



MRS. HERMAN OELRICHS

[The picture is from a photograph taken shortly before her marriage.]

sustained ever since. Not only so, but the Senator invested the great bulk of his fortune in California. His aim was to develop this State and to further its advancement as much as possible.

vation in order to raise the land some 18 feet. The United States Government thereby would have their land graded and the improvement to the Fair blocks was expected to be of the greatest advantage to the city of San Francisco. The importance of this great undertaking may be more apparent a year or two hence.

A full description of all that was being done in this section would fill columns, but suffice it to say that when the dredging is completed in the vicinity and the sea-wall filled in that vessels of all sizes will be able to discharge or load opposite the property, and it will form one of the finest water fronts in the bay.

The gas companies have sites close by, and the Fulton Engineering and Shipbuilding Works, in which the late Senator was also interested, secured a part of the land whereon to carry out contracts which should put them among the first ship-builders of the United States.

At Bernal Heights, one of the coming residence spots in the city, he owned 100 acres, which he purchased in 1854. This tract was subdivided recently and the lots are being sold at low figures. Recently the Senator signed over 100 deeds for transfers of properties in this tract.

Many American millionaires have left magnificent gifts to their country by their wills, and the Senator's bequest is no exception. He was generous and popular with all classes. His wealth never turned his head and up to the time of his death he was still the same jovial, kind-hearted man that he was on the diggings years ago.

Only this year an editor said to him: "San Francisco numbers among its population to-day some of the most remarkable men in the financial world that the latter half of the nineteenth century has produced."

day—the metropolis of the Pacific Slope.

"Senator James G. Fair is one of these old pioneers, who has probably done more to improve various localities in San Francisco than any other capitalist. The early history of Mr. Fair is too well known to require more than brief mention here.

After amassing an immense fortune in gold mining the Senator sought for a field in which to invest his wealth so as to secure the most advantageous returns thereon. At a very early period of San Francisco's history his foresight-due convinced him that the field for investment was here.

"California, as a rule, feel a reasonable pride when a man like Senator Fair great invests the bulk of his vast wealth in properties all over the State. Unlike other capitalists, who, upon acquiring fortunes, looked abroad for investments, Mr. Fair wisely selected the State of his choice as a suitable field in which to place his ventures.

"Personally, Senator Fair is a tall fellow well met. The possession of princely wealth has not altered his nature a trifle, but he is to-day the same jovial, kind-hearted, generous man that he was forty years ago, when, in top boots and pick and shovel in hand, he was universally saluted as 'Jim.' He has proved himself a veritable godsend to many charitable organizations, and no worthy appeal to him for aid remains unsatisfied.

Another writer in a morning paper gives an extended biographical sketch of the Senator, closing with the following: "For a quarter of a century past there has been no man on the Pacific Coast who has sustained closer relations with the general public than ex-United States Senator James G. Fair.

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BROKE HIS NECK.

Violent Death of "Pop" Ryan.

WAS MURDER OR SUICIDE.

He Fell or Was Flung From a High Window.

A WOMAN UNDER SUSPICION.

Notorious Della Craig Was Found Feigning Sleep in the Room and Was Arrested.

"Pop" Ryan, a character known in every saloon south of Market street, came to the end of his wild career at 10 o'clock last night and his body now covers a slab at the Morgue.

"Pop," who was christened Frank but seldom heard his true name, was 60 years of age, and as the proprietor of the once notorious Blue Shades saloon amassed considerable wealth, which went in gambling and riotous living, leaving him in his old age with little between him and want.

Some time ago Ryan was employed as "manager" of H. Whittingham's saloon, a basement resort at the corner of Howard and Third streets, and lodged in a room on the third floor of the building. At the saloon he made the acquaintance of the notorious Della Craig, a woman who some years ago kept a saloon on Stevenson street, near Third, and who subsequently was proprietor of a disreputable resort on Mission street.

The police caused her license to be revoked and she left the city in 1893, but returned two or three months ago and cohabited with Ryan. The latter, it appears, transferred his affections a few days ago to Annie Matthews, a young woman who also resides in the lodging-house over the saloon, and it is supposed that Della became jealous.

Ryan drank heavily yesterday and received frequent visits from the women in his room. They had three bottles of whisky, and when night came he was in an advanced stage of intoxication. What occurred in his room during the evening is not yet known, but at 10 o'clock the window of his room opened and his body descended head first to the pavement.

A great crowd gathered around the prostrate body, and Ryan, after asking one of the bystanders to turn him over, became insensible. He was taken to the Receiving Hospital, but died on the way.

Patrolman Riley, who was among the first to arrive on the scene, hastened to the room from which the body descended and found the door locked. A key was procured from the landlady, and Riley upon entering the room found Della Craig in the bed feigning sleep. The window was open and the whisky bottles were on the table.

The woman declared that she knew absolutely nothing about Ryan, and the officer took her, Annie Matthews and Kate O'Connor, who had been with Ryan during the day, into custody. No charge was made against the women, but the police are confident that Della Craig can throw some light upon the cause of Ryan's death, and they will give her time to meditate upon the advisability of doing so.

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

The Baird Letter to Be Investigated in Oakland.

The board of directors of the Pacific Athletic Association met in the rooms of President Myron A. Whidden in the Merritt House last night, he being unable to go to the club. No charges of any nature had been filed with the club in regard to Whidden.

After talking over matters of interest to the club only, they decided to appoint a committee to investigate the letter of G. D. Baird to the Olympic Club, and make him prove retract his statements.

W. F. Humphrey of the South End Rowing Club, Koch of the University of California and W. R. Berry of the Residence Club will take charge of the matter. "The directors recommended the resignation of Funnle and not myself to the national board," said Whidden, "as is the custom in such cases. The boy was doubtless not aware that he was making himself a professional by accepting money at 16 years of age and stopped as soon as he discovered it. I never knew of two prizes and other gifts being given at the Acme for a contest and if they have in the child I help him to know of it, why did he not be a man and come to the board in order that proper measures might be taken? He can't substantiate a word of his accusation."

NICKING BOOT HEELS.

How Pullman Porters Give Information About Travelers.

"Pullman car-porters form one great secret society, whose ritual differs only in a slight degree on separate systems," said Philip Welch, a traveling man. "You know the professional tramps leave hergerylike information for those of their guild who come after them on fences and gateposts along the roads they travel. Pullman porters instruct each other about the traveling public in much the same way. The tramps take a pretty close and plain but unerring. The favorite place in which they put their fingers so full of meaning is on the inside edge of travelers' boots. Every individual who is employed by the Pullman company as spies on the conductors and porters—is known by a certain nick in his heel, and you can see the same holes in their own and q's when such a heel is found in the porter's aggregation of boots and shoes. The American railway porter is a pretty cunning individual, I tell you, and when you see one of them particularly attentive to some one passenger you can make a bet that his heels bear the proper calligraphic marks."—Washington Star.

PAUL MORPHY'S HOME.

The Home in Which He Was Born and in Which He Died.

The Ladies' Guild of Grace Church entertained at a tea recently at 91 Royal street. No. 91 is the house where Paul Morphy was born in 1837 and where he died in 1884. There is no quarter, more delightful place in the whole French quarter than quarter point, which so much has been written and said without exhausting its merits, completing its praises. Fronting the street the balconies are of fret-work green with age, and the round window with a regard full of seriousness and calm. One enters through a flagged corridor to steps

that were last night smothered in palmeto and moss. Above there is a square landing, into which open the doors leading one to the apartment occupied formerly by Mrs. Morphy's music-room and one into the drawing-room. Across the way, an archway, shaded by portieres, admits to a tiny hall, beyond which are the apartments once occupied by Paul Morphy and by his mother. The bathroom in which the chess king died is in the rear of the rooms, and is now used as a kitchen. There have been some alterations in the building since it was the home of the Morphys, but the arrangement of the rooms has not been materially changed, and the spacious, beautiful courtyard remains as it used to be years ago, lovely with all manner of flowers. The whole house is replete of the memory of the great chess player and this atmosphere has been so sedulously preserved that the present occupants, whose guests the ladies of the guild became last evening.—New Orleans Picayune.

DEATH IN THE BAY.

Suicide of a Woman Who Was Once Prosperous.

The body of a woman, apparently about 45 years old, was taken from the bay near Harbor View yesterday morning, and from papers found in her pocket it was supposed that the deceased was Mrs. A. P. Phillips of 709 Powell street, the divorced wife of P. E. Phillips of Yountville. Phillips heard of the supposed death of his ex-wife, and wired a statement to this city to the effect that if she had killed herself it was not because she was in needy circumstances. She had, he admitted, frequently declared that she would commit suicide, but the arrangement of the rooms has not been materially changed, and the spacious, beautiful courtyard remains as it used to be years ago, lovely with all manner of flowers. The whole house is replete of the memory of the great chess player and this atmosphere has been so sedulously preserved that the present occupants, whose guests the ladies of the guild became last evening.—New Orleans Picayune.

JAP OR CHINESE.

A Case That Puzzled the Collector.

Evidence of the Existence of a Colony of Queue-Wearing Japanese in Lower China.

The Collector of the Port recently obtained information that the importers of Chinese had found a new path around the exclusion act, a path that cannot easily be blocked. It is now proposed to land the celestials as Japanese, and a case that was apparently prepared as a test has been tried and decided in the importer's favor. In addition to this they produced evidence of the existence of a colony of Japanese in Southern China, near Siam, who wear pig-tails. The Collector has no doubt that many "Japanese" will come from that far away corner of China in the near future, and he does not yet know how to close the door in their faces.

The case that is regarded as a test was tried in the United States District Court yesterday. The defendant was a Mongolian sailor known as Sam the Jap. Sam speaks Chinese with a strange accent and wears no queue, and when he attempted to land some two or three weeks ago Collector Wise refused him permission on the ground that the petitioner was a Chinese. Sam's friends applied for a writ of habeas corpus on the ground that he is a Japanese, and as such is entitled to land. Sam testified when called to the stand that he was born in Yokohama and that his parents were Japanese. When he was 3 years old his mother fell in love with a Chinese gentleman, and he was born in the United States. Sam acquires his knowledge of Chinese from his stepfather, and knows more of that language than he knows of his mother tongue.

An interpreter named Matsushima testified that in his opinion the petitioner was a Japanese, because he could not pronounce the letter "j," which the Japanese cannot pronounce, and can pronounce the letter "y." Matsushima stated that there is a Japanese colony in China near Siam, the members of which wear queues and look like Chinese. He stated that when he first met Sam he thought the sailor was one of the colonists. The petitioner produced evidence that he came to the United States in 1880 and served several years in the navy. Several witnesses corroborated the testimony and the court decided the case in the petitioner's favor.

Pattison Goes Free.

United States Attorney Knight yesterday ordered dismissed the charge of smuggling, recently made against Detective Pattison. This was done because no real evidence of Pattison's guilt could be found.

The Fire Record.

An old shanty on Sixth street, near Townsend, used as a toolhouse by the railroad company, was burned at 11 o'clock last night. It is believed that the building was fired by the tramps who live on the dumps.

A Dog as a Page.

In South Kensington one day last week, writes a correspondent, I was struck by the manner in which a lady had evidently trained her dog. The streets were dirty. The lady had a parcel in one hand, an umbrella in the other. Her dress, although what women call a short one, would have touched the mud had it not been for the dog. As it was to this she had trained her Irish set of Trotting in the other side, just a pace behind her, he held the train of her well-made gown in his teeth as carefully and as daintily as a retriever carries game. Never once did the dog allow the dress to touch the ground. It was evidently a daily task carried out the joint and the dog's lady and her terrier. An enterprising dog-dealer might obtain large prices for dogs thus educated to act as my lady's page.

Heads and Hats.

We do not know whether the dispensary law has anything to do with it or not, but we were told the other day by a leading Charleston dealer in men's hats that whereas he sold more No. 7 1/2 hats before the dispensary was established than he does now, he has sold during the last year and is now selling more No. 6 3/4 hats than of any other number. We do not know what the experience and observation of other hat-dealers in Charleston may have been, but there is something wrong somewhere and somehow when the average Charlestonian wears a No. 6 3/4 hat if so much in the space of two years.—Charleston (S. C.) News and Courier.

The North End of Boston is said to be worse than Whitechapel, London.

Rheumatism

Cannot be cured with liniments or other outward applications. The cause of the pain and aches is in the blood. Purify your blood and the rheumatism will be cured. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the standard.

MISCELLANEOUS. Prices. Quality. THE PUBLIC Believes a statement when it comes from such a house as ours. WE'LL CONTINUE

Our Successful Low-price Sale for Fine Goods until further notice. 1,500 \$10 MEN'S SUITS AND OVERCOATS Reasonable, well made. In dark and medium shades, fit to wear for dress or business. Exceptional value.

BOYS' SUITS Ages 11 to 19, in a dark color, all wool, perfect-fitting garment, worth more. \$7

\$1.75 BOYS' REEFER SUITS, in dark colors neat patterns, double-breasted. SIZES 9 to 15.

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CHARLES FAIR. [From a recent photograph.]

strong concern, and a stockholder of institutions without number all over the State. In the country he was owner of seven very large and profitable ranches, and was an employer of all classes in his capacity as president of various large enterprises. As farmer and miner, etc., it is questionable if any other man in California paid out annually, directly and indirectly, more money.

The Petaluma ranch is one of the finest pieces of land in the State, and produced over 300,000 gallons of wine last season. In addition to the vineyard horse-breeding is carried on extensively. The draft horses raised on this ranch are splendid animals and are a picture of equine health. The Senator also made a first-

markable men in the financial world that the latter half of the nineteenth century has produced. Nearly all of these men are pioneers who were attracted to California during the gold fever of '49 and who came prepared to meet and overcome every obstacle to the fulfillment of their ambition. Full of courage and resolution, daring and quick to act, many of these hardy pioneers attained to great wealth, some slowly by the enhancement in the value of properties secured years ago, others quickly by the discovery of rich mines which enriched them at a bound. The wealth secured by property investments has been the most valuable to San Francisco, however, for it has been the means of making this city what it is to-