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A MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE.

The Argonaut. I am a physician, and among my patients number the wife of a deceased army officer. The general's wife was a case of nervous debility. She had, so to speak, a genius for nervousness; her body, like her soul, vibrated at a touch, like a delicate stringed instrument under a skilled master's hand. She was an excellent wife, and she adored a second husband, whom she married soon after the death of the general, whose title the world continued to give her.

She worshipped the last husband, but, unfortunately, the unworthy scamp—much younger than his wife—in no way deserved the self-sacrificing tenderness and the loving solicitude with which she treated him. When ever and wherever an inducement offered he stole away from an elegant home, and spent the night as well as his wife's money in dissipation.

The wife's sorrow and despair were boundless, all the more so the frivolous youth, who had every reason to avoid an open rupture, knew how to preserve appearances with an inexhaustible store of indisputable evasions and excuses. He lied and cheated with the thorough adroitness and outlying attention of a man to whom fraud and artifice yielded a yearly income of many thousands. Thus she was absolutely unable to get any proof of his infidelity. Nevertheless, her unerring instinct told her her husband deceived her and was unfaithful, a thought which sufficed to entirely smother her highly nervous organization.

Moreover, she put his different statements together, and discovered little contradictions—deficiencies. Then the poor woman shed bitter tears and sobbed in heart-breaking fashion, and became so miserably nervous, to consult me, her family physician and trusted adviser. At first I strove to calm her in the usual way, by lying.

But, alas! I soon saw these innocent expedients were not sufficient. So the general's wife often sat for hours in my study, crying and wringing her hands with incessant grief. One day she sat on the sofa, her head buried in her hands, groaning and moaning in agony of soul. Without design, beyond trying to soothe her, I smoothed her forehead several times with my hand, and saw, to my great surprise, the sobbing woman become quiet, involuntarily let her hands fall to her side, draw regular breath and soon fall into a deep sleep.

My astonishment merged in joy for the poor woman with her grief had become a little troublesome. Therefore, I ordered my servant to roll the sofa on which she slumbered into the next room. After a while I awakened her by blowing in her face, and told her she had slept.

who is asleep. Do you hear, captain? She is asleep.

"In the devil's name, what do you mean?" cried the captain, impatiently. "If you let her sleep she must have awakened by this time." He turned his back, laughing hoarsely, and ordered two sailors not to lose sight of her.

I need not say what a terrible day I passed. Sleeping or waking, I always saw the dreadful picture of the poor woman, sunk in sleep, lying on the sofa—on the sofa from which she could never rise.

In what a state I found myself on the thirty-sixth day! It would not be easy for you to imagine. At last Rio de Janeiro was in sight. I threw myself into a boat, sprang ashore and ran to the telegraph office. I rang the door of my room; woke up General's wife. " * * * * * When the departed husband of the General's wife discovered that she, too, had been out all night, he gave the matter no more thought than to use the favorable opportunity for another carousal.

"Is madame home yet?" he nonchalantly asked the porter as he returned the second morning. "No, sir," replied the porter. The affair did not trouble him, but it began to appear strange.

The third day went by and the fourth came, and no sign of the General's wife. Her husband became uneasy. He sent for her relatives in the country. They had not seen her for years. The young man's inquiet increased from hour to hour. The fifth day he informed the police. Their search was in vain. It was found that she had been to me that day, but they could go no farther. Hundreds of patients daily went in and out of my office, in at one door and out at another, which opened directly on the stairs.

My people could not remember about her, the police could not think of searching my rooms, neither did it occur to my servant to force open the small room, since I frequently locked it when I wanted to guard some valuable object or interesting study. So the disappearance of the general's wife remained an unsolved mystery.

One believes that one wishes. So, when four more days passed, the husband was convinced his wife would never return. He said to himself, with a certain painful satisfaction: "The poor thing has killed herself. From love for me, no doubt."

According to the marriage contract the wife's wealth now belonged to him. A skillful lawyer at once arranged everything. The young widower inaugurated his monarchy by making such alterations in the stately old house as his somewhat loud taste dictated. His wife's boudoir was changed to a smoking room. In place of the dining room a museum of weapons appeared. The small blue parlor served as a billiard room. The carriage in which the general's wife used to ride afterwards was sold and replaced by a yellow English dog-cart. She had prided herself upon simple, unostentatious livery; her widower dressed his servants in red, gold-embroidered uniform.

A GIRL'S INFATUATION.

A Beautiful Blonde Elopes With a Chinaman. San Francisco Call, April 7th. Tuesday evening, at 5:35 o'clock, upon the arrival of the South Pacific Coast railway passengers from Santa Cruz, a young woman of prepossessing appearance was met at the ferry depot on this side by four Chinamen, who had a hack in waiting. The young woman was neatly dressed in a light suit, and wore a blue hat that shined as pretty a face as many Caucasians would like to possess, much less a pigtails Mongolian. Catching sight of the Chinese quartet, she, with bright eyes and smiling but blushing face, ran forward and was caught up in the arms of one of them, an intelligent and not ill appearing fellow, who rapturously impressed a half dozen kisses on the upturned lips, after which she was introduced to the other three. Smiles, hand shaking and a good deal of talking followed, and the five presently got into the hack and drove up town, while the amazed bystanders of Caucasian persuasion relieved themselves in words anything but complimentary to the young woman's taste.

WHO THE BEAUTY WAS. A reporter's subsequent inquiries brought out the fact that the girl's name was Sarah Burke, who, a short time since, in Santa Cruz, on account of her determination to marry a Chinese laundryman named Wong Sney Wan, aroused the virtuous indignation of the denizens of that place. So wrathful became the people and drove up town, while the amazed bystanders of Caucasian persuasion relieved themselves in words anything but complimentary to the young woman's taste.

The arrival of Sarah the following day showed the fact that the two had an understanding. From the ferry no trace of the couple could be found, and the reporter last night began a search for them in Chinatown. All the Chinese mislions were visited, but nothing, it was claimed, had been heard of them there, excepting at the one under the charge of Rev. Otis Gibson. That gentleman said a few days since an old Chinese woman had called upon him to ascertain if he would marry a Chinese relative to a white girl. He refused, owing to his opinion that the law forbade such marriages. Since that time he had heard nothing more in the matter, and he did not know the name of the old woman, nor where she lived. Hopeless at finding further information in this quarter, the police officers of Chinatown, prominent Chinese merchants, and the Mongolian criminal element were appealed to, all of whom were ignorant of anything concerning the couple.

THE GIRL IN HER ROOM. Sergeant Birdall, Corporal Avon and Officer Travers finally succeeded in locating them in a Chinese house of ill fame at No. 728 Jackson street, and Officer Travers, with two reporters, about midnight, after an hour's search, found the girl in a bedroom on the fourth floor. She was alone at the time, and appeared perfectly indifferent to her horrible surroundings, the place reeking with noxious smells, tobacco smoke, opium fumes, and occupied by Chinese courtesans, thieves, and every variety of criminal incident to Chinatown. The room she occupied had been fitted up with new furniture, clean bedding, dimly curtains, tables, chairs and what not, presenting a great contrast to the remainder of the floor. The girl seems to be above seventeen years old, of a lovely form and as pretty as a picture, with large, bright brown eyes, shaded by long lashes and brown eyes. Her hair is of a wavy black and her nose slightly raised. Behind her she has a neatly cut lip showing now and then a pearly set of teeth. Her face was full and rounded, and the lines were perfect and true. In answer to reporter's queries, she showed a wonderful amount of ignorance, her first words evidencing a lack of education, while it was soon learned that her experience in worldly matters was extremely limited. She said her mother was dead, and that her father, Woodford Burke, and her three brothers, lived in Cambridge, Sonoma county. They had all come out to this coast nine months ago, from Traverse, Michigan; since which time she had worked out in several towns throughout the state. Some five months ago she had made the acquaintance of Wong Sney, in Santa Cruz, and they had fallen in love, and she had come up here to marry him.

SEE LOVES WONG. "What will your father think of this?" said the reporter. "He don't care, just so I am married, and if they don't let me marry, I'll go to China anyway." "Why don't you marry a white man?" "Cause I don't want any white man—I don't like them." "Are you married now?" "No. Minister promised to marry us." "Are you living with Wong now?" "No. I work for his uncle and aunt in the next room." "Do you smoke opium?" "Yes, if I want to." "How many pipes can you smoke?" "Two or three."

At this juncture the Chinaman, Wong Sney Wan, put in his appearance. With this lips, stained teeth, flat nose, villainous small eyes, and looks like the last person in the world even a Chinese woman of advanced years would choose for a husband, much less a young and handsome white girl. He at first claimed to be married, and admitted living with the girl. He said their relations had been intimate in Santa Cruz. Being brought to the test he admitted that the marriage ceremony had not, as yet, taken place, owing to the trouble experienced in obtaining a license. He said that the Rev. Otis Gibson had promised to perform the ceremony as soon as the license was secured.

The girl being further questioned she did not wish to leave the room, and when told by the officer that the would have to go to the station, she insisted that Wong should come, too. As there was no idea of letting that individual retain his freedom, her demand was readily assented to. At the Central station the two were charged with vagrancy, and it is probable that other charges will be entered.

The girl is one that should receive the attention of charitably disposed citizens, as she needs a guiding hand. At the city prison she stated to the reporter that she could neither read nor write. She was a domestic in the Frankly hotel at Santa Cruz, and her Chinese lover came there after the clothes. She became very much attached to him and gave him the key to her room. Being refused a marriage there they came to this city. She claims to be twenty years of age, and says that through her intimacy with the Chinaman she lost her position in Santa Cruz. Wong had been very liberal, giving her money and presents. She thinks if she were to leave her lover now no white person would care about having anything to do with her.

A FEW BARGAINS IN HOUSES

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If you are coughy or dyspeptic, or are suffering from any of the numerous diseases of the stomach or bowels, it is your own fault if you remain ill, for Hop Bitters is a sovereign remedy in all such complaints. If you are wasting away with any form of Kidney disease, stop tempting Death this moment, and turn for a cure to Hop Bitters.

If you are sick with that terrible sickness Nervousness, you will find a "Balm in Gilead" in the use of Hop Bitters. If you are a frequenter of a residence of a miasmatic district, barricade your system against the scourge of all countries—malaria, epidemic, bilious and intermittent fevers—by the use of Hop Bitters.

If you have rough, pimply or sallown skin, bad breath, pains and aches, and feel miserable generally, Hop Bitters will give you fair skin, rich blood, and sweetest breath, health and comfort. In short they cure all diseases of the stomach, Bowels, Blood, Liver, Nerves, Kidneys, Bright's Disease. \$500 will be paid for a case they will not cure or help.

That poor, bedridden, invalid wife, leter mother, or daughter, can be made the picture of health, by a few bottles of Hop Bitters, costing but a trifle. Will you let them suffer?

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