POLICE ON GUARD.

They Watch Boone's Arena Until Afternoon.

OPEN-AIR FUN AT THE FAIR.

Sunset City's Big Crowd in the the Sunshine.

SEBASTIAN MILLER AND SANDOW

The Danes Will Celebrate To-Day and the Children Will Have a Festival To-Morrow.

Through Turnstiles Yesterday.....13,390

THE PROGRAMME FOR TO-DAY.

1 P. M.—Chiming of the bells in Liberal Arts tower.

2 P. M.—Danish day exercises in Festival Hall.

2:30 P. M.—Concert by Cassasa's Midwinter Exposition band in music pavilion near Administration building.

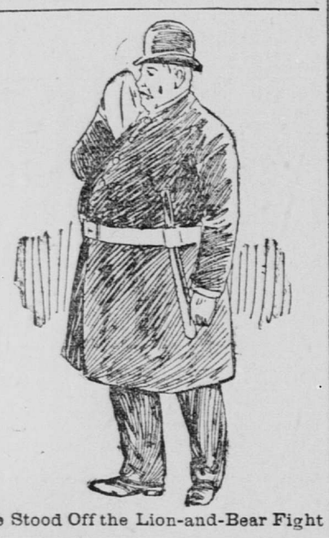
6 P. M.—Evening chimes on the bells.

7 P. M.—Grand illumination of central court.

7:30 P. M.—Concert by Cassasa's Midwinter Exposition band in music pavilion near Administration building.

8 and 9:30 P. M. — Playing of the electric fountain.

The genial weather with its warmth and delightful calm attracted crowds to the Midwinter Fair yesterday. Inside the



He Stood Off the Lion-and-Bear Fight

gates it resembled a summer day when the season is at is height. Tables were set out under awnings and in shade of trees and people sat around them in the open air taking lunch or liquid refreshments while enjoying the balmy breezes and viewing the many pleasing sights to be seen on all sides. The concessions were kept busy, every building was full of sightseers and the benches proved very acceptable to those who preferred to loiter around the picturesque court.

Thousands went direct to Boone's wild animal arena out of curiosity to see how affairs were after the prohibited fight between Parnell, the fierce lion, and Siskiyou, the grizzly bear. They were surprised to see the place surrounded by policemen, Midwinter Fair Guards and deputy officers under Secretary Holbrook of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Boone and his men were walking about among the crowd and could be heard complaining loudly that the police would not allow them to go inside, even to feed the animals. Colonel Boone made a demand that he be permitted to enter to give food to his hungry pets. Secretary Holbrook refused to move or grant any concession. Eventually about 2 P. M., when Boone promised Chief Crowley that the bear and lion fight would not take place under any circumstances, the police contingent was withdrawn and the show began.

"When Mr. Holbrook positively refused to admit me or my men into my building," said Colonel Boone later on, "my manager went in search of a warrant accusing Holbrook of cruelty to animals. That's what the warrant would be got upon, for it was cruelty to leave the beasts without food or drink. I still have a curiosity to see this fight, just to know which is the king of beasts, for I don't believe the lion is, by any means."

Manager McGarvie declared that the fight will take place within three weeks. He thinks he has a good case against the

An Inanimate Target of Sol.

police for closing the show. However, nothing was lost over the notoriety Boone has received, as at the first performance, at 2 P. M., the place was crowded, and every performance during the afternoon had a large gathering of spectators.

The gauntlet was thrown down in a dozen different places around the grounds yesterday by Sebastian Miller, the strong man, who claims to be stronger than Sandow. It is still on the ground, to be picked up by Sandow. Miller's manager declared that he and Miller had met Sandow opposite the wild animal arena Saturday night and had given a challenge.

"I'll lift all you can and yourself thrown in," said Miller.

"You have no reputation; it is only a bluff," said Sandow, who is said to have paid no attention to the offer.

In the afternoon Miller was driven around the grand court, and upon his return to the '49 theater he gave an exhibition of smashing large cobbles with his fist, bursting chains and concluded by lifting a heavy platform containing twelve heavy men.

Orange blossoms again attracted crowds to the Southern California building yesterday. The afternoon visitors to the building were given sprays of the fragrant blossoms. Superintendent Wiggins apparently has an inexhaustible supply, as the announcement was made yesterday that blossoms will be distributed again to-day.

Fresh oranges were received yesterday by Manager Will Stevenson Jr. for the Pasadena exhibit in the Southern California building. A new feature of the display made by this locality is an exhibit of canned goods and glace fruits.

A battle royal took place within the varicolored fence dividing the Ostrich Farm and the Midway last night that nearly resulted in the loss of human life. Alphonse, the big African bird recently brought to the farm, became incensed at Jim Blaine and went at him. The birds fought up and down the corral and coming in contact with the fence broke it down and created havoc in the Arizona Indian Village. Two or three of the attaches of the village and the farm attempted to capture and pacify the birds, and while in pursuit of this peacemaking object, Albert Puhrbard, the keeper of the bird, received a kick that broke one of his ribs. The Emergency Hospital doctor attended the wounded keeper. When the melee had ended Alphonse was discovered kicked almost to death, and Jim Blaine was strutting around a battered bird but still in the ring.

Danish day will be celebrated to-day at the fair, and it promises to be one of the many attractive festivals for which Sunset City is celebrated. A street parade, forming at Baker street, between Oak and Hayes, will take place at 1 P. M. and march through the park into the east gate. Immediately after the arrival of the Danish societies and participants the following exercises will be held in Festival Hall:

Music; introductory remarks in English by A. B. Friese, president of the day; Danish airs by the orchestra; "The King of Denmark and the President of the United States," by Consul J. Simpson, in Danish; a song for Denmark, specially written for the occasion by Sophus Schandorph, one of the foremost Danish poets of the day; "Denmark," by William Sonderup, in Danish; a song for the Danish people, specially written for the occasion by Sophus Schandorph; "The Danish People," by Axel Teisen, in Danish; a song for the Danish language (this and other preceding songs on the programme are to be sung by the entire audience); "The Danish Language," by H. Albertson, in Danish; "California," by H. J. T. Jacobsen, in English; music.

The executive committee announces that to-morrow will be the last day for the filing of forms in connection with competition for awards. These forms can be filed up to 5 P. M. at the offices of the committee of awards on the top floor of the Administration building. It is highly important that all these shall be in to-morrow, so that the work of the committee may be facilitated and the distribution of awards be not delayed longer than is absolutely necessary.

The May day festival to take place to-morrow is looked forward to with pleasant anticipations by concessionaires and the children alike, and great preparations are being made for its proper celebration. The day will be a general school holiday, and children will be admitted for 10 cents. Large May poles will be erected in front of the grand stand and a large platform for sports is going up in the same place. Hundreds of children have been trained in the dances that are to be given, and 1000 little ones in white dresses will march in the May day parade around the recreation grounds. A May queen will be crowned, but who she is to be has not yet been decided on. Manager T. P. Robinson has a programme in hand that will make the children merry.

SHOT FOR PRIZES.

Scores of the Third Event in the Shooting Contest.

The inanimate target tournament was concluded last evening at the Midwinter Fair by shooting off the third event, which was open to all comers. Each man was given twenty clay birds and the following scores resulted:

Whitney 16, Fisher 13, W. G. Scott 9, F. E. Nelson 8, Cronin 12, Boland 16, W. P. McEvoy 13, W. J. Plump 14, William Corndaff 12, George Eikenkotter 12, J. McEvoy 15, Lindle 7, Cate 16, Daniels 13, Allen 17, Barney 17, Karney 19, Bruns 16, Walsh 8, Nichol 15, Alderton 14, Swiveler 18, Robertson 17, Kohen 10, Levi 13, Kenison 10, Winchester 10, C. Heeth 10, Simpson 18, Hunt 12, Rigney 8, Richardson 17, Hall 19, Dick 11, Bolander 13, Robinson 18, E. Foster 19, Naumau 9, Slade 16, Ostrander 11, Staur 11, Starr 16, Sharp 8, Fraizer 12, H. Heeth 5, Forster 14, Vernon 15, Cook 14, Shiel 19, Giddings 18, Fox 19, Williams 13, Cadwell 15, Congdon 7, Allison 19, Wetmore 13, Brown 11, Greaney 12, P. Fanning 9, Wenzel 16, Bennick 9, Durst 13, Elliott 11, Reed 12, Crowell 12, Zeiner 14, M. Feudener 14, F. Merrill 14, Kirkwood 5, Golcher 14, Andrews 14, F. Feudener 12, Drees 11, J. H. Lewis 11, D. Winders 12, G. Liddle 1, Debenham 18, Wagner 7, Thom 15, French 11, Steisner 8, Ellis 17, Slack 10, Campbell 11, Quinton 14, Lehrke 13, Webb 20, Olsen 11, Billington 18, Stuart 12, Bergens 12, Varney 12, Campbell 9, Basker 12, G. Feudener 12, C. Merrill 17, W. Sea 12, Rees 8, Haas 10, Wheeler 14, W. N. Little 13.

A. Webb, Empire Gun Club, Oakland, won first prize; J. W. Shiell of Traver, Cal., second; C. Robinson third; Rickerson fourth; Whitney fifth; five men tied on fifteen birds for sixth; eleven men tied on fourteen for the seventh; ten tied on thirteen birds for the eighth; Eikenkotter won the ninth; E. Stauf the tenth; R. E. Kenison the eleventh; J. F. Campbell the twelfth, and P. J. Walsh the thirteenth.

WHOSE TURN NEXT

To-Night's Meeting of the Police Board.

Speculation as to the Result—Evidence of Corruption Still Being Collected.

The most absorbing topic of conversation in police circles yesterday was to-night's meeting of the Commissioners. The Chief and the Commissioners have plainly intimated that the work of decapitation is not by any means completed, but they are careful not to give any clew as to where the ax will fall.

The men whom the Chief has specially detailed to furnish him with proofs of corruption are not finished with their work yet, and the evidence against sergeants and patrolmen under suspicion is accumulating.

It is understood that special attention is being paid to the "tenderloin" district, and it is common talk that among the stars to fall tonight will be some that have shed their luster in that district.

A significant fact developed yesterday. Patrolmen "Scotty" Campbell and Joseph Burnett had their beats changed. Campbell has been in the "tenderloin" district on Eddy and Ellis streets for a considerable time and now he is patrolling a beat at the western end of McAllister street. Burnett has been on the Kearny-street beat and has been transferred to the North End station. It is, of course, customary to change men in this way, but it is peculiar that these two efficient officers should be sent to out-of-the-way beats just at this particular juncture.

Chief Crowley was in his office all yesterday, but to all questions he returned the same answer, "there is nothing new to report."

What will the Grand Jury do? is a question that comes prominently forward. There is a general belief that after they have had an opportunity to examine the evidence upon which the dismissals have been made they will at least present an indictment against the deposed Clerk Hall. Whether the proof against any of the others will be found sufficient to warrant an indictment is not so certain.

For the past two weeks Chinatown has been painfully quiet. The usual activity in gambling and lottery-drawing is no more to be seen and the squad wander through the streets and alleys sad and dejected, as their occupation for the nonce is gone. Two or three detectives, who are strangers to the gambling bosses, have been conspicuously present for the past week and the almond-eyed Mongol is sharp enough not to be caught napping.

A Kind Relative.

Buffalo Courier.

Maude—Charley Rounder's folks must all be just too lovely and kind for anything.

Millicent—Humph! Why?

Maude—I asked him last night how he kept the moths out of his winter overcoat in the summer, and he said his uncle generally attended to that for him.

Weak Stomach strengthened by Beecham's Pills

AN EXTRA WHEEL.

Augmenting a Steamer's Steering Gear.

PLENTY OF STEERERS, TOO.

And Numerous Gentlemen Who Play Cards.

THE POLICE TOOK A HAND.

How the Spielers Spieled and the Steerers Started to Steer Innocent-Looking Excursionists.

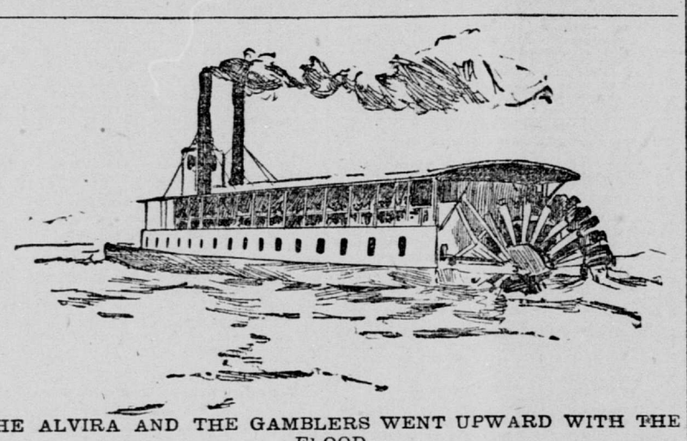
When the steamer Alvira, flag-bedecked and picnicky-looking, started on her advertised excursion to Vallejo and Martinez yesterday morning, her machinery was augmented by an extra wheel, which had to be looked after by an army of trained steerers.

Captain Rideout had no hope for the introduction of a new system for regulating the Alvira's course, for he personally was not interested in the spare wheel or its attendants, so it is claimed.

One Captain Boone, better known as a sport, and several men who believe in cold decks and hot drinks, originated the scheme of providing the steamer with the aforesaid wheel and accompanying steersmen.

The steerers were not licensed pilots, but individuals who make a living by gently coercing rural parties to bet the proceeds of their last year's grain crops on the evasive pea or the revolving disk of fortune.

At 9 o'clock the Alvira's second wheel



THE ALVIRA AND THE GAMBLERS WENT UPWARD WITH THE FLOOD.

was taken on board. At about two minutes past 9 a couple of city detectives in citizens' clothes stepped on the steamer. Then the prospective voyage of the Alvira became somewhat of a mystery, which a reporter proceeded to unfold.

"Come this way, ladies and gentlemen," shouted a trained spieler. "The great anti-monopoly 5-cent ferry-boat Alvira is again in business.

"The Alvira is going on a pleasure trip. Yes, I repeat, a pleasure trip, and it will only cost you 50 cents to have a beautiful ride on the bay.

"Only 50 cents, ladies and gents, which includes a steam beer and the privilege of hearing the band."

The "band" stood at one corner of the wharf with a harp and wiped the accumulating drops of perspiration from its nose. It sighed, looked at Captain Boone in a sort of a will-I-get-my-pay-manner, then struck up that almost forgotten melody, "Once I Was Happy, but Now I'm Forlorn."

A thimble man bought a ticket and went on board. Then two others of his ilk followed.

Pretty soon two three-card-monte dealers appeared, towing three simple-looking gents, who were filled with anticipation of a fine time and numerous drinks of good red liquor.

The steerers, who had come down to see that no one broke the wheel, were scattered about the dock, and in an off-hand way singled out good, innocent-looking parties who happened to pass their way.

THE CALL man appearing to be one of that class was approached by a gentleman who, in an overflow of confidence, whispered: "Say, young fellow, do you gamb?"

"Do I what?"

"Do you gamb? Ever bet, put any money on wheels and things? Two to one on the red, even up on the blue. Whoop la, there you are, the gentleman wins and the gambler loses! Sabe?"

The reporter said that he understood.

"Just step over here, out of the wind," said the steerer. "You see we're going to have a few quiet little games on board; just for pastime, you know. Oh, yes; perhaps a fellow may lose a few beans, but it's no brace game. It's square, young fellow; sure!"

By this time the band had tuned up its harp again and settled down to playing that seductive ballad, "The Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo," and several rustics were observed to have become enchanted to such a degree that they purchased two tickets.

When the police heard that the Alvira was going to run a floating gambling-house they questioned Captain Boone. The captain said that he did not care to have any trouble with the Police Department; that he intended to run square games on board.

The man with the poker layout arrived late, but he had time to say that his cards were not marked; that all he wanted was a chance to get a small draw-down from the "kitty."

All manner of sports and people who did not know the nature of the excursion they were about to take went on board of the steamer.

"There's a thimble-and-pin man," suggested an officer, pointing out a cadaverous-looking person with watery eyes and a beautifully developed brandy-blossom.

"Can't help it," said Captain Boone, smiling; "I guess they won't operate. I can't keep them away if they pay their 50 cents."

"By all the gods, there's Ace-high Mulligan," whispered a slim man who knows all the detectives who used to hang out in front of the corner of Stockton and Market streets when Paulsell & Carroll's faro game was in full blast just upstairs.

"And there's Jackpot Rielly," murmured his companion.

Still the innocents came to the slaughter.

Gentlemen from Butte, Tulare and Alameda counties bought tickets and hobnobbed with skin-game manipulators, who were as genial and anxious to accommodate a stranger by pointing out the various objects of interest about the bay as a new patrolman on the Chinatown beat is to show where the tan games used to be.

When the Alvira sailed the games started up, but the awe-inspiring presence of two minions of the law prevented the cappers from working so industriously as they might have done under more favorable circumstances. No one got robbed, and Sergeant Helm's forethought in protecting the unsuspecting among the excursionists was appreciated by those who had been roped into paying fifty cents for a chance to attend a so-called respectable picnic.

George and His Little Razor.

With a broken razor in his pocket and considerable blood on his clothes George Washington, a colored teamster working for C. Warring, was arrested last night in a saloon on Nineteenth and Cherubusco streets by Sergeant Burke. The teamster had been drinking heavily, and finally ended by picking a fight with J. W. Bell, another visitor to the saloon. He cut Bell in the shoulder with the razor until the blade broke, and then he was overpowered and a charge of assault with a deadly weapon was placed against him.

THE HANDBALL COURTS.

Several Exciting Games Played Yesterday—Large Attendance.

There was good sport at the handball courts yesterday and the fine weather brought out large numbers of spectators.

At the San Francisco court the following games were played:

First game—A rattling single-hand game was played between Phil Ryan and Pat Barrett. It was noted for its scientific play in which each won a game by the following score: 15 to 12 and 15 to 13. The third and final game was won by P. Ryan by the score of 15 to 11 and 15 to 13.

Second game—Henry Murphy and M. Daly against G. J. Low and Hugh Moffitt. Each side won a rub by the following score: 15 to 13 and 10 to 15, the former team winning. The second rub was won by the latter team by a score of 15 to 10 and 15 to 11.

Third game—J. Davis against Dan Ring. This was a single-hand game for a French supper and was won by J. Davis after a hard struggle by the following score: 15 to 10 and 15 to 13.

Fourth game — M. Dillon and A. Tobin against James Harlow and Walter Williams. Each side won a rub by the score of 15—11 and 15—13.

Fifth game — Joseph Lawless and Joseph Hausman against James Dillon and John Slattery. This game proved very interesting, as the players were evenly matched. It was won after a hard struggle by Lawless and Hausman by the following score: 21—18, 16—21, 21—12.

Sixth game—J. Riordan, the coast champion, and J. Harlow played J. Jones, the Australian champion, and M. Dillon. They played the best three out of five 21-aces. Each side won two games and the final game was won by Jones and Dillon. Score: Riordan and Harlow, 21—21—16—18—10; Jones and Dillon, 18—15—21—21—21.

There were some exciting games played at the Union court, as follows:

First game—John Doran and O. Hughes were defeated by J. Donahue and P. Sheehan; score, 15—13, 8—15, 15—10. The same teams will play next Sunday for $20.

Second game—H. McKenna and J. Kerr defeated Thomas Hallinan and H. Batzuet. Score, 15—13, 8—15, 15—10.

Third game—Ed Toy played James Nelson a single-handed game. Each won a game, and then the last was won by Nelson. Score, 15—12, 8—15, 15—13.

Fourth game—William Kelly and John Feeney played George Hutchinson and Al Pennoyer. Each side won a rub, and the last was won by the Kelly team. Score, 15—10, 8—15, 15—9.

Fifth game—J. Norris and Jack Lynch defeated A. McEarney and Mat Coughlan. Score, 15—9, 11—15, 15—6.

CRACKS AFIELD.

Practice Shooting for a Great Contest.

Some Good Scores Registered by the Soldier Marksmen at the Shell Mound Range.

The members of Company B, First Infantry, California National Guard, were at the Shell Mound rifle range yesterday preparing for the notable contest in which they are to take part on next Sunday. The match will be held with Company F, First Infantry, of the Nevada militia, and will determine the location of the Pacific Coast championship for rifle-firing by teams of thirty men. At present this enviable distinction is held by the local company, and there is no particular danger that it will escape them easily. Captain Cook of B of the First is actively at work arousing enthusiasm among his men, and it is expected that they may even roll up a higher total than the one they scored at Sacramento last December, when F of Oroville and C of the Nationals went down before them.

The entire morning and afternoon yesterday was devoted to company practice. The results were of a very gratifying kind, and clearly indicated the superb shooting qualities of the "City Guard" marksmen. Among the best scores made during the day were the following:

C. Perry	5 5 5 4 5 5 4 4 5 5—47
I. B. Cook	5 4 5 5 4 4 4 5 5 4—45
G. Ungerman	4 5 5 5 5 5 4 4 4 4—45
W. Unger	5 5 4 4 5 5 4 4 4 5—45
A. Shula	4 5 4 5 4 5 5 4 4 4—44
A. Frect	4 5 3 5 4 5 5 5 4 4—44
A. Gehret	4 5 5 5 4 5 4 4 4 4—44
G. Claussenius	5 4 4 5 4 5 4 4 4 5—44
F. Gehret	5 5 4 3 5 5 4 4 4 4—43
M. Claussenius	4 4 5 4 4 4 5 4 5 4—43
R. L. Radke	5 4 4 2 5 5 4 5 5 4—43
H. B. Sullivan	5 4 4 5 4 4 5 4 4 4—43
F. Shula	4 3 3 4 5 5 5 5 5 4—43
F. Sindler	5 4 4 4 4 5 5 5 4 3—43
W. Hayes	4 5 5 4 4 4 4 4 4 4—42
B. Sturdivant	4 4 5 4 4 4 4 5 4 4—42
E. C. Lundquist	4 4 5 4 3 4 5 3 4 4—40
F. Zimmerman	3 4 4 4 3 4 5 5 4 4—40

A. Sadler 39, G. Filmer 37, F. Baumgartner 37, W. Crowley 36.

In a match held by four of the members of Company B after the practice had been concluded the following scores were registered:

Captain Cook	5 4 5 5 4 4 4 5 5 4—45
A. Gehret	4 5 5 5 4 5 4 4 4 4—44
A. Pape	4 4 4 4 4 4 5 4 5 5—43
A. Frech	4 5 4 4 4 4 4 4 5 4—42

Company A of the Fifth Infantry, with station at Oakland, was well represented at Shell Mound and some very creditable scores were made. Among them these:

Corporal Poulter	4 4 4 5 4 5 5 5 5 4—45
G. Puckett	5 4 4 4 4 5 4 4 4 4—43
Maker	5 3 4 4 3 5 4 5 4 5—42
Moor	4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 5 5—42
Nevin	4 5 3 5 5 4 4 4 4 4—42
Downie	4 4 5 4 5 4 4 3 4 4—41
D. Puckett	5 4 3 4 4 5 4 4 4 4—41
Vaughn	4 4 4 4 4 4 4 5 4 3—40
Cunningham	4 4 4 4 4 3 4 4 4 5—40

Among the best scores credited to Company D, First Infantry, at Shell Mound yesterday, were the following:

H. B. Smith	5 4 4 5 4 4 3 4 4 5—42
A. Whitehead	5 4 5 2 4 4 3 4 4 5—40

D. J. Sullivan 39, D. E. Murden 38, R. Klipstein 35, R. Burdick 35.

The scorebook of Battery C, of the Second Artillery, showed the following among the best totals:

Lieutenant Huber	4 3 5 5 5 4 4 5 5 4—44
Corporal L. Ringen	4 5 5 4 3 5 5 4 4 4—43
Sergeant Tobin	5 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 5 4—42
Private Gally	5 4 4 4 4 5 4 4 4 4—42
Sergeant Moore	4 4 4 4 4 5 4 4 4 4—41
Private Meyers	5 4 2 4 4 4 4 4 4 5—40

Major Huber of the Second Artillery, a former captain of Battery C, shot with his old company and made this score: 5 4 4 4 4 5 4 4 4 3—41

At the grounds of the California Schuetzen Club, near San Rafael, the only range work done yesterday was by Company D of the Fifth Infantry. Creditable among the scores were those of M. Reilly 46, J. Dawson 44, W. Butterworth 44, F. Schoeneman 42 and J. Kerrigan 41.

Something They Could Steal.

Detroit Free Press.

She thought she heard burglars and she waked her husband.

"Well, my dear," he said, when she had, in fear and trembling, explained the state of the case to him, "let them go."

"But they won't go," she urged.

"Let them steal, then."

"But there is nothing I want them to steal."

He rolled over, growling.

"I suppose," he said, "you would not object if they stole away, would you?"

And that's what they did, probably, for there was no sign of them next morning.

RICHARDS & Co., druggists, 406-8 Clay. *

A MISSION BOMB.

An Attempt to Wreck and Murder.

EXPLOSION OF DYNAMITE.

Thrown Against the Side of a Restaurant.

THE GUILTY PARTY ESCAPES.

Furious Crowds Around the Corner of Mission and Twenty-Ninth Streets.

A sharp report rang out at 8:40 o'clock last evening which created panic and general commotion in the vicinity of Twenty-ninth and Mission streets.

A bomb, presumably of dynamite or giant powder, had been placed beneath the large show window of the restaurant of Sopa & Musladin, at the southeast corner of Twenty-ninth and Mission streets.

When it exploded the window was wrecked, the guests were frightened nearly to death, and there was a general shaking up of the neighboring buildings.

Fortunately no one was injured, though a great hole was torn in the side of the building.

There is a bar as well as a restaurant combined. At the time that the dastardly attempt of the assassin was made there were but three people in the place. A gentleman and lady who were taking a meal in the private rooms were nearly startled out of their senses and fled without finishing their repast or thinking to pay for it.

Sopa says he was in the act of delivering a plate of soup to the third customer, but the concussion caused him to land it in his lap.

Fortunately, only the window was wholly wrecked, and the pile of oyster shells under it, where the blast was placed, was scattered all over the street.

At the Eagle Pharmacy on the opposite side of Mission street a number of bottles were thrown down and Manager Thomas Wise ran into the street in wild alarm.

Ex-Deputy Sheriff John Castle, who has a saloon on the northwest corner of Twenty-ninth and Mission, was startled in the midst of a conversation with P. J. Cody, and each rushed into the street with drawn pistols in pursuit of the miscreant who had done the work, as both of them say it flashed upon them that it was murderous work.

Sergeant Burke was on the corner of Twenty-fifth and Guerrero streets talking to one of his policemen when he heard the report.

As the Italians of the neighborhood were celebrating a national holiday, no attention was paid to the matter until he returned to the Seventeenth-street station, when he heard through the telephone what had happened.

Immediately he went to the scene, but not before Engine 17 had responded without being called. The peculiar sound of the deadly bomb when it went off was sufficient to attract the attention of the trained ears of the firemen, and though nearly five blocks away, they quickly hooked up and made for the spot where the disaster had occurred.

There being nothing for them to do, however, they soon returned to their house.

On the arrival of Sergeant Burke an investigation was made.

A blacksmith named Mathai, who lives near at hand, stated that he saw a small boy running away from the scene a few moments before the explosion occurred, and he seems to believe that the boy had something to do with it.

The proprietors assert that they do not know of any enemy that would do them so much harm in such a way. They have been keeping the place about one year, and know of no one who would do them such an injury.

A search for particles of the bomb by the police was not fruitful, as no part of a fuse or can could be discovered.

The whole Mission is aroused over the affair, but cannot tell upon whom to wreak vengeance.

The proprietors of the restaurant or chophouse and barroom are Slavonians, and it is conjectured that there may be some society or political strife behind it all.

A more rigid investigation by the police may disclose something that will lead to the capture of the guilty party or parties.

SCRATCH TEAMS.

Association Football at Central Park.

Match Between the Trial Teams Postponed Owing to the Default of the Thisties.

The visitors to Central Park yesterday afternoon who expected to see a rattling match of association football between teams selected to do battle for the honor of playing in the international contest with British Columbia next month were doomed to disappointment.

In the two teams there were nine members of the Thistles, but only one—Captain Chalmers—put in an appearance. President McKillop was mad, and not without cause. The secretaries of all the clubs in the league had been notified that the match would come off, and there seemed no excuse for the nonappearance of the Thistles.

If it is the intention to popularize the scientific game of association football, some of the players are taking the wrong way to do it. It will not do to disappoint the public. Engagements to play should be kept at all hazards.

Captain Wilson of the Army team and Captain Nelson of the Rangers, with a sportsmanlike spirit that, in the circumstances was highly commendable, got up scratch teams of ten men a side and the spectators were treated to a splendid exhibition of the game.

The teams lined up shortly after 3 o'clock as follows:

Wilson Team.	Position.	Neeson Team.
Reed (A.)	Goal	Dacey (A.)
Lynch (P.)	Backs	Barry (R.)
McGee (P.)	Backs	Neeson (R.)
Wilson (A.)	Halfbacks	Leal (R.)
Riley (A.)	Halfbacks	Brown (P.)
Chaimers (T.)	Forwards	McKinley (R.)
Symington (R.)	Forwards	McCrocken (R.)
Bennett (A.)	Forwards	Poole (W.)
Watson (R.)	Forwards	McLennan (R.)
Maguire (P.)	Forwards	Tobin (A.)

A., Army; P., Pastimes; T., Thisties; R., Rangers; W., Wanderers.

P. Kidd of the Wanderers was the referee.

Wilson won the toss and elected to defend the north goal. He had the advantage of playing with the wind in his favor, and the result was that the ball was kept almost constantly in dangerous proximity to the south goal. When half time was called the score stood: Wilson 5 goals, Neeson nil. The goals were taken by Bennett, Symington, Chalmers, Bennett and Maguire in the order named.

During the second half Neeson's team pulled themselves together, and having the wind in their favor soon began to score. McLennon scored the first goal, and in a few minutes McCracken, by a pass from Poole, took the second goal. But their jubilation was short-lived, as Wilson's men succeeded in rushing the ball along the field and Wilson shot it through goal, making the score 6 goals to 2. After the kick-off the ball was sent flying down the field, and just in front of goal Poole cleverly passed to McLennan and he shot the ball between the posts. Score, 6 goals to 3. Both teams worked hard and the ball was kept traveling up and down at a lively rate, till Watson managed to kick it through, making the score 7 goals to 3, and so it remained till time was called.

Sandow at Stockwell's.

Commencing to-night the public will during this week and until further notice have an opportunity to see Sandow, "the athlete of the century," and the marvelous Jordon family—the sensation of the theatrical season.

Following will be the programme: Overture, Eilenberg; the Hardellas, grotesque athletes; the celebrated Swedish Ladies' Quartet; August Dewell, gymnastic expert; selection, Offenbach; the marvelous Jordon family; five minutes intermission; selection, Strauss; La Belle Helene, kaliedoscopic creation; Miss Elsie Adair and Walter Vanderlip, dramatic school of acting; selection, Milloecker; Sandow, "the athlete of the century."

WHEEL AND TRACK.

Exchange of Hospitality Between Gardens and Olympics.

A score or so of the Olympic boys went down to San Jose yesterday and were entertained at a barbecue by the Garden City Club. There was good-fellowship all round, and the Olympics returned with a good opinion of San Jose.

The compliment will be returned on Saturday next, when the Garden City cyclists will come up to the city as guests of the Olympic Club. They will be taken to the races at the Midwinter Fair, see all that is to be seen, and wind up with a banquet and a theater party. They will return home on Sunday. Hubbard and Smith of the Gardens have entered for next Saturday's races. Walter Foster of the Olympics was out training yesterday.

The Reliance Club has taken a two years' lease of the Alameda bicycle track. It is at present in a very dilapidated condition, and will cost some money to repair. The inauguration ceremonies are advertised for May 30, but it looks doubtful whether the necessary repairs can be completed by then.

The Pansy Cycling Club had a run to Tocaloma yesterday under command of Charles W. Etting. The recent rains having put the roads in fine condition, the ride was very enjoyable. They had as guests John T. Capito of the Ventura Cyclers, Fred Driscoll, R. Siebe and J. C. Tilden of the Olympic Club. Owing to the objection made by the Pathfinders this club will hereafter be known as the Pacific Cycling Club, but its periodical runs will not be discontinued.

WAS A SPRINTER.

But the Sioux Indians Captured Him.

C. A. Johnson Beat His Wife Nearly to Death, Then Ran a Foot-Race for Liberty.

C. A. Johnson, a Swede, who lives on Douglas street, near Eighteenth, had a series of startling adventures yesterday. First he beat his wife nearly to death, then he tried to climb the monument of the Goddess of Liberty on Mount Olympus; next he engaged in a sprinting match with two policemen and the patrol-wagon, and finally, after running nearly two miles and blowing most of his breath into the atmosphere, this same eventful Johnson was captured by a band of Sioux Indians.

At precisely 10:49 o'clock yesterday morning Counsellor Alfred E. Clarke telephoned to the Seventeenth-street Police station that a man was beating his wife to death in a house on Douglas street, just above Eighteenth, and with all the fervor that the electric current could lend Mr. Clarke begged the officers to hasten ere it be too late. The Sergeant said there was much pathos in the pleading.

Officer L. H. Harrison was placed in charge of the patrol wagon and immediately set out after the wife-killer that might be. When the officer arrived at Johnson's premises he found Mrs. Johnson almost insensible and bleeding profusely from several ugly wounds in the head. He gave the unfortunate woman in charge of the neighbors and started in pursuit of the wife-beater.

High up on Mount Olympus sat Johnson, right under the statue of the Goddess of Liberty. But the fugitive saw that to tarry meant the loss of liberty, for he espied below the patrol wagon, the blue coats and the glittering star. He made a dash away, down around the eminence, skirted the hill and headed in the direction of Golden Gate Park. The officer was gradually losing time and space, for Johnson is a sprinter from far away. As the fugitive neared Golden Gate Park he suddenly met an obstruction that he had never thought of.

A band of Buck Taylor's Brule and Ogaiolla Sioux Indians were out on dress parade near the Haight-street grounds. They saw the fleeing paleface and the pursuing bluecoats and concluded that they would help the latter. With a lusty warwhoop the savages went in pursuit and in less than twenty seconds Johnson was a captive among the redmen. He was turned over to the custody of Officer Harrison, who took him to the Seventeenth-street station and locked him up on a charge of battery.

BY ANY OTHER NAME.

The Prater Orchestra Under Its New Appellation Is Just as Popular.

A new era was begun yesterday in the career of the popular organization that, under the name of the Vienna Prater Orchestra, has been delighting San Francisco audiences for the last three months.

In the middle of the grand sacred concert which was given yesterday morning in Metropolitan Temple it was formally announced that the band would henceforth be known as Fritz Scheel's Orchestra, that it had severed all connection with the Vienna Prater, and that its "farewell concert" had been announced without its conductor's authorization. In proof of the fact that the band had no intention of bidding adieu to San Francisco a grand benefit concert for Fritz Scheel and his musicians was announced for next Friday night in Metropolitan Temple.

The speech was greeted with frantic applause by the audience, in the midst of which, as though to show that the connection with the Vienna Prater had been interred with due ceremony, the orchestra struck up Chopin's "Funeral March," a number that was not on the programme.

Yesterday morning's concert was an excellent one, particularly as the strings had been augmented, which strengthened the orchestra in the one point where it needed it. Mendelssohn's "Reformation Symphony," the novelty of the programme, was an extremely artistic performance.

In the evening the limits of the Bush-street Theater were taxed to accommodate the audience that assembled to hear the "Grand Popular Concert," almost every number of which was enthusiastically encored. Indeed, the encore habit is one of the snares by means of which Herr Scheel stands in danger of losing some of his popularity. He has been very good-natured in responding to encores, and an audience, like a spoilt child, learns to demand as a right what it formerly asked for as a favor. If the repertory of the orchestra were limitless the encore habit would have less harmful effects for Herr Scheel, but there has been a good deal of repetition even in the programmes lately and encoring each number only seems to hackney the repertory still further.

In San Francisco a conductor has to depend on the same audience again and again. It is the real music-lovers who are anxious to see Herr Scheel give fewer encores and more novelties on each programme.

OCEAN VIEW COURSING.

Several Surprises in a Series of Match Courses.

It was a beautiful day for coursing at Ocean View yesterday. The day's programme consisted of a number of match courses, some dogs competing more than once.

There were several exciting courses. William O'Brien beat Robert E. Lee twice, the owner of the latter dog not being satisfied with one defeat. Pride of Park beat Rattleaway twice, but the latter's owner is still dissatisfied, and the two dogs are matched to run again on May 13, for a $50 stake. Rattleaway is also matched to course against Jim Douglas.

Several surprises turned up during the course of the day's proceedings, and the long-end players had a bad time of it. Following is a summary:

Honeymoon beat Hard to Beat, William O'Brien beat Robert E. Lee, Yreka beat Greenwood, William O'Brien beat Robert E. Lee, Oregon Boy beat Rainey, Bismarck beat Scotch Boy, Maggie beat Olympic, Stamboul Queen beat Marvelous, Pride of Park beat Rattleaway, Beauty beat Oregon Boy, Lady Cleveland beat Minnie, Captain Morse beat Dashaway, Pride of Park beat Rattleaway, Sir John beat Dashaway, Swede beat Tempest, William O'Brien beat Maggie, Red Cloud beat Never Fail, Beauty beat Swede. Beauty beat Swede.

On Sunday next, May 6, a big stake will be run off. The winner gets $100 and a $25 cup, the runner-up $40, while two dogs get $20 each.

John Grace Jr. and Ed Canavan will share the judging, while J. Canavan will handle the slips.

Death of Mrs. Crooks.

The death is announced of Mrs. Susan Crooks, widow of the late well-known capitalist, Matthew Crooks. Mrs. Crooks died in this city yesterday. The funeral will take place tomorrow morning from 912 Steiner street.

ONE SHOT DID IT.

An Ex-Convict Slain by a Saloon-Keeper.

WANTED HIS DRINKS FREE.

The Liquor-Seller Was Once a Policeman.

HE IS CHARGED WITH MURDER.

Result of a Row in a Third-Street Resort—The Bartender Acted in Self-Defense.

Daniel Mahoney, an ex-convict, was shot and killed by ex-Policeman Frederick Brandt at 4:30 o'clock yesterday morning. Brant is proprietor of the Chicago saloon, 154 Third street, a resort that is open day and night. The proprietor tended bar all night, and was dealing out steam beer to a group of thirsty souls when Mahoney, his brother Francis and two or three of their associates entered. They had been drinking and were bent on continuing their revel until daylight.

Mahoney called for beer for himself and companions, boldly declaring that he and they had no money to pay for it. Brandt flatly refused to give the drinks and a row resulted.

Special Officer Costello, who patrols Third street, entered to quell the disturbance and