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SAN FRANCISCO.

HE JOINED "JIMMIE."

Death of a Soldier After He Heard From His Baby Boy.

Chicago Times.

The man on the cot to my right in the hospital had been wounded by a fragment of shell, and for the first three or four days the surgeons said he had a living chance. Then there was a change for the worse, and one afternoon the nurse told him that his hours were numbered. Two or three times a day he had asked if any letter had come for him, and one night I had heard him talking about "Jimmie" and praying that he might live to see him again. I said to myself that Jimmie was the boy baby he had left behind him when he marched away to the front, and I hoped for the letter almost as much as he did.

That day, during an hour when he suffered a bit less than usual, I figured with him about his expected letter. It would go down to his regiment and follow him back to the hospital, and he had not given it enough time. It might possibly come in the afternoon. The nurse feelingly notified him that his hours were hurrying away, but he could surely expect it by next day noon.

"Has my letter come?" he asked, as he looked up at the nurse, who was a man, but yet had tears in his eyes.

"No letter for you."

"Then I shall not die to-night. I must hear from Jimmie first. The letter will come to-morrow."

It was a strange thing to witness that man fighting death away—fighting to gain a few hours' more time. They said he could not live till midnight, but they did not know what was giving him strength to fight on. When the hour came he was whispering a prayer. When sunrise came the mark of death was on his face, but his eyes fairly blazed with determination. He lay where he could see the clock, and for the last three hours of his life he never lost sight of the hands marking the hours and minutes which carried him nearer the shore of the dark river. He must have lived a lifetime in those hours. As both hands pointed to the high noon he whispered to me:

"It is noon and the mail is here. I shall hear from Jimmie before I die!"

Five minutes later the nurse brought him the expected letter, mailed from a New England village.

"Read it and tell me of Jimmie," said the dying man.

The nurse opened the letter and read a few lines and handed it to me and went away with pale face and tearful eyes. It was a letter from a sister. The dying man was a widower and Jimmie was his only child—a boy 3 years old who had been left in her care. Jimmie was dead and buried—drowned, she said, by falling into an open cistern. Had the letter come to him at the front it would have broken his heart.

"Well, tell me of Jimmie," said the dying man as I laid the letter down.

"He is better off," I finally answered.

"Dead?"

"Yes."

"Thank God! I shall be with him this very day. It is good news—glorious news! God knows what is best."

Then he closed his eyes, clasped his hands together and death came so quietly that we knew it not.

Postal-Card Dunning.

Ithaca News.

There is a very general impression among merchants and others who are particularly interested in the subject that it is a criminal offense under United States laws to mail a dunning letter written on a postal-card. A person in this neighborhood wrote to the First Assistant Postmaster-General asking for information and received a reply giving the decision of Judge Thayer, December 14, 1889, on the wording of a postal-card that was mailable and one that was not.

The mailable one reads: "Please call and settle account, which is long past due, and for which our collector has called several times, and oblige." The unmailable one reads: "You owe me $1 80. We have cabled several times for same. If not paid at once we shall place it with our law agency for collection."

The last sentence, it is stated, ruled out this communication. Postal-cards are not mailable if they contain language of a "threatening character," and it is a very serious threat to the average man to tell him that you are going to sue him. There is no law, however, to prevent you from putting an X on your card to let your debtor understand that you are really cross with him.

Modern Surgery.

New York Recorder.

The story comes from London of a wonderful surgical operation that promises to be successful. Five years ago a workman injured his right arm, and a careless surgeon so treated it that it withered and became useless. Recently it was decided to examine the arm, and it was accordingly opened and explored. The nerve was found to be partially divided. Two fresh ends were made and a section of the sciatic nerve from a live rabbit was stitched in. The patient has now recovered the power in his arm, which is regaining its original size, and he is following his employment.

A Brave Man.

Toots—Old Soaks must be a brave man.
Tanks—What makes you think so?
Toots—He never takes water.—New York Herald.

WEAK Stomach strengthened by Beecham's Pills

HAD TO CATCH THE BOAT.

How Booth and His Fellow-Players Once Improved on Shakespeare.

Chicago Herald.

Edwin Booth told the following story at a supper table:

Once during the days of his early struggles young Booth was "barn-storming" down in Virginia at a place called Lees Landing. The improvised theater was a tobacco warehouse, and it was crowded by the planters for miles around. Booth and his companions had arranged to take the weekly steamer expected late that night, and between the acts were busy packing up. The play was the "Merchant of Venice," and they were just going on for the trial scene when they heard the whistles, and the manager came running in to say that the steamer had arrived and would leave again in half an hour. As that was their only chance for a week of getting away they were in a terrible quandary.

"If we explain matters" said the manager, "the audience will think they are being cheated and we will have a free fight. The only thing is for you fellows to get up some sort of natural-like impromptu ending for the piece and ring down the curtain. Go right ahead, ladies and gentlemen, and take your cue from Ned here," and he hurried away to get the luggage aboard.

"Ned," of course, was Booth, who resolved to rely upon the ignorance of the Virginians of those days to pull him through. So when old George Ruggles, who was playing Shylock, began to sharpen his knife on his boot Booth walked straight up to him and said solemnly: "You are bound to have the flesh, are you?"

"You bet your life," said Ruggles.

"Now, I'll make you one more offer," continued Booth. "In addition to this bag of ducats I'll throw in two kegs of niggerhead terback, a shotgun and a couple of the best coon dogs in the State."

"I'm blowed if I don't do it," responded Shylock, much to the approbation of the audience, who were tobacco-raisers and coon-hunters to a man. "And to show that there are no ill-feelings," put in Portia, "we'll wind up with a Virginia reel."

When the company got aboard the steamer the captain, who had witnessed the conclusion of the play, remarked, "I'd like to see the whole of that play sometime, gentlemen. I'm blessed if I thought Shakespeare had so much snap in him."

TO PERFUME THE BATH.

What Kind of Things Are Used for This Purpose.

Philadelphia Times.

All manner of things are put into the baths, choice varying with taste and condition in life. Benzoin is one of the cheapest and sweetest adjuncts. An ounce will turn a tub of water white and leave the body fragrant. Bath-bags of crushed lavender flowers may be bought for 10 or 20 cents, and the perfume is very agreeable. Mashed berries are said to give a delicious scent to the body which is quite lasting, but while the fruit continues to sell at 50 cents a pint strawberries are not likely to waste their sweetness in bathtubs. Rose, lily, lilac and heliotrope baths are made with either the extracts or toilet waters of those blossoms; lemon juice is used for a lemon bath, and the Russian bath requires aromatic vinegar or salt as an accessory. The bain de luxe, so popular among French women, is considered excellent for softening the skin. A bag filled with almond meal or bran is put in the tub and used after the flesh-brush. Borax, carbonate of soda and ammonia are all good to soften the water, clean the skin and tone up the body; it is not advisable to use them often, as they tend to parch the skin. A little turpentine in the water is good for rheumatic pains and sleeplessness, and so is alcohol after drying. Mustard is used in case of colds and headaches.

Sure Signs of Old Age.

Chicago Herald.

"Do you know the surest indication of old age?" asked Dr. Reed of St. Louis. "The surest indication in man," he continued, "are the moist eye, a dry palm and a shrinkage of the calf of the leg. All these indications are due to some action of the nerves consequent upon advancing years. In the matter of the eye, the fifth section is interfered with, and it is this which causes a flow of water. The dryness of the palm is produced by an interference with the functions of the body, also due to the action of the nerves, and the shrinkage of the leg follows from similar causes. In old age, too, you notice some men become more corpulent than in the earlier portions of their lives. With drinking men the change is often produced by the quantity of saccharine which they consume with their drink, and with those who do not drink it follows from other physiological changes. As to the hair becoming gray, it results in the majority of cases from the partial closing of the hair cells and the reduction of the quantity of natural coloring matter which the clothing produces. With women the dimness of the eye does not come so soon as it does in men."

She Kept Her Word.

Husband—Yes, women is all alike, they is. It don't take them long to change their minds. Wy, when I asked yer to marry me first ye said you wouldn't marry the noblest man that ever breathed.

Wife—Well, I kept my word.—Fun.

A JOB AT SINGING.

The Fortieth Girl in the "Hoolah."

SHE SANG IN THE CHORUS.

She Was Well Treated by the Tivoli Folks, but She Had a Tough Time.

In asking for reportorial work on THE CALL I assured the city editor of my willingness to take any detail that might be assigned me; in fact, I more than hinted that something very-unusual would please me. Visions of wild, impossible things floated through my mind, and I was really afraid my employer would not think of anything startling enough. I have the utmost confidence in him now and a great deal less in myself.

Sunday night I received the following clipping:

WANTED—40 CHORUS GIRLS FOR OUR grand production of "The Hoolah"; steady employment if satisfactory. Apply Monday morning, between 9 and 10 o'clock, at box-office, Tivoli Opera-house.

It was inclosed in a note that said: "Here is a job you might tackle. The matter has been often written up by men reporters, but not often described by a woman from actual experience. Apply as though you really wanted the job, and go right into it as though you wanted to earn your bread and butter that way, noting everything."

A chorus girl! Great Jove! I sank into a chair and gazed blankly at the opposite wall, on which a pantomime of Tivoli chorus girls appeared, frizzled, painted and powdered and short-dressed. Then they almost disappeared, leaving only multitudinous dancing legs—black, blue, pink, yellow, red, and even green. A Tivoli audience surrounded me and I heard whispered remarks, such as, "I tell you, that little pink one is a dandy!" "Just look at that black one on the right. She has legs like a bottle."

I shuddered and almost cried, but I didn't waver, and went off to bed with a determined "I'll do it though it takes an arm!"

Nine o'clock Monday morning saw me at the Tivoli. The box-office was closed, but a little, black, important-looking man met me at the door and asked me if I had come in response to their advertisement for chorus girls. On receiving an affirmative answer he directed me to a room upstairs.

On the stairs groups of giggling girls had congregated. From parts of their conversation I overheard I knew they too were applicants for chorus positions. They had evidently never met before, but were becoming acquainted and even chummy with amazing rapidity. The girls followed me and we took possession of chairs that were placed against the wall at the end of the room nearest the door. At the farther end of the room was a grand piano.

The girl who sat nearest to me was a queer character, and I should judge had taken unusual pains with her toilet that morning. It had certainly taken her quite a while to curl her bangs, there was so much of them and they were really well curled, and the amount of paint and powder she had managed to make stick on her face was astounding. But she had forgotten the back of her neck. I think she had neglected to put a little soap and water on it. It was greasy and grimy. She wore a light rough-and-ready straw hat that was turned up jauntily on one side and trimmed with faded pink artificial roses and black and dingy white ostrich feathers that fell over her mass of golden brown ringlets and coquettishly tickled her left ear. She was gloveless and had neglected to manicure her nails. Her fingers were covered with cheap rings and she was perfumed with German cologne.

While I was studying her and several others of her type, a distinguished looking woman walked into the room and took a chair on the other side of me. She was middle-aged, and was dressed all in black. Just after her arrival the little fat man I had met downstairs and a tall, slender dark man rushed in. They were followed by a timid-appearing girl, who was blushing painfully. I suppose she was one of the chorus aspirants they had met in the hall. The man with the glasses sat at the piano and began running over the scales, nodding to the girl to go ahead.

Poor thing! her face got redder and redder. She was apparently making a desperate effort. Finally her mouth flew open, but no sound issued. The musician became terribly patient and thumped each note out clearly and distinctly. The girl was in agony, she squirmed and twisted and looked as though she were about to have a stroke of apoplexy. Finally a hoarse discordant noise came from her throat.

"You wont do," said the slender dark man at the piano.

The girl looked really happy, and made her escape as quickly as possible.

While the girl was trying to sing the lady in black spoke to me, saying: "Is that Professor B—at the piano?"

I assured her of my ignorance regarding everything concerning the place. She smiled indulgently and said:

"Isn't that a horrible piano? I consider that it is very injurious to the voice to sing to an instrument so out of tune."

"My! this is a professional singer, and I've got to stand up there and make a fool of myself before her." I thought. And I grew weak and felt like going home. I hadn't "do re me'd" for years; I wasn't at all sure I could do better than the poor girl who was being tortured just then.

As the girl left the room the man at the piano beckoned to me. To my great surprise I managed to get through the scale. The musician said:

"Your voice is weak, but you'll do." Then addressing the little man who had come in with him and who stood near the piano with a paper and pencil in his hand, looking very solemn and very important, he said:

"Take her name."

I gave him my name and address and he told me to come back at 2 o'clock. I went back to my seat to watch the others.

The lady in black was next called. She had a little chat with the accompanist before she began. I couldn't hear what she said. With a smile he struck the first note.

Horrors! What a voice! What a discord!

The poor musician seemed to curl up as in pain and went over the scales two or three times in a helpless, bewildered sort of a way.

The little fat man nearly lost his dignified expression when she stopped, then both solemnly nodded "no."

She tried to look cheerful, but she did not succeed; there was a forced smile on her lips, but there were tears in her eyes, and as she slowly left the room I noticed the blotched silk skirt she wore was very old and hardly hung together, and her black beaded jersey was ancient and patched and minus two or three buttons. I think she is a woman who would not have applied for such a position unless forced to it by dire necessity.

The professor (I afterward learned that the man at the piano was Professor B—) was calling for the "ladies" to "come up."

There was a great giggling and nudging among the girls. Finally one of them went up to Professor B— and said something in an undertone. He then asked us to step out into the hall, saying he would call each one as he wanted her. So I had to go away without hearing the others.

The Tivoli advertised for forty girls and had over 100 applicants. Among them were quite a number of refined looking girls and several middle-aged ladies. Poverty compels people to do strange things.

At 2 o'clock I went back. Of the hundred applicants about nineteen had been selected. They were mostly nice-looking girls and appeared to be from 16 to 20 years of age. We were taken to the same room we had been in in the morning. The floor had just been scrubbed and was real wet and we had to sit there with our feet cold and damp during the first rehearsal, which lasted till 4 o'clock.

Professor B— was not there. A fair, rather good-looking fellow took his place at the piano. He would go over and over parts of the opera that seemed particularly hard for the new chorus to get without a change of countenance. He called us "girls" in a patronizing manner and kept a cigar in his mouth during the whole time we were with him. When things went excessively bad and any other man in his place would have jumped up and down and denounced us as blockheads he only betrayed his nervousness by furiously chewing his cigar. Once he struck a high note so hard he broke a string, even then he did not show his excitement except by chewing more madly than ever on his cigar.

After rehearsal I heard considerable complaint among the girls because the gentleman had kept a cigar in his mouth while in their presence, but I was glad he had done so, and so expressed myself, because I was sure the "filthy weed" had received the consequences of the irritability caused by our many blunders, by what must have appeared to our teacher our inordinate stupidity.

On talking to the girls I learned that none of them had ever been in a Tivoli chorus, two of them only had been chorus girls before, one in Los Angeles and one in Denver.

There was a sweet-faced little girl in the crowd to whom I was particularly attracted—she appeared so superior to the place. I asked her how she happened to want a chorus position, and she told me she contemplated going on the dramatic stage and some one had advised her to first go on the stage with a chorus till she had overcome the awkwardness of self-consciousness common in young actresses.

At 10 o'clock Tuesday morning we had another rehearsal. This time the regular Tivoli chorus was there, that is, some of them were there. There were thirteen men and twenty-four women present.

Professor B— presided, and he was terrible. He would hit notes with terrific force, then he would slap hands and nod his head to the time and hum the air. Then he would stop and gesticulating wildly say, "Ladies! ladies! Why don't you sing?" I was right behind him and he suddenly turned to me and said, "H'm! I do not hear you."

Then he asked me to sing alone. How I did wish there was a convenient knot-hole in the floor! I could have crawled through a very small one I am sure. I faltered, "Please excuse me this morning."

"Yes, and to-morrow morning, too, I suppose," he retorted. "Ladies, I am ze most patient man in ze world, but I have not ze time to fool. If you can not sing you can go. Good-by!"

And he shrugged his shoulders and turned back to the piano. I didn't want to go, and I couldn't make up my mind to try to sing before that crowd, so I kept my seat, hoping he would not notice me again. In a little while he turned to me again and said:

"Are you singing? I do not hear your voice. Now, sing this," and he played two or three bars. Everybody stared at me, and I gasped, "Oh, please let me go."

"Of course you can go. We don't keep anybody here."

As I started out he continued: "You saw what we advertised for. We want somebody to sing, not to stand around the stage. And certainly I must hear the shadow of a voice."

He bowed politely, and followed by the pitying gaze of the Tivoli chorus I slid out of the nearest door.

THE RIPPEY JURY

Unable to Agree After Long Deliberation.

They Stand Six for Conviction as Charged, Five for Assault and One for Acquittal.

After deliberating five and a half hours yesterday the jury in the Rippey case announced its inability to agree and was discharged. Assistant District Attorney Hinkle immediately asked that on June 19 next the date for the next trial of John Mackay's murderous assailant be set.

Judge Seawell's charge to the jury occupied about twenty minutes under delivery. He advised them that they had the option of arriving at any one of four verdicts. The first in degree was that on which Wesley C. Rippey was tried, "an assault with intent to commit murder." Malice aforethought and everything necessary to establish the murderous intent must be proved to convict on that charge. The next verdict might be "an assault with a deadly weapon." Here there was no intention to commit murder, and consequently a less degree of crime. The defendant might be convicted of a simple assault, if the jury should be convinced that Rippey had not used a deadly weapon. Finally, if they thought he was insane at the time of the assault or that he never intended shooting Mackay it was their duty to acquit the defendant.

The old man leaned forward and listened intently to every word spoken by the Judge, and cast an appealing look into every juror's face as his twelve peers filed out of the box to deliberate upon his fate.

At 2 o'clock the jurors sent word to Judge Seawell that they were unable to agree and asked to be discharged. The bailiff was instructed to inform the jurymen that the Judge would hear a further report from them at 5 o'clock.

At that hour but few persons were in the courtroom. Rippey, who had sat there all day, seemed very much cast down, though he brightened up a little as the jurymen took their seats.

The foreman informed the court that they were utterly unable to agree. There was one man on the jury, he said, who stood out steadily for a verdict of "Not guilty." Nothing could move him. He had announced that neither the advice of his associates nor the opinion of lawyers could shake him in his conviction that Rippey was guiltless.

The Judge thereupon discharged the jury. The foreman stated that the jury had stood all day through several ballots—six for conviction of assault to murder, five for conviction of assault with a deadly weapon and one for acquittal.

THE SUPREME COURT.

Judgment Reversed and Affirmed in the Court of Last Resort.

The Supreme Court yesterday affirmed the judgments in the cases of Milo Patton and James A. Foster, administrators of the estate of James H. Patton, deceased, vs. David Thomson, Pedro German vs. H. Brown, John Jordan vs. Thomas J. Fay, and reversed the judgments in the cases of John Burns vs. Ida M. Scooffy, David R. Griffin vs. Ida M. Scooffy, Abner D. Jacobs vs. J. B. Walker, M. J. C. Galvin vs. Gualala Mill Company and the People vs. Charles Bonney.

The case of Burns vs. Scooffy et al. was an appeal by Mansfield Lovell and Lallah S. Highton, two of the defendants, from a judgment in favor of Burns, who sued to establish his right to purchase from the State a half section of school land in Del Norte County and to have like applications of the defendants declared invalid. Default was entered against Lallah S. Highton because her attorney had failed to file her answer within the statutory time. While her attorney was engaged in drawing her answer he received a telegram that his brother had been shot and dangerously wounded. He at once went to his relief. Commissioner Searles, who wrote the opinion reversing the judgment, says: "If the case was not one of commendable neglect it was at least a case of excusable neglect. If there are in the profession men who, upon learning that a brother has been dangerously wounded by an attempted assassin, and who upon being called upon to go to his relief with a carriage and a doctor, fail to do so and subordinate the duties of humanity and the ties of kinship to the urgency of professional engagements, they are probably few in number, and it is to be hoped their number will decrease."

The case of Griffin vs. Ida M. Scooffy was in the same category.

The case of Jacobs vs. Walker was a contest in regard to the right to purchase State land. Jacobs was the appellant. It was his second appeal. On the first appeal the court noticed that the findings sustained the jugment in all respects, except as to the matter of interest, and it was adjudged that the case be reversed and remanded for further proceedings. The lower court did not understand what the further proceedings could be, and refused to retry the case, but simply struck out certain interest which the findings did not show could be legally charged, and refused to receive further evidence which would show that the interest was authorized. The trial court understood the Supreme Court to hold that a new trial was to be had on one issue only. The Supreme Court in its last judgment holds that when a new trial is ordered without limitation it must be understood, as it always has been, that a new trial is in order in the whole case.

In the case of M. C. Galvin vs. Gualala Mill Company the court holds that the verdict in favor of Galvin for $775 damages was not justified by the evidence. The action was for the recovery of damages caused by the destruction of tan bark by fires caused by the negligence of the mill company.

Bonney was a burglar, and will get a new trial because the Judge before whom he was convicted refused to charge the jury that the testimony of an accomplice ought to be viewed with distrust, and the evidence of the oral admissions of a party with caution.

The Terror of Solitude.

New York Sun.

A resident of New York who passed nearly twenty-five years in the anthracite coal mines of Pennsylvania says that few miners can easily shake off the horror that seizes a man upon finding himself alone at the bottom of a mine, with the knowledge that there is no other human being within call. It sometimes happens that a miner absorbed in his work suddenly realizes that all but himself have gone. The place is as safe from ordinary accidents then as at any time, and no other living creature more dangerous than a blind mule shares the miner's solitude, but he finds it impossible long to keep off the pressing terror; and, half ashamed, but completely conquered, he picks up his dinner-pail and gropes his way to upper air.

SOCIETY AT SEA.

Sequel of the Big Naval Display.

A VISIT TO THE CARAVELS.

Vassar Girls to Attempt a Greek Tragedy—Prominent Californians in New York.

Correspondence to THE MORNING CALL.

The naval officers have been the chief attractions of the week. They have been entertained singly and in corps. Brilliant private balls have been given by the representatives of the social world in honor of the "navy boys." Mr. H. Maitland Kersey, the handsome ex-husband of Mrs. Ivy Wandersford Kersey, has been hospitably alert entertaining his friends from the British Isles. Mr. Kersey is in the service of the White Star S. S. Line and is charmingly situated to entertain with the informal hospitality that constitutes one of the chief attractions of social affairs on shipboard.

Indeed the invitations to breakfast and luncheon extended to the fair sisterhood by gallant Dutch, French, Russian and English officers have been accepted with a quick responsiveness that could but flatter their hosts, accustomed as they are to being smiled upon by the ladies.

The absolutely care-free jollity of a breakfast on board ship with "navy boys" for hosts dissipates all thought of the somewhat irksome experience of rising betimes and jaunting across waters for an 11 o'clock morning meal.

The seamen, although they have viewed every phase of life in every clime retain a certain refreshing and hearty spirit of youth that the landsmen in their rapid pursuit of hilarious pleasures seem to soon lose. Even marron on toast tastes a bit richer, and the foaming draughts brewed to whet the appetite to keener appreciation seem to have a more relishing tang when quaffed on shipboard with gallant hosts whose hospitality has the invigorating charm born of the salt sea air. The pretty society girls have evidently thought so, at least.

"The great majority" of work-a-day people go in crowds on Saturdays and Sundays to view the warships on the Hudson River. Despite the imposing beauty of the stately vessels the quaint little caravels—the Santa Maria, Nina and Pinta—receive the chief attention, and are curiously studied by men, women and children, who in awestruck manner observe that, "Columbus was indeed a brave man to risk his life sailing on unknown seas in such looking boats as those are!" "You wouldn't find a sailor now-a-days that would do it," said one critic with the air of a discoverer. "Why, no," answers his practical friend, "any sailor to-day would know better than to go in such tubs."

The first model of a ship was supposed to be a duck, and these ships look as if the builders of them stuck closely to the model. It is difficult to entertain the thought that Columbus did sail in these frail wooden ships. Hoops of wood confine the staves of the ship as do the iron hoops those of a barrel. In truth the bow of the ship does not look unlike the half of an immense hogshead. The cabin, modeled after the one in which Columbus lived on this memorable voyage, is filled with alleged relics of the great discoverer. The table is supposed to be the one he really used, and the carved bed is alleged to be the one he really slept upon. To the lovers and the students of the antique the table is not old and musty enough, the bed looks as if its carvings had been turned by a machine, and the map alleged to be the one Columbus studied is not "fusty" and thumbed sufficiently to convince one that it is more than four centuries old.

Not to be too hypercritical, however, the caravels are interesting objects of historic value not to be thought too lightly of, even if the chairs and furniture, although old in design, are modern in cleanliness and carving. These three wild-looking ships were towed across the ocean. This fact excites a fresh admiration for the pluck displayed by Columbus and proves anew that in many instances "ignorance is power," for ignorance will venture on high seas that knowledge born of experience could not be induced to launch out upon.

The Vassar girls are making the second attempt that has ever been made in this country to produce the tragedy "Antigone" in the original Greek. The first attempt was made several years ago at Harvard, Mr. George Riddle assuming the principal role. Frances Joliffe of San Francisco is to play the part of first messenger. The girls are working with constant and inspiring enthusiasm in their big gymnasium at Vassar. Professor Abby Leach is at the head of the Greek department in Vassar, and to her is due the idea of presenting "Antigone" at the college. The performances will be given on Friday evening, May 26, and a Saturday matinee, May 27, in the opera-house at Poughkeepsie. Special trains will be run from New York to Poughkeepsie. Miss Nellie Joliffe, the elder sister of Miss Frances Joliffe, who appears in the tragedy, will be among the Californians who will attend the play.

Miss Mollie Hutchinson and Miss Grube, of San Francisco, passed through New York Saturday en route for Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. David Bush and Dr. Alice Bush are stopping at the Coleman. They expect to return to San Francisco within a week. Dr. Alice Bush, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. David Bush, has just finished her course at a medical college here, and it was to attend her graduation that her parents came on to New York.

Mr. W. H. Harrison, former president of the California Athletic Club, accompanied by his wife, are at the Coleman, where Robert Fitzsimmons of the prize-fighting fraternity is also located.

J. D. McKenzie, head draughtsman of the Union Iron Works, is here enjoying the warships.

Hon. George Russell, State Senator of Nevada and World's Fair Commissioner, is in town this week. His cattle interests in Nevada and Idaho are as great as his political interests in Washington or his duties in Chicago. He is decidedly a man of affairs.

Mr. H. F. Crane, a capitalist from East Oakland, is among the recent arrivals.

J. L. Black is here looking up what's best in the line of furnishing goods.

The latest one to join the California colony at Holland House is Mr. M. B. Langham of San Francisco.

Miss Olive Oliver has just returned from her theatrical tour with "The Crust of Society" Company and has already under consideration engagements for next season that sought her upon her arrival. To chronicle what redounds to the telant and pluck of a California girl in the theatrical profession is always a real pleasure. To consider that in three years of unaided effort a brave girl with honest purpose commands recognition is a tribute not only to the discrimination of managers, but a proof that merit will make its own way despite of difficulties.

Miss Clara T. McChesney, who for two years past has spent her summers abroad, principally in Holland, will not go this year as early as usual. She generally sails early in May and this year in all probability will not go until late in June. Miss McChesney has proven such an excellent judge of pictures and such a fair critic in her position as a director of the Water Color Club that she is to be entrusted with the flattering responsibility of selecting paintings for wealthy householders, who desire that their mansions should be adorned with the best pictures of the finest artists in Europe.

Whether the summer proves hot or cold, there will be entertainments on the pleasure programme of the gay world until very late in the season in consequence of the influx of royal personages from Europe. The ball that the society women of New York are contemplating giving in honor of the Infanta Eulalie is just now under animated discussion. The etiquette that "doth hedge" a royal representative of Spain is appallingly rigid, and as no one in the exclusive set of New York wishes to commit a breach of propriety more studying is being done of pedigrees and court etiquette than ever before in the world of form and convention.

As the Infanta is supposed to travel incog. she could not accept the cordial invitation of Mrs. Hearst, who offered her mansion at Washington for the Infanta's use while there, and also extended to the Infanta the freedom of the yacht Vamoose.

If the coterie of ladies who inspired the idea of giving this entertainment for the Infanta can carry out their plans the ball will be a notable social event of Wednesday, May 17. DOROTHY Q.

New York, May 8, 1893.

Hunters Who Have a Specialty.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

That there is such a thing as a specialty among professional hunters will strike some people as peculiar. The commonly accepted idea is that if a man cannot shoot at one thing he can at another. But such is not the case. Not only that, but by trying all kinds of game a hunter may ruin himself for all. The man who hunts snipe is generally through with his seasons end. If he shoots any other game it is for his own use. He some days sends in 300 birds as the result of one day's work. Strings of 80, 90 and 100 are not infrequent. His harvest is at the season of the year when the birds sell at $2 50 and $3 a dozen. The duck hunter is also a class to himself. This is particularly true of the wood-duck hunter. The chicken and quail hunters are generally the same, and in large part they are known as farmers. Deer and wild turkey also go together. They are found in the same section of country and at the same time. Their turkeys average them over $1 each, and when they run across a flock it is an easy matter to get ten or twelve out of. This hunter is supposed to spend the balance of the year in chopping railroad ties on Government land, drinking moonshine and keeping out of the way of revenue officers. The woodcock hunters also stand out alone. Squirrels and rabbits alone are hunted by anybody and everybody.

QUAKERISM ON THE WANE.

The Sect Now Forms but an Element in Philadelphia.

New York Advertiser.

It will surprise many to be informed that the quaker element in Philadelphia forms an exceedingly small part of the community. The friends prefer the derby and silk tile with the cutaway coat to the dress which this sect so many years affected. It is only when the yearly meeting period arrives that there comes flocking from the surrounding counties friends in somber garb, and they are as much of a curiosity as are any other distinctive class of people. Therefore the title the "Quaker City" as applied to Philadelphia is practically a misnomer.

When Elias Hicks, through his teaching, caused a split of the Society of Friends in 1827 over the question of the divinity of Christ it marked the beginning of the decrease in the number of friends, which has been steadily going on ever since. The great quaker preacher wrought a revolution in this city, and the friends, estimated at that time to be 12,000, were equally divided between the two elements, the orthodox and Hicksites. In 1880 the orthodox and Hicksite branches did not have in the aggregate over 5000 members in Philadelphia. At that time there were 1370 orthodox and 3600 Hicksites. Although the Hicksite end of the society is more numerous than its rival the latter is much more wealthy. The orthodox Friends own a vast amount of property, and point to the Wister brothers, who are thought to be worth anywhere from $3,000,000 to $7,000,000, as some of their many money kings.

While it is true that the followers of Elias Hicks have less of this world's goods than there orthodox rivals, they nevertheless have a large number of rich men. In spite of its accumulated wealth the orthodox element is generally admitted to adhere to the forms and peculiarities of the Society of Friends more strictly than the Hicksites. The reason assigned for this is that the latter branch is really undenominational, although it follows the general principles laid down by the society, and consequently has come more in contact with the world. The idea of the Hicksite branch is to allow its members great freedom of views and a right to consider all religious doctrines according to their personal choice. It will be a matter of only a few years before all the peculiarities of the society will disappear and they will be lost in the multitude of their church people. The influence of the remnant of Quakerism is felt in the disposition of its followers to retard the march of improvement and the desire to continue the exclusiveness characteristic of the dead generations. Their meeting-houses, located in the most populous parts of the city, are surrounded by walls eight feet high, giving a prison aspect to the neighborhood.

GIFT TO GROVER.

Ex-Mayor Boldenweck Presents Mr. Cleveland With a Medal.

Momento Received by the Chief Executive in a Happy Manner and With Expressions of Thanks—Sketch of the Life of a Man Who Is at Once Prominent in Business and Political Circles.

The visit of President Cleveland to Chicago and the opening of the World's Fair has brought a man of genius and his very commendable World's Fair medal to public notice. William Boldenweck, ex-Mayor of Lake View, at present a member of the Chicago Board of Education and also one of the trustees of the sanitary district of Chicago, needs no introduction to the

THE BOLDENWECK MEDAL—OBVERSE.

people of Chicago. He is even known beyond the borders of the State. Raised and educated in Chicago, he has come to be recognized, and properly so, as one of the most thrifty and reliable business men of the city. The won-

THE BOLDENWECK MEDAL—REVERSE.

der is that such a busy man in both politics and the real estate business should find time to devote to the designing of a medal that should properly represent the true idea of the World's Columbian Exposition. But he did. He has thought out and committed to the unerring stamp a design that furnishes subjects for the best painters, as well as food for historical reflection.

The Boldenweck medal is a triumph that cannot fail to become one of the features of the great fair. It is quadruple in design, presenting four impressive and instructive scenes. They are as follows:

1. The discovery of America, October 14, 1492. This sets forth the landing of Columbus, the erection of the cross, and the whole situation in realistic effect.

2. The landing of the Pilgrims. This scene is well brought out and is an interesting study.

3. Signing of the Declaration of Independence July 4, 1776.

4. Portraits of Christopher Columbus and George Washington.

The first two scenes are on one side of the medal and the last two on the opposite side. It is cast in the form of a dollar, only nearly double the size and thickness. The material is according to the cost, consisting of silver, bronze, copper and gold.

One fact alone is necessary to be mentioned to place this medal above all others that have been devised in connection with the World's Fair. When President Cleveland visited Chicago last week Mayor Harrison cast about to see what he could select for a present for the distinguished visitor. Finally he selected the Boldenweck medal and had one cast in solid 23-karat gold at a cost of over $300. This he presented to Mr. Cleveland in the name of Chicago, and the President admired it, expressing his unqualified approval of its excellency. The Boldenweck medal therefore ranks as the World's Fair souvenir medal par excellence. JOS. S. KOHN, general agent for above historical medal for Pacific Coast, 329 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal.

Didn't Know He had Any.

"Cholly Chipkins is getting intolerwably pwoud and stuck up."

"Ah, weally? What's the occasion?"

"His doctah told him he showed signs of bwainfag."—Washington Star.

SUCCESS breeds success. White's Yucatan Gum is the purest and best of its kind; hence its popularity.

DRY GOODS.

TEMPTING BARGAINS THIS WEEK

IN

PLAIN AND FANCY

DRESS GOODS

In connection with the many other REMARKABLE ATTRACTIONS OFFERED THIS WEEK we desire to call attention to an immense purchase of Plain and Fancy Dress Goods, in a GREAT VARIETY OF STYLISH WEAVES AND COLORINGS, which we secured at a discount that enables us to place them before our customers at figures corresponding with the following

PHENOMENALLY LOW PRICES!

At 25 Cents.
100 pieces DOUBLE-FOLD SHADED DIAGONALS, choice collection of colors, extra value for 50c, will be placed on sale at 25c a yard.

At 25 Cents.
125 pieces 40-INCH FANCY DRESS PLAIDS, in a variety of styles and colors, extra value for 50c, will be placed on sale at 25c a yard.

At 25 Cents.
75 pieces 44-INCH FRENCH CORDALINE, in a variety of shades, extra value for 50c, will be placed on sale at 25c a yard.

At 25 Cents.
90 pieces DOUBLE-FOLD FANCY HAIR-LINE STRIPES, neat effects, extra value for 50c, will be placed on sale at 25c a yard.

At 30 Cents.
100 pieces 42-INCH FANCY CHECK CHEVIOT SUITINGS, in all the latest popular shades, extra value for 60c, will be placed on sale at 30c a yard.

At 35 Cents.
80 pieces 39-INCH FANCY TWO-TONED DIAGONALS, new colorings, extra value for 75c, will be placed on sale at 35c a yard.

At 40 Cents.
75 pieces 40-INCH TINTED DIAGONAL SUITINGS, stylish effects, extra value for 75c, will be placed on sale at 40c a yard.

At 50 Cents.
31-INCH ALL-WOOL FINE FRENCH CHALLIES, in all the newest tints, colorings, designs and effects, will be placed on sale this week at 50c a yard.

NOTE.—Owing to the advancing season and the unusual magnitude of our stock SPECIALLY LOW PRICES rule in all departments THIS WEEK.

☞ Our New Catalogue is now ready, and will be sent free to any address.

J. J. O'Brien & Co.

MURPHY BUILDING,
Market Street, corner of Jones,
SAN FRANCISCO.

HUNG IN A TREE.

A Pennsylvania Man's Watch Unharmed by a Strange Experience.

Pittsburg Dispatch.

After hanging on the limb of a tree all winter, exposed to the rain and snow, a valuable gold watch and chain belonging to O'Hara Darlington, who lives a short distance above Sharpsburg, Pa., has been discovered, and to-day is keeping time just the same as it did before it was lost early in last November. Mr. Darlington owns the old Darlington mansion with its broad acres at Guyasuta, where the noted Indian chieftain, bearing the same name, is supposed to be buried. Last fall he was in the woods superintending the burning of some brush. The day was warm and sultry and on his way home he carried his coat and vest over his arm. At the supper table he had occasion to look at his watch, but it was not in the accustomed vest pocket, neither was there any trace of the heavy gold chain with which the watch had been attached to the vest. A careful search failed to reveal the missing valuables. Hastily leaving the supper-room, Darlington called his hired men, six in number, who in turn gathered together a large number of neighbors. Procuring lanterns and rakes, the party went to the woods and spent the entire night in searching for the missing watch and chain. Early the next morning Mr. Darlington and his men were back in the woods again, and the search was kept up for two weeks. The entire woodland was carefully raked from one end to the other, but no trace of the watch and chain was found. The search was finally abandoned and Mr. Darlington gave up his watch for lost.

One afternoon recently Fred and Frank Stout, sons of Harry A. Stout, manager of Tibb's glass house, Sharpsburg, went to the woods for a stroll. The two boys had not gone far till one of them had his hat knocked from his head by an overhanging branch of a tree. Glancing up to see what he had run against he was surprised to see right before his eyes and within easy reach a gold watch and chain. The boys approached the limb to which the watch was hanging, cautiously, lest by some awkward movement a pretty optical illusion should be dispelled. However, they soon became convinced that they had not been made the victims of a trick, and a few moments later they were flying homeward, with the watch and chain safely stowed away in one of their pockets. When Mr. Stout came home in the evening and was shown the watch he, too, was greatly surprised, for along with a party of other neighbors he had gone on an all-night search for that watch five months before. How the watch came to be in the position in which it was found is a mystery.

THE VISITING BARBER.

There Is More Money in It Than in Regular Shop Work.

National Barber.

Jerome K. Johnson, who lives in a fashionable flat in Olive street, St. Louis, is perhaps the best known visiting barber in the United States. "I'll tell you all about my business with pleasure," said he, "although there is nothing much to tell. I worked in the shops downtown for several years. I sometimes made $15 a week and sometimes I didn't. I scarcely ever had a Sunday to myself and but little time to spend with my wife, and I determined to give up the business and go at something else. One morning one of my customers came in and told me that if I would come to his house every day and shave him he would pay me liberally for my trouble. That suggested the idea to me of becoming a 'visiting barber.'

"I soon secured contracts from others. Now I shave about twenty persons each day at their homes and receive $2 a week from each one. My customers are wealthy men who arise late in the morning. Two of them are bankers. They want to be shaved between 7 and 8 o'clock. Five others are physicians, who do not usually leave their homes before 10 o'clock. Then I have a capitalist, who wants my services at 10:30 o'clock, and the others are young gentlemen of leisure, who lie in bed until I come. It was hard work at first to make the hours suit.

"My salary amounts to $40 per week. That seems like a good deal, but it is cheap when you understand it."

There are a number of these visiting barbers. Some of them will visit your room every morning in the year and take care of your hair and beard for a price sometimes as low as $1 per week. There is something hightoned and distingue to have your private barber visit you at your private residence in the mornings, and the patrons rather like it.

A Clever Idea.

New York Recorder.

An enterprising Parisian shopkeeper has hit upon a novel device to induce people to stop in front of his show-windows in the chill of winter and spring. He secured a length of gaspipe, and, perforating it with tiny holes, laid it just under the edge of the window outside. Then he rigged a small pump that forced a gentle current of warm air through the pipe, and thus he practically heated the space in front of his display. Nor was this all. He fashioned a clever machine that sprayed a delicate perfume into the pump, and so the warm air is kept scented, to the great delight of the feminine shoppers, who can scarcely be induced to "move on." The warm air also keeps the glass clear and bright.

LIGHT HAIR AND GENIUS.

Appearances Would Seem to Indicate That They Two Go Together.

New York Commercial Advertiser.

It has long been an accepted fact the great men of this world, in war, statecraft or the arts, have all been abdominal men. There have been few exceptions—there always are. Some one has even pointed out that there are exceptions to the rule that marriage is a failure. But in general the thin men are out of it. More curious still is the fact that the first requisite for political success is that one must be a light haired or red haired man. There may seem to be a contradiction in the other fact that all the members of Mr. Cleveland's Cabinet, barring Mr. Lamont, are dark-haired men; it is merely seeming. No one says they are statesmen, and Mr. Croker admits they are not politicians. Up to the time Mr. Cleveland first sat down hard upon the presidential chair only three men of dark complexion had ever filled the office of President of the United States.

In the Smithsonian institution in Washington is a collection of tresses clipped from the heads of our rulers. Red and gray hair, yellow and red-brown hair, from Washington to the stout gentleman under whom the presidential chair now creaks, there has been a line of blonde men—twenty light men and three dark men. Major Moses P. Handy, whose whiskers are rufous, says that red hair is the outward and visible sign of genius. Mr. Cleveland sits soft and says nothing, but there is good reason to believe that he looks upon his light, stubby mustache as a mascot. The one thing certain is that he must have a mascot concealed about him somewhere. Were this not so he would be impossible. Just a few of the red Senators are Vest of Missouri, Blackburn of Kentucky, Don Cameron of Pennsylvania, and Brice of New York and Ohio. Senator Fry of Maine is a blonde.

Governor Flower has red hairs in the little whiskers that lie like parenthesis marks on either side of the good-natured face. Blue-eyed "Billy" Sheehan, the Lieutenant Governor, is a man of light complexion. So is Senator Murphy.

HE RENTS PIPES.

Curious Occupation Followed by an Old Turk at Constantinople.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

In one of the great caravansaries of Constantinople I saw an old Turk following a merchant trade that to me seemed the most peculiar of any in all the world. This business was that of renting pipes for temporary usage by the guests of the hotel. His stand was a little red-curtained bazaar, in which he sat with a table before him. On this table were ranged the largest variety of pipes that it was ever my opportunity to behold. He had pipes of all nationalities and many that had no nationality at all. The German meerschaum was not wanting, nor was the American corncob absent. Brier pipes from England were there, and Irish dhudeens in great number. Besides, he had the long, rubber-stemmed, cool-smoking Turkish pipes, and the little slim-stemmed opium pipes of Chinese persuasion. Behind him, ranged in several scores of little wooden pockets, were tobaccos of every conceivable variety.

He rented his pipes full to the brim with the renter's own choice of tobacco for the very small sum of one scutaræ, which is less than one penny of our own money. However, the renter was compelled to leave a small sum of money as security for the pipe. Count was kept of the number of pipes in use by a system of crosses made on a wooden board, which was evidently plain to the keeper but a dark mystery to others. He certainly did a thriving business and his money coffer was well filled with coin. He stated to me that he secured his variety of pipes from travelers, many of them having been presented to him and others purchased; some few, such as the Chinese and Indian pipes, he had sent for. He asked me to secure for him such pieces as I observed him to be without, and it was only yesterday that I mailed him a beauty of an American Indian type. His collection is by this time undoubtedly worth thousands of dollars, and, no doubt, will after his death be secured for some of the European museums.

Wasted Energy in Waves.

St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

The enormous mechanical energy in waves rolling in over a shelving beach has never yet attracted the attention it merits as a possible source of mechanical power. Now that electrical transmission of power has been carried to such a degree of practicability that a distance of from ten to twenty miles from the sources of power is no bar to the utilization of water-power at points within these or even greater limits it appears that the same amount of science and skill that has been applied to the solution of the problem of mechanical flight should be able to give to the world the wave mill. A moment's reflection will convince any mechanical mind that wave-power enough, and a great deal more than enough, daily goes to waste on Rockaway Beach to supply New York, Brooklyn and Jersey City with heat, light and mechanical propulsion required by those cities for all purposes.

Living in Hope.

May—Don't you think your landlady's little boy is an angel?

Frank—Not yet; but I have hopes!—Life.