Masterpleces Sold for Chromo Prices-Reminiscences of Art Auctions.

Long before the duke of Durcal's collection of paintings had been taken from the ancestral walls to be brought across the Atlantic, New York was noted as a picture buying town, and many of the auction sales of "rare and antique" paintings of fifty years ago were quite as farcical as those of today. Excellent pictures were brought from the other side by chance frequently, but the critical eye of art lovers of that time was too practical to allow any undue indulgence where more than a trifling sum was asked for a work even of unusual merit.

It's nothing new in New York that actors in which may be familiar to old New Yorkers of today.

In the early forties an undersized, dark browed, keen eyed art dealer, Levy by name, opened a small auction room for many of which bore the names of world renowned artists of past generations. Paintings of all kinds, many merely old scrolls of canvas and some framed, were knocked down at prices that would not stagger a dealer in chromos nowadays.

One day a traveler, whose funds had run short, called on Levy and offered him twelve panel portraits of the Caesars for an old song. As Levy never told what he paid, nobody ever knew, but certain it is that he bought them at a low figure, and on the following Saturday night placed them in a row on the wall and asked the assembled critics. consisting mostly of neighboring shop keepers, "What am I offered for the whole Casar family by Raphael?"

Mr. Levy couldn't sell them very ensily, but finally a bid of five shillings apiece bought the collection.

A year or two later Brett, a London picture dealer of some note, whose specialty was collecting the lost works of great masters for private collections of the nobility, came to New York on a hunt for the Casars. After a long search he found them in a small restaurant on Nassau street. He offered the proprietors \$50 for the lot. The offer was accepted promptly, but two of the portraits were missing. Inquiry developed the fact that the thrifty restaurateur had used them to kindle a fire during a heavy snow storm when it was difficult to get wood.

The ten portraits accompanied Brett on his voyage back to London, and were handed over to a delighted purchaser for \$40,000, Pierre Flandin, the old time dry goods prince, was at that time an art dealer, as were also Paff and Beaumont. At a sale in the auction room of the latter a work by Durand was sold for \$250, and for days the sale was the talk

One of the largest collectors of picwich street. Mr. Reed's gallery consisted almost entirely of works by American artists. Many well known people at that time were visitors at his gallery. These pictures are now in the possession nue and Tenth street.

About 1840 Ernstpusch, a German importer of pictures, brought over the greatest collection of pictures ever im-40,000, mostly by German artists, but among them the works of Spanish, Italian and French artists. Levy sold nearly the entire collection at auction at prices of from 1 shilling to \$100.

The last really large auction sale of pictures was the sale of the Robert Smith collection about twenty-five or thirty years ago. The Smith collection was mercilessly assailed on all sides and the prices realized, with a few exceptions, were ridiculously low. One picture by Van Dyke, however, brought a very good price. - New York Commercial Ad-

#### A Couning Bird.

Canary birds are easily trained, as we told you recently. Two of our girls send us the following letter about one belonging to their aunt. Everybody deteach their little pets all the tricks our young friends here tell us about.

DEAR MR. EDITOR-After reading about canary birds in your paper we thought you would like to hear about one our aunt has in Washington. It is very tame and flies through the house, both up and down stairs. One day he followed grandma out into the front yard without her knowledge. She was scared when she saw him on the step, but spoke sharply to him, saying, "Pete! you ras-cal! go in the house!" Rather to her surprise he turned and hopped in.

When any one uses the typewriter he gets on the carriage and rides back and forth, sometimes running along on it as if trying to beat it. He will go to a stranger when spoken to and he never gets tired playing with any one. He thinking of purchase or purse. "But you will also lie on his it is in the palm of your hand and play dead bird."

People often bring their friends to see him, as he is so very amusing Besides he is a beautiful singer.-Philadelphia

#### A French Purist.

The ruling passion is usually shown very strongly in death. Malherbe, a fanatic for the purity of the French language, was known as the "Tyrant of Words and Syllables." On his deathbed he angrily rebuked his nurse for the solecisms of her language. And when his confessor mildly remonstrated, Malherbe replied: "Sir, I will defend to my very last gasp the purity of the French language." Soothingly, but not in too exquisite a diction, the good confessor exquisite a diction, the good contessor dwelt on the heavenly joys which Malherbe might now reckon to be within so very easy a distance, but the pedantic purist interrupted severely: "Say homore, or your wretched style will disgust me with the place altogether."—London Life.

#### SOME SUPERSTITIONS.

A FEW OF THE POPULAR FEARS. FANCIES AND FAIRY TALES.

Didn't Believe in Ghosts, but Afraid of Them-Things Worn and Carried to Prevent Disease-Unlacky to Go Under a Ladder-In and Out the Same Door.

The probable truth is that there is not one of The Globe's readers who does not at least half believe in some superstition. Somewhere in your lives you have a little private closet where you keep one or more pet superstitions locked up out the works of old masters should go of sight of your friends, and, for the begging for a price even near their most part, out of your own sight. But value," said an old artist, as he proceeded now and then you unlock the door, or to tell a story of some peculiar auction they get out through the keyhole; then sales of years ago, several prominent they look at you in the twilight with their weird eyes, full of the mystery of the past, and you find yourself on your knees before them. Perhaps you are half ashamed of them, because you do not more than half believe in them, but the sale of paintings on Broadway, near when bey get you alone they master Cortlandt street. There he sold at auc- you. You are like Mme de Stael. A tion every Saturday night old paintings, friend said to her one day, "Do you believe in ghosts?" "No," she replied, "but I am afraid of them, though,'

A LONESOME LADY. Col. Ingersoll dedicated his first volume of lectures to "Eva A, Ingersoll, a woman without superstition." In the early mining days in California, when selfish rascality seemed to be the rule, an old miner who had been repeatedly 'fleeced" was very much astonished at the remarkable honesty of a young man who had just paid back some money which had been given him by mistake. Thinking he could not have many companions in such deeds the old man stepped up to him, laid his hand on his shoulder and said, "Stranger, don't you find yourself awfully lonesome about these parts?" So I have often thought that if Mrs. Ingersoll is really altogether 'without superstition," she must some-

times find herself "awfully lonesome." I remember, when a boy, that one of my brothers used to wear about his neck a red woolen cord to prevent the nosebleed. The only thing clear in my mind on the subject was that it did not prevent it. At any rate it used to bleed very often, while the rest of us, who did not wear one, were never troubled at all. except in those cases that all who have been boys will understand, where a post, or the ice in skating, or a snowball, or some other boy's fist came in somewhat violent contact with the most prominent feature of our faces. I suppose, however that there was some fanciful connection between the red of the string and the red of the blood, and an incipient homeopathy suggested that "like would cure like.

I also remember, when a child, how some of the larger boys used to carry about a horse chestnut in their pockets as a preventive of rheumatism. This is one of the mysteries I have never fathomed. Only it does seem a willful pertures at that time was Luman Reed, a versity for people to suffer so, just to save successful merchant who lived in Green- the trouble of carrying a horse chestnut. Just as it seems oure malice in any one ever to die when one looks through an apothecary shop, reads the advertisements in the newspapers, or knows how Dr. Cullis cures people by simply praying of the Historical society, at Second ave- for them, and then telling them they are

WHAT BAD DREAMS MEAN. A friend told me the other day that when a boy he always feit it incumbent ported at one time. In all there were on him to spit three times whenever he saw a dead cat. The origin of this I will not stop now to trace.

Not long since a lady acquaintance was walking along the street with a friend, when she suddenly felt herself pulled off the sidewalk into the street. The occasion of this sudden maneuver was the other lady's superstitious fear of walking under a ladder that leaned against the wall in front of them. I have learned that this superstition is very commonand, perhaps, it is not worth my while to disturb it. For it might be decidedly "unlucky" to walk under a ladder-provided a man weighing 200 was on it and it should slip; or in case an unsteady man with a "drop too much," should indulge in a further drop too much of a loose lying brick from his hod. Though in the case of the colored brother, who lights in a trained bird and there is no stood serene while the brick lay in fragreason why boys and girls should not ments at his feet, and who merely exclaimed, "Look out, dar! Ef yo' doan't want vo' bricks broke jes' keep 'em off o' dischile's he'd!" it was only the brick

that was "unlucky." I have an old acquaintance in Maine who used to stick his jackknife in the headboard on going to bed to prevent his having the cramp. That is the sole instance of that sublime faith with which I am acquainted. But I have known of people who warded off the same uncomfortable nightly visitant by scrupulously only warm his benumbed fingers, but can arranging their slippers bottom up at the

foot of their bed. A lady not long since went into a jewelry store. Being at a corner it opened on two streets. When she started to go out, the salesman said, "Madam! you have forgetten." "Why what?" said she, came in at the other door," he replied. Then it flashed over her; and though she went on her way, she remembered that it was "unlucky" to enter by one door and go out by another. However it may be about other places, I am really inclined to think that it is unlucky for a lady to go into a jewelry store, no matter which door she goes out of; unlucky for the

man who has to pay the bills. Then, again, it is unlucky to have a bad dream three nights running. This is In a patient from whom the tongue had one of the signs that I believe in thoroughly. "Aha!" you say, "then you, too, are superstitious as well as the rest of us?" Yes, I believe it is very unlucky to have a bad dream-even one night. It is These facts would almost seem to prove a sign that your supper didn't set well, that various parts of tongue and paland also that you will not feel nearly so ate are set apart for the appreciation well the next morning. And if you allow of different "tastes." This idea supports it to trouble you the next day it is another | the fact that the tongue possesses on its bad sign-a sign that you won't sleep so surface papilis or taste organs of differwell the next night, and also a sign that ent shapes and sizes. It is consistent to you have not yet outgrown the fanciful assume that such variations in the ends dreams of the world's childhood .- Dr. of the nerves of taste imply variations in Savage in Boston Globe.

Virtues of Job's Tears. "Job's Tears for Sale," is the legend

displayed in the window of an up town drug store.

"What are Job's Tears, and what are they used for? inquired a curious reporter, whose eyes fell upon the inscrip-

The druggist in reply exhibited a small pasteboard box. The box looked like other boxes, suggestive of pills and other uncomfortable things, but when the top was removed a number of small, bead like Prince Rupert's drops.

"These are Job's Tears," said the pill compounder. "You see they are shaped as a tear is supposed to bo. They are the seeds of a small, grass-like plant that is a native of India but grows now largely in New England. It is a common plant, but somehow, year by year, the seeds seem to be growing scarcer; that is, they are harder to obtain in the market. And year by year the demand for them has increased among a certain class of people. Have they any medicinal properties? Well, only so far as the gratification of a whim may be attended with good results.

"Sometime away back in the shadowy past, some grandma started the story that these pearly affairs, if strung like beads and hung about an infant's neck during the teething period, would make that operation a mild and pleasant pastime, in fact almost a joy forever to the child. I cannot say whether this is true or not, yet I know that lots of young mothers buy Job's Tears, and say that with their assistance it is really a pleasure for the baby to introduce its moiars to the world. Job suffered enough to be of vicarious assistance to the little ones, to say the least, and there may be something in the whim. -Balti- going to them. more News.

#### Caught by an Engine.

As a southern railroad train wassweeping round a curve near Chattanooga, the fireman espied an enormous bald eagle on the track, and before the bird could fly the engine was upon him. He was struck and lifted upon the cow catcher, where he clutched a beam with his great big claws, and held fast. Before he had time to recover from his fright and the shock of the collision, the fireman had climbed along the footway and attacked him. The man was determined to take him prisoner and the eagle was equally determined not to be captured.

and terrible. The train was going at the rate of forty-five miles an hour. The man had to hold by one hand with all his power to one of the iron guards below the headlight to keep his footing, as the engine swayed from side to side and bounded over the inequalities of the track, while he managed the eagle with the other hand.

But his birdship was finally secured after he had nearly torn the man's overalls to shreds with his powerful talons, which are fully four inches long. He was carried back over the footway, fight-

ing like a desuon. Once in the cab, the engineer went to the fireman's aid, and by hard work they A Pure Cream of Tartar Powder. tied "the king of the upper ether" securely, though their task was no easy one, as the eagle fought savagely with beak and claws as long as one of his captors was within reach.

When tied he was spread out on the cab floor, and found to measure seven feet from tip to tip of the wings. When fully erect he stood nearly two feet high, and was altogether a splendid specimen. 66 -Youth's Companion.

### The Cabmen's Shelters.

In the little pocket book which the late Emperor Frederick, then crown prince of Germany, carried on the day of the queen's jubilee is the following entry: The ambulance arrangements on the day of the jubilee, the drinking troughs cranky, and is constantly experifor dogs and horses and the cabmen's menting, dieting himself, adopting shelters in the streets of London." It was his habit to jot down whatever he saw in foreign countries which he thought might be advantageously introduced into Germany.

All over rainy, foggy London at convenient distances are cab stands where hansoms and four wheelers wait in a row for patrons. Until the erection of the "shelters" the cabman had no place of refuge from cold and damp except behind the apron of his cab. These of the streets, and with their rows of little windows all around look more like playhouses for children than establishments for the comfort of cabmen. They are picturesque little wooden buildings. all over gables and miniature balconies from which are suspended hanging plants. Plants also blossom in pots in the windows. Here the cabman cannot get a hot steak and a steaming cup of tea; so a policeman told me one morning on the top of the omnibus as we trundled along by the cabmen's shelter on Regent street.-April Wide Awake.

Tasting Without a Tongue. There exists a mistaken notion that the tongue is the sole organ of taste, just as the idea, natural but erroneous, is extant that it is necessary for purposes of speech. As a matter of fact, taste is as largely resident in the palate as in the tongue, while numerous cases are on record in which persons who have suffered the loss of the tongue have been able to speak with clearness. Recently a proof was given of the widespread nature of the taste sense in the mouth. been very completely removed, it was found that sensations of sweet, sour and bitter nature were still present. Curiously, too, no sense of salt taste remained. their functions.-New York Telegram.

"Persons suffering from weak back will take comfort in reading the following let-

much said about Allcock's Porous Plas-TERS, I applied two to the lower part of my spine. In a week I was very much better. I put on fresh plasters at the end of ten bays, and two weeks afterwards found myself entirely well. If I get a very severe like seeds were exposed. They were about the size of pea beans and shaped the Prives Parset's draws. A new remedy for bruised ballplayers has been und to take the piace of artica. It is called

> Dobuins' Electric Soap is cheaper for you to use, if you follow directions, than any other soaps would be if given to you, for by its use clothes are saved. Clothes cost more than soap. Ask your grocer for Dobbins'. Take no other,

> Pools rhyme with fools, and cenerally the two

THERE is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to care with local treatment, pronounced it mourable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional eure has proven catarrh to be a constitutional divease, and therefore requires constitutional tratment. Hail's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. hency & Co., Toledo, O., Is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from ten drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer \$100 for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address.

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Sauso—The American divorce law should be

Sauso-The American divorce law should be repealed. Rodd-Nonsense! Do you want to depopulate the stage

For throat troubles and coughs use "Brown's Bronchial Troches." They possess real merit. No wonder does spend so much time in howl-ug. Think of the kind of men who are always

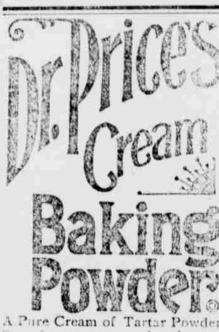
RUPTURE AND PILES CURED.

We positively cure rupture and all rectal dis-cases without pain or detention from business. No cure, no pay; and no pay until cured. Ad-dress for pamphlet firs. Porterfield & Losey, 838 Market street, San Francisco.

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Superior to every other known. Used in Millions of Homes-

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# 'August Flower"

strange notions, and changing the cooking, the dishes, the hours, and manner of his eating-August Flower the Remedy.

How does he feel?-He feels at times a gnawing, voracious, insatiable appetite, wholly unaccountable, unnatural and unhealthy.-August Flower the Remedy.

How does he feel?-He feels no "shelters" stand directly in the middle desire to go to the table and a grumbling, fault-finding, over-nicety about what is set before him when he is there-August Flower the Remedy.

How does he feel?-He feels after a spell of this abnormal appetite an utter abhorrence, loathing, and detestation of food; as if a mouthful would kill him-August Flower the Remedy.

How does he feel?-He has irregular bowels and peculiar stools-August Flower the Remedy. ®

Bermuda Bottled. "You must go to Bermuda. If you do not I will not be responsible for the consequences." "But, doctor, I can afford neither the time nor the money." "Well, If that is impossible, try

OF PURE NORWEGIAN COD LIVER OIL. I sometimes call it Bermuda Bot-tled, and many cases of CONSUMPTION, Bronchitis, Cough

or Severe Cold or Severe Cold
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advantage is that the most sensitive stomach can take it. Another
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stimulating properties of the Hypophosphites which it contains.
You will find it for sale at your
Druggist's but see you get the
original SCOTT'S EMULSION."

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Dr. La Grange wishes to make known his New take comfort in reading the following letter from Mr. A. W. Barrett of Oswego, N. Y.:

"Ten years ago I was afflicted with a lame back. The pain was so severe that I could hardly walk or get about the arms and nerves of the eye, removing pain almost instantaneously. It is a narvelous discovery and a blessing to the sufferer.

For turbur confidence wishes to make known his New Treatment for the cure of all discusses of the Eye without Operation or Pain. The remedy can be supplied by the patient, and is simple, safe and herves of the eye, removing pain almost instantaneously. It is a narvelous discovery and blessing to the sufferer.

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For further particulars address with stamped envelope R. J. La Ghangs, M. D., 215 Powell St., fourth door from Genry, San Francisco, Cal. Office hours—11 till 3.

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are given they are never tired of cleaning up.

Two servants in two neighboring houses dwelt, But differently their daily labor felt; Jaded and weary of her life was one. Always at work, and yet 'twas never done. The other walked out nightly with her beau, But then she cleaned house with SAPOLIO.



Kidney palits, backache and muscular cheumatism relieved in one minute by the calchated Curreura Anti-Pain Plastus 25c

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FOR ONE DOLLAR sent us by boult, we will do-liver, free of all charges, to any person in the United states, all the following articles carefully

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