THE COLUMBIAN.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

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CONDENSED ROMANCE.

"Duck? Dove!"
Young love.
Die cast;
Clings fast.
"Nuff sed;"
Must wed.

Parents kick,
Lovers stick.
"Can not be!"
"We shall see!!"
Bright night;
Seek flight.

Church found;
Grist ground.
Folks come;
Stock dumb.
"Too late!"
Fixed fate.

First year,
Skies clear.
Years two,
Rather blue.
Years three,
Jamboree.

Spats; sport:
Divorce court
Groom, bride
Untied.
Hearts crack,
Jill, Jack
Trot back.

—*I. E. Jones, in Judge.*

MY WINNY.

How I Won a Wife Amid the Ocean's Surges.

Stranger to Canada. I think you said? First visit to Ontario? Well, you're heartily welcome to Indian Creek. Take a chair on the piazza till dinner's ready—we dine early in these new-world parts.

Fine farm? Well, yes; Indian Creek is a nice place, if I do own it. All, as far as you can see—grass land, corn fields, woods and creeks—all belong to it. Stock, too—they call it the best-stocked farm in Ontario, I believe, and I dare say they're right. All mine; and yet I came to Canada twelve years ago, without even the traditional half-crown in my trousers' pocket. You look surprised. Would you like to hear the story? There's a good half-hour to dinner-time yet, and it's a story I never tire of telling, some how.

I began life as the son of a village carpenter in the South of England. You know that class pretty well, I dare say, and what a gulf was fixed between me and the vicar of the parish. And yet—and yet—from the time she was seven years old and I eleven, she fell down in the dusty road outside the carpenter's shop, and cried, and I picked her up, and smoothed the little crumpled pinafore, and kissed the dust out of her golden curls. I loved but one girl in the world, and that was the vicar's daughter, Winny Branscome.

Madness, you'll say. Well, perhaps so, and yet a man is but a man, and a woman a woman; and love comes, whatever one may do. There's no class distinction recognized by childhood and we were playmates and friends till she went to boarding-school. If Miss Winny had had a mother, no doubt things would have been very different; but we were all alike in never having known a woman's care, and the old vicar was blind to everything but his theological treatises.

But when she came back from her London boarding-school, a beautiful young lady, all smiles and laces and little lovely ways—then I knew. I had tried my best to study and work, and make myself more like the men she would meet; but what can a lad in an English village do? I just had enough education to make every other lad in the place hate me; and beside the men of her world I suppose I cut rather an astonishing figure. Yet the love of her was so beyond all else in me, that mad, hopeless as I felt it, I had no power over myself; and the first time I caught her alone in the woods—she avoided me, I saw, and I had to watch for a chance—I told her the whole story, and waited for her answer. She grew scarlet—a rush of color that dyed her fair, sweet face—then deathly white.

"Dick," she said, and she was trembling from head to foot, "you know it can never, never be; you know you are wrong even to dream of such a thing. Some girls would think it an insult—I know you better; but if my father heard of this, he would say you had abused his kindness to you; he would never forgive you. Forget your madness." And she ran from me.

I let her go. I had seen the blush and the tremor, and I guessed that if I had been Mr. Loftus, the young Squire, instead of Dick Hawtry, the carpenter's son, her answer might have been different. A great resolve sprang up in my soul, and I took a solemn vow in those June woods. That very night I sold the old shop (my father was dead and I had taken to the business), and with the money I bought an outfit, and started straight for Canada. It was pretty tough work at first, but I worked like a galley-slave—starved, and pinched and saved, and never spent a penny on myself except for the books I sat up half the night to read and study. Well, in this country the man who works and doesn't drink is sure to get on; and I had a mighty purpose in my head. By and by I bought some land dirt-cheap, and sold it for three times what I gave for it—then I began to make money fast. I should call my luck wonderful if I believed in luck, and didn't prefer to think I was helped by a Power far abler than my own. At last, ten years to the very day after I set foot on Canadian soil, I bought Indian Creek Farm, and began to build this house. All the neighbors thought my good fortune had turned my brain, for I fitted it up and furnished it for a lady, down to a little rocking-chair by my study-table, and a work-basket with a tiny gold thimble in it. And when all that was finished, I took the first ship for Liverpool.

Ten years builds a city over here. It doesn't make much change in a Devonshire village. The very gates were still half off their hinges, as I left them, only the people were a little older and a trifle more stupid, and there was a new vicar. Old Mr. Branscome had been dead six months; died very poor, they told me; there was nothing left for Miss Winny. My heart gave one great leap when I heard that. And Miss Winny? O, she had gone governessing with some people who were just off to Canada, and the ship sailed to-morrow from Liverpool.

The Liverpool express never seemed to crawl so slowly before. I got there to find every berth taken on board the Antarctic, and the captain raging at the non-appearance of two of the crew. Without a second's pause I offered for one of the vacant places. I was as strong as a horse, and active enough, and though the Captain eyed me rather askance—I had been to a West End tailor on my way through London—he was too glad to get me to ask any questions. So I sailed on the ship with my girl, little as she knew it. I saw her the first day or two, looking so pale and thin that she was like the ghost of her old self, and yet sweeter to my eyes than ever before. The children she had charge of were troublesome little creatures, who worried and badgered her till I longed to cuff them well. But there was a gentleness and a patience about her quite new to my idea of Miss Winny, and I only loved her the more for it. After the second day out the wind freshened, and I saw no more of her.

We had an awful passage. It was late in November—an early winter, and the cold was intense. It blew one continuous gale, and some of our machinery was broken—the screw damaged—and we could not keep our course. As we drew near the other side of the Atlantic, we got more and more out of our bearings, and at last the fogs told us we were somewhere off the Banks of Newfoundland, but where no one was quite sure. It seemed to me it had all happened before, or I had read it or dreamed it. At all events, it was hardly a surprise to me when, on the tenth night, just after midnight, the awful crash and shock took place—a sensation which no one who has not felt it can imagine in the least—and we knew that the Antarctic had struck.

It's a fearful thing, if you come to think of it, a great steamer filled with living souls in the full flow of life and health, and in one moment the call coming to each of them to die. Before you could have struck a match the whole ship was in a panic—cries, terror, confusion, agony—O, it was awful! I trust never to see such a scene again. I made my way through it all as if I had neither eyes nor ears, and got to the stateroom I had long ago found out was the one which belonged to my girl. I knocked at the door with a heavy hand; even at that awful moment a thrill ran through me at the thought of standing face to face with her again.

"Winny!" I cried, "come out! make haste! there is not a moment to lose!"

The door opened as I spoke, and she stood just within, ready dressed, even to her little black hat. The cabin light had been left burning, by the doctor's orders, and it fell full on me as I stood there in my sailor's jersey and cap. I wondered if she would know me. I forgot the danger we were in—forgot that death was waiting close at hand—forgot that the world held any one but just her and me.

"Dick!" she cried—"O, Dick, Dick!" and she fell forward in a dead faint on my shoulder.

All my senses came back then; and I threw her over my arm and ran for the deck. A great fur lined cloak had been dropped by the door of the ladies' cabin. There was no light, but I stumbled over it as I ran. I snatched it up and carried it with me.

Up above, all was in the wildest chaos; the boats over-filled, and pushing off; the ship settling rapidly; people shouting, crying, swearing. One hears tales of calmness and courage often enough at such times, which make one's heart glow as one reads them; but there was not much heroism shown in the wreck of the Antarctic. The Captain behaved splendidly, and so did some of the passengers, but the majority of them and the crew were mad with terror, and lost their heads altogether.

I saw there was not a chance for the over-crowded boats in that sea, and I sprang for the rigging. I was not a second too soon; a score of others followed my example, and with my precious burden I should not have had a chance two minutes later. As it was I scrambled to the topmast, and got a firm hold there. Winny was just coming to herself. I had wrapped her round like a baby in the fur cloak, and with my teeth I opened my knife to cut a rope which hung loose within reach. With this I lashed her to me, and fastened us both to the topmast. The ship sank gradually; she did not keel over, or I should not be telling you the story now; she settled down, just her deck above water, but the great seas washed over it every second and swept it clean. The boats had gone!

One or two of the crew, floating on loose spars, were picked up afterward—no more. The rigging was pretty full, at least in the upper part; down below, the sea was too strong. The Captain was near me. I felt glad to think he had been saved—he was not a coward like some of the others.

How long was the longest night you ever knew? Multiply that by a thousand, and you will have some idea of that night's length. The cold was awful. The spray froze on the sheets as it fell, the yards were slippery with ice. I stamped on Winny's feet to keep them from freezing. Did you notice that I limp a little? I shall walk lame as long as I live. Sometimes there was a splash in the black water below, as some poor fellow's stiffened hold relaxed, and he fell from his place in the rigging. There was not a breath of wind nothing but the bitter, bitter fog. How long could we hold out? Where were we? How long would the ship be before she broke up? Would it be by drowning or by freezing? We asked ourselves these questions again and again, but there was no answer. Death stared us in the face; we seemed to live ages of agony in every minute—and yet, will you believe me, that all seemed little in comparison to the thought that after all the struggles and the sorrows, after all those ten long weary years, I held my girl in my arms at last!

She had pulled one corner of the cloak around my neck (I stood on a level just below her,) and her hand lay there with it—it was the hand that warmed me more than the cloak—and her cheek rested against my own. Often I thought its coldness was the coldness of death, and almost exulted in the thought that we should die together. And then I would catch the murmur of the prayers she was uttering for us both and know that life was there still, and hope lived, too.

Well, well! Why should I dwell on such horrors, except to thank the Mercy that brought us through them all? Day dawned at last; and there was the shore near by, and soon rockets were fired, and ropes secured, and one by one the half-dead living were drawn from their awful suspension between sky and sea, and landed safe on shore. They had to take Winny and me together, just as we were, and even then they had hard work to undo the clasp of my stiffened arms about her. I knew nothing then nor for long after; and it is wonderful that Winny was the first to recover, and that it was she who nursed me back to life and reason.

And how did I ask her to marry me? Upon my word, now you ask, I can't remember that I ever did. That seemed utterly unneccessary, somehow. Caste distinctions look small enough when you have been staring death in the face for a few hours; and words were not much needed after we had been together in the rigging that night. Somehow I was glad it was so; glad my girl had taken me in my cap and jersey, for a common sailor, and yet loved the old Dick through it all; glad she never dreamed I was owner of Indian Creek farm, and the richest man in that end of Ontario, and had wealth and a position higher than Mr. Loftus, the young Squire at home. The people she was with had all gone down on that awful night; she had no one in the world but me. We were married at Montreal—the Captain of the Antarctic gave her away—and then I brought her home to Indian Creek. To see her face when she saw the rocking chair, and the work basket and the thimble! Heaven bless her!

There she comes, with her baby on her shoulder. Come into dinner, friend, and you shall see the sweetest wife in the new country or the old: the girl I won amid the ocean's surges.—*Bright Days.*

BABY DESTROYING.

The Many Deaths of Children Caused by Ignorance and Neglect of Parents or Attendants.

It has come to be a gospel with young married folk that the second summer is the destroyer of the baby. It is fate—kismet. That the second summer costs more lives than it ought is not the fault of the summer; it is the fault of the heat and the parents. The summer heat is dangerous to all young children: it is in connection with the bad diet of the second summer that it is fatal. It is a well-established fact that nearly all the mortality of second-summer babies is from diseases of the digestive organs, and these come from irrational artificial feeding. Children come to the table, eat pickles, unmashed or fried lumps of potatoes, beets, radishes, and the like, and the trouble begins. The stereotyped answer to the question; "What does the child eat?" is: "O, it eats at the table with the rest of the family." The result is enteric diseases and death, and the cause of death is ascribed to the "second summer." The first summer the baby stays at home, has its natural food, and pulls through fairly well. But the second summer it must show off. It is trundled down town through the heat of a July or August day, is overheated, excited, and its nervous system put to the strain. Keep the yearlings at home; give them a grass plat and a sand-pile. Do not let them come to the table, give wholesome food—milk, oat meal ground very fine and stirred and cooked for twenty minutes. Put them to bed at dark; with a garment they can not kick off when the nights are cool. Bathe them in tepid water night and morning. Stay at home with them and take care of them yourself, for it is not "the second summer" which kills the children, but the ignorance or negligence of those who attend, or rather do not attend, them. Colds and calves get through their second summers quite as well as their first, and there is no reason that the human animal should not live quite as close to nature and do quite as well.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

A Texas Centipede.

The centipede is not a pretty insect. He runs too much to legs. Once I thought them of no use, but after seeing a lot of little Chiricahua Indian papooses pulling centipedes from their holes and greedily devouring them, legs, poison and all, I no longer doubted the wisdom and beneficence of their creation. In the course of my checkered career I have had several adventures with centipedes and always came out second best. A centipede can raise a blister on a man's body quicker than a red hot iron, and if you don't immediately apply a remedial poultice of pounded prickly pear and dose yourself inwardly with post whisky—which latter is warranted to kill anything but an army mule—the resultant effects may be serious. Centipedes usually attack their victim at night, when he is asleep and can't defend himself. They are armed with about 200 little lances conveniently lashed to the toe of each foot—of which they have several—and at the base of each lance is a tiny sack of venom. If a centipede crawls across your body—which he'll most likely do if you lie down anywhere within a half mile of him—you'll have no difficulty in following his trail and you'll remember his visit for weeks. No man ever died from the bite of a centipede, but I have known one to make a man wish he were dead.—*Philadelphia Times.*

—To see her husband for half an hour on the day set apart for her semi-annual visit, the wife of a convict at Portsmouth, England, trudged all the way from Birmingham, wheeling their crippled child, eleven years old, in a perambulator. The journey occupied twenty-one days.

—The tribal government of the Cherokees is democratic in form, with an elective chief magistrate and an upper and lower house of representatives. The judiciary is also elective, and criminals are punished after the manner of the whites.—*Chicago Times.*

—The last blow to the roller-skating rink has been given by a Philadelphia physician, who says that roller-skating enlarges the feet.

—A deaf mute was recently ordained a clergyman of the Church of England by the Archbishop of Canterbury.

BIRD AND FARM.

Even Blackbirds and Crows of Some Benefit to Agriculturists.

The aim of this article is to point out the good and bad qualities of our common birds, and see whether they do more harm than good; to discover these we must consider their food. It is an interesting fact that our very injurious insects only come periodically, and when they do appear all the birds leave their usual food (consisting mainly of fruit and grain) and attack harmless and injurious insects alike. When vast swarms of grasshoppers are leaving devastation in their wake, the birds leave their natural food and fall upon the "hoppers," but after the storm of insect life has passed the birds return to their natural food, when the farmer has but little to spare. The thought may suggest itself that the birds by eating the fruit and grain of the farmer, after he has suffered from the grasshoppers, do more harm than they did good before. This, however, is not the case. Let us glance at the following figures and then perhaps we will change our minds: An ordinary grasshopper weighs about a tenth of an ounce, and in the course of twenty-four hours eats and digests about five times his weight, or half an ounce.

For example, we will take the robin: when the country is overrun with grasshoppers he eats about sixty during the day, or six ounces. Now, if these grasshoppers had lived they would have devoured thirty ounces of the farmer's grain in twenty-four hours. When the robin is busy with the "hoppers" he eats nothing else, and when he returns to his regular diet he eats about four ounces of the farmer's grain in a day, the remaining two being made up of harmless and injurious insects.

We have now arrived at the questions to be considered:

1. Are birds injurious or beneficial?
2. What birds do injury to agricultural plants?
3. Can these birds be exterminated without augmenting the farmer's loss?

After the foods of the various birds are looked into we shall be prepared to answer these questions. In describing the foods it is to be understood that everything is in natural condition: that is, no unusual abundance of grasshoppers or similar pests.

The robin lives on insects from February until May, south of the Ohio, and in higher latitudes his insect diet extends from the middle of March to May. During the remaining part of his stay with us we find him changing his diet for fruit, and in the height of the season we find him living almost entirely on it; in short, it forms two-thirds of his entire food, while the remaining third is formed of insects, ten per cent. of which are harmless. The fruits Sir Redbreast delights in most are raspberries, strawberries, blackberries, cherries and grapes.

The cat bird eats ants, crane flies and larvæ of some of the predacious beetles: its taste for fruit does not differ from the robin's.

We find more good qualities in the brown thrush than in any other bird. To be sure, it eats limited quantities of fruit, but that little score of harm is wiped out by the long score of good it does by devouring great numbers of harmful insects.

The blue bird may be classed as beneficial, because the amount of fruit it eats is so small as to hardly be noticed, and it destroys injurious insects in great numbers; but it also attacks many harmless and beneficial insects, such as spiders (not properly an insect) and flies.

The titmouse, or chicadee, is a woodland bird, and troubles the farmer least of all the bird family; in fact, the only way he opens himself to censure is his fondness for beneficial insects, but even on that score he nearly clears himself, because he eats numberless injurious insects besides destroying their eggs. This bird is one of the few which eat plant lice.

The cedar bird is noted for its ravages in the cherry orchards, but even this feathered robber is not wholly bad, though we must admit that he does not atone for the damage he does by eating a few predacious beetles.

The English sparrow is another bird we must put down as one that does more harm than good, eating more grain than it does insects.

The meadow lark is the only representative of the oriole family whose food we know anything definite about. We find it making about three-fourths of its food of insects, while the remaining one-fourth consists of seeds or grain. It eats no fruit whatever.

The cow bird feeds principally on seeds of weeds and grain, but destroys many injurious insects.

The common crow is omnivorous in habit, but is partial to corn. We also find it eating insects in great numbers, some harmless; but injurious ones he destroys in larger numbers.

The blue jay has a great liking for cherries and eats them in great quantities, but makes his score good by destroying injurious insects.

The fly catcher, as its name implies, is wholly insectivorous, and would be classed as harmless were it not for its unfortunate liking for the "busy bee;" but we find this fault outweighed by his wholesale destruction of injurious insects, and we can place him within the class of beneficial birds.

Woodpeckers are noted for their fondness of canker worms, and I do not doubt the farmer is willing he should have his fill. It must be admitted that he bores holes in the tree to build his nest, and samples the apples on your apple trees; but that is the small price he demands for the good he does in destroying canker worms.

The pigeons are entirely graniverous (grain eating), but must be considered only slightly injurious, as they eat but small quantities of wheat. Although they do not eat any insects, they do good service to the farmer by eating the seeds of several noxious weeds

The quail eats less grain than the pigeon, but devours great quantities of grasshoppers, chinch and potato bugs (or really potato beetles). We must class the quail as beneficial to the farmer.

We will not consider any of the aquatic birds, as they have so little to do with the farmer that we can not say whether they are beneficial or harmful.—*Farm, Field and Stockman.*

THE TRUMAN AND JOSLYN FEUD.

How It Stands to Date—Five Joslyns Gone—Two to Follow.

[New York Sun.]

Farmer Truman, of Kentucky, was up an apple tree the other day, hand-picking a choice lot of seek-no-furthers, when along came Farmer Joslyn. As Farmer Joslyn had a shotgun with him, a careless observer might have reasoned that he was out gunning for quail. There was nothing of the careless observer about Farmer Truman, however. He didn't tumble from the tree right away, but he did tumble to Farmer Joslyn's errand, and he halted in his picking and called out:

"After me, eh?"

"Jist so, naybur!"

"Well, I was sort o' expecting you, but not quite so early. Is this the same old feud—the one starting over a line fence forty-eight years ago?"

"Yes, the same old thing which has caused the deaths of three Trumans and four Joslyns."

"Oh, I didn't know but something new had come up. Say, naybur, I'll be down in just a minit."

"I know you will, and you'll probably come head fust. I've come over this morning to shoot another Truman, and kinder even up numbers."

"But I ain't armed. My shotgun is in the house."

"That's all the better fur me, naybur!"

"But you'll give me a few minutes in which to say my prayers?"

A few minutes for prayers.

"Oh, as to that, I don't mind allowing you three or four minits, though I'm in a hurry to git back home and go to cutting corn. Go ahead, naybur."

Farmer Truman settled himself in a crotch and seemed to be praying, while Farmer Joslyn kept an eye on him, and impatiently waited to catch the concluding "amen." He was in this state of mind when a hole about as large as his arm was bored through him from back to front and a boy of 14 came running up and called out:

"Pop! are you up there?"

"Yes, my son."

"I saw his hat the bulge on you and I got the gun and dropped him!"

"Right, my boy. That's what I was praying for."

"How many Joslyns does this make?"

"Five. We've only two more to kill off to weed out the lot."

"Well, I'll tell one of the niggers to go over and see if the family want the body. Good-by, pa, I shall be late to school."

"Good-by, my son. Always strive to be a good boy if you want success in life."

Lincoln and Gen. McClellan.

[New York Tribune.]

Two years ago the chief of engineers of the United States army, at Washington, recommended that congress be asked to make an appropriation for strengthening at this day the principal fortification in the line of defenses that were constructed around Washington in the early days of the rebellion. This recommendation brought to mind an anecdote of President Lincoln, related by the late Gen. J. G. Barnard at a dinner given in 1871, at Inverness, in the north of Scotland.

The dinner was a sumptuous one and much enjoyed by the distinguished guests. Betimes the ladies retired, and the cloth being removed, "Hot Scotch mist" was brought in. Soon speeches followed, and each guest was "reminded of a story." It came Gen. Barnard's turn. He arose with his usual dignity, and spoke substantially as follows:

"Gentlemen, I cannot sing a song, tell a story or pay a sixpence; but I will relate for your information and amusement an incident in my professional life. In the early part of the war of the rebellion I was chief of engineers on the staff of Maj. Gen. George B. McClellan. It was decided at a council of war to fortify Washington. Plans of the forest and the lines of the fortifications were accordingly prepared and the works were constructed in due time, and when completed the general invited President Lincoln and his cabinet to a review of the troops and an inspection of the forts and lines of fortification. On the day appointed the inspection commenced at Arlington. We followed the line of the works southerly and recrossed the Potomac to the easterly side of the river and continued along the line easterly of Washington and into the heaviest of all the fortifications on the northerly side of Washington. When we reached this point the president asked Gen. McClellan to explain the necessity of so strong a fortification between Washington and the north.

"Gen. McClellan replied: 'Why, Mr. President, according to military science it is our duty to guard against every possible or supposable contingency that may arise. For example, if under any circumstances, however fortuitous, the enemy, by any chance or freak, should, in a last resort, get in behind Washington, in his efforts to capture the city, why, there the fort is to defend it.'

"'Yes, that's so, general,' said the president; 'the precaution is doubtless a wise one, and I'm glad to get so wise an explanation, for it reminds me of an interesting question once discussed for several weeks in our lyceum or moot court at Springfield, Ills., soon after I began reading law.'

"'Ah!' says Gen. McClellan, 'What question was that, Mr. President?'

"'The question,' Mr. Lincoln replied, 'was, "Why does man have breasts?"' and he added that after many evenings' debate the question was submitted to the presiding judge, who wisely decided 'That if under any circumstances, however fortuitous, or by any chance or freak, no matter of what nature or by what cause, a man should have a baby, there would be the breasts to nurse it.'"

Arkansaw Traveler: Two men riding on a railroad train. One of them buys a book, and after reading it a while, throws it down, turns to his chance companion, and says:

"This is the dullest book I ever saw. It is a fraud. I'd like to maul the author. What are you taking off your coat for?"

"I am the author."

LATE NEWS SUMMARY.

Pacific Coast, Eastern and Foreign.

Charles Scanlan, of Louisville, killed a man for pulling his dog's tail.

Several persons were killed by the fall of a building at Jersey City, N. J.

The strike of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy switchmen is reported ended.

Engineer Allen was killed in a railroad accident on the Erie road at Elmira, N. Y.

Colonel Albert Howell was shot and fatally injured by H. C. Pope, at Atlanta, Ga.

Three Chinamen were drowned by the capsizing of their boat near Monterey, Cal.

Two white men, names unknown, fought a duel near Sherman, Texas, and were killed.

Chief Justice E. M. Ross, of California, will retire from the bench on the 1st of January.

There are nearly 3000 women voters on the lists at Toronto. They have full municipal suffrage.

Near Eagle Pass, Texas, four Mexicah desperadoes who resisted arrest were killed by officers.

John Freeze and Fred Bergmann were drowned on Shoal creek, near Greenville, Ill., by the upsetting of a raft.

Four men working in the Croton acqueduct at New York City were killed by a bucket falling down the shaft.

At Greenville, Cal., a miner named B. Serevo fell down the shaft of the Plumas Con. mine and was instantly killed.

At Sacramento, Cal., Mrs. Wm. Olson, while temporarily insane, murdered her baby and then cut her own throat.

Private letters received at Ottawa, Ont., confirm the reports of lawlessness among the Blood and Blackfeet Indians.

Lula Garfield, who skates at a Youngston, Ohio, rink, is advertised by the proprietor as a niece of the late President.

At its recent meeting in Washington, the Labor Congress adopted a resolution in favor of enforcing the eight-hour rule.

A young woman of Jamaica Plains, Mass., was made seriously ill by receiving of anonymous letters prophesying her death.

At Enfield, Me., Ed. Whitney shot his wife twice and then shot himself through the heart. They had been married three weeks.

Cholera is reported to have become epidemic in Brittany and is committing frightful ravages, the scourge being worse than it was at Marseilles.

Should he live until January 3, 1886, Emperor William will celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of his ancension to the throne of Prussia.

The dwelling of H. A. Grayson, a prominent citizen residing near Galveston, Texas, was destroyed by fire, and his wife perished in the flames.

Miss Susan Morse, daughter of the late S. F. B. Morse, inventor of the telegraph, suicided by jumping from a Spanish vessel en route to Havana.

Two highwaymen stopped the stage between Pleasant Valley and Merced Falls, Cal., and relieved the passengers of their spare change to the amount of $150.

The Mexican Congress has approved a modified contract with Capt. Eads for a ship railway, and the bill has gone to the President for his signature.

The police force of Laramie, Wyoming Territory, are provided with blacksnake whips to use on all boys found on the streets after 10 o'clock at night.

Geerge Wolf, a farmer, of Melrose, near Lansingburg, N. Y., recently sold his wife to Augustus Ham, his hired man, for $2.50. The lady weighed 200 pounds.

W. H. Vanderbilt died suddenly of paralysis of the brain at his home in New York, December 8th. He willed the bulk of is immense fortune to his son Cornelius.

The Cattle Growers' Association of Nevada, Idaho and Montana have raised $3000 to pay detectives for scouring the Snake River country for cattle thieves.

Dennis P. Murphy, official stenographer of the United States Senate, receives $25,000 per annum for reporting the debates, but out of that he pays for all assistance.

A fight occurred at Macon, Ga., recently, between white and colored coal miners. One white man and three negroes were killed, and a number severely injured.

Miss Adelaide Cushing, an accomplished young lady, committed suicide with a pistol near Monterey, Cal., because her parents opposed her marriage to the man of her choice.

At Akron, Ohio, a sewer which was being constructed, caved in, burying seven laborers—four were crushed to death and three others injured so badly that they will probably die.

Representatives of a syndicate, of which ex-Secretary Windom is a member, report that money has been provided for the construction of 550 miles of the El Paso, St. Louis & Chicago Railroad.

At a meeting of the New York Board of Trade and Transportation a resolution was adopted recommending that the compulsory coinage of the standard silver dollar be suspended, and that the coinage of the silver dollar be resumed only when demanded by the general interests of the country.

PRODUCE MARKET.

Portland.

FLOUR—Per bbl, standard brands, $4.25; others, $2.2.@3.25.

WHEAT—Per ctl, valley, $1.22½@1.25; Walla Walla, $1.12½@1.15.

BARLEY—Whole, ℔ cental, $1.17½; ground, ℔ ton, $24@25.

OATS—Choice milling, 35@38c; choice feed 35@38c.

RYE—Per ctl, $1.50@2.

BUCKWHEAT FLOUR—Per ctl, $4.00.

CORN MEAL—Per ctl, $2.50@3

CRACKED WHEAT—Per ctl, $3.

HOMINY—Per ctl, $4.00.

OATMEAL—Per ctl, $3.25@3.50.

PEARL BARLEY—Per ctl, $5.00@6.00.

SPLIT PEAS—Per lb, 6½c.

TAPIOCA—Per lb, 6½c.

SAGO—Per lb, 6c.

VERMICELLI—Per lb, No. 1, $1.25; No. 2, $1.

BRAN—Per ton, $13.

SHORTS—Per ton, $15.

MIDDLINGS—Per ton, $20@22.

CHOP—Per ton, 18.50@20.

HAY—Per ton, baled, $7@9.

OIL CAKE MEAL—Per ton, $32.50.

HOPS—Per lb, Oregon, nominal; Wash. Ter., do.

BUTTER—Per lb, fancy roll, 30c; inferior grade, 12; pickled, 15@20c.

CHEESE—Per lb, Oregon, 12@13c; California, 12@13c.

EGGS—Per doz, 35c.

DRIED FRUITS—Per lb, apples, quarters, sacks and boxes, 5½; do sliced, in sacks and boxes, 4½@5½; apricots, 15c; blackberries, 14@15c; nectarines, 15c; peaches, halves unpeeled, 9@10c; pears, quartered, 7½@9; pitted cherries, 17@; pitted plums, California, 8@10c; do Oregon, 7½@8c; currants, 7@8; dates, 9@10c; figs, Smyrna, 10½@20; California, 6; prunes, California, 7½@8; French, 10@12½; Turkish, 6½@7½; raisins, California London layers, $2.75@3.50 ℔ box; loose Muscatels, $2.25; Seedless, ℔ lb, 12.; Sultana, 12.c.

RICE—China, No. 1 $5½; do No. 2, $5½; Sandwich Islands, No 1, ℔ lb, 5.c; Japan, 5.c ℔ lb.

BEANS—Per cental, pea, $2.50; small whites, $2.25 bayos, $2.25, lima, $3.00, pink, $2.25.

VEGETABLES—Beets, $1; cabbage, $2; carrots, $1; cauliflower, ℔ doz, $100@.12½; celery, ℔ doz., 75c; sweet potatoes, ℔ lb., 12@12c; onions, new, 12c. turnips, ℔ lb, 1c, spinach, ℔ sack 40@.50c.

POTATOES—Per sack 40@60c.

POULTRY—Chickens, ℔ doz, spring, $1.50@2.00; old $2.00@3.00; ducks, $4.00; geese, $6@7.00; turkeys, ℔ lb nominal.

HAMS—Per lb, Eastern, 12½@14.c; Oregon, 11@12c.

BACON—Per lb, Oregon sides, 8 8½c; do shoulders, 7@7½.

LARD—Per lb, Oregon, 8. Eastern, 8@10c.

PICKLES—Per 5-gal keg, $1.10; bbls, ℔ gal., 30@32½.

SUGARS—Quote bbls: Cubs, 7¾ dry granulated, 7½c, fine crushed, 8.; golden C, 6c.

HONEY—Extracted, 6c; comb, 15c.

COFFEE—Per lb, Guatemala, 22; Costa Rica, 12½ Old Government Java, 35; Rio, 12½@13c Salvado, 10½c; Mocha, 22½@.5; Kona, 18c.

TEAS—Young Hyson, 25@65c; Japan, 12@55c; Oolong, 15@65c; Gunpowder and Imperial, 25@65c.

SYRUP—California refinery is quoted at 42½c in bbls, 52½c in kegs and 1-gal. tins 62½.

CANNED GOODS—Salmon, 1 lb tins, ℔ doz, $1.15; oysters, 2-lb tins, ℔ doz, $2.2; 1 lb tins, $1.4; ℔ doz; lobsters, 1-lb tins, ℔ doz, $1.9; clams, 2 lb tins, ℔ doz, $2 2.5; mackerel, 5-lb tins, ℔ doz, $8.00@8.75; fruits, ℔ doz tins, $1.75@2.50; jams and jellies, ℔ doz, $1.90; vegetables, ℔ doz, $1@1.50.

FRESH FRUIT—Apples, Oregon, new, ℔ box, 50c@.75; bananas, ℔ bunch, $3@4; cranberries, Western, $11.00@12.00 ℔ bbl; grapes, ℔ box, $1@1.50; Lemons, Sicily, ℔ box, $7@7.50; Limes, ℔ 100, $1.25; pineapples, ℔ doz, $8.00; pears, ℔ box, 40@75c.

SEEDS—Per lb, timothy, 6.; red clover, 14@15c; orchard grass, 16c; rye grass, 14@10c.

WOOL—Eastern Oregon, spring clip, 12@16c ℔ lb; fall clip, 10@14. Valley Oregon, spring clip, 16@18c; lambs and fall, 14@16c.

SALT—Carmen Island, ℔ ton, $15@17; Liverpool, ℔ ton, $16@19; 5-lb bags for table 4½@5c.

NUTS—California almonds, ℔ 100 lbs, 15c; Brazil, 12½c; chestnuts, 10@20c; cocoanuts, $6@7.50; filberts, 14c; hickory, 10c; peanuts, ℔@12½c; pecans, 14c; California walnuts, 9@9½c.

HIDES—Dry, 16@17c; salted, 6@7.

San Francisco.

FLOUR—Extra, $4.50@4.75 ℔ bbl; superfine, $2.75@3.50.

WHEAT—No. 1 shipping, $1.40@1.41½ ℔ ctl; No. 2, $1.30@1.35; Milling, $1.42½@1.45.

BARLEY—No. 1 feed, $1.40@1.42½; brewing, $1.45@1.52½.

OATS—Milling and Surprise, $1.35@1.40 ℔ ctl; Feed, No. 1, $1.25@1.27½; No. 2, $1.17@1.22½.

CORN—Yellow, $17½@1.20 ℔ ctl; white, $1.15@1.20.

RYE—$1.25@1.27½ ℔ ctl.

HOPS—7@9c ℔ lb.

HAY—Barley, $10@11.50 ℔ ton; alfalfa, $9@12; wheat, $8.50@ 5.50.

STRAW—75c@ 5c ℔ bale.

ONIONS—Per ctl, 75@1.15.

POTATOES—Early rose, 35@45c; river reds, 50c@.65c; sweets, 35c 60.

BEANS—Small white, $1.65@1.90 ℔ ctl; pea, $1.65@1.90; pink, $1.20@1.30; red, $1.25@1.35; bayos, $1.30@1.45; butter, $1.10@1.30; limas, $2.50@2.75.

HONEY—Comb, 10@13c ℔ lb for best grades; strained, 4½@5c.

CHEESE—California, 10 12c ℔ lb.

BUTTER—Fresh roll, good, 22@27½c; choice, 30@32½c; fancy, 35@37c; pickled roll, choice, 27@29c; other grades, 10@17c.

EGGS—35 40c ℔ dozen for California; Eastern, 30 3c.

Bonnet Verses Flour.

It is a question whether the flour barrel or the spring bonnet has "the call" in our household discussions. Many old and experienced observers stake their money on the "S. B.," while to a casual onlooker the "F. B." would seem to be of greater importance. It was just after the sermon, and they were wending their way home in a soothed and peaceful state of mind.

"Oh, Job, did you see that delightful new bonnet of Mrs. Arbuthnot? I think I want something like that."

"Like hat?" exclaimed Mr. Shuttle. "That why, it's the worst phantasy in rag roses I ever saw."

"Now, Job, you know better. That bonnet is a complete symphony in harmonious tones, an effect that is perfectly bewitching, and I'll have one like it if I have to scrape the slivers off the inside of the flour barrel for the next loaf of bread."—*Hartford Post.*

—Christianity is protected as the State religion in Madagascar. The best authorities place the number of Protestants there at 350,000 and Roman Catholics 35,000. Education is compulsory. One district alone makes a return of 100,000 pupils in the schools.