Bad Print

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THE WEST SIDE.

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WEETEST, SWEET, O SWEET!"

Over my shaded doorway
Two little brown winged birds
Have chosen to fashion their dwelling
And utter their loving words;
All day they are going and coming
On errands frequent and fleet,
And warbling over and over,
"Sweetest, sweet, sweet, O sweet!"

Their notes are thoughtful and shining,
Their eyes are like living gems;
And all day long they are busy
Gathering straws and stems,
Moss, and feathers, and grasses,
And half forgetting to eat,
Yet never failing to warble,
"Sweetest, sweet, sweet, O sweet!"

I scatter crumbs on the door step
And fling them some fleecy threads;
They fearlessly gather my bounty
And turn up their grateful heads,
And [illegible] and flutter
And escape with plaintive feet,
Twitting me over and over,
"Sweetest, sweet, sweet, O sweet!"

What if the sky is clouded?
What if the rain comes down?
They are all dressed to meet it
In waterproof suits of brown.
They never weep nor whimper,
For murmur at Nature's fate,
But sing, whatever the weather,
"Sweetest, sweet, sweet, O sweet!"

Always merry and busy,
[illegible]
Which always is shine or shadow
So lovingly you repeat
Over and over and over,
"Sweetest, sweet, sweet, O sweet!"

New York World

MARIETTA'S IDEAL.

Marietta Polli stood at the corner of one of the side streets of Naples, past which the great post road from Gaeta to Pozzuoli ran. She had her small, rough table near by, and she played her guitar, singing the while to her accompaniment. Her entire property consisted of the already mentioned rough and rudely painted table, a colored saucer that stood upon it and in which the passers by now and then dropped a coin, and her guitar—for by profession she was a street singer.

Every morning found Marietta at her stand. She placed the empty saucer upon the table, and taking the guitar sang from 7 until 9 o'clock sacred songs, from 9 o'clock until 12 songs from the best known operas. Then from noon until evening national love songs. During the evening she sang a miscellaneous collection of character songs. As soon as it grew dark a small lamp with a red shade was lighted and placed upon the table near the saucer. As the clock struck the hour of 11 Marietta blew out her light, drew the strap of her guitar over her shoulder, emptied the saucer of its contents into her pocket, and hanging the lamp on a bracket fastened in the wall above her stand raised the table to the top of her head and walked off. Her nights were spent in the hall of a house which was regularly closed at 12 o'clock. In this hall a shoe mender kept his working bench, and it was upon this bench that Marietta made her bed. Marietta was one of a family. Her mother made her living by selling pocket handkerchiefs, opera glasses, cigars, spectacles and any other such things which her light fingered boys picked from the pockets of strangers and residents alike.

Mme. Polli understood the business well, and knew how to keep the boys at work. But some days trade was not good and then they had to go hungry. Once a week they all met at the "grand promenade" ground. Then Marietta gave each boy an orange and some chestnuts, and to the mother some money. Soon she would leave them and disappear among the crowd. The boys passed their nights in boxes, under baskets, or on the ships in the harbor. At noon they always joined their mother in one of the "macaroni kitchens," where they delivered their wares and fed themselves upon macaroni cooked in oil, stewed pies and fried fish, all of which they procured for fifty centesimi, and if business had been brisk, they would add sixty or seventy centesimi. Then they scattered, parting each for his place of business.

So lived this family of Polli, whether it was right or wrong, making the most of their talents.

Marietta was the most respectable of them all, for she dressed well, spent her nights regularly upon her stand, and also earned quite a sum of money. Her brothers reckoned she must make as much as three lires a day, during some parts of the year, and they often wondered whither it could be that she carried the money and what became of it. This was a question which puzzled both mother and brothers, but only in times of great needs were calls made upon Marietta's bounty, and then she gave sparingly, but yet enough.

Marietta's beauty was well known. From her father, who by birth was a Roman, she inherited here wonderfully fine figure, her clear, broad forehead, and her beautiful eyes. From her Sicilian mother, her handsome nose, the small, firm mouth, and the wealth of black, curly hair, which blew about her when she threw back her head in the act of singing, and the melancholy look which came into her eyes as she sang, but which changed into a smile if by chance some passer-by favored her with a bit of money.

With men in general she had little to say, yet, as she passed along in her singing, her neighbor upon the corner (who sat all day behind a basket of dried pumpkin seeds, across the top of which was arranged a board, upon which were displayed the seeds) would stop a moment now and then to talk. The profession of street singer had, even among her class, a certain social standing, and she was thought to be a good girl and had the respect of all, many a wealthy family helping her by gift of clothes. Even the old "Principal Dorandi," as he passed her stand each morning upon his way to the Palazzo used to speak to her, and he left her at his death ten hundred lires.

Marietta demanded a great deal of respect, and strangers who dared to smile upon her received only cold looks and scornful frowns. Even the most flattering remarks upon her beauty were without avail. A suitor from the "Hotel de Rome," with his gold braided coat, was dismissed with a great deal of contempt. This was occasioned somewhat by Marietta's ideal. Her great wish, and that which possessed both heart and mind of the Neapolitans of her standing, was that of being a proprietor of a one horse coach, which can be driven through the entire city, and which both rich and poor alike might use. Marietta not only dreamed of some one who might own one, but Sunday afternoons, when she did not sing, she, dressed in her light blue holiday dress, with the pale yellow kerchief and red gold hoops in her pink, shell like ears, would pay one lire for a drive from one end of the city to the other and back [illegible] her handiwork.

[illegible] that as she rolls along she looked out as proud as a queen, her eyes sparkling, and she as joyous as if it were her very own. Many were the young men who were pleased with Marietta, and many were the offers which she rejected on all sides, for none possessed the one thing necessary. Whether all southern dames into the world married was a question Marietta often asked herself. She displayed a great deal of tact with these suitors, for no owner had she [illegible] in the carriage than she speculated whether they were married, and she was in great despair in not being able to find one unmarried.

So time passed on, but no driver came in Marietta's way who wanted to make her his wife. The much dreaded five-and-twenty years crept nearer. At this age Italian women begin to lose their beauty, and Marietta thought with horror that she could not hope to be an exception. She knew that when another year came she could no longer stand at the street corners without being laughed at. The profession belonged to youth and beauty alone, and she had no other way by which to earn her bread. What should she do? At a school she had never been, and she was not rapid enough with her hands to procure an engagement in a factory. Then, too, in Naples there are not so many such places to be had, and what there were, were filled by underpaid girls. To be a water carrier was the only thing left, and yet in every second house could be found many doing the same thing, and the business was almost overrun anyway by boys. To do as her mother did she could not, for she knew what was right and prided herself upon her honesty. There came an idea to her. From a friend who had traveled she learned that in Switzerland there were women doctors and women telegraph operators, and the friend, after telling her of several other positions held by women, ended by saying:

"They were employed at the railroad stations."

Now Marietta thought in her little head that if all these places were filled by women, and as no coachman came for her, why should not she offer herself as a coachwoman? It would be a perfectly respectable vocation, and no one could say her nay. Then, too, one would have the pleasure of riding all the long day through, and all the while receive pay for doing it. Then, as first coachwoman in Naples, she would be very much more admired than as a street singer, and in a short time she could give up and live upon the interest of the money that she had earned. This was the conclusion to which Marietta came, after hours spent in deep and earnest thought. It was not anything strange to her, a street singer, so, when she had arranged it clearly in her mind, she was very happy. She took her bank book to the wife of the shoe mender, to reckon her interest for her, and she found (a fact which Marietta well remembered) that she had 930 lires, that she had saved from the money gathered on the street, and which was held in safe keeping for her at the national bank.

Beside her strong, clear voice, Marietta had a genuine Italian ability to make a bargain; so she betook herself to a coach of hers who was still young and had saved for herself some money. She offered her the stand with table and guitar she would like to buy. The coachwoman gladly entered into the advantageous bargain, and the next morning those who passed that corner of the Strada San Ferdinando, found in the place of the stately beauty Marietta, a very sallow young person, around whose neck was the well worn green ribbon upon which hung the old guitar, and who sang to it as if she were singing out her very soul, standing by the weather stained table.

Marietta [illegible] to the widow of a late coachmaker driver. She was [illegible] drive a bargain with her [illegible] in procuring from her a [illegible], a carriage, painted [illegible] red, a new rug, and [illegible] under the driver's seat, [illegible] in the possession of the [illegible] for which she had been [illegible] 700 lires. After this bargain [illegible] went to Mello, a small [illegible], whence an omnibus [illegible] to Naples, seating [illegible] drivers, who, for her ride [illegible] to drive. He looked upon [illegible] as fun that brought in [illegible] he was willing to aid her. So Marietta rode eight-and-twenty times the four horses' route, and after that apprenticeship, she thought herself well taught.

One day she presented herself at the place where carriages are usually hired in Naples. It was strange to her, and a trifle awkward, too, when she placed the lacquered hat upon her curly hair and held her whip in her hand. The streets were strange, too, with the many passers by, as she stood or sat waiting for some one to drive. Hardly had she been ten minutes at her place before people began to stop and look. Soon a large crowd collected about her. The police soon followed. There were two sergeants with their large hats, two officers with their gray mantles, but without numbers, two ordinary officers with their black coats and numbers, and several others whose business it was to keep the peace. They laid hands upon horse and carriage at the same time and demanded her license papers. Marietta had none. She had not known the need.

"Your carriage has a number, but your lanterns have been cleaned—as they should be—and you have neglected to replace the number upon them. What have you to say? Explain yourself!"

"You have no license!" remarked one of them.

"No," answered Marietta.

"Follow us, then, to the central office, to the chief of police."

He turned and looked at one of the officers. Marietta was very pale and shook so that the horse became uneasy and pricked up his ears.

"Come down and hand over to us the horse and carriage," said the officer.

Poor Marietta began to cry, at which the gathering crowd laughed loud and long. During the conversation so many had gathered that not a few were the remarks made upon a woman being a carriage driver. They had heard of different things being done by women, but never before of a horse and carriage for hiring having a woman as a driver.

Some shouted:

"Marietta, the singer, turned coachwoman!"

For among the crowd were those who knew her, and they were very much interested to see how all this would end.

Marietta moaned and cried, but did not move to come down from the box. She knew not what she did, from fear and anger. The crowd began to take sides, they waved their hats, shouted and [illegible] from side to side, [illegible] control.

Through the crowd a young man pushed his way, and rather impertinently, yet quietly, stood beside the carriage.

"What is the matter?" he asked, breathlessly.

"She has no license."

"I have one, but no carriage. I will take this one," he continued, in rather a loud voice.

He was a fine looking young man, but poorly clad, and in every way showing that the world had not gone very well with him.

"May I do so?" he called to Marietta, who was still upon the box, at the same time handing to one of the police a rather soiled paper which he took from his pocket. Marietta, from fright, understood nothing.

One of the police then spoke:

"The signor has a license and will be responsible for you."

Marietta did not yet understand.

"He wants to marry me!" she shouted.

At this the crowd became more noisy. The tears stood in her eyes as peal upon peal of laughter rang out upon the air.

"That I don't know," replied the sergeant, but he added, smiling: "Perhaps he will. Now, however, he will, with his license, take charge of your horse and carriage, for even had you a license, as a woman you would not be allowed to drive about Naples. You understand now?" said the sergeant.

"Yes," replied Marietta, looking the new driver full in the face.

The shouts of the crowd rent the air. They cheered him for such gallantry in taking charge of the carriage, and wished all happiness to the signorina.

Marietta left the box. Thankfully she held out her hand to her preserver, who looked pleasantly at the round face, framed in with the wealth of black curls, and her dark, sparkling eyes.

"My good people," said the sergeant, "you must follow me to the office, where the number of this carriage must be entered in your permit, before it will be correct. Do you give this horse and carriage to this license?" he said, turning to Marietta.

"Yes," she answered, and looked her thanks as she lifted her eyes to those of her new friend, who, from his sallow complexion and general ways, betrayed his Neapolitan birth.

"Please seat yourself in the carriage," said the sergeant to Marietta. He till now had managed, and he intended to continue to do so. Marietta did not feel so proud as she was wont to do upon the Sunday drives, yet she was quite contented as she entered the carriage.

The young man mounted the box. The sergeant shouted, "Make room," and slowly, guarded by six policemen and followed by a large crowd, the carriage was driven to the police station.

It was but a short time before everything was arranged for all parties satisfactorily. Marietta gave up her horse and carriage to the young man with a license, but who was without a horse or carriage. So it followed that she found her ideal in reality. After a few weeks they concluded to marry, and in a short time the husband was able to keep another horse, and then their prosperity was assured. They were very happy together, although she was some years his senior, and he could never refuse her anything.

On Sunday afternoons she took her usual ride with the married man; but the difference was that the driver belonged solely to her, and was proud to have her for the occupant of his carriage.—Translated from the German by A. M. F. for New York Ledger.

A VERY OLD FRIEND.

I had just come out of the postoffice, when I caught sight of a face that seemed familiar to me. It was that of a man of about my own age, with bronzed features and a somewhat attenuated figure. As I was trying to recall when and where I had seen him before, our eyes met, and I immediately perceived that our recognition had been mutual; for he came toward me with a frank expression of pleasure and held out his hand, saying, "Hello, old fellow, who'd have thought of seeing you here?" I don't know why he said this, and of course I don't attempt to defend it, but it is a style of address affected by some men who are as profoundly astonished if they meet you in a restaurant as if they had run across you in the mines of Siberia. I felt a little bit annoyed at his want of originality; however I smiled pleasantly and said as I shook hands, "Well, if you come to that, who'd have thought of seeing you here?"

We stood opposite each other for a few seconds; I simpering somewhat emptily at the nature of our greeting and struggling to recall his name; and he with his head slightly on one side and an expression of courteously suppressed amusement on his face, as if my presence on the steps of the postoffice was one of those inexplicable freaks of chance for which it is hopeless to seek to assign any reasonable law. I gave him a few seconds to digest his astonishment, and then, feeling that the silence was becoming a little embarrassing, I said inconsequently, "Well, what have you been doing all this time?" "Well," he replied, "I've been in Australia, you know." "Oh, ah!" I ejaculated, as if it had for a moment slipped my memory; "why, you went there"—— and I hesitated, as though calculating the exact day of his departure. "Three years ago," he put in shortly, "and quite long enough, too."

I ran over in my mind my acquaintance of three years ago, but could recall no trace of a recollection of my new companion; so, to gain time and to gather fresh information, I asked, "And what sort of a time have you had?" "Oh, much about the same as before," he answered, with a slightly puzzled air.

I candidly admit that the sensible thing for me to have done would have been to own up and admit that I had forgotten my friend's personality. Unfortunately, I am one of those painfully constituted people who shrink with nervous horror from anything in the nature of an explanation, and, in addition, I felt that I had gone too far to cry off without some appearance of sincerity. Besides, he seemed to congratulate himself so warmly upon what he insisted upon looking on as our providential meeting that my lips were sealed and I felt confirmed in the idea that if I let things slide a little longer his name would recur to my mind.

He had slipped his arm through mine as we walked up town, with an easy sense of good fellowship, and said: "Of course you'll dine with me this evening. Now, don't you say you are engaged," he added, as I hesitated for an instant between my desire to have more of my companion and my disinclination to dine under false pretences; "you know they'll be awfully disappointed if they hear I have met you and let you off without a long talk and I join them to-morrow."

I felt constrained to consent against my better judgment and added, in a playfully solicitous manner, "And how are they all?"

"Oh, they are all tiptop—all except the colonel, after a pause and with a slightly subdued air; "I don't think he has ever quite got over that affair."

"Ah," I rejoined, shaking my head sympathetically, "one doesn't get over that sort of thing in a day; but the others?"

"What others?" he said bluntly.

I hesitated, and rejoined vaguely: "Were there not some others?"

He pondered heavily for a few seconds before replying, "Yes, I believe there were some others, but they made no difference."

I was just murmuring, "Very likely not," when he turned to me abruptly and said, "I hope you don't think he came badly out of that business?"

His hand seemed to relax its pressure on my arm, as if he was preparing himself for some censure or coldness on my part.

I felt touched by this little proof of his sensitiveness to my good opinion, and pressed his fingers as I rejoined warmly, "I never heard any one speak otherwise than highly of his conduct in the matter."

He stopped and said shortly: "Why, who knows anything about it? I thought you and I had it all to ourselves."

"Yes, yes," I faltered, and added, inconsequently, "you know you have been away for some time, old fellow."

It did not seem to fit in very well; but he accepted it as an argument, and said: "There is something in that, but don't let people talk about it. I know he relies upon you and me."

There was something so touching in the reliance of this unknown that a glow of sympathetic affection warmed my heart, and I resolved on the spot that his confidence should not be misplaced. Come what might, the secret of that old man's life should never be betrayed by me. Others might make it a subject of club gossip or tea table tittle tattle, but no word of mine should add one drop to the cup of bitterness that had been placed at his lips. There are passages in the lives of all of us which we would wish to have buried in oblivion—the thoughtless follies of youth, the unworthy ambitions of manhood, and the selfish jealousies of old age. Who is there that can stand up and say there is no episode in his life he would not have expunged, forgotten or condoned?

We had turned into a restaurant for a bit of dinner, and those thoughts passed through my mind as we ate our fish. My companion pondered sadly for a few seconds, and then, shaking himself together as though to throw off an unpleasant train of thought, said, more cheerily, "Now, tell me about yourself, your wife and family."

Before I had time to reflect upon what might be the result of my disclosure I blurted out the simple truth, "I have no wife."

He looked intensely surprised as he said: "My dear fellow I am very sorry. I never heard—"

He paused inquiringly, and again I blurted out, "I never had one."

A look of extreme pain spread over his face as he heard this. He leaned across the table, and laying his hand on mine said, with infinite sympathy: "I see it all. I ought not to have asked you. Forgive me, old fellow, and forget that I have said those words."

I gave him a clammy hand and turned away lest he should detect the conscious guiltiness of my face. I had become confirmed in a suspicion that had been gradually dawning upon my mind that I had never set eyes upon my host before that day, and that I had been carried away by some inexplicable chance resemblance to some remote acquaintance and by his own apparent cordial recognition of myself. There were no blinking the facts, however. Everybody that he mentioned was a total stranger to me, while every incident that I mentioned with a view to drawing him out seemed to find his mind a blank.

My sole object now was to extricate myself from my false position without detection. I got absolutely and hopelessly involved in fable and falsehood, and after having thus lightly taken away the good name of the suppositious mother of my children a sort of despair took possession of me, and a wild desire to avoid exposure or explanation at any cost.

The dinner was good, the wine excellent, and my host geniality itself. We sat late and drank freely, and over our cups I blush to think of the people I married, the old friends I buried, and the characters I took away. But he would have news, and what was I to do? Much of my information seemed to afford him matter for astonishment, and often he ejaculated, "You don't tell me so!" as I conveyed some specially startling piece of news.

However, the time for departure came at last, and my mind was torn with conflicting desires to escape detection and to ascertain his identity.

"You'll come and see us!" he said cordially, as we parted.

"Yes, certainly," I replied; "but where are you putting up now?"

"Oh, the same old quarters," he returned.

"What is the best way to get there?" I asked, as a last hope.

"You can't do better than take a cab," he said, and we parted never to meet again.—True Flag.

The Green Card in the Mail Box.

There is a little green card in use by the postoffice department that is a terror to careless letter carriers. It is a terror only when they have once been caught. Very seldom, indeed, are they caught the second time. This card is dropped in a letter box, and on it is marked the time it was put in and also the time it should be taken out by the carrier. A record is kept by the chief of the carriers, and if that little card does not turn up with the other mail with which it is due it is clearly to be seen that the carrier has not taken the mail from that particular box.

The object, of course, is to test the reliability of the carriers. Where there is any complaint on the part of citizens about the tardiness of local mails, then a little green card is dropped in one or more boxes in the district from which the complaint comes. Sometimes it shows carelessness on the part of the carrier and sometimes it does not. It is, however, not necessary that there should be complaints, for frequently the cards are put in the boxes of the most efficient men. Of course they are happy when they discover them. But where a box is missed in which there is a green card, then the carrier is bound to get into trouble and very serious trouble at that.

NEWS OF THE COAST.

Native Sons of Oregon to Organize.—A Stage Robed in Lake Co.—Prize Fighting Stopped in Cal.

Largest Grain Warehouse in the World to be Erected at Stockton, California.

Lulu Davis, a 13-year-old girl of San Francisco, went to the park Admission day and has not been seen since.

Adolph Jordan, a San Francisco saloonkeeper, and his wife wanted to die. Jordan cut an artery in his wife's wrist and then cut both of his wrists. The woman is dead, but Jordan will recover.

D. S. McLeod defeated Tom McInerny, the Irish champion in a wrestling match for $500 at San Francisco.

The N. S. G. W. will arrange a special exhibit for the world's fair.

A movement is on foot to organize the native sons of Oregon.

The Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen held their grand council at San Francisco last week.

A bill has been passed authorizing the construction of a $50,000 public building at Alameda, Cal.

Gen. N. P. Chipman of Red Bluff has been elected chairman and Thomas J. Haynes secretary of the California World's Fair association.

Joseph E. Rucker, a pioneer merchant of Santa Clara county, is dead.

George Fromhart, a rancher, living at Coal Mine Ridge, Cal., was shot in the head by an unknown man and his house robbed of $95. Fromhart is very badly wounded.

During the month of August 331 carloads of fruit were shipped from Vacaville.

Billy Meyers of Chicago knocked out Red Gorman in five rounds at Ellensburg, Wash.

The stage between Blitzen and Diamond Lake county, Or., was held up and robbed by a masked man Sept. 4.

Miss Florence Russel, aged 17, eloped with Jesse Arthur, a prominent attorney of Spokane Falls. Arthur is the age of her father. The affair has created a sensation. Both moved in the first society.

Miss Louise Bonyne, youngest daughter of Mr. Bonyne, late of Oakland, Cal., was thrown from her horse while out riding in London and severely injured.

It is reported that Gen. John S. Clarkson has, or is about to secure the Tacoma Ledger.

George F. Quinn, a G. A. R. veteran, was found dead in bed by his wife. He had been connected with the navy yard at Vallejo for many years.

William Hanna, a farmer of Livermore, Cal., shot and mortally wounded William Luders, a laborer. The men had a dispute about a few dollars in settlement for labor.

Edna, the 14-months-old daughter of Walter Sheldon of Spokane Falls, suffered a terrible death by setting fire to her clothing.

A Carson, Nev., dispatch says: Governor C. C. Stevenson, who has been confined to his bed for the last three weeks, is in a precarious condition and there is little hope of his recovery.

Fire destroyed the house, its contents and 1,000 sacks of wheat at Warner Bros.' ranch, near Modesto.

Marshal Kelly of Nevada City has been arrested, charged with being an accessory to the brutal murder of Agostino Pikzza at Yont Bet a year ago.

Sperry Bros. will erect the largest grain warehouse in the world at Stockton. It will cover an area of thirty acres on the water front and have a capacity of 100,000 tons.

The reapportionment bill passed by special session of the Washington legislature has become a law. The state is redistricted into thirty-four senatorial and seventy-eight representative districts.

Wiley Holliday is held in $1,500 bail at Tucson, A. T., on a charge of bigamy. He is a Mormon and was an important witness in the Paymaster Wham robbery case last year.

The Methodist conference at Pacific Grove petitioned congress to furnish more chaplains and chapels for the army.

A man named Canterbury of Redlands was drowned while bathing at Long Beach.

Work on the capitol steps at Sacramento has been suspended, as the appropriation is exhausted.

Grass Valley will vote on the question of issuing $20,000 of 8 per cent. bonds to build a new school house, on Oct. 4.

The comet medal of the Astronomical Society of the Pacific has been awarded to W. F. Demming, F. R. A. S. of Bristol, Eng.

The California Athletic club was raided and a prize fight stopped by the police last Friday. The principals were arrested.

John Moff shot and mortally wounded Alexander Langdon in a quarrel at Park City, U. T.

John Collins has been nominated for mayor of Seattle by the Democrats.

Redondo beach has been purchased by the Southern Pacific.

"Old Man Howard of Pomona," who slept in sheds in Los Angeles, was found in a shed in the last stages of starvation and taken to the station house, where he died.

Sheriff Healy of San Rafael is after Antone Lujan, the murderer. Lujan is guilty of two murders.

Sheriff Endirt of Del Norte county, Cal., and Sheriff Birdseye of Jacksonville, Or., arrested two horse thieves who were wanted at Del Norte. They were riding stolen horses when captured.

Alex Davis was killed by a giant powder explosion at the Elgin quicksilver mine near Colusa.

Samuel Mars, a negro murderer, has been sentenced to imprisonment for life. He killed his mistress at Fresno.

Philip Reynolds was knocked down and robbed in Spokane Falls by Charles Gilmore. Gilmore hit him on the head with a "billy" and knocked him senseless.

Samuel Mayfield was in the woods near Eugene, Or., and was struck in the arm with a bullet. Two boys were hunting in the vicinity and it is supposed that it was through their carelessness that the man was wounded.

NEWS OF THE WORLD.

The American Flag Hissed in Canada.—Ex President Cleveland to Move to Boston.

Seal Skins to be Dyed in the United States.—Silver Legislation Causes Anxiety in Europe.

There are serious floods in Pennsylvania and Ohio.

The evidence is all in in the Baum investigation.

The population of Nevada is 44,327 against 62,266 in 1880.

Twenty miners were buried by an explosion at Losderburg, Germany.

Judge Thompson of Ohio thinks that the Behring sea question should be appealed to the United States supreme court in order to get an opinion of the court on the subject.

D. M. Avory, the detective of the Lake Shore railroad at Chicago, was stabbed killed by Louis Dyckman, a drunken man. Dyckman was arrested.

Charles Smith & Co. of Chicago have assigned. Smith was a heavy wheat speculator.

Serious leaks were caused in the United States ship Enterprise by the firing of salutes.

A rebellion has broken out in the canton of Ticino, Switzerland.

A resolution has been introduced in congress to investigate the death of Gen. Barrundia.

Pastor Arney of Saranac, Mich, who recently managed a horse race, has promised the Methodist conference never to engage in horse racing again.

Rich finds of silver and copper have been discovered on the north shore of Lake Superior.

The London Daily Herald has suspended.

The New York Central strike is over.

Rev. J. A. Atwood of Providence, R. I., was jilted on the eve of his marriage to Miss Eva Davis, a millionaire's daughter. He was poor and her friends opposed the match.

The latest venture in London journalism is The Labor World, which will be edited by Michael Davitt. It will be the organ of the masses.

Eyraud, the French assassin, is writing his memoirs.

Prince George affronted the French-Canadians in Montreal by asking the mayor to read an address in English before reading it French.

Four Russian officers, including a major general, have been exiled to Siberia for stealing from the government.

Soldiers charged the striking dock laborers with bayonets to clear the street in Southampton.

Chauncey M. Depew said in a speech at New York on his return from Europe, that James G. Blaine and William McKinley were the best known Americans abroad, not even excepting Gen. Grant.

A money panic is imminent.

Miss Nettie Carpenter, the American violinist, has gained notoriety in London by jilting Mr. Thrushfield, whom she was engaged to.

The tarriff bill has been passed. It goes into effect Oct. 1.

Six kegs of giant powder exploded at Shohola Glen, Penn., with most terrible results. Three men were instantly killed and a number seriously injured.

Maine went Republican by 19,000.

Work will begin at once on Dr. Talmage's new Talsarnacle in Brooklyn. It is to be completed in six months and will cost $305,000.

Charles Morris and Charles Harris, the alleged San Francisco gold makers, who were arrested in New York for trying to swindle a California man, have been discharged for want of evidence.

The Canisteo valley in New York state is flooded. Railroads are washed out and serious damge is feared.

Succi, the Italian faster, is in New York. He has fasted thirty, thirty-five and forty days at different times.

Clara Belle McDonald is in New York and intends to study law there.

The American flag was taken down and hissed and chewed by order of a colonel of the Canadian militia at the opening of the Toronto, Ont., fair.

A Pacific Mail steamer left New York recently with 1,000,000 cartridges and 5,000 rifles for Nicaragua.

St. Alexander Johnstone, the mind reader, accomplished at Chicago the feat that cost Bishop his life. He drove blindfolded over a tortuous course and found a name on a hotel register and wrote a fac simile of the signature. He barely recovered.

A report comes from Boston to the effect that ex-President Cleveland will abandon New York as his place of business and residence and remove to the Hub.

Miss Lizzie Bennett of Keyport, N. J., eloped with and married her father's hired man on the morning of the day of her wedding to Fred Monroe.

Henry C. Wilson of Kansas City had planned an extensive business to kidnap the children of wealthy parents and hold them for ransom. He was betrayed by his confederate, a coachman of a wealthy widow, whose child was to be the first victim, and was arrested.

Congress will soon adjourn.

Three men entered the Second National bank of Bay City, Mich., and while two engaged the teller and bookkeeper in conversation the third stole $5,400 in bills. The robbers escaped.

Richard Croker, the Tammany chieftain, has returned to New York from his European trip.

A New York dispatch says: Judge Latrobe of the United States circuit court has refused to grant a writ of habeas corpus to Shibguia Juglas, a Japanese murderer now under sentence of death by electricity.

The Sydney legislative assembly has adopted Sir Henry Parke's scheme for Australian confederation.

According to advices received of the shooting of Gen. Barrundia, Capt. Pitts of the Acapulco has made a declaration which the Guatemalans claim completely justifies their action. The captain said that Barrundia fired on the officers first, Mizner, the American minister, the authorities say, was consulted as an act of courtesy only.

The first state election in Wyoming was novel and hot, but the use of the Australian voting system made the polling machinery frictionless. The Republicans carried the election.

The Gironde council general has sent a resolution to the French government demanding the repeal of the law prohibiting the importation of American pork.

The London Chronicle correspondent at Vienna says that it is rumored that Italy, Austria and Germany have signed a convention renewing the triple alliance for five years.

R. Krupp, son of the German gunmaker is at Ottawa, Ont., testing the ore produced by the Sudbury nickel and copper mine. He is in search nickel to be used in the manufacture of a new gun metal, which is expected to surpass anything now in use.

The population of Maine is 660,261.

Levy Mayer, the Chicago lawyer, who is identified with the big English syndicates, says that out of 250 American investment enterprises only five have found backers in London.

Davis Dalton, the swimmer, swam twenty miles in the Thames on a bet of $500.

Mrs. Adam Wuchter of Whitehall, Pa., has not tasted solid food for 161 days or liquid food for 153 days. She is suffering from cancer and has not swallowed anything since Good Friday. She allays her intense thirst by placing her hands in a basin of water and letting the pores absorb moisture. She has not spoken for weeks. She is able to walk around.

Pettit, the lawn tennis champion, has resigned the title. He has not time to keep in condition to defend the title.

The seal catch of the year reported to be 49,000 skins is grossly exaggerated.

A cold wave has struck South Dakota.

The Rio Grande river is higher than it has been for ten years.

A sealskin dying trust is being formed in the United States.

Miss Zoe Tuttle, the actress, was married to a California wine merchant at Chicago.

Sir William Hardman, editor of the London Post, is dead.

Mrs. Horn, the aged mother of Joe Horn, who committed suicide in Tacoma, attempted to suicide in the room in which her daughter hung herself. She was discovered by her son in time to save her life. Frederick Horn, who shot himself when he discovered the dead body of his daughter, is still alive.

The anxiety expressed by European journals on account of American silver legislation is constantly becoming more marked.

An Ashville, N. C., dispatch says: Reports received here from Bee Creek, a tributary to the Suawnee river, state that for the third time since the Charleston earthquake smoke has for some days been regularly emitted in considerable volume from seven mountain peaks of the Blue Ridge chain. The peaks have been designated the smoking mountains.

Cincinnati dispatch: During a quarrel Ben Chase, colored, fatally stabbed his mistress, Ida Farrell, colored. He then plunged the knife into his own breast and leaped from a third story window and was instantly killed.

Newspaper readers will recall the publication three years ago of the statement that Thomas Bean died in Texas leaving an estate worth $10,000, the only heirs being distant relatives thought to be living in Washington. After three years of diligent searching the heirs have been found in Washington and Virginia, and half of the estate of 800,000 acres of the finest cotton lands in Texas will be divided among twenty-one prominent Washingtonians, the other half to go to the Virginia branch of the family.

Steve Chump and George Boalter, colored, were convicted of rape at Amoy, Miss. On the way to the jail a mob took them from the sheriff and swung them from the limb of a tree.

New York dispatch: Carrie Long was shot and mortally wounded by her supposed husband, one Rosenthal, who then shot and killed himself. Jealousy.

Two freshmen at Lafayette college at Easton, Pa., learned that the sophomores were going to haze them. They warned the sophs to keep away and armed themselves with baseball bats. When the door was burst in by the sophomores the two freshmen struck out with the bats. Juan Antonio Medina, a Spaniard from Honduras, was struck a terrible blow on the forehead and his skull fractured.

Andrew Dickson White, ex-president of Cornell university of New York, and Miss Helen Magill, daughter of Dr. Erwin Magill, ex-president of Swarthmore college, were married at Philadelphia recently.

Ex-Senator Platt says that he has not decided whether or not to accept the appointment as one of the commissioners to select a site for a dry dock on Puget sound.

William Stewart and a man named Reeves were stealing a ride on a Fort Wayne, O., freight car. Four tramps assaulted and robbed them, and then threw them from the train. Stewart was fatally injured and Reeves cannot be found. The tramps escaped.

The Portuguese desire a union with Spain to resist the British tutelage over Portugal.

An outbreak among the Nez Perce Indians in Idaho is imminent.

Auguste Sauret, the once popular pianist, died in a New York insane asylum in abject poverty. He leaves a wife and four children.

Dr. George B. Chiselin, the famous traveler and diplomat of the Confederacy is dead. When Mason and Slidell were dispatched to Great Britain Chiselin was sent after them by way of Canada, as an emergency man. He was the only ambassador to reach the English shores, and was