MUSIC THE EARS!

But Remember, It Neither Fills Nor Warms Your Pockets, and Now's the Days When a Dollar Saved Is a Dollar Made, and We'll Save 'Em for You.

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Choice and Handsome

SPRING

To-morrow Blue Suits! Black Cheviots!

Fancy Light Colors! Fancy Cheviots!

Blue Serges!

All New and Bright Styles, 'll Go TO-MORROW!

Are Not Plastered All

5

xIX

Beautiful & Costly

Souvenirs Will Be Given

We Place An Avenue On Our By Which You Can Save Tables A Heap Upward of a Thousand of Money! Handsome Suits

We Open

To-morrow

OUR SOUVENIRS Are Things of Art and 'll Be Given Only to Ladies.

433, 435 and 437

Montgomery Street,

Corner of Sacramento.



The Handsomest Suits Ever Seen in America for

\$10.00.

Bright and Indicative of Spring Will Be Found Among This Grand Spread of Snits for

\$10.00.

GORGEOUS SPRING and Will Immediately Open Up and Aim Our Batteries Against High Prices.

Initial

SPRING

Sale

GOODS

Will Be Marked by a

Cut of All Intended

\$15, \$16, \$17 and \$18

SUITS

Our

Over 1000

Handsome

and Choice SPRING

SUITS

TO SELECT FROM

\$10.00! \$10.00! \$10.00

Handsome Souvenirs Given Out To-morrow To Ladies Only.

Open Every Night NEXT WEEK TILL 8 O'CLOCK.

Rich Styles! New Effects! Handsome Colorings!

Will Be Found Among These New

Spring Suits

COMING FOR.

433, 435 and 437

Montgomery Street, Corner of Sacramento.

NATATORIAL

Record of the World's Champion Swimmer on Both Continents.

A Brief Sketch of the Career of Captain Jack Williams, With His Remarkable Escapes During Shipwreck.

The average individual, when he finds himself involved in a struggle with the element which constitutes the home of the piscatorial section of things animate, usually requires the active co-operation of all fours to enable him to keep his head above water. But we have here in San Francisco a man who can remain in the water for hours, and get over miles of its surface with hands and feet so securely strapped as to render their use impossible, and who on one occasion when thus bound hand and foot covered a distance of twenty-five miles, namely, from Alton, Ill., to St. Louis, Mo. Captain Jack Williams is beyond all

doubt the greatest living exponent of the art of natatation. The record of Captain Williams is as follows: August, 1869, defeated Matt Hogan In three-mile race at Dover, England, for £10 a side; June, 1870, defeated Roberts in one mile race in the Great Float, Birkenhead, England, for £10 a side; June, 1872, defeated John Jordan in five-mile race at Montreal,

Canada, for \$200 a side.

July, 1872, defeated Charles Alkan for championship of Canada, in ten-mile race, at Montreal, for purse of \$500. August, 1872, defeated Tom Nolan in one-mile race, at Montreal, for \$25 a side. July, 1876, swam the Lachine Rapids, St. Lawrence River, twelve miles, in 2 hours 48 minutes, for purse of \$700. August, 1879, defeated Jack O'Brien in two and a half mile race in Lachine Canal, for \$50 a side. June, 1880, defeated Whitehead in five-

one-mile race, in for £30 a side.

July, 1881, defeated Hans, the German swimmer, in five-mile race, in Lachine Lake, for \$150 a side.

In same month defeated Frank Gordon in non-mile race, at Montreal, for \$500 a side.
September, 1881, was defeated by George
Fearons, chambion of England, in fifteenmile race at New York, for purse of \$500.
Williams led for the first ten miles, but was ultimately beaten by two minutes. Time, 2 hours 45 minutes. June, 1882, defeated Waters in five-mile

three-mile race at New Orleans for \$100 a August, 1884, defeated Charley Fitzgerald August, 1884, defeated Charley Fuzgerald in one-mile race at St. Louis for \$300 a side.

June, 1885, defeated George Estervers in two-mile race at St. Louis for a purse of \$300. From that time to the present Captain Williams has held the championship of

the world.

In 1884 he swam ten miles down the Mississippi River, from Collington to New Orleans, nine miles, with his hands and feet securely strapped.

In 1885 he crossed the harbor of Havana, Cuba, one and a half miles, by walking in the water without the aid of his hands, in each of which he carried a flag.

In 1885 swam two and a half miles in still water in the Park Lake, St. Louis, with hands and feet strapped. Time, 6 hours 30 minutes.

July, 1888, gave exhibition at Lake Pontchartrain, New Orleans.

August, 1888, swam from Alton, Ill., to St. Louis, Mo., twenty-five miles, with hands and feet strapped. September, 1888, gave exhibition at St. Louis, Mo., for the benefit of the Jackson-ille (Fla.) yellow-fever sufferers.



City, Council Bluffs, Second-street Park, Los Angeles, and at Woodward's Gardens, the Cliff House, Alameda Mole, and various

On the 14th of last September he swam across San Francisco Bay in two hours and ten minutes, and in the following month swam around the Seal Rocks. June, 1880, defeated Whitehead in Rve mile race, at Montreal, for \$50 a side.

July, 1880, defeated James Harrington in two-mile race, at Montreal, for purse of \$200.

August, 1880, swam from La Prairie to Montreal, ten miles, in 2 hours 35 minutes, carrying a flag in each hand.

In same mouth defeated Johnny Flynn in one-mile race, in Lachine Canal, Montreal, for £50 a side.

The Carman ten minutes, and in the Seal Rocks.

Captain Williams was born in 1849, went to sea at the age of 14 and followed that in fine for eighteen years. His record as a life-saver commenced at the early age of 8, by the rescue of a companion who had slipped from a rock into deep water and was drowning, when Williams dove down and brought the exhausted boy to safety.

At the age of 11 he was in a fishing smack the exhausted boy to safety.

At the age of 11 he was in a fishing smack with eighteen others, among them being his father and grandfather. The smack was struck by a squall and capsized. Young Williams went to the assistance of his grandfather and succeeded in getting the old man ashore, but his father and six others were drowned.

A few months subsequently Williams was bitten by a mad dog, his hand being so badly lacerated that the scars are yet plainly visible. A weman, a horse and a hog were

nltimately beaten by two minutes. Time, 2 hours 45 minutes.

June, 1882, defeated Waters in five-mile race, down stream, at Montreal, for \$100 a side. Time, 1 hour 10 minutes.

July, 1882, swam twenty-two miles down St. Lawrence River in 6 hours 32 minutes.

July, 1882, defeated Captain Matthew Webb and twelve other professional swimmers in five-mile race at the Montreal Exposition for the championship of the world and purse of \$500. Time, 2 hours 30 minutes.

September, 1882, defeated Captain Andrews, teacher of Toronto Swimming Club, in mile race at Toronto, for \$50 a side.

October, 1882, swam and won handicap race at St. Louis against William Park, oarsman, for purse of \$500. Park to row four miles, while Williams swam one. The latter won by 3 yards.

July, 1883, defeated John C. Clark, champion of Louisiana, in mile race at Lake Pontchartrain for \$500 a side.

August, 1883, defeated Sol McCabe in mile race at Lake Pontchartrain for \$500 a side.

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August, 1883, defeated Sol McCabe in mile race at Lake Pontchartrain for \$500 a side.

to the surface in a direction the opposite to that in which the boat was being rowed. The Custom-house boat appeared, and taking a hand in the game the two boats crowded the boy, and the Customs boat captured him, thus depriving the captain of that pleasure. The latter, however, was so struck by Williams' pluck, ability and strategy in the water that the threatened pun-

shinent was never inflicted.
In 1866 Williams was shipwrecked off Liv-In 1866 Williams was shipwrecked off Liverpool on the bark Mariana, and on the next ship on which he sailed, the King Arthur, he was stranded in the Hooghly, in going up to Calcutta. Williams then joined the ship Middlesex, and when in the Mauritius undertook to swim ashore at night to obtain a couple of bottles of liquor for the second mate, in whose watch he was. This was a very dangerous exploit by reason of the vast number of sharks with which the harbor is infested. Young Williams, however, completed the round trip in safety, and did the mate out of one of the bottles by telling him it had got broken. This was partly by way of reward, but principally because one bottle always made the mate comfortably drunk, while two made him

In 1868, when on the ship Middlesex at In 1868, when on the ship Middlesex at Bombay, having again been subjected to lil-treatment by the officers, young Williams determined to leave the vessel, and collecting his clothes in a painted-canvas bag he on high t slipped overboard with the bag on his back. He ultimately sighted the American ship City of Boston. Upon reaching the vessel Williams made his bag fast to the cable and climbed on board. reaching the vessel Williams made his bag fast to the cable and climbed on board. The crew were sleeping on the topgallant forecastle, and the sudden appearance among them of the dripping youngster caused a lively and somewhat dangerous commotion, some of the men being inclined to connect his presence with evil and piratical intentions. The officers appearing on the scene matters were explained and his bag scene matters were explained and his bag hoisted on board. When the captain was informed be was so amazed at the exploit that he promptly avowed his intention of keeping Williams if it could be done; and on the following day he took Williams ashore for the purpose of shipping him before the authorities, but this was found to be not possible, and the captain of the Middlesex heigh sent for was ordered to take Williams.

sex being sent for was ordered to take Williams back with the injunction that if he were sujected to any further ill-usage, were sujected to any further ill-usage, effectual punishment would be inflicted upon those guilty. This captain, like the one at Para, was, however, too proud of the remarkable achievement of the youngest member of his crew to think of inflicting punishment. On the contrary, he took Williams around the various chandlers' stores and other places connected with shipping, bragging about his wonderful shipping, bragging about his wonderful feat; and when the ship reached London crowds came down to the dock to see the

rowds came down to the dock to see the young fellow.

In March, 1869, Williams again shipped in the Middlesex for a voyage to Calcutta, and five days after losing sight of the English coast the ship was driven on a reef in the Bay of Biscay during a gale, seven only being saved out of a crew of twenty-five, among the lost being the captain and mate. Williams and two others got a portion of a royal yard, and by means of signal halvards williams and two others got a portion of a royal yard, and by means of signal halyards Williams secured his two companions to the spar, until exhausted by the terrible buffetings to which they were subjected both let go and sank. Williams also lost the spar, but finally managed to reach the main land, pearly twenty miles from the security. land, nearly twenty miles from the scene of the wreck, after being thirty-two hours in the water. After spending twenty-two days in the bospital he sufficiently recovered to be sent back to England. The owners of the ship acted most generously to the survivors, presenting each with a very handsome solution.

On the next voyage upon which he embarked, the vessel, the briganting Ketting barked, the vessel, the brigantine Katrina, stranded on Salt Island, in the Cape de Verdes. This proved to be the last casualty of the kind in which Williams was involved during his seafaring career. Captain Williams has filled the position of swimming teacher at the following establishments.

Montreal Swimming Club, D. Lister

came ashore to take him off, and on the re- legs and feet correctly. This may be came ashore to take him off, and on the return to the ship the captain regaled him with an account of the punishment to which he would be subjected on getting on board. This made the boy desperate, and, watching his opportunity, he leaped into the water, and for three hours successfully evaded the attempts to recapture him by diving when the boat came near and coming to the surface in a direction the composite to the surface in a direction to the surface in the composite to the bady will not require attention. The feet must be turned well out, and when drawn up to strike out should be about twelve inches and the composite to the surface in the composite to the s come together. The legs are then drawn up with a slow motion, the knees kept well apart while doing so, the feet also separated, the heels drawn up so that the toes are pointed well back to avoid resistance. By watching the movements of a frog in water these movements will be illustrated. These points having been accomplished, attention may be given to the hands and arms. The hands must be kept flat, the fingers kept together, the arms are then quickly extended full length ahead, when the hands for the beek recognitive steeled.

the hands for the back propelling stroke must be turned so that the outer side will be about an inch higher than the thumb. They are then swept around with a comparatively slow motion until brought in line with the face, when give a downward and backward flipping motion from the wrist, then flatten the hands, and with a quick motion bring them toward the breast, the balls of the thumbs against the side of the chest, at the same time bringing the elbows close to the body, then shoot the arms straight ahead so body, then shoot the arms straight alread so that when fully extended the thumbs meet. The breath is drawn in when the arms strike back, and expelled as they are extended ahead. The chest must be kept well out, the neck well extended, and the body steady though not raised. Floating, walking in the water and other features may be explained hereafter.

TRAP AND TRIGGER.

Monthly Pigeon Short of the County Club.

The County Club held its monthly pigeon shoot yesterday afternoon at the Oakland were all favorable, the weather being nearly perfect and the birds a good strong flying lot. The new trapping device worked to a charm, and gave all the shooters an even chance to slaughter the birds. As to the shooting it was but fair, many birds escaping out of bounds.

It rather raised a laugh on some of the sportsmen, when a bird after being released sportsmen when a bird after being released from the trap hovered over it for a moment and then escaping both barrels of the shooter would easily flutter to the stand, and perching on the roof proceed to coo a call to its comrades in the pens. And then to add to the aggravation, when dislodged from its perch it would slowly fly away to its dovecot across the bay, regardless of and unharmed by the guns of outlying members.

bers.
The most interesting part of the shoot was

August, 1883, defeated Sol McCabe in mile race at Lake Pontchartrain for \$50 a in which he drifted and paddled twelve miles down the river. He escaped the many a side.

September, 1883, defeated Moreau, champion of France, in mile race at Spanish Fort, Lake Pontchartrain, for \$10,000 a side, July, 1884, defeated George Phillips in Solution of the substitution of t

A CENTRAL CITRUS BELT.

The Possibilities in the Line of Citrus Fruit at Niles, Alameda County.

The recent citrus fairs that have been held, north and south, in this State, have been admirably calculated to show the wonderful development of this industry in California. It would be very difficult to determine which of the famous "citrus belts," he north or the south, shows the greater tadvancement in this direction, but, fortunately, there is no necessity for making the

But while the north and south have been engaged in an emulative contest in growing oranges and lemons, a good many orchardists and growers in the central part of the State have been successfully demonstrating some of the bay counties are well adapted for the cultivation of the golden fruit. There are as fine oranges as one would need wish for grown among the mountains that surround the Livermore Valley, famous for its vineyards and wines; And others grown within thirty miles of San Francisco (at Niles in Alameda County), that compare more than favorably with the finest products of either the sunny south or the favored north. The newspaper writer sometimes finds the lines falling to him in pleasant places, and one of these times a CALL representative enjoyed the other day in strolling through the aforementioned orange-grove at Niles, partaking of the luscious golden globes and admiring the beau-tiful hill landscape that formed a fitting

frame for the grove.

This orchard is the property of H. A.

Mayhew of the San Francisco Produce Exchange. There are only about 100 trees, as the planting was largely an experiment on Mr. Mavhew's part. It lies in a recess of the hills, just back of the railway station at Niles, well sneltered from the wind, while receiving, at the same time, a sufficient experiment the sum of the sum of the same time, a sufficient experiment the sum of the sum o posure to the sun.

nearly five years ago, but farther up the hill are a number of two-year-old trees that are this year in vigorous bearing. One of these little shrubs, they seem like nothing more, that attracted the attention of THE CALL representative, although hardly more than four feet high, was so laden with oranges as to present at a little distance a uniformly yellow hue, the green leaves being hardly visible. The overburdened branches were

visible. The overburdened branches were all propped up, and the pretty bush seemed literally staggering under its load as it swayed in the gentle breeze. Nearly every tree in the grove was similarly loaded, although at the time of THE CALL representative's visit Mr. Mayhew had already made several shipments of the fruit to San Francisco, where it sold as readily as the finest specimens from Riverside.

The oranges are of the Washington navel variety, large, firm, beautiful fruit, so sweet to the palate and of a flavor so delicate that one finds it hard to believe they were grown not in either famed citrus belt, but just in common Alameda County soil, and with only the most ordinary cultivation. with only the most ordinary cultivation. Mr. Mayhew is this year setting out more trees, and is convinced that this section of country is well adapted to raising citrus fruits.

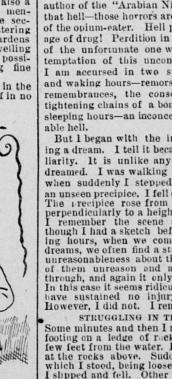
Nor is the Mayhew grove the only one in

the immediate vicinity of Niles that furnishes a confirmation of this belief. Mr. James Shinn, one of the pioneers in this James Shinn, one of the pioneers in this pioneer fruit-growing section, has been especially successful in raising fine oranges, in size and flavor fully equal to those in the Mayhew grove. Mr. Daniel Saoborn has in his garden some remarkably fine lemon trees, bearing fruit of large size and capital flavor; and Mr. Loring Pickering has a small grove of orange trees, which, though only a year old, are growing finely, and this winter even put forth a few blossoms of waxy, perfumed whiteness, as sort of promissory notes to be redeemed next year in their own perfect golden "coin of the realm"; and Mrs. Helene Meyer has also a number of fine trees. The instances mentioned are all in different parts of the section, and there are numerous scattering votes—individual trees—in different gardens here and there in the district, all swelling the aggregate of testimony as to the possibilities of this section for growing fine oranges.

The illustration given is of a tree in the

Niles, well sneltered from the wind, while receiving, at the same time, a sufficient exposure to the sun.

The oldest trees in the grove were planted the speaks for itself in no uncertain manner.



its devect across the pay, practices of and naturated by the gain of utilitying men.

The most interesting part of the shock was the superiornan intelligence delicated with the superiornan intelligence delicated with the superiornan intelligence delicated with the superiornant intelligence delicated by the irrestibility of the superiornant intelligence

that I knew would never release me. Other feelers were thrown out. They twined around me. I was held bound with living bands. I shrieked madly in an agony of terror. I struggled

Pain! Pain! I tried to cry out. The water choked me.

My eyes turned upward. A happy bird skimmed the surface of the water and reminded me of the blue depths of sky. My thoughts reverted to past days for a moment. For a second—in spite of the pain of the blood suction of the antenne, I almost forgot the horrible creature. Then my senses returned. I looked downward again—a shapeless horror was fixed on my

again-a shapeless horror was fixed on my

I SAW IT BUT INDISTINCTLY.

dying, dying, dying.

terror. I struggled

IN A FRENZY

Of horror. Frantically I grasped the slimy feelers, only to hastily let go at the touch of the horrid, shrinking, living feeling of it, to shrink from it as one shrinks from a creeping insect. Useless; I was entwined in it. It sucked my blood. The bloodthirsty monster began to pull. How unnecessary had my efforts to loosen my foot been. It would be loosened for me now.

The cartilages broke and I was dragged into the water. It is impossible to describe the state of my mind at this moment. Terror, disgust, loathing of the inconceivably horrible devourer, who was emptying my yeins and who was drawing me nearer to Terrible Experience of a Devotee of

The Horror of a Night-A Dream of Agony. An Eternity of Torture in a Brief Interhor ible devourer, who was emptying my veins and who was drawing me nearer to him, and the awful pain, both of my foot and the feelers, combined to bring me almost to a state of maniacal frenzy. The beastly eyes were near me. I could see them indistinctly through the water. Horribie thought! If I could read their language. If I could see the expression they showed, it would be one of joy. The agony to me was pleasure to it, a satisfaction of its beastly appetite. Pain! Pain! Pain! I tried to cry out. The water choked me. val-A Warning to Opium-Eaters.

Written for THE SUNDAY CALL.

I am an opium-eater. The enslaving drug

Maddening Opium.

IN THE GRASP OF

has wound its bonds around me. I am fast. Is there any hope for release? I see none! Resolutions are like chaff before a strong wind when they lie in the path of this most horrible of appetites. My case is hopeless. My life ruined. I sometimes sit and review the past, think of my lost youth, strength, mind, eye and soul. Remembrances are maddening. I await deatha release that will bring me to what? Eternal sleep or retribution? Life is a curse. My dreams and nightmares are horrible, horrible. If on earth there is a I SAW IT BUT INDISTINCTLY.

My strength was going. The pain seemed less intense. Through half-closed eyes, that hardly saw, I looked upward at the heavens. I was almost unconscious. Then again the scene became vivid. A last return of strength. Then dying. The scene faded—I could not see—I was cold—cold seemed to go through me—horrible eyes—dying, dying, dying. hell that can rival the abnormal fancies of Dante-if there are horrors that can put to shame the terrifying imaginations of the author of the "Arabian Nights," to taste of that hell-those horrors are the accursed lot of the opium-eater. Hell pent up in a package of drug! Perdition in the very slumber of the unfortunate one who yields to the temptation of this unconquerable seducer.

temptation of this unconquerable seducer. I am accursed in two spheres. Daytime and waking hours—remorse, the torture of remembrances, the consciousness of the tightening chains of a bondage; night and sleeping hours—an inconceivable, indescribable hell.

But I began with the intention of relating a dream. I tell it because of its peculiarity. It is unlike any other I have ever dreamed. I was walking on a grassy field, when suddenly I stepped over the edge of an unseen precipice. I fell down into the sea. The precipice rose from the water almost perpendicularly to a height of about 35 feet. I remember the scene as accurately as though I had a sketch before me. In waking hours, when we come to look at our dreams, we often find a strange and absurd unreasonableness about them. With many of them unreason and absurdity run all through, and again it only appears in parts. In this case it seems ridiculous that I should have sustained no injury in such a fall. However, I did not. I remember

Some minutes and then I manageed to gain a strangel and then I managed to gain a light of the word. Then, still impelled by the irresistible impulse. I steemed to be weighted. Then, still impelled by the irresistible impulse. I stagoned over it looked at the bed of the breathe. I seemed able to walk, to rise or sink as I wished. I looked at the bed of the breathe. I seemed able to walk, to rise or sink as I wished. I looked at the bed of the breathe. I seemed able to walk, to rise or sink as I wished. I looked at the bed of the was I wished. I looked at the bed of the was heaving and rolling with the metion of the waves. I went closer and looked at—Horrors! It was me! I, ghastly white, cold and dead, lay buoyantly rocking on the ocean bed. I shall never forget the thrill of horror which ran through me as I saw that. There is no use describing the ghastly mutilation of the body, its swollen, horrible appearance—the expression of fear and agony on the face, the open mouth, the staring appearance, the expression of fear and agony on