

MONEY IN RIDING.

Jockey Griffin's Income Is Enormous.

HE IS NOW AT THE PALACE.

Thirty Thousand Dollars for Him Next Year.

HE IS A MODEL LITTLE FELLOW.

Neither Drinks Nor Gambles and Saves His Money, Besides Educating His Two Little Sisters.

Starter James Rowe of New York, the well-known horseman who is to act as an associate judge at the Bay District track, arrived at the Palace Sunday. With him is Henry Griffin, the greatest lightweight jockey in America.

Griffin is a mere boy, 17 years of age, yet it is said that his prospective earnings for the coming season will be greater than the salaries of half of President Cleveland's Cabinet. He is a pleasant, smooth-faced, well-behaved little fellow, whose total height is only 5 feet 2 inches, of which 3 feet and 1/2 inch are legs. His arms are 2 feet 5 inches long, while his weight is only 96 pounds. It is his liberal length of legs and arms, with the accompanying absence of flesh, which enables the boy to make more money than all these political gentlemen.

Next season Griffin will pilot the horses in Gideon & Daly's stables, and for his services he will receive \$16,500 from that firm. In addition to his salary he will get from the firm \$25 for every winning mount and \$10 for every losing one. It is probable that he will be paid from \$6000 to \$10,000 by some one of the big owners for second call on his services, and in addition can ride for any outsider when his employers have nothing in the race. As Griffin will average four mounts a day, and as he receives handsome presents from men who back their horses, it will readily be seen that his income next season will be more than \$23,000. This will be the largest salary ever made by a jockey in this country, far surpassing the earnings of McLaughlin and Snapper Garrison when they were in their prime.

Physically, aside from his legs and arms, Griffin is a handsome boy, with a long, pale, delicate face and dark Irish blue eyes, shaded by long lashes. He is pleasant and respectful in his manner, has a soft voice, and does not swear or drink or talk race-track slang. He has breadth between the ears where physiologists say judgment of space is located, and his head is unusually large for so small a frame. His feet are long and slender, while his hands, from much riding, have become broad and hard.

Griffin's advent on the race course is said to have been brought about in the following manner: In 1891, James Shields, an Eastern horse-owner, wanted some stable-boys and thought he could get them at a Catholic institution in Westchester County, N. Y. He visited the place and asked the boys if any of them cared to become jockeys. Four boys accepted his invitation, and one of them was Henry Griffin. He had his first mount in the following August at Gloucester, but it was not until December 8 that he won a race on John Hickey at Guttenberg.

For two years Griffin, then a slight 80-pound boy, rode in sleet and ice in Guttenberg and Gloucester during the winter, with an occasional visit to the big tracks in the summer. It was a hard life, and it is remarkable that the boy came out of it clear-minded and with no bad habits. He was well treated by Shields, who sent him to the winter school at the Guttenberg race track.

Griffin had several narrow escapes in those days. Once he was riding a bad old horse named Jim Norville, a vicious, headstrong old Guttenberg ruffian. Either by accident or design the Jim fell on the ice during the race and half a dozen horses fell over him. When they picked little Henry up there was a big gash in his head and he was unconscious. The doctors worked with him for twelve hours before he regained his senses, but he was riding again in a few days. He fell a dozen times in three years, breaking his collar bone once and one of his valuable long legs at another time.

Griffin's fame as a close rider at Guttenberg spread to the New York tracks and there was much curiosity among the professionals to see him. His first notable mount was in the Futurity of two years ago, when he rode Galilee and was only beaten by Tatal on Danino by a few inches, while Robbins was third. It was behind Galilee that he was a beautiful finish and Griffin thought he had won. He is said to have been a queer-looking little fellow then, with a pale girlish face and big eyes. When he saw Domino's number go up he was broken-hearted. Some one asked him as he was trotting off to the stable with his saddle under his arm how he happened to lose. "I don't know," sobbed the little fellow, "unless it's because I am so little and the horse is so big."

Last year Gideon & Daly engaged Griffin at a salary of \$10,000. During the summer Pierre Lorillard offered him \$15,000 for the next year, but Gideon & Daly secured him finally for \$16,500.

Griffin's work in the racing season is no easy task. He gets up at 3:30 A. M. and exercises horses until about 5 o'clock. Then he gets his breakfast, and at 6 o'clock he throws the water on the animals' shoulders which is called the second call of horses until about 8 o'clock. He remains about the stable until noon, when he goes to the track. During the afternoon he frequently rides in every race, and he is usually kept busy until the races are over. He eats his supper at 6 and goes to bed at 8 o'clock.

Griffin says he is fond of riding. "The sensation is a pleasant one," said he yesterday, "as when a thoroughbred is going at full speed there is no perceptible motion. You sit with your knees pressed against the horse, leaning forward to throw the weight on the animal's shoulders, and there is no more jarring than if you were sitting in a chair."

The little fellow says that he has not yet made up his mind what he will do with his money. He says that he has two sisters to support who are younger than himself and who are attending boarding-school in a Connecticut town. They are studying French and algebra, he says, and can play the piano, and when they have got through with their studies they may get a place somewhere and live together.

"I have seen so much harm come from drinking and gambling," said he, "that I don't think I will ever try either. I have noticed that a man who has his money is all right, and that a man who has spent his money don't amount to much."

"It is said that Shields has Griffin apprenticed to him, and that he gets half the

Little fellow's earnings. Aside from the money Griffin sends to his sisters and Shields' share, the boy saves all he makes. He is said to have no expensive habits, and never makes a bet on the track.

Griffin, it is said, comes to San Francisco to ride for Tom Williams, and he expects to return East in the spring, and ride at St. Asaph when that track opens.

FENNEL'S GOOD LUCK.

A Policeman's Narrow Escape From a Murderous Blow.

This morning at 2 o'clock Officer Charles E. Fennell discovered a man asleep on a Folsom-street door-step, aroused him and asked him where he lived.

The man asked the officer not to arrest him, but to allow him to go to his home, at the corner of Fourth and Mission streets. The officer volunteered to accompany him there. Before they reached the corner the man declared that he lived at Fourth and Howard streets.

The officer took him in that direction and had gone but a few steps when the fellow turned on him with a large knife and made a lunge at his breast. Fennell severed the man's wrist and stepped aside just in time to avert the blow.

The next moment Fennell's club came down on the stranger's head, and with the blow there came a sudden desire to cease using the knife.

The assailant was taken to the Southern station, where he gave the name of John Gorman, and he was locked up for assault with intent to commit murder. Gorman refused to give any reason for his attack on the officer.

HE LOST HIS MONEY.

A Pasadena Editor Is Out Over Two Hundred Dollars.

W. S. Gilmore, the editor of the Pasadena News, and W. C. Stuart, a friend, both of whom are in the city on a visit, had a rather lively experience last evening. They were in the company of two female friends, and the party enjoyed an appetizing dinner at a small downtown restaurant.

From the restaurant they adjourned to the Burlington House on Market street, but it was here that the harmony which prevailed in the party became discord.

Editor Gilmore suddenly discovered that he did not have about him \$225, which he was sure he had had early in the evening. He was unwilling enough to look upon the ladies with suspicion, and called in a special policeman to search the women.

The special modestly declined the commission, and said he could do no searching without a proper warrant. Gilmore still insisted, and at last the women were taken to the Southern Police station, where a search was made for the missing money, but it was not found.

Mr. Gilmore is still looking for the money which he had laid to spend during his visit to the metropolis.

THE WRONG TRUNK.

M. Herman of the Knickerbocker House Arrested for Felony.

M. Herman, proprietor of the Knickerbocker House, 17 Stockton street, was arrested yesterday afternoon on a warrant charging him with felony embezzlement. The complaining witness is Mrs. Mary A. Osborne.

About six months ago Mrs. Osborne left a trunk with Herman which she said contained silverware, jewelry, dresses and other articles, valued at \$150. At that time Herman said he had a trunk with a tag on it which Mrs. Osborne's name was written on, and that he had kept it for six months, and as it had not been claimed he sent it to a furniture-dealer, but they found it was not the trunk, and it will be produced in evidence.

An Abandoned Baby.

A girl baby about 10 days old was discovered last night about 11 o'clock on the steps of Sister Julia's Sheltering Home on Harrison street by C. Warming of 501 Harrison street. Warming rang the bell and when Sister Julia made her appearance she refused to take the abandoned babe into her establishment. Warming then notified Policeman Perry and he had it taken to the Receiving Hospital in the patrol wagon. The baby was nicely dressed and had a tag on it with the name of the dress, thought its mother must be a Frenchwoman.

Scheel's Symphony.

To-morrow evening Scheel's fourteenth symphony concert will be given at the Auditorium. In the afternoon at 3 o'clock there will be a public rehearsal. The program will be as follows:

- Overture, "Hans Heiling"..... Marschner Vocal, "Devotions"..... Schumann Miss Matiel Love..... Schumann "Symphony No. 1"..... Schumann "Henry VIII," ballet divertissement by Saint-Saens in five parts: Introduction; entrance of the king; scene of the king and Anne; finale..... Saint-Saens Vocal, "Chanson d'Amour"..... Francis Thorne Vocal, "The Song of the Lark"..... Liszt

A Charge of Forgery.

Joseph Burns, a paper-hanger, was arrested last evening upon a charge of forgery and booked at the Southern station. M. Lewis is the complainant against Burns, and he charges that the latter forged an order under his name upon Whitler, Fuller & Co. for goods valued at \$67. The bill for the goods was sent to Lewis, accompanied by the order, and it was then found that it was in Burns' handwriting.

An Owner Wanted.

Patrick Troy and Eugene Higgins, two boys, were arrested on Saturday afternoon on Mission street, between First and Second. They were carrying a fifty-pound sack of shot and two steel squares, which the police think they had stolen. On the sack is the address, "E. F. Clement, Cal."

Arrested for Smuggling.

The Custom-house officials made a seizure of 300 contraband cigars on the steamer San Jose yesterday. They were found secreted in a satchel belonging to a seaman named George Nicholas. He was arrested by the United States Marshal on a charge of smuggling.

"BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES" IN THE HARVEST SEASON. To prepare for baking with Dr. Price's Baking Powder.

The train was full of force robbers. Strong men sat in the seats in the cars and held their seats as high as possible. Women trembled and wept, with the exception of the specious young woman from Waukegan. A robber approached her.

"Don't you dare to touch me," she shouted, "or I'll scream as loud as I can!"—Cincinnati Tribune.

The Mexican vaquero beats the world as a thrower of the lasso. One of his tricks is to stick a lot of long-handled pitchforks around close together within the limits of a narrow circle, and bet with outsiders that he can ride past at a gallop without touching any one of the knives designated with a rope.

LATEST SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE. Movements of Trans-Atlantic Steamers. GILBERTA—Arrived Dec 17—Stmr Forest BIRMINGHAM—Arrived Dec 17—Stmr Stuttgart, fm Baltimore. BAYVIEW—Arrived Dec 17—Stmr Chicago, from New York. BALTIMORE—Arrived Dec 17—Stmr Eravel, from New York. LIVERPOOL—Arrived Dec 17—Stmr Laurens, from Portland.

HARKNESS SCORED

Yale Says Pique Caused an Omission.

DR. BEHR THINKS SO TOO.

The Calm in the Academy of Sciences Broken.

CONSTERNATION AMID MEMBERS

The Report of the Nominating Committee Failed to Meet With Favor—The Result.

A storm may break about the head of Professor H. W. Harkness, the white-haired president for nearly twenty years of the Academy of Sciences in this city. Its first mutterings were heard last night.

It all came about at a meeting of the society in Academy Hall. The secretary of the committee appointed at the last meeting to select candidates for the annual election, which takes place next month, read the names of the successful aspirants, which, with but few exceptions, tallied with the present roll of officials.

Notably among the exceptions was the substitution of the name of George C. Edwards, in place of the incumbent, to the office of Secretary Charles G. Yale. Another was noted in the absence of Dr. Behr's name for the vice-presidency, a position which he had occupied for nearly thirty years.

Directly at the close of the announcement Mr. Yale rose to his feet and supporting himself with both hands, which rested upon the desk, leaned forward and in a tone which seemed to carry with it a conviction said:

"I am not here to criticize the actions of your colleagues, and I do not wish to air my grievances, but I do wish to say it is my opinion that your committee has made an invidious comparison in selecting candidates for the coming election. Dr. Behr, whose long service to the society is a matter of record, and who in times when we were laboring under difficulties came to the rescue, as all of you are aware, is cast aside and publicly insulted because he does not seek favor and not because he is a better man than the one who is put in his place."

"A another instance of the methods of this worthy body, I ask you to look at the nomination of Edwards as secretary and treasurer respectively. Neither of these gentlemen has attended a meeting of the society save upon one occasion for years, and that was the night when the nominating committee was selected. Neither can I recollect having seen any member of the committee in question present at meetings, except, of course, upon the occasion of their election."

"Sixty years I have acted as your secretary, and, with the exception of one evening, I have attended every meeting of the society during that time; and all this without salary. It is right?"

"The nominating committee consists of the following named gentlemen: J. C. King, W. F. Myers, G. Schloche, H. H. Moore and J. S. Stiles. Secretary Yale expressed himself more freely in the matter."

"The whole trouble," he said, "lies in the fact that I have not followed the lead of Harkness. During the past few years he has assumed a dictatorial tone, which has grown to such an extent that he imagines every one inferior to him in office, a slave to his calling."

The spirit which came upon the society began to come out of the financial swamp into which we had fallen years ago, and ever since James Lick died and subsequently the society has been in a state of confusion. My mind has become indignant with the exuberance of such luck, and the flush of his own conceit has led him to imagine it all his own."

There were not a few among those present who gave vent to indignation by upbraidings which would burn the ears of the members of the committee and President Harkness himself should they have been overheard. But they were not, and possibly the only way in which this kind of a dissonance would be relieved will be by placing an anti-Harkness ticket in the coming election, as a prominent member suggested, and so ousting the alleged motive power of the whole assembly.

The forty-two members of the society presented a set of resolutions for adoption denouncing the amendments to various bills now before Congress proposing to eliminate from the reservation all lands which are not necessary for agricultural purposes. The names as presented by the nominating committee are as follows:

President, H. W. Harkness; first vice-president, Charles H. Gilbert; second vice-president, J. G. Cooper; corresponding secretary, George A. Moore; recording secretary, George C. Edwards; treasurer, L. H. Foote; librarian, Carlos Troyer; Whitler, Fuller & Co. Z. Davis; trustees, W. C. Burnett, Charles E. Croker, E. J. Molera, D. E. Hayes, George C. Perkins, W. S. Chapman, John Taylor.

"How shall the press the peoples' rights maintain? Never better than by advertising Dr. Price's Baking Powder."

GOLD-HUNTERS.

Thousands Seeking Buried Treasure in the Tennessee Mountains.

The most intense excitement has prevailed on Lone Mountain, Tenn., for several days and 10,000 people are on the ground. Eager and excited men and women, almost crazed with the intense excitement, are digging and fighting for claims on the sides of the mountain in which to dig for the buried treasure. To add to the excitement \$100,000 more in gold coin has just been taken out of the mountain, and the discovery of this amount of treasure has increased the fever to burning heat. Thus far nearly \$50,000 in gold coin has been dug up, and it is believed that many thousands of dollars still lie concealed in the bowels of the mountains. Implements of all sorts are being used, and dynamite has been ordered to facilitate the digging for the treasure.

The discovery of the gold of John McCampbell, a mountaineer, who possesses only his land and a log cabin. To-day McCampbell called on Governor Turney of Tennessee and demanded that he be allowed to dig for the treasure he buried on his property and as much his as the land he owns. Thus far McCampbell has been unable to secure but a small portion of the gold and he and his kinship are infuriated. The crowd of people, however, is so large that it is impossible for the militia to drive them from McCampbell's farm.

The treasure was located by an Indian named Resure, a man of the name of Resure, who gave the directions to dig for the gold. He finally unearthed it. The Indian woman said to have appeared on Lone Mountain a few days ago, and after inspecting the mountain daily told McCampbell that he had buried in a certain mound. McCampbell would not believe her, as he thought her a fanatic. She was taken to another mountaineer, who began to dig for the gold. One mound he dug and three others were dug up the \$10,000 pocket of gold showing up last night. The woman says that not one-third of the gold has yet been unearthed, and that many thousands of dollars are buried in the neighborhood. Unless Governor Turney takes action it is feared that trouble will ensue, for the men are almost insane in their greed for

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HAD BEEN ON A LONG SPREE.

The Police Mystified as to the Man's Identity and How He Got His Injuries.

Upon the slab in the Morgue which is set apart for the unidentified dead the body of a middle-aged man, whose death is shrouded in mystery. While there are no evident signs of deliberate murder the indications are that the man died from the result of wounds received in a fight with somebody.

The man was first found yesterday morning about 7 o'clock on Harrison street, between Seventh and Eleventh. He was first seen by a boy named William Shelley, who lives at 12 Chesley street. The latter saw the man staggering along the south side of Harrison street, going in the direction of Eighth.

When near Hayward street, a small alley running off Harrison, the man's hat fell off and he made an effort to pick it up. In doing so he staggered forward and finally fell to his knees. The boy went to his assistance, thinking he was drunk, and got his hat for him.

As he did so the man murmured: "I am sick, take me to the saloon." As he said this he pointed toward a saloon on the other side of Harrison street. It was out of the question for the boy to help him in any way, as while he was speaking the man fell completely over on the sidewalk.

Mrs. Werner, who lives at 24 Hayward street, and W. B. McKean of 207 1/2 Langston street, who was passing at the time, assisted the man to a near-by street. The Shelley boy left then, and C. J. Targart, who lives at 1149 Harrison street, stopped to assist McKean. The man, however, who had been helped to the street was dead.

One of the men hurried up the street in search of an officer and met Policeman Whalen, to whom he told the facts. Officer Whalen at once notified the Coroner and the body was removed to the Morgue. There, after a hasty examination of the body, it was deemed necessary to investigate the case. The man presented a sorry spectacle. Both of the dead man's eyes were blackened, his forehead had the marks of severe bruises on it and there were blood stains around the mouth. A search through the man's steel blue suit which the dead man had on revealed nothing which would show his identity. In his vest pocket was a cheap nickel watch attached to a brass chain and which he had been wearing. It showed a soft black hat and a negligie white shirt with a small black stripe through it. His clothing were not much worn and his appearance generally was that of a man who was in fairly good circumstances.

Deputy Coroner Carew and Policeman Whalen made an effort to find some clue to the man's identity as well as to the circumstances under which he received the injuries which it was thought were the cause of his death. Inquiry in all the neighboring saloons and resorts failed to show that the man was known in any of them, and that he had been any place where he might have come by the disfiguring marks upon his face. Many of the saloon-keepers and residents viewed the body, but could not recognize it as that of any one whom they had ever seen.

Yesterday afternoon Dr. F. X. Emerson made an autopsy upon the body, and reported that the cause of death was cerebral hemorrhage. The wounds, he said, which he blackened the man's eyes and caused the abrasions upon his forehead were two or three days old, but they probably brought on the cerebral affection which resulted in sudden death. There was every indication that the man had been on a prolonged spree, and that disingulation was also a material factor in bringing about his death.

The mystery comes in as to how the man came by his injuries, and who and what he is. It is not thought that he was engaged in any row in the vicinity as some of the people living around would know if it had. The police think that the man who drank got into some saloon fracas either on the water front or at that neighborhood and received the worst of it.

The injuries which he received were inflicted by some one's fist. They show no evidence of any instrument having been used. While the blows may have caused the cerebral hemorrhage, Dr. Emerson also says that the man may have had a sudden attack of apoplexy, or his death may have been the result of physical exhaustion, brought on by the stimulants he had drunk while on the spree.

The police, however, are still investigating the case, and it is thought that today some of the deceased's Masonic friends may identify him.

WARNING TO GUNNERS.

Rules to Observe in Order to Avoid Serious Accidents.

The following rules for the use of those who handle guns are from a recent issue of American Field:

- 1. Never under any circumstances point your gun toward a human being.
- 2. Never aim at a human being if it were accidentally discharged it would endanger the life of a dog.
- 3. Always think which way your gun is pointed, and if a companion is in the field with you, no matter how near or how temptingly the game appears, do not shoot until you know what you are shooting at, and be sufficient to destroy an eye forever.
- 4. Never carry a loaded gun in a wagon.
- 5. Never aim at a human being over a fence; put it through and get over.
- 6. Always carry a gun at half-cock; if a loaded gun never let the hammer rest on the pinners.
- 7. Never get in front of a gun; if you are falling drop it so that the muzzle will be from you.
- 8. If the cartridge sticks the stout blade of a knife will properly extract it; if not, take out the other cartridge, cut the primer, and take it out from the muzzle; even then do not get in front of a gun.
- 9. After the primer has been taken out the cartridge of the other and examine the wad to see that it is not loosened, as it sometimes is after the primer has been cut out.
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No wrinkles on the brow of the house wife who uses Dr. Price's Baking Powder.

Had But One Card.

"I made the mistake of my lifetime the other day," complained a young woman to a friend in a streetcar, as the two rode downtown together.

"What did you do, dear?" asked her friend sympathetically.

"Oh, it's too stupid to think of. I feel crushed over it. I called on Mr. S. and he had just met with a recent affliction. I had just one card, and as I did not expect to see him there, I wrote 'congratulations' in one corner and had it ready to leave."

"Why, that was correct, dear."

"Why did I tell you that? Mr. S. saw me and told her troubles, and he talked and talked, and I didn't leave any card. But I went from the place and he called me back to my neighborhood, on a bride."

"You poor thing."—Detroit Free Press.

Reindeer in Alaska.

Reindeer are now a success in Alaska, says Dr. Sheldon, a resident of that State, who has just arrived in Seattle from Port Clarence. The Eskimos are thriving buoyantly, and the reindeer are doing well. Dr. Sheldon says that the reindeer are doing well in their work, and that they are being taken care of by the natives. Dr. Sheldon says that the successful introduction of the reindeer has solved the problem of what will become of the Eskimos when all the seals have disappeared.

The Great Work is Finished.

Thousands of our readers are still calling for the magnificent "Picturesque California" necessary to complete their sets. We trust that no one who has taken a few portfolios will pass without securing the work. The publisher, Nelson Rattan Co., has just published a book devoted to California's magnificent scenery and great varied industries.

You, our children, want it, and you want it, and no California home should be without it. Get it at once from THE CALL Branch Office, 710 Market street, San Francisco. Take a few parts each week until complete. It is not convenient to secure all at once.

BERTLING'S inventions for fitting the eye have not yet been equaled. 427 Kearny street.

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