

DRY GOODS.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT! TWO EXTRAORDINARY BARGAINS On Sale This Week!

20 Cents 20 a Yard.

Owing to the late arrival of the remainder of our HIGH NOVELTY FRENCH SATEENS, we have decided to place on sale the entire lot of 500 pieces at the extraordinary low price of 20c a yard, regular prices 40c and 50c.

They are all of the latest designs, printed on the finest grade of genuine French Sateen Cloth.

SAMPLES SENT FREE TO ANY ADDRESS.

Country orders receive prompt attention. Goods delivered free in San Francisco, Alameda, Berkeley, Mill Valley, Oakland, Alameda and Berkeley.



111, 113, 115, 117, 119, 121 POST STREET.

TO ELECTROTYPERS!

FOR SALE, ROUTING MACHINE! SUITABLE FOR Metal or Wood Routing.

APPLY THIS OFFICE.

WE Print and Bind

JOE POHEIM, The Tailor

203 MONTGOMERY STREET

PALACE HOTEL.

THE PALACE HOTEL OCCUPIES AN ENTIRE block in the center of San Francisco.

WONDER! WONDER!

JUST RECEIVED A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF NOVELTIES IN MILLINERY, NEW STYLES IN STRAW HATS, NEW LACES, NEW RIBBONS, NEW FLOWERS, NEW STRAW BRAIDS, NEW ORNAMENTS.

THOUSANDS OF NEW DESIGNS AT THE "WONDER"--1024, 1026, 1028 Market Street.

LARGE STOCK! GREAT VARIETY! LOW PRICES!

CONRAD! CONRAD! CONRAD!

A CARD TO THE PUBLIC!

While it is true that I have been chosen the President of the Louisiana State Lottery Company, vice M. A. DAUPHIN, deceased, I still retain the Presidency of the Gulf Coast Ice and Manufacturing Company; so that all proposals for supplies, machinery, etc., as well as all business communications on other subjects, should be addressed to me here as heretofore.

After January 1, 1894, my business will be removed to Puerto Cortez, Honduras, Central America, and will there go on as now without any break.

PAUL CONRAD, Lock Box 1358. New Orleans, La.

Myra D. Sweeney, beloved mother of Mrs. Frank Mahon and Mrs. Joseph Pechia, a native of Burlington County, N. J.

He was killed on June 11, 1893, at the age of 42 years, and was buried in the cemetery of San Francisco.

ERIN—in this city, June 7, 1893, Eugene W., beloved husband of Catherine Erb.

BURNS—in this city, June 7, 1893, James Burns, a native of Ireland, aged 59 years.

O'NEILL—in this city, June 9, 1893, William O'Neill, a native of San Francisco, aged 6 years and 6 months.

MATTISON—in this city, June 7, 1893, Charles Mattison, a native of California, aged 27 years.

ALVIDA—in this city, June 7, 1893, John A. Alvida, a native of California, aged 21 years.

DEUTSCH—in Alameda, June 10, 1893, Flora Deutsch, a native of San Francisco, aged 27 years 8 months and 2 days.

WALSH—in San Jose, June 11, 1893, Flora Walsh, a native of San Jose, aged 11 years and 13 days.

MORGAN—in San Jose, June 7, 1893, Mrs. Sarah Anna Morgan, a native of New York, aged 38 years and 6 months.

UNITED UNDERTAKERS' EMBALMING PARLORS.

McAVOY & CALLAGHER, FUNERAL DIRECTORS and EMBALMERS.

Whether quaffed from a vessel of tin, glass or gold; There's nothing so good for the young or the old—as

Hires' Root Beer

A delicious, health-giving, thirst-satisfying beverage. A temperance drink for temperance people.

Sold and Enjoyed Everywhere.

Greatly Reduced Prices. \$40 to \$75 Per Acre

TERMS TO SUIT PURCHASERS.

RANCHO DE NOVATO, comprising 5000 acres at Novato, Marin County, Cal.

THE PICKET LINES

TERRIBLE DANGER POINTS

THE DEADLY PNEUMONIA,

DR. SCHENCK'S PULMONIC SYRUP.

THE PULMONIC SYRUP

REVERE BLOCK,

523 Market St., Opposite Sansome.

Large Sample Rooms and Offices to Let. New passenger and freight elevator.

DAVIDSON & LEIGH, Agents, 137 Montgomery Street.

ANDREWS' UPRIGHT FOLDING BEDS

OFFICE AND SCHOOL FURNITURE

CYPRESS LAWN CEMETERY.

TO THE UNFORTUNATE. DR. GIBSON'S DISPENSARY.

ALL IN ONE ROOM.

A Three-Dollar-a-Month Sort of Life.

WAIT TILL JOHNNY GROWS UP

Then His Mother Will Have a Fine Big House to Live in, With Three Front Doors.

It was one of those gray, dusty dilapidated houses, with dirty green outside shutters—they look all alike—over in Tar Flat.

"Rooms to Rent" was pasted in the windows of the first and second floors.

"Rooms to Rent" was in the windows of the first and second floors. But apparently some one lived in a room on the third floor, for pieces of old clothing were stuffed into the parts of a window sash from which the glass had been broken.

The cry of a baby floated down to the reporter and he mounted the rickety old stairs that shook and threatened to fall under his weight.

The cry of a baby floated down to the reporter and he mounted the rickety old stairs that shook and threatened to fall under his weight.

It was made of rough solitary boards. It was opened by a cheerful, neat-looking woman, who held the fretful baby in her arms, while four other little ones were clinging to her skirts and peeping timidly and curiously at the stranger.

"Won't you come in," said the mother, after she had assured the reporter of her ignorance regarding the whereabouts of a Mrs. Cook, who really had no existence.

"Thank you," and the reporter walked into a small, very poorly furnished room.



The Kind of House That Johnny Is Going to Build for His Mother When He Grows Up.

There was one big bed in it, and a mattress on the floor. Both were covered with dark calico. A little table and a few cheap frameless prints adorned the walls.

"I can only offer you a box to sit on. We have no chairs," apologized the woman. The visitor took the box, and the woman with the baby and the other children.

"You are the mother of all these children?" was asked.

"Yes, they are all mine—dear little pets. They are having a holiday today. I am a working woman and I take them to the sisters every day when I am busy. But I have no work to-day, so I have kept them home with me."

"Do you have to pay the sisters for caring for the children while you work?"

"No; they take care of them for nothing for me."

"What kind of work do you do?"

"Any kind I can get to do—scrubbing, washing clothes, washing windows or anything of the kind. I get any kind of work, I am a widow and have to support the children."

"How much do you make usually?"

"Sometimes I earn a dollar a day, but often not that much. Sometimes I find it hard. When I can't get work and have to eat just the same I hardly know what to do, and I get very kind of nervous. Well, I am glad to get any kind of work, I am a widow and have to support the children. I have never asked anybody to give me anything, but several times people from charitable societies have come to me and helped me."

"How many rooms have you here?"

"Only this one. I look on the coal-oil stove. We don't eat very much—just mush for breakfast, and in the evening I eat with the sisters, and in the evening I eat nearly as much as I can get. I buy a loaf of bread."

"Don't you always have bread?"

"No, we don't need bread when we have potatoes."

"But you have butter, don't you?"

"No, we cannot afford butter—sometimes we have it."

"But isn't meat expensive?"

"Well, I generally pay 5 or 10 cents for meat—enough for one meal. Of course I cannot buy beefsteaks or anything that rich people eat, but I always buy sweet wholesome meat and I know how to cook it so it is as good as anything we could want."

"How much do you pay for your room?"

his life. He fought his way through the crowd aided by his companions and was pursued till he disappeared in the darkness. The police made their appearance, but not till after the highlanders had made their escape. A diligent search was kept up for some time for the man with the revolver, but without success.

The highlanders in Chinatown were never so hard pushed for coin as they are at present, and as a consequence they were becoming desperate. Three of them were arrested last week by Sergeant Price and his squad for vagrancy, had pawned everything belonging to them and had not a cent in their possession.

NOE VALLEY SPEAKS.

Suburban Residents Clamoring for Fire Protection.

Residents of Noe Valley think the present time is auspicious for securing the needed fire protection so often promised their district by the city authorities.

On several occasions delegations of taxpayers of the vicinity have visited the Supervisors and Fire Department officials and called attention to the entire lack of fire facilities.

Only a month ago the authorities promised that an engine company and additional hydrants would be granted, but the citizens had often received the same promises, which during the past three years have been frequently made and never kept.

As a result of a general agitation is being carried on by the unprotected citizens of other resident districts the Noe Valley property-owners again intend to make their needs apparent to the board of Supervisors and the Fire Department.

A number of property-owners yesterday discussed the unprotected and perilous condition of the district at a meeting at Twenty-fourth and Castro streets, and decided to send H. F. McGarvie, W. G. McPherson and George F. Van Denmark as a committee to visit the Supervisors and Fire Department and make a demand for the protection which should be accorded the residents of Noe Valley.

The lack of hydrants was also mentioned in the territory west of Castro street, which has been compactly built upon during the last four years. Hydrants are unknown, while east of Castro street they were declared to be few and far between.

As for fire facilities there was said to be no fire or chemical engine which could be used, the nearest being at Twenty-sixth and Valencia streets. Between Fourteenth and Thirtieth and from Sanchez street to the Corbett road the district is entirely at the mercy of the fire fiend. Alarm boxes are also scarce, two being the number, one at Eighteenth and the other at Twenty-fourth and Castro streets.

HURT BY A FALL.

A Woman Plunges Twenty-Five Feet From a Balcony.

Mrs. Mary Backstein was seriously injured by a fall at her residence at 7 De Boom street yesterday afternoon, and lies at the Receiving Hospital in a critical condition from her injuries.

At the time of the accident Mrs. Backstein was on a balcony in the second story in the rear of the house, where she was engaged in hanging some washing on a clothesline to dry. One of the garments fell from the line, and as she attempted to catch it, she leaned too far over the railing of the balcony and lost her balance. She fell head first into a small shed twenty-five feet below where she lay in an unconscious condition until discovered by neighbors. The injured woman was taken to the Receiving Hospital for treatment.

The surgeons found that she had been terribly injured by the fall. Her head was severely cut, the collarbone fractured and her body fearfully contused.

The surgeons' chances for recovery are questionable, as she is supposed to have sustained internal injuries not yet apparent.

ALMOST RUN DOWN

The Garden City Grazes a Schooner.

An Incident That Might Have Been a Tragedy—There Was Only a Few Ropes Cut.

The passengers on the narrow-gauge ferry-boat Garden City, when it made its 11:35 trip yesterday morning were startled by the agonized shrieks of frightened women. Thinking a vessel had been run down, a great crowd pressed to the forward part of the boat.

A forty-ton schooner, loaded with picnickers, was directly under the steamer's bows.

Both wheels of the Garden City were reversed furiously, but the momentum continued to carry her forward. A collision seemed inevitable. Just in the nick of time the schooner slipped away safely.

As it was, the ferry caught her boom and severed some of the ropes so that the sail fell. It also cut the painter of a small boat the picnickers had in tow and it was set adrift.

Beyond this no damage was done, except to the nerves of the picnic party and the feelings of the superintendents.

Some of the latter blamed the ferry's officers severely. They said that the vessel was a large schooner in full sail and so they had the right way. This, they said, the ferry people should have recognized.

Captain Bradley of the steamer Bay City was in command of the Garden City yesterday.

"The blame for any damage done lay with the people on the schooner," he said. "They were steering a course such that I could easily have passed their stern without altering our speed. Just before I reached them they changed their course so that they lay in the same path as we did. If I had immediately reversed the engines and we just missed them and practically did no damage."

The schooner was evidently in charge of some one who had no idea of what it was doing. It was in the Alameda slip at the time. We often have trouble with small craft when approaching the wharves, but the charge craft are usually handled by good sailors."

Captain Bradley said he could not ascertain the name of the schooner. She was an old saw and her name was nearly obliterated. He thought she belonged to Oakland, as she headed that way after picking up her boat.

At the Fair. The hotel and restaurant rates are not such as to cause any one to be afraid of having his purse soon emptied in paying for living expenses while doing the fair. After giving the hotels and restaurants a fair trial I find that they are pretty much the same as those of our own large cities as to prices and service. Probably the meat bill is the only one that a Californian would at once pick out as considerably higher than what it is in any hotel or restaurant in San Francisco or Oakland. At first thought this seems strange, owing to the fact that Chicago has the name of being the greatest butchering mart in the world. Its slaughter and meat-packing houses are large and numerous, yet while this is so and should cause meats to be low must be borne in mind that a mighty meat trust has the city by the throat.



POPPER ON TOP.

Early Work That Effected a Coup.

HE IS ALL CONFIDENCE.

The Breach May Be Closed by Thursday Night, or It May Be Wider Than Ever.

"Max Popper is on top, if anybody should ask you," said Senator Billy Dunn yesterday.

Dunn was not the only Democratic committeeman to express the same opinion, and judging by the form displayed by the Popperites yesterday the forecast for Thursday night's race for the chairmanship should be Max Popper in a walk.

Mr. Popper's immediate supporters are not amateur politicians. Messrs. Treacy and Harney's seem to be. While their supporters were slumbering yesterday morning Popper's were skirmishing around town, making arrangements for their political funeral.

Popper's men effected a grand coup and they are free in their assertions that when the committee gathers in Metropolitan Temple on Thursday evening the Iroquois warrior will walk away with the chairmanship.

It will be remembered that at both meetings of the committee no more than 37 members answered their names at roll call. There are 450 members. Those 37 absentees would cut quite an important factor in the outcome of the fight. Popper's lieutenants, who were trained in a well-known political school, did not overlook the fact, but Treacy and Harney's men did.

Now, early yesterday morning Mr. Popper's lieutenants and personal friends hurried around town and visited the absentees. They secured personal assurances from seventy of them that they would attend the next meeting of the committee and also that they would cast their votes for Mr. Popper. According to the latter's friends the absentees are to take his word and men who are not tied with any political factions in their districts.

Congressman Maguire and Cousin Neilly Murphy, the "scandalous orator," as an opponent in his district reproached him at Saturday night's meeting, are still warm supporters of ex-Deputy Sheriff Treacy.

Sam Newman claims 245 votes for Popper, as do also Gavin McNab and the irrepressible Andy Clunie, the Philipizers of the local Democratic party.

They estimate Treacy's strength at 155 and Harney's at 65.

Cousin Neilly Murphy, whose phonics resemble those of a man talking with a spoon in his mouth, took a hot water bath at Harbor View yesterday, and when he returned to his district appeared very fresh.

"Dis man Popper won't win if I can help it," said Murphy. "He ain't got no 245 votes nor no part of dem. See?"

Treacy and his friends are losing confidence, and as they see that they cannot prevent Mr. Popper's election by casting their strength to another man, they have begun to waver.

The fight for the chairmanship has caused a lot of bitterness, and the committeemen who are drawing fat salaries at the City Hall are all at loggerheads. Sheriff McDade tried to drive his men to vote for Harney. Some of them rebelled, and when trouble seemed imminent Popper influence of a very strong nature was brought to bear on the Sheriff and he was forced to withdraw his instructions. County Clerk Hickey drove his men with a lash—none of those that knocks people off the municipal payroll for refusing to comply with his wishes, and consequently Mike O'Connor and a horde of others aid the opponents of Popper.

Superintendent of Streets Ackerson seeing this state of affairs determined to try some of the same medicine on his men. Ackerson is a Popper man, and accordingly he ordered his men to vote in his interest.

On Thursday night several free fights will more than likely be the order. Jim Neill says that if Sammy Braunhart will not keep his fingers out of the pie he will break his head. Jim also has no use for Senator Billy Dunn.

"As long as that schoolboy politician and Gymnast Braunhart are for Popper, I'll be against him," said Jim. "Do you think I'm going to let them go in and run the Twenty-ninth and six us out? Never. Neill is friendly to Popper, but he is as famous a distributor as Treacy's chief boomer. Whatever Dunn and Braunhart are for he is against. The fight will be warm, and before it is decided many heads will be badly battered. What the outcome will be politically is a matter hard to solve. Some say it will split the party, while others believe a reconciliation will surely follow the election of the chairmanship."

HIGHBANDERS DESPERATE.

A Row on Sullivan Alley That Nearly Ended in Bloodshed.

There was a highbinder row at an early hour yesterday in Sullivan alley, Chinatown, which nearly ended in bloodshed. Several Chinese were playing at dominoes in one of the resorts in the alley when three highbinders entered and took part in the game.

One of them was charged with cheating and a quarrel ensued. They all adjourned to the alley, when one of the highbinders pulled a pistol, but before he could commence shooting a rush was made upon him by the other Chinese and he had to flee for

his life. He fought his way through the crowd aided by his companions and was pursued till he disappeared in the darkness. The police made their appearance, but not till after the highlanders had made their escape. A diligent search was kept up for some time for the man with the revolver, but without success. The highlanders in Chinatown were never so hard pushed for coin as they are at present, and as a consequence they were becoming desperate. Three of them were arrested last week by Sergeant Price and his squad for vagrancy, had pawned everything belonging to them and had not a cent in their possession.