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LATE NEWS SUMMARY.

Pacific Coast, Eastern and Foreign.

A number of Servian soldiers were frozen to death in their tents.

The negro exodus from Southern States to Arkansas still continues.

Henry Villard will soon return from Berlin and reside in New York city.

Frank A. Call, a salesman, committed suicide with a revolver at Boise, Idaho.

Nearly 200 Chinamen have procured naturalization papers at El Paso, New Mexico.

Three hundred cigar makers left Chicago on a special train for San Francisco.

Apache Indians ambushed and killed five soldiers near Silver City, New Mexico.

Twenty-three thousand Germans have petitioned the Reichstag to permit optional cremation.

Sam Wilson murdered Mrs. Perryman and her two children at Laurel, Miss. He was lynched.

The steamer Hudson sank on Lucas bar, fifty miles below St. Louis, with a cargo valued at $15,000

Jack Sanders and W. L. Bacon, cowboys, fought a duel at Fort Fetterman, Wyo., and both were killed.

A train ran into a hand-car on the N. P. R. R. near Helena, Montana, instantly killing Mrs. Gunnon.

The tomb of W. H. Vanderbilt is guarded constantly by four watchmen, who will remain on duty all winter.

George Butler, a brakeman, was run over and killed by a train on the A. & P. R. R., at Manuelito, Arizona.

In twenty large towns of Iowa, under the prohibitory law, the number of saloons has increased sixty per cent.

Henry Moore and Joseph Beddle, in crossing a railroad track near Lafayette, Ind., were struck by a train and killed.

A huge black bear held possession of a street in Kalamazoo, Mich., recently, until he chose to take to the timber.

Henry Warnacke and James McWhirter were killed by the explosion of a grease-tank in a slaughter-house at Nashville, Tenn.

Ex-United States Senator Sabin and others recently purchased 80,000 acres of land in one lot from the Northern Pacific Railroad Company.

A Christmas tree became ignited in the County Hospital at Chicago, causing a panic, and nearly 100 persons were injured before it subsided.

A snowslide struck the mouth of the Prodigal Son mine, near Silverton, Colo., filling an 85-foot shaft and burying Burk Hovey and J. M. Scales.

A Forestry convention was recently held at Defuniak Springs, Florida. Delegates from all the Southern and several of the Northern States were present.

Fears are entertained in London that the British bark Nooshead, Captain Peeles, which sailed from Sidney, N. S. W., August 29, for Portland, Or., has been lost.

Two hundred masked men at Pine Run, Penn., assaulted and had a fight of two hours with a squad of non-union miners, one of the latter being fatally injured.

A cage containing fourteen men fell fifty feet down the shaft of the Sangoman mine, near Springfield, Ill. One man was fatally and five others seriously wounded.

The present United States Congress contains ninety-two former Federal soldiers and sixty-six Confederates. Those who received a collegiate education number 138.

An express train on the Utah & Northern Railroad was thrown from the track near Market Lake, Idaho, and one man was killed and several others badly hurt.

At Dubuque, Iowa, John B. Mueller drove one chisel entirely through his head and imbedded another in his forehead to the depth of one and one-half inches. He is still alive.

An old man named John Wynne, living near Spokane Falls, W. T., while hunting for stock in the woods was shot and killed by one of a party of hunters who mistook him for game.

An explosion of gas took place in the Mill Creek mine at Wilkesbarre, Pa., fatally injuring three men and maiming several others. A driver-boy had his right eye torn from its socket.

There was a shower of fish at Cumberland, Md., recently. For a radius of about a mile small fish, resembling smelt, were found in abundance. It is supposed they were taken from the bay in a water-spout.

Mrs. W. H. Hancock was murdered with an ax in the hands of an unknown assassin at Austin, Texas. About the same hour, a few blocks distant, James Phillips and his wife met a similar fate.

P. O'Rourke, who loaned Horace Greeley $1,000 to aid in starting the New York *Tribune*, and who has ever since had charge of the engine and press rooms in that establishment, dropped dead from heart disease.

The gold-mounted sword, sent by President Cleveland to the Governor of the Russian Province of Yakotuk, arrived there after the death of that official. It was then tendered to the Czar, who ordered it placed in the Imperial arsenal as a tribute of American friendship.

The water of the Susquehanna river at Nanticoke, Pa., broke through the workings of a coal mine and entombed thirty miners. After four days and nights of futile efforts to rescue the imprisoned men, all hope of finding them alive was abandoned. A new shaft will have to be sunk in order to recover the bodies.

THE CREMATORIUM AT MILAN.

A Description of the Method of Incineration Employed There.

The crematorium stands at the far end of the grounds, a building not large or high, but with its crescent-shaped open *atrium* of white marble sufficiently handsome and imposing. On the frieze is this inscription: *Tempio Crematorio per volonta del Alberto Keller eretto e donato alla citta di Milano.* On the wall facing the entrance is a handsome medallion of Albert Keller, who was duly cremated in the temple of his own providing. Many portions of the wall are marked off in small tablets inscribed with the names of the persons whose bodies have undergone cremation, and whose ashes, in many cases, repose in an urn or small vessel in a niche behind the tablet. Ashes they are not, properly speaking. I was shown about a couple of handfuls of white bleached bone, in bits not larger than one's finger—all that remained, as I learned, after the cremation of the body of a man some ten stones in weight. Other spaces have been appropriated by intending cremators, and have the word "Assegnato" inscribed on them. Through a small door you pass from the *atrium* into what I may describe as the operating room, in the middle of which stands the enclosed furnace, looking like an enlarged edition of the family laundry copper. The fire is kindled at the back of the furnace, and when at the proper moment released by the uplifting of iron shutters, comes roaring through two large orifices, and quickly fills the whole of the space where lies its prey. The body—*il cadavero*, as the attendant called it, seeming to take great delight in repeating the words—dressed in a light linen or woolen shroud or rather costume, is taken from the shell in which it has been brought, and laid on a marble slab, thence transferred to a large iron tray, which is borne to the mouth of the furnace and laid on a frame, which, by the action of a winch, is wound into the interior with its burden. The iron door is then closed, the shutters, as described above, are raised, and the furnace, to use an American expression, is literally in full blast. At the end of two hours the operation is complete, and all that there remains of what was once a man, full of "blood, bones, marrow, passion, feeling," are "Two handfuls of white dust shut in an urn of brass."

The system at present in use is that of Paola Gorini; it takes, as I have said, two hours and the consumption of three hundred kilogrammes of wood and twenty-five kilogrammes of charcoal. The cost of everything, including the mural tablet, is ninety-four francs. A new method, known as the Systeme Venini, under which the incineration will be effected by gas, was then immediately about to be tried.—I saw the furnace just completed,—and is no doubt now in operation. Under this system the whole affair will be completed in fifty minutes.

In this place, which was perfectly sweet, clean and wholesome, without the faintest trace of anything calculated to offend the sense of sight or smell, there are about eighteen or twenty cases of cremation every month. They are, the attendant told me, decidedly on the increase, and were the cholera scare again to appear, he had no doubt, from what he had heard, that the practice would have large numbers of adherents. Already bodies for cremation are sent from distant parts of Italy, and on the next day one was expected from Paris. And, indeed, when I thought of all the horrors of our ordinary "burvings," I could not wonder at the desire to be quit of them, no matter at what amount of trouble or expense.—*London World.*

THE ART OF GETTING HER.

A Man Sure of Success in His Love Affairs if He Goes the Right Way About It.

'Tis sweet to love; but oh, how bitter,
To love a gal and then not git her.

The man who loves the right way can always "git her."

"A score of men made love to me," said an excellent Louisville lady, "and any one of them might have had me if he had studied the art of love-making with the same care he would give any time to a game of chess. I hold love-making as an art. There is no such thing as love at first sight. We may admire each other in the beginning, but immediate affection is out of the question. First impressions, no matter how favorable, must be strengthened by artful cultivation. Then love comes, and if the man who sues makes no mistake he is sure to win, no matter what his condition may be. Of course he must talk well, dress respectably, and, above all, wear clean linen and keep his face free from dirt. If he does all this and sues judiciously no arrow of misfortune can keep the victor's wreath from off his crown. I might add that one of the requisites in personal appearance is clean teeth. A man may have a nose like a pumpkin, or a mouth like a mammoth cave, or eyes like a jay bird, a hand like a ham, or a foot as big as a canoe, and he can win, but if his teeth are not what a gentleman's teeth ought to be he will rue the day that he gave his heart to a well-bred woman. He may be tall or short, stout or lean, with a voice like a fog-horn and a carriage as ungraceful as the amble of a camel, and he may yet win any woman in the world if he tudes her with care and keeps his teeth clean.—*Louisville Commercial.*

—Mr. W. G. Gray, of Paulding County, is in some degree a remarkable man. He is nearly sixty years old, weighs two hundred and fifteen pounds, and is still fattening. He has represented Paulding County twice in the Legislature. In all his life he has never whistled, sang a song or hallooed. He has never used tobacco in any way. He has never cursed an oath. Last, but not least, he has never been drunk. —*Macon (Ga.) Telegraph.*

—A Toronto Judge refused the application of certain petitioners for the incorporation of a club for rowing, sailing, yachting and other social sports, on the ground that the petitioners were too old for such exercises.

FIREMEN'S HATS.

Belts and Trumpets—More Volunteer Companies Than Formerly—Interesting Points.

"With all the changes in the styles of hats the old regulation fireman's hat holds its own," said one of the oldest dealers in firemen's equipments in the city to a reporter. The place was a little store on a down-town cross street, and the dealer was found busily at work attaching small red-leather letters to strips of white leather by means of glue.

"The regulation fireman's hat today is the same shape as it was long before we began business, and that is twenty-five years ago," he added. "They are lighter weight, but that is the only difference. We make them usually of black, but there are fire companies who prefer colored ones, and we have made them in all colors. Just now we are filling an order for a lot in a bluish-gray color. The chief part of a fireman's hat is made of oak-tanned sole leather, fastened to a framework of strong wire."

"What are the prices?" was asked.

"The usual price is from $4.50 to $5 each, but I have made fancy ones for presentation purposes that cost as high as $75. You may think it a little strange, but we send a good many of them to South America. Another fact that may interest the public is that Cuba has the largest fire company in the world. Why, we have made over two thousand equipments for Cuba and Havana. The reason this company is the largest known is because the whole fire department there is called one company. It is known as Bomberos del Comercio No. 1. The hat is black and the front shield is the same, on which are the letters in red giving the name of the company. These letters are all cut by hand. There are very few manufacturers of this kind of goods in the country and only three or four in this city. But there are many supplying agents who travel about the country taking orders for anything a fire company needs."

"But don't you make any of the hats of a shape different from the 'regulation' pattern?"

"Oh, yes, a good many. Some of the companies wanting to be peculiar have ordered some of helmet shape, like policemen's hats. But the style doesn't last, for, after wearing them a short time, the companies usually come back and want the regulation shape. By regulation we mean the hat used by both paid and volunteer departments. It has four large cones, and between these four smaller ones. For service no better hat is made, and on parade they are the most becoming to firemen. Care is always taken to have sufficient ventilation without injuring the strength of the hat. For officers and presentations we frequently make them with fancy embossed rim and gold leather fronts, on which is painted a steamer, hose carriage, or truck. In these fancy hats the peculiarity is in the great number of cones. For instance, the 'Prize Chicago Tournament' hat had 16 cones, and one that we had at the Centennial had 320 cones, the largest number ever known to have been put in a single hat.

"The fact is," added the speaker, "that the companies having the best equipments and who take most pride in their work are the volunteer companies. As for the volunteer organizations decreasing in number, as is generally supposed, the contrary is the case. There are more volunteer companies in existence now than formerly. Take it in the towns close to New York. Each one has volunteer fire companies, and they are composed of young business men in some of the largest houses of this city. They make a sort of social club of their company as well, and at the same time are exempt from any jury duty."

"What do belts cost?"

"Ordinary ones come at $1.50 to $2. But I have prize ones for as high as $30 and $40. A new thing in the fireman's trumpet line is one twelve inches high that will throw the voice as far as any of a larger size, is more convenient to handle, and can be carried in the overcoat pocket. It first was introduced by the Auburn Fire Department. A trumpet double-plated in silver with bell and mouth-piece, gilt, and twenty inches high, costs from $20 to $35.—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

A NOVEL PUNISHMENT.

How the Czar Alexander II. Punished His Traducer.

A young poet had written a most scurrilous poem, in which he had described and libeled not only the Empress, but also all the Grand Dukes and Duchesses. Some one, the censor of the press, went and told the Empress. "The man had better be sent off to Siberia at once," he said; "it is not a case for delay."

"Oh, no," said the Empress; "wait a little, but tell the man I desire to see him at six o'clock to-morrow evening." When the poor man was told this, he felt as if his last hour was come, and that the Emperor must intend himself to pronounce a sentence of eternal exile. He went to the palace, and was shown through all the grand state rooms, one after another, without seeing any one, till at last he arrived at a small, common-place room at the end of them all, where there was a single table with a lamp upon it, and there he saw the Empress, the Emperor and all the Grand Dukes and Duchesses whom he had mentioned in his poem.

"How do you do, sir?" said the Emperor. "I hear you have written a most beautiful poem, and I have sent for you that you read it aloud to us yourself, and I have invited all the Grand Dukes and Duchesses to come, that they may have the pleasure of hearing you."

Then the poor man prostrated himself at the Emperor's feet. "Send me to Siberia, sire," he said; "force me to become a soldier; only do not compel me to read that poem."

"Oh, sir, you are cruel to refuse me the pleasure, but you will not be so ungallant as to refuse the Empress the pleasure of hearing your verses, and she will ask you herself."

And the Empress asked him.

When he had finished she said: "I do not think he will write any more verses about us again. He need not go to Siberia just yet."—*Studies in Russia.*

ROUGH EXPERIENCE.

Great Chance for Parties Desiring to Buy a Nice, Gentle Rowing Machine.

The other day, while temporarily insane, I bought a rowing machine. My appetite had been diminishing for some time and I felt in need of a little vigorous exercise. At least, I thought I did. So I invested some of my numerous shekels in the "Eureka Warranted Steel Spring, Oak Body, Health and Happiness-Producing Rowing Machine, best in the world!"

After paying the express charges, which were larger than the machine itself, I carried the thing up to my room, trailing the name after me all the way up. Once in the privacy of my own chamber, I proceeded to unravel the mysteries of it.

The man at the store where I bought it had explained everything to me so fully that I was sure I had it down as fine as an alderman's virtue. But alas! for the frailty of poor human nature.

I got the thing together after awhile, so that it looked like the cut on the circular which accompanied it. But there were several little parts of the engine that could not be shown on the cut and with characteristic perversity I failed to adjust these. However, it looked all right, and I proudly called the sane members of the household up to admire my shape and see me paralyze the machine. I was going to show them that there was at least one oarsman in the family. In fact, I had very serious thoughts about challenging Hanlan.

Now this particular E. W. S. S. O. B. H. & H. P. R.-M. etc. was of an aristocratic temperament and seemed unwilling to work unless everything was just right. So when I grasped the oars, looked confident and proceeded to "muscularize," the confounded invention vetoed the business then and there. At the first stroke it protested. It did this in a very vigorous manner. It elevated its head, reared up on its hind legs and began to spill me around in a manner calculated to fill a mule with envy.

Then as if not content with this rebuke, it fell over on top of me, and we had a short struggle, the machine at length forcing me down and sitting square on my face, and covering my noble brow with a bruise about as big as a banana.

A look of pain immediately wended its melancholy way across my very melancholy countenance, leaving its footmarks to show future pitying generations the course it had taken.

Then I got mad. The idea of a little machine not able to stand on the floor without something to hold it, having the impudence to use *me* in that familiar manner. It was too much for my usual good temper, and if I had not been too busy extracting the leg of the machine from my mouth, I would certainly have made use of some very un-Sunday-school-like remarks. As it was, I thought considerable. My ear was still tingling with the effects of a very loving embrace. It tingles at the touch yet, from the same cause.

As I said before, I did not swear, for the very good reason that I couldn't. I never yet saw a man who could spit out a decent cuss word with one corner of an outrigger, sliding-seat, rowing machine jammed firmly in his face. But my thoughts would look awful in type. In fact I do not think they could be expressed in print under any consideration.

While the female portion of the family was giggling and the other part roaring outright, I proceeded to arise, and after getting myself from between the floor and my tormentor, I succeeded in doing so. The first thing I did then was to relieve my feelings. This I did in such an energetic manner that the atmosphere in my luxurious boudoir took on a fine ultamarine tint, and some lucifer matches lying on the gold-trimmed marble mantle were ignited.

After administering this much-needed relief to my outraged feelings, I proceeded to arrange things. My dander was up so high that it got tangled in my beautiful, coal-black locks, and I was resolved to ride that many-named fiend of a machine or die. I shudder now to think of the odds that were in favor of my dying.

After a little investigation I found the cause of my misfortune to be a small, innocent-looking eyebolt with which I did not fasten the machine to the floor. The bolt feeling slighted, no doubt, had taken revenge by allowing the machine to act in the outrageous manner in which it did.

However, after properly adjusting the eyebolt and making sure, as I thought, that everything was all right, I again took my seat with a just-see-how-easy-it-is look on my classic features. For the second time I grappled with the oars and swung grandly and majestically into motion. For the first two or three strokes everything went along as smoothly as a fat man on a banana peel. Then something seemed to give way. The machine had evidently woken up to business after the quiet little nap it had taken on my shirt-bosom, and had settled right down to a realization of the fact that it had a mission in this life to perform—and meant to perform it. I do not know exactly how it happened, but when loving hands had picked me out of the plate-glass mirror and tied a string around me to keep the pieces together, I had a faint idea that my machine had challenged a dynamite factory to play base-ball, and that I was umpire in the game that followed.

My ambition to become a great oarsman evaporated right there. Meanwhile the machine stands, or rather lies, just where it landed after the little toot, nobody in the house having the courage to approach it. If any of the *Sun's* readers wants to buy a nice, gentle, easy-going young rowing machine, strong, reliable and every way true, trained to single or double harness, and warranted docile and to keep in any climate, he may be able to arrange very advantageous terms by calling on

JO QUINN, Charity Hospital.

—*Peck's Sun.*

—It is announced that an English inventor has lately devised a method of coating tin with a material resembling glass, which removes all danger of poison in canned goods.

WALKING.

The Pleasures Experienced by the Intelligent Pedestrian.

We have people amongst us who consider walking vulgar, and who imagine that they would lose their dignity if they left their carriage. They do not object to be driven through the country, either in diligence or coach and pair, and have the scenery served up to them like fresh varieties on a fete day or new paintings in this season's exhibitions; but to ask them to tread the same quartz-grit on the hard highway which the common tramp claims freedom of, is to offer them an indignity which their lofty souls resent. After all, if we are not mistaken, the free, unfettered tramp, if he has anything like an observant spirit has the best of it. He can make levies on all nature. For him the sunshine has a greater joy, and the moon in the falling twilight a less cold smile. The jolly miller can give him the merry laugh and the frankest hospitality; while the grandee is permitted to roll past in his carriage without having touched such Arcadian sweets. For him is the flower-fringed by-path in the sheltering wood and for him the moss-wreathed wayside well. 'The plowboy's whistle and the milkmaid's song" are his by prescriptive right; and if he can bear with him a pure heart, a love for honest labor and a reverence for the Giver of all good we think that he is happier than his richer neighbor who dare not go afoot.

No one looks so kindly and so lovingly on nature as he who walks. A long stretch on foot in the open country, in the face of the bugle-breezes of morn in the full glory of noonday, or in the tender, fading luster and sacred shadows of twilight, is a human experience that tends alike to be tow physical strength and intellectual power and joy. The man who walks abroad with a keen eye and a receptive soul will get in one day more of the beauties of nature in all their rounded perfection—in color, in tint, and in sound—than he could obtain by the study of books through many a silent and thoughtful night.

No matter the season of nature, and no matter the mood, she is always shining and fair, even when she falls into her winter sleep of untainted and untouched silence, covered over with snow-wreaths of exquisite purity, curve and grace. And what for matchless outline and tint can equal a snow-wreath lying across your path on a crisp, clear winter afternoon, with the western sky as ruddy and aglow like molten ore, and the solemn pine trees lifting their dark green feathery branches miles away between the unsullied stretch of snow and the deep azure of the holy twilight coming from the east, bringing with it the silent, friendly stars? Do you think that the term "friendly" is out of place with reference to the stars? I hope not. How those glorious lights look down upon us with lingering, loving luster from the midnight skies! Each one seems as if it were an angel's eye gazing on us with watchful care. And, as we mark the constellations, and learn of their slow, silent march across the dark, solemn dome of heaven, we learn unconsciously to give them a personality, and treat them as friends. There is Orion, in his massive grandeur, moving round our sleeping world like a sentinel from above, majestic, solemn, awful—a constellation whose position seems to be assured through countless ages. Then there are the Pleiades those sweet seven sisters of the heavens, whose pulsating rays compass every color of the rainbow as they

"Glitter like a swarm of fireflies
Tangled in a silver braid."

—*The Quiver.*

"PATENT MEDICINES."

A Misnomer to Thus Characterize Proprietary Remedies.

The name "patent medicine" is a misnomer, there being no patents on medicines. In the infancy of the business, it was the custom of the inventors of these articles to secure patents, but no great amount of experience was necessary to convince them that it was not a good plan. In order to secure a patent it was necessary to state the ingredients and the formula for their preparation, and these being thus made public property, any one could make the goods as well as themselves so in order to maintain the secrecy which they found indispensable to their success, they were compelled to abandon the patent system altogether. But the Government still affords them a measure of protection by its system of recording and protecting a trade-mark. The manufacturers of the proprietary medicines therefore adopt some distinctive device to be found on their packages or bottles, and, this being recorded, a counterfeit of it can not be put upon the market without an infringement of the copyright law and consequent suit for damages. This fact has not, however, prevented the counterfeiting being done by imitative persons who found profit in the business; and lawsuits innumerable have grown out of the infringements which have come to public notice to say nothing of those which remained undiscovered. To no small extent the manufactured medicines of the day have been the results of the efforts of people to doctor themselves. In the old times the women of the family were exceedingly fond of preparing root and herb teas and extracts, some of them of undoubted value; doctors often experimented in the same direction, and what was more natural than that, when a doctor found a certain article producing good results in a disease, he should keep on using it and finally, becoming a specialist in that direction, should conceal the ingredients of his physic and either sell the secret to some one who was desirous of undertaking his manufacture as a business, or should undertake the manufacture for himself. This has been the history of several of the best known proprietary articles now on the market.—*Boston Globe.*

—By sowing a bushel of salt to the acre a Fayette County (Missouri) farmer believes he has succeeded in keeping his average of twenty-five bushels of wheat to the acre maintained for years.

Musing.

[Life.]

Beneath the broad elm's pleasant shade
Where Nell and I, child lovers, played
I tarried.

Yes, Nell, we've changed since then 't's true,
I'm gray haired, old and wiser. You
Are married.

Pray tell if you, as I, e'er dream
Of childhood's hours; and if they seem
As sweet.

Or is your life with fuss and care
For what to eat, and what to wear,
Complete?

Ah, Mrs. Jones, no doubt you think
For memory's pangs the shekels' clink
A cure.

[Twas all for rhyme, that cynics sigh,
Because, my gentle reader, I
Am Jone.]

A Lover of High Art.

[Harper's Bazar.]

Mrs. De Crossus Ryan (who has just returned from her first visit to Europe, to the horror of her daughter, whom she has brought back from a convent in Paris)—Well, I enjoyed as much as anything else there the statury, and of all them, give me the Apollier Belladonna and the dying Gladiolus.

I'm Theebaw,

O Burmah,

With delirium tremens I'm sufferin'.
I'm the red-handed ogre of Mandalay,
I butcher a man or two every day,
Save when I'm ill and my mood is mild,
When I slay a woman, or else a child;
My claws are like those of the beasts I own,
And Burmah's my jungle, I range alone;
I'm a wolf in clothes on a reeking throne,
I m a tawny brute with a taste for blood
And a great contempt for the threatening
Lud
Dufferin;
Let him come with his troops; I will eat
them raw!
I'm hungry and ugly, I'm old Theebaw,
Of Burmah;
With delirium tremens I'm sufferin'!

—[Chicago Tribune.

Laughlets.

Cincinnati Merchant Traveler: "For particulars see small bills," said the candidate, handing his ward lieutenant a roll of money.

Providence Star: A Chepatchet girl wants to know how to cure a tickling sensation about the face. Tell him to go get a clean shave.

Chicago Ledger: Joaquin Miller says that no man ever wrote anything good on an empty stomach. Is this another fling at the struggling country editor?

New York Star: The president wisely declined to kiss a baby at the White House yesterday. He only said: "Kutcy, kutchy," from a safe distance.

Taomasville (Ga.) Enquirer: We are frequently asked if the marriage rumors we refer to include ourself. No, inquiring friends, no; we only have our own consent at present.

Pittsburg Commercial Gazette: Jay Gould gave up whisky twenty-five years ago, since which time he has made $50,000,000. Some men will sacrifice everything for money.

Chicago News: With one dimpled hand on her leaf lard and the other on her baseball club, Chicago draws herself up to her full majestic height, and, in the language of Cornelia, proudly exclaims: "These are my jewels."

Milwaukee Journal: There is an Indian in the Cherokee tribe, in the territory, who is 94 years of age, and does all of his own work. The fact is chiefly curious as showing that there is an age at which Indians will work.

Chicago Journal: William Shakespeare has been appointed postmaster at Kalamazoo, Mich. It is to be hoped that no gentleman named Bacon will start up and claim that the appointment was intended for him.

New York Times: "And did you tamely stand by and permit Smith to call you a liar and a coward?" "Not much, I didn't. I'm not that kind of a man." "What did you do?" "I hurried off and saw my lawyer. I've got three witnesses, and the case comes up to-day."

Puck: Client (in his lawyer's office)—Have you read this Mormon business lately? It's enough to make a man's blood boil to see the contempt those people have for the sanctity of the marriage relation—er—how is my divorce case coming on?

Unanimously Excused.

[Lincolnton (Ga.) News.]

We beg the indulgence of our readers for shortcomings for the past two weeks. Have been physically disorganized by having had a wagon roll across our troubled cranium and experiencing the lusty blows of a Georgia mule sprinkled up and down our back. Had a narrow escape for our life. We promise, however, not to be guilty of the like soon, Deo volente.

A Pleasant Memory of Little Clara.

[Rochester Democrat.]

Little Clara Abbe, whose parents reside on Scio street, was buried yesterday. She was 5 years old. A few days before her death she drew the picture of a dog and cat on her slate, and calling her mother's attention to it, she said: "A cat oughtn't to have but four legs, but I drew it with six legs, so that she could run away from the dog."

A Souvenir.

[Hamilton Spectator.]

Willie kissed Susie beneath the rose;
The rose was in bud and the corn in the
ear,
And the tip of rouge on the tip of his nose
Remained with Willie as a Sou veneer.

A Basis for Trust.

[Boston Beacon.]

Jack—Grandma, have you good teeth?

Grandma—No, dear. Unfortunately I have not.

Jack—Then I'll give you my walnuts to keep till I come back.

Has the Prince of Wales Kentucky Blood?

[Life.]

London Truth announces that the Prince of Wales is colonel of over forty English regiments, and the statement is creating a dark suspicion that he has Kentucky blood in his veins.

PRODUCE MARKET.

Portland.

FLOUR—Per bbl. standard brands, $4.25; others, $2.25@3.25.

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

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

OATS—Choice milling, 35@38c; choice feed, 33@35c.

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, 5½c.

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, 25c.

DRIED FRUITS—Per lb, apples, quarters, sacks and boxes, 3½; do sliced, in sacks and boxes, 4@5½; apricots, 15c; blackberries, 14@15c; nectarines, 15c; peaches, halves unpeeled, 9@10c; pears, quartered, 7½@9; pitted cherries, 17½c; pitted plums, California, 8@10c; do Oregon, 7½@8c; currants, 7@8; dates, 9@10c; figs, Smyrna, 10½@20; California, 6; prunes, California, 7½@c; French, 10@12½; Turkish, 6½@7½; raisins, California London layers, $2.75@3.50 ₱ box; loose Muscatels, $2.25; Seedless, ₱ lb, 12c; Sultana, 12½c.

RICE—China, No. 1, $5½; do No. 2, $5½; Sandwich Islands, No. 1, ₱ lb, 5½c; Japan, 5½c ₱ 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, $1.00@1.25; celery, ₱ doz., 75c; sweet potatoes, ₱ lb., 1½@1½c; onions, new, 1½c; turnips, ₱ lb, 1c; spinach, ₱ sack, 40@50c.

POTATOES—Per, sack 40@60c.

POULTRY—Chickens, ₱ doz, spring, $1.50@2.00; old, $2.50@3.00; ducks, $4.00; geese, $6@7.50; turkeys, ₱ lb, nominal, 10@12c.

HAMS—Per lb, Eastern, 12½@14½c; 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, $1.00; bbls, ₱ gal., 20c.

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

HONEY—Extracted, 6c; comb, 16c.

COFFEE—Per lb, Guatemala, 12½; Costa Rica, 10@11½c; Old Government Java, 18@20c; Rio, 12½@13c; Salvado, 10½c; Mocha, 22½@25; Kona, 18c.

TEAS—Young Hyson, 25@65c; Japan, 12@55c; Ooolong, 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, $2.25; 1-lb tins, $1.40 ₱ doz; lobsters, 1-lb tins, ₱ doz, $1.90; clams, 2-lb tins, ₱ doz, $2@2.65; mackerel, 5-lb tins, ₱ doz, $8.50@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, $3.50; Lemons, Sicily, ₱ box, $7@7.50; Limes, ₱ 100, $1.25; pineapples, ₱ doz, $8.00; pears, ₱ box, 75@$1.

SEEDS—Per lb, timothy, 5c; red clover, 14@15c; orchard grass, 16c; rye grass, 14@15c.

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 lb sks, 15c; Brazil, 12½c; chestnuts, 18@20c; cocoanuts, $6@7.50; filberts, 14c; hickory, 10c; peanuts, 9@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, $1.42@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, $12.50@16.50.

STRAW—75c@.5c ₱ bale.

ONIONS—Per ctl, 75@1.15.

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.

POTATOES—Early rose, 35@45c; river reds, 30c@45c; sweets, 35c@60.

HONEY—Comb, 10@13c ₱ lb for best grades; strained, 5½@5½c.

CHEESE—California, 10@12c ₱ lb.

BUTTER—Fresh roll, good, 25@27½c; choice, 30@32½; fancy, 32@37c; pickled roll, choice, 27½@30c; other grades, 10@17c.

EGGS—35@40c ₱ dozen for California; Eastern, 30@32c.

—Mr. Terriss, of the Lyceum Theater, London, has been awarded the medal of the Royal Humane Society for a gallant act. On the 9th of August three lads were bathing near Deal, when one of them was seized with cramp about two hundred yards from the shore, and shouted for assistance. Mr. Terriss and his son were sailing close by, about a mile from the east of the South Foreland. He at once lowered his lugsail, and, without divesting himself of any of his clothes, plunged overboard, and swimming out seized the lad just in time, for he had sunk twice. Mr. Terriss' son, twelve years of age, threw out a rope, which his father grasped when he was clutched by the drowning lad.

—A prize fight was arranged between two young women in Australia. The pugilists came up defiant and jaunty for the first round, which ended in a mutual knockdown, each receiving a blow squarely in the nose. At the expiration of the allowable interval the referee called "Time!" but the antagonists had lost all vim, and both were weeping over the possible disfigurement of their faces—a calamity compared with which the loss of the fight was nothing.—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*