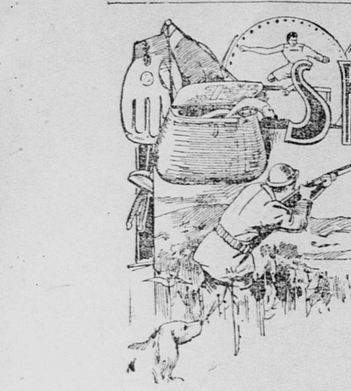

Lovers of outdoor pastimes can enjoy themselves to-day by witnessing a grand coursing meeting at Ocean View or watching the opening game of cricket at the Alameda cricket grounds. The Olympic Club athletes will have a cross-country run through Bear Valley, Marin County. Trap-shooting matches will be held at the Oakland track and as the streams are now in fine order, devotees of angling can hope for good sport in the country.

GUN AND DOG.

The Seattle Kennel Club's Show—The Game Bill.

The Pacific Coast Kennel Club realized from its bench show exhibition at the Pavilion about $800.

The expenses attached to the show were very large, in fact much greater than the officials had anticipated a month ago. George Raper, the judge, has been visiting friends in Napa County. He will leave today for Seattle, where a bench show under the auspices of the Seattle Kennel Club will be held, commencing on the 17th inst.

Campbell of Irish setter fame left yesterday for Seattle with a large string of dogs, including setters, pointers, St. Bernards and foxterriers.

Campbell lost by distemper a few days ago his very handsome setter puppy Glenmore Hoodlum, which won first prize at Los Angeles and this city.

Mrs. E. B. Grace, owner of the Yorkshire terrier Sis that was run over and killed by a streetcar in front of the Pavilion on the last day of the show, states that she will bring an action against the club for damages. The officers state that the accident was all owing to Mrs. Grace's neglect, and that the club cannot be held responsible.

The Portland (Or.) Kennel Club proposes to hold a bench show in June, as by that time the club will have become a member of the American Kennel Club.

Who will judge the classes of dogs is not known. Raper expects to be among the Germans about that time.

A few weeks ago a sportsman writing to the American Field, under the nom de plume of "Podgers," from this city relative to the Emeric game bill scored a representative of the sportsman's Protective Association for having used harsh language against the bill, which he termed as being decidedly un-American.

"Podgers," by the way, is a leading member of a local gun club, which has leased many acres of land in the vicinity of Suisun purposely for the duck shooting, which is to be had thereon during the shooting season.

The club is exclusively aristocratic and, like our great railroads, is at all times looking for more lands to conquer.

"Podger," would not have the least objection in having the controlling power of all the shooting lands of this grand State. He is supposed to be a protector of game and fish, but according to the divers stories he has spun in the parlors of the Pacific Union Club of this city relative to the big bags he has made on the club grounds, it is not to be wondered at that game (ducks) are becoming scarce on the once famous shooting marshes of Suisun.

If a sportsman is going to go according to the ethics of the law, which discriminates between the pot-shooter and the sportsman who shoots for pleasure, then Mr. "Podgers" must turn over a new leaf if he hopes to be recognized by honorable sportsmen's clubs as being an honorable sportsman worthy of recognition by true lovers of the chase.

In reply to "Podgers'" criticism of the representatives of the Sportsmen's Protective Association of this city the following letter appeared in a recent edition of the American Field. It says: "In your issue of March 23 'Podgers' has much to say about an effort made in the last Legislature to pass a new game law.

"His statement is misleading to say the least, and he does not mention the clause in this proposed law, which should be objectionable to every fair-minded man, and which killed the bill. Had it passed it would have made the State a shooting preserve for the wealthy clubs and their friends, and barred out any one not rich enough or fortunate enough to belong to one of these clubs from enjoying a day's sport with gun and dog. This clause made it a misdemeanor for any person to hunt in any county in the State, except the county in which he resided, without first taking out a license in each county in which he proposed to hunt, paying $25 per annum for each license, provided that if he owned land or leased land in any county no license was required in such county. A 'little joker' in favor of the rich clubs provided that if a man had an invitation 'in writing' from some person owning or leasing land in another county it was lawful for him to hunt without taking out a license. This would have enabled the aristocratic shooting clubs to invite their friends to their preserves without putting these friends to any expense.

"As there is no game in San Francisco County, and sportsmen from that county hunt in five or six different counties during the open season, you can readily see that this license business would have shut off most of the hunting.

"The State Sportsmen's Association is an organization which did most to defeat this measure and which numbers among its members just as true gentlemen and sportsmen as the clubs.

"We have a good trespass law, but the clubs wanted one that would protect their leased, uninclosed marsh land, much of which is tide land cut up by navigable sloughs. They did not get their wishes. Hence these tears. In your editorial, 'Tags Are un-American,' you voice the true American sentiment, but the California clubs proposed to go even further than Maine and Michigan, and to tax the State's own citizens every time they went into a county to hunt in which they did not own or lease land. The leading papers in the State all opposed this measure, and a vote of thanks by the Sportsmen's Protective Association was passed for this service."

ROD AND CREEL.

Lobsters in Monterey Bay—Steelhead Trout.

Messrs. Murdock and McNeil, Fish Commissioners, are at present inspecting the fish hatchery at Shovel Creek, a stream which empties into the Klamath River, Siskiyou County.

The chief of the fish patrol has submitted his monthly report to the Fish Commissioners. It gives a concise and accurate account of the labors of the deputies engaged during the month on the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers. Several arrests were made for illegal fishing, and the largest number of fines in any one month were paid into the Fish Commission fund.

Anglers who have visited the Garcia River, in Mendocino County, report that it is an utter impossibility for any fish to ascend the dam that has been erected in the river in the vicinity of White's Lumber Company's logging camp. It is to be hoped that the Fish Commissioners, who took pains to stock this beautiful stream last season, will give the matter the attention it deserves.

A gentleman who is a lover of angling states that he had spoken to L. E. White, who is the senior member of the lumber company in question, and that the gentleman promised him immediate attention would be given the matter. As Mr. White is fond of the pastime of angling it is presumed that he will soon remedy the obstruction complained of.

Some very good baskets of fish have been recently taken at Lake Pilarcitos. Of the Spring Valley lakes Pilarcitos is the only one upon which fly fishing is good during the spring and summer months.

John H. Carroll, R. P. Oliver and Dr. Joseph Oliver are having splendid trout-fishing on the streams which empty into the ocean near Sea View. The gentlemen are expected to return to-morrow loaded down with the delicacies of the season, piscatorially speaking.

The fishermen who have made a practice of catching sturgeon in the Sacramento River with sturgeon lines might just as well look to some other means of procuring a living, as the commissioners will not permit the use of any more sturgeon lines.

A. Wilson and Dr. Dean were prospecting for striped bass last Sunday near Lime Point. They met with poor luck. Instead of fish they caught a squall, which landed them on the beach in quick order.

The steelhead is now undergoing an overhauling in the Eastern papers which are devoted to fishing and shooting. Some authorities contend that the steelhead is a salmon, while others give various reasons to prove that it is a trout. Dr. Jordan of the Stanford Jr. University, of Palo Alto, in a paper recently published relative to Pacific Coast fishes, makes the following statement relative to steelheads, that is, from a scientific point of view:

"Another California trout is the so-called steelhead, more usually known in California as salmon trout, a fish sufficiently like the salmon trout of Europe, but the name steelhead seems to me preferable because it is given to no other fish. Its scientific name is Salmo gairdneri, named for Dr. Gairdner of Astoria. The fact that these fish are spent in the spring would indicate a spawning time later than that of the salmon, probably midwinter. Comp ring the steelheads with the rainbow trout we find no differences other than that the former is of much larger size and has a larger mouth, and its caudal fin is truncate instead of forked. But the tail becomes more truncate and the mouth larger with age in all species of salmon and trout. It is not at all unlikely that the steelhead is simply a rainbow trout which has descended into the sea and which has grown larger and coarser and acquired somewhat different form and habits on account of its food and surroundings. If this be true the very young steelheads would not be distinguishable from the young rainbow trout, and I do not know a single structural character of any kind by which the two may be separated. In every other case there is some mark, some difference in the number of scales or bones by which we can tell the species of trout, the one from the other; but in the case of the steelhead there is absolutely no such difference. * * * In every internal respect, in every bone and every part of its structure the steelhead and the rainbow trout agree, and so it is one of the unsettled problems connected with the fisheries of California whether the steelhead is a distinct kind of trout, or whether any rainbow trout, placed in the ocean or the river mouth, and allowed to feed on the rich food which the salmon gets, would not, in time, develop into a steelhead regardless of the form of its parents.

"The evidence, so far as it is in, is conflicting. There are some things which go to show that the two are distinct fishes. Other evidence would show that they are simply forms of the same thing, and a thorough study of the coastwise streams of this State is necessary before this point can be settled. * * * The remaining trout of this coast is the species known as the cutthroat trout, or Salmo mykiss. This is the longest known of the American trout, having been discovered first by Steller, who gave it the Russian name of mykiss, which science has preserved. * * * It is subject to very great variations according to the character of the water, according to the food which it receives, and according to various other less known circumstances. It is, however, in all this region, substantially the same fish. In some places it reaches a weight of twenty-five or thirty pounds. * * * It has much smaller scales than the rainbow trout or the steelhead. In fact, it has smaller scales than any other of the known species of trout, although much larger than the scales of any of the charrs."

The Fish Commissioners received a letter from a resident of Monterey on Thursday which stated that a real live lobster was caught in Monterey Bay a few days ago and is now ready for shipment to this city, that is, provided a reward of $50, which is said to be offered for the first lobster caught in Pacific Coast waters, will be given to the lucky fisherman. Chief of Patrol Babcock has doubts about the fish, which he thinks must be "a spurious article."

AQUATIC.

Programme of the Austin (Tex.) Regatta.

The managers of the regatta that is to held at Austin, Tex., June 7 to 10 to celebrate the completion of the granite dam, one of the greatest feats of engineering skill ever attempted, is as follows:

Professional events—Single-scull shells, $1500 to first, $500 to second and $300 to third; consolation single-scull shells, $200; single-scull shells, quarter mile straight away, $700; double-scull shells, $500; four-oared shells, for which a suitable prize will be given, the committee furnishing the boats.

Amateur events — Senior four-oared shells, junior four-oared shells, senior single-scull shells, junior single-scull shells, senior double-scull shells and junior double-scull shells. Silver cups will be given to the winners of the different races, that for the senior single-scull being designated the "J. A. St. John Cup," the well-known Mound City patron of rowing and oarsmen being appointed special commissioner of the regatta.

There will also be local events, consisting of gig and tub races, a goose race, etc., and a spectacular production of the comic opera of "Pinafore" will be given on board of a large steamer that is to be anchored in front of the grandstand, which will have a seating capacity of 5000. This will certainly be a decided novelty. Entries for the races are to be made to John Crotty, general manager Austin dam regatta, Austin, Tex., and will close on May 20. Any information needed may be obtained by addressing him as above. A number of professional oarsmen from the North will participate in the regatta, including Edward Hanlan and George H. Hosmer, who will leave for the scene of the aquatic carnival in a couple of weeks.

The New York Clipper says: According to a dispatch from Toronto, Ont., dated April 18, Jake Gaudaur is seriously ill, the result of a severe cold contracted about a month ago. It is not believed that he will recover in time to be in condition for his contest for his race with Ed Hanlan for the championship of America, which is fixed to take place at Orillia, Ont., July 22, and he may not be able to meet the Australian, James Stanbury, this year, in which case Hanlan will have the opportunity he desires to make a match with the world's champion. Hanlan is in training on the Passaic River, where he takes his rowing exercise daily, as well as necessary land work.

COURSING.

Famous Dogs That Will Run Side by Side To-Day.

The races which will be run at Ocean View Park to-day should prove very interesting, as sixteen of the fastest running dogs in the State are entered for this big event. The Pacific Coast Coursing Club is certainly deserving of praise for the interest it has manifested in sports of the leash. The meetings which have been held under the club's auspices have always given excellent satisfaction, and as this will be the grand feature of the season, so far as inclosed coursing is concerned, the meeting will certainly prove a great success.

Judging from the past records of the dogs that will pitch into the short-tail fliers this afternoon, it is perfectly safe to say that the talent will have no easy thing to pick the winners of the valuable prizes up for competition.

THE RIFLE.

Shooting Festival of the Schuetzen Verein.

The spring shooting festival of the San Francisco Schuetzen Verein takes place at Shell Mound Park to-day and to-morrow. The programme is a most liberal one, the handsome sum of $500 being offered on the public targets, of which $207 are on the ring target and $293 on the bullseye target. In addition to these $400 is given for prizes on the company's target and $250 on the eagle.

The regular monthly medal shooting of the Marin County Schuetzen Club takes to-day at the California Schuetzen Club Park range.

Preparations are being made by many of our California marksmen to participate at the World's Fair shooting in Chicago, which begins Sunday, June 4 next.

Road Bowling.

A bowling match will take place this afternoon on the Temescal road, Berkeley, between L. Barry and T. Driscoll, for $50 a side and the championship of the coast. The contestants have won a game each and the match of to-day will decide the question of championship. Several other matches are on the tapis.

Cricket.

The cricket season will open to-day and no doubt a large gathering of cricketers will attend the first game, which will be played on the Alameda grounds.

Shoes Shined Free.

New York Sun.

Free shines are to be had in every large city in the United States to-day, but to get one you must go to the shop where you bought your shoes. The idea of blacking the shoes of customers for nothing was put in operation five years ago by a firm of New England manufacturers, who had twenty-two agencies in different parts of the country. A bootblack was hired at each one of these agencies. At first the customer went in timidly and had his shoes blacked once after he had bought them. When he next bought shoes he had them blacked a dozen times, and now there are men who never think of paying for a shine. The scheme was copied by a number of manufacturers, so that it is not unusual to find half a dozen places on a single block where blacking is done for nothing. In some of the larger shops as many as five men are kept busy at this work, but it is noticed that they do not labor as severely as bootblacks do who are in business for themselves. One concern gives to each customer a card with numbers to be punched out. The card is good for fifty shines.

A TWINE FACTORY.

It Frightened the Old Fisherman on Whom the Boys Played a Trick.

Boston Journal.

There is a queer old party who has been fishing on T wharf nearly every day lately. He wears an old slouch hat, and his ancient habiliments are weighted down with thick fade and real estate, with perhaps a little "personal property" thrown in. He has very rosy cheeks and nose, which are perhaps not wholly due to the salubrious breezes and general healthfulness of Fish wharf. He is evidently one of those kind of individuals that live to fish and not fish to live.

Saturday afternoon some of the "boys" thought they would play a little joke on him. They waited until he had wound the end of his line around the top of a pile and started down the wharf to get his hourly "booze."

They took a big ball of twine, which they had soaked thoroughly in a bucket of dirty water to give it an old appearance, and attached a heavy sinker to it from the center so as not to hinder its unwinding. Then they went over to the corner of the wharf and pulled up the old fisherman's line and, taking off the hooks, tied the end of the ball of twine neatly on the end of the fishline and threw it overboard.

In a few minutes the worthy fisherman came meandering back and sat down on the string piece and took his line again. It was some time before he got sufficiently impatient in waiting for a bite to pull in his line; but he did presently, and began to haul in. He pulled in yard after yard, and, his hooks not appearing, he paused and looked around him. No one was apparently watching him.

Several urchins were fishing near him and from the stern of a schooner just at his right, but they were busily engaged in their lines. The stupid countenance of the ancient individual had a puzzled expression as once more he grasped his line and began to haul in vigorously. The line came in just as vigorously as he hauled on it, and when he had landed half a mile of string or so he stopped suddenly again and his puzzled expression changed to one of wonder, if not alarm.

"Boy!" he called thickly to the lad that was nearest to him, "do you see me?"

"Of course I sees yer—I ain't blind."

"I'm here on the wharf, fishin', aint I?"

"What yer givin' us—course you is."

"I ain't drunk, be I?"

"Naw—you're all right."

"Did I have a bite?"

"Yes, I guess so. Why don't yer pull up an' see?"

"Pull up an' see. Oh, certainly, I must pull up."

Again he tackled his line desperately. Yard after yard he pulled in until he had a little mountain of string beside him, and then he paused for rest.

"Say, boy, come an' fish for me, will yer?"

"Naw; can't you see I'm fishin' for mesolf?"

"Pull in yer line, quick! dere's something on yer hook now," yelled another urchin, as he rose to his feet and ran over to the old fisherman.

Under the spur of this excitement the new bewildered and befuddled angler seized his line with a do-or-die expression depicted upon his wondering features, and, staggering to his feet, began to pull in the line hand over hand in a most rapid and frantic manner, as if his very life depended upon the result.

Still the endless yards came on like the march of the centuries, so to speak, until finally, in amazement and despair, the dazed fisherman dropped the line as he hoarsely muttered:

"If Davy Jones has started a twine factory he ain't goin' to rope me in for an agent. Some o' you other fellers can have the job."

TROUT-FISHING.

Brief but Graphic Pen Picture With Rod and Line.

Outing.

Silent as an otter, the man moves into the water till it curls about his knees. An arm sways back and forth, and an insect flutters softly upon the surface of the pool some yards away. Quickly the arm sways again, and again an insect kisses the surface of the water. A flash of a silvery crescent, a plash in the water, a sudden, stronger swirl in the writhing current; then a sharp, metallic discord rasps out against the song of the birds. The man's eyes blaze with a swift, eager light, his cheeks flush slightly; there is then exultation in every line of his face. His right hand clinches upon the wand, the rasping discord ceases, the wand arches to a semicircle and quivers with perilous strain, while two keen eyes start upon a shifting, swirling commotion that maddens the water here, there, back, forth, unceasingly. A ball of snowy spume upon the surface, a spatter of jeweled drops, a tinted shape curving in air an instant, an apprehensive 'Ah!' from the man's parted lips, and again the lithe wand curves and strains. So is fought the good fight, till skill conquers. Within the fatal net gleams a shining belly and pearl-bordered fins above a streak of olive gemmed with ruby spangles. The man's face glows with pride as he carefully bears his captive to the shore.

Upon a fragrant bier of freshest green within the creel a dead king lies in state. All day the silent man creeps hither and thither along the stream casting, fighting, waiting, noting many things, until darkness falls; then homeward through the scented shadows, with a whisper of falling song from darkened copses. The man's feet are tired with a healthy weariness; the cruel strap cuts deep into his shoulder, but his heart is light and his soul at peace. Not one evil idea has entered his mind all day and he has learned much. That is trout-fishing—and do you people with money and leisure bear in mind the fact that if you spare the rod you may spoil yourself?

Theory and Reality.

New York Sun.

Recently a job-printing concern was established in one of the upper floors of a nine or ten story building in this city, with the usual result, that the structure was made to oscillate by the vibration of the presses. Ceilings were cracked, woodwork was warped, tenants and employes were alarmed. The architect of the building on being summoned said: "It is a mistake. There can't be any motion." When he reached the place and was lifted to the top floor, where an earthquake appeared to be in progress, he looked wise for a moment and remarked: "Motion? Certainly there is. If the building didn't swing, it wouldn't be safe." And the presses are still running.

Paper Insulation.

St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

A single mile of submarine cable offers as much obstruction to the transmission of telephonic conversation as twenty miles of pole line. This is due to the greatly enhanced effects of induction. Prevention is largely free from this objection, and this has led to its extensive employment on subterranean lines.

Easily Taken Up

Cod Liver Oil as it appears in Scott's Emulsion is easily taken up by the system. In no other form can so much fat-food be assimilated without injury to the organs of digestion.

Scott's Emulsion

of Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites has come to be an article of every-day use, a prompt and infallible cure for Colds, Coughs, Throat troubles, and a positive builder of flesh.

Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All druggists.

oc1 ThSuTu&Wy 12m TUNR

THE SILVERADO MISSION.

WRITTEN FOR THE MORNING CALL.

There is a low range of hills rising gradually from near the foot of Old Grayback and extending in a circuitous line to the coast of San Juan. Whoever has traveled its intricate and devious passages has entered by way of the Silverado Canyon, for it is the only accessible way. And whoever has passed through the Silverado Canyon has seen there a ruin—a mass of crumbled and melted adobe walls, littering up a small, open plateau, not a great way from the summit. Time and the rain and winds have worked upon the ruin until its outlines are nearly lost. But if whoever goes there has been before to either Santa Barbara or San Juan Capistrano or San Luis Rey and seen the missions there, the similarity will be so apparent as to cause the visitor to wonder at it, and, perhaps, exclaim, "Here is the ruin of some old, old mission."

The place is a very queer spot to find even the ruin of a mission. No one lives in the canyon now. A dense and never-ending solitude prevails, and but for this one evidence of a former life it might be doubted if the place was ever inhabited. But the silent ruins suggest, somehow, a romance—there is mystery lurking in the very air of the surroundings.

In the valley below the canyon and close to the mouth is an old Spanish settlement. The people there can tell a little of the story of the mission—but only a little—and his even might be doubted if the ruins were not there in evidence.

It is a very fragmentary sort of a tale they tell, but some people believe it, for they still go there to search for a wonderful lost mine of silver that had something to do with the building of the mission.

From the mission at San Diego Father Sorrano came to found the mission of the Silverado. This was long after Capistrano and the other missions had been built. He found no difficulty in getting the laborers, for he asked of them no labor of love, but paid them well with Spanish silver. If the people wondered why the padre chose the lonely canyon for his

The Child Told Him Her Life Story.

site and how he came by all the wealth to build it, they kept their wondering to themselves.

For a time the work went on with no interruptions. The thick adobe walls rose higher and higher with the labor of each day. They built a little adobe house for the padre near by, so that he might be always close to the work.

Sometimes in the long evenings, after the laborers were gone to the settlement, and when the sun sank behind the western height of the canyon the padre would go out on to the plateau and walk among the twilight shadows of the uncompleted walls. He was all alone there then. If you would go there now at twilight you might divine the charm that held him, for the scene is grand. In fancy you might see him going there to the near God—nature's God. The sight is very beautiful when the sunlight fades out, and the sky is tinted opaline, and the broken shadows stretch across the canyon. Out of the mouth of it you can look down on the plain that lies far below, still bathed in sunlight, and then turning, peer into the impenetrable gloom that has already gathered in the chasm above.

One evening, just at dusk, a young girl came there. She had climbed up the steep path on the other side of the canyon behind the bunch of oaks that hides the plateau from sight. In the shadow of the trees she paused. Drawing a deep breath she uttered a plaintive cry. It was just one word that awoke a score of echoes reverberating through the canyon—and then she waited, but no answer came.

The child crept on through the trees and out upon the open. Father Sorrano, coming to know the meaning of the strange cry, found her there. She had no fear of him, for the instinct of childhood told her he meant her no harm.

"What is it that the senorita comes here to find?" he asked.

"Ricardo," she answered simply, "is he not here?"

"No."

There was a look upon the padre's face which the child did not understand. "Tell me of Ricardo," he said.

The child told him, and told him, too, her life story—a simple story—but one that was a lasting mystery to the good padre.

Her name was Nocha. She lived with the herders at the rancho. She had lived there since she could remember, and no one seemed to care much for her only to see that she worked enough and did not associate with the other children. Sometimes a woman came to see her. Nocha did not like this woman, though they told her it was her mother. She had no father; she did not even know if he were dead.

Such a simple child and such a simple story as she told! And yet there was something very strange about this child's life that filled the good man with a deep mystery. The strangest part was that about Ricardo.

Ricardo was her friend, she said, while everybody else seemed to hate him and fear him. She loved him, and used to come often to the plateau to see him, but she had not seen him for a long time.

The padre listened to all of the child's tale. When she was done he told her to come to the plateau again some twilight and promised to tell her his story. Then Nocha went back through the trees and down the path, leaving the padre alone in the darkening shadows.

The child's story weighed heavily on his heart. His older eyes could see the sin the child knew not of. For he knew Ricardo and knew that Ricardo was dead; he had stood by the deathbed and watched his life go out. It was a worthless life, at best, and no friends were there to mourn, for Ricardo was an outlaw. Not an ordinary bandit, but the worst criminal in the whole country.

The story of Ricardo is part of the story of the mission. When the Senorita Nocha came again to the plateau one night the padre told her, as tenderly as he could, all about Ricardo's end.

A band of sheepherders found him lying one day in the dust on the Mesa trail, just back of San Diego. He was not dead, but there was a bullet hole near his heart and a great pool of blood under him. They carried him to the mission at San Diego, where the good fathers cared for him until he died.

The padre told Nocha that Ricardo had confessed his sins and died contrite, and that heaven had forgiven him. The child mourned for her dead friend for many a day.

But Ricardo had done more than confess his sins. This outlaw, whose life had been full of crime, was very rich. The people say he alone knew the secret of the wonderful mine of silver. If another man, by chance, would get the secret, then that man would die, and his body would be found in some lonely place, a silver bullet in his heart. Ricardo molded all his bullets of silver.

As the bandit lay on the bed of death with the good padres around him he ceased to curse the unknown hand that had caused his death wound in his breast and fell to repenting of his sins. Perhaps he was a coward and thought to ease his mind, but whether that is so or not, it is said he told the padres then the secret of the wonderful mine and dying requested them to go there and build a mission.

This is the story of the mission in the canyon and the great mystery of the uncompleted walls that are now ruins in a still untold. The walls are there—the life is gone; the shadows of twilight stretch across the walls as of old. But there is more mystery than ever, for the holy father, who in all his life never harmed a single being, was murdered too. He walked alone one night and some one stole stealthily to his side in the gloom and plunged a knife in his heart. No one ever solved this awful mystery; no one ever tried to solve it, and so it stands yet.

Perhaps another story that is told about the old life in the canyon has something to do with the secret—a love story ending in hate and crime—like some love stories do.

There was one woman who was very beautiful. All the young men in the country worshiped at her shrine. And for a time she had a smile and a gracious welcome for them all, but that ended just as it always does. One there was who came and who was in her eyes more handsome and brave and noble than all the rest, and her heart was gone. She gave all she had to give to him—heart and soul—and he gave her only his smiles and flattery, and, at last, a curse. Then he left her and went his way, but his image was always in her mind when she fed at her breast a little babe, and when the days and the months went by and he came not again her love died out and in the place of it came a terrible hate. And she grew to hate the child. Her hate was like that of all her race. It was the deep, sullen kind that can only be smothered for a time and then breaks out in fierce desperation. The child's name was Nocha.

She did not resent it when they carried her child away. She took to wild ways. She would carry a rifle and hunting-knife and ride the horses until the poor brutes almost dropped down from sheer exhaustion under her. The people let her have her way. They pitied her.

When the body of Ricardo lay on the cot in the mission at San Diego, a woman came there and asked to look just once upon the face of the dead outlaw. She shed no tears—she looked for a time straight into the sightless eyes and then went away. Ricardo was the lover who was false. The woman was Nocha's mother.

The people in the valley still tell the story of the mission and the padre's death. They still believe in the lost mine and search for it constantly. They sometimes tell of Nocha's mother, but never do they put these stories together as one, and so the mystery of Ricardo's death is yet a shadow, and the murder of the good Father Sorrano remains a mystery still.

W. C. HOGABOOM.

HOW TO WIN AT EUCHRE.

A Louisville Player Gives the Secret of Her Success Last Winter.

Louisville Courier-Journal.

There are as many superstitious people in the world to-day as there ever were, and the belief in signs, charms and omens has by no means passed away. A charming young married woman has won almost all of the prizes at the progressive euchre parties she has attended this winter. She plays well, but, as a friend told her, "the best players have to hold good cards to win." At the end of the season she told what she thinks has been the cause of her luck. "I never fail to cut my finger-nails before breakfast every Monday morning," she said, "and that is my magical charm against bad luck for the whole week." A pretty little woman, who was visiting here from a neighboring town, looked admirably at her own dainty fingers and anxiously inquired "if filing would not do as well, for cutting the nails injures them so." But the lucky one was positive it would not, and the pretty nails would have to be sacrificed if their owner wished to win. One of the best women I know shows a piece of silver to the new moon each month, and if she has to turn back after she starts anywhere she carefully spits three times over her left shoulder to insure good luck. The most cherished possession of one of the most successful singers now on the stage is a pair of old stockings she wore on the night of her greatest triumph, and she is so sure that so long as they remain with her so long her luck will last that she would never travel with her trousseau more than with these worn silk hose. It is said the late Mr. Belmont would feel heavily if a flight of birds crossed his path while he was on his way to the racecourse. And so on, from high to low, every one has a pet superstition carefully hidden away or laughingly confessed.

A Necessity.

"Why is Blinker working so hard to learn the deaf and dumb alphabet?"

"His wife has fallen a victim to the crinoline craze and he can't get within speaking distance of her."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Unlike the Dutch Process

No Alkalies —OR— Other Chemicals are used in the preparation of

W. BAKER & CO.'S BreakfastCocoa

which is absolutely pure and soluble.

It has *more than three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is far more economical, *costing less than one cent a cup.* It is delicious, nourishing, and EASILY DIGESTED.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

fe26 1y Su

CLABROUGH, GOLCHER & CO.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

FISHING TACKLE, BASEBALL, TENNIS, CAMPERS' SUPPLIES.

UNIFORMS OF ALL KINDS MADE TO ORDER.

605 Market Street,

GRAND HOTEL BLOCK.

Send for Catalogue. mr19 TuSuTh 1y

VICTOR BICYCLES.

The Victor Flyer.....28 lbs.

Light, Strong and Fast.

Are the best on earth. Standard value. Nine-tenths of the long-distance riders adopt the Victor Pneumatic tire because it is the best for all-around service.

HAVE YOU SEEN THE VICTOR CATALOGUE?

OVERMAN WHEEL CO., Makers.

309 Larkin St., San Francisco.

my7 tf su

E. T. ALLEN CO.,

416 Market St.,

FISHING TACKLE

OUTING GOODS

LAWN TENNIS

GUNS

Tennis and Yachting Suits a specialty

CATALOGUES FREE. my7Su3m

DELINQUENT SALE NOTICES.

DELINQUENT SALE NOTICE.—GOLETA MINING Company. Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California; location of works, Jordan, Mono County, California.

Notice—There are delinquent upon the following described stock, on account of assessment (No. 2) levied on the 9th day of March, 1893, the several amounts set opposite the names of the respective shareholders, as follows:

NAMES.	No. Certificate.	No. Shares.	Amount.
Kent, D. M., Trustee	21	300	$15 00
Root, Geo. R., Trustee	56	100	5 00
Root, Geo. R., Trustee	72	100	5 00
Root, Geo. R., Trustee	78	100	5 00

And in accordance with law, and an order from the Board of Directors, made on the 9th day of March, 1893, so many shares of each parcel of such stock as may be necessary will be sold at public auction at the office of the company, rooms 13 and 19, 330 Pine street, San Francisco, California, on TUESDAY, the 16th day of May, 1893, at the hour of 1 o'clock P. M. of said day, to pay said delinquent assessment thereon, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

D. M. KENT, Secretary.

Office—Rooms 18 and 19, 330 Pine street, San Francisco, California. ap12 td

DELINQUENT SALE NOTICES.

DELINQUENT SALE NOTICE—CONSOLIDATED Imperial Mining Company. Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California; location of works, Gold Hill, Nevada.

Notice—There are delinquent upon the following described stock, on account of assessment (No. 35) levied on the 20th day of March, 1893, the several amounts set opposite the names of the respective shareholders, as follows:

NAMES.	No. Certificate.	No. Shares.	Am't.
Atkinson & Co., Thos. T., Trs.	748	10	$0 30
Atkinson & Co., Thos. T., Trs.	1384	20	60
Atkinson & Co., Thos. T., Trs.	3383	5	15
Atkinson & Co., Thos. T., Trs.	5940	500	15 00
Atkinson & Co., Thos. T., Trs.	6099	4000	120 00
Andrason, C. E., Trustee	4759	50	1 50
Bernhard, J., Trustee	5419	100	3 00
Barrett & Co., Jno. S., Trs.	4575	50	1 50
Barrett & Co., Jno. S., Trs.	4786	2½	07
Barrett & Co., Jno. S., Trs.	4810	25	75
Barrett & Co., Jno. S., Trs.	5280	150	4 50
Barrett & Co., Jno. S., Trs.	5872	500	15 00
Bannan, W., Trustee	5756	800	24 00
Bannan, W., Trustee	5760	200	6 00
Coffin & Sanderson, Trs.	1701	200	6 00
Coffin & Sanderson, Trs.	1894	200	6 00
Coffin & Sanderson, Trs.	6091	400	12 00
Coleman & Wattles, Trs.	727	100	3 00
Crocker & Suydam, Trs.	738	50	1 50
Crocker & Suydam, Trs.	1074	100	3 00
Crocker & Suydam, Trs.	1486	100	3 00
Crocker & Suydam, Trs.	1595	300	9 00
Cope & English, Trustees	5422	500	15 00
Cope & English, Trustees	5836	100	3 00
Cope & English, Trustees	5931	200	6 00
Clute & Coursen, Trustees	692	5	15
Clute & Coursen, Trustees	4095	100	3 00
Dixon & Miles, Trustees, Lab.	3910	310	9 30
Dixon & Miles, Trustees	4311	100	3 00
Dixon & Miles, Trustees	4488	100	3 00
Dixon & Miles, Trustees	4701	200	6 00
Dixon & Miles, Trustees	5048	100	3 00
Dixon & Mills, Trustees	5709	1000	30 00
Dixon & Miles, Trustees	5930	500	15 00
Dunn & Co., Collection Trustees	4830	50	1 50
Dyer & Co., Jos. B., Trs.	6012	500	15 00
Dyer & Co., Jos. B., Trs.	6033	100	3 00
Mourison, W. E., Trustee	1800	200	6 00
Davis, T. D., Trustee	2429	5	15
Duncan, W. L., Trustee	4829	5	15
Edwards, W. W., Trustee	4441	400	12 00
Fo ter & Co., A. W., Trs.	1821	50	1 50
Foster & Co., A. W., Trs.	4171	50	1 50
Foster & Co., A. W., Trs.	4276	200	6 00
Foster & Co., A. W., Trs.	5250	300	9 00
Foster & Co., A. W., Trs.	5891	50	1 50
Foster & Co., A. W., Trs.	6097	200	6 00
Gautier & Co., E., Trs.	2220	100	3 00
Gauthler & Co., E., Trs.	3060	100	3 00
Gauthler & Co., E., Trs.	3150	100	3 00
Gauthler & Co., E., Trs.	3676	100	3 00
Gauthler & Co., E., Trs.	3685	100	3 00
Gauthler & Co., E., Trs.	4134	100	3 00
Gauthler & Co., E., Trs.	4318	50	1 50
Gauthler & Co., E., Trs.	4387	100	3 00
Gauthler & Co., E., Trs.	4533	100	3 00
Gauthler & Co., E., Trs.	4679	100	3 00
Gauthler & Co., E., Trs.	4691	100	3 00
Gauthler & Co., E., Trs.	4703	100	3 00
Gauthler & Co., E., Trs.	4908	100	3 00
Gauthler & Co., E., Trs.	4919	100	3 00
Gauthler & Co., E., Trs.	4973	100	3 00
Gauthler & Co., E., Trs.	4979	100	3 00
Gauthler & Co., E., Trs.	5096	100	3 00
Gauthler & Co., E., Trs.	5099	100	3 00
Gauthler & Co., E., Trs.	5379	100	3 00
Gauthler & Co., E., Trs.	5394	100	3 00
Gauthler & Co., E., Trs.	5407	100	3 00
Gauthler & Co., E., Trs.	5454	100	3 00
Gauthler & Co., E., Trs.	5575	100	3 00
Gauthler & Co., E., Trs.	5651	100	3 00
Gauthler & Co., E., Trs.	5684	50	1 50
Gauthler & Co., E., Trs.	5802	100	3 00
Gauthler & Co., E., Trs.	5870	100	3 00
Gillon, J., Trustee	1932	50	1 50
Goldman & Co., Trustees	3732	100	3 00
Goldman & Co., Trustees	5726	1000	30 00
Goldman & Co., Trustees	5864	1000	30 00
Goldman & Co., Trustees	5975	500	15 00
Goldman & Co., Trustees	6091	200	6 00
Goldman & Co., Trustees	6117	1000	30 00
Goldman & Co., Trustees	6120	500