	108	112½
NevCoRR 5's	100	—	F & C Hse Ry	32	34½
NPCstRR 6's	102½	—	Geary-st R R	92½	—
N P R R 6's	—	102	N B A M RR	.60	—
N Ry of Cal 6's	108	110	Omnibus RR	44½	44¾
N Ry of Cal 5's	—	100½	Presidio R R	—	.30
OAK L & IR 5's	101	—	Fireman's Fd	—	170
OmbustCRy 6's	113¾	—	Hutchinson	—	70
PaRollMill 6's	101	—	Atlantic Pow	47	48
Do, 2d Issue 6's	101	—	Cal Powder	100	105
P & O R R 6's	—	117	California Ins	33½	34¼
P & CH Ry 6's	85	95	Vigorit Pow	1¾	2¼
Pac Lst Ry 6's	—	117	Bik Dia CMC	.25	—
SPRRArizona 6's	—	101	CalCotton Mf	—	47
SPRRCal 6's	111	—	Cal Elec Light	22½	22¾
SPRRCal 5's	—	101	Cal Elec Wks	5	7¼
SPRRTucCal 6's	—	102	Hawaiian Com	6	—
S V Water 6's	119¾	—	Hutchn Sugar	6½	—
S V Water 4's	94	—	Judson Mfg C	14	18½
LangtonBank	—	72½	Merchants Exch	87	—
Bank of Cal	251	285	Oceanic S S	—	50
CalSafe Depos	49¾	—	PaxTryFireA	—	2½
FirstNat Gold	195	—	PacDocBldg	95	—
LP & AmBank	120	123	PacImpNatC	—	30
L & S F Bank	—	40	Pac Roll Mill	50	70
Pacific Bank	—	155	Pac Woolen	—	80
MerchExBnk	15	21	ParaffinPCo	—	85c
Contra Cos W	100	101¼	Pac Trans Co	—	35
Marin Co W	—	55	United Co	—	35

MONEY AND EXCHANGE.

Board—30 Cal Electric Light, 22½; 15 S V Water, 98¾; 50 S F Gaslight, 72¼.

Street—10 Pacific Coast Borax, 96.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

Board—25 S F Gaslight, b 3, 72¼.

MARKET REPORTS.

THURSDAY EVENING, April 20.

SUMMARY OF THE MARKETS.

Silver lower.
Wheat dull. Barley steady.
Oats and Rye unchanged.
Corn freely offered.
Beans dull.
Continued heavy receipts of Hay.
Potatoes weak and quiet.
Onions scarce and higher.
Butter weak and plentiful.
Eggs steady, but quiet.
Poultry brings good prices.
Hare neglected.
Orange season heavy supply.
Green Peas abundant.
Hams firm.
Hops neglected.
Mutton and Lamb lower.
White Lead declined.