

1880

The Hall-Pettinos Concert.

Last evening at Louis' Opera House was something in the nature of a revelation to the audience. No one outside of musical circles should have expected that so much genuine talent and tact of a high order existed in the city. Instead of suffering the average amateur indignity, the large audience which assembled last evening, enjoyed a positive pleasure in listening to the really good voices which sang the notes of a well selected programme.

The opening chorus "Preciosa," brought out the voices of the company, and the duo by Mr. Riopelle and Mrs. Lukens which followed was artistic and pleasing.

Mrs. Pratt sang "The Cradle Song" in a manner which the applause of her listeners showed was highly appreciated.

The execution in the Sonata of Mozart which was rendered, by Miss Adelle Louis was very skillfully performed for so young a pupil, and the young lady was fully entitled to the praise bestowed upon her.

Miss Hattie Regan, who sang "The Last Rose of Summer," revealed a voice of remarkable sweetness and power and which she should not neglect to develop. She was loudly applauded at the conclusion of each stanza and received a warm and enthusiastic encore.

The duo by Mr. Regan and Mrs. Lukens was well sung, Mr. Regan's full sonorous voice blending harmoniously with that of the lady.

When Miss Whaley sang out the sweet notes of "Alla Stella Confidente," the applause which followed, and the vociferous encore, attested the fact that she had more than pleased the audience. She has a remarkably sweet voice.

Mrs. Lukens who followed with the "Ave Maria" delighted the audience by a pleasing voice and by the high degree of culture which it has reached, the melody of the lady's sweet voice being beautifully accompanied by the violin and piano.

Much disappointment was expressed at the non appearance of Mr. Riopelle with the Aria "Infida" as his voice in the duo had attracted admiring attention.

Mrs. Lukens and Miss Whaley received an enthusiastic encore after singing the duo, "Semiramide."

Mr. Burgess executed his violin obligato in an extremely artistic manner, which was fully appreciated.

The concluding chorus from the old but always pleasing "Bohemian Girl," was well sung by the entire company, and as the last notes died out the audience experienced a feeling of regret that it was the end of a delightful evening of song.

Mrs. Hall-Pettinos is to be congratulated upon the successful and gratifying results of her efforts. *April 20th 1887.*

..... We are again indebted to Mr. Thomas L. NeSmith, now in Washington City with his daughter, Mrs. Lieutenant Groely, for late Washington papers, for which we are much obliged. We infer that all are well there. *June 26. 1887*

TO MINERS.

To Miners.

Ensenada to the mines, the best equipped stage on the route, run by Francisco Pico, Ensenada, Mexico.

Miners are supplied with groceries at bed-rock prices at Cine & Mumford's.

Miners will do well to call at Cine & Mumford's for their grocery supplies.

Hot For the Mines.

James Crosthwaite and Alvarado have conveyances from the Mexican line to the mines. Parties can be carried to the mines at very reasonable figures. Apply to Alvarado or P. Crosthwaite, at Tia Juana, or James Crosthwaite 623 Union street, city.

Attention Miners!

You are entitled to take two pounds of tobacco into Mexican territory duty free. You should be sure to lay in a supply before leaving for the mines by calling on E. J. Hines, at the Monogram cigar store, 854 Fifth street.

Burros For Sale or Trade.

James Crosthwaite has about fifty head of gentle horses and burros or donkeys in Tia Juana below the boundary line to sell or trade for large brood mares. Apply of H. Heccker, at Joe Measinger's store, Tia Juana.

The Gold Mines.

Are starting out for the mines. J. & Dwell's, 516 Fifth street, copy of Mexican mining laws, articles on staple articles of supplies, 25 cents.

Hot For the Mines.

Ornia. Completed driving and furnished at the City Horse Market, sixth and F streets.

Canvas and tents, picks, shovels and miners' stores at J. A. Heath's ship chandler, 450 Fifth street. Miners should be sure to see him before outfitting.

No. 805 Seventh street is headquarters for shovels, picks and miners' supplies. New shovels, 65 cents.

The head center for all mining supplies. McKay & Co., corner Fifth and C.

Prescriptions a specialty at Steadman's Horton House Pharmacy.

Call at Cine & Mumford's for mining supplies.

"Grab" and "gold." McKay & Co., corner Fifth and C.

Horses for the Gold Mines.

Low priced horses at Tia Juana on the Mexican side.

Mail for the Mines.

Can be left at Eadon & Morrison's post-office news stand. Special courier every Friday morning. Trip made in two days.

Quicksilver and miners' drugs at Augustus Lang's, 936 Fifth street, between D and E.

A CASE AGAINST A CONVICT.

April 19th 1887.
A suit to Recover Money obtained by Fraud.

In the Superior Court a suit has been begun, in which an answer was filed yesterday. The case is entitled J. L. Reiling vs. J. C. Young. Young, it will be remembered, is the real estate broker who was accused of selling land twice, who was convicted, sentenced to term in the State penitentiary, and who remains in jail awaiting a further trial, charging him with breaking out. When he broke jail on the 23d of April last, he went to Lower California and was there recaptured and returned. He stated his desire to write a letter to a friend soon after that, and did so. After the letter had been read, he asked permission to go out with a deputy to post it. He went, but exchanged something about the letter, which caused the deputy to ask to see it again. Young refused, and when the deputy insisted, he took something out of the letter and put it in his mouth. The deputy, after a hard tussle, succeeded in getting it, and found it to be a certified check for \$300. As soon as this was recovered, an attachment was got out by Reiling against the bank account, and suit begun to recover the amount paid on the second, or fraudulent, sale.

A RARE TREAT.

A Complimentary Concert to Mrs. Hall-Pettinos, by Her Pupils.

The young ladies, and gentlemen who had announced their concert at Louis' Opera House last evening were greeted by a full house at the hour of opening.

Four ladies and three gentlemen made up the opening chorus, which, by its accomplished rendition, prepared the listeners for the treat that was to follow.

At its close the appreciation was manifested by applause that called back the chorus for a repetition. Following this was a duet by Mr. Riopelle and Mrs. Lukens, which was as accomplished a vocal performance as is ever heard outside of the best opera circles.

Mrs. Lukens will always be greeted by an appreciative audience here amidst her own social circle. "The Cradle Song," by Mrs. Pratt, close.

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Apr. 20 AMUSEMENTS 1887

The Complimentary Concert to Mrs. Hall-Pettinos Last Night.

The complimentary concert tendered to Mrs. Hall-Pettinos, at Louis' Opera House last evening, was both an artistic and financial success. The attendance was large and the applause most generous throughout. The programme has already appeared in the Scr., and it was carried out with success from beginning to end. The floral tributes were numerous and exceedingly beautiful. All of the singers were gracefully remembered, Mrs. Hall-Pettinos being the recipient of a choice bunch of roses. The opening septette chorus by Von Weber served to introduce the class to the audience, and was followed by a brilliant operatic duo from Donizetti by Mrs. Lukens and Mr. Riopelle, which was heartily encored.

Wallace's cradle song, "Sleep, Baby, Sleep," was then very effectively rendered by Mrs. Pratt, and was followed by an instrumental duet by Waldo Chase and Miss Adelle Louis, one of his pupils, who took the primo. This was a genuine artistic and musical treat and fully merited the hearty applause it received. Miss Louis given evidence of superior abilities as a musician and her teacher may well feel gratified at last evening's exhibition of her musical talents.

The "Last Rose of Summer" sung by Miss Hattie Regan, was encored enthusiastically by the audience and she was forced to repeat. She is evidently a favorite with San Diego audiences.

The duo, "I Live to Love Thee," by Campana as sung by Mrs. Lukens and Mr. Regan was highly praised and applauded, as was also the soprano solo "Alla Stella Confidente" by Miss Whaley. Both were encored. The famous duo from "Semiramide," was next rendered by Mrs. Lukens and Miss Whaley with excellent artistic effect, and was followed by DeBeriot's seventh air with variations on the violin by Prof. Chas. Burgess, who was heartily applauded. Gounod's Ave Maria, a beautiful piece of harmony, especially with parts all taken, was next rendered by Mrs. Lukens as a soprano solo, with violin obligato by Mr. Burgess, and piano and organ accompaniment. This exquisite selection was received with enthusiastic applause. The final chorus, from the opera of "The Bohemian Girl," again brought out the Septette chorus, which consisted of Mrs. Lukens, Miss Sedgely, Miss Hattie Regan, J. Regan, Mr. Burkett and Harry Simpson, when the well pleased audience departed for their homes.

The following programme will be rendered on next Tuesday evening, at the complimentary concert tendered Mrs. Hall-Pettinos:

PROGRAMME.
Chorus..... Preciosa..... Von Weber
Duo..... Torna mia dir..... Donizetti
Mr. Riopelle, Mrs. Lukens.

Cradle song..... Wallace
Mrs. Pratt.

Sonata in C minor (one movement) Mozart
Miss Adelle Louis (pupil of Mr. Chase).

The Last Rose of Summer..... Moore
Miss Hattie Regan.

Duo..... I Live and Love Thee..... Campana
Mr. Regan, Mrs. Lukens.

Alla Stella Confidente..... Robandi
Miss Whaley (violin obligato).

Aria..... Infida..... Verdi
Mr. Riopelle.

Duo..... Semiramide..... Rossini
Mrs. Lukens, Miss Whaley.

Violin Solo..... Seventh Air Variations..... DeBeriot
Mr. Chas. Burgess.

Ave Maria..... Gounod
Mrs. Lukens.

(Violin obligato, piano and organ).
Chorus..... Bohemian Girl..... Balfe

April 1887.

S. D. ...
Mar. 3, 1888

THE PEDRORENA ESTATE.
Sum. 1169
 Judge Aitken sustained in the Order Setting Aside the Decree of Distribution.
 During the latter part of last year a decree of distribution was obtained in the Pedrorena estate giving to the heirs of Miguel de Pedrorena, Jr., deceased, a large number of lots and fractional portion of lots in New San Diego, which decree was set aside by Judge Aitken in December last. The heirs then made application to the Supreme Court for a writ of review, and asked that the order setting aside the decree be reversed. Information was received yesterday that the Supreme Court had refused the application and affirmed the order and decree of Judge Aitken. This news will be welcomed by property owners in San Diego, as the decree affected the whole of the New San Diego property more or less. Trippet & Neale, and Hunsaker & Britt represented the property owners and J. E. Deakin the Pedrorena heirs.

that Mr. Neale has been subjected at some time of his life to the sort of evil communications that are understood to corrupt good manners. He should be more careful of the company he keeps.
3-11-1888

Decree of Distribution.

In the Superior Court of the County of San Diego, State of California, in the matter of the estate of Henry D. Fitch, deceased. Order to show cause why decree of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of Olin Adams, administrator, with will annexed, of the estate of Henry D. Fitch, deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled:

It is ordered that all persons interested in the estate of the said Henry D. Fitch, deceased, be and appear before the Superior Court of the County of San Diego, in the courtroom of said court, in the City of San Diego, in said San Diego County, on Monday the 8th day of April, 1888, at 10 o'clock, p. m., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate among the devisees of said deceased, according to law.

It is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published for six days before the said 8 day of April, 1888, in The Daily Union and in the Daily San Diego newspapers printed and published in the said San Diego County.

JOHN B. AITKEN
 Judge of the Superior Court.

Dated January 17, 1888.

The Pioneer Real Estate Firm.

By reference to the copartnership notice in another column it will be seen that the old established and honored real estate firm of Morse, Noel & Whaley has finally dissolved, and is succeeded by the new firm of Whaley & Momand, both young men well and favorably known in this community. Of the old firm, E. W. Morse has been elected President and General Manager of the San Diego Home Company; Col. C. F. Noel, deceased, and Thomas Whaley retired on a competency, all pioneers of San Diego country. The members of the new firm, Francis H. Whaley, formerly editor of the Occasionside Star, is one of the rising young business men of San Diego, and well known by all. Mr. Momand has been engaged in the real estate business in this city for several months, and has already proved his fitness for the business. Mrs. SAN DIEGO takes great pleasure in recommending the firm of Whaley & Momand to the public, and we feel

A FALSE REPORT

SUN Nov 14 1884
THE CUYAMACA HAS NOT PASSED INTO A RECEIVER'S HANDS
A Sensational Report Which Appeared To Day in The San Francisco Press

The Sun was advised shortly before 12 o'clock last night, by a message from San Francisco, that the Los Angeles Times would this morning print a sensational story about Governor Waterman being embarrassed and the Cuyamaca railroad going into the hands of a receiver on that account.

Knowing that the Governor had come to San Diego to visit his Stonewall mine, where expensive machinery is now being put in, an effort was made at once to see the Governor, but it was found that he had left on the evening train for his Stonewall mine, and that he would not return for two or three days.

A number of the Governor's friends were seen, however, and they emphatically denied so far as their knowledge went, that the Governor was in the least embarrassed.

General Manager Schnellbacher was seen and asked if there was any truth in the rumor that the road had gone into the hands of a receiver. He emphatically denied the report.

In this connection the readers of the Sun will remember the railroad meetings held last January at the rooms of the Chamber of Commerce and at Louis' opera house, when it was alleged by Mr. Long that the material, including rails and ties for twenty-five miles of road, would be loaded up and taken to Los Angeles unless the citizens of San Diego came forward as they had promised with \$107,000 to insure the building of the road to Lakeside.

When that point was reached it was alleged by Mr. Long that the work of construction would be taken up by John I. Blair, a veteran railroad builder, now quoted as being worth \$60,000,000. From the Sun of Tuesday evening, January 29th, the following excerpt from a railroad meeting at Louis' opera house is taken:

"Louis' opera house was crowded last night by citizens who were eager to hear the committee's report of progress in the matter of securing the necessary subscriptions and the right of way for retaining the Cuyamaca road at this place. J. H. Braly presided and John R. Berry acted as Secretary. John Ginty spoke for the committee on the money question. He explained the causes leading to the recent meetings at the Chamber of Commerce, and detailed his conversation with J. O. Long on the subject of building the road."

Long had assured him that the design was to build the road through El Cajon and on to the Needles, but he declined to show him the contract with John I. Blair, lest it might complicate the latter in regard to other railroad affairs."

It will be remembered that Mr. Long succeeded in getting Mr. Berry, Mr. Ginty and others to substantiate his statement that John I. Blair had contracted to complete the road from Lakeside, although no such contract was ever shown.

While the people of San Diego have the greatest confidence that the Cuyamaca will eventually be completed to a connection with some Eastern line, they have seen no evidence within the past six or seven months to make them believe that John I. Blair now intends, or ever did intend, to complete the road. It cannot be denied, however, that Mr. Blair felt kindly disposed toward the Cuyamaca and furnished the iron with which the track was laid.

The rumor started by the Los Angeles Times that the Cuyamaca has gone into the hands of a receiver is positively untrue, and was no doubt intended to hurt

Cuyamaca railroad. It is greatly embarrassing and the cause of a heavy judgment hanging over the Governor's head.

Whatever may be the facts upon which the above rumors were based, it is to be hoped that any rupture in the management of the road will be speedily healed. General Manager Schnellbacher is a thorough railroad man who has a reputation throughout the East and his connection with this road is such as to command him to the well-wishes of the people of this city. John I. Blair is certainly his friend and has already at own his confidence in him.

SUGAR BEET CULTURE

CORONADO OR SAN JACINTO TO SAN DIEGO
A SUGAR FACTORY

Value of the Beet to Stock Feed
and Better than Hay, Bran, &c.
Something for Farmers to Think of

We take the following from the columns of the New York Tribune. It bears a dispatch sent from San Francisco:

Claus Spreckels is here, deep in sugar making. He complains that his Watsonville factory cannot be kept running night and day as expected, because of the poor crop of beets this year. He has rented a large tract of land in a factory, and expects to grow enough beets next year to keep the factory running for six months. He will build next a new factory, the machinery for which is now on its way from Germany. He declares that the site has not been decided upon, but rumor has narrowed it down to Coronado Beach or San Jacinto, San Diego county.

In advocating the cultivation of sugar beet, the Rural Californian desires to impress upon farmers that though extensive cultivation is just present untenable, owing to the cost of beet sugar factories, it will pay well to grow them in smaller quantities for fodder. The beet fed to stock has proven to be cheaper than hay. Farmers who have tried it pronounce a ton of beets equal to five tons of alfalfa. At Alvarado, after the sugar has been extracted, the pulp is fed to fatten beef for market, and is said to produce a superior quality of meat. Cattle relish it, and mixed with hay and corn it has no equal as a fodder for fatten stock on. Given to cows it produces a handsome yield of very rich milk.

As a prepared food, sugar beets are cheaper than either bran or cut feed. Professor Brown of the Ontario experimental farm has made some interesting experiments to determine the relative merits of different feeding materials for farm animals. The heaviest weight per day was obtained from sugar beets, associated with hay and a mixture of grain, which gave 2.05 pounds at a cost of 2 1/2 cents per pound, while permanent pastures produced 2.05 pounds at a cost of 2 cents a pound. No doubt the difference in cost was the labor in preparing the food, the pastures being ready for the stock, while the mixed had to be prepared. Permanent grass gave better results than pastures from which a crop of hay had been taken, as the hay pastures produced only 1.15 pounds at a cost of 5 cents per pound.

In this connection it is not out of place to suggest drying the beets for future use. By slicing the beets up somewhat after the fashion of dried apples, they can be kept for an indefinite time. When about to be fed to stock they should either be soaked in water for a few hours, steamed, then cut up with hay and corn. It has even been suggested that in this way sugar beets might become an article of commerce, being easily kept, handled and transported. From this point of view the farmer would be striving to produce a beet possessing the requisite amount of saccharine matter to justify the erection of beet sugar factories, and at the same time his experiment would not only pay

S.D. Sun
Nov 14 1884

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A SAN FRANCISCO STORY.

A morning paper in San Francisco contains the following special: "Governor Waterman to-day forced the Cuyamaca & Eastern Railroad into the hands of a receiver, and all sorts of rumors are in circulation concerning the company's affairs. A prominent citizen connected with the Cuyamaca road, was seen at midnight, and admitted that the Cuyamaca railway is greatly embarrassed. It is rumored that the cause of the embarrassment is a \$150,000 judgment hanging over Governor Waterman's head. It is also asserted that the \$100,000 subsidy raised from San Diego citizens for building the road was under false pretenses. It is well-known here that there is a serious rupture among the officials of the road. General Manager G. W. Schnellbacher made two attempts to see Governor Waterman before he went to his mines yesterday, but the Governor positively refused him an audience, stating that he had no time to give to railroad matters. The Governor was in a bad humor and left on the evening train for the Stonewall mines."

Last January when officers of the road were endeavoring to raise a subsidy in San Diego for the building of the road J. O. Long, Vice-President, who is now in New York, made the statement that J. I. Blair was backing the Cuyamaca road, and would complete the same after the road had been built to Lakeside. Gov. Waterman corroborated Long's statement, which was made at the public meeting at the Chamber of Commerce, and private citizens subscribed money and secured notes amounting to \$167,000. It is now asserted that there is no truth in the statement that Blair would complete the road. Blair, however, furnished rails and other material for the line now being operated through General Manager Schnellbacher, who, it is said, asserts he was induced to take hold of the road under false representations, and that the whole scheme was a big game of buncombe. Mr. Schnellbacher has demanded to be released from his connection with the road, but no attention was paid to his request. It is evident, however, that the

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In advocating the cultivation of sugar beets, the Rural Californian desires to impress it upon farmers that though extensive cultivation is not present, untenable, owing to the absence of beet sugar factories, it will pay well to grow them in smaller quantities for feed. The beet fed to stock has proven to be cheaper than hay. Farmers who have tried it pronounce a ton of beets equal to five tons of alfalfa. At Alvarado, after the sugar has been extracted, the pulp is fed to fatten beef for market, and is said to produce a superior quality of meat. Cattle relish it, and mixed with hay and corn it has no equal as a fodder for fattening stock on. Given to cows, it produces a handsome yield of very rich milk.

As a prepared food for sugar beets is cheaper than either bran or corn, Professor Brown of the Ontario experimental farm has made some interesting experiments to determine the relative merits of different feedings materials for farm animals. The heaviest weight in a day was obtained from a steer which, as stated with hay and a mixture of corn, which gave 2.65 pounds of gain per day, 2 cents per pound, while permanent pasture produced 2.05 pounds of gain at 2 cents a pound. No doubt the difference in cost was the labor in preparing the food, the pasture being ready for the stock, while the latter had to be prepared. Permanent grass gave results than pasture from which of hay had been taken, and the hay was found to produce only 1.15 pounds of gain at 5 cents per pound.

In this connection it is not out of place to suggest trying the beets for future use. By slicing the beets up somewhat in the fashion of dried apples they can be kept for an indefinite time. When all to be fed to stock they should be soaked in water for a few hours, steamed, then cut up with hay and corn. It has even been suggested that in this way sugar beets might become an article of commerce, being easily kept, handled and transported. From this point of view the farmer would be striving to produce a beet, possessing the requisite amount of saccharine matter, justifying the extraction of beet sugar factories, and at the same time his experiment would not only pay its way, but would be a source of profit alone the after consideration of beet sugar factories. We hope a large number of our farmers will plant a patch of land to sugar beets this coming season and use every precaution to produce first-class sugar-bearing articles. Let us prove beyond a doubt that we can grow such a beet, and that large areas of our land will grow profitable crops, and that the beet will follow fast enough.

May 23, FOUND GUILTY. 7889.

H. Lockwood Will Be Sentenced Next Monday for Stealing a Watch.

Judge Aitken was busy yesterday, having two juries to attend to. That in the Allison case was in charge of the bailiff and gave but little trouble, simply reporting from time to time its inability to agree. The second jury was impelled to try the case of the People vs. J. B. Lockwood, charged with grand larceny. The case is somewhat familiar, in that the defendant was instrumental in securing the stolen property for the officer. The larceny consisted in the stealing of a gold watch belonging to J. P. Ring from his vest while it was hung up in the warehouse of Whittier, Fuller & Co. Ring reported his loss to Constable Ellsworth, and that officer, in his search, came across Lockwood, who claimed to have had the watch offered to him by a man named Atkins. Ellsworth secured the watch through Lockwood, but could not find Atkins.

Meanwhile another officer secured a clue, and by following it up concluded that both Atkins and Lockwood were guilty and arrested them. Atkins pleaded guilty, and swore that Lockwood was equally so. On that plea Atkins was sentenced to one year in the penitentiary, and is now there.

In the trial yesterday the defendant was not placed on the stand, his attorney, Walter Ferral, making a strong plea for him on the ground that he had materially assisted in recovering the watch. The plea had its effect, for the jury appended to the verdict of "guilty" a strong recommendation for leniency. Sentence will be passed on Monday.

The defendant's character is not above reproach, as he is living with a woman of more than doubtful reputation in the lower part of the city.

San Diego Progress

The presence in San Diego of representative railroad men, who desire to know what vitality exists in a city that desires further railroad connections with the outside world, prompts the Sun to reprint, as it does below, an article which appeared in these columns on the 20th of May.

June 20, 1889.

"If there has been any discouragement the past year in San Diego, it has been due to the contrast between normal and abnormal business conditions; and to the limited appreciation of sound progress as compared with the spasmodic rush of real estate which made men who were beggars in the morning think themselves millionaires at night. What we have had and what we have done since the speculative boom collapsed are enough to throw any Eastern city into a fit of happiness and self-sulogy, but the people of San Diego, in brooding over what had gone before, became morose and disgruntled. It is to be hoped that a review of the situation will cure any lingering traces of this needless melancholy. Since May, 1887, which month saw the final subsidence of the boom, San Diego has built on obtained:

(I) A large business center to this city and the farming country back of it from the coast range of mountains.

(II) The "Short Line" between here and Los Angeles.

(III) The completed Coronado hotel, the Brewster and the Louis, Bon Tom, Obadbourne, Whaley and Dillon, Mathodist, Allyn, Nesmith-Greely and Falve blocks, large school buildings, and imposing churches and residences.

(IV) The Japanese and Carlson-Graves railroad lines, now building toward what are believed to be transcontinental connections.

(V) The paving of Fifth and paving operations on D streets.

(VI) A large government appropriation for light houses and quarantine.

(VII) A Harbor Commission with power to build a sea wall and inaugurate a system of slips and piers.

(VIII) The planting of 600,000 fruit trees in the back country and the opening up of a vast area of agricultural land.

(IX) The development of rich mining property at Santa Clara and Julian.

(X) The discovery and utilization of mineral water, equal in health-giving properties to the Wisconsin Waukegan.

(XI) The discovery of coal at Elmore and Lower California, and its development at the former place.

(XII) The discovery of kaolin clay, and the successful production of porcelain.

(XIII) The arrangement of the Atchinson road and the Peninsular and Oriental Steamship company to give a line of steamers between Yokohama and San Diego.

(XIV) Suburban watch and nail factories and a College of Letters.

We are about to begin the prosecution of the fishing industry, and are taking the initial steps to develop trade with Mexico and Central America.

This review deals with the capital points in the progress of the year and with the probabilities of the next few months, but it leaves out many enterprises of a private nature which, in the long run, will mean much to San Diego and Southern California.

Is not this showing one upon which every citizen of San Diego may take courage, and, laying aside all misgivings, put his house in order for the reception of better times?

President Strong and the representative Mr. Huntington said to be in the city notes, will, perhaps, appreciate the more on account of this

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THE CONSUMPTIVES.

The Experience of a St. Louis Bar-
 bor at San Diego.

Being With People Who Talked
 of Selling Out Their Lungs,
 Cod Liver Oil and Flan-
 nel Handkerchiefs. - 1884

[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.]
 "But I'll tell you what's the matter," said
 the Laeade hotel barbor, "when I hear people
 here talking about dull times I say to myself,
 'My friends, you don't know anything
 about it,' and they don't. Does the
 razor hurt you? Now, if you want to
 know what dull times are you'll have to take
 a trip to San Diego, just on the Mexican bor-
 der, in California. I lived in that town in
 1880 and it beat any place I ever saw. I had
 a bookkeeper at East Saginaw, Mich.,
 and I worked so steady indoors that my
 health broke down. My brother was an
 Episcopalian minister at Kalamazoo, and I
 went to his home and staid a while. It was
 finally decided that I had consumption, and
 the doctor told my brother that unless I
 could go to some part of the country where
 the climate was more mild and regular I
 would be a dead man inside of a year. So
 my brother sent me to San Diego. I was too
 weak and sick to take much interest in the
 place, but as soon as I was able to
 walk I went to the consumptives beside myself,
 here to Fourth street without meeting
 sir, it beat anything I ever saw.
 I'd get up in the morning, and take a little
 walk along the beach, meeting a number of
 the consumptives, and after a while we all
 became acquainted. We didn't have much
 under medical instructions not to talk in the
 open air, and not to talk much any where for
 fear it might bring on a fit of coughing and
 burst a blood vessel or something. Just
 well, sir, it was a little pleasant. Just
 meeting the animated class on the beach and
 I became intimate for about a week, when
 them to talk, and I used to ask them how they
 felt. I remember the first morning I talked
 with one of them. They always
 each other as 'the consumptives.'

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They talked about nothing else
 lungs, bursting blood vessels, hemo-
 cod liver oil, whey and flannel han-
 ges. The hotel proprietor spoke a little English,
 and I tried to lead him off on some other
 subject one day, but he broke me all up
 with a story about a Bostonian who died in a
 coughing fit the winter before, while at-
 tempting to deliver a lecture to the con-
 sumptives on how to keep our pulmonary or-
 gans in their normal condition! The pro-
 prietor said that five of the lecturer's aud-
 ience had hemorrhages in the hall, and one of
 them went into a spasm which carried him
 off the next day. He wouldn't talk about
 anything else but consumption. Have a lit-
 tle powder! There were eleven stores in the
 town, nine of them drug stores, and the
 other two a butcher's shop and a grocery.
 Nearly the entire population were consump-
 tive, so that they ate scarcely anything. The
 butcher sold meat for beef-tea, and the gro-
 cer kept nothing but oatmeal for gruel, some
 mustard for plasters, and milk for whey.
 The druggists sold cod-liver oil almost ex-
 clusively, but they had a fair trade in brandy
 and simple syrup.
 "A few Mexican fishermen and Greasers
 came in occasionally; but during the entire
 year I lived there I never heard anybody
 laugh, I never saw a dog-fight, I never saw a
 runaway, I never heard a shout, I never saw
 more than two persons on the street at one
 time. I never saw even a game of dominoes,
 and I never talked to anybody on any sub-
 ject but consumption.
 "I went into the grocer's store one day, after I
 had picked up a little Spanish, and asked him
 for business was. He said it was looking up.
 "It is good, signor," said he; "very good. I
 have sold in a month, of goods, \$4. I think
 three times will be better." I asked the butcher
 how things were going with him, and he told
 me that he had taken in 20 cents during the
 week, and was satisfied with the condition of
 his. Dull! Well, the only thing that
 stirred up the town while I was there was the
 funerals of the consumptives. Nearly forty
 of them died during the year,
 and I think every one of them
 told me before they died that they
 didn't have anything which bore the slightest
 resemblance to consumption. The funerals
 were pretty dull, too—one donkey, a two-
 wheeled cart and a Mexican driver was all
 there was to them. After every funeral the
 consumptives would grow worse, and when
 they all got to coughing together in the
 hotel, you could hear them a mile away.
 "But you got well," said the worried re-
 porter as the barber took off the towels.
 "Yes, but not there. You see I didn't have
 consumption. I had dyspepsia, and as soon
 as the doctors found it out my brother sent
 me to Carlsbad, Bohemia. That wasn't so
 dull, but it was the queerest place I ever
 struck except Sydney, Australia, or, per-
 haps, Rio Janeiro, Brazil."
 "You must have traveled," said the re-
 porter.
 "A little," said the barber. "I spent four-
 teen months at the cape of Good Hope, and
 passed one winter in Alexandria. I was up
 the Nile when news of my brother's death
 reached me, and I learned this business partly
 in Paris, partly in Vienna, and partly in
 Berlin. I had a shop in Constantinople when
 the czar was killed. I was educated to be a
 minister, tried law awhile, did some report-
 ing for the New York papers, kept a saloon
 in Brooklyn, ran a book-stall in Boston, sold

SHYNESS IS SERIOUS.

MEDICAL EXPERTS SAY IT IS A SYMPTOM OF MELANCHOLIA.

It Takes Various Forms, but Is Invariably a Forerunner of Dementia—A Disease That Should Be Carefully Treated in Time—Affects Men as Well as Women.

At last it has been discovered that the reason the girl who seems exceedingly shy acts in the fashion she does is that she is demented.

This is the result of extensive investigation by insanity experts on both sides of the water. Exceptional bashfulness, as it is called, is really shyness. It is a morbid condition of the mind, a certain sort of dementia.

Often is the expression heard that a person is painfully shy. Yet in such an instance no doubt has been raised as to the mental condition of the object of the remark. Nevertheless, it is far more than probable that the individual referred to was suffering from insanity just as much if not more than many persons who are living out a tortured existence within the walls of a madhouse.

It is a well known fact that one of the most notable symptoms of insanity is that which causes the person afflicted to shun the company of others. Loneliness is an incentive to insanity. Confinement in a solitary cell in a prison often breeds madness. It is altogether an unnatural mental condition which impels a person to avoid the society of humanity. No one whose condition is normal ever consents to such an existence.

Just how the insanity expert looks at shyness is shown by the following statement, made by Dr. C. W. Kunz of New York, whose wide experience makes his opinion well worth considering:

"Shyness is as much a disease as scarlet fever. It is recognized as a symptom of dementia or melancholia, just as an extremely strong willed person, or one who is what is termed unusually self assertive, is regarded by physicians as a possible subject for acute paresis.

"This shyness takes various forms, such as a sudden feeling of faintness and weakness on looking down from any extreme height. It is present when a woman persists in looking under the bed before retiring, although she knows full well that there is no man there. I know of one case of a woman who, when she turns out the gas, invariably lights a match to see if she has turned it completely off, and nine times out of ten she lights another match to see if she throw the first match into the coal scuttle or fireplace. That is another form of what may be termed shyness.

"This shyness is due to a variety of causes. It is very often the case that a system which is run down leads to this condition of mind. The continual thinking upon any subject, or what is termed brooding over a certain thing, leads to this. If not checked in time, melancholia results.

"This shyness is as common to men as to women. Some men seem embarrassed and ill at ease when in the presence of women, while, on the other hand, it is often noticed that the presence of gentlemen makes some women very ill at ease, only, in justice to the sex, it must be stated that this very rarely happens.

"There are many reasons for these facts, but the most common one is ill health. Should a person so troubled go to a physician, he or she would be regarded as possessing symptoms indicating a lack of will power and approaching insanity in some form. There are waves of morbid shyness, just as there are waves of insanity. There are waves of certain kinds of suicide, resulting from insanity. There are waves of bridge jumping, killing with razors or knives, shooting and death by poison.

"Many suicides are due to temporary insanity, brought on by a variety of causes. One of the first symptoms is shyness. Persons afflicted with this shyness never take up any of the sciences or professions or become students. They lead a life of isolation and are often

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"Many suicides are due to temporary insanity, brought on by a variety of causes. One of the first symptoms is shyness. Persons afflicted with this shyness never take up any of the sciences or professions or become students. They lack the will power necessary to do so. Where the normal mind of man overcomes difficulties and troubles when they come, the shy, retiring man seeks relief in suicide."

Dr. Henry Campbell, who is the physician in charge of the Northwest London hospital, says that morbid shyness is, like other mental disorders, an exaggeration of an unnatural physical state. It is among women, he declares, that this symptom of mental disorder is most often seen. Lacking the physical strength of man in most instances, they are unable to withstand the depression that sometimes seizes them. That depression gives birth to a desire to be unobserved. Here is the beginning of the fit of shyness which results in unbalancing the mind and creating the idea that the very sight of others is an affliction to be avoided.

Several New York doctors who discussed the question at length said that they had noticed particularly among young women whom they had been called upon to see that those who had exhibited the greatest embarrassment in the presence of young men were lacking in that mental equipoise necessary to the normal brain. Modesty is one thing, they said, shyness quite another. The one causes the young woman to refrain from action that would bring upon her just criticism. The other is simply impelled to a course of action for which there is neither rhyme nor reason, and one that only results in general discomfort.—New York Journal.

About the Same.

"By the way, where is the major nowadays?" asked the mutual friend.

"He is in an institution for the treatment of the feeble-minded," said the colonel, with a trace of acrimony in his voice.

"You don't say!"

"Well, sah, they don't call the place by that name, sah. But you can see for yo'self that it amounts to the same thing. It is a water cure establishment, sah."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

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WOMAN'S WORLD.

DR. ELLEN KENYON ON ARRESTED DEVELOPMENT.

Late Occurrences in Society and the Business World of Interest to Women. Timely Hints as to Spring Novelties—Interesting Personal Gossip.

The Science Sermons society meets every Sunday evening in the lecture room of Robert Collyer's church for the announced object of "presenting the most advanced views and encouraging their practical application." The society is called a new departure, and the platform is said to be broad enough for all. The programme in general reads, "Scholarly and interesting lectures by acknowledged leaders, discussion afterward, instrumental and vocal music." On a recent evening a discussion followed a lecture on "The Evolution of True Womanhood," by Dr. Ellen E. Kenyon, associate editor of The School Journal. Dr. Kenyon has an attractive face and a modest and pleasing manner. She is a dress reformer, but does not wear the garments of her more radical sisters. She said in part:

Woman is stirring uneasily in the narrow confines of her average thought world, only half awake as yet to the fact that she is a victim of arrested development; that tradition has her in its clasp so tightly that much of her ethical power is benumbed and nine-tenths of her potential usefulness deprived of its right to be actualized.

About a quarter of a century ago the voice of woman piped out its first shrill note of determination in this war for elbow room in which to become a freely developed ethical being. Society listened and turned away, pronouncing the note discordant, but the female "rangers" were listened to again and again, and gradually truth got a foothold in public opinion.

Woman is trained from her cradle up by orthodoxy. To have opinions is not dutiful and feminine; therefore she is trained to believe as she is told to believe. To dress freely and conveniently is not stylish; therefore her arms are bound down to her sides by sleeves cut by the straight jacket pattern. To have intellectual tastes and to select occupations is vain, for her destiny is to wheedle men, direct servants and dress babies. She must spend laborious years at the piano, though she may be stupid in music, because a husband is not easily caught without some form of flash, and a home is nothing without music. Man, on the other hand, is trained more or less as an individual. If he tries to bulldoze his sisters, he shows evidence of future capacity to rule. He will be anything from a band leader to a two term president of the United States.

But woman is finding out that her dignity demands an uprising against the cardinal doctrine of licentious men, and that the weal of future generations which she holds in sacred keeping demands of her a participation in the law-making of this alleged government by the people in order that certain dastardly laws making prey of the young and ignorant may be swiftly and indignantly repealed. She is learning to reason about the wonderful gift of intuition that man ascribes to her in poems, but scorns in the prose of real life, and to ask if this intuition is such a fine thing in theory is it not worth something in practice? England is ahead of us in extending the educational facilities of the land to women. The idea of education is that it should reveal to the student his own higher nature and train him to conform his life to its law. Such is the progress that woman has been making. —New York Sun.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY

GOING HUNGRY FOR A MONTH.

Mrs. Beam Has Not Eaten a Morsel for Twenty-Three Days.

STARVING OUT AN ULCER.

The Heroic Treatment Being Undergone by a Patient in the Mission to Effect a Cure of a Troublesome Stomach Disorder—She Will Not Eat Again Till the Thirty Days Has Expired.

Thursday of next week Mrs. B. F. Beam will eat. She will not eat before, and will eat but sparingly then. She would eat to-day if she dared, would have eaten yesterday, or three weeks ago, in fact, if the attending physician had permitted her.

Not the lack of appetite keeps Mrs. Beam from eating, but the positive orders of Dr. Morgan. Next Thursday at noon she will have fasted just thirty days. Very soon thereafter, it is expected, she will be eating three meals a day and enjoying life as only one who has broken such a fast as hers can enjoy it.

For years Mrs. Beam has been troubled with a disorder of the stomach that physicians have diagnosed variously as everything from acute dyspepsia to cancer. Dr. P. Butt Morgan was the last physician to be called in. He told the woman that her suffering came from the presence of a round ulcer in the stomach, and that the only possible way to effect a cure would be to starve out the foreign presence.

RESOLVED TO FAST.

Most of Mrs. Beam's friends, including her husband, who is leader of the orchestra of the Grove-street Theatre, advised her against undergoing such radical treatment. She would starve to death, they told her, it was useless to suppose she could ever get well if she did not eat.

But Mrs. Beam was plucky. None of the other doctors had helped her any. She had almost lost hope and was convinced that she must soon die of her disease if it were not cured. So she resolved to fast.

"It came very hard at first," she said yesterday, "but nothing could have been worse than the illness which, thanks to Dr. Morgan's treatment, I am almost recovered from now. I was so bad that nothing could remain on my stomach for any length of time, and almost everything I ate made me deathly sick."

"Of late it became necessary for them to administer hypodermic injections of morphine to enable me to live through the severe pains that came upon me after eating only a moderately hearty meal of the most wholesome and easily digested foods."

"Since 1878 I had been troubled in this way. The doctors treated me for almost every imaginable stomach trouble, but none of them did more than give me temporary relief. The pains became more and more frequent and severe until they got so bad that I came very near starving myself to death just to avoid them. Three weeks ago to-day I began the long fast. I was then sick in bed. Though I have eaten no food of any kind since then I am feeling much better, and as you see I am now sitting up."

FEELING WELL AND STRONG.

"I am looking forward to next Thursday with both hopefulness and fear. The doctor says there will be no danger then, and I that I may eat without incurring those dreadful pains again by that time."

"I think he is right. For I am feeling well and strong now and much better than ever before since the trouble began. The doctor says that the starving process gives nature a chance to heal the ulcer and drive it out of the stomach. In a month, he says, it will be so far gone that with a right system of living hereafter it will go away entirely."

"Yes, indeed. It's been a pretty hard battle all these days to keep from eating, and more especially as those about me would have given me food had I consented to take it, but I think the result will more than repay me for all the efforts of self-control it demanded."

Mrs. Beam comes with her husband and son at 112 Collingwood street. She is nearly forty years of age, but in spite of her trouble she is a young-looking woman. She has had several children, and in 1878 was blessed with triplets, but only one child is now alive.

SCOTCH THISTLE CLUB.

tion of the Page

I Will Cure You of Rheumatism

Else No Money Is Wanted.

Any honest person who suffers from Rheumatism is welcome to this offer. I am a specialist in Rheumatism, and have treated more cases than any other physician, I think. For 15 years I made 2000 experiments with different drugs, testing all known remedies while searching the world for something better. Nine years ago I found a costly chemical in Germany which, with my previous discoveries, gives me a certain cure. I don't mean that it can turn bony joints into flesh again; but it can cure the disease at any stage, completely and forever. I have done it fully 100,000 times. I know this so well that I will furnish my remedy on trial. Simply write me a postal for my book on Rheumatism, and I will mail you an order on your druggist for six bottles Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Cure. Take it for a month at my risk. If it succeeds, the cost is only \$1.00. If it fails, I will pay the druggist myself—and your mere word shall decide it.

I mean that exactly. If you say the results are not what I claim, I don't expect a penny from you.

I have no samples. Any mere sample that can affect chronic Rheumatism must be drugged to the verge of danger. I use no such drugs, and it is folly to take them. You must get the disease out of the blood.

My remedy does that even in the most difficult, obstinate cases. It has cured the oldest cases that I ever met. And in all my experience—in all my 2000 tests—I never found another remedy that would cure one chronic case in ten.

Write me and I will send you the order. Try my remedy for a month, as it can't harm you any way. If it fails, it is free. Address Dr. Shoop, box 630, Racine, Wis. Mild cases, not chronic, are often cured by one or two bottles. At all druggists.

NINE DAYS' FASTING.—The sufferings of the three men who escaped from the wreck of the Central America, and were rescued at sea after having lived nine days without food or drink, are not to be contemplated without awe or wonder. Nine days form the extent to which it is declared human life can be preserved without ordinary sustenance, although, among the fanatical Hindus, devotees have been known to exist thirty days, and no particle of refreshment pass their lips.

The first number of El Cajon Star has made its appearance, published by Francis H. Whaley at El Cajon station. The journal is a credit to its proprietor as well as to the region in which it is published, and should be well supported.

SHERIDAN'S RIDE.

BY THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

Up from the South at break of day,
Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,
The affrighted air, with a studder bore,
Like a herald in haste, to the chieftan's door,
The terrible grumble, and rumble and roar,
Telling the battle was on once more,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

And wider still those billows of war
Thundered along the horizon's bar;
And louder yet from Winchester rolled
The roar of that red sea uncontrolled,
Staking the blood of the listener cold,
As he thought of the stake in that fiery fray,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

But there is a road from Winchester town,
A good, broad highway leading down,
And there through the flush of the morning light,
A steed as black as the steeds of night,
Was seen to pass, as with eagle flight,
As if he knew the terrible need,
He stretched away with his utmost speed;
His rose and fell—but his heart was gay,
With Sheridan fifteen miles away.

Still sprung from those swift hoofs, thundering South,
The dust, like smoke from the cannon's mouth,
On the trail of a comet, sweeping faster and faster,
Forboding to traitors the doom of disaster,
The heart of the steed, and the heart of the master
Were beating like prisoners assailing their walls,
Impatient to be where the battle-field calls;
Every nerve of the charger was strained to full play,
With Sheridan only ten miles away.

Under his spurning feet, the road
Like an arrowy Alpine river flowed,
And the landscape sped away behind
Like an ocean flying before the wind,
And the steed, like a bark fed with furnace ire,
Swept on, with his wild eye full of fire,
But lo! he is nearing his heart's desire;
He is snuffing the smoke of the roasting fray,
With Sheridan only five miles away.

The first that the general saw were the groups
Of stragglers, and then the retreating troops;
What was done—what to do—a glance told him both,
And striking his spurs, with a terrible oath
He dashed down the line, 'mid a storm of huzzas,
And the wave of retreat checked its course there, because
The sight of the master compelled it to pause.
With foam and with dust the black charger was gray;
By the flash of his eye, and his red nostril's play,
He seemed to the whole great army to say,
"I have brought you Sheridan all the way,
From Winchester town to save the day."

Hurrah, hurrah for Sheridan!
Hurrah, hurrah for horse and man!
And when their statues are placed on high,
Under the dome of the Union sky—
"The American soldiers' Temple of Fame,"
There with the name of the hero shall shine
He it said in letters both bold and bright:
"Here is the steed that saved the day
By carrying Sheridan into the fight,
From Winchester—twenty miles away!"

General Philip H. Sheridan.

The hope of the country that the cooling breezes from the sea at Nonquitt, would restore to health the General of the army, has not been realized, and on the night of August 5th, General Sheridan passed quietly and painlessly to the silent majority beyond the river of death.

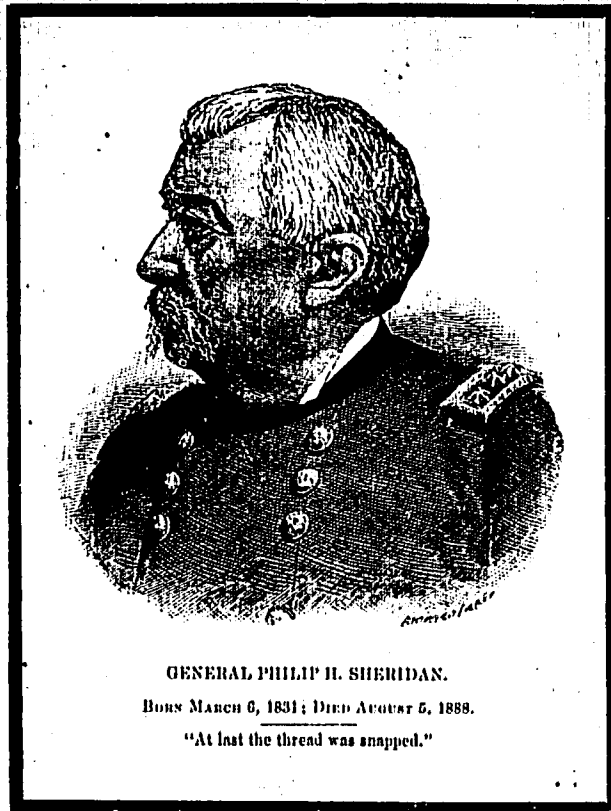
Like his great compatriots Grant and Sherman, Sheridan was not great before the war. Sheridan's fame flashed into being through the radiant splendor of his sword. His brilliant career had not cast even a tinge of its dawning upon the wild

dream of his ambition, at the beginning of the contest, and to become a major was the summit of his hope. It was, no doubt, the proudest moment of his life, when as Commissary on General Halleck's Staff, he received from Governor Blair of Michigan, the appointment of Colonel of the 2d Michigan Cavalry. Six weeks later he could have received from Ohio, to whose Governor he had vainly appealed, any command within its power of appointment. But Ohio can claim no share in Sheridan's fame except that from the accident of his birth.

It is not the province of this paper to sketch his career. Grant gives a comprehensive glimpse of his military record: "Sheridan was a 1st lieutenant in the regiment in which I had served eleven years, the 4th Infantry, and was stationed on the Pacific coast when the war broke out. He was promoted to a captaincy in May, 1861, and before the close of the year managed in some way, I do not know how, to get East. He went to Missouri. Halleck had known him as a very successful young officer in managing cam-

paigns against the Indians on the Pacific coast, and appointed him acting quartermaster in southwest Missouri. There was no difficulty in getting supplies forwarded while Sheridan served in that capacity; but he got into difficulty with his immediate superiors, because of his stringent rules for preventing the use of public transportation for private purposes. He asked to be relieved from further duty in the capacity in which he was engaged, and his request was granted.

"When Halleck took the field in April, 1862, Sheridan was assigned to duty on his staff. He was so conspicuously efficient that when Corinth was reached he was assigned to command a cavalry brigade in the army of the Mississippi. He was in command at Boonsville on the first of July with two small regiments, when he was attacked by a force full three times as numerous as his own. By very skillful maneuvers and boldness of attack he completely routed the enemy. For this he was made a brigadier-general, and became a conspicuous figure in the army about Corinth."



GENERAL PHILIP H. SHERIDAN.

BORN MARCH 6, 1831; DIED AUGUST 5, 1886.

"At last the thread was snapped."

Sheridan's fighting qualities and the early relations with him of his great chief are thus described by Grant, referring to a call for help in the fall of 1862:—

"Granger's division was promptly sent. I was at the station at Corinth when the troops reached the point, and found Gen. P. H. Sheridan with them. I expressed surprise at seeing him, and said that I had not expected him to go. He showed decided disappointment at the prospect of being detained. I felt a little nettled at his desire to get away, and did not detain him."

Grant knew he had the mettle of a thorough soldier and wanted to retain him, but his going was the great preparation for the grander work to which he was to be called at a later period of the war.

His later achievements are familiar history, and his ride from Winchester to Cedar Creek inspired Thomas Buchanan Read to give to the world "Sheridan's Ride" which is given at the head of this article. As truly as the shot at Lexington was "heard round the world," so will the clatter of his charger's feet on the pike from Winchester echo forever "down the corridors of time."

ANECDOTE OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

Dr. Allan McLane Hamilton states, in the American Magazine for July: There are many historical instances of illusions and hallucinations among persons of great intellectual vigor, and I may be pardoned for referring to a strange fact, which is not generally known, in regard to the late President Lincoln, and this is recited by Wharton. Mr. Lincoln was remarkably superstitious. Just after his election in 1860, when he came home tired out, he threw himself upon a lounge in his bedroom which was opposite to a mirror. "When he looked into the glass he saw himself reflected nearly full length; but his face had two separate and distinct images, the tip of the nose of one being about three inches from the tip of the other. He was a little bothered, perhaps startled, and got up and looked in the glass, but the illusion vanished. On lying down again, he saw it a second time—plainer, if possible, than before; and then he noticed that one of the faces was a little paler—say five shades—than the other. He got up and the thing melted away, and in the excitement of the hour forgot all about it, nearly, but not quite, for the thing would once in a while come back again; but he never succeeded in bringing the ghost back after that, though he once tried very industriously to show it to his wife, who was worried about it somewhat. She thought it was a 'sign' that he was to be elected to a second term of office, and that the paleness of one of the faces was an omen that he should not see life through the last term." Nor was this a single case of morbid cerebral action in the life of this remarkable man. "He was," says his biographer, Mr. Lamon, "readily impressed with the most absurd superstitions. He lived constantly in the serious conviction that he was himself the subject of a special decree, made by some unknown and mysterious power, for which he had no name. He had great faith in the virtues of the 'mad stone,' although he could give no reason for it, and confessed it looked like superstition."

LONDON FASHIONS.

Jeune June G'vrs the Ladies Full Detail
About What Is Worn in the
Metropolis.

London Offers Greater Variety in Dress
than Any Other City in the
World.

Something About Mrs. Francis Hodgson Burnett's Dresses and How She Appears in Them.

(Copyrighted, 1888, by the Author.)
LONDON, July 11.—Special Correspondence.



OWHERE in the world is dress so varied and suggestive as in the British metropolis. This statement may be disputed by those who do not know, but it will be admitted as a statement of fact by those who are acquainted with society, and the intellectual resources employed

in catering to the wealth which is massed here from all over the world.

London struck a new note in the æsthetic movement of some years ago. It was pilloried by ridicule at the time, and in some sense it deserved it. So grotesque and exaggerated were many of its phases, that whatever in women's clothing was loose, untidy, ill-fitting, and of no particular color, was claimed "æsthetic" and laughed at as the result of diseased or erratic imagination. The power of the small school of worshippers was at its height seven years ago, but was then confined to a very small school.



VENETIAN DRESS IN GOLD AND SALMON BROCADE. After awhile it ceased to attract attention, and the Philistines, who are nothing if not orthodox and conventional, believe that it has been smothered and ridiculed out of existence.

But an idea can not die; it is bound to live and flourish if it has a spark of vitality in it, and the æsthetic idea flourished to such an extent that it has created a revolution, and now dominates every other fashion in women's clothes, except one, and with this:

THE "TAILOR-MADE" IDEA. It divides the honors. Both these predominant lines, or veins, were struck by English enterprise and originality. Nothing essentially new has come from the French since Worth invented draped dresses, and he, it must be remembered, is an Englishman.

The difficulty has been the lack of ideas. Fashion must have ideas to work upon to produce novelty, and others not being forthcoming, was obliged to adopt the tailor-made idea and æsthetic idea, and by experimenting upon it, adapting it, and applying it has produced wonderful results. The growth of it is nowhere so obvious as in London, where it was born, and where it has been supposed that it was strangled. Instead of this, however, what were little shops a few years ago have become immense establishments where something original can always be found; and out of those have grown others where originality can be found united to refinement, true artistic sense, and cultivated taste. The most important of these younger representatives of the artistic idea in costume is the firm of A. Stephens & Co., in Regent street.

MRS. FRANCIS HODGSON BURNETT has had a number of beautiful toilets made by this house, and says that she has found nothing



up from the lower edge of the sleeves repeat the embroidered effect.

An effective costume, recently dispatched to South Africa, was made for Miss Constance Stanhope as Lady Glancarty. It was a rich green velvet, riding dress, with chamois leather vest, gold embroidered, Gainsborough hat of chamois-colored felt with gold border and large plume of green ostrich feathers.

A GREEK DRESS shows a simple straight skirt of Indian cashmere, made upon silk, with narrow plaiting of wool at the edge, a long soft Indian silk sash is knotted at the side, and the straight, square-cut jacket of silk summer plush opens in front over a full silk vest. There is not a button or an atom of trimming, and the tone of color is precisely the same throughout, whether terra-cotta, Indian blue, or golden-brown.

A lovely tea gown is of soft, embroidered silk, in a pale lettuce shade of green, with salmon-pink lining. It opens in front over full tea-tinted lace, which is crossed by a wide sash of the salmon-colored silk, knotted low upon the side. The sleeves are long and open, with undersleeves of pink silk, covered full with lace, narrow pink moiré ribbons are run in at the wrist and throat, leaving ornamental loops and ends. Smocking is one of the late "fads" in artistic costumes. It consists of drawn honey comb



EVENING DRESS.

work, executed so as to form a contrast in color or shade, to the body of the costume, and it is applied to many elegant as well as less formal materials and designs. It is a revival of the smocking formerly applied to wagners' linen frocks, which were cut as straight full skirts and shaped to the neck by taking up the fullness with the needle in a sort of honey-comb pattern, and ornamenting it with stitches in colored linen thread. The modern application of it is naturally more largely used for children than for adult women, but it is usefully applied to

GARIBOLDI BODICES

in all soft materials, to house dresses of thin wool, linen, and cotton, and also forms a pretty finish for the neck of the full silk vests which are made in a contrasting color to the dress, and smocked in a shade to match. The favorite combinations are brown or fawn color, and salmon pink, butcher blue and cream white, two shades of terra-cotta, old rose and white, dark olive green and Indian red, and a pale blue with cream.

The fancy "novelties" in materials which appear, reappear, and disappear every season, are never employed for artistic costumes. Euro fabrics alone are used, silk, wool, or cotton. And they possess a distinct character of their own which gives them permanency as well as individuality. This purity and freedom from all adulteration and changing renders them soft and responsive to every movement of the body which they cover, and naturally inclined to fall in long, graceful lines, curves, and folds. The effect therefore depends altogether upon the way they are treated. If an ordinary dress-maker gets them and snips and cuts and bunches in the usual inconsequent idiotic way, the material is simply harassed and the result a failure. But if an artist takes them in hand who understands that natural lines are more beautiful than anything he or she can insert to destroy them, the effect will be good and satisfactory, though the simplest and plainest resources be employed.

NO ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS

are used upon artistic hats and bonnets, their distinction is derived wholly from adaptability and color. Light weight is, of course, a great recommendation for summer country wear, but except with a costume of the same character they are not suited for city streets.

For children, however, for the "lingerie" or country wear, the broad hats, with their picturesque brims, so lightly covered with full Indian muslin, soft thin silk, or tinted wool tissue, are delightful, obviating the necessity of sunshade or umbrella, and suggesting no burdensome weight, or difficult adjustment to the arrangement of the hair, or its artificial forms of preservation. These "costume" hats and bonnets range in price from 12 shillings and 6 pence to £1 (\$3 to \$5), and in addition there are large hats of coarse straw, trimmed with huge loops, folds or puffs of a thin silk, or cotton tissue, and intended specially for garden or seaside use.

A charming gown just finished for visiting in the country is of the tea-tinted cashmere with pale pink silk stripe, woven in as border, and to be used as trimming. Upon this border was a little running edge of silk embroidery in the delicate tea shade. The vest of coral pink India silk (palest shade) smocked at the neck with the tea tint. The sleeves were tightly full, and falling over a smocked cuff, at the back of which the vest color re-appeared. A large hat of finest tea-tinted muslin accompanied this dress, ornamented with huge puffs, intermixed with others of pink silk.

THE NOVEL FEATURES IN ARTISTIC PARASOLS are mere matters of detail. The large parasols of terra-cotta, or cream India silk, show an effective contrast, and are cut into a soft thick ruffling. The printed India and Chinese silks are bordered with a full puffing caught down in shell, or other forms, and are square topped with handles of turned and twisted bamboo. Novelties in fans are shaped and marked as dragon flies, or butterflies, or they are stamped

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ARTISTIC GOWN WITH GRAPE-GOLD EMBROIDERY. Like them; or that so exactly suited her requirements in Paris, Berlin, Vienna, or any other city from which fashions emanate, and she has been almost round the world.

Some slight sketches have been furnished me of some of these costumes which I am delighted to be able to give to the readers and admirers of the author of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," those who have the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with this lady, who is as charming as she is distinguished, not needing to be reminded of her always happy and poetic art in dress.

Mrs. Burnett chooses always the softest materials, and her favorite fabrics are silk crepe, made upon crepe, and not upon silk, unless it is an Indian silk, or gauze. The gown which is her favorite is of white silk crepe, with under-dress also of crepe, in which a Greek plaiting is laid upon the side. The bodice is crossed and the princess drapery is carried up to the left shoulder, where it is confined by a clasp of gold filigree. An exquisite insertion of gold embroidery forms a border to the draped skirt, and responds in the front of the bodice.

The draperies of all Mrs. Burnett's costumes are very long, barely showing the edge of the underskirt, excepting, where they are open on the side, or slightly draped up in the simple graceful fashion she prefers.

A SECOND DRESS is a really wonderful Venetian brocade, rich and soft, a gold-tinted salmon in color, and showing an Indian silk muslin in the puffs of the sleeves, strapped with fine gold insertion and gold-embroidered lace at the neck. The dress is Venetian in cut as well as in fabric. The moyen-age bodice defined by a girdle of wrought gold, and the square cut at the neck and flairs of the sleeves following strictly the picturesque idea of the Venetian grande dame.

A third costume is of pale green crepe, with soft salmon pink silk plaited front, the draped outlines followed by oriental embroidery. This opens a little to one side, and has short loose sleeves open near the top through which a little of the embroidery shows.

A more conventionalized style consists of black silk crepe, over crepe, with gold-embroidered panel, high open surplice bodice, and sleeves reaching just below the elbow. A little pointed piece upon the front and cuffs turned

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THE NOVEL FEATURES IN ARTISTIC PARASOLS

are a matter of detail. The large parasols of silk are bordered with a full puffing caught in shell, or other forms, and are square topped with handles of turned and twisted bamboo. Novelties in fans are shaped and marked as dragon-flies, or butterflies, or they are striped upon transparent silk paper or muslin, with figures of water plants, sea woods, grasses, and the like.

Little girls have been thoroughly emancipated by the artistic departure from the tyranny and formalism of fashion. Whatever women may do, almost all mothers have agreed upon the simply-cut smoked frocks as the most suitable wear for their little daughters. These dresses whether of cotton, silk, or wool are cut whole, skirt and bodice in one, and gathered or smoked



USEFUL GOWN, BLACK AND GOLD.

into shape, the waist confined by belt or sash. This allows perfect freedom and play of limbs. No distension, no wires, no tip-backs, no over-skirting or grown up "drapery" to add weight and difficulty, but not warmth. "Crawling pin-fors" are smoked aprons of butcher blue, brown or gray lines, which may be used for summer dresses for the nursery and garden,

The San Diego Union

AND DAILY BEE.

JOHN B. BERRY.....EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
ANDREW POLLOCK.....BUSINESS MANAGER

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 15, 1890.

A SERIOUS CHARGE.

Real Estate Agent Momand Involved in an Unlabeled Matter.

*Not served. Complaint
having been made.*

ty of the complainant. This shortage was discovered some time since and an effort has been made to settle it, but the effort has not been successful as is shown by the above. An examination into the books of the company shows a shortage of about \$1,500, all of which is due to property holders here who are not at present in the city. Much of it was sent to be applied on either city or county taxes.

Momand has been in business here for something over two years, having been in business alone and in partnership with others.

Another item which comes to mind, while it may appear, at first, to be somewhat fanciful, at the same time we think the apricot producer will do well to consider, viz.: the flavor of canned apricots is peculiar and distinct, is attractive at first, but it is an open question whether consumers will retain their liking for them. In homely phrase, will they wear? Is it certain that the falling off in the demand for apricots is not due to the fact that they do not wear? We do not assert that this is the case. We merely propound the question to those more familiar with the subject.

San Francisco, December 25, 1888.

CUYAMACA BONDS.

AN EXPERT GOES OVER THE ROAD FOR NEW YORK CAPITALISTS.

His Report Calculated to Insure the Placing of the Bonds With Them—A Straw From the Southern Pacific.

An expert in railroad building has been in the city for the past ten days looking into the condition of the Cuyamaca railroad. His investigations have covered the line to Lakeside and the survey to the desert. It is learned that his report will be a favorable one, and that upon it depends the placing of that road's bonds with a group of New York capitalists, who dispatched him here to ascertain for them the status of the road.

Another visitor, who states that he is in San Diego merely for relaxation in a climate devoid of atmospheric eccentricities is Stephen T. Gage, assistant to President Stanford of the Southern Pacific. That his visit is not for recreation only is a reasonable certainty.

the notion of eggs laid in the other bird's nest to ruin all.

VALUABLE PAINTING STOLEN.

"The Shepherd and Flock" Cut From Frame in San Francisco Museum. The famous painting, "The Shepherd and Flock," by Jean Francois Millet, was carefully cut from its frame while a score of persons wandered about the other works of art and stolen from the art museum in Golden Gate park at San Francisco Sunday. No one saw the thief remove the canvas, and the police are without the slightest clue. The painting is valued at \$10,000. The painting is the property of Miss Sarah M. Spooner of San Francisco, who is now traveling in Europe. It was bought of T. D. Trimon of the Rue Lafayette, Paris. The canvas is 21 inches in length and 17 inches wide. Two other paintings of equal value were loaned to the art museum by Miss Spooner when "The Shepherd and Flock" was hung. They are Dupre's "Twilight" and a landscape by Charles Francis Daubigny. Alexander Lawson, the curator of the museum, says that just before the theft was discovered

Constable's Sale.

UNDER AND BY VIRTUE OF AN EXECUTION issued out of W. A. Sloan's Justice Court of the township of San Diego, county of San Diego, State of California, on the 30th day of November, 1889, upon a judgment rendered in said Court on the 30th day of November, 1889, in favor of Ulin Adams, plaintiff, and against Frank W. Pierce, defendant, for the sum of \$183.13, besides interest and accruing costs, I have levied upon all the right, title, claim and interest of Frank W. Pierce, the defendant named in said writ, of, in and to the following described real property, situated in the county of San Diego, State of California, and standing on the records of said county in the name of D. O. Reed, described as follows, to wit: Lots 1, 2 and the north 1/2 of 3 in block 19 of Garth's addition to the city of San Diego; also 1/4 of lot 4 block 127; lot 2 block 181, lot 3 block 159, lot 4 block 45, lots 1 and 4 block 71, lot 2 block 99, 1/4 of lot 2 and lot 4 block 59, lot 3 block 107, at Playa, according to the official map of pueblo lands of San Diego, made by O. H. Poole, and all of the above, according to the official map thereof now on file in the office of the County Recorder of said county.

Public notice is hereby given that on Saturday, the 4th day of January, 1890, at 2 o'clock p. m. of said day, I will proceed to sell at my office, 1233 E street, in the city of San Diego, county of San Diego, State of California, at public auction to the highest and best bidder, for cash lawful money of the United States, all the right, title, claim and interest of said defendant, F. W. Pierce, of, in and to the above described real estate.

Dated San Diego, December 7th, 1889.

O. J. ELISWORTH, Constable.

d9-td

By J. T. WHALEY, Deputy.

MORALES IN JAIL

ADMITT HAVING SHOT BUNCH AND
ROBBED SMALL.

Writes a Letter To-day to Nymphis,
The Girl Who Shared His Des-
perate Wanderings.

Sept. 12, 1889.
Morales, the Southern California bar-
dit, was brought down from Oceanside,
for his preliminary examination was
held yesterday, and about 11 o'clock last
night placed in a murderer's cell in the
county jail.

Morales is said to be one of the coolest
and most malicious desperadoes that ever
terrorized the inhabitants of Southern
California.

His examination at Oceanside was con-
ducted by Assistant District Attorney
Middlecott, with closed doors, Judge
Frame presiding.

Harry Small, the boy Morales robbed
of a horse after shooting his confederate,
Bunch, was present and gave testimony
against the desperado. Morales met
Small in the highway in the latter part of
July, just after the shooting of Bunch and
by placing a revolver at his head com-
pelled Small to surrender his horse and
deliver to the desperado a gold watch and
a silver dollar—all the coin the boy had
in his possession.

Morales made no attempt to keep any
of his desperate acts from the officers and
made a full confession of his crimes to
his capturer, Constable J. K. Wilson of
Oceanside. Morales was held for trial in
the sum of \$5000.

Mr. Wilson, in speaking of the capture
of Morales, said he learned that the ban-
dit had a half-sister, a Mrs. Silva, living
at Los Alamitos, and he came to the con-
clusion that Morales was in hiding some-
where in that neighborhood. The officer
and his men shadowed Mrs. Silva, and
late one evening saw her, with her hus-
band, start toward a growth of willows
and tule with a cart containing a sack of
provisions. Wilson and his men watched
the movements of the parties for two
days and determined to follow Mrs. Sil-
va and her cart on the next expedition.
On September 8, at 3:30 p.m., the cart
with its former cargo appeared and
was secretly followed. After going
about half a mile they found the
tules smoothed down and traces
of campers or of some sort of inhabitants.
A bunch of girl's hair and a bottle of hair
oil were discovered, and soon after Mr.
Wilson saw Morales standing up under
the brush sharpening a large knife. He
at once leveled his Winchester, and
shouted "hands up." Morales looked in
a different direction, but on hearing a
second command, turned toward Wilson
and lifted his right hand, which was
reluctantly followed by his left.

Morales said that he did not know
where the girl was. "Your papa is look-
ing for you," shouted out Castillo, in
Spanish, and Nymphis made her appear-
ance. Morales claims that he did not
murder anyone, but admits shooting
Bunch and stealing Small's horse, watch
and money.

Nymphis, the senorita who shared
Morales' wanderings, and who was found
in the thicket of willows and tules with
him, returned from Oceanside to Oliven-
hain, just east of Encinitas.

Sheriff McDowell insisted in not per-
mitting representatives of the press to
see Morales, who occupies a cell with
Murray, the murderer of Marshal Wilson.
The badit is, however, a good prisoner,
and gives no trouble. To-day he wrote a
letter to Nymphis, which was in misera-
ble Spanish.

It was as follows:

SAN DIEGO, September 12.

Senora Lora Ninsa Morales—My dear
friend of my greatest appreciation and
love, I take this opportunity to salute you
and to request you that I would like to
know if you think I am guilty of the
crime charged. I do not want you to
forget me, as you said you would not,
and if you do not I will give you credit for
having a kind heart. I said nothing
more than I did because they had me tied
hand and foot, and I trust you do not
think I am guilty. I would like for you
to answer me if you think me deserving.
I would like to have you come and see
me if you could, but I suppose you can-
not.

MORALES.

The letter closed with some original
poetry, in which Morales compared him-
self with a character in a Spanish play.

EL CAJON STAR.

The Only Paper on Earth.

VOL. VIII.

EL CAJON, CAL., SATURDAY, SEPT., 14, 1889.

NO. 51.

Notice to the World.

It will not require a magnifying glass to show the readers of these few lines that THE ONLY PAPER ON EARTH is in trouble. Trials and tribulations come to all that is flesh, but my experience goes to show that newspapers, especially country newspapers; and newspaper men, particularly country newspaper idiots, divide these troubles with the rest of the world about at the spinal column, longitudinally. Brain shovelers in the city will tell you—and they believe it—that their bedtick of roses is filled with thorns and thistles; but compared with the rural rooster who writes editorials, locals, advertisements, "pungent paragraphs," sets type, makes up forms, reads and corrects proof, sweeps out the office, fires for steam, runs the engine and press, washes rollers, feeds the papers and not himself, folds and mails, keeps the books and *tries to collect*, begs for ad's, takes up all the neighborhood quarrels and leaves the name of the other fellow out, tries to smile when he is hungry and walks backward to hide his poverty on meeting a lady; the lot of ye city scribe is a happy one indeed. But to come "smack dab" at the point, allow me to say that the reason THE STAR appears this week in such subdued shape, is simply because another fellow holds the key to the shop where THE ONLY PAPER is hammered out and he wont allow me to shake hands with a single mechanical acquaintance inside. In plainer but more sorrowful words,

this person is a constable. On his manly breast he wears the illustrious badge of unwavering and dignified authority; while in his pocket he proudly protects an instrument that is sharper than a serpent's tooth and threatens to sting harder than a regiment of red hot bumblebees. It appears that the office, prior to my association with it, ran behind a few hundred dollars, but before leaving temporarily, my partner, Mr. Whaley, arranged to have things remain in the statu quo, or words to that effect, until he should return. The creditors, one a hotel keepress and the other a printer forgot to wait; and in an evil hour, when I was in the coming city of the Pacific Coast, rustling up money enough to make good my own obligations, wearing a linen duster and a sardonic grin, these people unmindfully reckless and unsympathetically careless of the hearts that would paint the grape vines and wire fences vermillion with blood drops of anguish, swooped down upon the unchinked structure that encloses the raw material of THE ONLY PAPER ON EARTH "and there we are." The constable having business in the village generously detailed another man to guard the premises night and day, lest some muscular financier should run away with the six-ton Hoe press, boiler and engine. Such "vigilance" is worthy of recognition and great applause, even by the committee. Talk to me about the last straw that made the camel shut up like a jack-knife; why that's a pigmy of pain as compared with the haystack

of sorrow that has choked up the stream of inspiration flowing weekly from its fountain head in the villa on Coyote Hill. It is possible that greater men than the editors of THE STAR have been cut off when at the zenith of power and poverty, but not many. If they can stand it, we can, and don't you forget it. But once more to the text. I want once more to converse quietly for a few moments, with advertisers and "paying subscribers" of EL CAJON STAR. I know you won't like the appearance of this sheet. Neither do I. Under the circumstances you couldn't help it; no more could I. I don't blame the printer for trying to get the money he has worked for, nor do I intend to cut the hotel woman off of my visiting list; but I do think they could have given me just a little warning as to the time of my complete annihilation. The debts were not mine, and Mr. Whaley who fathered them and intended to pay them, was over 1,000 miles away. But to resume. This STAR is a fixed star and comes to terra firma to "shine on." Nothing short of an earthquake can or will blow its light out. The resident editor with foreman, printers and devil batch in McFadden's hall, the rooms are divided off with chalk mark partitions on the floor, they do their own cooking, washing and ironing, besides walking six miles a day to get out THE ONLY PAPER ON EARTH, and moreover they like it, and are getting fat on it. No man can work for EL CAJON STAR who allows anything short of shot guns or sick-

ness to interfere with the genuineness of his smile. Life is too short to lose a minute of it except in peaceful slumber. As I write this I sit on the steps of THE STAR printing house. I can hear the constable's man as he paces up and down between the stones and case racks and I know that the key to my own house is on the inside and that the door is locked.

Peeping through the plate-glass windows I can see eight columns of hard work and expense lying useless and helpless on the stones, the engine and press seem to bid me enter and the type appear to be climbing over the sides of their little box houses, sympathetically crying for revenge. But the majesty of the law walks grandly on, the coyote stands off on a convenient knoll, silently wondering what is up, the lark pipes away at the same old tune and, as I gaze on "Our Jim" sitting dejected and alone ~~in the middle of an old oil can in the middle of the railroad track~~, I am tempted to denounce life as a dismal failure. I don't even know where this is going to be printed, who is to print it, or where the money is coming from to pay for it, but as I return to the scenes of innocent childhood I can hear a soft voice whisper, "Never give up as long as you are right, for where there's a will there's a way." With this good counsel ringing in my ears, even if the sun is hot and the whole world looking cold and unconcerned, I would be willing to bet ten thousand dollars—if I had it—against a penny, that EL CAJON STAR never misses an issue in the next fifty-five years and that at some future time when the sheet is being run off twenty pages in size on a perpetual motion printing, folding, mailing and delivering press, each paper accompanied by a phonographic attachment, that each copy of this "tribulation num-

ber" will sell for anything from ten to a hundred dollars. I cannot tell yet whether the ElCajon people want a paper to advertise The Greatest Valley on Earth or not, but I do know that I came here to live and be sociable, doing all the good and as little harm as possible and here I am going to stay. Shut up every road in the "deestriet," close my office every other day, refuse me credit, kick me, cuff me and spitefully use me, but don't call me dishonest or lazy. I am yours and only yours to the end.

EDWARD FRIEND.

The editorial in to-day's issue will explain why THE STAR appears without your advertisement in its columns. The paper, ready to go to press, printers paid and the hard work all done, lies in cold type on the composing stones. The plant of this paper is worth \$4,600, yet the entire business is stopped, temporarily though, for a few hundred dollars. Bear with us in our trouble and we will not forget you.

WHALEY & FRIEND.

A movement is on foot to organize a new association embracing all the Eastern clubs and to be known as the Atlantic Amateur Rowing Association, after the style of the Mississippi Valley Amateur Rowing Association.

Notice for Publication.

LAND OFFICE, LOS ANGELES, CAL.,
Aug. 10, 1899.
NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE following-named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the County Clerk of San Diego County, California, at San Diego, on September 21, 1900, viz:
DAVID MURRAY,
Homestead No. 4154, for the lots 7, 8, 9 and 10, sec. 3, township 17, S R 1 E, S B M.
He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon, and cultivation of said land viz:
William Barrett,
John Burgess,
William Fane,
John McCarthy,
all of Jamul P. O., San Diego County Cal.
Any person who desires to protest against the allowance of such proof, or who knows of any substantial reason, under the law and regulations of the Interior Department, why such proof should not be allowed, will be given an opportunity at the above mentioned time and place to cross-examine the witnesses of said claimant, and to offer evidence in rebuttal of that submitted by claimant.
S-6-td H. W. PATTON, Registrar.

THE STATE LEAGUE.

St. Louis leads the Association in home runs, followed in order by Brooklyn, Cincinnati, Athletic, Columbus, Baltimore, Louisville and Kansas City.

Over thirty-two thousand people witnessed the three Boston-New York games last week. How that must make the mouths of the less lucky League clubs water.

How many clubs will permit Anson to substitute a base-runner for Williamson, in view of the fact that Anson seldom, or never, concedes anything to his opponents?

Gumbert leads the Chicagos in home runs, Benny the Hoosiers, Connor the New Yorks, Beckley the Pittsburgs, Thompson the Phillies, Routhier the Bostons, Willmot the Washingtons, and Tebeau the Cleverlands.

BASE BALL.

A female team is touring through the Canadian cities.

Roxburg is catching for the Santa Cruz team.

Hardie, Swett and Selma are the three-bag hitters of the league.

Hardie not only leads the League in batting, but also in run-getting.

Patsy Cahill led the League in sacrifice hitting at the time of release.

Extra-inning games are now frequent. All the clubs are putting up good ball.

Wehrle and Stallings, of the Toledo Club, have been signed by the Oakland Club.

Whitehead figures in more double plays than any other infielder in the League.

The Oakland Club tried to get pitcher Whitaker from Baltimore, but failed to make it.

Hardie is the only League player who has so far escaped being hit by a pitched ball. This is doubly remarkable in view of the fact that he is the leader in batting.

After Finn assumed the management of the San Francisco team sustained eleven consecutive defeats. The slide was checked on the 11th, when they defeated the Sacramentos by 10 to 8.

The great strike in London, and labor agitations all over the country must of necessity arouse the minds of the thinking people to the fact that the next revolution will be between those two great opposing factions—capital and labor.

EL CAJON STAR.

SATURDAY SEPTEMBER, 14

Quarter.
Six months.
Three months.
Single copies.

WHALEY & FRIEND.

SOLE EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

"OUR JIM" AS A POET.

"Our Jim" of the Star
Although unknown by name
Will strive to place the pen
On the high road to fame
He'll write up all your life
In a way to make you la
And when by death you're
He'll write your epitaph.

THE DRAGON.

Mr. Danielewicz's pap
His views has just ex
It's cutting quite a cap
But soon will be suppl
His ideas, be it under
May belong to his soci
But to the world they
And are full of improv

A HAPPY MAN.

The happiest man on b
Is genial Harry Burton.
He's got a big thing fr
And here we'll draw th

BERRY'S WAIL.

"The mugwumps and th
Are hanging on my trail
I speak of congress, the
My chances they are fra
But I shall now be wary
And no longer shall I w
But I wish I was a Berry
On a different kind of v

OUR SENATOR.

Please, Mr. Policeman, let
It's not at the wine cup h
He's been out looking at
With those good eastern g

SENATOR ARID AF.

An arid senator did say
Your dam shows enter
Cut the owner of the r
The people should des
The gorge is ought to
Taint worth ten cents
So keep the dam and
It's owner is too funny

NESTOR'S DES.

"Get out, o'll break yo
Said Nestor's bawny l
And he moved off with s
While she still bore the
And Nestor was so You
And in very poor condit
He thought it better to g
But wished her in perdit

EL CAJON STAR.

SATURDAY SEPTEMBER, 14, 1889.

One year	\$2 00
Six months	1 00
Three months	50
Single copies	5

WHALEY & FRIEND.

SOLE EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

"OUR JIM" AS A POET.

"Our Jim" of the Star
Although unknown by name.
Will strive to place the paper
On the high road to fame;
He'll write up all your history
In a way to make you laugh.
And when by death you're carried off
He'll write your epitaph.

THE BEACON.

Mr. Danielewicz's paper
His views has just expressed.
It's cutting quite a caper
But soon will be suppressed.
His ideas, be it understood,
May belong to his society;
But to the world they do no good
And are full of impropriety.

A HAPPY MAN.

The happiest man on business bent
Is genial Harry Burton.
He's got a' the thing in cement,
And here we'll draw the curtain.

BERRY'S WAIL.

"The mugwumps and the democrats,
Are hanging on my trail,
I speak of congress, they say "rats,"
My chances they are frail.
But I shall now be wary,
And no longer shall I whine;
But I wish I was a Berry
On a different kind of vine."

OUR SENATOR'S.

Please, Mr. Policeman, let papa go home,
It's not at the wine cup he tarried,
He's been out looking at our desert lands
With those good engern senators aried.

SENATOR ARID SPEAKS.

An arid senator did say
Your dam shows enterprisa,
Cut the owner of the rocky gorge
The people should despise.
The gorge is nought but rock and sand.
Taint worth ten cents in money;
So keep the dam and damn the land,
It's owner is too funny.

NESTOR'S DEFEAT.

"Get out, o'll break your thirty head,"
Said Nestor's brawny tenant;
And he moved off with silent tread,
While she still bore the pennant.
And Nestor was so Young, you know,
And in very poor condition.
He thought it better to go slow
But wished her in perdition.

SEED.

A wonderful thing is a seed—
The one thing deathless forever;
The one thing changeless, utterly true—
Forever old, and forever new,
And fickle and faithless never.
Plant blessings, and blessings will bloom;
Plant hate, and hate will grow;
You can sow today—to-morrow shall bring
The blossom that proves what sort of a thing
Is the seed, the seed that you sow.
—The Churchman.

"First Day" in a Country School.

"Please remove your hats," she said. Each of the smaller boys turned toward the largest and first comer, and, upon seeing him take off his "top" hat, they very properly removed their own head coverings. Six mops of light hair were revealed, and the row of white heads sat and looked fixedly and solemnly at the teacher. The oldest boy presently shifted his position and glanced inquiringly about the room, and the smaller white heads also shifted their positions and rolled their pale eyes about the room with questioning glances. With a beck, Ivy called the largest size of the assortment up before her, and the rest of the white headed band rose promptly and "lined up" beside their brother. He turned a stern face toward them. "Set down and stay thar!" he commanded, and, without a murmur, they returned to the bench, and gazed at the teacher and the boy in much the same manner as if they had expected to see the latter instantly torn to pieces by the former.

Concerning the Eye Glass.

The monocle is a circular disk of polished glass which was invented by a fool to diminish the visual capacity of an idiot. It is defensible on no grounds whatever. It spoils the eyesight by throwing the two lenses out of a common focus. It is debatably of benefit where there is one weak eye, but is nowise as good for a weak head as is generally imagined. It is one of the few directions in which the male human animal enters a domain in which the female usually reigns supreme, that of pursuing a custom based on nonsense and harmful to health in consequence of an accepted policy of imitation. It is socially of value as illustrating the truism that men have no more digested wisdom than women, generally speaking, but outside of this purpose the monocle falls into the same general class as the mosquito, the King Charles spaniel, and improved food for infants, all articles which humanity could get along much better without.—London Cor. New York Times.

Needed Improvements in Railway Cars.

The compulsion used to dispose of stoves in railroad coaches has led from one thing to another, until now it is no longer a question of safety, but of sanitation. It is demanded that cars be so heated that one passenger shall not be at the mercy of another, who wishes a window open that shall let a draught on his neighbor. The only escape from this, and the fatal colds caught by the weaker and sensitive passengers, will be in a partial adoption of the apartment system. This sanitary demand is associated with another, no less important: that is the careful supervision of the supply of water placed in the tanks. This is often of a vile sort, only usable owing to the ice placed in it; but for all that a source of poison to all who do use

O'Connor, the American Champion sculler, is being trained for his race on the Thames, by Lee and Ross.

The Searle-O'Connor race for the Championship of the world takes place next Monday.

Gramham, the cooper made his trip over Niagara Falls, in a barrel, this week.

Lucy's new yacht is not yet named.

Wm. Johnson, of the Varuna Boat Club, swam one hundred yards in 1:22; and Medfert, of the Manhattan a mile in 27:04.

Mr. Watson, the designer, will design a new racer for the Celtic Yachtmen, to try for the American cup.

The two champion scullers are hard at it on the Thames. Searle, the Australian, has got rid of a boil which troubled him, and he is now doing as much work as ever. O'Connor has been doing some smart spins, in which he has shown to advantage. Mr. J. Rogers, of Toronto, his backer, is with him. Cold, rainy days have prevailed for some weeks, and the practice of the scullers has been carried on under depressing conditions.

The swimming contest for the Bradley medal at Asbury Park Aug. 12th was won easily by Corporation Council, J. F. Hawkins, in 4 min. There eight competitors. The distance was 400 yards.

Articles of agreement have signed between Teemer and Gaudaur for a four mile scull race for \$1000 a side at McKeesport, Pa., on Sept. 14th.

Charles Crumb, of the New Jersey Athletic Club, swam six miles with the tide in Newark Bay. N. J., in 2h 11 m Aug. 17th.

The Valkyrie won the chief event of the Royal Dorset Yacht Club regatta at Yarmouth.

NOTICE.

LAND OFFICE AT LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Aug. 12, 1889

Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada and Washington Territory,"

Benjamin S. Gaudaur, of San Diego, County of San Diego, State of California, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement for the purchase of the S.W. 1/4 of Section No. 7, in Township No. 14 S Range No. 2 E, and will offer proof to show that the land so claimed is more valuable for its timber or to establish his claim to said land before the Register and Receiver of this office at Los Angeles, California, on Thursday the seventh day of November, 1889.

He names as witnesses: A. Haffenden, C. Mayer, E. Haffenden, and Geo. McIntosh, all of Lakeside, P. O. Cal.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 7th day of November, 1889.

W. H. PATTON, Register.
F. Jordan, Claimant Attorney. Aug 17-10-w

STAR HORSE NOTES.

Don Thomas and Belle B. were both beaten at Oakland last Monday.

Gifford's, Otto Rex has won another good race at Petaluma and reduced his record to 2:21 3/4.

Bonnie McGregor, who stands in the front rank of stallions, is a half brother to Kieth's Arthur McGregor of Escondido. Both were sired by Robert McGregor and Bonnie has a record of 2:13 1/4.

Winter's celebrated California horse El Klo Rey is to succeed Norfolk in the Stud.

Gifford's Don Thomas, record 2:20 1/2 and Donathan's Franklin, record 2:20 are to meet in the coming Los Angeles fair.

In a half mile race at Chico last week Johnny Grey won. Making the last two heats in 50.

In a 2:27 class race at Petaluma, Flora Temple won; Belle B. coming in a bad third.

Geraldine, who made a half a mile in :46 at Morris Park is a Los Angeles bred mare.

STAR LITERARY NOTES.

Charles M. Snyder, a Pennsylvanian who has done some graceful things in humorous verse, is to be the editor of a new department in Lippincott's Magazine. This department is to be one of humor, with illustrations and will begin in the September number.

William Black says, respecting his habits of composition, that after breakfast he writes steadily for two hours, and one hour after dinner, which is all the time he gives to literary work. During the rest of the day he walks, or reads, or writes letters. He writes rapidly and makes few erasures. He is engaged upon a new story, the serial publication of which will begin next January.

The "Critic" says that, "The Century Dictionary" has cost the Century Company over five hundred thousand dollars. When the undertaking was begun, the company had no idea that it would swallow up a sum approximating this. But, like Topsy, it "grow'd." It has taken nearly seven years of the time of some of the best experts and specialists in the country, at an annual expense of not very much less than one hundred thousand dollars.

"Judge Lynck: a Romance of the California Vineyards," by George H. Jessop, is a story founded on a play by Mr. Jessop and Brander Mathews. It narrates the particularly hard time a young man has in avoiding being lynched and afterwards in proving his innocence, and as is to be expected a story made from a play, is full of dramatic situations,

WOMEN WITH BEARDS.

How Science Has Come to the Relief of Such Afflicted Ones.

As a reporter sat in a cable car the other day he noticed a pretty woman enter. Pretty, stylish and trim from head to foot—only one bluish, and that a decided, an humiliating one. She had a pronounced mustache that a youth of 20 would have envied her. Everywhere that one goes, in shops, churches, theatres, this disfigurement is noticed. Is there no remedy? Sensitive women will resort to any and every method to rid themselves of superfluous hair. Scissors, tweezers, yes, even razors are used, only to find that the bluish will return as fast as it is removed, and with additional strength. There are many fortunate cases. A young woman had a few straggling hairs on her face. She noticed them much more than anyone else, and grew actually morbid on the subject. One day while having her hair shampooed her hairdresser noticed them and told her he could remove them. He produced a small stone, and by her permission proceeded to rub them off, leaving her face smooth and blushing from the friction. He assured her that if they returned they would be much finer, scarcely to be observed. Instead, in a few days they appeared, and to her horror she found they were very much worse than before. In her despair she again used the stone which her hairdresser had persuaded her to buy. This practice she kept up daily, until her face was in a frightful condition. However, a remedy has been found in electricity.

"It is the only way on earth to effectually kill this parasite," said a well known physician to the reporter. "Any physician of repute will assure you of that fact. Singeing, cutting, pulling out by tweezers or depilatories only make them coarser, rougher and more bristling. The follicle must be killed, then the hair falls out of itself."

"Does it ever return?"
"Sometimes a few of the hairs come back, but they are always black and extremely easy to kill the second time."

"Is it a painful operation?"
"Well, sometimes. That depends a good deal upon the sensitiveness of the skin, and the nerves of the patient. I find, though," he added laughingly, "that even when it hurts pretty bad, the ladies will endure it bravely—in fact, a woman will suffer any pain if thereby she is to be made better looking."

The reporter then asked permission to be allowed to watch an operation, which was granted. The patient sits in a reclining chair and holds a bowl of water on her lap, in which is immersed one of the cords from the battery. To the other is attached the finest possible needle. The operator gathers up the flesh about the obnoxious hair, plunges the needle in deep, the patient dips two or three fingers in the water, says "Oh!" and waits. After a few seconds the needle is removed and the hair is deftly picked out by the tweezers. The face is left a little sore from the operation, but camphor freely applied will heal it. Camphor is much better than any oily substance like cream or vasoline, for they have a tendency to make hair grow. There, is therefore, no need for any woman to carry about this hideous blemish, which sometimes ruins an otherwise faultless complexion.—Chicago Herald.

EL CAJON STAR.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1880.

THE DRAMA.

Margaret Mather has a decided talent for comedy, her impersonation of the wayward and obstinate Juliana being one of her most artistic and successful efforts.

Marcus Mayer reports that Mary Anderson desires to fill her November engagements with Mr. Abbey, and that she has entirely recovered from her late relapse.

"Jaguarine," the famous queen of the sword, contemplates a return to the stage, and negotiations are now pending for her reappearance in San Francisco. It is likely that she will accept a special engagement in which several members of the Olympic Club are interested.—(Music and Drama.)

Patti received thirty-eight encores and had a diamond wreath presented to her on the night of her last appearance in Buenos Ayres. The receipts of the house were said to be \$23,000.

Tumagno, the great tenor, who will divide the honors and nearly all the gross receipts of the houses with Patti, in Mr. Abbey's coming opera season, demands, besides his immense salary, a number of the best seats in the house for his friends.

Sarah Bernhardt, who recently horrified the world by her extraordinary behavior during the preparations for Damala's funeral, made the poor fellows life so miserable that he was driven to all sorts of excesses. Her performance, when the body was embalmed, would indicate that she was devoted to him.

Nat Goodwin is advertising his next season by reported fights and practical jokes, and two weeks ago fortune smiled on his efforts in the advertising line by sending a widow, bent on suicide, to cut her throat at his Long Branch cottage.

Emil Haberkorn, the husband and business-manager of Margaret Mather, is rapidly improving in health and is now able to give his entire attention to the interests of his talented wife.

Victorien Sarlon, the celebrated French dramatist, is fifty-eight years old, and was a young doctor, obliged by poverty to give lessons when he wrote his first comedy, "The Students' Tavern." The piece was a dire failure, and in 1857 he was living in a garret in extreme poverty. Mlle Dejazet gave him his first work to do at the theatre named after her, and he rapidly rose to his present position as the leading French dramatist.

use and all of the coverable in the vast majority of the works of modern writers of fiction, or sit down to meat with the mighty connoisseurs of old. The mind may feed upon the dusty hay of Sylvanus Cobb, the tainted viands of Ned Buntline, or the abhorrent carrion of Zola, or be nourished with the rich and healthful food prepared by Homer and Euripedes, by Virgil and Horace, by Racine and Corneille, by Goethe and Schiller, by Emerson and Poe, by Milton and Shakespeare.

The nature of man is such that he can revel in the swill-barrels of literature while the Bible, clasped by silver and gilt with gold, lies rotting, worm-eaten and unread upon the parlor center-table. The lungs of the intellect can learn to enjoy the fetid, slime-born air of the malarial lowlands in which G. W. M. Reynolds and the remainder of the trash writers live or can be taught to breathe a high elements with Plato, Hawthorne, Martial, Sterne, Mollere, Dryden, Macaulay, Dickens, George Eliot, or Sir Walter Scott. The punishments and rewards are inevitable; the former inexorable, the latter inevitable. The mental digestion, which has been gluttonized with straw and husks, will reject the pure wheat and golden corn. The mind which has learned to gormandize adulterated thought despises a purer article. The reader of sensational yarns invariably becomes like a bucket with the bottom out; impossible to retain anything. The thinker, however, must let the worthless mica in the stream of life go by, and be contented to delve in the deep mines for the valued gold. Those who can undergo the labor of study may find themselves at home with the immortals of the "choir invisible," and can appreciate the thoughts which have delighted the supreme minds of the centuries. There is a degree of grossness in the books of the intellectual kings, but it injures none except minds already depraved. Falstaff is sometimes vulgar, but he receives his proper punishment for drinking "sack" or exhibiting too much of what, phrenologically speaking, is an excessive amableness. The objectors to the pure and refined novelists are those who commonly have lost their mental innocence by the perusal of Zola and others of the order of dirt. To the child reader, Mother Goose, Tom Jones or Robinson Crusoe are works of mirth, pleasure, wonder and profit. Perseverance, patience and industry will train the mind so that it can grasp concentrated thought. Yet the road is long. Many obstructions beset the traveler. He must take the good the gods of his own time provide, and reject the snares of the subtle tempters to sloth and ease. As he progresses he must seek assistance from those who are in the van and ten-