

Charles Collins.

Scarcely less startling than the accident at Ashtabula three weeks ago was the announcement Saturday morning about 11 o'clock, that Charles Collins, Chief Engineer of the Lake Shore Railroad, had committed suicide. The shocking tragedy was first discovered by Mr. I. C. Brewer, first assistant in Mr. Collins' office, who found the lifeless body of his superior officer lying in his bed at his residence, corner of St. Clair and Seneca streets. Mr. Collins was last seen on Wednesday evening, after he had been before the legislative investigating committee. On Monday previous there was a meeting of directors of the road, and he was present, and offered his resignation. In doing so he said, with tears in his eyes, that for thirty years he had worked hard and faithfully to serve the public, and now in this iron age of business, his resignation was not accepted, and he was assured that there was no part of the blame to be placed upon him. Still he seemed depressed, and told Mr. Brewer his troubles, and how lonesome it was at his home, what his wife was away, and asked him to stay with him for a time. The request was willingly granted, and Monday and Tuesday nights the two men slept together at the St. Clair street residence. Mr. Brewer, who has charge of the Toledo division of the road, had arranged for a room in the hotel, and part of the road, and among other officers Mr. Collins was asked to go along. He consented, and arrangements were made accordingly. Wednesday afternoon Mr. Collins was called before the legislative committee, and was kept there from three until nearly six o'clock. He was questioned very closely by the committee concerning his knowledge of the Ashtabula bridge, and in just what way he was responsible for its care. He stated that the last examination made of this bridge was by Mr. Reid, and he accepted a verbal report from him as to its condition and safety. On this point he was asked if he considered the bridge safe, and he answered that it was safe. These were the questions put by the examiner, and his testimony he complied with the request of the committee to order that the iron in the web be not removed until their engineers had examined it, and after the adjournment he sent orders to his men to that effect, and gave an order to Mr. C. Brewer, of the committee, also, to assure him that he should find everything as he desired it.

After the examination was concluded he got his supper and went home, and was not seen afterward. Saturday morning Mr. Brewer became alarmed and started to the house on St. Clair street. At the back entrance he found a colored servant who came to the house daily to work. He said that Mr. Collins was not at home, but Mr. Brewer was not satisfied, and at once went to his bedroom, where lay the lifeless body. He was lying in the bed, dressed in his night clothes, his face was untraced, covered with blood, and ghastly. Clutched in his right hand was a navy revolver, while partially covered by a pillow lay another, and a razor also lay near. A light was found in the room, and his mouth told the terrible tale. He had evidently grown desperate in his loneliness, and thinking over the troubles of the past few weeks, procured the weapons and taken his life at a single shot. All about the room was in perfect order, and his clothing lay in accustomed places, and near the bed was a small valise which had packed for the trip on Thursday. Upon a stand lay an envelope addressed to his wife, but it contained only the words "No. 10 will leave at 11:15, No. 8 at 2:45."

Mr. Brewer at once hurried from the room, having an apprehension that Mr. Collins was yet alive. He sent at once for a physician who, on arriving at the place, saw at a glance that his was extinct. The news spread rapidly through the city, and in a few minutes a crowd of people collected about the house, and it became necessary for the police to keep the sidewalk clear. A number of prominent railroad gentlemen called shortly afterward. Coroner Fieseler was sent for, but he decided not to hold an inquest, as the evidences of the causes of death were sufficient to satisfy all. An undertaker was then sent for, and the body was properly cared for.

Mr. Collins' wife, who was at Ashtabula, was notified by telegraph, and she came upon the afternoon train. She was very much overcome, but has borne up bravely, and last night she was seen by the officers of the road and other friends at hand with kind ministrations and friendly services.—Cleveland Herald.

How a Merchant Was Done For.

A very ingenious swindle, says the Boston Globe, was perpetrated on a prominent dry goods house by a finely-dressed lady who appeared in the shawl department, and, after a careful examination, selected a camel-hair shawl costing about \$100 for which she tendered in payment a \$1,000 bill, which was carefully scrutinized by the cashier, who, doubting his power of discrimination, dispatched a messenger to the bank to ascertain the genuineness of the bill. In a short time the messenger returned and announced in an audible tone that the cashier of the bank said the bill was good. The lady upon hearing this waxed exceedingly wroth, and demanded to know "whether he thought that she would attempt to pass a counterfeit bill." Of course apologies and explanations were of no avail; she refused to purchase the shawl, demanded her money, and departed from the store very emboldened of righteous indignation. A couple of hours afterward she returned considerably mollified, and confessed that she was pleased with the shawl, and that her inability to find one that she liked as well was the only reason she returned, and she concluded to take it. The obliging salesman delightedly wrapped up the shawl, while the courteous cashier, disdaining to entertain a suspicion against such a lady, proceeded to count out the \$100 change, with which and her shawl the lady departed. The feelings of that storekeeper can be better imagined than described when he awoke to a realizing sense of the fact that his lady customer had after all his precautions, and a passing upon him a counterfeit \$1,000 bill.

ANECDOTE OF ROSSINI.—The composer had favorite pastimes, and one of them was to play a game of cards. One day the latter rather bashfully said to Rossini, "I have for a long time wanted to ask you a favor." "Name it," said the maestro. "It is," replied the merchant, "that you will play a game of cards with a few words under it." "Willingly," responded Rossini, and he took a photograph from his pocket-book and wrote under it, "To the friend of my stomach."

If possible, neither a borrower nor a lender be.

Kissing a Brigand.

The brigands last month caught Mr. Rose, of the firm of Gardner & Rose, correspondents of Mr. Cobb, of Boston. He had just got home, and his experience is worth a good deal; perhaps he will publish it. Leone is the name of the capo, or head of their band which took him, and in consequence of an Englishman being taken, the country was overrun with troops, gendarmes, etc., etc. When a Sicilian is taken, which happens once or twice a month, they are more quiet about it, pay their money and are free at once. So that poor Rose was obliged to stay in a grotto, instead of accepting the hospitality of Milord Leone, who assured him he had a house at Coria, Sciarra, etc., etc., but because the country was alarmed, he must put up with a grotto. But he got a dinner nearly every day—cold, however—beef, English cheese, brandy, coffee, and even tea. All those last articles that I have named are about as easily got in the interior of Sicily as oranges would be on the trees about your house. So you see they were on a train to Palermo, and he was asked one million ounces in gold (one ounce is two dollars and a half); but, as Mr. Rose justly remarked, "I had better, then, take a gun and belong to your band, for at that price a head I should be better off than a simple merchant." However, they reduced their terms by degrees, saying that if it was not paid directly they would increase a thousand francs for every day's delay. The money was paid, and Mr. Rose returned to his home, after the most affectionate terms with his captors—even kissing and being kissed at the last. But what won't one do to obtain freedom? And it seems even brigands have affection for their captives. He stated that the last examination made of this bridge was by Mr. Reid, and he accepted a verbal report from him as to its condition and safety. On this point he was asked if he considered the bridge safe, and he answered that it was safe. These were the questions put by the examiner, and his testimony he complied with the request of the committee to order that the iron in the web be not removed until their engineers had examined it, and after the adjournment he sent orders to his men to that effect, and gave an order to Mr. C. Brewer, of the committee, also, to assure him that he should find everything as he desired it.

All this band have fine horses, excellent guns, and are young, stalwart men. Leone, himself a fine type—not dark, but blonde—dresses well, has good manners, and with a reward of twenty-five thousand francs for his head. Perhaps Mr. Rose will be the means of catching him yet. The parting words of Leone were: "Now you are free; go where you please—over the country, or you like—we will protect you as well as we. A man who has once paid his ransom is as free as air. Meantime, during his captivity, all the movements of his family here in Palermo, what they said and what they did, were known by Leone and his band. How? They have their paid spies everywhere; and the old proverb that "a servant is a paid enemy" is, one may readily believe, a truth with us; and such is country life about Palermo. Like the times of Rob Roy in Scotland, the eagle he was below."

A Rescued Girl.

Yesterday afternoon a young girl aged about seventeen years arrived at the union depot by Chicago express, on her way to relatives at Lockport. Her name is Lizzie Smith, and she has been a captive for some time in the hands of the Sioux of the Black Hills, for nearly nine years. Her father resided in Philadelphia and was engaged in a dry goods store. She and other members of the family were visiting in western Iowa, when the Sioux raided the place, capturing her and others and killing her little brother. She was taken to their hunting-grounds and was, she says, treated well generally, but mistreated at times because of her inability to learn their language. Another day a year or two her captors were captured with her, and the two, by conversing together, succeeded in retaining their knowledge of the English tongue. Her companion was a Miss Stewart, who was rescued at the same time and taken to her friends in Omaha. Miss Smith states that a party of five trappers discovered them some weeks since and persuaded them to make an escape. They finally consented to do so, and the party, stealing their guns, left the white man's country. They were pursued four days by the Sioux, but got off, and in time to reach Rock City, on the Union Pacific. There they were supplied with clothing by their rescuers, Messrs. Welsh, and another man, and one of the other whose name Miss Smith cannot recall. The railroad company passed her via Chicago, boarding her in transit and treating her with the greatest kindness. The agent of the Pennsylvania Railway did similarly here, and the young woman was sent to her uncle at Lockport, on the 4:30 train yesterday afternoon. Miss Smith has been so long with the Indians that she has acquired a few of their peculiarities and to the reporter seemed to derive some of her most interesting features from the savages. She is intelligent considering her disadvantages, and quite possessing in appearance, notwithstanding her bronzed complexion.—Pittsburg Chronicle.

The most gigantic scheme of tunneling ever broached is the project of a Madrid pamphlet to tunnel the Straits of Gibraltar, which it is asserted is even more practical than the proposed submarine tunnel across the channel between England and France. The submarine portion of the Straits of Gibraltar tunnel would be little more than one-third the distance from the Straits of Dover, but of maximum depth of the sea is 500 fathoms, and as it is proposed to leave 300 feet of rock between the sea bottom and the tunnel, the tunnel of approach on each side would have to be nearly six miles long in order to make the descent practicable. The cost is estimated at \$20,000,000, and it is proposed to use in connection with the Straits of Dover tunnel to make an overland railway through route to India without break of bulk. If such an enterprise should ever be consummated, and it is quite within the bounds of probability, it would be a stupendous manifestation of man's ability to overcome the material obstacles of nature.

THE MISSION OF A SIMPLE FLOWER.—The late Joseph Brock, of Brighton, was once riding in a horse-car, when, noticing a little girl in the car journeying with her mother, he presented her with a flower from a beautiful bouquet he held in his hand, accompanied by one of those sweet smiles which so often broke over his countenance. Some months afterward he was again riding in a car, and he noticed a little girl looking intently at him. Turning to her he remarked: "You seem to know me, my little lady." "Oh, yes," said the child, eagerly, "I remember you, for you once gave me a flower." "Ah," said Mr. Brock, a smile again illuminating his countenance, as he turned to his son-in-law, Mr. Strong, who sat by his side, "if a simple flower will thus keep one's memory green in the mind of a little girl, I desire to present you with flowers."

THE Turkish soldiers are now wearing epaulets.

All About Twenty-Five Cents.

It is all about twenty-five cents. Two bits. Funny bit of currency this American twenty-five cent piece, which is an institution, encourages hospitality and good fellowship. A fellow with a quarter in his pocket looks out for another fellow, and then—well, it's two for a quarter, you know, and if the first fellow doesn't do this, he'll be likely to get back, and then he feels as if he had lost a nickel. You can't possibly divide a quarter fairly in currency. This is not advanced as a new idea. Some one else may possibly have observed the fact before. Were it possible, however, to do so, it might have been that Chicago would have been spared a great lawsuit. But no matter, it might not have been so on the other hand, and, after mature consideration, perhaps it's well as it is. To begin, there is or was once, in Chicago a sheet which used to appear on the streets at irregular intervals, called *Pomeroy's Democrat*. It was supposed to be a moral paper, and contained a lot of what is popularly known among newspaper men as "padding," and it was used to do, or ought to do, on Saturday night. It was, moreover, embellished with hideous wood cuts, sufficiently horrid to frighten into fits any ordinary person who might gaze upon them; but as it was generally thought that people do not read the paper for anything but the results of its publication. But in an evil hour one Horatio N. F. Lewis, a truly good man, whose motto is, "Speed the plow for truth and right," who was the founder of the paper, and its first editor in chief and publisher of the *Western Rural*, the original champion of farmers' rights, and cheap transportation, etc. (see advertisement), purchased something of a corner grocery for consumption. The sheet was called *Enterprise* of such men, wrapped up the purchase in a piece of paper, which piece of paper was subsequently scanned by the purchaser, after the manner of purchasers, and on it was found the following suggestive item:

We do know positively that one day he opened in his office a letter addressed to us with a remittance of twenty-five cents for a campaign paper, and a request for documents. And so it is. A man who has once paid his ransom is as free as air. Meantime, during his captivity, all the movements of his family here in Palermo, what they said and what they did, were known by Leone and his band. How? They have their paid spies everywhere; and the old proverb that "a servant is a paid enemy" is, one may readily believe, a truth with us; and such is country life about Palermo. Like the times of Rob Roy in Scotland, the eagle he was below."

The paper was a portion of the *Democrat* of November 4, and the reader knew something about that quarter. He studied the stealthy wording of the matter; he noticed that the words "enterprise" were seen through small key-holes, and holding a small twenty-five cent shimplaster before one eye he gazed through it and thought that in the distance he could other bills of large denomination. Horatio N. F. Lewis, who was positively that he took out the twenty-five cents and kept it. It is but a small matter, but large rooms can be seen through small key-holes at times. Mr. Lewis will not deny this, for he called at our office, and with a willingness tried to explain how it happened.

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A REMARKABLE RECORD.

How a Great Journal was Created.

HISTORY OF THE SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE.

Interesting Episodes in its Career.

WHAT ENERGY AND ENTERPRISE CAN ACCOMPLISH.

The following appreciative sketch is from the *Spirit of the Times*: "The history of a progressive journal is interesting to the general public as furnishing a record of the growth of the community in which it was established. The rise of the San Francisco Chronicle to influence and prosperity show what can be accomplished by energy and pluck. When, on the 6th of January, 1875, the first issue, a little fourteen by twenty-five inch sheet, appeared, even its friends could not have prophesied for it a more brilliant sphere. It was then devoted to dramatic matters, criticised theatres and concerts, and treated the news of the day in a lively manner, though never assuming to speak of important subjects in a ponderous manner. The public soon began to discover much good sense in its brightness and animation. Type, room and press were all at first procured on credit. The labor needed to issue the first number nearly ruined the career of its single editor, publisher and proprietor, who was the editor of the first week the payment of bills, and the general kind recognition which the paper received, gave indication of better times. The paper soon became a popular favorite to such an extent that it was more widely read than the regular dailies. Hundreds of persons came to the office of the 'little gratuitous sheet' each day at the hour of publication to read the paper, and to develop into a permanent and prosperous institution notwithstanding the fact that it had started with no capital and with no revenue except that derived from its special advertising patronage, and with its sole editor a poor man, with a wife and a family dependent on his earnings. At the end of a month the worst of the struggle was over. It was then enlarged by the addition of four columns, and was no longer a precarious venture. In a month it had an editorial staff, and appeared in its columns which expressed its hopes, as follows: 'Though not dissatisfied with what we have already accomplished, we have by no means attained the height of our aspirations.' These aspirations were not to be disappointed. It has expressed them fully and with only proved worth in those who could see NO GERM OF THE PRESENT GREATNESS."

Of the *Daily Chronicle* in the little dramatic sheet. On the first of December, 1875, the *Chronicle* was reborn, and its path as a strictly dramatic paper. It republished editorially that it did not intend to remain a gratuitous advertising sheet, but should aspire to higher positions, and to the readers of the *Chronicle* twenty-four hours in advance of any other newspaper on the Pacific Coast. With the breaking up of the old monopoly the *Chronicle's* news from all parts of the world has been full and perfect—the movements of the great powers in Europe, the events constantly happening in all parts of the United States are faithfully recorded. The free and unprejudiced course of the *Chronicle* from the first has not only won the respect of its competitors, but with the commercial community.

ITS CIRCULATION has increased month by month until it has attained a circulation of nearly 41,000 copies. Its advertising has increased in a corresponding ratio. In small advertisements, such as applications for situations, houses to let or for sale, and in large advertisements of a similar character, the *Chronicle* now takes the lead of all papers west of the Mississippi. On this coast it occupies the same position as that occupied by the *Herald* in the city of New York, and the *Ledger* in Philadelphia. Its average daily circulation of these advertisements, an amount surpassed by only two or three other prominent journals in the United States. These short announcements are a reliable index of the business prosperity of any city, and especially so in San Francisco, where the market for employment is greater, perhaps, than in any other municipality of equal size in the Union. The increase in these small advertisements, and the evident partiality with which the *Chronicle* is regarded as an advertising medium, has necessitated frequent enlargements, until it is now in size, as it has long been in attractiveness, one of the very largest newspapers in the country. It has a larger number of readers than any city newspaper in California, and in business and circulation, the limited population of the Pacific Coast considered, it stands

IN THE VERY FRONT RANK OF American newspapers. It stands sixth on the list of an official statement, in which the *Boston Herald*, the *New York Herald*, *Sun* and *News*, and the *Philadelphia Ledger* alone exceed it, 6,000 copies being sold in long circulation. The full particulars of the assassination of President Lincoln were first published in the *Dramatic Chronicle*. The success acquired by this, and similar strokes of enterprise, determined the proprietors of the *Dramatic Chronicle* to enlarge it, and change it into

A REGULAR NEWSPAPER, sold and distributed like its contemporaries. This was done Sept. 1st, 1878. It then appeared as a seven-day paper, under the name, *Daily Morning Chronicle*, announcing its principles in the phrase: "We shall be independent in all things—neutral in nothing." On the 19th of April, 1879, another column was added to each page, and soon after a four-column paper, capable of printing 12,000 per hour, was purchased. On the 16th of December, 1873, with a couple of improved printing machines, was put in operation, and the problem of rapid printing was apparently solved. But in less than six months the increased business began to intrude upon the resources of the proprietors, and the paper was again enlarged; and in the following October a corps of artisans was brought from New York, material was purchased, and a stereotypy foundry was attached to the *Chronicle's* press-rooms, thereby duplicating the capacity of the press. On the 1st of January, 1874, the first number of the *Weekly Chronicle* was issued, and in the November succeeding the daily was enlarged to nine columns. Up to this time the *Chronicle's* local success had been most remarkable, and the only thing needed to make it the foremost

newspaper upon the Pacific Coast, was the Eastern and Foreign TELEGRAPH NEWS. An old monopoly on the coast called the California Associated Press had controlled the news for years, consisting of two papers in San Francisco, and one in Los Angeles. These papers had special privileges granted them by the News Association of New York, one of the proprietors of the paper being the Eastern agent; and the other journals here were either obliged to copy their news the next day, or pay for obtaining special telegrams over the other lines at ruinous rates. The old San Francisco *Times* endeavored to break the monopoly, but only attested its power by ceasing to exist. The *Herald*, a large and enterprising journal, powerfully backed by influence and capital, subsequently repeated the attempt, and, after a brief struggle, shared the fate of the *Times*. For a long time the *Chronicle* contented itself with paying high prices for special telegrams. But required no large journalistic staff to see that this system would not do for a paper that aspired to nothing less than to win the proud position of the leading journal of the Pacific Coast. The step to be taken was a daring and hazardous one. But the only alternative was to incur the risk or to renounce the aims which the founders of the *Chronicle* held so long cherished. When it became clear that such was the case, their resolution was soon taken.

RELYING ON THEMSELVES and the appreciation of the public, they entered on the struggle in which they finally failed. The *Chronicle* waged a long war, unaided even by the country. On the 26th of June, 1876, the monopoly succumbed before the determined onslaught made upon it, and the *Chronicle* started its readers by appearing with the Associated Press news. This was a remarkable victory. And although the fight required a great outlay of money and time, its results more than compensated. Since the achievement of this great victory the *Chronicle* has eclipsed all its contemporaries in telegraph news. The full particulars of the Indian war in the Black Hills, and the incidents attending the last fight and death of the gallant Custer, were all published first in the *Chronicle*, some of them exclusively, and all more fully than in any other newspaper west of the Rocky Mountains. In special arrangements with the *New York Herald*, the *Chronicle* received a telegram of over 7,000 words, giving a full account of Custer's last battle, sent by its special correspondent from the scene of the battle. This was a courtesy never extended to any other San Francisco journal by the managers of the *New York Herald*, a newspaper that has a world-wide reputation for ENTERPRISE AND ABILITY.

This arrangement with the *Herald* continues. The *Chronicle's* Washington dispatches, and the reports of the last session of Congress, especially that containing the full report of Bluford Wilson's testimony, has been admitted by all to great examples of enterprise. Hidden long delayed letters of acceptance were presented to the readers of the *Chronicle* twenty-four hours in advance of any other newspaper on the Pacific Coast. With the breaking up of the old monopoly the *Chronicle's* news from all parts of the world has been full and perfect—the movements of the great powers in Europe, the events constantly happening in all parts of the United States are faithfully recorded. The free and unprejudiced course of the *Chronicle* from the first has not only won the respect of its competitors, but with the commercial community.

After it had fairly entered into competition with the other daily papers for the freshest and most reliable news, and further attracted public attention, and aided in making it a popular pet and favorite. This was notably the case in the complete report, which it furnished at great expense, of the trial of the pair indicted in the latter part of 1877, and dispatched its couriers to Alameda county, where the ring was secretly pitched. Its reporters repaired to the Oakland telegraph station, and succeeded, in spite of their instructions, in taking exclusive possession of the wire. The fight excited the utmost interest in the city, and immense crowds gathered around the little "free sheets" bulletin board to get the only things that came from the trial. The paper was printed, 6,000 copies being sold in long circulation. The full particulars of the assassination of President Lincoln were first published in the *Dramatic Chronicle*. The success acquired by this, and similar strokes of enterprise, determined the proprietors of the *Dramatic Chronicle* to enlarge it, and change it into

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Cogent Reasons for a Grand Success.

Conspicuous among the highest examples of success which the present century has shown is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. The record of its triumphs over disease is to be traced in the written and growing demand for the article in North and South America, Mexico, Guatemala, the West Indies, Australia and Europe. The reasons for its unparalleled success are cogent ones. The accumulated evidence of nearly thirty years shows that it is a certain remedy for all ailments, as well as its surest preventive; that it eradicates dyspepsia, constipation, liver complaint and nervousness, malacia vesicae, and rheumatism, urinary and uterine disorders, that it imparts vigor to the feeble, and cheers the mind while it invigorates the body.

Buy the Best. The piano is an article of luxury, and is, as a general thing, bought but once in a lifetime. How important, then, to buy a good one. The great difficulty in all of the old style pianos is that they soon get stinky and easily attracted by the weather, and are unable to get "out of tune." All of this is avoided in the Rogers Piano. Ladies who have used it say that it is easily tuned as a guitar, and they never need outside assistance to keep it in order. We advise our readers who contemplate the purchase of an instrument to see the Rogers Piano. It is made by Blackmar & Davis, under Baldwin's Patent, San Francisco, are the Agents for this coast.

Self-Threading. The New American Self-Threading Sewing Machine is creating great excitement among the ladies of San Francisco. Its simplicity is recognized by the intelligent mind as a guarantee of its durability and reliability. It requires no readjusting of tension when the thread is changed, and it is easily tuned at all times ready for work. Its movement is so light a child can operate it. All who cannot call at their own stores, or who are in a hurry, send for circular and price-list, which will be sent free on application.

Berkshires. I am breeding Pure English Berkshire Pigs and have them constantly on hand. Also, fifteen two and three-year-old Sows, several of them with Piglets, for sale at reasonable prices. These are mostly from Pigs imported from Kentucky. "Short-Horn" Cattle, Merino and Colts-wild Sheep, Percheron Saddle Horses, and Breeder, P. O. address, 1313 Folsom street, corner of Ninth, San Francisco.

Peerless Yeast Powder. Try it.—For sale in quarter, one, two, five, ten and twenty pound packages by all grocers. B. B. BARTON & Co., manufacturers, 211 and 213 Sacramento street, San Francisco.

Land Owners Without Patents. Should enclose \$2 with their receipts to Col. L. BIRCHAM & Co., Attorneys for Claiming Patents, Washington, D. C., and receive their Land Patents.

TRAPPER'S INDIAN OIL.—The simplest and most powerful remedy for rheumatism, neuralgia, sore throats, all kinds of pains. Sold everywhere, at fifty cents per flask.

HATCH'S Universal Cough Syrup has become one of the leading cough remedies in our trade. We have known cases of whooping cough, croup, and measles have failed. We warrant it in every case, and are satisfied that it will cure all such ailments. SHAW, SWIFT & Co., 101 Market Street, San Francisco.

MRS. H. A. MOORE'S BREAD PRODUCE CO., 104 Market Street, San Francisco.

BROWN LEIGH'S SPECIALTY, 101 Market Street, San Francisco.

NEW ZEALAND TERRAPINE, 101 Market Street, San Francisco.

M. J. COGNWELL'S DEN, 101 Market Street, San Francisco.

Dividend Notice, No. 5. COLLATERAL LOAN AND SAVINGS BANK, corner Post and Kearny Sts., S. F.—An extra dividend of 10 per cent on all deposits for January, 1879, to be paid on January 25th, to stockholders of record January 15th.

Dividend Notice, No. 6. COLLATERAL LOAN AND SAVINGS BANK, corner Post and Kearny Sts., S. F.—An extra dividend of 10 per cent on all deposits for January, 1879, to be paid on January 25th, to stockholders of record January 15th.

WANTED for the most reliable and best of all agents, a man of good character, and a good knowledge of the Pacific Coast. Address, H. H. HANCOCK & Co., 721 MARKET ST., S. F.

ESTABLISHED 1833. We know of no proprietary medicine or article now used in the United States which shares the good will of the people to a greater degree than this. Yellow wrapper for animal and white for human use. Extract from a letter from G. H. Simmons, Unionville, Va., July 30, 1878.—"I have used your Gargling Oil for a long time, and I am a happy and contented man. I think it is the best remedy for hoarseness I have ever used, and I can say it without fear of contradiction."

Extract from a letter from Shoemaker & Co., Bloomington, Ind., Sept. 17th, 1878.—"It is the popular home liniment in this country. We know of no other liniment of the kind. I sell more of your Gargling Oil than of all other liniments combined, and have seen it used on horses and cattle with the most beneficial results. Extract from a letter from J. H. Berry, N. H., Aug. 26th, 1878.—"We think your Gargling Oil one of the best articles for what it is recommended that we have ever used or sold."

Extract from a letter from J. H. Berry, N. H., Aug. 26th, 1878.—"We think your Gargling Oil one of the best articles for what it is recommended that we have ever used or sold."

Merchant's Gargling Oil as a Family Liniment. We are now, and have been for some years, preparing the Oil from steam, to be used as a common liniment for human flesh, except in cases where it is objectionable. This Oil possesses all the medicinal properties of that prepared with the best kind of liniment, and will be found one of the best remedies for all purposes. From a letter from Unionville, Pa., Jan. 31st, 1877.—"Your Gargling Oil is doing much better here than formerly, since the Family Oil, which was formerly sold here, is now sold without success. It is a good article, and I have used it for a long time, and I can say it without fear of contradiction."

Merchant's Gargling Oil as an Internal Remedy. Merchant's Gargling Oil is a diffusible stimulant and carminative. It can be taken internally when such a remedy is indicated, and is a good substitute for pain killers, cordials and anodynes. For Croup or Spasms of the Stomach, Cholera, or Intestinal Pains, the dose may be from five to twenty drops, on sugar, or mixed with syrup in any convenient form, and repeated at intervals of three to six hours.

Merchant's Gargling Oil is the Standard Liniment of the United States. Established in 1833. Large size, \$1; medium, 50c; small, 25c; smallest size for family use, 15c. Manufactured at Lockport, N. Y., by M. G. O. Co., and sold by all druggists.

JOHN HODGE, Secretary.

AGAIN IN THE MARKET. DOWNER OIL.

Just Arrived, ex Ship "Yosemite," 4,000 Cases of THE CELEBRATED DOWNER KEROSENE, IN PATENT FAUCET CANS.

THE FIRST THAT HAS BEEN IN THE MARKET for sixty days. IT IS THE ONLY OIL THAT IS ABSOLUTELY PURE. IT ALWAYS BURNS CLEAR. IT IS PERFECTLY OILLESS. Which has never been the cause of an accident.

Informed by all the Insurance Companies and Fire Commissioners. Parties wishing a supply should send their orders to their dealers immediately. For sale to the Trade in lots to suit by THE OIL HOUSE OF F. B. TAYLOR & CO., General Agents Downer Kerosene Oil Company.

Office: No. 6 and 7, 215 California St., S. F.

TRADE MARK. SHEEP WASH. 50c per gallon. T. W. JACKSON, San Francisco, Sole Agent for California and Nevada.

C. & P. H. TIRRELL & CO., IMPORTERS AND MANUFACTURERS OF BOOTS AND SHOES. 80, 81 & 82 CALIF. STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.

Manufacturers of Men's, Boys', Youths', and Children's FINE CALF BOOTS. One and a half inch deep, with the finest quality leather at the lowest market prices. Please examine our goods and prices.

INTERNATIONAL HOTEL, 824 and 826 Kearny St., San Francisco. H. C. PATRIDGE, Proprietor.

Two Concord Coaches, with the name of the Hotel on them, will always be waiting at the landing to convey passengers to the Hotel free. Don't be sure you are in the right coach. If you do not care you will charge you.

COMMERCIAL HOTEL, MONTGOMERY AVENUE AND KEARNEY ST., SAN FRANCISCO. JOHN KELLY, Jr., Manager.

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