

OFFICIAL SEMI-WEEKLY PAPER Heppner Gazette.

THIRTEENTH YEAR

HEPPNER, MORROW COUNTY, OREGON, TUESDAY, AUGUST 6, 1895.

SEMIWEEKLY GAZETTE

Tuesdays and Fridays THE PATTERSON PUBLISHING COMPANY

OTIS PATTERSON, Editor A. W. PATTERSON, Business Manager

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THIS PAPER is kept on file at E. C. Baker's Advertising Agency, 64 and 66 Alhambra Exchange, San Francisco, California, where contracts for advertising can be made for it.

UNION PACIFIC RAILWAY—LOCAL CARD.

No. 9, mixed, leaves Heppner 3:30 p. m. daily except Sunday. Arrives at Willows Junction 6:20 p. m. No. 10, mixed, leaves Willows Junction 7:15 p. m. Arrives at Heppner 10 p. m. daily except Sunday. East bound, main line leaves at Willows Junction 1:45 a. m. West bound, main line leaves at Willows Junction 12:15 a. m. West bound Portland fast freight with passenger coach leaves Willows Junction 6:38 p. m. and arrives at The Dalles at 12:04 a. m. Have passengers from the ranch lay over till 3:15 a. m. and take the fast mail west bound which arrives at Portland 7:25 a. m. The Dalles and Portland passenger leaves The Dalles daily at 2:15 p. m. and arrives at Portland 6:00 p. m. Leaves Portland 8:00 a. m. daily and arrives at The Dalles 12:15 p. m. This connects with the east-bound way freight with passenger coach which leaves The Dalles at 1:30 p. m. arriving at Willows Junction 6:38 p. m.

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

United States Officials. President... Grover Cleveland Vice-President... Adlai Stevenson Secretary of State... Richard B. Olney Secretary of Treasury... John G. Carlisle Secretary of Interior... Luke Smith Secretary of War... Daniel S. Lamont Secretary of Navy... Hilary A. Herbert Secretary of Agriculture... William L. Wilson Secretary of Commerce... Nelson A. Rockefeller Secretary of Education... Charles D. Walcott

Morrow County Officials. Joint Senator... J. W. Morrow Sheriff... G. W. Harrison Treasurer... Frank Gilliam Assessor... F. J. Mallock School Superintendent... Geo. Lord Marshal... A. A. Roberts

HEPPNER TOWN OFFICIALS. Mayor... J. W. Morrow Councilmen... G. E. Farnsworth, M. L. Leitch, O. H. Patterson, T. W. Ayers, Jr., S. B. Moore, E. J. Sloan, W. W. Miller, J. H. Robinson

SECRET SOCIETIES. HAWKINS POST, NO. 18. G. A. R. Meets at Lexington, Or., the last Saturday of each month. All veterans are invited to join.

LUMBER! WE HAVE FOR SALE ALL KINDS OF UN-DRESSED LUMBER, 16 miles of Heppner, at what is known as the SCOTT SAWMILL. PER 1,000 FEET, ROUGH, - - - \$3.00 - - - CLEAR, - - - \$3.90

IF DELIVERED IN HEPPNER, WILL ADD 65 cts. per 1,000 feet. The above quotations are strictly for Cash. L. HAMILTON, Prop.

National Bank of Heppner. W. H. PENLAND, ED. E. BISHOP, President, Cashier. TRANSACTS A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS. COLLECTIONS. Made on Favorable Terms. EXCHANGE BOUGHT & SOLD HEPPNER, OREGON

FREE \$1000 worth of lovely Mocha Tea Party sets, bright, beautiful and most popular selections, both local and imported, gotten up in the most elegant manner, including four large size Portulaca, GARNETTIA, the Spanish Queen, FAGERBERG, the Great Planter, ADLER PATO and MIMIE BELMONT CUTTING. ORDER ALL ORDERS TO THE NEW YORK MUSICAL LOGO CO., Broadway, Throgs Neck, New York City. CARRIERS WANTED.

Have you read 'Cain's Financial Nebula' and his other books? If not you should see Jos Carlos Boyd and get them.



Reader, did you ever take SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR, the "KING OF LIVER MEDICINES"? Everybody needs a liver remedy. It is a sluggish or diseased liver that impairs digestion and causes constipation, when the waste that should be carried off remains in the body and poisons the whole system.

CHICKEN RAISING PAYS. Hypocrite the Petaluma regulates a fowling. Make money while others are wasting time by old processes. Catalogue tells all about it. Illustrations and detailed descriptions of every article needed for the poultry business.

The "ERIE" mechanically the best of all. Land describes every article needed for the poultry business. Agents, Bicycle Catalogue, mail order, gives full particulars. Price, \$2.00. AGENTS WANTED. PETALUMA REGULATORY CO., Petaluma, Cal. BRANCH HOUSE, 217 S. Main St., Los Angeles.

THE PATTERSON PUB. CO. have secured the agency of the Crescent bicycles for Morrow and Grant counties, and will shortly have some machines for sale at very low figures. Examine a Crescent before buying.

FACTS ARE... FACTS!! YOU CAN BUY \$25.00 worth of dry goods and groceries and then have enough left over to purchase a No. 1 Crescent Bicycle. This is a first-class machine. Why then pay \$100.00 for a bicycle that will give no better service? CRESCENT "Searcher," weight 20 pounds, only \$50. Ladies' and Gents' roadsters sell the way, from \$30 to \$75. "Boy's Junior," only \$30 with pneumatic tires—a good machine. "Our Special," Men's \$50; Ladies', \$30.

THE INTER OCEAN IS THE Most Popular Republican Newspaper of the West And Has the Largest Circulation. (DAILY (without Sunday).....\$6.00 per year DAILY (with Sunday).....\$8.00 per year TERMS BY MAIL The Weekly Inter Ocean \$1.00 PER YEAR. AS A NEWSPAPER THE INTER OCEAN keeps abreast of the times in all respects. It carries the best quality of news in securing ALL THE NEWS AND THE BEST OF CURRENT LITERATURE. The Weekly Inter Ocean AS A FAMILY PAPER IS NOT EXCELLED BY ANY. It has something of interest to each member of the family. ITS YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT is the very best of its kind. ITS LITERARY FEATURES are unequalled. POLITICALLY IT IS REPUBLICAN, and gives its readers the benefit of the ablest discussions on all live political topics. It also gives them THE NEWS OF THE WORLD. IT IS A TWELVE-PAGE PAPER. THE INTER OCEAN IS PUBLISHED IN CHICAGO, THE NEWS AND COMMERCIAL CENTER OF ALL WEST OF THE ALLEGANY MOUNTAINS, AND IS BEING SHIPPED TO THE NEEDS OF THE PEOPLE OF THAT SECTION THAN ANY PAPER FARTHER EAST. It is in accord with the people of the West both in Politics and Literature. Remember that the price of The Weekly Inter Ocean is ONLY ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR. ADDRESS THE INTER OCEAN, CHICAGO.

WANTED A RECEIPT.—The following is told at the expense of a well known lawyer of The Dalles: "What are you waiting for?" said the lawyer to an Indian, who had just paid him some money to be told how to get a divorce from a squaw to whom he had never been married. "A receipt," said the Indian. "A receipt? what do you know about a receipt? If you can explain to me the nature and purpose of a receipt, I will give one," replied the lawyer. "Some maybe you die; me go heben, me see Good, Peter and Chist; d-y says, Jim what do you want; me say, want in. Day says you pay Mr. Lawyer that money. Why me do, I have no receipt. Heb me hne all over ball to find you?" He got his receipt.

THE OWEN ELECTRIC BELT FOR MEN AND WOMEN. The latest and only scientific and practical electric belt made for general use, producing a genuine current of electricity for the cure of diseases that can be readily felt and registered both in quantity and power, and applying any part of the body. It is worn at any time during working hours or sleep, and WILL POSITIVELY CURE RHEUMATISM, LUMBAGO, GENERAL DEBILITY, NEURALGIA, SCIATICA, BRUISES, SPINAL DISEASES, SEXUAL WEAKNESSES, IMPOTENCY, KIDNEY DISEASES, WITHOUT MEDICINE. Electrically applied, it fast takes the place of drugs for all Nervous, Rheumatic, Kidney and Urinary Troubles, and will effect a permanent cure in cases where other known means have failed. Any sluggish, weak or diseased organ may be revived by its action to healthy activity before it is too late. Leading medical men use and recommend the Owen Belt in their practice.

OUR LARGE ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE. Contains fullest information regarding the cure of acute, chronic and nervous diseases, and how to order, in English, German, Swedish and Norwegian languages, will be mailed, upon application, to any address for 5 cents postage. The Owen Electric Belt and Appliance Co., Sole Office and Only Factory, The Owen Electric Belt Co., 201 1/2 State Street CHICAGO, ILL. The Largest Electric Belt Establishment in the World. MENTION THIS PAPER.

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LOCAL MARKET REPORT. Wheat, bu. \$40@42 Flour, bl. 2 65 Beaves, cows & two-year-olds, cwt. 2 00 " three " 2 25 Sheep, muttons, head, 1 25 @ 1 50 " stock " 1 00 @ 1 50 Hogs, on foot, 3 00 Hogs, dressed, 4 00 Wool, 8 @ 10 Horses, slow sale. Butter, roll, 25@40 Eggs, doz. 10 Chickens, doz. 2 00@3 00 Turkeys, 4 00 Potatoes, per cwt. 4 00

CALIFORNIA MARKET. Wheat, cwt. \$35 @ 1 02 Flour, bl. 2 50 @ 3 50 Beaves, stall fed, 4 50 @ 5 00 Vintons, cwt. 6 00 @ 8 00 Hogs, cwt. 4 50 @ 5 25 Wool—Eastern Oregon, 8 @ 13 Butter, lb. 10 @ 15 Eggs, doz. 12 @ 18 Potatoes—new, per cwt. 60 @ 85 " old, " 30 @ 75 Chickens, doz. 3 00 @ 7 00 Turkeys, D., 12 @ 14

PORTLAND MARKET. Wheat, bu. \$47 @ 50 Flour, bl. 2 25 @ 2 85 Beaves, cwt. 2 5 @ 3 00 " dressed, 4 00 @ 5 50 Vintons, new, per cwt. 1 75 @ 2 00 " dressed, D., 04 @ 04 1/2 Hogs, on foot, 3 25 @ 3 75 " dressed, D., 04 @ 04 1/2 Wool—Eastern Oregon, 08 @ 11 Butter, lb. 10 @ 15 Eggs, doz. 2 00 @ 3 50 Turkeys, D. dressed, 10 @ 12 Potatoes, new, per cwt. 35 @ 55

EIGHT MILE NOTES. Weather hot and dry. Several of our neighbors have gone to the mountains to stay during the hot weather. Gill Jones has moved to the farm he purchased of Oliver Cox. Oliver moved to California. Farmers have learned that it is best to summer fallow, and then sow their grain in September.

Many wells are giving out, and some have to haul water for house use, and drive their stock to water. Farmers are mowing a greater portion of their grain for hay, as it will not pay to head and thresh it. In fact there will be very little grain threshed here.

Vegetables are drying up, except potatoes, and they do not seem to be doing as well as usual. Fruit will be scarce, though gooseberries were very plentiful. Eight Mile was cast in gloom when they heard of the death of J. L. Boymer. He was an old resident of this neighborhood, and a man interested in Sunday school and church work. He enjoyed prayer meeting, and was always ready to read the sermon, and enjoyed doing so. It is a great comfort to his bereaved companion to know that he was willing to die, and did so rejoicing in his Saviour. Mrs. Boymer has the heartiest sympathy of this neighborhood; may He who has promised to be a husband to the widow, and a father to the fatherless, be near to her and her family; may they lean on Him and trust Him. The last request Mr. Boymer made of the Eight Mile people was that they meet and see what arrangements could be made for building a church, but he went to the mountains and met with an accident from which he died, and the meeting was not held. His seat is vacant at his home. He is missed, sadly missed. But they know if they live for Jesus, they will meet him "in the morning when the mist has rolled away." Rev. Adkins preached an excellent sermon, and read the beautiful burial service at the cemetery, which is so impressive. The remains were interred at the Odd Fellows cemetery at Clatskanie.

There is very little butter being made, as the dry weather kills the grass as there is no nutriment in it and cows are not doing well. E. M. C. EIGHT MILE, Or., Aug. 1, 1895.

A Remarkable Cure of Rheumatism. WESTMINSTER, Cal., March 21, 1894.—Some time ago, on awakening one morning, I found that I had rheumatism in my knee so badly that, as I remarked to my wife, it would be impossible for me to attend to business that day. Remembering that I had some of Chamberlain's Pain Balm in my store I went for a bottle and rubbed the afflicted parts thoroughly with it, according to directions, and within an hour I was completely relieved. One application had done the business. It is the best liniment on the market, and I sell it under a positive guarantee. R. T. Harris. For sale by Sloan's Johnson Drug Co.

POINTS TO BUSINESS MEN.—Here is a pointer for our business men: "The time to advertise," says an experienced business man of Philadelphia, Pa., who has made a fortune by judicious investments in printer's ink, "is when business is dull. A good man can get business when buyers are plenty. It is the business man who pushes his trade in the dull months of July and August by fettering advertisements, who has a large balance to his credit at the end of the year. 'Keep pushing' is a good motto, I have found, and I never decrease my advertising in the summer. I have special sales. I study what the people want and I have it for them. I keep pushing and I have no dull seasons."

munities of the United States, the Pope will triumph most gloriously in '96. I hardly know how to give an adequate idea of the intense heat felt here without trespassing upon the bible account of the finally lost; and while the adherent of the old parties are writing under the hot shots from the small poptans present, the analogy becomes more striking and will doubtless be most striking at the polls in '94.

I notice that my last article drew from you a few comments which I was glad to see. I agree with you that my article was rather ill-timed and thank you for the suggestion. However, it occurs to me that the burden of the political sentiment should have been written by me as early as early as the '70's, but instead I was like many are at the present time, so blinded by the hue and cry of tariff that I could not see that it was then high time to sound the tocsin of alarm, and thereby aid in preventing the power of oppression in fastening its fangs and depositing its virus in free America. Nor is the day so sacred to one whose patriotism is unfeigned that he should hum some unintelligible "fan dangle double dee" until America's proterity is bound in abject slavery, and Independence day lost in ignominy. Awake, Mr. Editor, and tell us what it means that the state militia should be placed subject to the will of the president and liable to be called to shoot down their offending brothers at any time. Why are not the Pinkertons called to account for the murders they commit? They are not a legally authorized institution, and their murders are no less murders than those upon the public highways. But that body are the merciless hirelings of oppression and are therefore allowed to escape justice. Is this what old Liberty's Bell sang out so loud and clear on July 4, 1776? If so, I have then been under a delusion, for it evidently rang out liberty alone to the oppressor's hand. WILL HOSKINS, RITTER, Or., July 23, 1895.

The writer once knew of a famous orator who was delivering a lecture to a large and intelligent audience on the subject of "Impossibilities." In the course of his discourse he asserted that there were but very few impossibilities in this world, and that many things were classed as such because of lack of acquaintance, or ignorance. At the close of his lecture, which had been listened to very attentively, the speaker said he was ready to explain any mystery or impossibility that might be submitted to him by anyone in the audience. A number of mysterious sights and happenings were submitted to this learned man, which were hastily explained in a very satisfactory manner to his audience. At length a gentleman, rather unassuming in appearance, who had occupied a rear seat, arose and explained to the lecturer that not long since down in Kentucky a parent had given birth to a child, one half of which was black. The professor delved into the matter and rendered what he thought to be a very satisfactory answer of more than half an hour's length and was just concluding when the same unassuming man arose from his seat and said, in a language of manner, that he had failed to state that the other half of the child was also black. This completely convulsed the audience and everyone had a hearty laugh at the lecturer's expense. When quite done was more restored he assured his audience that he appreciated this fully as much as they, as it was a valuable lesson to him, and that in the future he would never attempt to explain anything until he first knew that it was absolutely true. The moral of the above story is a valuable one, and has never been forgotten by the writer who finds it very applicable in answering the questions propounded by our friend Hoskins in the above article.

A WEIRD SEA TALE. The Deep Mystery of an Abandoned Ship and Its Missing Crew. One of the strangest stories about an abandoned ship comes from the Indian ocean. In 1822 the British corvette Lizard was cruising off Ceylon. A ship came in sight with all sail set, and making good speed through the water. The officers took a long look, and one said: "There is something wrong about that vessel. Her crojack is loose and flapping, and there is no man at the wheel. We had better run down to her." This was done, says the New York World, and when near it was seen that the ship had no crew, as there was no answer to the hail. When boarded there were no marks of trouble until, on raising a sail that was spread over the main hatch, the body of a man was found. He had been ironed to the lock-bars of the hatch cover, and had apparently been dead a week. On going into the cabin the body of an elderly man was found. He had been stabbed to death. On examining the log-book it was on record that the ship was Spanish, from the Philippines, and named El Frey Antonio, but, strangely, the last entry was six weeks past, and spoke of abandoning the ship at a point a thousand miles away, bound for Malaga, Spain. She was left on the road to China. A pitcher of water on the table was intact. Could the vessel have come this long journey without meeting a storm, and how had the dead men got here? They had not been dead six weeks, and both were Lascares.

The Frey Antonio was taken into Madras, the Spanish government notified, and their answer only made the mystery deeper. The ship had sailed from Celebes more than a year before, with six Roman Catholic priests as passengers, bound for Spain, and had no Lascares among her crew. And this was all. And from that far away time until now the story of El Frey Antonio is one of the secrets of the deep.

HOW TO FIGHT INDIANS. A Recipe Given for the Benefit of Blood-thirsty Boys. Jack now took off his blue flannel jumper and overall trousers, fixed them artistically together and stuffed them out with the coarse grass growing everywhere around us. Then he held the lummy beyond the edge of a boulder as such a way as to look as if the bulge of his own body were protruding, says Lippincott's Magazine.

The old, old ruse succeeded admirably, for instantly there came from the cover, about thirty yards away, a hurrying shower of arrows; and as soon as Tom and I had fired our decoy shots a squad of hideously painted Apaches sprang up, and with uplifted tomahawks and terrific yells, rushed toward us. But not for fear. "Now, boys!" shouted Jack, and at the crack of our rifles the three foremost bravos went headlong down. For a few seconds the others stood bewildered, and then, as one after another dropped under the storm of revolver bullets, fired so rapidly as to seem like the work of a dozen enemies, the surviving warriors darted off to their ponies and scattered away. Spectators looking at the "happy family" of a menagerie have often wondered if the ovine member ever laid down inside of the pen. The Glasgow Times asserts: "The owner of a menagerie in Berlin, which included a 'happy family' consisting of a lion, a tiger, a wolf and a sheep, was asked one day in confidence how long these animals had lived together. 'About nine months,' he replied, 'except the sheep, which has to be renewed every nine months.'"

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U.S. Gov't Report. Royal Baking Powder ABSOLUTELY PURE

IN COMMAND OF THE ARMADA. Several of the Things Which Philip II. Forgot. In the Armada the crusading enthusiasm had reached its point and focus, says Froude in Longman's Magazine. England was the stake to which the virgin, the daughter of Slon, was bound in captivity. Persons had come at last in the person of the duke of Medina Sidonia, and with him all that was best and brightest in the countrymen of Cervantes, to break her bonds and replace her on her throne. They had sailed into the channel in pious hope, with the blessed banner waving over their heads. To be the executor of the decrees of Providence is a lofty ambition, but men in a state of high emotion overlook the precautions which are not to be dispensed with, even on the sublimest of errands. Don Quixote, when he set out to redress the wrongs of humanity, forgot that a change of linen might be necessary and that he must take money with him to pay his hotel bills. Philip II., in sending the Armada to England, and confident in supernatural protection, imagined an unresisted, triumphal procession. He forgot that contractors might be rascals, that water four months in the casks in a hot climate turned putrid and that putrid water would poison his ships' companies, though his crews were companies of angels. He forgot that the servants of the evil one might fight for their mistress after all and that he must send adequate supplies of powder, and, worst of all, forgetfulness of all, that a great naval expedition required a leader who understood his business. Perseus, in the shape of the duke of Medina Sidonia, after a week of disastrous battles, found himself at the end of it in an exposed roadstead, where he ought never to have been, nine-tenths of his provisions thrown overboard as unfit for food, his ammunition exhausted by the unforeseen demands upon it, the seamen and soldiers harassed and dispirited, officers the whole week without sleep, and the enemy, who had hunted him from Plymouth to Cadix, anchored within half a league of him.

NOT AN INFERNAL MACHINE. Only a Harmless Little Ring clicking on Sateen Locket. A dynamo which furnishes the electric light for one of the passenger trains between Chicago and Omaha on the Milwaukee road was the cause of an interesting episode in the sleeper the other night, says the Chicago Times-Herald. A stranger of rather mysterious aspect got on at Elgin on a west-bound train. He had a queer-looking satchel with him, which he pushed under the seat. When the porter came to make up the berth he put the satchel on an adjoining seat. Presently he paused in the midst of his bed-making, and, fixing both eyes on the satchel, stared at it. His orbs seemed to grow as he did so. Finally he cautiously approached the owner and said: "Excuse me, sah, but has you got any kind o'clockwork in dat grip, sah?" The stranger looked at him for a moment with evident surprise and replied that he had not. "Well, excuse me, sah, but dey's clockwork round dis vicinity somewhere, sah, and seems to me it bethah be looked up. I've hearn of dem 'tins gonn' off."

By this time two or three other passengers and the conductor had come up, and became interested in the situation. The ticking was distinctly audible and seemed to come from the "inwards" of the grip. The stranger seemed to be as much interested as anybody, and remarked that his wife might have put in the bedroom clock instead of his collar box. He opened the satchel, but investigation into all its recesses failed to solve the mystery. As he closed it up the ticking began again, and everybody was more puzzled than ever by the conductor noticed that the little ring which is attached to all satchel locks to assist in opening was swinging to and fro with the vibrations caused by the dynamo and so produced the regular "tick-tick" which had alarmed the porter. Then everybody laughed, and the porter went on with his work.

CAT STOPS A MONKEY FIGHT. Simians Bear the Fierce Spit and Lose All Combativeness. A battle royal between monkeys took place one afternoon recently, says the New York Journal, in the window of a downtown animal importer, to the great delight of all who could crowd near enough to the scene to see the conflict. Six young monkeys were playing in a cage behind a big plate-glass window. Suddenly the monkeys took it into their heads to scrap. They sprang at each other in the wildest way and hair flew at a lively rate. There was no apparent reason why the creatures should have gone at each other, but go at each other they did. A Dunnybrook fat was not in it compared with the way these monkeys played and chewed each other. Each one seemed to be for himself and against all the rest.

The crowd of men and boys on the sidewalk yelled with excitement for several minutes. Finally a boy who is employed at a neighboring restaurant appeared with a big gray and black cat in his arms. "Let us get near the window," he cried, "and I'll bet my cat will scare the life out of the whole lot of them monkeys." The crowd let the boy through. The cat held his Thomas cat up to the glass, and instantly Mr. Cat straightened out his whiskers and commenced spitting. That was enough. The gang of monkey fighters heard the spitting and quit. Their fury was quelled in a jiffy, and they jumped to the farthest corner of the cage with a unanimity that was as pronounced as their mutual aggressiveness had been.

How the Tees Work. In America it has been observed that bees often bore tubular corollas in order to get at the nectar of flowers, instead of entering by the mouth, as humbees do. Entomologists in essays on the cross-fertilization of flowers this supposed anomaly has been the subject of much comment. It now appears that the humbees of Europe and America have identical habits in regard to flowers as made, and that it is the class of insects known as the carpenter bee, or the borer, which works in the outside manner indicated.

The sheep liked-walk. Spectators looking at the "happy family" of a menagerie have often wondered if the ovine member ever laid down inside of the pen. The Glasgow Times asserts: "The owner of a menagerie in Berlin, which included a 'happy family' consisting of a lion, a tiger, a wolf and a sheep, was asked one day in confidence how long these animals had lived together. 'About nine months,' he replied, 'except the sheep, which has to be renewed every nine months.'"