LATEST NEWS SUMMARY.

BY TELEGRAPH TO DATE.

Chas. Chabol, the well known expert in caligraphy at London, is dead.

Pleuro pneumonia has made its ap pearence among a herd of cattle in East Lancaster, Pa.

Frost's large flouring mill at Minnesta City burned on the 18th; loss \$70,000; insurance \$40,000.

Samuel W. Allerton, of Chicago, has begun the shipment of refrigerator beef from St. Louis to New England.

C. Hinger, of Detroit, Mich., superintendent of the Imperator Gold Mine Co., was murdered on the 14th in Panama. The expert in his report to the city

council of Newark, N. J., shows that ex-Auditor Palmer and ex-Clerk Hall stole Twenty Mormon elders have left Salt

Lake City for missionary work in the southern states, and seventy-five for the European field.

The custom authorities of Montreal seized the beet root sugar factory of Union Sucriere, a Franco-Canadian, for unpaid duties of \$16,000. The retirement from active service by

the operation of the law, of Major Gen. McDowell, on Oct. 15th, has been announced to the army. A bill has been introduced in the lower

house of the Vermont legislature requiring the authorities to render prisoners insensible before execution. The remains of Fannie Parnell arrived

at Philadelphia on the 18th, ten thousand land leaguers attending. The body went to New York at 4 P. M. on that day. Collingwood P. Hallet was found guilty

of the murder of James Deputy near Milford, Del., in May last, but was not sentenced as he appeared to be deranged.

Geo. F. Sharpe, of the firm of Sharpe & Sharpe, well known attorneys, dropped dead while addressing a jury in Judge Sullivan's court in San Francisco on the

A \$20,000 fire occurred at Lemars, Ia., resulting in the complete destruction of six business buildings. The fire is sup-posed to be the work of an incendiary; insurance about \$12,000.

The American public health associa tion, in session, at Indianapolis, discussed the Texas cattle fever, and a standing committee on cattle was constituted to investigate the matter thoroughly. paper by Erastus Brooks described the board of health system of New York.

Claims to the amount of \$76,900 have been filed with the board appointed to andit the bills arising from the illness and death of President Garfield. They include Dr. Bliss, \$25,000; Dr. Agnew, \$14,700; Dr. Beyburn, \$10,800; and Dr. Susan Edson, \$10,000.

A Sandusky special says a broken rail near Sandusky, on the Indianapolis, Bloomington and Western railroad, threw off a passenger car and pretty severely injured Wm. Horace Lingard, Alice Dunning Lingard, the Misses Andrews and Frances, and Mr. Fred Corbett, of the Lingard troupe; Major Coby, of Cincinnati, H. J. Webber, of Columbus, D. E. Hewitt. of Philadelphia, A. Smith, of New York, and Conductor Hinds, of Sandusky. The wounded were taken to Sandusky. No one was dangerously hurt.

Tom Walling, pugilist, of Williamsburg, Colorado, has sent a forfeit to Richard K. Fox, proprietor of the Police Gazette, and expresses a desire to fight somebody in Colorado for \$5000 a ride. He prefers to stand uρ before Billy Lynn, Dave Thomas, Jack Zaferay, or Brigan Campbell, or he will fight Andy Sweeny, of Kansas City, or Jack Hanly. In referring to Colorado's sluggers in his letter he says there are several pugilists in this vicinity who pretend they are eager to fight and want to travel among sporting men styling themselves champions. Speaking of his forfeit he says: "I mean business, and dare any pugilist in Colorado to cover it."

A Knoxville, Texas, dispatch of Oct. 18th gives the following account of a tragedy which occurred there: This morning Gen. Joseph A. Mabrey, Joseph A. Mabrey, Jr., and Maj. Thos. O'Conner all fell in a conflict, with two other parties wounded. It was an old grudge. Yesterday at the races Mabrey threatened O'Connor, but the latter stepped away on sight. Going down Gay street, opposite the bank of which O'Connor is president, O'Connor stepped to the middle of the street and fired two shots in rapid succession, both of which took effect, Gen. Mabrey falling dead. O'Connor turned, seized another gun, and seeing Mabrey, Jr., coming rapidly toward him with a pistol in his hand, fired; at the same instant young Mabrey fired his pistol and both fell dead. The whole tragedy occurred within two minutes. Neither of the three spoke a work after being shot. General Mabrey had about thirty duckshot in his body. A bystander was painfully wounded in the thigh and another in the arm. Four other men had their clothes pierced by duckshot. The affair caused great excitement and Gay street is througed with thousands of people. General Mabrey and his son Joe were acquitted only a few days ago of the murder of Moses Lusby and Don Lusby, father and son, whom they killed some weeks ago, Will Mabrey was killed by Don Lusby last Christmas. Major Thomas O'Connor was the wealthiest man in the state, having accumulated about \$10,000,000 since the war.

At a meeting on the 18th to consider measures of relief for the family of Col. Slayback, recently killed in St. Louis by Col. Cockrell, between five and six thousand dollars were subscribed to aid in lifting the mortgage on the family residence. Among the persons present were John McCullough, the actor, an old and warm friend of Col. Cockrell. As an evidence of his sincere desire to be of service to the family of the man who fell at the hands of his friend, he offered to give a benefit for the widow and children of Col. Slayback, which was favorably received, and a committee was apgointed to make the necessary arrangements. Choice seats will be sold on change, McCullough subscribed \$1000 in Slayback's family.

Further Mexican reports say that cholera is raging in Tobasca

Adolphe Charles Bonnegrace, of Paris, the distinguished painter, is dead.

Dr. Hamilton, of New York, claims \$25,000 for his services during President Garfield's illness. The annual session of the Brotherhood

of Locomotive Engineers is being held at Louisville, Ky. Buzzaeds, it is said, are feeding on the

half buried of the poor in Mazatan, Mexico, cemeteries.

Judge Edward Hammond died on the 18th in Howard county, Md., aged 70. He was a member of congress from '49

Overdank, the man arrested some time since at Trieste, while manufacturing bombs has been sentenced to death. Barry Sullivan, the actor, has consented

to be nominated to parliament for the Irish constituency on home rule princi-Eugene Bogardus, eldest son of the

famous pistol shot, was fataliy injured by being thrown from a train at Talladega, Ala., by a sudden lurch of the car. John McLaughlin, of Chicago, in the criminal court was found guilty of man-

slaughter in killing Thomas Carter and sentenced to one year in the peniten-An accident on the Albany and Susquehannah railroad killed one person,

fatally injured one or two more and dumped a score of cars into the Susquebannah river. Benj. Legault of Beauharnois, Canada, has entered action to prevent his widowed

sister, 65 years of age, and worth a hundred thousand dollars, from marrying a A dispatch from Manilia says cholera continues to decrease since the last re-

port. The average of deaths is four The disease still rages on the island Vesaya. The keeper of the lighthouse on Lonely Island has been called upon to explain

his conduct in connection with the alleged robbery of the body of a victim of the Asia disaster. The steam yacht for Jay Gould will be

completed by spring. It will be con-structed of iron and steel and have steel boilers, and will be 210 feet long, 27 feet beam and 16 feet deep, and will have 1500 indicated horse power. The commissioner of the general land

office has transmitted for delivery the patent for Rancho la Tursinea in Santa Barbara county, Cal., to Jose Ramon Malo, confirmed. The Rancho contains 14,780 acres of land, and the case has been pending for ten years.

William Dickson, of star route fame, has set for himself a life task. He proposes to sue every paper in the United States that has hinted at what he considers libelous reflections upon him in connection with the star route jury, and has cut clippings from hundreds of papers. It will take a considerable fortune to pay the preliminary fees of the suits if he adheres to his resolutions. Dorsey made similar threats long ago, but no suit has been brought.

Henry S. Slaughter, recently an engineer of Howell & Bros', wall paper establishment at Philadelphia, Charles Cullery, an ex-employe of the firm, and Samuel Vance, a car driver, were arrested on the 19th upon bills charging them with the larceny of 600 pieces of wall paper. They pleaded guilty. The robbery extended over a number of years, and amounted to \$1000. Cases against paper bangers and others, charged with receiving the stolen property, were disposed of the 20th inst.

On the 19th, as express train No. 6, which was drawing a special car containing Assistant General Superintendent Mellen, of the Atchison, Topeka & San Francisco road, with a party of friends, arrived at Lakin, Kansas, a party of fif-teen drunken cowboys, led by F. A. Meade, a discharged telegraph operator, began shooting through the car windows. breaking eight in one car, seventeen in the sleeper and five in the special car. By lying down on the floor the passengers escaped the bullets. The sheriff with a posse of a hundred citizens from Dodge City went to Lakin on a special train and succeeded in capturing Meade and two cowboys.

Inquiry into the alleged insanity of Francis M. Scoville, wife of George Scoville and sister of Chas. J. Guiteau, the murderer of President Garfield, was begun in the county court in Chicago on saying that was no place for a fight and he was unarmed. This morning Mabrey sent O'Connor word he would kill him tion. The day was occupied in the selection of a jury and hearing the opening statements. Counsel Scoville, in his statements gave the history of the Guiteau family, claiming a streak of insanity had run through it since 1770, and that of 11 children of her father, five died insane and two of disease closely allied to it. Mr. Blanch, Mrs. Scoville's attorney, in his statement, charged Scoville with inhuman treatment to his wife and stated he instead of she should be in the lunatic saylum.

The New York Sun's Chicago special of Oct. 19th says: Bonanza Mackey, of California, passed through this city yesterday en route for New York. He accompanied by W. S. Hobart, John M. Harper and A. A. Hickox, of San Francisco, and by Col. M. G. Gillett, who joined the party at Lake valley, New Mexico, for the purpose of escorting them through the cow boy infested region between Lake valley and the Santa Fe railroad, a distance of about thirteen miles, The cow boys have established a brigandage to kidnap wealthy men and hold them to ransom. Whenever Senator Jones, who is interested in mining property in New Mexico, visits that region he always assumes an incognito in order to escape the notice of brigands. Mackey failed to adopt this precaution and Col. Gillett, getting wind of the fact that a reward had been offered for the capture of Mackey by the captain of the cow boys, he volunteered the service of himself and a strong party to escort the bonanza king and his friends to the railroad. Although no effort was made to capture the millionaire a number of small bands of outlaws was encountered and Mackey expresses himself as satisfied that nothing but the presence of his escort prevented them from holding him up at least. He says that they would have secured nothing but a \$5 note and a nickel watch for their trouble, but he congratulated himaddition to his benefit performance for self on disappointing them to that ex-

WHAT BECAME OF HER.

There was a great commotion in Foxville when old Parson Fox died. It was not only because he was the pioneer of the place, having come there when the woods

were one primeval mass of green, and himself having erected the old stone parsonage around which the thriving village had grown up with

almost incredible rapidity.

It was not that he had preached the gospel to them for four-and-forty years; it was not that his footsteps had been instant on every threshold where sickness came of sorrow

All this had been received as a matter of ourse, and forgotten as soon as the necessities

But it was because Foxville curiosity was on the qui vive about Joanna, his grandehild, the sole remaining blossom on the gnarled old family tree who was left quite unprovided for.

"I declare to goodness," said Mrs. Emmons, "I don't know what is to become of that girl!"

"She hain't no faculty," said Sabina Sexton, the village dressmaker; "and never had."

"Books possessed to that you had." signed

"Books possessed no charm to her!" signed Mrss Dodge, who taught the Foxville district chool. "She always cried over her parsing rhetoric, and I never could make her under-

"There's no denyin' that the old minister was as near a saint as we often see in this world " said Mrs. Luke Lockedge, piously. But he hadn't ought to let Joanna run loose in the woods and fields the way he did. Why, I don't s'pose she ever made a shirt or fried a

batch of fritters in her life?

"Is it true," said Miss Dodge, peering inquisitively up under her spectacle glasses, "that she is engaged to your Simon, Mrs. Lock-

Mrs. Lockedge closed her mouth, shook her head and knitted away until her needles shone like forked lightning.
"Simon's like all other young men, Miss

Dodge," said she—"took by a pretty face and a pair o bright eyes And they set on the same bench at school. And as long as we s'posed Parson Fox had left property why there wasn't no objection. But there wasn't nothing—not even a life insurance. So I've talked to Simon and made him hear reason. There can't nobody live on air!"

"But that's ruther hard on Joanna, sin't

it?" said Mrs. Emmons, with a little sympathetic wheeze.

Reason is reason!" Mrs. Lockedge answered. "My Simon will have property and the girl be marries must have suthin' to match it." So that Joanna Fox, sitting listlessly in her

black dress by the window, where the scent of June honeysuckles floated sweetly in, and try ing to realize that she was alone in the world had divers and sundry visitors that day. The first was Simon Lockedge, looking as if his errand were somehow connected with grand

Joanna started up, her wan face brightening. She was only sixteen—a brown-haired, brown-oyed girl with a solemn, red mouth and a round, white throat, banded with black vel-

'Oh, Simon," she cried, "I knew you would some when you heard——'
Simon Lockedge wriggled uneasily into a

at, instead of advancing to clasp her outtretched hand. "Yes," said he. "Of course it's very sad, Joanna, and I'm awfully sorry for you.

Joanna stood still, her face hardening into a old, white mask, her hands falling to her side.

"Yes," said she. "You were saying..."
"It's mother!" guiltily confessed Simon. A fellow can't go against his own mother, you know. She says it's nonsense our engagement. and we shouldn't have anything to live on! And so," with a final twist, "we'd better consider it all over. That's the sense of the mat ter-now ain't it, Joanna?"
She did not answer.

"I am awfully sorry," stuttered Simon. "I always set a deal of store by you, Joanna." "Did you?" she said, bitterly. "One would

scarcely have thought it."
"And you know, Joanna," he added, awkwardly, mindful of his mother's drill, "when poverty comes in at the door love flies out at Joanna smiled scornfully

"It seems," said she, "that love does not alvays wait for that."

And she turned and walked like a young queen into the adjoining apartment; while Si-non, slinking out of the door like a detected burglar, muttered to himself:

"It's the hardest job of work that ever I did in my life. Splitting stumps is nothing to it. But mother says it must be done, and mother rules the roost in our house."

Next came Mrs. Emmons. "Joanna." said she, "I am deeply grieved at this 'ere affliction that's befell you. "Thank you, Mrs. Emmons," said the girl.

I have come to ask you about your plans, added the plump widow. Because if you have no other intentions, I'll be glad to have you help me with the housework. I am going to house full of summer boarders, and there will be a deal more work than me and Elviry can manage. Of course you won't ex-

peet no pay, but a good home is what you need most, and-"Stop a minute!" said Joanna. "Am I to understand that you expect me to assume the position and duties of a servant without a servant's wages?"

"You'll be a member of the family," said Mrs. Emmons; "and you will set at the same table with me and Elviry, and—"
"I am much obliged to you," said Joanna,

but I must decline your kind offer." And Mrs. Emmons departed in righteous wrath, audibly declaring her conviction that pride was certain sooner or later to have a

"I have plenty of friends," said Joanna. courageously, "or rather dear grandpapa had. I am sure to be provided for." But Squire Barton looked harder than any

flint when the orphan came to him, "Something to do, Miss F x?" said he. Well, that's the very problem of the agevoman's work, you know; and I ain't smart enough to solve it. Copying? No. our firm don't need that sort of work. Do I know of any one that does? N-no. I can't say I do; but if I should hear of an opening, I'll be sure to let you know. Ahem!—I'm a little busy this morning, Miss Fox; surry I can't devote more time to you. John, the door. Good morning. my dear Miss Fox! I assure you, you have mine and Mrs. Barton's prayers in this sad visitation of an inscrutable Providence."

Old Miss Gringe, who had fifty thousand dollars at interest, and who had always declared that she loved dear Joanna Fox like a daughter sent down word that she wasn't very well and

ouldn't see company.

Dr. Wentworth, in visiting whose invalid daughter, poor old Parson Fox had contracted the illness which carried him to his grave, was sorry for Miss Joanna, of course, but he didn't know of any way in which he could be useful. He understood there was a kid-glove factory to

be opened on Walling river, soon,
"No doubt Miss Fox could get a place there: or there could be no objection to her going out to domestic service. There was a great deal of false sentiment on this subject and he thought

But Joanna, without waiting for the result of his cogitations, excused herself.

She would detain him no longer, she said;

and she went away with firming cheeks, and resolutely repressed tears. When she got home she found one of the courses of the church awaiting her.

He didn't wish to hurry her, but the new clergyman didn't want to live in such a ruin-ous old place; and it was their calculation, as the parsonage was mortgaged much beyond its real value, to sell it out, and bny a new frame house near the depot, with all the modern conveniences, for the use of the Reverend Silas

'Am I to be turned out of my home?" said anna, indignantly. Deacon Blydenburg hemmed and hawed. He didn't want, to hurt no one's feelings; but as to

time to pack up and take leave of her friends-

say a week.

So Joanna, who could think of no remaining friend but her old governess, who had long ago gone to New York to fight the great world for herself, went down to the city, and appealed to Miss Woodin in her extremity; and Miss Woodin cried over her and kassed her and ca-ressed her, like an old maiden aunt. "What am I to do?" said poor, pale Joanna, 'I can't starve?'

"There's no necessity for any one starving in this great, busy world," said Miss Woodin, cheerfully. "All one wants is—faculty." Joanna shrank a little from the hard, sterec-

typed word which she had so often heard from lips of Mrs. Emmons, Miss Sabina Sexton. and that sisterhood. "But how do you live?" said she.

"Do you see that thing there in the corner? "Yes," answered Joanna. "Is it a sewing "It's a type-writer," announced Miss Wood-

ie, "and I earn my living on it." "But what do you write?" said Joanna.
"Anything I can get," said Miss Woodin.
And thus in the heart of the great wilderness of New York, Joanna Fox commenced her pil-

grimage of toil.

First on the type-writer, then promoted to a compiler's desk in the "Fashion Department" of a prominent weekly Journal; then by means of a striking original sketch, slipped into the letter box of the Ladies' Weekly with fear and trembling, to a place on the contributors' list: then gradually rising to the rank of a spirited young novelist, until our village damsel had her pretty "flat" furnished like a miniature palace, with Miss Woodin and her type-writer snugly installed in one corner.
"Because I owe everything to her," said the

ing authoress, gratefully.

And one day, glancing over the exchanges in the sanctum of the Ladies' Weekly, to whose columns the still contributed, she came across a copy of the Fozville Gazette.

"Hester," she said, hurrying home to Miss Woodin, "the parsonage is to be sold at auc-tion to-morrow, and I mean to go up and bus it; for I am sure—quite sure that I could write better there than anywhere else in the world." Miss Woodin sgreed with Joanna. Miss Woodin believed most firmly in whatever Joanna believed. In her loving eyes the succe ful young writer was always right. So Joanna Fox and Miss Woodin, dressed in

black and closely veiled, went up to Foxville to attend the auction sale.

Everybody was there. They didn't have an auction sale at Foxville every day in the

Squire Barton was there, with a v gue idea purchasing the old place for a public

"It would be attractive," said the squire. "These open air concert gardens are making no end of money in the cities. "I don't see why the Germans need pocket all the money that

there is going,"

Mrs. Emmons came because everybody else did. Miss Dodge, who had saved a little mon-ey, thought if the place went cheap she would pay down a part and give a mortgage for the remainder.

'And my sister could keep boarders," she considered, "and I could always have a home But Simon Lockedge was most determined of

all to have the old parsonage for his own.
"I could fix it up," he said to himself, "and live there real comfortable. It's a dreadful pretty location, and I'm bound to have it—essecially since mother's investments have turned out bad, we've got to sell the old farm. Nothwith the old parson's granddaughter. It wasn't quite the square thing to do, but there seemed so other way. But, let mother say what she will, it brought bad luck to us."

And the rustic crowd surged in and out, and the auctioneer mounted to the platform on an old kitchen table, and the bidding began at five hundred dollars, and "hung fire" for some

"Six!" said cautions Simon Lockedge, at Seven!" piped Miss Dodge, faintly.

"Eight!" said Simon, resolutely, 'A thousand!" attered the voice of a quiet. veiled lady in the corner.

Everyone stared in that direction.

Tain't worth that," said the squire, oce; "all run down-fences gone to nothing.

But Simon Lockedge wanted it very much. "E-le-ven hundred!" said he slowly and "Fifteen hundred!" spoke the soft voice, de-"Fifteen hundred!" bawled the auctioneer.
"I'm offered fifteen hundred dollars for this
very desirable property. Fifteen hundred—

fifteen-teen-teen-teen. Fifteen hundred twice fifteen hundred, three times and gone What name, ma'am, if you please?"
And the lady, throwing aside her veil, an-

"Joanna Fox."

The old parsonage was rebuilt, and studded with little bay windows and medleval porches, Laurels and rhododendrons were set out in the grounds, the little brook was bridged over with rustic cedar-wood, and Joanna Fox and Miss Woodin came there to live in modest

But Mrs. Lockedge and her son Simon moved out of Foxville when the mortgage on their old place was foreclosed, and the places that had nown them once knew them no more. And Mrs. Emmons said:

She's done real well, Joanna has. I always knew there was something in her."
And Mrs. Wentworth and the Misses Barton

tried desperately to become intimate with the young authoress, but without avail. For there is nothing in the wide world so uccessful as success, and it is a fetish which has many worshipers.

Protective Tariff on Watermelons.

"How are the colored voters coming on, out on Onion Creek?" asked an Austin candidate of a darkey with a load

"Dar's a heap ob sickness out dar among de colored folks." "What is it, malaria?" "I reckon dat's de name ob de stuff.

Hit am sumfin what he got from de Aruggery store.' What stuff are you talking about?" "De stuff a white man out dar puts in his water-millins to keep de colored folks from mistakin' 'em for da' own

water millins."-[Texas Siftings.

A CHASE FOR A BABY .- There was n funny chase for a baby at Plainville, Connecticut, on Wednesday morning. A woman stepped from a train a moment to question the agent and the train pulled out suddenly without her, carrying off her baby. Her frenzy moved the ticket the baby returned. The train dropped footed it thither and lugged the baby back to Plainville. The good mother, meantime growing impatient, had gone to Forestville on the engine of a gravel train. So back went the good man with the baby to Forestville, there to learn that the frantic mother had returned to Plainville. The man then telephoned to the woman to sit still half an hour, which she did, and got back her infant.

Springfield Republican. It a libel suit at Montreal, John O'Reilly testified that McNamee, the founder of the Hibernian society, offered him \$500 to put daylight through C. J. Brydges, a railway magnate.

The London movement for the Long-

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

A mortgage on a house is like a wormhole in an apple. Before you know it there is more worm-hole than fruit.

The government is looking after the young hopefuls of the red men. Two new Indian sechools are soon to be established.

Alexander H. Stevens has completed his history of the United States. The final proof sheets were revised and returned to the printer three weeks ago.

Blotting paper was in use, by that name, so far back as 1465. The use of sand lasted up to the end of the last century in England, and still obtains in Italy. Mr. Carte, the London show manager, who sent Oscar Wilde to America, says

the profits of the trip have reached \$30,-

000, to be divided equally between the two. The catalogue of the British Museum. now being printed, will fill 500 volumes. and at the present rate it will require 40 years to complete it, by which time there will be new matter enough to begin

afresh. Out of nine chiefs of the London newspaper reporters five use Taylor's system of shorthand, while Pitman, Gurney, Mayor, and Byron can claim only one each. The body of stenographers prefer Pitman.

The Chinese Government has sent a commission of high naval officials to Germany to take the powerful ironclad Ting Tuen, that has just been built for the Chinese navy, formally into their enstody. The voyage of the vessel for China is to begin next month,

Ella Wheeler has written a poem to prove that "Love is Enough." Griscom, the faster, thought fog was enough, but if one was to be tied down to a choice between love and fog as a permanent diet, Ella's recommendation would be adopted by a large majority.

A jeweler has long dunned a lady of fashion for the amount of his big bill, but in vain. When he rings the bell the footman says politely, but firmly, "Sir, the Countess only receives on Tuesdays.' 'I don't care when she receives,' thundered the irate and long-suffering creditor, what I want to know is the day she pays on!"

They have a bogns baby case in Phila delphia similar to that which caused so much of a sensation in London some ears ago, a wife having secured, it is alleged, a baby at a foundting home, which she presented as her own to the husband when he returned from Europe.

The Crown Princess of Germany has established a school for the training of children's nurses at Berlin. The first thing she should teach them is never to yank a child around by the arms, and the second is to pay more attention to ng hasn't gone right with us since I broke off | their charges and less to the young men they meet in the park. A curious was John Birdsall, of Rush,

Indiana, who brought \$600 in gold from California twenty years ago, buried it in an iron pot, and told nobody. His family have of late suffered for food, and when absolute starvation threatened them, he dug up his treasure and went off with it, leaving his wife and four childred to the poormaster.

Embarassed.

Rev. Mr. was one of the most bashful men in the profession and was constantly getting into scrapes through his nervous mistakes. At one time he rose in his pulpit to give out the hymn, 'This world is all a fleeting show," and after clearing his throat he struck a high pitch of voice and began solemnly:

"This world is all a floating shoe." Ever-body smiled except the deacons, and the minister was covered with confu-

sion as he began: "This world is all a shouting flow." This only made matters worse, and the unhappy man cleared his throat with tremendous force and began once again:

"This world is all a floating she." Then he slapped the hpmn-book down, and wiping his clammy brow, said:

"Brethren, for some reason I cannot read that hymn as it should be read; we will omit it and the choir will please sing the grand old lines beginning: "Just as I am without one flea," "-Detroit Post.

AN UNRELENTING PARENT .- Some four or five years ago the World published the full particulars of an elopement from a very fashionable Newport boarding house, the young lady being the daughter of a New York family named Sanford, and the man was the son of a laboring gardener named Lodge. They were married, and then returned here in a few days. Soon, however, the girl's parents recovered her and sent her to a remote corner of New York State, and subsequently to Europe, but they could get no excuse for a divorce, as the young has band repea edly offered to support her. The husband finally went to California. Word now comes that he has prospered beyond the most sanguine expectations, and proposes to return to the East and claim his bride. The father has declared time and time again that the son-in law shall never have his daughter, and there is reason to believe that the law will be resorted to .- [Newport Letter to N. Y.

CURE FOR DRUNKE NESS .- Drunkenness in Sweden and Norway is cured in the following manner. The drunkard is put in prison, and his only nourishment is bread soaked in wine. During the agent to telegraph to Bristol and order first day the prisoner receives the bread and wine with pleasure. On the second the infant at Forestville, and a good man | day is not so acceptable. After that he takes his food with great repugnance. In general, eight or ten days of this tre-tment suffice to produce a disgust of liquor that the unhappy man is compelled to abstinence. After leaving prison his drunkenness is radically cured, with an occasional exception, the order of liquor produces an invincible repulsion.

A delicious pudding is made by taking eight or nine good-sized and tart apples; peel them and cut out the cores, leaving the apples whole. Put them in an earthen baking dish, so large that the apples will cover the bottom only. Then make a rich custard, allowing four or five eggs to one quart of milk; sweeten to your taste. Pour this over the apples, her home, it was well known that to all intents and purposes the old place had long ago passed out of Parson Fox's ownership; and they were willing to accord her any reasonable length of

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