The Morning Call.

VOLUME LXXVI—NO. 38. SAN FRANCISCO, SUNDAY MORNING, JULY 8, 1894. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

CALIFORNIA STATE LIBRARY

Early Circus-Days

I.

John Wilson, the bustling "Jack," is selected to illustrate early circus days, not only in California, but in Australia and India, for the reason that the incidents in his career, as well as in the lives of the principal men of his staff, Omar Kingsley, James Cook and "Jock" Thompson, all pivot on the white tents and the fragrant sawdust. Wilson was born in Glasgow, Scotland, and was 66 years of age when he died, nine years ago. He was not incumbered with too much education—such education as is acquired in schools—but, nevertheless, he was a man of affairs. He had gained what knowledge he possessed in the school of personal experience and by contact with the world at large. This attrition had sharpened his wits and made him not only confident but bold in all his movements.

Wilson was bred to the butchering business in his early life. His familiarity with the "beasties," as the Highlanders call horned cattle, must have developed in him some of the qualities that belonged to that notorious old reiver, Rob Roy. When Jack Wilson found himself in a difficulty he got out of it in a determined, foreright way that was quite characteristic. It savored of Rob's spirit when he said to his enemies:

Open your gates and let me gang free,
For I winna stay langer in bonnie Dundee.

While a rough Christian, with great firmness of purpose, most tremendous energy, and a man of blood so far as cattle slaughtering was concerned, Wilson had at times gleams of a softer element in his composition. When he came to the United States from his native Scotia previous to 1853 he brought his father with him. The old man took up his residence in New Jersey. His son entered Beck's dry-goods store on Broadway, New York, where the Austin brothers, Alexander and Joseph, his townsmen, and who have been of some consequence in this community, were his fellow clerks. As a salesman and general utility man Wilson proved himself very acceptable at Beck's. He had the truest eye for harmony in color that ever was known in the establishment; and received extra pay for "dressing the windows," as the art is called by the tape and bobbin disciples. In matching colors he had no rival. In addition, he was dispatched to the markets of England and France as a buyer of ribbons for the establishment—a special commission that required great skill. It is also said of Wilson that when quite young in the livestock business he could sit on the gate-post of a sheep corral and count a woolly flock of thousands as they swept by him like a stream, without missing a single animal.

II.

When his restless speculative nature tired of the smallness of the dry-goods business, Wilson left New York for San Francisco, where he took up his old trade of butchering. He leased a stall in the New World market, on the corner of Clay and Leidesdorff streets, and pursued the occupation till 1853-54, when an unfortunate affair closed him out. His fellow-craftsmen in the market did not like the energetic Jack. He was too smart in taking business advantages. Wilson returned their dislike very cordially. One day a half-drunken, witless fellow pursued him through the market with a pistol that looked formidable but was actually useless. When he reached his own stall, Wilson picked up a cleaver and made a back-handed swinging blow at his pursuer, cutting off the cap of his skull as a cook-maid would shred a carrot, and killed him instantly. After this affair the butchers would not fellowship Wilson at all, and when his trial was over he left the shambles and drifted into the show business. He narrowly escaped being sent to San Quentin; but by great good luck the verdict of the jury let him "gang free."

This was about 1854. His first regular introduction to the amusement world was in 1857 or 1858 by means of a couple of trained elephants—Victoria and Albert—that came around the Horn in charge of Dr. Bassett and belonged to Sands, Nathan & Quick. They were sent out here for exchange, and Quick, who came via the Isthmus of Panama, joined the party in San Francisco, which place he reached after a passage of 140 days. He also brought two ponies and a trick-pony called Cinderella. By the aid of Mr. John Hendrickson Wilson bought the concern, together with a canvas, for $20,000 and started into the show business for good and all. At the outset he was not successful, and after two seasons in Oregon the circus split up. Wilson took the elephants and went down to Lower California, where one of them died from overexertion, and the company wandered back here with the remains of the show.

This ill-luck did not deter Wilson. He was, as before remarked, a man of tremendous energy, and he set himself at work to conquer fortune. Between 1858 and 1874 he started no less than six different circuses in San Francisco, besides managing the Lyceum Theater at the northwest corner of Washington and Montgomery streets, where the earlier sessions of the young stock board were afterward held, long before Montgomery avenue was cut through. The Lick lot on Jackson street was his favorite circus ground. Here on two occasions he introduced a great deal of sawdust talent to the public. Then he laid down an arena on the stage of the old Metropolitan Theater and gave a circus under roof for some time. Platt's Hall, where the Mills building now stands, was the scene of the triumphs of Ross and Carlo, the great acrobats, under his management. He also built a circus on Sutter street, where Harry Eytinge gave "Richard III" as an equestrian spectacle. The sight of Eytinge, who was pursy, fighting Richmond in the sawdust was one to laugh at. Then the indefatigable Wilson had a place put up at the southwest corner of New Montgomery and Mission streets, his equestrian card being the famous Jimmy Robinson, whom "Old John" of Cincinnati picked up as a boy at York Point, in St. John, New Brunswick. The late Charley Thorne Sr. afterward started a cheap theater in this place, with old Dave Anderson as his mainstay; but as Dave and Charley played the principal characters in all the pieces produced the enterprise perished from a too pronounced antiquity.

III.

Wilson's Lyceum Theater management was the best point he made while trying to get a permanent foothold in the amusement world of San Francisco. He brought some very good talent to this house from New York. James Anderson, the silver-voiced actor, was a great feature of the season. He also introduced Fanny Morant to our public and Miss Kinloch. One of his best engagements was that of John Drew, father of the gentleman who appears at the Baldwin next week. Drew was a capital Irish comedian, and his presence on this occasion led to a scrapping-match on Washington street between Wilson and Tom Maguire, whose opera-house was located a few doors above the Lyceum on the same side of the street. Maguire was playing John Collins, also an Irish comedian, at the time Wilson was playing Drew. The latter was much the superior actor, and, besides, his material was new. He uttered a boast that he would play Collins out of town, and he made it good. Maguire's theater was gradually deserted, while the Lyceum was crowded, especially to see Drew in "The Irish Immigrant," which he played admirably. It was under these circumstances the rival managers met one evening, and some of the bad blood engendered was let out. Of course Wilson was the better man in such a contest. He had a fist like a sledge-hammer and the strength of an ox.

About 1870 Wilson with a small circus

John Wilson and His Wife Annie.

and a cage of trained lions made a tour of South America, where he met Harry Meiggs, the fugitive capitalist from California, then in his pride of place as the railroad magnate of Peru. Meiggs had the Oroya road under way and he wanted railroad laborers. The keen-sighted Wilson saw his opportunity. Before he left the great promoter he had secured a contract to furnish him with 900 Chinamen used to pick and shovel work at so much per capita, he (Wilson) to provide all their supplies up to the time the contract expired. Armed with this document he returned to San Francisco as speedily as he could and left his assistants to follow with the show. Wilson's idea was to secure the laborers contracted for from the gangs let out by the completion of the Central Pacific Railroad, but he was too late. The coolie navvies had dispersed in all directions, the majority returning to China with their sparse earnings. A gentleman was sent down to Chile by Alexander Austin, Henry D. Bacon and William C. Ralston to interview Meiggs and get from him an extension of the contract time, and likewise to gain his consent to supply the needed help from China; but as Chinese used to railroad labor was the essential element of the contract, Meiggs declined. "I would not," he said briefly, summing up the interview, "give you 5 cents for all the green Chinamen in the empire. In this country I would only have to build hospitals for them." So Wilson had to whistle this speculation, so promising at the outset, down the wind.

He did nothing of consequence for a few years after this fiasco. Chiarini, the great Italian circus man, entered on his California field about 1870, and was most successful, downing Wilson entirely. He felt hurt at such treatment from the people for whose amusement he had catered so many years, and prepared to leave for good and all faithless California and ungrateful Californians. In 1874 he purchased or chartered a brigantine, loaded her up with a full circus equipment, and a small but excellent company of performers and squared away for fresh woods and pastures new in the Australias and the Orient. The proprietorship of this daring enterprise was John Wilson, Omar Kingsley and James Cook.

IV.

A word about Cook. He was famous as a genteel clown, and an odd kind of an individual at all times. An incident that occurred while he was working for John Wilson in this city will illustrate the man. It was determined to get up a horse spectacle in the circus on the Lick lot, Jackson street. Cook selected "Dick Turpin's Ride to York"—which will be seen at the Tivoli in operatic guise this week—and proposed to manage it himself. He trained a bronco fresh from the Potrero in six days so that it could do Dick's "Black Mare Bess'" business to perfection; but he was not equally successful with Bess' rider. There were a few lines to speak in the piece, and these he gave to one of the company who was to personate Turpin, with an injunction not to miss a word of the "patter." When the time came for rehearsal the bronco went through his paces to a charm; but the rider was as ignorant of his lines as if he had never seen them. Cook, who was English, was very indignant, and launched out at the defaulter in language more forcible than choice.

"Look a-'ere, you spangled hidiot," he shouted, holding up the rehearsal; "what do you mean by this, say? Do you see this 'orse? A week ago I took 'im in 'and; now he knows 'is business dead to rights. At the same time I gave you two or three lines to study, and you don't know a word of 'em. What's the hinference? Why, that the 'orse is the nobler hanimal."

Omar Kingsley, or Ella Zoyara as his arenic name appeared in the circus notices, was born somewhere in the Louisiana slashes—some say in New Orleans—and was trained to the sawdust by a circus man named Sam Stokes, who afterward joined with old Sam Stickney. In the Southern States, and particularly in New Orleans, Kingsley never associated with "the boys" and wore female apparel constantly, till the later years of his life, when he became a partner with Wilson and was his ringmaster. He was dark-complexioned, with small regular features and a singularly sweet smile, showing even rows of beautifully white teeth. When riding in the ring as Ella Zoyara he had so fully the appearance of an equestrienne that heavy bets were made on his sex, and there were many—Barney Williams, the Irish comedian, among the rest—who fell deeply in love with this masculine siren. When he first appeared in New York, a report prevailed that the mysterious rider was epicene; but this was quickly set at rest. Kingsley was twice married. His first wife was Sally Stickney, daughter of Sam Stickney, his early employer, from whom he was divorced. Then he married the pretty daughter of Pat Holland—an old San Francisco pressman, and stepdaughter of Sheridan Corbyn, time out of mind a theatrical manager, and at present engineering the professional fortunes of Frank Mayo. Kingsley irked under the female impersonation business, and only did it because he found the assumption enormously profitable for some years. At one time he was the most famous man connected with the show business in the United States. The only way in which a close observer could detect the difference between Zoyara and an actual woman rider in the circus ring was by a certain strength and certainty of poise shown while on the horse, which he combined with the lightness, airiness and gracefulness of a Mme. Dockrill. Kingsley was a great favorite in Melbourne, Australia, and his turnouts during the racing season were the observed of all observers. "Cup day" found him in his glory with a four-in-hand bound to Flemington. He was arrested in his prime at Calcutta, India, by that "fell sergeant, Death," succumbing to an attack of smallpox.

"Jock" Thompson, who followed Wilson's fortunes in the capacity of treasurer with the fidelity of a collie, was a Scotchman, if not a Glaswegian, like Jack himself, true as steel, but with a fondness, whilies, for the barley bree that disturbed the circus occasionally. He soon went after Kingsley to the land o' the leal. Calcutta was a fatal place for both of them. Thompson was quite sturdy and independent toward Wilson. He knew the latter was a spendthrift, and refused to yield up to him the circus funds when there were business obligations to be met.

"Gang awa', mon, gang awa'," he would say to his demand. "Get the siller the best ye can. But ye'll no take it oot o' the beezness and leave me light bandit."

Funny stories are told about "auld Jock Thompson" with the thirst for "whusky" on him. When the circus brigantine put into Honolulu, en route to Australia, he lost himself in the pleasures of the Hawaiian Islands of tranquil delights. After a few days' stay the circus paraphernalia and all the people were reembarked and the vessel ready to sail. Noses were counted and Jock turned up among the missing. There was a still hunt for him. He was not found at once, but during the day was seen coming down the mole heading a troop of wahines who were garlanded with the usual yellow flowers of the country and looked like tropical bacchantes—but they were crying, not laughing—weeping at Jock's departure. Thompson himself had a coronal of flowers about his whisky-bemuddled head. Wilson made for him, but Jock put the boss aside, and gave his attention to the girls:

"Dinna greet, lassies; dinna greet," he called to them. "I'll be bock: I'll be bock sune." Then turning in a half-drunken way said to Wilson, who was glaring at him fiercely: "Eh, mon! this is jist paradise."

The irate circus man gripped him. "I'll paradise ye, you drucken fule," and poor Jock was dumped on board so roughly that his flower-crowned head struck the coamings of the hatchway, and he lay there while the brigantine was set on her course toward the equator.

V.

Neither Wilson nor his partners returned to California. They had no particular local attachments. A showman's country is the world—he is your true cosmopolite. The old story goes that a sturdy German, on being questioned as to his nationality, replied, "Where I get my bread and butter that is my fatherland." So the showman will reply, "Where I can make the biggest pile." Besides, Wilson had a grudge against California, because he found himself unsuccessful here after a struggle of nearly twenty years. When a friend met him running his circus on the Reserve, Melbourne, at the foot of Spring street, in 1875, he asked Wilson if he ever intended to revisit California, and his reply was full of bitterness:

"Never. I have done with that part of the world. I curse myself when I think what a fool I have been to spend the best part of my life in such a wretched place, gaining nothing, when the Australias, the Indias and China invited me with teeming populations and abundant wealth. There is plenty of space in the East for speculation. No more California for me."

Wilson and his establishment were a great success in the chief cities of New South Wales, Victoria and other places in Australia for many years. He was lucky on his arrival at Sydney to meet with Mr. E. W. Goggin, who was in business there. He is now connected with the printing-house of Francis & Valentine in this city. Mr. Goggin introduced him to the magnates of the place, secured him a circus site at a nominal figure on a Government lot running from Pitt to George street—a central and eligible situation—where he made hatfuls of money. Kingsley was his chief card. As Zoyara, the equestrienne, he was a marvel to the antipodean people.

In Melbourne Wilson and his company were also kindly received, probably for the reason that most of them were born under the British flag. The Sydney authorities gave the Sells Brothers enough trouble when they visited that part of the world lately, even to the extent of confiscating and killing their performing horses on suspicion of the animals being glanders. Wilson certainly gave a magnificent show in Melbourne, far exceeding anything he had done in California, and, as in Sydney, paid but a trifle in the way of rent.

After getting through with Australia, the adventurous Wilson took his circus to India, doing Madras, Bombay and other places, and finally settling down in Calcutta, where he played to vast crowds of Parsees and low-caste Hindoos at half a rupee admission—equal to an English shilling at the then ruling rate for silver. Here he lost his right and left bower, Kingsley and Jock Thompson; Cook may be living yet somewhere.

Wilson was the last of the coterie to pass away. His death occurred at Hamburg, August 4, 1885. He had been there for some sixteen months previously, making arrangements with the celebrated German circus proprietor, Renz, to send performers to his place in Calcutta. His second wife, Annie, was with him at the time of his death. She had followed his fortunes from this city, where she was well known. Manager Jack was married twice, and by his first wife had four daughters. Wilson had but $25,000 in coin in a German bank when he died. This money was by a will, or what was alleged to be a will, made by the testator on the day of his death, divided between the four daughters and the widow by order of the Hamburg court that accepted the document. Each received £1000 ($5000) apiece. Gentle Annie, the widow, skipped with her share out of the way of creditors; it is said that she also came into possession of the Calcutta circus and now lives as a boulevardienne in Paris. She did the right thing, though, regarding the sepulture of her departed lord. She buried him at Mulhausen, a large town of Prussian Saxony (her native place) and over his grave erected a stately monument.

Wilson, it may be added in conclusion, had imbibed l'idee Napoleon, that a man filled with great ambitions had no room for little virtues. Therefore it was that Mr. Leander Sawyer, a well-known citizen of Oakland, went to Germany at a cost of $2500, a year after Wilson's death, hoping to collect from the estate a large bill for horses furnished during his lifetime, but he went too late. Mr. Sawyer followed the widow and obtained a judgment against her in England for $12,000, and spent about eight months in Germany endeavoring to get the money. He only succeeded in dissipating his own means on lawyers who were helping the widow to keep her's out of Mr. Sawyer's reach. Messrs. Francis & Valentine of this city made an effort, equally futile, to recover $2000 for printing, and, no doubt, there are many more claims now being gradually forgotten in the lapse of time. Wilson's name and fame are, in fact, fast fading from the memories of those who knew him well. But what boots it? Little he recks, sleeping in his quiet German grave.

GEORGE E. BARNES.

STAMP LORE.

Some idea of how stamps advance in price with years is shown by comparison of present catalogue values with those of eighteen years ago of the following stamps:

	Price 1876.	Present price.
Canada, 12 pence	$2 00	$200 00
Newfoundland, 1 shilling	4 00	50 00
Geneva, 10 centimes	7 00	100 00
Zurich, 4 rappen	1 00	60 00
U. S., 1851, 5 cents	10	7 00
U. S., 1851, 90 cents	50	12 00
U. S., 1875, periodical 9-cent	15	10 00
U. S., agricultural 12-cent	24	5 00
U. S., executive, set of 5	80	25 00
U. S., navy, 7-cent	12	5 00
U. S., justice, 90-cent	40	20 00
U. S., state, $5	8 00	100 00

In London recently quite a sensation was caused in stamp circles by the suit brought by Hitckes, Kirkpatrick & Co., stamp-dealers, against Mrs. Louisa H. Hime. The firm had been in the habit of sending the lady defendant valuable stamps on approval. It was clearly shown by the testimony taken during the trial that the crafty dame in a most skillful manner had substituted stamps of little value for those of great cost on the sheets sent her by the plaintiff. A remarkably bold stand had been taken by Mrs. Hime and maintained until the chain of evidence became so strong that her attorney consented to a verdict for the plaintiff for the full amount claimed, something over $450.

The approval-sheet business is to-day a large part of the business done in stamps and substitution is not by any means an unknown practice among American collectors, and is one of the disagreeable evils that every dealer suffers from. In consequence the case of Mrs. Hime has been given much attention by the philatelic press of the United States and cited as a warning to her imitators.

Last month a New York stampdealer made a special trip to London to arrange for the largest auction sale of stamps ever held. It is expected to take place during the coming fall and the collection to be offered is reported to be worth at the least calculation $45,000. It is believed that the American market is not sufficiently large to absorb all the high-priced rarities. The idea is to hold the sale in London and thus throw the specimens open to the entire world of collectors. The stamps will be placed on exhibition both in this country and in London.

Philatelists in France are agitating the issue of a series of stamps in honor of Joan of Arc. It is proposed to have six stamps depict the principal phases of her short and brilliant career. Writing of the matter a correspondent says: "By producing these stamps we would imitate the United States and the South American republics, who have just celebrated the discovery of America by a magnificent series of stamps. * * * Why not follow these examples with as lofty a purpose as ours?

"The administration may answer that it cannot incur the responsibility of the considerable expense occasioned by a special issue. We therefore propose to pay this expense in advance. Say that 20,000 francs is necessary. This is our plan:

"The administration would print 20,000 postal cards of 10 centimes. These cards would have the appearance of the present cards, only a little picture—very modest—would evoke the recollection of Joan of Arc. On the back we would read:

"'Received from the person named on the address 1 franc, 10 centimes, for the subscription to the stamp in honor of Joan of Arc.'

"A receipt would thus be given to the subscribers by means of the card subscribed, and the 20,000 francs would not be long in coming. The collectors would be well satisfied with receiving the postal card with their name on it, and would wait patiently for the new stamps, all ready to pay again for them, as soon as they should appear, whatever might be their face value, say 1, 2, 15, 25, 50 centimes and 1 franc.

"This is not a very complicated arrangement. A hundred thousand collectors would want to own one of these postal cards, and as the issue would be limited to 20,000 copies, the price of 1 franc would be very cheerfully paid; indeed, special measures would have to be taken to prevent the cards from being made objects of speculation."

Full sets of the United States Columbian stamps are now offered by dealers for $25. Their face value is $16 34.

With the advance in philatelic progress that recent years has witnessed there has appeared the "stamp doctor," who makes a special business of mending rare damaged stamps. The work is done so carefully that frequently the injury is imperceptible. Stamps that are almost worthless are thus rendered of considerable value.

At a recent auction sale held in the rooms of the New York Philatelic Society 500 stamps realized $4000, an average price of $8 each. The best prices were as follows: Three-cent envelope, brown on white, full letter, the rarest United States envelope, $102 75; St. Louis 5-cent, $141; State Department $5, $80; 5-cent Tellico Plains, a Confederate local, $100.

Diet for the Sedentary.

For those society women who take little exercise and "accumulate fat rapidly," an authority on foods (says the St. Louis Democrat) prescribes green vegetables, growing above the ground, such as peas, spinach and asparagus and plain green salads unmixed with poultry, meat or fish, such as lettuce, celery or cresses, with a French dressing, very little starch food and white meats, chicken, lamb or mutton, an abundance of fruit, toast and whole-wheat bread; no sweets and few stimulants, except Sauterne and Rhine wines in moderation. For brain-workers red meats, particularly beef, is recommended, with starchy foods taken in the form of rice and whole-wheat bread; all green vegetables that grow above the ground, green salads every day with French dressing containing plenty of oil, fruit in abundance and no sweets. Mrs. Rorer says: "Life is to short to be spent in digesting potatoes. I never eat them in any form. You might as well put pieces of mica into your stomach as fill it with Saratoga chips."

The expert observer can fortell weather changes by the flame of a street gas lamp.

THEY ARE TITLED.

European Nobility in San Francisco.

ONE OF THE COLONNAS HERE.

An Italian Marquis Who Fought With Garibaldi and Others Who Figure in History.

The nobility of Europe, like the rest of humanity, is divided into two classes—the haves and the have-nots, with the latter faction largely predominating.

It seemingly has never occurred to those young American women with dots who go title-hunting every season that right here in San Francisco we have barons, counts and even a marquis. But as the men of noble birth in this city are not known to have minus fortunes in the form of gambling debts, the first necessary adjunct of the titled husband of the period is missing.

The noblemen of San Francisco are all in moderate circumstances, but if Govern-

Carlo Gugliemo Sobrero.

ment documents and books of peerage are at all reliable, "when it comes to blood, sir," as our friend Major Bagstock would say, why then, there isn't much better to be found.

Now there is a descendant of the Colonnas—a second cousin of the Prince Colonna who married Miss Mackay—Baron Carlo Gugliemo Sobrero. Every one acquainted with Italian history knows of the Colonna family, and Baron Sobrero is rather proud of the fact that his mother was Princess Colonna. He has many pictures, but the one he preserves with greatest care is hers of the dark patrician grand-dame type.

But the fact in his whole family history which calls forth his enthusiasm is that his grandfather, the first Baron Sobrero, was the teacher of Victor Emanuel, King of Italy. That is why he values the biography of his grandfather above all other books.

Baron Sobrero is a young man, not yet 30, of the Italian style which most people have come to believe exists only in fiction. He is six feet tall, broad-shouldered, athletic and of military bearing. Large dark eyes, dark hair, dark ruddy complexion and good features complete a picture that most fancies would paint for an Italian noble.

Baron Sobrero came to San Francisco three years ago from Africa, where he was a lieutenant in the Italian army. During the conquest of Massowa he was in two campaigns.

One of his prized trophies is a silver medal which was awarded him for courage displayed at Arkico.

Baron Sobrero would never have been a good target for the gold bullets of American mammas, who are anxious to say, "My daughter the Baroness," for he doesn't care for money. But now he is entirely off the hunting ground, for six months ago he performed an un-Colonna-like but romantic act—he married a dowerless girl for love, with whom he now lives happily on Greenwich street.

His brother is the Italian Embassador to the Hawaiian Islands, and his sister is the wife of Hon. William Walker of Honolulu, well known in this city.

Baron Carl Von Perbandt.

Among the German nobility is Baron Carl von Perbandt, the artist, who is respected by his acquaintances and loved by his friends. He is now past 60, and for ten years he has lived quietly alone in the city with a German family. All that he demands is cleanliness, order and to "be let alone." One thing that is characteristic of him, his friends say, is his conduct while in New York when he first came to America.

Society, because he was a man of talent and good birth, invited him everywhere and made an attempt at lionizing him, but Von Perbandt steadily refused invitations.

Artists thought him lucky and said: "Go by all means; you'll make a fortune," but Von Perbandt replied, "That's just what I don't want," and he stayed by himself, painting only when he felt in the mood.

Artists here say that "Von," as he is called, will not work for money. He works for love of art. By critics he is said to have much ability and feeling. He studied in Dusseldorf, under Lessing.

Baron von Perbandt is devoted to chess, and is considered an expert player. He seldom speaks of his family, but after having won several games he occasionally tells a trusted friend an historical story of a game that his mother won when a very young girl from one of Napoleon's generals at the beginning of this century. The French troops were occupying the province in which she lived, and by winning the game she saved the people from the payment of a heavy war contribution.

Baron von Perbandt is a bachelor.

Count Ascanio Sinibaldi.

Since 600 the Sinibaldi family has been noted in Italian court and military circles. They are members of what is known as the older nobility. Count Ascanio Sinibaldi, who resides here in a cozy little flat at North Beach, is a quiet, retiring, unassuming, courtly man, who never uses his title, and signs himself just "Mr. A. Sinibaldi."

He makes a very comfortable living by acting as translator of French, Italian and Spanish, for he is an accomplished linguist.

Italian residents here describe how Count Sinibaldi came to come to America. "He lived in Tuscany, his father grand man, his people great. The young count wild, spent money gambling, was very gay and reckless. His father say to him: 'Ascanio, you must stop this life or I cut you off.' But Ascanio did not stop, and one day he found himself without money, cut off and his brother in his place."

That is how Count Sinibaldi can to be in San Francisco. When asked about himself he said:

"Well, I know not of anything for a paper. Oh, yes, I am Count Sinibaldi, but in America I am poor, and it would be very foolish for me to use a title. There is no nobility here; what is the use of a title? One man becomes rich in a week. Then he is a prince. People almost kiss his hands, as if he was a mighty ruler.

"But I have not money. My brother, who is in my place in Tuscany, has a fortune; he can afford to be a count. What does it amount to, anyway; I am an American, a citizen of this country. It is my home. I have lived here for ten years, and I shall die here.

"I like this little house of mine here better than all the villas, halls, titles and society that could be given me."

Count Sinibaldi has traveled extensively. He is one of the most respected members of the Italian colony.

Marquis Luigi Albora.

The name of General Garibaldi is to Italians what the magic word Washington is to Americans. Washington square in New York, which contains a statue of the patriot, is daily filled with his countrymen, who sit for hours, even in the broiling sun, apparently worshiping even the bronze figure.

A man who has dined with Garibaldi, who has shaken him by the hand repeatedly in friendly greeting, who has followed him through five campaigns as one of his officers, would certainly be an object of interest, not only to Italians, but

Marquis Luigi Albora.

to most Americans. The Marquis Luigi Albora is such a one, and he has lived here a number of years.

Marquis Albora has a real-estate office on Montgomery avenue, and in a tin box within his office safe he has carefully preserved a few cherished souvenirs of Italy. There are some cards of old friends, seals, documents relating to his family, and one little worn piece of paper about a foot square which says that Luigi Albora shall be a captain, by the order of General Garibaldi. The face of the owner glowed as he looked at the commission, and he said: "You see, I must keep this for the sake of fond memories." He values next to this a picture of himself as captain, taken soon after he was promoted.

Marquis Albora would not talk of his family after he had a glimpse of the long-hidden papers, for he preferred discoursing excitedly about Garibaldi. "Garibaldi was great, noble, a grand man, a patriot, a republican. I was under him in five campaigns, and every soldier loved him. I was a republican too in Italy, as I am a Republican here."

Marquis Albora was born in Genoa, Italy, about forty-five years ago. His father was a Chief Justice. His grandfather was the Chamberlain to Carlos Felice of Piemonte. His great-grandfather was the Governor of Genoa. In every generation some Albora has been powerful in Genoa. This family, too, is of the old nobility. As he himself says: "Ever since there has been a nobleman in Italy, from the very first, my people have been noble."

Baron Rosse.

The German Baron Rosse figures conspicuously wherever he happens to be. Not that he prides himself upon his lineage, not a bit of that. He is supremely happy in himself, with that kind of radiant joy that comes from a divine belief in one's ability to play Hamlet. Baron Rosse is a man of about 40 years of age, tall, dark, with distingue air and the manner of a sample copy of a Turveydrop.

Baron Rosse is one of those rare but fortunate persons who rises superior to any occupation. As a result he has been a waiter, has kept a coffee-house and exhibited his own picture at the World's Fair. No one ever thought of him as doing anything but playing "Hamlet." When he gave orders he always seemed to be saying, "To be or not to be." He unconsciously posed in the dining-room in such a way that even Irving would have applauded. If any of the guests spoke to the Baron jocularly about Shakespeare he was never known to become offended, for he immediately assumed such an expression of heavenly pity for the would-be facetious one that it was always regretted.

Baron Rosse's coffee-saloon came to a sad end. He called it the Turkish Cafe and had it painted a bright scarlet. It was only one story and was not built

Baron Rosse.

securely. When a large brick building was put up at its side and the sportive builders dropped bricks on the roof of the Turkish cafe, they occasionally fell into the guests' coffee, and the Baron's equilibrium was temporarily ruffled.

It is said that on these occasions for a time he recited some blank verse that wasn't Shakespearean. Owing to the preference of most persons to having coffee and bricks served separately, and the Baron's inability to pay hospital bills when the heavens rained rocks, the Turkish cafe was abandoned.

The Baron's debut as Hamlet at a local theater several years ago is said to have been a remarkable performance. As he was a waiter at the time some unkind persons insisted upon ordering "rare steak," "coffee" and "ham and eggs" during the most interesting scenes. Had it not been for the lofty indifference of the star to such untimely demands the play might have been marred, but under the circumstances it only proved the immense difference between the inspired and the common mind.

The costume of Baron Rosse as Hamlet has been the subject of much comment. It was a decided innovation, as he wore an evening dress shirt, adorned with a huge diamond, together with other modern improvements. At present he is doing nothing, but his acquaintances say that he receives remittances from his family in Germany. He spends his time in a most esthetic, Oscar Wilde fashion, posing in his room and rehearsing imaginary parts. The small income that he has it is said he invests entirely in flowers and Shakespeare. He is addicted to immense boutonnieres and Hamlet.

En vertu des pleins pouvoirs qui lui sont conférés par le GOUVERNEMENT DE LA DÉFENSE NATIONALE, le Commandant de l'Armee des Vosges

DÉCRETE :

M. Albora Luigi Lieutenant

est nommé Capitaine d'infanterie (alpes Maritimes)

à dater du 1er Decembre 1870

LE GENERAL,

G. Garibaldi

SIGNOR ALBORA'S COMMISSION, SIGNED BY GARIBALDI.

OLD POINT COMFORT BELLE.

Her Manifestation of Self-Possession in a Trying Emergency.

"The most self-possessed woman I ever saw is just now one of the belles down at Old Point Comfort," said Arthur Spalding of Bridgeport. "She is a perfect Juno as to figure, and half the manly heads of the place have been turned by her and the other half would give all their hopes of the hereafter to be called as she calls her spaniel, 'Sweetheart.' The young lady has played no favorites among her admirers, however, and an examination of her card at any of the dances would show a list of names as different as those on the register yonder.

"The other day she went up for her usual promenade on the ramparts of the fort, and, as usual, was accompanied by her aunt, who is her chaperone—one of her rigid rules being to allow no man to escort her when she takes her morning constitutional. By some aggravating cause she lost an article which is an important part of the feminine apparel. It happened that a bright young devil of an army officer came along and picked it up. He caressed the narrow strip of blue silk, admired the artistic workmanship of the gold contraptions on either end of it, and upon closer examination deciphered initials that agreed with those borne by the charming creature who was swaying along the path a hundred yards in front of him. With characteristic honesty he hurried after her, and, catching up, handed out the article with a bow of consummate grace, saying: 'Miss B——, pardon me, but I believe this property is yours.'

"She thanked him with a cordiality that made him almost stutter, and turning to her aunt remarked with apparently unconscious naivette:

"'Sweetheart is such a careless fellow. Come here, you rascal.' Then, as the spaniel responded to her call, she fastened the dainty creation around his neck and bowing sweetly to the officer passed on with the wondering animal scampering in front of her. If her pet had been a toy terrier she would have been lost. It is scarcely necessary to add that when Sweetheart returned to the hotel he was not sporting a blue silk collar with gold clasps on it."—Washington Star.

Curing Sick Headache.

If you ever have a sick headache and want it cured quickly and effectively, with none of the debilitating effects of antipyrine or kindred drugs, just take a tablespoonful of red pepper, mix it with vinegar to a thick paste and spread upon a cloth, cotton or linen, bind upon the forehead with a handkerchief, from temple to temple, then take about two grains of red pepper in a teaspoonful of vinegar and swallow it. The mixture on the forehead will burn, but will not blister, and in the course of ten minutes the headache will disappear under the stimulating effects of this remedy, leaving the patient feeling as if such distressing things as sick headaches were unknown to the human family.