SHOT HIS FRIEND.

Frank Northey Falls by a Bullet.

A VICTIM OF HARRY THORN.

A Brief Quarrel Ended With a Pistol.

ROW BETWEEN TWO GAMBLERS.

The Ex-Jury Briber Reviled His Friend While Drunk and Received a Fatal Wound.

Frank T. Northey, the notorious politician, ex-convict and all-round gambler, was fatally shot yesterday evening at 6:30 o'clock by Harry Thorn, a fellow-gambler.

The tragedy occurring at the back door of Garcia's saloon, on Montgomery street, near Bush, and was the result of a brief quarrel between the two men, who had been friends.

But one man witnessed the actual shooting and from his statement it seems that Northey was shot down without warning and without a chance to defend himself.

Northey and Thorn had been having trouble for some days over an affair at the racetrack, in which Thorn had, it is said, defrauded some bookmakers, one of whom Northey was in partnership with. Thorn used his credit to back certain horses that lost and then failed to pay, is the story told by the friends of the men.

Northey determined to make Thorn produce the money owed to the books in which he was interested, and followed the later about town, finally catching him in Garcia's saloon yesterday afternoon. The two men had numerous drinks, and a long consultation which resulted in words. Northey applied vile epithets to Thorn and dared him to come out of the saloon on the street and fight.

Frank Garcia, proprietor of the saloon and a warm friend of Thorn, interfered and finally put Northey out of his place.

As Garcia forced Northey out of the place onto Montgomery street Thorn followed, and when Northey was finally put on the sidewalk he saw Thorn standing near the saloon entrance and dared him to

Frank T. Northey.

come out on the street and fight, at the same time applying a number of vile epithets to Thorn. The latter got angry and said:

"Well, ——— you, if you want to fight come back in the alley."

Northey replied, "I'll be there," and Thorn said, "So will I."

Northey turned and walked up Montgomery street to Bush, and then ran up the latter thoroughfare to Trinity place and down the alley until he reached the back door of Garcia's saloon. Thorn turned and went through the saloon, presumably to reach Trinity place from the rear door.

Joe Abrams, a clerk in Andrews' diamond palace, was buying a cigar at the stand in front of Garcia's saloon when Northey and Thorn separated and agreed to meet in the alley in the rear and "fight it out." He followed Northey and saw him run into the alley from Bush street, but was some distance away when he heard the shot which laid Northey low.

George W. Coefield, an employe of Duffy Bros., at 117 Sutter street, was coming down the alley from Sutter street, toward Bush, when Northey ran in the alley, and he alone saw the shooting.

"I saw a man in light clothes run down the alley from town to Bush street," said Mr. Coefield last night, "and he stopped in front of the back doorway of Garcia's saloon, where he put up his hands like a prize-fighter and seemed to be waiting for somebody to come out of the door. Suddenly I saw an arm shoot out of the doorway and the man was clutched by a revolver, which was fired instantly. Then the arm was withdrawn and the door closed. The man who had been standing in front of the door, with his hands up, staggered around a little and then fell on the sidewalk. I did not see who shot him. The man who shot him was never outside the door. All I could see was the arm and a revolver. It was done quick as a flash. The man who was shot had his arms up like a prize-fighter when he was shot. He made no motion to draw a revolver or do anything else. He simply had his hands up as if ready to guard himself. I am positive that the person who shot him only stuck his arm out of the door. He didn't come out where I could see him and I could have seen him had he come out on the sidewalk at all. I do not know either of the men."

The sound of the pistol shot brought scores of men to the scene at once. A CALL reporter was among the first there and saw Northey lying partly on the narrow sidewalk and partly in the alleyway, about eight feet from the back door of Garcia's saloon. Northey was groaning and when spoken to said:

"Oh, I'm shot; I'm shot. Harry Thorn shot me and Frank Garcia gave him the pistol to do it with."

An attempt was made to question the wounded man, but he was too faint to either understand or answer interrogations. For a time it was impossible to discover where Northey was shot. His vest was opened, and even the waist of his pantaloons, without discovering the slightest evidence of a wound, until finally a small hole

Harry Thorn.

in the shirt front covering the abdomen was noticed, and it was there the bullet had entered. The hole in the clothing, both pantaloons, shirt and underwear, was so small that nine out of ten people would have overlooked it in a cursory examination.

Northey began suffering excruciating pains several minutes after the shooting and seemed rapidly failing. Whisky was given him in generous doses and everything possible done by his friends to ease his pain until the police patrol arrived.

Unfortunately for the wounded man, the patrol wagon was unusually slow in coming and he writhed on the cold pavement for nearly twenty minutes before the wagon arrived to carry him to the Receiving Hospital.

While on the sidewalk, in fact almost as soon as he fell, a police officer searched Northey for weapons and satisfied himself that the man had neither a revolver nor knife on his person. Northey likewise denied having any weapons of any kind.

During all this time Thorn, who did the shooting, was seemingly forgotten. When THE CALL reporter ran into Garcia's saloon he found that Thorn, accompanied by Frank Garcia, had already gone to the City Prison to surrender himself. As the reporter passed out the door two elderly men were accusing John Wilcox, a well-known gambler, who was in the saloon at the time of the shooting, with having given Thorn the revolver with which Northey was shot. The men went so far as to say that they saw Wilcox give Thorn the revolver, but they refused to give their names and before an officer could be found both men had disappeared. Wilcox went at once to the City Prison to see Thorn and Garcia.

At the City Prison Thorn walked quietly in, and handing to the desk sergeant a hammerless Smith & Wesson double-action revolver, 38-caliber, calmly announced that he had shot a man, and wanted to surrender himself. Frank Garcia accompanied Thorn, and after the latter had been searched and his pocket-knife and keys taken away from him, he and Garcia had a short conference, and then Garcia left him to secure the legal services of George A. Knight.

Garcia was seen for a moment as he left the prison, and at first refused absolutely to talk, but when he was accused of furnishing Thorn with the revolver that was used he at first denied that he had done so, and then said that when Northey reached the back door of his saloon, where he was to meet Thorn for the purpose of fighting in the alley, Northey put his hand in his hip-pocket and said, "You ——— ———, I'll do you," and then Thorn shot.

This statement is an absolute contradiction of Coefield's statement, who saw Northey from the moment he entered the alleyway until he was shot, and who says that at no time did Northey make any movement to draw a revolver, in fact, that he stood at the time he was shot with his hands up "like a prize-fighter."

Thorn absolutely refused to talk, both before and after consultation with his attorney. Late in the evening his wife, who keeps a millinery-store on Grant avenue, and who is said to have furnished Thorn the most of his money, called at the prison to see him. She was greatly affected and seemed from her hysterical talk to her husband to have been anticipating trouble for some time.

Frank T. Northey is too well-known a character in the political and criminal history of San Francisco to need more than a mention of his name to recall to most newspaper readers his misdeeds. For the past three months the man is said to have been on a perpetual drunk, and is said to have been on the verge of delirium tremens when shot. Dick Creighton, his partner in the jury-bribing business, for which both he and Northey were sent to State prison, was one of the earliest visitors to the prison to see Thorn, and Creighton volunteered the statement that Northey was crazy and had been for three months, but inasmuch as it is known that the old partnership between Creighton and Northey has been dissolved, not without feeling on both sides, Creighton's championship of Thorn at this time is not surprising.

Frank T. Northey, the wounded man, was indicted in 1886 for the crime of embracery, for having, in conjunction with Dick Creighton, fixed a jury in the interest of the Sutter-street Railroad Company, which had been sued by a widow named Wright for damages for the loss of her husband, who met his death by falling into a coal hole carelessly left open by the employes of the company.

The case at the time attracted a great deal of attention, and after a long delay Northey was, on the 2d of November, 1887, found guilty as charged, and twenty-one days later sent to the penitentiary at San Quentin for nine years. In January, four years later, the convict was released from prison, having been pardoned by Governor Waterman.

Prior to his advent before the public in the character of a jury-fixer to rob a widow of any rights she might have, Northey was prominent as one of many small-fry politicians who manipulated conventions in the interest of any boss who would offer the best cash terms.

Since his release from prison Northey has devoted himself to politics and gambling and seemingly has failed in both ventures. His failures drove him to drink, and only Wednesday last he drew a pistol on Deputy Sheriff James Hanrahan, who was sent to Northey's house to remove some carpets which he had not paid for.

Thorn is known as a gambler only. He has been connected with several "skin" games, notably the Clock Stock Exchange under the General Keyes Hotel, which he left under a cloud. He operated on the racetrack under his brother's name, Owen Thorn, and left him, as well as Northey and others, deep in debt by playing races on credit and failing to make good his losses.

Late last night another attempt was made to secure an interview with Thorn, but he closed his mouth when he entered the City Prison and to every question asked him by the reporters replied: "Go and see Mr. Knight, my lawyer. He has told me to say nothing."

He said, however, that there had been no quarrel between him and Northey.

His story, as he told it to the lawyer and as he will probably tell it in court, is substantially as follows:

He met Northey in Garcia's saloon and advised him to stop drinking.

"Whisky is killing you," he said; "leave it alone."

Northey called him a vile name and they quarreled. Thorn left the saloon and ran around to the little alley in the rear, where the quarrel was renewed and where Thorn alleges Northey drew a pistol. He then took his revolver and shot his old companion through the abdomen.

Thorn's story is controverted by the eyewitnesses, both to the quarrel and the shooting.

When Northey was hurriedly taken to the Receiving Hospital he was suffering intense pain from the wound, which was in the lower part of the abdomen, slightly to the left of the navel.

Northey was placed on the operating table, where Drs. Berry and Coffman examined his injury. He was very weak from the effects of the wound and groaned with pain as he writhed about the table, and it was frequently necessary for the attaches to hold him while the wound was being probed.

Pending the arrival of Dr. W. H. Mays of the Board of Health and Police Surgeon Somers, who had been summoned, Northey reluctantly made an almost incoherent statement of the shooting.

He contradicted himself in lesser details several times, but steadily adhered to the statements that he had been shot by Harry Thorn and that Frank Garcia, "at whose saloon on Montgomery street the shooting occurred, had furnished Thorn the weapon with which the deed had been committed.

"I'm a goner; he's done for me this time," groaned the wounded man, and resolutely refused to give any further information until he was informed that the injury might terminate fatally.

"Well, Harry Thorn shot me in the rear of Garcia's saloon on account of a grudge, and Frank Garcia gave him the gun to do it," he said.

"He owed me money and I told him to dig it up. We had been together all day. I started to go into the saloon and he stood in the doorway and shot me in the abdomen. We were friends, but we fell out. Thorn said I was too cute for him, and we fell out."

Northey was placed under the influence of an anesthetic and Dr. W. H. Mays, assisted by Police Surgeon Somers and Dr. Coffman, performed the delicate operation of laparotomy as a last resort to save his life.

The physicians found that the wound was a probably fatal one. The bullet entered the lower abdomen several inches to the left of the navel, penetrating the abdominal cavity. It then ranged backward, severing seven of the intestines in its course, and finally lodged near the back. Owing to Northey's weak condition and the attending danger the physicians made no attempt to extract the bullet from its lodging place.

The news of the shooting spread rapidly and Northey's friends and relatives soon made their appearance at the hospital to inquire after his condition.

The attaches witnessed a pathetic scene when his aged mother and his pretty young wife, to whom he has been married a little over a year, made their appearance. It was with difficulty that the latter could be restrained from rushing into the operating-room to her dying husband's side, and she cried piteously when she learned of his injuries.

Among the visitors was "Jim" Neil, Northey's partner in the bookmaking business up to a few days ago, who was the only one who could throw any light upon the cause of the shooting.

According to Neil's statement Northey had been in the bookmaking business with a man named Connors, but lost $2500 in the venture. With the remnants of his funds, amounting to about $1000, he offered to go into partnership with Neil, and the latter consented, furnishing the balance of the necessary funds.

Up to last Tuesday the firm prospered.

"We were $1680 ahead of the races," said Neil, "at that time. We took in $985 on Tuesday and had to pay out $801. Northey had all the money in his charge and I guess started out on a time or gambled it away while he was drunk. I do not blame him a bit, for he since gave me a note indorsed by his wife, and I collected the amount it called for, $280. But I decided to start for myself and we severed partnership.

"I know that Thorn owed Northey money. Thorn was also in the bookmaking business with his brother, and when Silver Plate ran several days ago bet heavily on him on credit. The horse lost and Thorn could not square his debts and had to skip.

"Northey told me that he had loaned Thorn what he asked for to help him out, but did not tell me the amount. He and Thorn appeared friendly after that and often went out together since. Saturday night they slept together at the Occidental Hotel, where they registered under fictitious names.

"I know both had been drinking and guess that when Northey ran short of funds and needed money he asked Thorn to pay back what he had loaned him. I guess that was what caused the trouble between them."

At 2:30 o'clock this morning Northey was still alive, but sinking, and it was thought he would not live till sunrise.

AFTER DIRECTORS.

The Grand Army Will Stir Things Up.

THE VETERANS' HOME STEAL.

The Directors May Have to Pay Royce's Shortage—A Merry War Promised.

There is going to be a serious time in the Veterans' Home Association as a result of the Royce embezzlement.

On Monday night there will be a meeting of the association and from all reports the Grand Army and Mexican veterans are going to make it extremely uncomfortable for somebody.

Apropos of the coming trouble it may be said that there is no question in the minds of several lawyers of this city that the old board of directors of the Veterans' Home Association, which elected C. E. K. Royce their treasurer, are liable for the amount of his defalcation and the majority of the members of the old board are painfully aware of this fact.

The Veterans' Home is a quasi public institution receiving support from both the State and the United States. It is said that under the articles of incorporation of the Veteran Home Association the directors are bound financially and otherwise for the action of the officers they elect. Their constitution says that the directors shall elect from among their number certain committees, among which is an auditing committee, and it goes on to say that:

The auditing committee shall examine all bills and claims against the association, and if found to be correct shall indorse their allowance and approval on the same in writing, and no order shall be made for the payment of any bill or claim until it is indorsed, allowed and approved by such committee, and must previous to each quarterly meeting of the board examine the books of the secretary, treasurer and any other officer who may transact business in behalf of the association, and must report fully thereon to the board at such meeting.

That this was not properly done in the case of Treasurer Royce goes without saying, and while the constitution and by-laws of the association say nothing about the financial liability of directors for failure to obey the rules laid down the lawyers say that the law is with the State, under which the Veterans' Home is incorporated, do specify distinctly that the directors of the home shall be liable for any loss of moneys due to their negligence.

The old board of directors consisted of James A. Waymire, William J. Ruddick, Samuel Rahm, E. P. Herrick, George H. Stevens, W. C. Burnett, H. T. Hobberg, W. H. H. Hart, C. E. K. Royce, E. D. Hansard, M. D. Hyde, and these are the men upon whom the burden will fall of reimbursing the association for the defalcations of Royce.

Yesterday afternoon the executive committee of the present board of directors of the Veterans' Home met with W. H. Jordan, the counsel selected to act for them in this matter, and had a long conference. While it is not authentically stated, there is nevertheless every reason to believe that even should Royce be found indebted in recovering double the verdict in the Steen-Hendy case that he has a right under the decisions to expect, the association would still be unable to collect a dollar from that source.

It is also intimated that Royce has not only assigned his interest in the Steen-Hendy judgment to Mr. Rothgeb of Alameda, but that he has also assigned that of his client, Mr. Steen.

Royce's contract with Steen was for one half the amount recovered and all costs and expenses which he, Royce, might have incurred in the suit. When Royce wanted to assign his interest in the judgment he asked Steen to assent and it is said Royce secured his assent in such a way as to use his client's interest in the judgment as well as his own. This inference is borne out by the fact that Royce assigned $29,300 of a $37,000 of which he was only to received one half.

Again the Plumas County lands are found to be in the possession of other parties by deed and not mortgage. So that the outlook for recovery by the directors is not bright. They don't want to shoulder $18,000, but it begins to look as if there was no other way out of it, especially if the interpretation of the law under which the home is incorporated is correct as given by several good lawyers.

Royce is getting better, but now that he knows he is going to be prosecuted it is probable he will cease making overtures for restitution of the Steen funds and stand trial on the whole count.

The newest phase of the matter was brought out last evening at a special meeting of the Grand Army, held in the department headquarters on Eddy street.

The meeting was called by Department Commander Fred T. Seymour and was attended by the post department commanders and members of the Council of Administration.

Briefly stated, the meeting was for the purpose of devising the best means to clear the department of the odium that now attaches to it on account of the disclosures in the Royce case.

The main result of the meeting was the appointment of a committee of five to attend the meeting of the Veterans' Association, to be held on Monday night. This meeting is called for the purpose of investigating the conduct of the directors of the Yountville Home, and it will be the duty of the committee appointed last night to represent the Department of California of the G. A. R. at this meeting.

The situation which requires such a course is described as a "wheel within a wheel." The directors to be elected from both the Veterans' Association and the Grand Army of the Republic in the following manner: Twenty members of the Grand Army and five of the Mexican War Veterans are selected, from which the directors are chosen. Eleven of this number are elected by the votes of the entire twenty-five.

This method has proven to be a source of some misunderstandings, and has led to the charge that a well-organized ring has been able to conduct the affairs of the home for years.

After the meeting last night Department Commander Seymour was seen by a reporter of THE CALL. "The meeting," he said, "was called simply to adopt measures for the protection of the department. We hardly anticipate any trouble, and in that case there will be no call for a committee, but in the event that the Veterans' Association sees fit to refuse some demands which we propose to make the committee will be fully prepared to take decisive action in the matter.

"No, it is not possible to tell what will be done at the meeting on Thursday night. Some specific action will be requested, but whether such action will be taken or not cannot be told at this time. Upon the action taken Monday night depends the course which the committee appointed to-night will follow."

Major Warfield, past grand commander of the department, made similar statements. He said that the committee appointed last night were all members of the Grand Army, who had occupied high positions in the department, and in whom the comrades had the highest confidence.

"We look to this committee to clear the department of all charges which might be made against it, growing out of this affair. If it is found that the directors of the home have acted in a negligent or unwarranted manner, it is probable that some resignations will be asked for.

"The committee will see that the affairs of the home are straightened out and placed in such shape that there can be no further scandals. On Monday night the committee will be fully prepared to act. There are upon it two men of recognized business ability and one of the best lawyers in the State."

Another outgrowth of the meeting last night will be a movement to place the Yountville Home under the charge of the Government. It was the unanimous sense of the meeting last night that plans be formulated whereby the matter could be brought up in proper shape at the next Grand Army encampment of the State Department. An attempt will be made then to have the department a unit for the proposition.

POOR WORK CONDEMNED.

Supervisors Thanked for Protecting the Taxpayers.

The Buena Vista Improvement Club met last night at Fillmore and Hermann streets. C. E. Dunshee presided, John Monahan secretary.

The inferior material used in the Fell-street sewer system and the consequent faulty workmanship was brought to the notice of the club and the defects mentioned.

Several property-owners thought that the Grand Jury's attention shovld be directed to the matter and an investigation entered into to ascertain whether the Street Department employes were in collusion with the contractors when the sewer was accepted, as the specifications were grossly violated.

The suit or appeal of the property-owners against the assessments for the sewer and the suit now pending were also discussed.

Over 600 of those assessed have joined their issues, and upon the decision rendered depends whether the assessments will be declared valid or not.

Testimony is to be introduced showing violations of the contracts and faulty construction. Other reasons are that many of those taxed are not in the watershed, and on some blocks the lot-owners had already paid for a brick sewer which had been accepted by the city.

John P. Dalton reported that the vegetable gardens on Waller street, from Pierce to Scott, had been abandoned, but those on Fillmore and Ridley streets were still in operation despite the Board of Health's orders of removal, an extension of time having been given them.

The strange course of the property-owners of Fell street, which street was paved with bitumen from Webster and Fillmore streets, and its acceptance refused by the city, was mentioned.

After having been imposed upon by the contractors and the inferior work shown up, the lot-owners petitioned the Supervisors to accept the street notwithstanding the objections. It was declared that the contractors to secure this petition from those interested had made a compromise or reduction.

The club determined to request the Supervisors not to accept the block on Fell street, or any other street where inferior material and workmanship was brought to light.

A vote of thanks was also tendered the Board of Supervisors for the stand against the acceptance of the inferior bitumen pavements that are being laid throughout the city. The secretary will notify the city fathers of the club's indorsement.

IT WAS SUICIDE.

Laudanum Caused Spencer's Death.

But a Mystery Remains—No Motive Revealed and All Valuables Are Missing.

The mystery surrounding J. B. Spencer's death was solved late last night. It was a case of suicide, but the motive for it remains a mystery.

An analysis of the stomach was made and in it an ounce of laudanum was found.

In the Coroner's office little credence is given to the theft of the dead man's watch and jewelry. From the beginning Deputy Coroner Jones expressed the belief that Spencer had taken his own life. He argued that there was nothing of value in the dead man's effects. None of his papers could be found. Even the letters from his fiancee were missing. He had almost no money in the bank and was posing as a wealthy man. Everything tended to show that he had destroyed all evidence that would point at a cause for suicide, and this made the deputy suspicious.

Mr. Spencer's friends are at a loss to understand why he should have made away with himself and have to the last derided the idea that he would ever think of taking his life.

"He had every reason to want to live," said J. M. Gamble, his business manager. He had the management on the Pacific Slope of the largest tobacco manufactory in the United States. His salary was large and he was engaged to a beautiful young woman with whom he was much in love.

"Tuesday night I was with him until 11 o'clock at Miss Ewing's residence, at 2221 Scott street. Five minutes after I left he bade his betrothed good-night for the last time. He must have gone directly to the hotel, for he was talking with the night clerk there shortly after 11:30 o'clock."

Among the effects of the deceased was a receipt for a box in the Safe Deposit vaults. This was empty. At the Pacific Bank there was but $67 45 on deposit, while in the clothes of the deceased was found only 65 cents.

The whereabouts of his valuables Mr. Gamble could explain only on the theory that he had drawn the money from the bank, and that his secretary, in charge of all his valuables, had been stolen after Spencer died. The deceased had shown friends passes he had obtained for his wife from Denver to Kansas City and from Kansas City to Chicago and return. These, with his mileage tickets, watch, diamonds and letters were missing.

One of the odd things was that all the letters from the firm for a week back were gone too. Spencer's accounts with the company seemed all right. He was not a man about town. His evenings were spent with his betrothed. No one knew of his spending money foolishly. To his friends, therefore, there seemed to be but one explanation of the loss of his effects, not that he had sold or destroyed them, but that they had been stolen.

Business men who had come in contact with him spoke of Spencer as a shrewd, energetic business man. It is not known that he had any familiar friends. He had the reputation of being conservative and uncommunicative.

Though no one knew for a certainty that he had his watch with him Tuesday night, several have spoken of noticing his diamond studs and solitaire diamond ring. Others say that he had money—some gold and some silver—on Tuesday afternoon.

Where it has gone to is another mystery to be solved. O. Rich, the clerk of the Grand Hotel, says that he locked the door of the room in which the dead man lay and with his assistant came downstairs to telephone for the Coroner and Dr. Nathan Rogers. Only one other person in the house knew of the fact of Spencer's death. That was the night porter, who has been with the house fifteen years and is perfectly trustworthy. Upon the arrival of the Deputy Coroner, the clerk says he escorted that gentleman upstairs and unlocked the door. This, he says, took some time as he did not find the lock at once.

Deputy Coroner Jones says that when he and his assistants were shown to the room where the body lay the door was pushed open by Mr. Rich. Not only was it not locked, but it must have been ajar.

Mrs. Ewing, the mother of the young lady to whom Spencer was to be married Thursday, said the idea of suicide was ridiculous.

"Why," she said, "I never saw one who seemed so supremely content with life. Tuesday night he seemed fairly bubbling over with joy at the thought of the fruition of his dearest plans. There were several friends with us and he told of how the bridal trip was to be made and what he intended doing on it."

Mrs. Raymour of 1024 Powell street has been subpenaed by the Coroner to appear at the inquest to-day. When seen she said:

"I knew Mr. Spencer first six or seven years ago. I was a waitress in a hotel. He was a traveling man and I saw him quite frequently, as I moved from place to place, and he would sometimes stop at places where I was working. I only knew him casually. The last time I saw him was about ten days ago on Fourth street. He then he passed his office he left me and went upstairs, and I went home. He never came to see me here.

"When I read in the paper of his death I was awfully shocked, and I went down to the Coroner's to see if it were really he, and when I learned it was I wanted to see him. They said to come later and I did. Then they made a great sensation about it.

"No, I know nothing of his private life."

Spencer has a brother who was in Los Angeles and a sister now in Chicago. His only other known relative is a half-brother. His brother has been telegraphed for and will arrive to-day.

The funeral will take place on Sunday afternoon from the residence of Miss Ewing.

IN NEW QUARTERS.

The Young Men's Institute Will Occupy Loyola Hall.

At a meeting of the board of directors of the Young Men's Institute, held last night, it was finally decided to remove the headquarters the Institute had for some five years occupied in the Flood building to Loyola Hall, on the corner of Market and Tenth streets.

The removal will take place at once and by May 1 the order will occupy a whole building in its new location.

There are now fourteen branches of the institute in this city, having a total membership of about 3000, and the present quarters have for some time been considered too cramped.

In their new home the members will have billiard, reading, sitting and meeting rooms enough to accommodate all the branches.

It is expected that the Grand Lodge will soon announce a great housewarming festival.

Music at the Park.

The following choice programme has been arranged for the open-air concert to be given to-day at Golden Gate Park by the band named after that popular resort:

Overture, "Light Cavalry" ..... Suppe
"Lecheiceros Ojos," danza Mejicana ..... W. J. McCoy
Selection, "Pirates of Penzance" ..... Sullivan
"Chantilly Waltz" ..... Waldteufel
"Humoristic Potpourri" ..... Strelner
Overture, "Son and Stranger" ..... Mendelssohn
(a) "Evening Prayer" (first time) ..... Reinecke
(b) "Muckentanz," (Dance of the Gnats) (first time) ..... Eilenberg
Selection, "William Tell" ..... Rossini
"Columbus," grand descriptive fantasia ..... Herman
"The High School Cadets March" ..... Sousa

A special meeting will be held to-morrow afternoon at Academy Hall on Mission street, near Fifth, for the purpose of forming a "liberal lyceum" for the free discussion of all subjects and for mutual improvement. The public is cordially invited.

AT VENUS' SHRINE.

Charles Basebe's Hopeless Attachment.

HE ANNOYED A YOUNG LADY.

Though Meek in Demeanor His Mashing Ways and Invisible Inks Caused His Conviction.

A crowd of interested spectators from both sides of the bay gathered together in Police Judge Campbell's courtroom yesterday to hear Charles E. Basebe answer to certain charges brought against him by Miss Isabella A. Worn.

The specific charge against the defendant was that he did willfully and unlawfully, etc., disturb the peace of the neighborhood of Grant avenue and Post street, and particularly that of the lady before mentioned, on the 18th day of April, 1893.

Masher Basebe.

Basebe, the defendant, who hails from perfidious Albion, and has brought with him from his native shores a "cockney" accent of a rich flavor, presented a queer type of the genus "masher" as he composedly took his seat beside his counsel, ex-Judge Ferral.

With smoothly shaven skull, garnished about the ears with a fringe of pale red hair and with pallid countenance, wearing an aspect of meekness, calculated to impress to the best advantage a body of sympathetic jurymen, he looked as though his mission were rather to offer prayer for the souls of the guilty than to listen to aspersions cast upon his spotless reputation. He was moreover attired in a suit of somber black, duly appropriate to the surroundings.

Yet Charles Edward Basebe proves to have one weakness which has triumphed over all his noble qualities and wrought him harm. That is his fond admiration for the fair sex.

And this is trebly reprehensible in Basebe, when it is reflected that he has been long bound by the ties of wedlock.

Basebe is an artist—a portrait-painter and colorer of photographs—and has worked long in the service of a photographer of local renown.

He has for some time resided at Larkspur, in Marin County, and it has been his custom to cross to and fro by way of Sausalito every week day.

By the same train patronized by Basebe Miss Isabella Worn has also journeyed to the city. Miss Worn resides with her parents and family at Larkspur, while she is engaged as stenographer to a well-known firm on California street.

Miss Worn has a sister who has similar employment in the city and the two young ladies often cross the bay together.

Miss Worn is a tall handsome young lady of refined appearance, of modest demeanor and showed considerable emotion while telling the story of her persecution.

It appears that Basebe became smitten with her two and a half years ago. He had never succeeded in obtaining an introduction, but had attempted to gain speech with her by ogling her on every possible occasion.

It was shown that Basebe had persistently taken a seat next to her on both car and boat and had done his best to stare her out of countenance. He had also accosted her and had dogged her footsteps on the street.

Finally, on the 18th day of April, 1893, Basebe had deliberately walked up to Miss Worn on Post street, as she stood looking through a shop window and attempted to speak with her. Hence Miss Worn's cause of action.

The courtroom presented an almost gay appearance. Miss Worn was accompanied by her parents and sisters and was the recipient of many sympathetic glances.

But Basebe sat alone and twirled his thumbs, while his mind drew fearsome pictures of what was in store for him. And so the case was opened.

George A. Worn, the complainant's father, caused the first ripple of merriment to dance over the solemn proceedings. He testified that he had once warned Basebe that he must leave his daughter alone, and that Basebe had retorted insolently.

On being asked if he had had any further conversation with the accused, Mr. Worn, his white locks shaking with excitement, said, "Yes, sir, I had, with my umbrella in his face."

But this was not all that threatened Basebe in his worship at the shrine of Venus.

A friend of the Worn family, Butler by name, testified that he had also remonstrated with the defendant in a somewhat energetic manner, winding up by offering to give him "a good licking." This was stated to have elicited a promise from Basebe "Never do it no more."

But love was stronger than honor, and the defendant's promise, like pie-crust, was brittle.

And so the evidence was piled up against the unhappy Basebe.

But his attorney did wonders. He raised a technical objection to the questions asked by the prosecuting attorney, J. H. Mahoney, every ten seconds, and, on having them all overruled, tried to look as if he was taken by surprise and frowned ominously at the jury.

Before putting his client on the witness stand, Mr. Ferral called several well-known photographers and art-dealers of the city, and received testimony to the effect that never in the course of their experience had they come across any one so utterly guileless and simple as the most unjustly accused, nor one less calculated to be inspired with feelings so reprehensible as those attributed to him.

But although these gentlemen did all they could in honesty and veracity to help Mr. Basebe, certain facts were elicited from them in cross-examination.

It appears that certain differences had arisen some time ago between Basebe and his wife, which nearly resulted in divorce proceedings being instituted against Basebe. Here the Prosecuting Attorney looked triumphant.

But not for long.

In an instant Attorney Ferral was on his feet and in loud tones exclaimed that a certain lawyer had sneaked into a happy home and had made trouble between husband and wife, offering to secure a divorce for the latter. "And that man," continued the lawyer, "is my friend, the Prosecuting Attorney."

There was a pretty row here.

The two lawyers forgot judge, jury and everything else and shouted at one another until Judge Campbell, after vainly attempting to restore order by almost breaking his desk in with his gavel, finally brought about a cessation of hostilities by threatening to put both the belligerents in the dock alongside the defendant Basebe.

Then the defendant himself took the stand.

Basebe almost went as he told the sad tale of how he had been fascinated by the beautiful young lady.

Asked if he had ever received any encouragement, he said: "No. She used to come very close to me at one time, but latterly not. I did not stare at her insultingly. I merely admired her. It is not my nature to insult ladies. I couldn't do it. She gave me the impression that she wished me to speak to her. But I do not wish to say anything against the young lady, though she's been very cruel to me. She has indeed."

What most damaged the defendant's case was his admission of having written letters to Miss Worn under an assumed name, and asking for a meeting. These letters had been promptly forwarded to Mrs. Basebe, who gave the substance of them to the prosecution, but declined to give up the originals.

The letters were written on photographic paper with the mysterious instructions: "Fades quickly in a strong light, slowly in a dull light, and not at all in the dark. E. Boyd, care of W. Beggar, 1410 Folsom street, city."

After an adjournment of one hour and a half for dinner, Attorney Mahoney commenced to put his case before the jury. He did not speak long, however, and sat down thoroughly satisfied that he had built a wall of evidence against Basebe that no human skill could shatter.

But Mr. Ferral was quickly on his feet and in a powerful and concise address pulled the wall of evidence down, brick by brick.

He endeavored to show the jury that extraneous matter had been introduced by the prosecution not bearing on the case, and that his client had done no wrong. He admitted that Basebe had been foolish, nay, even criminal, in his admiration for Miss Worn, while he himself was a married man.

"But there is no fool like an old fool," said the attorney, whereat the would-be masher looked disconcerted, "and my client has certainly made a fool of himself." The attorney sat down with a look of defiance, as though no jury could possibly disagree with his view of the case.

The prosecuting attorney had last say, however, and having his trowel and mortar ready lost no time in repairing the havoc made by the defendant's counsel.

After a brief charge by Judge Campbell the jury retired.

After forty minutes' absence the jury filed in—"Verdict guilty, with a strong recommendation to mercy." And every one in court said "Serve him right."

Sentence was deferred till Monday next, when it is understood that defendant's counsel will give notice of appeal. Meanwhile Basebe's bail was raised another $50, which was promptly put up on his behalf by Mr. Ferral, and for the next few days Charles Edward Basebe will walk the streets a free man, to dream of future conquests.

ALONG THE FRONT.

A Sailor Lost Overboard From the Schooner Garfield.

On an average every other deep-water vessel that has entered the harbor for the past three months has reported an accidental drowning at sea.

The schooner James A. Garfield reached here yesterday from Grays Harbor. The captain reports the drowning at sea of Seaman James Smith, who fell overboard from the starboard chain-locker on the 27th of March.

A boat was lowered immediately, in command of the second mate, and four seamen attempted to rescue the unfortunate man.

The boat's crew searched for an hour for the body, without avail.

Late last evening a report was circulated, founded on good authority, that two men of the schooner Melanchthon had been lost overboard on her up trip to the sound.

The captain of the schooner could not be found, so the rumor could not be verified.

The projectors of the opposition ferry-boat scheme are circulating the report that their fare to Oakland and return will be 10 cents, and disinterested parties have stated that the Southern Pacific would "meet the cut." This is not so; the Southern Pacific ferry service will not make any "cuts," nor has it ever contemplated such a move.

Captain McCullough, who was lately appointed bar pilot, has assumed his duties. Captain Williams, late of the schooner Anna, has taken the former's place as commander of the brig William T. Irwin.

Henry Elvin, who is proprietor of the Exchange Saloon, on Main street, was recently presented by the commander of the steamer Lakme with a bag of castor beans, which the gallant skipper averred were the choice lima product.

Henry tried to make a little soup, called on his mother for some soup meat, added a couple of handfuls of the beans to the mess, then proceeded behind the bar to take an "appetizer."

Henry's mixture produced more grease than soup and his kitchen gave out an odor like a quarantine station.

He blamed the butcher for having sold him bad meat and started after him with a bung-starter.

Those who were aware of the Lakme's officer's mistake in the identity of the beans interfered and prevented bloodshed. Henry threw his soup overboard, kettle and all, but being of a generous nature and appreciating a joke, he then set up the drinks for the crowd.

The Russian sealing steamer Kotic sailed for Petropaulovski yesterday afternoon.

The Italian bark Cavaliere Luiga D. arrived from Honolulu with sugar for Spreckels & Bros.

The steam schooner Laguna will take on a union crew.

The steamer Willamette Valley of the Oregon Pacific line left Yaquina yesterday morning for San Francisco with another consignment of wood and wheat. There has been a remarkable demand for the wood which only lately the Oregon Pacific decided to place on the fuel market.

The genial purser of the steamer St. Paul is contemplating having his life insured. Five tons of dynamite have been stored directly under his stateroom. The explosive is for Acajutla, Central America.

There is quite a demand for high explosives in the south, but there has always been more or less trouble in getting vessels to carry it except during certain seasons of the year. During the period of squalls and heavy thunderstorms which prevail in that section, it is rather dangerous for vessels to carry high-grade explosives.

MINER HUESCH DEAD.

The Well-Known Expert Expires of Heart Failure.

Constantin Huesch, a mining man well known in the city, was found dead in his room at the Lick House early yesterday morning. Death was attributed to heart failure.

From the circumstances it is supposed that Mr. Huesch was preparing for bed when seized with the attack which resulted fatally. He had been in poor health for some time past, although when he returned the other day from a business trip he seemed to his friends to be looking remarkably well.

Deceased had been quite prominent in mining interests in the city. He was a scientific miner, and put up the first copper smelter at Copperopolis. Of late years Mr. Huesch was in the employ of Henry Janin and other capitalists as an expert and was constantly traveling to Mexico and other mining parts along the coast. He has made several remarkable deals in mines, among these being his sale of the El Dorado Canyon mine in Nevada in the early '60's.

During the past four years his fortunes varied considerably, but it is understood that when death took him he had just completed a very successful venture in the new Vanderbilt district, from which he was expected to realize a large sum of money. He had the misfortune to lose his wife eighteen months ago.

No inquest will be held, as the authorities are convinced the death took place from natural causes. A certificate to this effect was issued.

SALVATION ARMY NOTES.

Close of the Week of Self-Denial—A Fair at Beulah.

Last night closed the two weeks of prayer and self-denial in the Salvation Army throughout the United States. All the Salvationists in this city assembled at headquarters, 1139 Market street, Congress Hall. The meeting was conducted by Major Keppel and Staff Captain Milsaps.

Major Keppel announced that after the usual services were concluded another meeting would be held for special prayer and the gathering in of tithes, when everybody present was expected to come forward and deposit their possessions, money, jewelry, etc., upon the altar, to help the work of the Salvation Army along. The prayer meeting lasted half the night, beginning at 11 o'clock. Many persons came forward to receive the blessing of sanctification.

On Monday next there will be a fair at the Rescue Home, at Beulah, in Alameda County, and the fancy work of the girls who have taken refuge there since its establishment will be offered for sale.

The revenue derived from the fair will be devoted to the support of the home.

Captain May Jackson has recovered from the injuries she received by her fall last Friday sufficiently to be out again.

Entomology.

The California Entomological Society held a very interesting meeting last night in the rooms of the State Board of Horticulture, 220 Sutter street. An election of officers took place, with the following result: President, Dr. H. H. Behr of the Academy of Sciences, San Francisco; vice-president, Professor E. J. Wickson of Berkeley; secretary, W. G. Johnson of Palo Alto; treasurer, C. C. Riedy of San Franc