The Dalles Times-Mountaineer.

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THE DALLES, OREGON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 5, 1895. NO. 20.

Times-Mountaineer.

PRINTED EVERY SATURDAY

—BY—

JOHN MICHELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

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SOCIETIES.

WASCO LODGE, NO. 15, A. F & A. M.—Meets first and third Monday of each month at 8 P. M.

THE DALLES ROYAL ARCH CHAPTER, NO 6. —Meets in Masonic Hall the third Wednesday each month at 8 P M.

COLUMBIA LODGE, NO. 5, I. O. O. F.—Meets every Friday evening at 7:30 o'clock, in K. of P. Hall, corner of Second and Court streets. Sojourning brothers are welcome. H. CLOUGH, Sec'y.

FRIENDSHIP LODGE, NO. 9, K. of P.—Meets every Monday evening at 8:00 o'clock, in Schanno's building, corner of Court and Second streets. Sojourning brothers are cordially invited
D. VAUSE, K. R. and S. F. MENEFEE, C.

WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION will meet every Friday afternoon at 3 o'clock at the reading room. All are invited.

MODERN WOODMEN OF THE WORLD—Mt. Hood Camp, No. 59, meets every Tuesday evening of each week at 7:30 o'clock, in A. Keller's Hall. All brothers and sojourning brothers are invited to be present.

TEMPLE LODGE, NO. 3, A. O. U. W.—Meets in KKeller's Hall every Thursday evening at 7:30 o'clock. PATL KREFT, M. W.
W. S. MYERS, Financier.

JAS. NESMITH POST, NO. 32, G. A. R.—Meets every Saturday at 7:30 P. M. in K. of P. Hall.

B. OF L. E.—Meets every Friday afternoon in K. of P. Hall.

GESANG VEREIN HARMONIE.—Meets every Sunday evening in Keller's Hall

B. OF. L. F. DIVISION, NO. 167.—Meets in K. of P. Hall the first and third Wednesday of each month at 7:30 P. M.

THE CHURCHES.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev. O. D. TAYLOR, Pastor. Services every Sabbath at 11 A. M. P. M. Sabbath school immediately after the morning service. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 8 P. M.

M. E. CHURCH—Rev. JNO. WHEELER, Pastor. Services every Sunday morning and evening. Sunday School at 12:30 o'clock P. M. A cordial invitation extended by both pastor and people to all.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH—Rev. W. C. CURTIS Pastor. Services every Sunday at 11 A. M. and P. M. Sunday School after morning service.

ST. PETER'S CHURCH—Rev. Father BROUSSOUKS Pastor. Low Mass every Sunday at 7 A. M. High Mass at 10:30 A.M. Vespers at 7 P. M.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH. Union Street, opposite Fifth. Rev. Eli D. Sutcliffe, Rector. Services every Sunday at 11 A. M and 7:30 P M., Sunday school at 9:30 A. M. Evening Prayer on Friday at 7:30 P. M.

CHRISTIAN CHURCH—Rev. J. W. JENKINS, pastor. Preaching every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock in the Congregational church. All are cordially invited

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Dissolution Notice.
This is to notify all persons interested that the firm of Lee Yuen, Sing Lee & Lee Ping, in the gardening business on Mill creek, has been this day dissolved by mutual consent, Lee Yuen and Sing Lee retiring from the firm. All debts due the late firm will be collected by Lee Ping and all liabilities settled by him.
LEE YUEN,
SING LEE,
LEE PING.
TheDalles, Oregon, November 24, 1894.

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He Feared the Turks.

NEW YORK, Dec. 28—Diogenes Menippe, 16 years of age, ran away from Constantinople in September last and arrived here on the steamer *Veendam* December 17. He was detained at Ellis island for some time by the immigration inspector, but, through the efforts of Miss May Melby, of the Woman's Baptist Home Missionary Society, he finally obtained his release. He tells a remarkable story. He was a student at an Armenian college at Marsovan, Armenia. His fear of the bloodthirsty Turks was the immediate cause of his fleeing from home. He said that during the past two years over 20 fellow students were called for by the soldiers of Turkey, who, presenting a "firman," or order, calling for the special extradition of such student, secured him and took him away. Those who were released to the soldiers were rarely ever seen again, and subsequent evidence, tending to show that they had been cut to pieces or drowned, would be discovered. A short time before he fled two buildings occupied by female students of the college were burned to the ground by the Turks, who invariably went unpunished. Dr. Herrick, the English professor at the college, appealed to the English authorities, and the British parliament made a formal demand for the persons of two professors who were kidnaped by the Turkish soldiers. The boy is a handsome, intelligent chap, who speaks English thoroughly.

A Silver Lake Horror.

KLAMATH FALLS, Or., Dec. 28—A most horrible holocaust occurred at Silver Lake Or., Christmas eve. Over 40 people gave up their lives. Sixteen were badly injured, five of whom will probably die. While Santa Claus was making merry, the little children who had assembled in the hall above Chrisman Brothers' store, with their parents, brothers and sisters, little dreamed of the horrible fate they were soon to meet. The Lakeview *Examiner* says:

"Some one attempted to get where he could see and hear better by jumping upon a bench in the middle of the hall. In doing so, his head struck a lamp hanging from the ceiling, causing the oil to run out, which immediately caught fire. While trying to take the lamp down, it was tipped so that the oil ran out on the floor. From that time on the scene was terrible to behold. Some said, 'Shut the door and keep quiet, it can be put out,' while others screamed and yelled. The lamp was finally taken down, but it fell to the floor. In the attempts of the people to escape, it was kicked to the door, where it lay motionless, as it could not be touched on account of the intense heat. People were compelled to go through the flames, in order to reach the door, and frantically rushed to their doom.

An Armenian's Grievance.

HARTFORD, Conn., Dec. 28—S Radigan a well-known photographer of Boston, wrote Malcolm Agahamalian, of this city, about the treatment he received from Minister Terrill at Constantinople. Radigan left this country last August on a visit to relatives in Harpool, Armenia. He was taken into custody in Constantinople. He asked to be allowed to see Minister Terrill, who told him he could protect only American-born citizens and he had better go back to the United States at once. Radigan, who had been in Boston nine years, and has been a naturalized citizen of this country three or four years, said to Minister Terrill: "What does our government pay you for unless to protect American citizen who are here?" The minister replied that it was none of his business, and told him to leave the office. He agreed to leave the country, and went to the Russian frontier At Bartoun, Russia, he secured a Russian passport, and in this way was able to get to his relatives at Harpool. In a letter he says: Agahamalian will write these facts to Secretary of State Gresham and ask Senator Hawley to lay the matter before the senate committee.

A Mission of Peace.

SHANGHAI, Dec. 28—Peace Commissioner Chang Ying Huen has left Tien-Tsin for Che Foo, and is expected here January 6, when he will join Peace Commissioner Shao Yoo Tien and go to Tokio Shao Yoo Tien was formerly governor of Formosa, and offered a reward of about $12,000 for the destruction of a big Japanese warship and for the destruction or capture of the smaller Japanese warships, $6000. He offered a schedule of rewards to be paid to the Chinese who took Japanese soldiers, dead or alive. For the head of a Japanese officer, 200 taels were offered and for the head of a Japanese private 100 taels. On this ground it has been asserted the Japanese would refuse to receive him as a peace commissioner.

Panic at Rio Janeiro.

NEW YORK, Dec. 28—A special to the *World* from Montevideo says Rio Janeiro is reported to be in state of panic. Troops refuse to leave the city for the south. President Moraes has discovered that the army is devoted to Piexoto. The principal officers refuse to assume command to take the field in Grande do Sul, and the whole country seems on the brink of rebellion again. More than 200 officers have been arrested, and are imprisoned in the surrounding forts under a heavy guard. It is rumored that an attempt will be made by insubordinate military leaders to rescue their comrades from prison. Precautions have been taken to present this. President Moraes is afraid to act energetically or to order Piexoto's arrest, it is said, fearing to precipitate a serious conflict.

Captain Howgate Arraigned.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 28—Captain Henry Howgate, ex-disbursing officer of the signal service, was arraigned today before the district supreme court on three indictments. His counsel, Jere Wilson and A S Worthington, pleaded irregular proceedings by the grand jury. The government's demurrer to this plea, filed by District Attorney Bierney, was argued before Judge McComas during the afternoon. Howgate asked the indictments be quashed on the ground the United States grand jury considered the statements made by persons not sworn as witnesses or otherwise qualified to testify, and none of them had any personal knowledge of the matter considered.

A Fatal Explosion.

FRESNO, Cal., Dec. 27—The explosion of a 22-pound box of dynamite yesterday near Big Sandy, 40 miles from Fresno, will probably result in the death of two men. O C Grider had both hands blown off and was seriously injured internally. An unknown man had one arm torn off and was terribly burned The men were thawing out dynamite over a stove. Grider has a wife and three children.

Violated her Promise.

LONDON, Dec. 28—A Peking dispatch says that, in accordance with the petition of the governor of Shantung asking the emperor to punish Admiral Ting, the taotai, Lung and General Wei, an edict has been issued ordering the immediate arrest and punishment of these officials.

A Shanghai dispatch says that the United States government has instructed Minister Denby to demand satisfaction from the Chinese government for having violated a promise given in regard to the surrender of Japanese spies at Shanghai.

Kuklux in Pennsylvania.

HAZELTON, Pa., Dec. 28—On the door of the superintendent of the Silver Brook mine a kuklux placard was found yesterday. It was embellished with a picture of a gun, a coffin and crossbones, and warned Foreman Coyle to leave the mines. A similar notice was served upon two other bosses a week ago. They ignored the warning, and were badly beaten by masked men.

Foster Goes to China.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 28—Ex-Secretary John W Foster is about to start for China to assist the Chinese peace commissioners in negotiating terms of peace He called at the state department today and had an interview with Secretary Gresham regarding his mission.

Crime in California.

SACRAMENTO, Dec. 30—This community was last night the scene of the most fiendish crimes ever committed here. An old and esteemed grocery merchant, F H L Webber, and his elderly wife, were brutally butchered in their comfortable home, which was plundered by the murderer. As yet there is no clue to the perpetrator of the deed, and so many hours elapsed between the commission of the crime and its discovery that the fiend had time to jump an outgoing train and be 200 miles away. That the motive was robbery there is no doubt. Webber did a large retail business at Thirteenth and L streets, opposite Capitol Park, and was regarded as being well off. Singular to say, however, he had no account at any of the banks and is supposed to have kept a considerable sum of money about his house. He and his wife lived alone in the second story of the building in which he conducted his business. Yesterday was railroad payday in this city, and among Webber's customers were many railroad employes. Just how much money he had secreted about his house is not known, but the store day book shows that his receipts yesterday were $335 This is gone. In fact, not a cent was found today in the rooms occupied by the grocer and his wife, although the safe downstairs was not molested. Everything upstairs, however, was ever hauled by the murderer.

Brave Saloon Men.

CHICAGO, Dec. 29—Four robbers armed with revolvers entered the saloon of N J Melin, at 29 Market street, at closing time tonight, and ordered the bartender, Nels Beck, to throw up his hands, and keep them there until the money in the till had been transferred to them. Beck tried to fight the gang with his fists, for want of a better weapon. One of the robbers fired a bullet in Beck's abdomen, and he was taken to the hospital in a dying condition. The robbers ran a short distance to the saloon of August McGrail, at 66 Huron street, and tried to hold him up for all the money in sight. The saloon-keeper resisted, and just as one of the robbers leveled his gun to fire, McGrail grasped the weapon, and shot passed harmlessly by. The other three robbers had their guns out ready for use, but McGrail fired at the one who had attempted to kill him, and the criminal fell dead at his feet. The others ran, and have not been captured.

Hale and Hearty.

LONDON, Dec. 29—William E Gladstone celebrated his 85th birthday today at Hawarden, and was the recipient of hundreds of letters and telegrams of congratulations and birthday gifts. His eyesight has been restored, and his health is good. He spends hours daily in classical and theological study. The congratulations upon this occasion by the tory newspapers seem to be mingled with the fear that Gladstone may be prevailed upon to return to active political life. He has expressed through the newspapers his thanks for birthday congratulations. Among the birthday gifts are two beautiful jewels from Mrs. Richards, the mother of the novelist Hobbs, one for Mr Gladstone and the other for his grand daughter, Dorothy Drew.

A Possible Revolution.

NEW YORK, Dec. 29—A special dispatch from Rio Janeiro says: "Revolutionary circulars have been found under house doors calling the people to arms in favor of General Peixoto. They were also distributed secretly among the navy army officers. The navy officers, it is said, promised to join the conspiracy. Two of them have been arrested. The cabinet council discussed the situation. President Moreas favored summoning General Peixoto here to vindicate himself, but was overruled. General Piexoto has assured President Moreas that he has nothing to do with any conspiracy.

Probably Killed.

LITTLE FALLS, Dec. 29—The gravel train, with a double header, ran into a hand car, while coming out of a gravel pit, four miles below this place at 5 P M The train was engaged in filling in the Olequa trestle, and was coming this way. One fireman was probably killed, and six other persons were injured, some seriously.

Guatemala and Mexico.

CITY OF MEXICO, Dec. 29—The Guatemalan minister, who is trying to settle the boundary dispute with Mexico, contends that the matter of the Dieguez Mariscal memorandum should be treated first. The Mexican government, believing that the matter is secondary, holds that the question to be considered first relates to the invasion of Mexican territory and the depredation of the invaders; that the second matter to consider should be the defining of the dividing line, and the third point raised by the Guatemalan minister.

Forced to Submit.

PITTSBURG, Dec. 29—The scale for 1895 was yesterday presented to the workmen at the Carnegie Steel Company's mills in this city. The scale involves a general reduction in skilled labor. In many instance the decrease of wages will amount to 50 per cent. The workmen say the cut is unjustifiable, but they will be obliged to submit to it. Those who do not sign the new scale by January 1 will be discharged. It is expected to resume work January 2.

Wanted in Oregon.

SALT LAKE, Dec. 29—Governor West has withheld action on the requisition of Governor Pennoyer for the return of A C Brown, charged with larceny by bailee. West thinks Governor Pennoyer has been imposed upon, and that the evidence shows that somebody behind the requisition is acting in bad faith.

The Parting of the Ways.

(The dying year.)

Fades the drear December
Like some graybeard wight,
Crouching o'er the ember
Quenched of fire and light.
Like some bankrupt hoary
Grieving for his gold,
Reft of youth and glory,
Doomed to scrowl and scold.

Fretting o'er his losses,
Snarling as in pain,
His shaggy mane he tosses,
And whitens all the plain.
Blinding snow is drifting
As to hedge his way,
Spectral trees are lifting
Brands as if to slay.

Yes, the year is passing,
Bent with weight of woe;
Weary time and dreary time
Pass, as rivers flow.
Time's a weary master,
Wolps us all in line,
Crowds us fast and faster,
Though the laggards whine.
—*James E Kinsella.*

Watterson's Appeals.

Henry Watterson was the lion of the New England dinner in New York Saturday night. After speaking of the appearance before the society several years ago of Henry W Grady, he said:

"I appeal from the men in silken hose, who danced to music made by slaves—and called it freedom—from the men in bell-crowned hats, who led Hester Prynne to her shame—and called it religion—to that Americanism which reaches forth its arms to smite wrong with reason and truth, secure in the power of both. I appeal from the patriarchs of New England to the poets of New England; from Endicott to Lowell; from Winthrop to Longfellow; from Norton to Holmes; and I appeal in the name and by the rights of that common citizenship—of that common or gin-shack both of the Puritan and the Cavalier—to which all of us owe our being. Let the dead past, consecrated by the blood of its martyrs not by its savage hatred—darkened alike by kingcraft and prietscraft—let the dead past bury its dead. Let the present and the future ring with the song of the singers. Blessed be the lessons they teach, the laws they make. Blessed be the eye to see, the light to reveal. Blessed be Tolerance, sitting ever on the right hand to God to guide the way with loving word, as blessed be all that brings us nearer the goal of true patriotism, distrust of watchwords and labels, shams and heroes, belief in our country and our selves.

A Hunter's Fate.

A correspondent at Trout Lake sends the *Glacier* the following account of the death of C. L. Allison. Mr. Allison was a valued correspondent of that paper, and we are pained to learn of his sad death:

"Clinton Allison, aged about 35, a rancher at Trout Lake, Klickitat county, Washington, very little expected that it would be his last journey on earth when he started in pursuit of a deer on the 12th of this month. His brother, Edward Allison, was with him at the time, but feeling somewhat indisposed, went home to his own ranch, situated about three miles from the one of his brother. On the 18th Edward concluded to pay another visit to Clinton, and on coming to the house, found that his brother had not returned from his hunt. He alarmed the neighbors, and next morning, the 19th, a searching party started for the mountains It was not an easy task, for there had been a fresh fall of 10 or 12 inches of snow. At last one man succeeded in finding Allison's snow shoes leaning against a tree, and from that place faint tracks could be seen at intervals leading up the mountain side. The first day, however, passed by without any further result, but the second day, December 20th, at about 11 o'clock A. M., one of the party found the body, covered with snow. He was lying stretched out on his back, and seemed to have died without a struggle. His hunting-knife was sticking in the snow, and his rifle, ready to shoot, was lying beside him. Just in what manner he came to his death will probably remain forever a mystery The party took the body down to his house, where it was buried on the 21st The place where Clinton Allison met his death is about six miles southwest of Trout Lake and two and one-half miles from his house. Clinton Allison had lived at Trout Lake five years. He was liked very much by his neighbors and his untimely death is regretted by all."

Bill Barnes A Fugitive.

Very many citizens recollect a conductor on the Union Pacific between this city and P and by the name of Wm. Barnes. Recently in Butte, Montana, he killed a man and is now a fugitive from justice. The particulars are given in yesterday's *Telegram* as follows:

"About 10 days ago he and a railroad engineer, named Frank Young, were drinking in a Butte saloon, and Young innocently perpetrated a joke at which Barnes took offense. True to his natural bent, he slapped Young in the face. The assaulted man was pretty "game" himself, and he resented the insult, getting the upper hand of the conductor in the fight. After the contestants had been separated Barnes left the saloon but he returned in a few minutes armed with a revolver. He drew a bead on Young and fired, the ball entering one of the engineer's eyes, killing him instantly. In the excitement that followed, the murderer Barnes fled from the scene of the crime. He is still at large, and supposed to be hiding in the mountains."

The *Telegram* publishes the following incident regarding his career in this region:

"As an illustration of Barnes' vindictive nature, the following incident in his career is noted: Several years ago when he was conducting a passenger train between this city and The Dalles, a hotel runner, a namesake of his, at Hood River, offended him. At the time Barnes could not give vent to his spleen, but several weeks later he met the other Barnes at the Hood River depot, then and there challenging him to adjourn to a neighboring warehouse for the adjustment of their differences. The challenge was accepted, and Conductor Barnes held his passenger train at the depot till he whipped his man."

The Foot-Race.

Prineville Review.

The people of this place and a few interested parties from Antelope, were treated about 4 o'clock Christmas day to a foot-race that was a foot-race. As far as we are concerned, we have seen folks run before and with the right kind of a start, we make very good time ourself, especially when pointed toward a square meal about noon. But when it comes to flying machines—we pass. The way that long man from Antelope scratched gravel was a sight. As far as Hammond was concerned he didn't run, he just flew. Through an oversight on the part of the Antelope sports, flying was not barred, and as a matter of course no man's legs are long enough to beat a fool flying machine. It has been an open secret for several days among the sporting fraternity of Prineville who Chas. Hammond was. Hammond is no less than A. S. Henderson, the champion of America, and no doubt the fastest foot-racer on the earth, consequently our sports were blooded, and if Hammond had accidentally fallen down Prineville's jaw would have been as badly out of place as those of the sports who were backing the long man from Antelope when the race was over.

We are informed that nearly two thousand dollars changed hands on the event, most of it coming from The Dalles. Be it said to the credit of the Antelope boys, they took their defeat in true sportsmanlike manner, and although they lost a large amount of money and the race, apparently looked upon the matter as a purely business transaction in which their judgment was at fault.

Not so Short.

The experts who have been examining the books of Coblentz, the warden of the penitentiary who recently committed suicide have thus far found his books in better condition than was generally supposed, says the Tacoma *News*. A gentleman who was on Coblentz's bond stated yesterday that the supposed shortage in the accounts has so far been reduced to less than $1,000, and that there is every reason to believe that when they have finished their work it will be found that there is no shortage whatever. Coblentz's action for killing himself is now explained by some of his friends on the ground that he was insane, Governor McGraw recently said that he had no doubt Coblentz was out of his mind after the governor met him at the penitentiary shortly before the warden killed himself.

A Devoted Father.

William Fletcher, father of Frank Fletcher, has shown a tenacity of purpose in befriending his son, which is remarkable. In 1892, when his boy was arrested for the murder of Petrie, Wm. Fletcher, although somewhat in debt, was prospering. He immediately pledged his name and property and raised money to secure counsel for defense and his friends assert that the trials cost him at the least calculation $5,000 He did not stop when his son had been convicted, but paid the expenses for defending Peter Gaskell in both trials and to the last was hopeful of success. The boys went to Salem, Frank for life on a charge of murder in the second degree, Peter ten years for assault with a dangerous weapon. Mr. Fletcher still kept at work. He finally secured a pardon from Governor Pennoyer and both boys came home. Now, in spite of his son's bad record, Mr. Fletcher still stands by him.

Mysterious Death.

Considerable excitement was caused by the finding of the body of Vete Needham near the Mose Neal place near Enterprise one day last week. The old gentleman was 62 years of age and has been in poor health for the past few years. He left his brother's place on Thursday, the 13th inst., to go to the Neal place where he was feeding some stock. This was the last time he was seen until nine days later when his dead body was found. It is not and probably never will be known, just how he met his death, but no act of foul play is suspected. The generally accepted theory is that he suffered a stroke of paralysis, and as he had some time before had a partial stroke this version is undoubtedly true. He leaves numerous friends and relatives to mourn his untimely death.

Land Transfers.

Dec. 29—United States to John C. Ward; se qr, s hf of ne qr and e hf of sw qr, sec 33, tp 1 n r 14 e; cash purchase.

Dec. 29—F. M. Thompson and wife to J. A Gilliford; ne qr of sec 17, tp 2 south, range 13 e; $425.

They Were All Off.

There was a man going up the east side of Brush street the other day as another man was coming down on the west side on the same block. Both had their heads down and looked mad. As they came opposite they halted and looked at each other, and pretty soon the east side man growled out:

"I can punch your blamed head in just one minute."

"And I can knock yours off in half a minute," replied the other.

"Don't stand there looking at me, but go on."

"I'll go on when I get ready."

Just then a policeman came out of the alley and took in the situation and asked:

"Now, then, what's the matter here?"

"Why," said the east side man, "I was coming along here with the toothache and that galoot looked at me so mean that I was just going to punch his head."

"And I was coming along with a splitting old headache," added the other, "and that feller stuck out his tongue and come near being smashed for it."

"Gentlemen," said the officer as he spat on his hand and drew his club, "I've got three corns on the right foot and four on the left, and all are aching like 60 miles an hour. If you both don't git up'n fly, I'll run you in and swear you up for three months."—Detroit Free Press.

The White Ash Tree.

Our native white ash is a hardy tree which grows rapidly to noble proportions. Its upright habit of growth and clean, abundant foliage favor it for street planting where no great breadth of shade is desired. It has a very cheerful look all through the season of foliage, although its aspect when leafless is rather stiff and formal. In moist localities the white ash is a notably fine tree. For the dwellers upon a street who wish lines of trees a little off from the common sorts, the white ash will serve them well. It should be mentioned that the ash, grouped or lined with other trees, presents a most incongruous appearance.

FUNERAL EXTORTION CHECKED.

The Dying Request of the Departed Fulfilled by an Economical Widow.

A committee representing a fraternal organization having been notified of the death of a member waited on his widow, residing in a Boston suburb, to make arrangements for the funeral.

It was a hard experience for the committee.

The widow believed in simplicity and had no liking for ceremony or ostentation of any sort. She informed the committee that its services were not required, and that she would attend to the burial without the assistance of any one save the undertaker.

"You might make yourselves useful," she said, "by sending one here at once."

Her visitors were next requested to depart and in not the most ceremonious fashion.

They left and found excuses for their reception in the extreme age of the woman, whose years numbered fourscore and more. They accepted her hint and sent the undertaker, who arrived in due time. To him she soon made her wishes known. His suggestion of a casket brought out a storm of wrothy remarks anent reckless extravagance. A simple wooden box she declared good enough and an outlay of $5 the limit of the expenditure.

The undertaker was petrified with astonishment. It took him some time to recover his composure, but he finally spunked up courage enough to suggest the necessity of carriages for the mourners. He was informed that carriages would be entirely unnecessary, and the idea of having a hearse was not especially to the widow's liking. After much persuasion, however, she consented to the provision of a hearse and one carriage and agreed to settle for the services of a minister.

Her lamented spouse was interred in the family lot, with his wife and companion of many years as the sole mourner.

"That woman," said the undertaker, "was the greatest freak I ever struck in an experience with all kinds of people during a number of years in the business. She had plenty of means and was not regarded as a penurious person. She seemed to be filled with the idea that all those in any way professionally concerned with the burial of the dead were extortionists, pure and simple. Her husband, she said, had warned her, and she followed his wishes in circumventing any unwarrantable outlay for the interment."—Boston Herald.

Fooled the Landlord.

"Perhaps you would like to be landlord of a flat," said the man who had been talking real estate, "and think you had obtained desirable tenants and were hugging yourself over the delightful knowledge that whatever other landlords had to endure there would be no children in your flats. I rented to a couple, and as usual asked if the family consisted of adults only.

"'Oh, yes,' chirped the young woman, 'and we don't want any children in the building—that is why we are willing to pay you your price.'

"The man didn't say anything, but I thought he looked queer.

"'Any boarders?' I asked.

"'Hardly,' said she, 'in a six room flat.'

"Still I thought there was something back of it.

"'Pets?'

"'No; neither dog, cat, canary nor parrot.'

"They took the flat, and her widowed sister came from Nebraska with five boys to visit them. That was a year ago, and they are visiting them yet, and in consequence all the other flats remain empty. A tornado would be silence compared to the racket those boys make."—Detroit Free Press.

Collection of Pitchers.

A novel collection is that belonging to Mrs. Martin, wife of ex-Senator Martin of Newark. Mrs. Martin has been collecting pitchers about eight years. She has 500 now, and in all the great company there are but two duplicates. Some of the tiniest in this pitcher family are the most valuable. Mrs. Martin has one scarcely one inch tall of gold, with six jewels set in a circle on the outside. This is the most valuable, so far as money is concerned, in the collection, although there is one made of $3,000 worth of bank notes. —Philadelphia Inquirer.

The high court of the Transvaal republic has decided that foreigners are liable to military service after two years' residence in the country.

Flexible sandstone can be bent with less pressure than that required to bend a piece of wet leather of the same size.

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