

times on the stage evidently too much exhilarated with wine. Poor woman! Every one liked her though, personally, you know. Ever hear about her being shipwrecked? That was a curious affair. She left here for Australia and was shipwrecked and cast ashore on a South Sea island."

"Josephine lost everything she had in the world and found herself a captive by a tribe of savages. Regular cannibals they were, too. Well, she sang to them and charmed them into complete docility. 'Music hath charms,' etc., you know. She was gone from here a year, and returned by a ship from the Sandwich Islands, where she had managed to make her way. Her account of her life among the cannibals was one of the funniest things I ever heard. She brought one of the native women's costumes with her and used to masquerade in it sometimes for her friends' amusement. There was not much to the costume, but she had a droll way of mimicking in it.

"She married the late George Evans, the musical director, but they did not live happily and were divorced after awhile. She got into a way of drinking odious stuffs, gin and such things, and did not seem to keep herself quite as exclusive as formerly. I lost track of her for some time, but a few years ago heard of her in Sacramento, where she met with a runaway accident which caused the amputation of a leg and thus permanently crippled her. She came to my room one day, awhile after that, and I was greatly shocked at the change in her appearance. She was on crutches, was haggard and worn, and I easily believed her when she told me she was penniless and starving. I was one of her oldest friends, she said, and asked me for assistance. I gave it to her, of course; but a man in my—situated as I am, you know, could not have her coming to my room to beg, and somehow I lost track of her again.

"The last that I heard of her was that she appeared at the doors of the theatres on the days the actors were paid off, and begged from the

members of the fraternity she once shone so in."

From the condition her one-time worshipper thus coldly describes, poor Josephine travelled by rapidly succeeding stages to the mire such lives as hers usually end in. She preserved little of her old accomplishments save her skill at the piano. Thanks to that, she obtained employment at a beer garden where she made music for the vulgar revellers.

Even this was not enough. From the saloon she descended to the dive, and at last she was glad to obtain employment from 8 to 12 o'clock at night, hammering the piano in a Jackson street groggery, frequented by the roughest class of hoodlums and sand-lotters.

She lived on Montgomery avenue, in a single room with a man named Bower, whom she supported with the money she earned playing. She cooked his meals, chopped wood for his fires, turned her earnings over to him, and in return was brutally beaten with much regularity. On Tuesday night she returned to her room as usual a little after midnight, and not finding Bower in the room called for him in an adjoining room occupied by a man known as "Pretzel Johnny." Soon afterward the other inmates were awakened by her screams, heard the sound of brutal blows, a woman's voice crying, "God help me! God help me!" and then a heavy fall upon the floor.

Half an hour afterwards Bower woke up one of the women in the house and said his "wife" was very sick. He was advised to do what he could for her, but soon went again to the woman's door and asked her to come and see his wife. The woman and her husband dressed and went to Bower's room and saw Josephine—dead.

The police surgeon, who made the autopsy, reported the cause of death to be "chronic alcoholism." The reporter looked at the body and saw three marks, which could only have been produced by cruel blows on the head and face. However her death came to her, it was a welcome one, as can readily be believed.