got no wig. "Yes, sir," quoth Joseph, pausing and resting upon his spade, "it's as hot a day as ever I see; but the celery must be got in, or

there'll be no autumn crop, and-"Well, but Joe, the sun's so hot, and it shines so on your bald head it makes one wink to look at it. You'll have a coup de soleil, Joe."

"A what, sir!" "No matter; it's very hot working, and if you'll step in doors I'll give you ---

"Thank ye, your honor, a drop of beer will be very acceptable." Joe's countenance brightened amazingly.

"Joe, I'll give you—my old wig!"

The countenance of Joseph fell, his gray
eye had glistened as a blest vision of double-X flitted athwart his fancy; its glance faded again into the old filmy, gooseberry-colored hue, as he growled in a minor key, "A wig,

"Yes Joe, a wig. The man who does not study the comfort of his dependents is an unfeeling scoundrel. You shall have my old

"I hope, sir, you'll give me a drop of beer to drink your honor's health in; it is very hot, and

"Come in, Joe, and Mrs. Witherspoon shall

give it to you." "Heaven bless your honor," said honest

Joe, striking his spade perpendicularly into the earth, and pursuing his way to the door of the back kitchen. "Joe," said Mrs. Witherspoon, a fat, comely dame, of about five-and-forty—"Joe, your

master is but too good to you; he's always kind. Joe, he has desired me to give you his old wig." "And the beer. Ma'am Witherspoon?" said Washford, taking the proffered wig, and

looking at it with an expression somewhat short of rapture. "The beer, you guzzling wretch!-what beer! Master said nothing about no beer. You ungrateful fellow, has he not given you

a wigf "Why, yes, Madam Witherspoon! but then

you see, his honor said it was very hot, and I'm very dry, and —" "Go to the pump, sot!" said Mrs. Witherspoon, as she slammed the back door in his

Joe remained for a few moments lost in mental abstraction; he looked at the door, he looked at the wig; his first thought was to throw it into the pig-sty-his evil nature rose, but he resisted the impulse: he got the better of Satan; the half-formed imprecation died before it reached his lips. He looked disdainfully at the wig: it had once been a comely jasey enough, of the color of overbaked gingerbread, one of the description commonly known during the latter half of the last century by the name of a "brown George." But Mr. Jarvis' wig had one peculiarity; unlike most of its fellows it had a tail-"cribbed and confined," indeed, by a shabby piece of faded

Washford looked at it again; he shook his bald head. The wig had certainly seen its best days; still it had about it somewhat of an air of faded gentility; it was "like ancient Rome, majestic in decay:" and as the small ale was not to be forthcoming, why-after all, an old wig was better than nothing!

Mr. Jeremiah Jarvis, of Appledore, in the Weald of Kent, was a gentleman by act of parliament—one of that class of gentlemen who, disdaining the plain-sounding name of "attorney-at-law," are, by a legal fiction, denominated solicitors,

Jeremiah Jarvis was a worthy exemplar of in his time had created greater solicitude among his majesty's lieges within the "weald." He was rich, of course. Indeed his possessions were so considerable as not to be altowere there wanting those who conscientiously entertained a belief that a certain darkcolored gentleman of indifferent character, known principally by his predilection for appearing in perpetual mourning, had been through life his great friend and counselor, and had mainly assisted in the acquirement of his revenues. That "old Jerry Jarvis had sold himself to the devil" was, indeed, a dogma which it were heresy to doubt in Ap-

When the worthy solicitor next looked out of his ground-floor back, he smiled with much complacency at beholding Joe Washford again hard at work-in his wig-the little tail aforesaid oscillating like a pendulum in the breeze. If it be asked what could induce a gentleman whose leading principle seems to have been self-appropriation to make so magnificent a present, the answer is that Mr. Jarvis might perhaps have thought an oceasional act of benevolence necessary or politic; he is not the only person who, having stolen a quantity of leather, has given away a pair of shoes, pour l'amour de Dieu.

Joe, meanwhile, worked away at the celery-bed; but truth obliges us to say, neither with the same degree of vigor nor perseverance as had marked the earlier efforts of the morning. His pauses were more frequent; he rested longer on the handle of his spade; while ever and anon his eve would wander from the trench beneath him to an object not unworthy the contemplation of a natural philosopher. This was an apple tree.

Fairer fruit never tempted Eve or any of her daughters; the bending branches groaned beneath their luxuriant freight, and, drop ping to earth, seemed to ask the protecting aid of man, either to support or to relieve them. The fine, rich glow of their sunstreaked clusters derived additional loveliness from the level beams of the descending day-star. An anchorite's mouth had watered

at the pippins. The heat was still oppressive; no beer had moistened his lip, though its very name, uttered as it was in the ungracious tones of a Witherspoon, had left behind a longing as intense as fruitless. His thirst seemed supernatural, when at this moment his left ear experienced a slight and tickling sensation, and a still, small voice-it was though a daddy-long-legs were whispering to him-a still, small voice seemed to say: "Joe!-take an apple, Joe!"

Honest Joseph started at the suggestion; the rich crimson on his jolly nose deepened to a purple tint in the beams of the setting sun; his very forehead was incardinate. He raised his hand to scratch his ear-the little tortuous tail had worked its way into it-he pulled it out by the bit of shalloon, and allayed the itching, then east his eye wistfully toward the mansion where his master was sitting by the open window. Joe pursei up his parched lips into an arid whistle, and with a desperate energy struck his spade once more into the

celery bed. Its northern extremity ended at the hedge before mentioned; its southern one was in fearful vicinity to a Ribstone pippin-tree. One branch, low bowed to earth, seemed ready to discharge its precious burden into the very trench. As Joseph stooped to insert the last plant with his dibble, an apple of more than ordinary beauty bobbed against his knuckles. "He's taking snuff, Joe," whispered the same small voice; the tail had twisted itself into daybreak next morning a splendid Semper its old position. "He's sneezing!—now, Joe! Augustus, and Joseph Washford was led

-now!" And, ere the agitated horticulturist could recover from his surprise and alarm, the fruit was severed, and—in his band!

"He! he! he!" shrilly laughed, or seemed laugh, that accursed little pigtail. Washford started at once to the perpendicular. With an enfrenzied grasp he tore the jasey from his head, and with that in one hand and his ill-acquired spoil in the other, he rushed distractedly from the garden.

All that night was the humble couch of the once-happy gardener haunted with the most fearful visions. He was stealing apples-he was robbing hen-roosts-he was altering the chalks upon the milk-score-he had purloined three chemises from a hedge-and he awoke in the very act of cutting the throat of one of 'Squire Hodge's sheep! A clammy dew stood upon his temples—the cold perspiration burst from every pore-he sprang in terror from

"Why, Joe, what ails thee, man!" cried the sually incurious Mrs. Washford; "what be the matter with thee! Thee has done nothing but grunt and growl all t' night long, and now thee dost stare as if thee saw summut. What bees it, Joe?"

A long-drawn sigh was her husband's only answer; his eye fell upon the bed. "How t devil came that here? quoth Joseph, with a sudden recoil; "who put that thing on my

"Why, I did, Joseph. Th' ould nightcap is in the wash, and thee didst toss and tumble so, and kick the clothes off, I thought thee mightest catch cold, so I clapt t' wig atop o thee head."

And there it lay-the little sinister-looking tail impudently perked up, like an inferna gnomon on a Satanie dial plate.

When Joseph Washford once more re paired to the scene of his daily labors, a sort of unpleasant consciousness flushed his countenance, and gave him an uneasy feeling as he opened the garden gate; for Joe, generally speaking, was honest as the skin between his brows; his hand faltered as it pressed the latch. "Pooh, pooh! 'twas but an apple, after all!" said Joseph. "Had it been an apple pie, indeed!-

"An apple pie!" the thought was a dangerous one-too dangerous to dwell on. But Joseph's better genius was this time lord of the ascendant; he dismissed it. and passed

On arriving at his cottage, an air of bustle and confusion prevailed within, much at variance with the peaceful serenity usually observable in its economy. Mrs. Washford was in high dungeon; her heels clattered on the red-tiled floor, and she whisked about the house like a parched pea upon a drumhead; ber voice, generally small and low, was pitched at least an octave above its ordinary level; she was talking fast and furious. Someth ing had evidently gone wrong. The mystery was soon explained. The "cussed old twoad of a cat" had got into the dairy, and licked off the cream from the only par their single cow had filled that morning And there she now lay, purring as in scorn. Tib, be elofore the meekest of mousers, the honestest, the least "scaddle" of the feline race-a cut that one would have sworn might have been trusted with untold fish-yesthere was no denying it-proofs were too strong against her-yet there she lay, hardened in her iniquity, coolly licking her whiskers, and reposing quietly upon-what! Jerry Jarvis' old wig!

The patience of a Stoic must have yielded; it had been too much for the temperament of the Man of Uz. Joseph Washford lifted his hand-that hand which had never yet been raised on Tibby save to fondle and caress-it now descended on her devoted head in one tremendous "dowse." Never was cut so astonished, so enraged; all the tiger portion of her nature rose in her soul. Instead of galloping off, hissing and sputtering, with arched back and tail erected, as any ordinary the class to which he belonged. Few persons Grimalkin would unquestionably have done under the circumstances, she paused a mo ment, drew back on her haunches; all her energies seemed concentrated for one prodigious spring; a demoniac fire gleamed in her gether accounted for, in vulgar esteem, even green and yellow eyeballs, as, bounding up-by the usual modes of accumulation; nor ward, she fixed her talons firmly in each of her assailant's cheeks-many and many a day after were sadly visible the marks of those envenomed claws-then, dashing over his shoulder with an unearthly mew, she leaped through the open casement, and was seen no more.

"The devil's in the cat!" was the apostrophe of Mrs. Margaret Washford. Her husband said nothing, but thrust the old wig into his pocket, and went to bathe his scratches at the pump.

Day after day, night after night, 'twas all the same, Joe Washford's life became a burden to him; his natural upright and honest mind struggled hard against the frailty of human nature. He was ever restless and uneasy; his frank, open, manly look, that blenched not from the gaze of the spectator, was no more; a sly and sinister expression had usurped the place of it.

Jerry Jarvis had a good-looking tulip-bed. and his neighbor Jenkinson fell in love with the pips and petals of "Neighbor Jarvis" There was one or two among them of such brilliant, such surpassing beautythe "cups" so well formed, the colors so defined. To be sure, Mr. Jenkinson had enough in his own garden; but then, "Enough," says the philosopher, "always means a little more than a man has got." Alas! alas! Jerry Jarvis was never known to bestow-his neighbor dared not offer to purchase from so wealthy a man; and worst of all, Joe, the gardener, was incorruptable. Aye, but the

wig! Joseph Washford was working away again in the blaze of the midday sun; his head looked | ke a copper sauce-pan fresh from the brazier :

"Why, where's your wig, Joseph?" said the voice of his master from the well known window; "what have you done with your wig?" The question was embarrassing-its tail had tickled his ear till it had made it sore; Joseph had put the wig in his pocket.

Mr. Jeremiah Jarvis was indignant; he liked not that his benefits should be ill appreciated by the recipient. "Hark ye, Joseph Washford," said be, "either wear my wig, or let me have it again!"

Washford's heart smote him; he felt all that was implied in his master's appeal. "It's here, your honor," said he; "I had only taken it off because we had a smartish shower; but the sky is brightening now. The wig was replaced, and the little tortuon pigtail wriggled itself into its accustomed

At this moment Neighbor Jenkinson peeped over the hedge.

"Joe Washford!" said Neighbor Jenkinson "Sir to you," was the reply.

"How beautiful your tulips look after the rain!"

"Ah! sir, muster sets no great store by them flowers," returned the gardener

"Indeed! Then perhaps he would have no

objection to part with a few?"
"Why, no! I don't think master would like to give then - or anything else-away, sir." And Washford scratched his ear.

"Joe!" said Mr. Jenkinson-"Joe!" Mr. Jenkinson said no more; but a half-crown shown from between his upraised fingers. How Joseph Washford's left ear did itch He looked to the ground-floor back-Mr.

Jarvis had left the window, Mr. Jenkinson's ground-plot boasted at

home, much about the same time, in a most extraordinary state from the "Three Jolly

Potboys. From that hour he was the fiend's

III. Joseph Washford had taken the first fatal step. He had taken two-three-four steps; and now from a hesitating, creeping, cat-like mode of progression, he had got into a firmer tread—an amble—a positive trot! He took the family linen "to the ,wash;" one of Mme. Witherspoon's best Holland chemises

was never seen after. "Lost!-impossible! How could it be lost! -where could it be gone!-who could have got it! It was her best-her very best!-she should know it among a hundred-among a thousand! -it was marked with a great W in the corner. Lost!-impossible! see!" Alas! she never did see. But Joseph Washford's Sunday shirt was seen, finer and fairer than ever.

The meeting !- ay, the meeting. Joe Washford never missed the Appledore Independent meeting-house, whether the services were in the morning or afternoon-whether the Rev. Mr. Slyandry exhorted or made way for the Rev. Mr. Tearbrain. Let who would officiate, there was Joe. As I have said before, he never missed; but other people missed—one missed an umbrella, one a pair of clogs. Farmer Johnson missed his tobacco-box, Farmer Jackson his great coat; Miss Jackson missed her hymn book, a diamond edition, bound in maroon-colored velvet, with gilt corners and clasps. Everything, in short, was missed—but Joe Washford; there he sat, grave, sedate and motionless, all save that restless, troublesome, fidgety little pigtail attached to his wig, which nothing could keep quiet. or prevent from tickling or inter-fering with Miss Thompson's curl, as she sat back to back with Joe in the adjoining pew. After the third Sunday, Nancy Thompson eloped with the tall recruiting sergeant of

the Connaught Rangers, The summer passed away, antumn came and went, and Christmas, jolly Christmas, was at hand. It was a fine, bracing morning. the sun was just beginning to throw a brighter tint upon the Quaker-colored ravine of Orlestone hill, when a medical gentleman, fellow has been unveiled at Westminster returning to the quiet little village of Ham Abbey. It is of pure white marble. Street, that lies at its foot, from a farmhouse at Kingsnorth, rode briskly down the declivity, when suddenly his active cob brought herself up in mid-career upon ber haunches, and stood stock still, snorting like a stranded grampus, and alike insensible to the gentle bints afforded her by hand and

It is of no great use, and not particularly agreeable, to sit still, on a cold, frosty morning in January, upon the outside of a brute that will neither go forward nor backward; so Mr. Moneypenny got off, in order to discover, if possible, what it was that so at-

tracted the attention of Bucephalus. His curiosity was not long at fault; the sunbeam glanced partially upon some object ruddier even than itself-it was a scarlet waistcoat, the wearer of which, overcome perchance by Christmas potation, seemed to have selected the thickest clump of the tallest and most imposing nettles, whereon to doze away the narcotic effects of superabundant juniper.

This, at least, was Mr. Moneypenuy's belief, or he would scarcely have uttered, at the highest pitch of his contralto, "What are you doing there, you drunken rascal? frightening my horse! Get up, I say—get up, and go home, you scoundrel!" But the "scoundrel" and "drunken rascal" answered not; he moved not, nor could the prolonged shouting of the appellant, aided by significant explosions from a double thouged whip, succeed in eliciting a reply. No motion indicated that the recumbent figure, whose outline alone was visible, was a living and breathing

"Come here, Jack," quoth the doctor to a passing plow-boy—"come here boy; lay hold of this bridle, and mind that my horse does F. T. not run away." Peggy threw up her head and snorted dis-

dain of the insinuation; she had not the slightest intention of deing any such thing. Mr. Moneypenny meanwhile, bered of his restive nag, proceeded, by manual application, to arouse the sleeper.

Alas! his was that "dreamless sleep that knows no waking;" his cares in this world were over. There lay before the doctor the lifeless body of a murdered man?

The corpse lay stretched upon its back, partially concealed, as we have before said, by the nettles which had sprung up among the stumps of the half-grubbed underwood the throat was fearfully lacerated, and the dark, deep, arterial dye of the coagulated blood showed that the carotid had been severed. There was little to denote the existence of any struggle; but as the day brightened, the sandy soil of the road exhibited an impression as of a body that had fallen on its plastic surface, and had been dragged to its present position, while fresh horse-shoe prints seemed to intimate that ing in town was damaged and many blown either the assassin or his victim had been mounted. The pockets of the deceased were turned out and empty; a hat and beavyloaded whip lay at no great distance from the body.

"But what have we here?" quoth Dr. Moneypenny; "what is it that the poor fellow holds so tightly in his hand?"

That hand nad manifestly clutched some article with all the spasmodic energy of a dying grasp. IT WAS AN OLD WIG!

In an old fashioned court-room a hale, robust man, somewhat past middle age, with a very bald pate, save where a continued tuft of coarse, wiry hair, stretching from above each ear, swelled out into a grayish-looking bush upon the occiput held up his hand before a grave and enlightened assemblage of jurymen. He stood arraigned for that offense most helmous in the sight of God and man, the deliberate and cold-blooded butcher yof an unoffending, unprepared fellow creature.

The victim was one Humphrey Bourne, a reputable grazier, worthy and well-to do, though, perchance, a thought too apt to indulge on a market day, when a score of ewes had brought in a reasonable profit. Some such cause had detained him longer than usual at the cattle show; he had left, the town late and alone; early in the following morning his horse was found standing at his own stable door, the saddle turned round beneath its belly, and much about the time that the corpse of its unfortunate master was discovered some four miles off by our

friend, the doctor. That poor Bourne had been robbed and

murdered there could be no question. Who, then, was the perpetrator of the atrocious deed! The unwilling hand almost refuses to trace the name of Joseph Washford. . Yet so it was. Mr. Jeremiah Jarvis was himself the coroner for that division of the county of Kent. He had not sat two minutes paring to operate against Baeninh with on the body before he recognized his grown. on the body before he recognized his quondam property, and started on beholding in the grasp of the victim, as torn in the deathstruggle from the murderer's head, his own old wig!-his own perky little pigtail tied up with a piece of shabby shalloon, now wriggling and quivering, as in salutation of its ancient master. The silver buckles of the murdered man were found in Joe Washford's shoes-broad pieces were found in Joe Washford's pockets-Joe Washford had himself been found, when the hue-and-cry was up,

## FOREIGN TELEGRAPHIC NEWS.

Sir Bartle Frere is dangerously ill. The Queen of Tahiti has arrived in Paris Trouble is in preparation for England in

India. General Schramm and Dewimpffen died in Paris last week.

The Irish dynamiters have made Paris

In London last week, 1,219 bales of Syd ney wool were sold.

The American treaty has been signed in Madrid and took effect March 1st.

Premier Gladstone favors the passage of a bill creating a Minister for Scotland.

The Toronto city council passed a law recently abolishing grocers' liquor licenses. On its last trip from New York to London, the steamer France lost 114 head of cattle.

The Baden Chamber has voted 66,000 marks for the preservation of Heidelberg Castle.

The French government has decided to expel from France all suspected dynamiters. Australian wines are to form an import-

ant feature at the Health Exhibition in By the wreck of the bark Ada Barton,

St. Johns, N. B., nine sailors were drowned. The steamer Thetis, purchased for the Greeley relief expedition, has set sail for

America. A strong movement is on foot in the province of Galicia to favor emigration to

Penny fares for first-class street ca commodations are being agitated in Man-chester, England.

The French government proposes at its own expense to inspect American bacon at ports of entry.

The steamer Great Eastern has been purchased by the English Government for a coal hulk at Gibraltar.

The waterspout at Arequipa, Peru, caused the drowning of several persons and great damage to property. Thomas Brook's memorial bust of Long-

A deficiency of 1,000,000 roubles in the last fourteen years, has been discovered

in the adiminstration of Turkistan. The bill granting nearly \$30,000,000 to the Canadian Pacific Railroad, passed the House of Commons at Ottawa, Can. The main building of the Oshawa Stove

Company's works at Oshawa, Ont., was burned. Loss, \$35,000; fully insured. In Russia since the first of January, sixteen persons, including the authoress Kenniz Raja, have been sent to Siberia.

A case of gold dishes made in India has been given to Dr. Evans, the American dentist in Paris, by the Prince of Wales.

According to mail accounts of Baker Pasha's defeat, fifteen Austrian, four German and four Swiss officers were killed.

At the beginning of last month the Rothschilds loaned the Egyptian government £1,000,000 without special security. Three thousand unemployed working-

men paraded in St. Etienne, France, de-manding a settlement of the labor crisis. Hollingshead declined to engage Sara Bernkardt for the Gaiety Theater until she pays £480 due on the Southport flasce.

The Emperor of Germany gave a state banquet at Berlin in honor of the special Russian Embassy and Grand Duke Mi-A dynamite explosion occurred in the cloak room of the Victoria railway station,

Seven men were seriously injured. The wheat and bean crops in Upper Egypt are in splendid condition, and the sugar crop is probably the largest on

F. T. Bradley, collector of customs at Port Emerson, Manitoba, was arrested, charged with embezzling,\$4,000 and burn-ing the manifests.

The chief inspector of explosives at Lonn asserts that there is no doubt that the explosion at Victoria station was caused by nitro-glycerine. A bridge on the Grand Trunk railway at

Montreal gave away, precipitating eleven cars loaded with general merchandise into he bed of the river. The Earl of Euston, who married a wo man of the town, wants a divorce from this wife on the grounds that a former

hasband has turned up. A spy sent to friendly tribes brings the information that the rebels had attacked

the tribe and captured seventy-three men and fifty grain-loaded camels, One thousand British troops advanced four miles and occupied Baker Pasha's fortifications at Trinkitat recently. The

enemy retired waving spears. A severe hurricane at Bowen, Australia caused immense destruction. Every builddown. Hundreds are homeless.

Tenders are invited for furnishing stores and provisions for twelve months, begin-ning in April, for the British army of occupation of 10,000 men in Egypt. Seven thousand Arabs have reinforced

the army of Osman Digma, who has taken command in person. He has altogether 18,000, against 5,000 British troops.

The city of Khartoum is tranquil. The market is full of Arabs daily, who freely bring in produce, prices of which have fallen off one-half since Gordon's arrival.

A false alarm of fire in the Theater Roy al, Monteal, at a matinee recently, caused a panic. Women fainted and men were trampled on. Several were badly bruised. The guard at the Chatham convict prison

was doubled recently in consequence of an expectation that an attempt would be made by Fenians to liberate Invincibles.

William H. Haigh, of Port Hope, Onta-rio, a passenger on the Circassian from England, was robbed on the passage of \$3,800 worth of jewelry and other valu-A Greenock, Scotland, justice of the peace sent a man named James Dakin the

other day to jail for thirty days, for kiss-ing another man's wife in a railway car-Yellow Calf, the rebellious Indian chief

gave himself up to the authorities at Broadview, N. W. T., together with four of his braves, recently, to be tried by the

Foote, editor of the Free Thinker, completed his year's imprisonment for blas phemy recently. Bradlaugh, with 2,000 Harry Tuttle, wounded in the Stoneville sympathizers, met him at the gates of the spearfish, Dakota, by masked men revision.

Spearfish, Dakota, by masked men recently and hanged.

Thirty-one head of cattle and sheep, longing to the cargo of the steamer Onta-rio, were condemned at Liverpool recently from Canada.

There is no truth in the statement made by several American papers that an insult was offered to the American flag on Washington's birthday by the proprietors of the a dog in January last, while returning Toronto Mail,

hid in a corn-rig at no great distance from the scene of slaughter, his pruning-knife red with the evidence of his crime.

## DOMESTIC TELEGRAPHIC NEWS.

Boston is to have an elevated road. Portsmouth, Ohio, is entirely submerged. A cremation society has been formed in

The cases against Frank James have been dropped.

The Queen of Tahiti has sailed from New York for Europe. Jay Gould gave his son George \$3,000,000

to begin life with. General William T. Sherman has been placed on the retired list.

A negro of Toledo, Ohio, was fined \$100 for marrying a white girl.

A fire in Wolcott, N. Y., destroyed thirty buildings. Loss, \$160,000.

There are sixteen private detective agencies in New York city.

Women outnumber men two to one be hind retail counters in New York. Colorado and Montana smelters consume each 25,600 cords of wood per year.

The Mississippi still continues to rise and is flooding the Southern country. The Plattersville (Wis.) bank closed its doors last week. Liabilities, \$150,000. Diminutive fare tables are for sale in Broadway, N. Y., for fifty cents each.

The losses by the floods in Los Angeles county, it is thought, will foot up \$70,000 Rate cutting has been ordered stopped on East-bound fast-freight lines from Chi-

A factional fight occurred among the Creek Indians in Arkansas. Several were killed.

The Central Pacific Railroad comprom ised the corporation's taxes on a basis of The telegraphic rates have been reduced

to all points on the Pacific coast from San Francisco. W. A. Kemp, of Blaco county, Texas, has raised a sweet potato weighing twenty

five pounds. The stage between Sonora and Milton Cal., was stopped twice by robbers, who

got nothing. If all the pension claims presented were passed it would take \$1,255,729,000 to pay

the pensioners. It is understood that Fred Douglass will settle amicably with his housekeeper, Louise Sprague.

A Georgia clergymen was lately paid twenty-five cents for performing a mar riage ceremony.

The steamer Sikiou, from Boston for Glrsgow, collidea with an iceberg, staving a hole in her bow. Work has been suspended in the collier-

ies at Mt. Carmel, Penn., on account of water in the mines. The Central Pacific Railroad is being sued by the State of California for \$89,640, amount of taxes due.

Nine hat factories of Reading, Pa., em ploying 800 hands, have reduced wages from 8 to 12½ per cent. Richard Campbell, a millionaire paper

manufacturer, committed suicide on board the steamer Brittanic. A committee of citizens of San Francis co raised \$5,200 in five hours for the benefit of the flood sufferers.

An appropriation of \$20,000 has been asked to complete the monument to Mary Lother, of Washington. Ex-Governor Samuel Price, of Lewis

burg, W. Va., died of congestion of the brain at Charleston, S. C. A year's time has been gained by the lawyer of Bisbee cowboys of Arizona. They murdered three men.

A woman named Hall, in a New York York hospital, killed her invalid husband by stabbing him with a knife. D. H. Regensberger, a lawyer,

horsewhipped by two women in San Francisco. Cause, abusive language. Nichols & Dupee, wool merchants, 115 Federal street, Boston, Mass., were burned out recently. Their loss is heavy. It is believed that the bill for the relief

of Fitz John Porter will pass the Senate by a majority of five or six votes. while at work on a mica mine near Mor-

gantown, N. C. No cause assigned.

A colony of retired army officers somewhere in North Carolina is the latest scheme of Brigadier General R. Dunn.

A terrible cyclone has swept over the Southeastern States, causing appalling loss of life and destruction of property. Mr. George C. Miln, the preacher who recently turned actor, made his appearance at one of the Brooklyn theaters last week Sadie Hall has sued the Collegian, the Wooster University paper, for \$100,000 damages for slighting mention to herself.

Mrs. J. H. Fosnaugh, a milliner of Huron, Dakota, was arrested for stealing \$2,700 from the American Express Company. Rev. Silas Smith, a colored preacher o

Moberly, Mo., was sentenced to five years' imprisonment for burning an opposition The papers of New York represent that the elevated railroads of that city are de-linquent on taxes to the amount of \$2.

General Rosser, of Minneapolis, leaves for Nicaraugua as chief engineer of the canal to be operated in opposition to De

Three thousand persons signed the temperance pledge during the meetings in Boston, held for two weeks, by Francis Murphy.

A petition was recently presented to the Massachusetts Senate asking for a law to establish five-cent fares on all Boston horse cars.

Allen Smith, a wealthy farmer of Wellsville, N. Y., is in the county jail for thirty days because he refused to pay a judgment of \$3.50.

An aged couple, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Wilson, of Winnetka, Wis., were killed by unknown parties and their house robbed of all valuables. Froze up in Montana, snowed up in Da

kota and washed out in Ohio, gives one an idea of the variety of the earth in the Figuro explains that the banquet tendered Messonier was not a demonstration against Mrs. Mackay, but a recognition of

the liftieth anniversary of Messonier's artistic life. The Philadelphia Coal Dealers' Associa tion is fighting the proposed cable rail-roads, because the cable makes the streets

ized at St. Louis recently for the coloniza-tion of Jewish refugees from Russia on

lands in the West, to be acquired. A mob at Hot Springs, Ark., have or dered all the witnesses against Doran, Pruitt, Landing and Allison, the four asassins, to leave town at the point of the

bayonet. Alfred Shender, an 8-year-old Chicago from school,

German newspapers, referring to the dynamite outrages in London, say that England is now reaping the fruits of her hospitality to anarchists and cutthroats from

## PORTLAND MARKET REPORT.

BUTTER—Fancy, fresh roll, # fb., 384 40c; inferior, grade, 20@25c; pickled, 256

CHEESE-California, 17@19e; Oregon

large, choice, 196/20c, small, none, large, choice, 1962-20c. small, none.

EGGS—# doz., 25c.

FISH—Extra Pacific codfish, whole, is
c., 7½c, boneless, in bxs., 8½c # lb.; domestic
salmon, hf bbls., \$6.00@7.00, bbls., \$11.00,
1-lb. cans, # doz., \$1.45; mackerel, No. 1, #
kit. \$1.75c2.00, No. 2, \$1.50c@1.75, No. 1,
hf bbls., \$10.00, No. 2, \$8.50; herrings,
salted, hf bbls., —, dried, 10-lb. bxs., 75c.

FLOUR—Fancy extra, # bbl, \$5.00;
bakers' extra. —; country, \$4.00@4.50;

-; country, \$4.00@4.50; bakers' extra, —; country, \$4.060 superfine, \$3.75. FEED, Erc.—Corn meal, \$7 100 lbs., @3.00: buckwheat, \$5.50; oat meal, \$4.00@ 4.25; cracked wheat, \$3.25@3.50; bran, \$7 ton \$15.@17; shorts, \$16@20; middlings, fine, \$22.50@30.00; hay, baled, \$18.00@20.00;

chop. \$22.50(a25.00.)
FRUITS—Prunes, Hungarian, #B., 1246
15c; raisins (new), # bx., \$2.50(a2.75, hf
bxs., \$2.75(a3.00, qr bxs., \$3.25(a3.35, 8th
bxs., \$3.25(a3.50; currants, Zante, # b. in bxs., 10c; citron, ♥ lb. in drums, 224c; almonds, Marseilles, ♥ lb., 18@20c, Lane, 20c; walnuts, Chili, 11@124c, California,

12@13c.
WHEAT—Good to choice, # 180 lbs., \$1.50@1.55, good valley; Walla Walla and Eastern Oregon, \$1.50@1.52\(\frac{1}{2}\).
OATS—Choice milling, nominal; good feed, 55c; ordinary feed, 50@53c.
BARLEY—Brewing, # 100 lbs., nominal;

feed, nominal-BUCKWHEAT—Nominal, \$1.50@2.00. CORN-No demand. RYE-Nominal, # 100 lbs., nominal

RYE—Nominal, # 100 lbs., nominal \$1.50@2.00

HIDES AND BAGS—Hides, dry, over 16 lb., # lb., 14c; Murrain hides, two-thirds off; hides wet salted, over 55 lbs., # lb., \$6 @7c (one-third less for light weights, damaged, cut grubby or dry salted); pelts. shearling, 10c@\$1.00; deer skins, winter, 12@15c, Eastern Oregon, 22c, summer, E O., 18@20c, valley, 25@30c; burlaps, 40 lb., 8½c, 45 ln., 9½c, 60 ln., 15c; twine, flour, 35@40c, wheat, 35c, fleece, 12@13c; gunnies, 18c; wheat sacks, 7@79c;

18c; wheat sacks, 7@7¢;

HONEY — In comb, # B., 22 @ 25c;

strained in 5 gal., 11c # B.; 1-gal. tins, #

doz, \$14.00@15.00, half-gal., \$7.50.

HOPS—# b., 15@20c;

PROVISIONS—Bacon, 11½@12½c; hams,

FROVISIONS—Bacon, 11½@12½c; hams, country, \$\vec{v}\$ lb., 13@15c, butcher, scarce; shoulders, 10@11c.

LARD—Kegs, \$\vec{v}\$ lb., 12c; Eastern, pails, 12@12½c; Oregon, tins, 12@12½c; California, 10-lb. tins, none

GREEN FRUITS—Apples, \$\vec{v}\$ bx., \$1.256

1.75; lemons, California, \$4.00@5.00, Sicily, \$12.00@13.00; oranges, \$\vec{v}\$ bx., \$4.00@4.50; limes, \$\vec{v}\$ 100, \$1.50@2.00

VEGETABLES—Potatoes, \$\vec{v}\$ bu., 506

No. according to variety; cabbage, \$\vec{v}\$ bx.

55c, according to variety; cabbage, # lb., 2½c; turnips, # sck., \$1.25; carrots, \$1.25; bests, \$1.25; onions (new), # lb., 1½c; pars-

nips, 14c. WOOL-Valley, 15@16c; Eastern Oregon, 14@15c. POULTRY -Chickens, ♥ doz., spring. \$4.00@5.00, old. \$6.00: ducks. \$10.00@12.00; geese, \$8.00@10.00; turkeys, \$7 lb., 12@14c.

RICE—Sandwich Islands, No. 1, \$7 lb., 5je; China mixed, 42@5c; China No. 1, none; Rangoon, 5je.

PRODUCE RECEIPTS. Receipts by leading lines of transporta-tion up to date, as compared to like period of last year have been:

	1883.	1882.
Wheat, ctls	607.983	2.435,268
Flour, ppis	335,671	315,430
Oats, ctls	66,606	96,781
Potatoes, sks	14,415	106,016
	2,888	4,820
Bran, ctls		37,568
Millstuff, ctls	45,754	33,674
Wool, Be	.038,110	1,499,236
Hides, he	CYG,GLD.	800, 630
Flaxseed, sks	11,369	80,261
Hops, hs	.680.818	630,468
Fruit, bx8	27,425	34,148
Hay, bis		
Lime, bbls	23,322	17,764
Butter, pkgs	2,175	2,682
Receipts for the past serbeen:	ven da	ys have
	Taller	Eastern.
Wheat, ctis	1,217	9,649
	07 12545	Annual Control

## SAN FRANCISCO MARKETS.

19,835

Bran, etls..... Millstuffs, etls.

RECEIPTS - Wheat, 42,200 ctls.; flour, 12,000 qr. sks.; oats, 125 ctls.; potatoes, 15 sks.; eggs, 7.500 doz.
FLOUR-San Francisco extra are job-

FI.OUR—San Francisco extra are jobbing at \$5.50@5.75; superfine \$3.75@4.50; inferior brands, \$5.00@5.50 for extra, and \$3.50@4.00 for superfine

WHEAT—Extra choice, \$\nu\$ ctl., \$1.77\documents.

1.80. Buyer season—300, \$1.83\documents; 100, \$1.82\documents.

BARLEY—Feed, \$\nu\$ ctl., \$1.12\documents.

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BARLEY—Feed, \$\nu\$ ctl., \$1.12\documents.

BARLEY—Feed, \$\nu\$ ctl., \$1.30\documents.

BARLEY—Feed, \$\nu\$ ctl., \$1.30\documents.

BARLEY—Feed, \$1.30\documents.

OATS-Black, \$1.45@1.50; white, \$1.50@ 1.65; for common, \$1.70@1,80 for fair to good, and \$1.75@1.77\ for extra choice

MIDDLINGS-Steady at \$19.00@21.00 # ton. HAY—Wheat, \$12,00@14.50; wild oat, \$12,00@14.50; barley, \$8,00@11.00; stable, \$13,00@14.00; cow, \$10.00@12.20; alfalfa,

MILLSTUFFS -Ground barley, \$24.00 @25.00 \$\text{\$\psi}\$ ton; o ake meal, old process, \$30.00, new proce \$26.50; rye flour, \$6.00 \$\text{\$\psi}\$ bbl.; rye meal, 50; buck-wheat flour, # lb., 5c; peari bar v, 4@5c; graham flour. 3c; oat meal, 5gc; Eastern oat meal, # bbl., \$9.75, net cash; cracked wheat, # lb., 4c. DRIED PEAS—Green, \$4.57; niles, \$3.50;

DRIED PEAS—Green, \$4.57; niles, \$3.50; blackeye, \$3.50 \$ ctl.

BEESWAX—Quotable at 28@28c. \$7 b.

POTATOES—New sell, according to quality, as follows: Small, 2c; medium, 2½c; large choice, 3½c \$7 lb. Sweets, \$2.75@3.00; Cuffey Coves, 95c@\$1.05; Jersey blues, 60@75c; Humboldts, 75c; Petalumas, 70c; Tomales, 70c; early goodrich, \$1.25@1.37½; early rose, 65@60c; river reds 48c; neerless, 96c

48c; peeriess, 90c SEEDS—Brown mustard, \$3,00 @ 3.50, yellow, \$3.00 Flax, \$2.50@2.75, ₩ ctl.; can-ary, 5@5jc; alfalfa, \$@9c; rape, 3@3jc, hemp; 3j@4c; timothy, 7@8c, ₩ lb, for im-BUTTER-Good to choice roll, # 16., 32j@35c; fair, 30@32c; firkin, 22@25c; west-

ONIONS-Good to choice, & sk., \$1.156 CHEESE—California, 17@18c; Eastern creamery, 16@19c; Western, 15@18c, ₹ lb. POULTRY—Dressed turkeys, 24@26c, live, 22@24c, \$\vec{v}\$ lb., for hens, and 22@24c for gobblers, geese \$2.25@2.75 \$\vec{v}\$ pair; ducks, \$11.00@14.00 \$\vec{v}\$ doz.; hens, \$8.00@8.50; roesters, young, \$8.50@9.50, old ido, \$7.50@8.00\vec{v}\$ broilers, \$5.00@6.00, according to size.

SALMON-Oregon, 1-lb cans, # doz., f. o. b., \$1.20, \$1.225.
EGGS-# doz., 26½@27½c.
APPLES-Oregon, # bx., \$1.50, \$2.25.
HIDES-Dry, # lb., usual selection, 18c; dry klp, 18c; dry calf, 18@21c; prime hair contains. EMACO.

oatskins, 6246670c. LARD—Eastern refined, 3 to 10-lb, tins,

9c, 12c,

CORN—Choice ary yellow, \$1.60; white, choice dry, \$1.40@1.50; common, \$1.37½ @1.45; Nebraska, \$1.45.

BRAN—Quiet and unchanged at \$17.80

\$9.00@11.00 \$\varphi\$ ton.

STRAW—Quotable at 50@60c \$\varphi\$ bale.

BUCKWHEAT—Quotable at \$3.25@3.50