

Referring to your review of the transportation needs of the Northwest in today's Oregonian, I desire to submit the following outline of a corporation which I think would afford the relief demanded, and at the same time be a good paying investment.

I suggest the Portland Railway & Navigation Company; capital stock \$5,000,000, divided into 50,000 shares of the par value of \$100 each; head office Portland, Or.; object to buy, lease, construct and operate railroads and telegraph lines in Oregon, Washington and Idaho, in connection with a large and steamboat system upon the Columbia, Snake and Willamette rivers.

To build grain elevators, wool and grain warehouses and wharves, to be operated in connection with said system, and to do a general warehouse business.

To operate a line of steamships and other sea-going craft between Portland and San Francisco, Puget Sound and other points on the Pacific coast.

To construct and operate for toll, a system of ship railways, locks, or such other methods of transportation as may be deemed best in overcoming the obstructions to navigation on said rivers.

To dispose of said locks or ship railways to the general government at any time in the future, upon payment of the original cost of said enterprises, and interest to date of purchase, and to provide for the expenditure of said sums in railway extensions.

To purchase or lease, if possible, the Oregon & Washington railway (Hunt system), making such extensions thereto as may be deemed advisable, and operate the same in connection with river and ocean service.

THE ADVANTAGE OF SUCH A SYSTEM. First—Absolute ownership in Portland, thereby insuring to this city at least a just share of the trade of Oregon, Washington and Idaho.

Second—Such a system, with its unlimited carrying facilities, would relieve the present deplorable transportation muddle and prevent its repetition in the future.

Third—This system, costing but about one-eighth of that of the Oregon Railway & Navigation and being operated at a correspondingly low figure, would result in a reduction of at least 50 per cent. of the present rates.

Fourth—The assurance of cheap water rates would result in the immediate settlement and improvement of millions of acres of land in Eastern Oregon and Washington, the mode of which would be assured to Portland.

Fifth—Such a system being operated without any of the burdensome alliances or great corporate expenses of its most formidable competitors would be able to withstand any opposition, and at the same time give to producers of the Inland Empire the benefits of permanent cheap water transportation.

Sixth—For the purpose of securing a carrying trade other than local, arrangements might be made with the Great Northern and other roads approaching points on the Upper Columbia for the shipment of through freights to and from San Francisco.

Seventh—A pro rata law such as is in force in the other states, might be adopted by the Oregon and Washington legislatures, compelling rival roads to receive and deliver freights at water connections and forward the same for a reasonable amount of the whole haul, thus giving to all sections of Eastern Oregon and Washington the benefits of water transportation.

Eighth—Such a system being operated by Oregon and Washington capital for the sole purpose of earning a legitimate interest on the money actually invested, would be able to defeat any possible railroad combinations detrimental to either the producing or industrial interest of Oregon or Washington.

Ninth—Such an enterprise would give cheaper lumber and coal, and better prices for grain and wool to Eastern Oregon, and a valuable local market to Portland.

Tenth—For the purpose of aiding the agricultural interest of the state, arrangements could be made for the erection of grain warehouses on the Columbia where grain could be stored and advanced made upon the same until such time as favorable foreign shipments were offered.

COST OF SUCH AN ENTERPRISE. Portland, Hunt system, \$2,000,000; ship railway, Columbia, \$2,500,000; completion of locks at Cascade, \$50,000; twenty steamboats, river service, \$50,000; two steamships (San Francisco service), \$50,000; freight elevators, \$200,000; incidental floating bonds, etc., \$200,000.

In summing up the probable cost of such a system, I have allowed \$2,000,000 for the purchase of the Hunt system, but as he might not be disposed to sell at that or any other figure, and as the same results could be had through a traffic agreement with him, that item might be stricken out. The estimated cost of a ship railway at Celilo is \$1,250,000. This is a work that ought to be undertaken by the general government but for the purpose of giving the country the benefits of a speedy completion of the same, it might be constructed by a private corporation and allow the government the right of purchase as soon as its feasibility and value to commerce was determined. And the same might be said with reference to the Cascade locks. Thus the actual cost of an open river with an ample river and railway service attached would be about \$2,000,000, a very insignificant sum when the benefits to the country are considered. As Portland has already expressed a willingness to invest \$2,000,000 in the Hunt railroad, (a minority interest too) for the sole purpose of securing independent connections with the "Inland Empire," I see no reason why it cannot take this matter up single-handed, and conduct a profitable transportation system just as well as Henry Villard, Elijah Smith or anybody else?

Of the sum necessary to carry out such an undertaking, not more than twenty per cent. of the capital stock need be paid, the balance being obtainable through the sale of bonds to run from twenty to fifty years. To prove that steamboating is not as unprofitable as the Oregon Railway & Navigation company would have us believe, it is only necessary for us to refer to the career of Captain U. B. Scott. When it is considered that Portland's wealth and commercial prestige, has made the formation of such companies possible, as the Oregon Railway & Navigation (capital

\$40,000,000), Oregon & Transcontinental (\$40,000,000), and Oregon Improvement Company (\$15,000,000), I see no reason why a perfectly feasible transportation company backed by business interests of Portland, and carrying with it an assurance of economical management and freedom from stock jobbery, could not readily float bonds in New York to the amount of \$4,000,000. In conclusion I would ask how much of the grain crop of Eastern Oregon and Washington would go to the Sound for shipment with such a system as this owned absolutely in Portland?—J. T. Flynn in Oregonian.

Getting Accurate Information. Here is a story I heard a number of years ago. In substance it ran as follows, for it was a swift story and traveled fast and wide:

Mr. Jenkins was in the habit of getting drunk now and then, for in those days the people drank more or less. One day he had taken a little too much, and on the way home he got into a mud hole with it, and when he got himself out he was very much disfigured with the mud that was on his clothes. He came on toward home, and when he neared his residence he saw his little boy playing in the orchard. Wherefore he took it in his mind to fool the little Mr. Jenkins. He changed his voice and called to his little boy. The boy did not recognize his father, who was in a terrible plight from having wallowed in the mud and water, and inquired of his father's name.

"What is your name?" asked the boy. "His name is Mr. Jenkins, and mamma says he is a very bad man!" replied the little innocent.

Major Handley's Will. The last will and testament of the late Daniel Handley was probated Monday, Dec. 1, in Judge Johnson's office. The will is dated April 8th, 1886, and is witnessed by William Wiley and by his provisions \$500 are left to St. Peter's church to be used in building a new building on the corner of the block between Thos. J. Condon. It also provides for Edward J. Handley, his son who died two years ago. All other property is left to his widow for life, to revert to Edward J. Handley at her death. Mrs. Kate Handley, George Liebe and J. W. French are appointed executors without bonds.

In September, 1880, two centuries will have elapsed since the first paper-mill was erected in America. This mill was built and operated by William Rittinger, at Roxborough, near Philadelphia, and it is proposed that the bicentennial be fittingly celebrated. Gen. W. Childs, of Philadelphia, and ex-Senator Horatio Gates Jones desires correspondence with them as to the best plan for such celebration.

The Oregon legislature meets January 5th, three weeks from next Monday. It will have an immense amount of business as the senatorial fight is on hand and there will, no doubt, be a big row over the assessment laws.

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WOMAN'S WORLD.

Young Women as Ticket Agents in Brooklyn.

Went Sit in the Front Row For Rewards of Marriage—Pretty Souvenir. What Miss Potter Has Done—Will Women Combine—Wedding Gown.

The recent appointment of two women as ticket agents at the Boreum place station of the Kings County Elevated railway has led others to apply for places. They are told there are no vacancies at present, but their names often are taken and reserved for future reference.

In the absence of General Manager William T. Gouindie a representative of the company said recently that positively none of the men would be turned away to make room for women.

"But," it was asked, "is it to be the rule hereafter that women will be permitted to fill vacancies as they may occur?"

"There is no reason why women should not be appointed," was the reply. "We believe they will prove honest and capable."

The official, however, would not commit himself as to whether or not this was to be the future policy of the company. There are drawbacks to the employment of women, as every body knows, has often to deal with some pretty ugly customers. The two women who are now acting as ticket agents are not deterred by this consideration.

Of the two female ticket agents, one goes on duty at 7 a. m. and stays until 9 a. m.—ten hours. She is relieved then by the other, who remains until 1 o'clock the next morning—ten hours. They will be expected to work seven days in the week, the same as the men. He said they understand this, and had certainly no objection. It is said the road had economy in view when it introduced the innovation. The men are paid \$12 a week, whereas the women receive \$8. A saving of \$3 a week out of each of the eighty-eight ticket agents on the road would mean \$264 a week for the owners.—New York Sun.

Went Sit in the Front Row. The custodian of the large hall at Cooper Union undertook to perform a gallant act on the occasion of the Men's and League mass meeting, and he is now being in the ways of the fair sex that he was. Before the clamoring crowd in front of the building was admitted to the hall he told his assistants and the policemen on guard that he wanted the front row of seats reserved for ladies. He was very particular on that point and admonished the police over and over again not to let any men occupy those front seats unless they escorted ladies. The wielders of the persuasive night sticks said all right. Then the doors were opened and the rush came. In front, every man and boy scurried down in front and swarmed over the front row of seats. Several seated themselves in that forbidden quarter, but they were unceremoniously expelled.

It cost the police and the custodian and the city's assistants a good deal of trouble to keep that front row vacant, but they succeeded. Several ladies entered the hall and were politely invited to "step right down in front." They were shown to the front row, but after glancing at the empty seats they turned back and found other places not so far forward. Not one woman could be induced to sit down in that front row. The gallant custodian was sorely puzzled, and finally he mustered sufficient courage to ask one lady who declined to accept this invitation to sit in that front row why she objected. "I don't want to sit there," she exclaimed impatiently, "because there is no place to put my feet."—New York Times.

For Rewards of Marriage. Let us venture a few little points to those of my girls who since the summer have worn a bright ring on their third finger: My dear, don't let the man to whom you are engaged to be married pay any of the expenses of your living or trousseau, until you are his wife. His dress and contentment are much more to be desired than a fine silk one garnished with scandal.

Don't complain to the man to whom you are engaged of the different members of your own family; it is not a good preface to matrimonial bliss. Don't write silly letters to him, even if he is fond of affection given in that way. Let it be by word of mouth rather than with pen and ink.

Don't expect him to love you as no man has ever loved before. The methods of loving are very much the same all the world over. Be satisfied if you have got a good, honest love.

Don't believe that he is a combination in beauty of all the ancient gods, of all the gallant knights and of all the great statesmen, but concede that he is a gentleman, and that should be your ideal.

Don't believe that he is thinking of you every hour of his life. He is not; be satisfied if he is working away, with every now and then giving a thought to the girl for whom he is making a home over which he expects her to preside as a loving, thoughtful wife.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Pretty Souvenir. A lady who has just returned from the seashore showed me some souvenirs of her vacation. Among them were several jewel receptacles made out of the shells of the sea urchin. Three of these shells, about four inches across and of a delicate lavender were lined with pale pink silk, and fastened to triangular pieces of heavy cardboard with beveled edges, thus making a dainty addition to a bureau or toilet table. To prepare these the opening was made larger by carefully cutting or breaking away the shell, then a small piece of cardboard was placed in the bottom of each, and the shells were fastened by a few stitches to the triangular piece. Some delicate cotton was sprinkled with sachet powder and placed in the receptacle.

The revenue cutter Rush, late from a northern Pacific tour, brought home a walrus skin over fourteen feet long. It was captured by some junior officers on Walrus Island and will be sent to the Smithsonian institution at Washington, where, after being properly prepared, it will form one of the Alaskan exhibits at the World's Fair.

For catarrh sniff up considerable salt and water from the hollow of the hand every morning. Salt and water used as a gargle just before going to bed strengthens the throat and helps to prevent bronchial troubles. It is also excellent for sore throat.

A farmer in Van Buren, Pa., owns three apple orchards. On one tree this year were fifteen bushels. All the others together bore not more than a bushel.

The Philadelphia City Directory shows that more than 12,000 persons by the name of Smith reside within her limits. Of this number there are 350 full grown John and 350 Williams.

"Better late than never" was used over 300 years ago by Thomas Tucker, in his "Five Hundred Points of Good Living handy." Later on Bunyan used it in his "Pilgrim's Progress."

A Ghost Identified by a Photograph.

What is said to be a haunted house is situated at Andersonville, half a mile west of Scottsdale, Pa. The house is said to be visited by the ghost of its former owner, that reason a family who had just vacated it. The house has been visited every night this week by many persons desirous of seeing the ghost. They say that in watching the residence about 13 o'clock at night you will see a curious light gleam forth from the upstairs window. Mrs. William Mier, who occupied the house until a few weeks ago and vacated it on account of the fear of the supposed ghost, relates a thrilling story of her adventure.

She says that about a week ago, late at night she went upstairs, and was horrified to see the face and hands of a woman she thought greatly resembled a human being. It frightened her to such an extent that she fainted. When she related her story to her husband he laughed and said, "You are a fool, my dear, the light induced him to go up stairs at stated hour and see if he could see the supernatural being. He complied with her request, and was amazed to see the same face and hands, which had every indication of a human being."

The supposed ghost resembled an old man, and as the house was owned and occupied by Jacob Anderson, who died a few years since, a great many people thought it was probably his ghost. Accordingly Mrs. Mier, who is a stranger in this place, visited Mr. John Anderson, who is a daughter of the late Jacob Anderson. An album was given her containing Anderson's photograph, which she quickly recognized on sight. Mrs. Mier never saw Anderson, and the moment she looked at his picture she recognized it as being a likeness of the face she saw in the old Anderson house.

The people don't take much stock in spook business, but Mrs. Mier's and other people's stories, who are accredited with being true, have certainly induced the belief in this vicinity that there are such visitations. Mrs. Mier is an intelligent lady.—Cor. Pittsburgh Dispatch.

The Watermelon Loaded with Wasps. There was a funny occurrence on Pratt street wharf Wednesday. A sailor on an oyster puny which had been cruising about the oyster grounds off Mogotry river landed with a dilapidated looking watermelon under his right arm. The man, who was dressed in a saloon and laid the piece of fruit down.

It being a little late in the season for melons a crowd gathered around to look at the sailor's find, and several of them emphatically expressed doubts as to the soundness of the melon. The sailor, in response to what was said, it said to prove the melon was in good shape he would plug it before carrying it to his best girl, to whom he intended to present it. He did so, and upon extracting a piece of the rind about 100 wasps flew out and made things lively about the place.

It seems that the melon was somewhat overripe, and while lying neglected in its bed a family of wasps had bored a small hole in one end of it and taken up their abode therein. The man who brought the melon to the wharf, had placed with several of the insects settling down upon his face, and in his hurry he knocked over an Italian fruit stand, fell on a cat, which was nearly crushed to death, and nearly knocked two policemen into the dock. The restaurant man sat out his anger, and his dog to fight the wasps.—Baltimore Herald.

Speculation Over Ruins. The strange story, told on good authority, of the ruins of a great fortified city, built by the ancient city of the ruins of the Mashedland plateau, in South Africa, has given rise to a great deal of curious speculation, for its history is wholly unknown. Many of the walls are completely covered by the dense jungle, and very old trees grow on the ruins. The city or fort was built by natives it must have been in remote periods of time, when there was a higher civilization than now, but it is just possible that the fort was constructed under the direction of early Portuguese explorers and by the aid of cheap Indian labor.

Only a superficial view has been made of the ruins, but light may be thrown on the mystery when the houses themselves have been explored. Light is being rapidly turned on the Dark Continent, and the stories that come from it are as interesting as those sent to Europe from this country 900 to 400 years ago. Then, however, the news was not widely disseminated. Now every one who chooses can learn from day to day what is going on in Africa as in other parts of the world.—Exchange.

One Man Against a Pack of Wolves. Andrew Phillipot, a farmer living near Sallisaw, I. T., set out to visit a sick neighbor half a mile distant Friday night, and while passing through a lonely wood on his return home was attacked by a pack of wolves. He was unarmed, but seized a large stick, and as the wolves came closer and closer he kept them at bay while he hallooed for help. A big wolf sprang at him, but he beat it off, wounding it, and made a break for a tree. The wolves followed, snarling and snapping at his heels. Again Phillipot drew them back and ran to another tree. In this way he succeeded in getting in sight of his house, and his cries brought assistance. The rescue timely, as Phillipot fainted from exhaustion, and his help reached him.—Cor. Dallas News.

Wants His Presents Back. William Shoneman has applied to the police to get his presents back. He is covering \$45 worth of presents he had given Carrie Struber, his late betrothed. Miss Struber is a tall, handsome young woman, who Shoneman says had agreed to meet him at the Burlington depot Thursday night and run off to Omaha to get married. He was there, but she wasn't, and he says refused to have anything more to do with him. He therefore wants his presents.—Cor. Omaha World-Herald.

Female Artists in Paris. Mme. Leon Dertaux, president of the Association of Women Painters and Sculptors, supported by many men of note, is trying to obtain the admission of women students to the classes and ateliers of the Ecole des Beaux Arts, in Paris. Several of the members of the council of the school favor this enlarging of their borders, and the minister of fine arts has promised his consent, so that the museum is likely to echo to it the footsteps of that institution, which hood which its founders condescended to stuff of the conscience to keep out.—Paris Letter.

Colors of Noted Writers. I notice that the majority of literary ladies seem to affect certain colors for their gowns. Mrs. Ella Dietz Clymer is generally in browns, Mrs. Mary Bryan in pink or black, Mrs. Hodgson Burnett often wears crimson, Mrs. Frank Leslie prefers handsome black costumes; Miss Gilder, brown or gray; Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, a light gray, and Mrs. Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, black velvet. Probably they study what is the fashion, and they are very handy. I always look becomingly dressed.—New York Star.

Wonder Under a Marsh.

A remarkable discovery was recently made in the town of Onondaga, where a company is engaged in digging phosphates from the depths of a swamp. In one place the marsh is underlain at the depth of twelve feet by an impervious stratum of blue clay, above which are found three successive and distinct eras of fossiliferous trees that grow only on uplands, such as elder, basswood and dogwood.

The upper layer is of coniferous trees, such as pine, hemlock and spruce. The middle layer is of deciduous trees, and the lower layer is of upland trees at the bottom of the marsh, with the trunks and larger limbs and abundant specimens of leaves and beech-nuts in a good state of preservation.

Another wonder unearthed by the excavations is the finding, at a point five feet below the surface and among the trunks of the coniferous trees, of a flat stone about five feet square which had been utilized as a fireplace.

The blackened stone, the large collection of ashes and cinders, and the bits of charcoal, bones and animal remains indicate that long ago somebody cooked food there. That somebody must have been a human being in the strictly primitive and savage state, for no trace of any utensil or tool, not even a sharpened flint, has been found among the debris of the fire.—Albany Journal.

America the Bourne of the Emigrant. The degree to which America offers prominent advantages to the emigrant is not now shown strikingly by any existing conditions in Iceland. It is said that that country is gradually becoming depopulated owing to the constant emigration of its people to the shores of Canada and the United States. These emigrants are not only bringing accounts of their new home that are quickly followed. It is estimated that 20,000 natives, nearly one-quarter of the whole population, have left the country in the last year. The emigrants are said to be chiefly from the northern and western districts, where labor is in demand on only under great difficulties, besides which recent harvests have been very bad and have entailed much suffering.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

A Frog Child. A child was born in Birmingham, England, on Sept. 30, which bears a strong resemblance to a frog. Its skin is watery and cold and clammy to the touch; when it cries it makes an unearthly croak-like noise. There are three fingers on each hand and four toes on each foot. Besides the points enumerated it has many other characteristics of a frog, even to huge, knotty looking, lidless eyes. The parents are almost distracted over the occurrence and hourly pray for its die.

There are two other "frog child" cases on record, one the offspring of a Pinte squaw in Nevada, which was born about ten years since, the other a monstrosity which first saw the light of day at Goshen, Ind., in January, 1889.—St. Louis Republic.

The Age of Indian Outbreaks Is Past. There is not the smallest danger of a serious Indian outbreak in the northwest. The conditions existing in this region have been entirely changed by the building of railroads and the establishment of means of rapid communication among posts. It is quite impossible to organize an Indian outbreak under the eye of the agent on reservations. With existing means of communication and transit an outbreak could be crushed in its incipency by a rapid concentration of troops. There are elements which might once have been dangerous in the situation at Standing Rock—a heaven sent prophet and a meddling woman—but the age of Indian outbreaks is past, Portland Oregonian.

Dead in the Saddle. A special from Payson, U. T., says John Bolton accidentally killed himself while going home from Payson to Salem. In the middle of the forenoon he left town to visit his sister in Salem, talking with him a double barreled shotgun, with which he shot himself. He was found on horseback with half the right side of his head blown off. He was sitting in the saddle leaning his head over the horse's neck. Apparently the horse had not moved since the gun exploded. It is believed that he had been dead in the saddle two hours.—Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.

Three little boxes of Ceylon tea, each weighing five pounds, were sold by auction in London recently at the extraordinary price of \$7.62 per pound. It was a very rare variety known as "choicest golden tipped pekoe." The leaf was small, but literally blazed with golden tips.

Wade Wilfong, colored, thrashed a school teacher, Poodanok county, N. C., in ante-bellum days, and had to skip out. He settled at Seolalia, Mo., later, and having since got rich is now on a visit to his old home to buy the plantation on which he worked as a slave.

A new material called rubber velvet is made by sprinkling powdered felt of any color over rubber cloth while the latter is hot and soft. The result looks like felt, but is elastic, waterproof and exceedingly light.

Keep the back, especially between the shoulder blades, well covered; also the chest well protected. In sleeping in a cold room establish the habit of breathing the nose, and never with the mouth open.

Louis Fagan, master of prints in the British museum, is on his way to this country on a tour of the world. He will lecture on the treasures of the British museums while on his travels.

A tunnel to Prince Edward island across Northumberland straits, a distance of six and a half miles, is the next great engineering feat talked of in Canada.

Mrs. Vanderbilt's Change of Heart. Mrs. Frederick Vanderbilt is credited with an effort to bring back summer country life in her world to the simplicity which means summer rest. Last season at Newport she wore cool and simple toilet with few ornaments, she turned her children out to play in the plainest and most serviceable garments, and invited guests to quiet pleasures, and set her whole life to the key of unostentatious comfort and leisure. It is the footing of her mission; labor resulted in some conversions from the painful worship of Mammon.—Harper's Bazar.

A Girl at the Throat. Miss Nellie Tetreau, who resides at Lompkin, has proved herself an expert at handling the lever on one of the immense road engines used for hauling logs into the saw mills. Miss Tetreau is not more than 14 years of age, and her courage in the line mentioned is something remarkable. She secured the engine at Newport and worked it throughout the season at Newport she wore cool and simple toilet with few ornaments, she turned her children out to play in the plainest and most serviceable garments, and invited guests to quiet pleasures, and set her whole life to the key of unostentatious comfort and leisure. It is the footing of her mission; labor resulted in some conversions from the painful worship of Mammon.—Harper's Bazar.

Quinine is robbed of its bitter taste by combining it with sugar of milk and some bicarbonate of soda. Capsicum, ginger or other aromatics are also used in combination with quinine to prevent its disagreeable head symptoms and for other valuable improvement in its administration.

The badger is by no means unworthy of being taken as an emblem. He is a very plucky, persistent little animal, not so industrious as the beaver, perhaps, but capable of a great deal of endurance, and sufficiently brave in his own defense, though ordinarily quiet and inoffensive.

Too Good to Sell.

In his life of Horace Greeley, James Parton tells of an old newsdealer who could not be persuaded to sell the last copy of The Tribune remaining on his stand until he had had time to read it. A similar measure of independence appears to lie in the character of the Italian who trundles his fruit truck to the curb in front of The Sun building every night. For a week or two he has been selling the California imitation of Tokay grapes, and his boxes are emptied very soon after dark. The other evening three customers stood at the curb waiting their turn. One asked for half a pound, and the Italian snipped a cluster in two and placed it in a brown paper horn which he rolled deftly over his hand.

The second customer also took a half pound and got the second half of the cluster. That cleared the cart—save for one luscious, heavy cluster lying against the back rail. It was perfect in form, richly ripe, and untouched by decay on even a single grape. The third customer reached over and picked it up. He was about to say "How much?" when the Italian angrily exclaimed:

"What are you doing with that? Put it down!"

As the customer was not speedy in obeying the vendor seized his arm and took the cluster away, after which he laid it gently upon a piece of brown paper.

"But I want to buy it," protested the customer, feeling for his silver.

"You can't do it," said the Italian bluntly. "Think I no want any more? That's for me." And he pushed his truck away from the curb and started down Park row toward Malberry street.—New York Sun.

Queer Seed from a Crane's Claw. A truly wonderful plant is at the Allegheny conservatory. No one knows to what class it belongs or anything about it. It is the subject of much speculation among botanists, and they are awaiting the development of a bud that is forming. Then, they say, they can place the plant. The botanists have a suspicion that the plant is a tropical one, and Superintendent Hamilton is treating it on that supposition.

The history of the plant so far as known is a unique one. During the summer one of a party of gunners brought down a crane. It was a beautiful specimen, and the taxidermist of the party set to work to mount it. In the bird's claw were four or five seeds. With a view to learning if the seed was killed by the bird eating it they were placed in water. In a few days the seeds sprouted. They were planted in loam and kept in a warm room. Edward V. McCandless took charge of it. The plant was an object of interest to Mr. McCandless and his botanical friends, and its development was closely watched. Last week it was transferred to the conservatory. The leaves are long and broad and heavy, not unlike a species of palm.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Dangerous Bug. I have noticed with some surprise the number of people who have been bitten recently by spiders, and the case of the death of a girl in Jersey City from this cause is fresh in mind. Within a week I have met three acquaintances suffering, as they told me, from spider bites, and one of them had a hand so badly inflamed that he was afterward obliged to have it lanced. In this connection a housekeeper has shown me two specimens of "thousand legged" bugs that were found in his house.

They were each over an inch in length and had twelve legs on a side and two long feelers. The body and feelers were striped, zebra like, in black and white. I suppose they will be given to some entomologist for examination, and while these particular varieties may not be closely enough related to centipedes to be poisonous they are at least unpleasant companions for a lady to find running about the house, and make her think she has seen a centipede or tarantula.—New York Star.

The Ballot Law Helps the Printer. One of the most appreciable effects of the new Australian election law is the remarkable boom it has given to the printing business. Never before in the history of elections have the printers been called upon for such vast quantities and varieties of campaign cards and campaign literature generally. Under the new system the personal canvass is the most likely to tell, and hence the use for cards of all dimensions. The confusion existing as to boundary lines of wards and districts has been of benefit to the printer in supplying cards with maps on the back, and best of all is the rage among the candidates to have their portraits printed on their cards.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Joke Saves a Life. George Busch, of Newark, N. J., was overcome by coal gas a few nights ago while in the cellar attending to a boiler. Two friends who called at the house for him the next morning could not gain admittance. Thinking that he had overslept himself they concluded to get in the back way and play a joke upon him. They opened a cellar window and discovered Busch lying in his night clothes on the floor. He was associated with difficulty.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Value of Cigar Ends. A man called Auguste, surname unknown, has just died in Paris, leaving behind him the respectable sum of 100,000 francs, or \$4,000, the whole of which comfortable pecuniary would appear to have been amassed from the proceeds derived by picking up cigar ends in the streets of the French metropolis.—London Telegraph.

The Handy Man. Wife—That pane of glass has been out all summer, and now a freezing cold day has come and we need it in. I've told you forty times to send a man here to fix it. Why in the world haven't you done it?

Husband—Because I can fix it myself.—Good News.

An Illuminated Fountain. The apparatus employed in the electric fountain in Lincoln park, Chicago, is quite simple. A number of arc lamps with horizontal carbons and each provided with a parabolic reflector are located in a vault or cavern beneath the fountain pool. Openings covered by plate glass and inclosed by brick spouts, permit of the upward projection of the light into the streams of water and spray. By means of colored glass lenses interposed between the lamp and the lower openings in the spouts a great variety of beautiful combination effects are secured.—Western Electrician.

Quinine is robbed of its bitter taste by combining it with sugar of milk and some bicarbonate of soda. Capsicum, ginger or other aromatics are also used in combination with quinine to prevent its disagreeable head symptoms and for other valuable improvement in its administration.

The badger is by no means unworthy of being taken as an emblem. He is a very plucky, persistent little animal, not so industrious as the beaver, perhaps, but capable of a great deal of endurance, and sufficiently brave in his own defense, though ordinarily quiet and inoffensive.

FILLOON BROS. [47]