

A GHOSTLY PLUNGER.

The Wrecked Racer, Pride of the Bay.

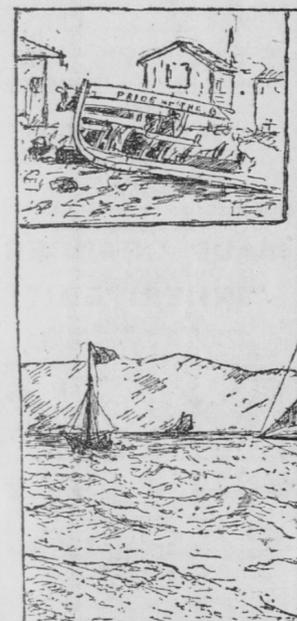
SHE IS NOW A COW-MANGER.

Her Marvelous Sailing Qualities "On the Wind."

COULD GO AHEAD IN A VACANT LOT.

Trainer's Awful Yarn of Dead Johnson's Midnight Race With the Flying Dutchman.

On the shores of Mission Bay, surrounded by the cast-off wreckage and the general ruffraff that ever find moorings on the shores of a great city, lie the forgotten remains of a craft that yielded her fellows



THE PRIDE OF THE BAY—ONCE A CRACK RACER, NOW A COW-MANGER.

when the broad white wings of the regattas flew over these waters.

The place where this noted aquatic racer "lies in ordinary" as dead ships are euphemistically called, is a shanty-surrounded nook devoted to the uses of a brood of chickens and a mild-eyed cow. A shattered fragment of the boat's frame is the manger of the hay-munching bovine and the poultry roosts nightly on the remaining piece of plank that bears a portion of the name, "Pride of the Bay."

The old plunger Pride of the Bay, now so ignominiously cast away, was built in this city thirty-six years ago, by a workman who had long been employed in the noted shipyard of George Stears & Co. of New York. Her lines were identical with those of some of the great sailers turned out by Stears, and her life was as famous as that of some of her speedy Ebrean sisters. She was not a beauty, as her breadth of about nine feet amidships, with little decrease at the stern, and her length of only twenty-seven feet gave her the beautiful symmetry of a flatiron. Her bottom was flat from bilge to keel, but she could go to windward as if pulled there by a magnet. That was the source of her everlasting luck, and why it was that she would fairly lift her out of the water. Before the wind the Pride of the Bay would drag leisurely along on the quarter or her opponent, but rounding the stakeboat she would shorten up her sheets, and while the others were drifting along she would literally "sag" up to windward. She perished and the much-sought secret is hidden in the frame that lies rotting on the wreck-stricken shore of Mission Bay.

The boat passed into the possession of an old mariner named James Trainor, a well-known character among the human drift along the waterfront. "Old Jimmy" was a skillful and enthusiastic yachtsman, and he sailed her against everything that wore canvas. Her rig was one huge mainsail with a gaff almost as long as the boom, but for a racer her skipper would rig out a jury bowsprit. On this he would spread a big jib, and up aloft he would send a gaff-top that would fairly lift her out of the water. Before the wind the Pride of the Bay would drag leisurely along on the quarter or her opponent, but rounding the stakeboat she would shorten up her sheets, and while the others were drifting along she would literally "sag" up to windward.

"We never could understand," said Captain Barbour yesterday, "just what helped that plunger to get away from us. I have sailed against her often, but whenever she got close-handed I was in the race. It seemed that nothing could prevent her from sailing right into the eye of the breeze. We used to say that if she were staked out in a vacant lot she would break through the drift to windward."

"When Old Jim went over to Goat Island and to look out for the fog station he had to moor her against the lee side of the bluff, and even then she would try to warp herself up over the steep precipice when the wind began to pipe across the island."

Trainor had a shipmate named Johnson—a Norwegian of the flaxen-haired type—who always stood by the sheets when the Prize was kicking foam in her rivals' eyes. One night Johnson, who was top-heavy with water front gin, tried to board the plunger, but slipped on the gangplank and floated away to the unknown sea.

Trainor put the ensign at the mast and mourned the loss of his chum with a sailor's genuine sorrow. He grew superstitious and swore that Johnson often came back and without making any sail would take a midnight run under bare poles up and down the bay.

"Many a time," said he, "have I been awakened in my bunk by the plunger heaving over, and looking out toward the stern, we seen Johnson standing at the Prize, his white face shining in the starlight and his long yellow whiskers blowing over his shoulders. There wouldn't be a stitch of canvas on her, but I could hear the water bubbling and lapping outside as she trained over the steep precipice because John was a good sailor and the best shipmate ever I had. He would float her right out past Fort Point in the teeth of a stiff breeze, with the fog flying around him like smoke, and the big bulk horn on shore would stand there with the tiller amidships, silent as a tobacco-store Injin and staring straight ahead."

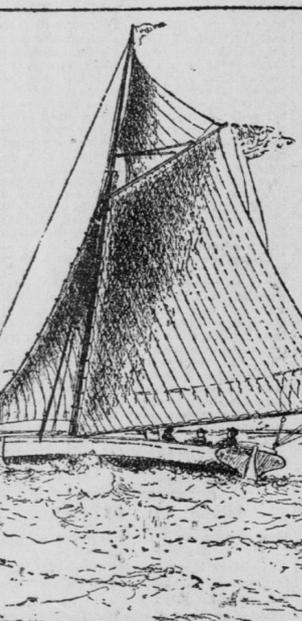
"As I said, I was not afraid, but it was awful sometimes, this going sailing without sails and without the creaking of straining timbers or the grinding of the sheaves in the blocks. He would send her safely in and out among the anchored ships—always with the helm amidships. His presence made me wafel and ner-

vous and I got to thinking that Johnson was losing too much sleep himself racing with Flying Dutchmen and other spook craft up and down the bay at midnight. I had a demijohn of whisky in my bunk, but out of regard for poor Johnson's falling when he was alive, and the cause of his death, I didn't take any. I thought he wouldn't like it.

"The plunger would go sliding by the pier-heads on the city front, close to the Mail-steamers docks, where the customs watchmen would be lying still in their boats, but they never paid any attention to us. Even when we went past moving craft out in the bay we were not hailed. Maybe we were invisible. I observed that we never struck the spot where Johnson took his tumble. Guess it made him nervous to get in that locality. He would bring the boat back to her place alongside the wharf at Goat Island and then when I'd look aft toward the tiller he wouldn't be there."

In spite of Trainor's respect for the ghostly yachtsman, he stayed close to the demijohn in his bunk, and he drifted away from his job as keeper on the island, finally fetching up in the almshouse. Johnson also must have given up racing with Flying Dutchmen and spook craft, for the Prize of the Bay lay on the beach with the winds she often sailed against piping through her gaping seams. She finally disappeared, and it was believed that she was stolen by some yacht-builder, who took that plan of learning her lines and measurements, the secret of her matchless speed. Captain Barbour secured a piece of her oaken keel, which he had mounted and placed in the pilot office on Sansome street.

And so the peerless plunger of thirty-five years ago, in which dreaming Trainor adored ghostly Johnson sailed, lies forgotten among the wreckage and ruffraff along the



THE PRIDE OF THE BAY—ONCE A CRACK RACER, NOW A COW-MANGER.

Mission Bay shore, and the coward chickens roost upon the piece of plank that bears her name—"Pride of the Bay."

IT IS INCORPORATION NOW.

The New Road to Begin Legal Organization.

The Committee Will Incorporate This Week—A More Thorough Canvass to Be Organized.

The members of the San Francisco and San Joaquin Railroad committee will have one of its most important meetings this afternoon. Now that all doubt of the success of the enterprise is removed they are to prepare a more formal organization.

To-day the first steps will be taken toward forming a corporation, the attorney of the committee, E. F. Preston, having prepared drafts of the articles of incorporation and by-laws. Little more will be done at this meeting than to consider some of the details, but it is expected that the corporation will be legally formed within a week.

The committee will to-day also systematize the work of canvassing and appoint additional canvassers to cover the city thoroughly. So far that work has all been done by a few members only of the committee. There are a number of people from whom large subscriptions are expected who, owing to absence or the necessity of consultation, have not subscribed, but who will come in this week—notably the Sharon estate.

All the members of the committee feel that they have had much more success than they anticipated, and say that they expect to build the road, if not on a cash basis, certainly with a very small amount of bonds.

As to any of the details, such as the route or when work will be commenced, the members of the committee have no opinions to express. Most of them have given their thoughts solely to the question of raising funds for the road.

Charles Holbrook said last evening: "The feeling of all the members of the committee from the first has been that we should build the road with cash subscribed and the issuance of as few bonds as possible. I feel that this undertaking means much more than the building of the San Joaquin Valley road. It will do a great deal more in developing other enterprises. It will not only keep California capital here, but will soon offer irresistible inducements to foreign capital to come in. One man here who has not subscribed has said to us that if the road goes through he would be willing to invest half a million in subscription and bonds. We expect a great many more subscriptions from the timid ones who have been waiting to see whether the road is to be assured first. The road when built down the San Joaquin Valley will do much more than reduce the rates along the line. The same rates will have to be fixed then for the Sacramento Valley through the Railroad Commission."

W. F. Whittier said: "I have no doubt that we shall get another two millions in subscriptions within thirty days. In fact we have called upon a very small proportion of people who are able to subscribe as yet. To-morrow we shall organize a more thorough canvass. So far the work has been done by a few of the members. But we have done much better than we expected at first. We have a good many promises of subscriptions and many of them are large ones. We expect to come from the East of several on Monday and Tuesday."

The chief dependence of those liable to sudden colds is Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

FIGHT OVER A BODY.

Two Undertakers Battle for Business.

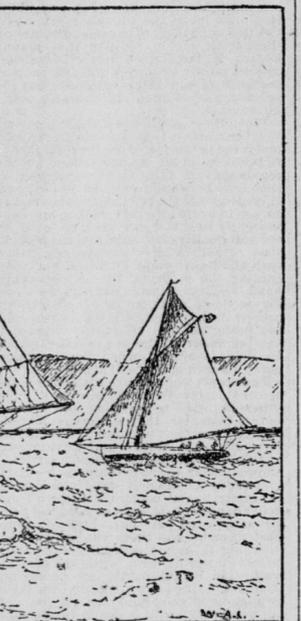
ONE HAS AN ADVANTAGE.

The Victory, However, Is Not Quite Complete.

DR. KUGELER SECURES HIS FEE.

The Public Administrator Will Decide Who Is to Bury Poor Old George Tomkins.

George Tomkins, an old Englishman died in his room at 4 Virginia place yesterday morning about 9 o'clock. He left plenty of money to bury him and more, which may account for the unseemly con-



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troversy that occurred over the body, even before it was cold in death. The conflict occurred between rival undertakers, actually in the room where the corpse was lying.

BRUTALITY OF A HUSBAND.

His Wife Beaten and Her Children Turned Out.

The Widow of Fireman Hunt, Who Was Killed at the Post of Duty, Is the Sufferer.

Two hungry little tots were picked up on Harrison street, near Fifth, yesterday afternoon by a policeman and taken to the Southern police station.

By means of candy and coaxing Sergeant Dan Hanna managed to learn from the elder, who was about 6 years of age, that their names were Hunt, and that they lived at 921 Harrison street, in the rear.

The children, both of whom were girls, showed evidences of neatness in their wearing apparel, but otherwise were unkempt, their little faces being unwashed.

"Mamma's sick, papa's gone an' we's got nothin' to eat," said one, as she munched her candy. "We come out 'cause we got hungry an' got lost."

They were sent to the matron of the Central Prison for care until the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children can be notified to do so.

Officer J. Flemming was then detailed by the Sergeant to visit the home of the children.

According to his report he found the mother, Mrs. Teaton, there in bed suffering from a severe beating, which she had received at the hands of her dissipated husband, Fred Teaton.

Since then he left her and gone to live at Morse street.

WINE FOR FRANCE.

California Producers Will Be Represented at the Bordeaux Exhibition.

A Ship's Old Figurehead.

What is said to be the figurehead of the old English ship Lady Franklin, which was lost while rounding Cape Horn ten or fifteen years ago, was recently exhibited in the middle, and falls in a plait down her back.

Encyclopedia Britannica.

Subscribers of THE CALL who have failed to obtain a complete set of the Encyclopedia Britannica as offered by THE CALL several months ago can obtain the entire work by giving order now for the number of volumes required to complete the set.

The landlord told Aldis, the friend of the dead man, that I ought to be paid then. I said that I would pay a hundred dollars any time would do. He insisted and I made out a bill for \$70 and receipted it, receiving my pay at the same time.

"I was not present when the row took place between the undertakers. In the afternoon the Public Administrator called me up by telephone and told me that I had \$70 which belonged to the estate of Tomkins. I simply told him that we would see about that in the morning. My bill I considered extremely reasonable."

Dr. Kugeler was surprised to learn that he had been implicated in anything that on its face seemed irregular. He is a young physician, who graduated from the Toland Medical College, and is a young man from Europe after finishing a post-graduate course there.

"I had nothing whatever to do with the undertakers," he continued. "That is none of my business. I certainly did not give an order for the body to any undertaker. In the afternoon a man came to my office from Suhr's place. He had a death certificate which he asked me to sign, and as usual in such cases I signed the certificate. That is all I know about the case."

He was in the company of a young woman named Maria Costello, who gave the man when Schmole's condition was apparent to her.

Dr. W. D. Clark was called in and worked nearly two hours on the patient without restoring him to consciousness.

"Nothing was left by the deceased to show that he was either dependent or that he contemplated suicide.

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BESIDE THE WINE.

The Handball Match for the Team Championship.

LINEHAN'S SURPRISE PARTY.

He and Harlow Win Three of the First Four Games.

DONNELLY AND BONNET OUTPLAYED.

A Large Crowd at the Occidental Court Yesterday—Interesting Games at the Other Courts.

The handball match for the team amateur championship between P. T. Donnelly and T. F. Bonnet and scorer, and J. Harlow and R. Linehan of the San Francisco court was commenced at the former court yesterday afternoon.

The match, which is the best of nine games, has excited the greatest interest in handball circles for various reasons. Donnelly defeated Harlow for the amateur championship at the recent tournament, and some months ago Donnelly and Bonnet were matched to play Harlow and J. Lawless for the amateur championship, but after the first game Bonnet was compelled to retire from a bad knee, and John Purcell was substituted. The result of the match was unsatisfactory in consequence, although Purcell played a rattling game.

The court was crowded in every part yesterday afternoon, the San Francisco and Union courts being well represented. J. C. Neill was the referee and scorer, and his decisions were unquestioned.

The first game was the speediest ever seen in the court, requiring only two hands. Donnelly was the first to toss, but was retiring when followed with a volley of three aces, and Harlow, by fine tossing, added ten. Bonnet started the second hand by making two aces, and Donnelly was again retired with a cipher. Linehan made two, and Harlow added the necessary aces to win the game.

Harlow began the second game with two aces. Bonnet followed with four, and Donnelly with the same number. Harlow, in the second hand, made one, and Linehan made five, but Donnelly was retired with a cipher. Up to this time Linehan had been keeping his strong play in reserve. Then Harlow added four and Linehan one, and the game stood: Harlow and Linehan, 8; Donnelly and Bonnet, 10. Bonnet followed with an exhibition of tossing that roused the spectators to a pitch of the wildest enthusiasm. He tossed eleven aces, winning the game, and continued on the third game with six more, making seventeen aces in succession, a record that has seldom been equaled by an amateur.

With six to their credit at the start the third game looked a sure thing for Donnelly and Bonnet. Linehan began with four and Harlow with five. Bonnet also made five, but Donnelly was retired with a cipher. Up to this time Linehan had been keeping his strong play in reserve. Then Harlow added four and Linehan one, and the game stood: Harlow and Linehan, 8; Donnelly and Bonnet, 10. Bonnet followed with an exhibition of tossing that roused the spectators to a pitch of the wildest enthusiasm. He tossed eleven aces, winning the game, and continued on the third game with six more, making seventeen aces in succession, a record that has seldom been equaled by an amateur.

Linehan continued his good tossing and made six aces in the fourth game before being retired. Donnelly followed with two and Bonnet with one. Linehan was retired with a cipher, but Harlow added three aces. Donnelly was a victim to Linehan's overhand and underhand, and score, while Bonnet was only permitted to score one. Linehan made one and Harlow followed with three, the score standing, Linehan and Harlow 16, Donnelly and Bonnet 4. Donnelly added two, but Bonnet was satisfied with a cipher. Linehan followed with one ace and Harlow made the three aces required to win the game.

Harlow and Linehan thus won three games of the first set, and the other games played at the Occidental court yesterday: Al Collins and The Cyclone defeated Jean Williams and D. J. Coakley. Score: 21-17, 21-13, 21-10.

The Cyclone defeated Pat Daly and W. Collins. Score: 21-17, 14-21, 21-18.

Al Collins and Pat Brannick, a new arrival from the East, defeated J. Purcell and W. Collins. Score: 21-16, 19-21, 21-13.

Paul Gossel defeated J. Kisten. Score: 21-10, 21-13, 21-10.

The Cyclone defeated Matt Daly and W. Collins. Score: 21-17, 14-21, 21-18.

Next Wednesday will be ladies' night, when J. Nealon and J. Purcell will play P. T. Donnelly and T. F. Bonnet the best three games out of five.

The games played at the San Francisco court were as follows: Phil Ryan and D. Rodgers played M. McNeill and J. Nealon, and J. Purcell will play P. T. Donnelly and T. F. Bonnet the best three games out of five.

Davis and J. Brown played C. Butterfield and B. Barry. Each side won a rub by the following score: First rub, 21-14, 21-21, 21-19. Second rub, 12-21, 21-16, 21-15.

Y. Dougherty and M. White defeated B. Brown and W. Darvis by the following score: 21-18, 12-21, 21-14.

Chas. J. Brannick defeated P. Barrett and Jean Voelgelang by the following score: 21-12, 16-21, 21-20.

Fat Kelly and H. Moffett defeated D. Connolly and R. Shields by the following score: 15-12, 9-15, 15-6.

D. Connolly and H. Moffett defeated Pat Kelly and J. Brown by the following score: 21-11, 18-21, 21-15.

M. Dillon and Al Pennoyer played W. Kelly and J. Nealon, and J. Purcell will play P. T. Donnelly and T. F. Bonnet the best three games out of five.

At the Union court the following games were played: William Duane and A. Tobin defeated James Norris and Matt Coughlin by a score of 21-18, 21-15.

Chas. Johnson and J. J. McGonigle against Professor Lynch and James O'Leary, the latter winning by a score of 21-12, 21-18.

Y. Dougherty and M. White defeated Charles Long and Barney Hughes by a score of 21-17, 21-12, 21-10.

Nelson and Jean Williams defeated Austin Hendy and Ed Toy by a score of 21-18, 21-10.

This was the event of the day between J. Nelson and Jean Williams and Al Pennoyer and John Dillon, the best three out of five games, the latter winning by a score of 21-10, 15-21, 21-12.

An exciting single-handed game between John McGrath and William Keogh. The former's science proved too much for the youth, and he won by a score of 21-15, 21-10.

McKenny and Ed McGlade defeated H. McKenny and Ed McGlade by a score of 21-18, 21-15.

Owing to the rain the match game between Sergeant Murphy and Sergeant Major Francis of the Presidio and Guiland and Halloran of Fort Mason was postponed until next Sunday.

A Whimsical Experiment. Akbar, one of the first of the great

MOGULS WHO RULED INDIA.

THE ASIATIC CHARLEMAGNE.

BY ORDER OF MESSRS.

S. & G. GUMP

We Will Sell the Entire Collection of Their Art Gallery

OF CHOICE Oil Paintings!

COMPRISING THE BEST WORKS OF French, German, Italian and Spanish Masters,

AT AUCTION!

Young Men's Christian Association Building (Old Location), No. 282 SUTTER ST., BETWEEN KEARNEY ST. AND GRANT AVE. (DUPOINT ST.)

The Auction Sale Will Commence on THURSDAY EVENING, FEB. 14, AT 7:45 O'CLOCK.

Continuing Friday and Saturday, Feb. 15 and 16, at 2 o'clock Afternoons, and 7:45 o'clock Evenings.

This collection will be upon FREE EXHIBITION Tuesday and Wednesday, Feb. 12 and 13, day and evening, and Thursday afternoon, Feb. 14, 1895, the Auction Sale commencing Thursday evening, Feb. 14, at 7:45 o'clock.

The Trustees are disposing of the OIL PAINTINGS, as it is their present intention to give up the Art Gallery department of the business.

This opportunity offers a rare chance to lovers and connoisseurs of Choice Art, to add valuable paintings to their collections at their own price.

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INDIANA AUCTION COMPANY. 821-823 Mission Street, bet. Fourth and Fifth. Art Goods, Antiques, Fine Furnishings, Specialty.

ROYAL DAVISH TERRAZZO AUCTION. TUESDAY AND WEDNESDAY, Tuesday and Wednesday, Feb. 12 and 13, at 1 p. m., at our salesroom, 821-823 Mission St., bet. 4th and 5th.

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