

## MEN WITH MEMORIES.

Three in San Francisco who Could Always Fix Names, Faces and Facts.

The testimony of certain witnesses in the current trial emphasizes the fact that some men have a remarkable memory for names and faces, while others recall conversations and situations in a way that baffles the ordinary mind. While stories of the ancients record more wonderful conquests in the realm of memory than any of the moderns, even San Francisco has had men with astounding memories.

Probably the three most remarkable men who have ever started San Francisco who knew them with their feats of memory were "Count" Smith, clerk of the Palace Hotel; Timothy Bainbridge of the police force, and Bob Norval, known all over America as the "Boy Preacher."

"Count" Smith was for some years chief of the Palace Hotel, and he died about seven years ago. Born in affluent circumstances in Austria, he met with financial misfortunes early in life and came to America, where he changed his unpronounceable name to Smith, and other years thereafter added the prefix "Count." Finally he drifted to San Francisco, where he became chief clerk of the Palace. Though many stories concerning this man's remarkable achievement in memory are exaggerated, there is no doubt that the organ which recalls the past was developed in him far beyond that of most men.

It is related that some names and faces of guests were so indelibly engraven on the tablets of this remarkable man's memory that when he saw a guest who had probably been absent for years, and whom he had met in the most perfunctory manner, he would say, "Why, how are you, Mr. Valentine? Do you still want 516 with 7th? That is the room you had in 1881."

Such things astonished travellers from every land, but it is not to be inferred that his memory of every guest was equally clear. Such feats were reserved for the special cases of persons whose characteristics were so marked that when once recalled by visual sensations, every circumstance connected with the former meeting passed before him like a panoramic view.

"Count" Smith was a marvel to many thousands from all quarters of the globe, yet in some matters his memory was only ordinary, or even indifferent. He said it was no effort whatever for him to remember names and faces, if he recalled them at all. He attributed the gift to birth rather than cultivation.

Tim Bainbridge's memory is even more marvelous, and he is today one of the most active little men in the city. Though his eyesight is so impaired that he uses glasses his memory is so active that he readily recalls the name, face, history and prison record of the thousands of convicts who have passed before him in twenty years.

Bainbridge is always the stand-by of the Police Department in matters of identification. He is at the police courts whenever suspicious prisoners are on trial. Often he will say, for example, when John Brown is on trial for grand larceny, "This is not John Brown, but Tim Collins, who is wanted in Tennessee for burglary. He served a term at Folsom for arson in 1879."

The most striking thing about Bainbridge's memory is that he sees the old self of men through the changes of time. Beyond the fat face covered with a full beard, and furrowed with lines of care and crime, Bainbridge sees the picture of ten years before, when the defendant was slender, young and smooth faced, and he often starts the criminals themselves by vividly recalling their crimes and describing them as they were in other days.

Bob Norval, known as "The Boy Preacher," used to startle the residents of the Mission by repeating after having once heard read aloud, entire articles from newspapers. He was an eccentric genius who formerly travelled and lectured all over the United States on religious themes. It was his habit to sit down on the grass, close his eyes, place his hands over his forehead and then have slowly read to him the speech or article he wished to reproduce, after which it seemed to photograph itself on his mind so he could repeat it with rare precision. Norval said it was no effort to him to do such things.—San Francisco Chronicle.

## An Expensive Dinner.

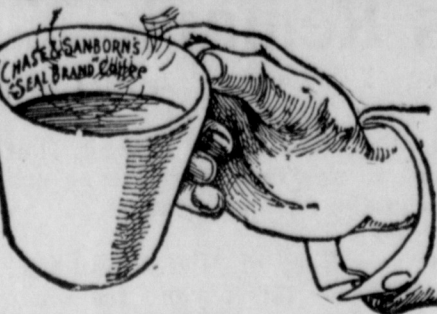
A trio were sitting on the postoffice guard rail last night telling stories. One of them related this: "I know of a fellow who had spent a very quiet life in the country and had never been to the city. Coming into a little money he suddenly developed a desire to be a sportsman and immediately departed for the city. It was his habit after arriving to lounge around the corners in the central part of the city, and he naturally heard the gilded youth talking about the amount of money they spent."

"Say, I had a great dinner last night," he heard one say, "and it cost me \$20." "Many other remarks like this he heard, and the rustic sportsman decided to get into the swim too. He made up his mind at once to get an expensive dinner, not realizing that the most of the money spent by the bachelors he had overheard had been for wine. Walking into a swell restaurant, he called the waiter over. "Say, look here," said he, "I want an expensive dinner like the rest of the bachelors. Bring me \$20 worth of ham and eggs."

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## TRAINING THIEVES.

More Babies are Taught to Beg and Steal in the Beautiful City of Naples.

An interesting account of the way in which young children are prepared to enter the Camorra is given by Dr. de Blasio, a Neapolitan physician who has been studying the habits of criminals. The Camorra at Naples, like the Mafia in Sicily, is an organization of criminals and associates of criminals that is centuries old. The Camorra begins its work with the infants who are abandoned by their parents, or who are lent out to the impostors who beg in the streets of Naples. These children, for the most part those of persons in prison, are taught to beg for the end of a cigar or a soldo, and in the cafes. In winter they sleep in holes and stables, in summer on the church steps, under archways, or on the benches in the public gardens. When they are six or seven years old they are instructed in begging and thieving by older children. At ten years of age the little Camorrista, or little thief becomes a cantatore (singer). He must know how to improvise a song to the girls, and reply with an extemporaneous verse to the verse of a companion or of an antagonist. In Naples there are two armies of cantatori, one belonging to the streets in the older part of the city, and one to those of the west end. They constitute the neophytes of the Camorra, and compete in public, passing their examinations by night in the street. They choose for the subject of their chants anything that takes place in the city, and very often the object of derisive songs is an old man or a poor idiot. The better class hear these scoffs, but do not interfere, and often laugh at the wit which is scarcely ever missing. The two bands are naturally great rivals, and once a year at least they defy each other to a series of battles in which stones are the weapons, and at the close of the fray knives too often come into play. This practice of battles with stones among boys can be traced back as far as 1625, for at that period the Duke of Alva caused thirty "stone throwers" to be arrested in Naples. The war cry of the boys is "Aniella, Aniella," the derivation of which is not certain. After the war cry comes the challenge in the form of a verse, to which the enemy responds in like wise. Then the younger boys commence the attack. The passers-by flee, but at no great distance stand old and young men, who incite the rival bands, and if necessary, rescue one or the other of them from an arrest by the police. Two years ago there was a famous battle of this kind in Piazza Mercato, which ended in a fight between the police and the stone throwers, during which the trams were stopped for some time. This duel ceases at the first drawing of blood—a slight scratch received by one of the members of the two parties puts an end to the battle. The wounded boy is surrounded by his friends and taken to his mother, real or adopted, to be bound up and nursed. The songs sung by the boys have always a chorus; and generally there are two soloists, who sing a verse in turn, which is ended by a refrain sung by the chorus, a mere "Ah oh! Ah oh!" In poetical form these youths express the knowledge they have of the worst evils and vices of human life, but the verses are realistic and without the least gleam of sentiment.—London News.

## FIGHTING FOR CLAIMS.

How Rail Birds Dispute over a Prize From the Muddy Shore.

"I was hunting rail on the Newark marshes a few days ago," said a well-known sportsman, "when I heard the most terrific squawking and chattering over in the tules. From the sound I concluded that there must be at least a hundred rail and each trying to make itself heard above the others. I worked my way cautiously through the tules, and soon saw in a little opening ahead of me two muddy and bedraggled rail fighting over a clam, and it was the funniest fight I ever saw in my life. "The birds glared at each other with their feathers ruffled and then sprang together. One went over on its back and lay there kicking its legs up in the air and yelling like a good fellow, while the other danced around looking for an opening. Finally he found it, and jumping on the prostrate bird's breast, he stood and stamped with his big feet and stabbed with a sharp bill till the under bird managed to struggle up. Then they stood over the clam and swore at each other. They didn't use cuss words, but still I could see they were swearing. They looked like a couple of muddy steamers quarreling over the right of way. And the amount of noise they made was simply astounding. "Finally one of the birds got a stab in the neck that made him turn tail and run while the other inspected the clam with the most ridiculous compacency, as if it had just performed a great public service and that was his reward. The clam apparently proved satisfactory, and the rail went to work to open it. He stuck his long bill down the clam's throat, tickled it till it had to open its shell to cough and then yanked it out in a jiffy.—San Francisco Post.

## Two kinds of Fighters.

"They ain't so much difference between us 'thers and you 'tellers," said the pugilistic gentleman to the military gentleman, "only we do all our talkin' before-hand, and you begin after the fightin' is over, see?"—Indianapolis Journal.

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I was cured of acute rheumatism by MINARD'S LINIMENT. C. S. FLEMING, Markham, Ont.

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Over 3 and not over 5 lbs.	25
Over 5 and not over 10 lbs.	30
Over 10 and not over 15 lbs.	35
Over 15 and not over 20 lbs.	40
Over 20 and not over 30 lbs.	45
Over 30 and not over 40 lbs.	50
Over 40 and not over 50 lbs.	55
Over 50 and not over 60 lbs.	60
Over 60 and not over 70 lbs.	65
Over 70 and not over 80 lbs.	70
Over 80 and not over 90 lbs.	75
Over 90 and not over 100 lbs.	80
Over 100 and not over 120 lbs.	85
Over 120 and not over 140 lbs.	90
Over 140 and not over 160 lbs.	95
Over 160 and not over 180 lbs.	100
Over 180 and not over 200 lbs.	105
Over 200 and not over 220 lbs.	110
Over 220 and not over 240 lbs.	115
Over 240 and not over 260 lbs.	120
Over 260 and not over 280 lbs.	125
Over 280 and not over 300 lbs.	130
Over 300 and not over 320 lbs.	135
Over 320 and not over 340 lbs.	140
Over 340 and not over 360 lbs.	145
Over 360 and not over 380 lbs.	150
Over 380 and not over 400 lbs.	155
Over 400 and not over 420 lbs.	160
Over 420 and not over 440 lbs.	165
Over 440 and not over 460 lbs.	170
Over 460 and not over 480 lbs.	175
Over 480 and not over 500 lbs.	180
Over 500 and not over 520 lbs.	185
Over 520 and not over 540 lbs.	190
Over 540 and not over 560 lbs.	195
Over 560 and not over 580 lbs.	200
Over 580 and not over 600 lbs.	205
Over 600 and not over 620 lbs.	210
Over 620 and not over 640 lbs.	215
Over 640 and not over 660 lbs.	220
Over 660 and not over 680 lbs.	225
Over 680 and not over 700 lbs.	230
Over 700 and not over 720 lbs.	235
Over 720 and not over 740 lbs.	240
Over 740 and not over 760 lbs.	245
Over 760 and not over 780 lbs.	250
Over 780 and not over 800 lbs.	255
Over 800 and not over 820 lbs.	260
Over 820 and not over 840 lbs.	265
Over 840 and not over 860 lbs.	270
Over 860 and not over 880 lbs.	275
Over 880 and not over 900 lbs.	280
Over 900 and not over 920 lbs.	285
Over 920 and not over 940 lbs.	290
Over 940 and not over 960 lbs.	295
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## TOLD BY AN OLD SHOWMAN.

Brief and Interesting Stories About the Ways of the Wise Monkey.

"Speaking of monkeys," said the old showman, "we had about thirty of them once in a big cage with a shelf along each side, up high, for them to lie on, and a little dead tree with the ends of the branches sawed off standing in the middle for them to climb up to the shelves by, and to hang on to by their tails if they wanted to. One day we set in on the bottom of the cage a champagne bottle filled with very highly fermented root beer, and with the cork held in with a cord tied with a bow-knot. The monkeys got up on the shelves and in the stumpy tree and looked down on this bottle very suspiciously; finally their curiosity got the better of them, and they came down and moved around the bottle to inspect it. At last they got near enough to touch it and handle it and finally they upset it over on its side. Then one of the monkeys began pulling on the string, with the rest all clustered around. At last he pulled the knot loose, and bang went the cork, and away went the beer. The first rush of it knocked over three or four of the monkeys nearest the muzzle of the bottle, and it drenched half a dozen of them more or less, for it went through the bunch of monkeys like a puff of smoke, spattering and flying in all directions. An instant later the monkeys were up the tree and lying along on the shelves; there was nothing left on the floor of the cage but the empty bottle.

"A number of times after that we set bottles of beer out in the sun to ferment, and then set them in the cage, but the monkeys never would touch them. We could set the bottles in, but we couldn't make the monkeys pull the string.

"There was a lady standing in front of the cage one day who had on a hat with a big bunch of red cherries and a lot of flowers on the top of it. A monkey reached through the bars and grabbed the cherries. The lady pulled back, but the monkey held on and pulled the hat off and tried to drag it through the bars into the cage. Three or four other visitors standing near rushed up and grabbed the hat, and they pulled one way while the monkey pulled the other. They finally got the hat away from the monkey and returned it to the lady. The cherries were about all gone, and what there was left of the rest of the hat really wasn't of much account. The lady said she would have to be paid for the hat, and she made for the box-office.

"Why, certainly," said the man in the box office. "How much do you value the hat?"

"Five dollars," the lady said, and the box office man handed out the money.

"The lady smiled; she was evidently pleased. 'I didn't really expect you would pay for it, she said, and she turned to go away.

"Madam," said the man in the box office, and the lady turned around.

"We'll take the hat now, if you please."

"What?" said the lady.

"The hat, if you please," said the box office man. "We've paid for it, and we would like to have it."

"Of course," the lady couldn't go away without a hat, and the upshot of it was that she returned the \$5 and went away with the hat.

## Had Heard of Chauncey.

There is a story of Mr. Depew that he did not narrate at a recent distinguished function in his home. A short time ago an antiquated fellow from the country was on a visit to the metropolis. The fame of Mr. Depew was known even in the remote locality of his home, and this Uncle Josh had fully made up his mind not to return until he had seen all the sights. So, after many inquiries, he found himself at last in the presence of the great man. The old chap stood in mute awe eyeing the doctor for a minute, then said:

"Is your name Depew?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"Chauncey M. Depew, I mean; the man who works on the railroad for them Vanderbilts and who has so much to say after eatin' dinner."

"I suppose so," was the amused answer. The old fellow, pulling out a huge time-piece, asked:

"What time do you eat dinner?"

"About 7 o'clock," said Mr. Depew.

"It's pretty late for me, but gosh! I'll be there fer ter hear yer ta. I've heard so much about what yer have ter say after eatin' dinner that I won't go back till I've heard yer too."—Judge.

## At a Sacrifice.

"I confess," exclaimed his Grace, with scarce suppressed emotion, "that I came hither in the cold design to bargain with you and to arrange a marriage with you upon terms of the highest commercial advantage to myself. But you have set me all amaze with love."

"Dear me," rejoined the heiress. "A fire sale! Well, I never."

She was at no pains to conceal her gratification, and as she lighted a fresh cigarette her merry laugh rang through the apartment.—Detroit Tribune.

## Hard Time at Kirby's.

A small and irrepressible boy ap town, who knows what is going on in the neighborhood and keeps his own family better informed as to their neighbors' affairs than they wish to be, broke out at the dinner table the other with this bit of local news:

"They're having a pretty hard time at Kirby's. They've got the measles, croup, and whooping cough, and a skunk in the front yard."—Buffalo Commercial.

## The Banana in the West Indies.

The banana is fast superseding the sugar cane in the West Indies. Its cultivation pays, where that of the cane does not. The conquest the banana has made over the appetites of the races who a few years ago had never tasted it is quite as remarkable and far more rapid than that formerly made by the potato.



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"I was afflicted for eight years with Salt Rheum. During that time, I tried a great many medicines which were highly recommended, but none gave me relief. I was at last advised to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and before I had finished the fourth bottle, my hands were as

## Free from Eruptions

as ever they were. My business, which is that of a cal-driver, requires me to be out in cold and wet weather, often without gloves, but the trouble has never returned."—THOMAS A. JOHNS, Stratford, Ont.

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