Cold Nerve in a Robber.

The bold thief who a few weeks ago tried to kill Charles Wonnell when the latter refused to quietly submit to seeing his house robbed returned to Wonnell's house about 4 o'clock yesterday morning, and knocking at Mr. Wonnell's window until he was aroused made a proposition to sell the watch secured upon the night of the burglary. Wonnell replied that he couldn't buy the watch then if he wanted to, as he had no money in the house, and added that he did not care to buy the watch back.

"Well," replied the man outside the window, "you will surely give something for it. Will you give me ten dollars for it?"

Wonnell asked how he knew it was the stolen watch, and was told that a brother knight in Wonnell's lodge, K. of H., had told him that it was, and that it had the proper initials engraved upon it. The man said he had bought the watch, but refused to give his name, saying when asked, "Oh, you wouldn't know me if I told you my name." Wonnell finally told the man that if he would leave the watch at Frank Hosbrook's grocery he (Wonnell) would leave ten dallars at the same place.

The man departed, but the watch was not left at the grocery. Mr. Wonnell thinks he recognized the voice of his last visitor as that of the burglar, and believes that the proposition to sell the watch was but a ruse to induce him to open the door, when he would be overpowered and compelled to submit to another robbery.—Indianapolis Journal.

Very Much Interested.

Briggs—I was around to Miss Penstock's last night, and she seemed very much interested in you.

Griggs—Did she? Well, I'm glad to hear that.

Briggs—Yes. She said you were a handsome fellow and wanted to know if you were as good as you looked. Sometimes, she said, you couldn't judge a man by appearances.

Griggs—Certainly not. But you gave me a good reputation, didn't you?

Briggs—Of course. She asked if you were dissipated.

Griggs—Is that so? By Jove, old fellow, there may be something in this! What else did she say?

Briggs—She asked if you had money.

Griggs—You don't tell me!

Briggs—Yes. She said you seemed such a nice fellow that she should hate to hear anything against you.

Griggs—Seemed to be real interested, did she?

Briggs—Oh, very much.

Griggs—Well, I must cultivate her. Strange that she never took such an interest in me before. How do you account for it?

Briggs—Easy enough.

Griggs—Why? Has she heard anything about me?

Briggs—Yes. She said she heard that you borrowed $25 from her brother.—Truth.

An Anchorite in Durance Vile.

Hermits are generally supposed to be holy men who spend their lives far from the madding crowd, occupying themselves in works of prayer and meditation on the vanity of the world. Jean Galade, an anchorite of the Nineteenth century, who has been arrested near Perpignan, can hardly be classed among the disciples of St. Anthony, or of any other pious tenant of the Thebaid. While supposed to be leading a contemplative life he was going about the country stealing like a gypsy. His depredations having been brought to the notice of the proper authorities, the gendarmes were sent out after Jean, and he was captured at St. Paul. The gyves were promptly placed upon his wrists, and he was marched between two stern faced men to the prison of Prades, where he will remain in real seclusion from the world for a considerable period.—Paris Cor. London Telegraph.

His Remedy.

Jack Ford—Do you ever suffer from insomnia?

Tom de Witt—No. Whenever I can't sleep, I just imagine that it's 8 o'clock in the morning and I have been called twice for breakfast.—Life.

A Terrible Revenge.

Witherby—Say, did you recommend that cook of ours to my wife?

Plankington—Yes, I believe so.

Witherby—Well, I wish you would come around tonight and take dinner with us.—New York World.

Emancipated.

Dr. Chargewell—I had 14 cases at one place last evening.

Ballwick—Was it an epidemic?

Dr. Chargewell—No. The Young Women's Fin de Siecle club had a smoking concert.—Puck.

A Baby Climbs a Ladder.

Think of a baby twenty-four hours old climbing a stepladder! It was rather an undersized infant for that age too. Of course it could not climb up by itself, so the nurse carried it in her arms. It did not cry, but clapped its hands delightedly. The child was a little boy and the climbing of the stepladder took place in the very room where he was born. The mother regarded it as an important event evidently. It was by her orders that the performance took place. Her interest was none the less because it was all for the sake of gratifying an old time superstition.

Monthly nurses all agree that if a baby goes down stairs before it goes up stairs its path in life will be downward and ill luck will attend it. Accordingly precautions should be taken against such an omen. In this instance the child having been born on the top floor of the house it could not be carried up stairs, and therefore its mother had suggested the ingenious plan of having a stepladder brought into the room so that nurse could mount it with baby in her arms.

But that was not all. A small Testament was attached by a string to the child's arm and in its chubby little fist was placed a gold dollar. Thus reasonable certainty was secured that the boy would grow up both rich and pious. At the same time it seems very odd to see such superstitious observances practiced in the city of Washington in the year 1892.—Washington Star.

A Peculiar Find.

Mrs. J. W. Hood had a peculiar experience a few days ago. She was searching for a mislaid article and was rummaging about on the closet shelves, when she laid her hand on a lady's gold watch. It did not belong to her, and she was at a loss to understand how it came there. The incident worried her so that she finally went to the office where Mr. Hood is employed to tell him about it. Mr. Hood was as much surprised as his wife, and advised her to make a further investigation. Upon her return home she again went to the closet shelf and there found her silver spoons, which she had packed away in a trunk in another room a few days before.

The only satisfactory explanation they could find was that burglars had been in the house and had the gold watch with them. They probably found the silver spoons, and were looking in the closet for other valuables when they became frightened and hurried away, leaving the watch and spoons lying on the shelf. Mrs. Hood has advertised the watch, but so far has failed to find an owner.—Chicago Journal.

Plant Shade Trees.

Again the time of year has rolled around when deciduous trees shed their leaves. The best time to transplant deciduous trees is during the fall of their leaves in the autumn and the bursting of the buds into leaf in the spring. There is little choice in many portions of this country as to what particular time during the period mentioned trees should be transplanted so that the soil is in proper condition. In this section, where winter is well defined, the planting period is divided by cold weather into fall and spring, and the relative advantages of the seasons are less a matter of moment than the fact that not nearly as many trees are planted in either as there ought to be. However, this is an opportune time to remind those who have a place to plant a tree that fall is a better time than spring to set out trees.—McKeesport Times.

Right.

It was in a latitude of 86 degrees, 27 minutes and some odd seconds north, where the sun lingers above the horizon for six months and absents itself from mortal gaze for an equal period.

The old man Eskimo acted cross.

"Young man," he observed icily, "don't you think you are working the racket pretty hard when you call on my daughter every evening?"

The youth turned in fierce resentment.

"Cruel sir," he exclaimed, "I have not called every evening. I call your beautiful daughter to witness that I have been here only four times in five years."

The father finally admitted that his memory was failing.—Detroit Tribune.

To Be Envied.

"Girls, I had the loveliest dream last night. I thought I wuz took to heaven in a golden plate of red ice cream, and when I got there the angels forced my mouth open with a peanut bar and filled me to the neck with chewing gum and popcorn!"—Life.

The open fireplace in the new public library building at Machias, Me., will be constructed of stones which were used for ballast on board the British war schooner Margaretta, captured by the Americans near Machias during the early part of the Revolution.

There are more than 3,000 articles of various descriptions, that were lost by visitors during the World's fair season, stored away in a room of the old Service building at Jackson park awaiting claimants.

PURE HUSBANDRY.

Matter Printed in the Interest of Thoughtful Farmers.

THE DEHORNING OF CATTLE.

If the Horns on Our Cattle Were Not Frequently Used for Doing Injury to Both Man and Beast, Very Few Would Advocate Their Removal.

This is the way F. L. Gaston, Normal, Ill., dishes up "horns" in a recent Jersey Bulletin:

"In regard to the discussions about dehorning, there seems to be no more chance for all to agree than in the matter of prohibiting the sale of "horns" that make brutes of men. The greater the nuisance the more some will argue that we have no right to deprive the others of their natural privileges. Were it not a fact that the "horns" men take make them even lower than brutes, there would be no occasion for us to try to prohibit their exercising their natural privileges. And if the horns on our cattle were not frequently used for doing injury to both man and beast, very few would advocate their removal.

For several years past our State and nation have been licensing the sale of "horns" that make brutes of men; now why not allow owners of bulls, by paying a license fee, to retain their horns, so if the bull feels like killing his master or his master's horse, or his master's neighbor, he shall have the blessed privilege if his owner is only willing to pay the license fee, no matter whether it is high or low. For myself I am satisfied men should be prohibited from buying or taking "horns" which make them go home and kill their wife, or child, or neighbor, and so far as my cattle are concerned, I wish they had not a horn on them, I have handled them both with and without horns and know they are much easier handled and do less harm to each other without horns. Have obtained the consent of my better-half to dehorn all the male calves dropped on our place by using caustic potash on the little horn when the calf is only eight or ten days old, and I find it gives excellent satisfaction to purchasers. I hope soon to obtain the consent of my better-half to also dehorn all the heifer calves dropped on our place; then we shall have Jerseys without horns.

If my neighbor prefers to have stock with horns on and is willing to pay an enormous license sufficient to cover all damage done by these same horns, perhaps he should have the privilege; and if human beings will sell that which makes a man kill his family or his neighbor and our State and nation have a controlling interest in the cursed business, why not make the whole business responsible for the damage caused thereby? Let us dehorn our cattle and see how much nicer they behave, and let us feed the young America on pure, unadulterated Jersey milk instead of soaking them in beer and see how much better they behave.

Soil for Olives.

As to the kind of soil in which the olive succeeds, Ellwood Cooper of Santa Barbara says that he has trees growing without irrigation in black adobe, on stony hillsides, on table land with clay subsoil, in shady lands made from the wash of the mountains, with no difference in the bearing of the trees or the oil made. They are known to succeed where peach, apricot and nectarine trees have been destroyed by the black alkali, and also in land so rocky and steep that it cannot be plowed. Our virgin soils of California are rich in lime and potash, two of the chief constituents required by the olive tree. Prof. Hilgard has stated that the substance of olive oil is taken entirely from the air, and that if the crop is made into oil, and pomice and all other offal returned to the land from the outset, it needs no other manure if the soil is a fairly good one; it does not wear out the soil, but if the fruit is pickled returns should be made to the soil, and then potash and nitrogen are especially called for. The olive tree flourishes under varied climatic conditions; it will withstand a temperature of 14 degrees above zero; it succeeds in the dry, interior valleys of the State, where the mercury during the summer often ranges from 100 to 120 degrees in the shade along the coast and on the high foothills of our mountain ranges. In Algeria, latitude 35, it thrives at an elevation of 4,800 feet above the level of the sea; in Italy at a height of 3,200 feet and there is a bearing orchard in about the latitude of Pomona situated upward of 3,000 feet above the sea.—[California Cultivator.

New Way of Curing Lemons.

Theodore Pickens of La Canyada suggests a plan for curing lemons which he says he has tried successfully and which he calls "the poor man's method." He cuts his lemons from the trees, using all the ordinary precautions in handling, puts them in regular fruit boxes, having openings at each end for the purpose of handling same. He then places his boxes on the north side of the house or in some shady place where the sun will not reach them, and packs five or six boxes high, putting a sack over the top of each and letting the ends come down over the openings at the end so as to exclude the air and light. About once a week he gives the lemons a shower bath of cold water by inserting the end of a hose in the openings at the end of boxes. He repeats this operation about once a week, or, if the weather is cloudy, not so often. He produced some really fine specimens cured in this way, and he says he has kept them six or eight months. His Pearmain apples are kept by this method until the first of May.

This is, to say the least, a new and unique plan, and it might not be amiss for others to try it in a small way. We would advise, however, not using this method extensively until better acquainted with the results.—[Los Angeles Journal.

POULTRY NOTES.

It requires twenty-three to twenty-six days to hatch pheasant eggs.

A hen in her prime, when properly fed and cared for, should yearly furnish three times her weight in eggs.

A chick of one the larger breeds hatched in the incubator until the twenty-second day indicates that the temperature of the egg drawer was a trifle too low.

Eggs from hens not in company with cocks have been found to keep very much longer than those from hens mated with cocks. In summer, after hatching is over, remove the males, as the hens will lay as well without them.

THE PORTLAND MARKETS.

Wheat Market.

The local market is dull and quotations are nominal, as follows: Valley, 77½c per cental; Walla Walla 75c per cental.

Produce Market.

FLOUR — Most grades are higher as follows: Portland, Salem, Cascadia and Dayton, $2.65 per barrel; Walla Walla, $2.90; Snowflake, $2.70; Corvallis, $2.50; Pendleton, $2.50; graham, $2.40; and superfine, $2.25.

OATS—Steady at 36c per bushel for white and 35c for gray. Rolled oats are quoted as follows: Bags, $5.75@6.00; barrels, $6.00@6.25; cases, $3.75.

MILLSTUFFS — Bran, $15@17; shorts, $16@18; ground barley, $20; chop feed, $15@16; whole feed barley, $17 per ton; middlings, $23@28 per ton; chicken wheat, 65c@$1 per cental.

HAY—Good, $10@12 per ton.

BUTTER—Quotations are as follows: Oregon fancy creamery, 20@22½c per pound; fancy dairy, 17½@20c; fair to good, 12½@15c; common, 9@10c.

CHEESE — Oregon 11½@12½c per pound; young America, 13½@14½c; Swiss, imported, 30@32c; domestic, 16@18c.

EGGS—The market is firm at 15c. There appears to be plenty of eggs on hand, but if they were fresher they would sell better.

POULTRY—Old chickens are quoted at $3.50 and $4 per dozen. Young are worth from $2.00 to 3.00, according to size. There is no demand for old ducks or geese. Young ducks are quoted at $3.00 @4.50, and young geese, $6.00@8.00. Turkeys are slow at 8@10c.

ONIONS—New California red, 1c per pound; yellow, 1¼c per pound. The market is weak.

POTATOES—Weaker; quoted at 85@90c per sack.

VEGETABLES—String beans and tomatoes are lower. Cucumbers are higher. Corn, egg plant and peppers are now in market. Oregon cabbage, 40@60c per dozen; California cabbage, $1.60 per cental; cauliflower, $2.75 per crate, $1.00 per dozen; parsley, 40c per dozen; string beans, $1.00 per box; Oregon, 5@8c per pound; wax beans, $1.50 per box; asparagus, 60@65c per dozen; peas, 3½@5c per pound; cucumbers, $1.25 per box, $2.25@$2.50 per large box; California tomatoes, $1 per 25-pound crate; corn 35c per dozen; egg plant, 10c per pound; green peppers, 12½@15c per pound.

BERRIES — Strawberries are quoted from 3½@5c per pound; raspberries, 4@5c per pound; blackberries, 10c per pound; currants, 4@5c.

TROPICAL FRUIT — California fancy lemons, $4.50; common, $2.00@3.00; Sicily, $6.00 @ 6.25; Mediterranean Sweets, $3.50@3.25; St. Michael, $3.25@3.50 per box; bananas, $1.75@2.50 per bunch; Honolulu, $1.75@2.50; seedlings, $3.00@3.25; pine apples, Honolulu, $3.00 @3.50; sugar loaf, $5.

FRESH FRUIT—Oregon cherries, 15@50c per box; California cherries, 60@90c per 10-pound crate for black; apricots, 80@90c per 25-pound box; California apples, $1.25 per 60-pound box; 75c per 25-pound box; peaches, 50@90c per box; plums and prunes, 90c per box.

DRIED FRUITS — 1893 pack, Petite prunes, 6@8c; silver, 10@12c; Italian, 8@10c; German, 6@8c; plums, 6@10c; evaporated apples, 8@10c; evaporated apricots, 15@16c; peaches, 12@14c; pears, 7@11c per pound.

WOOL — Dull. Valley, 10@10½c per pound; Umpqua, 10@10½c; Eastern Oregon, 4@7c, according to quality and shrinkage.

PROVISIONS—Eastern hams, medium, —c per pound; large —c; hams, picnic, 11@12c; breakfast bacon, ——c; short clear sides, 9½@11c; dry salt sides, 9@10c; dried beef hams, 12½@13c; lard, compound, in tins, 8½@10c; lard, pure, in tins, 10½@11¼c; pigs' feet, 80s, $5.50; pigs' feet, 40s, $3.25; kits, $1.25.

Meat Market.

BEEF—Top steers, $2.50@2.75; fair to good steers, $2.00@2.25; cows, $1.75@2.00; dressed, 4@5c per pound.

MUTTON — Best sheep, $1.75@2.00; ewes, $1.60@1.75.

HOGS—Choice, heavy, $4.00; light and feeders, $3.75; dressed, 5c per pound.

VEAL—Small, choice, 5c; large 3@4c per pound.

Merchandise Market.

BEANS—Small white, No. 1, 3½c per pound; No. 2, 3½c; large white, 3½c; pea, 3½c; butter, 3½c; bayou, 3¼c; Lima, 4½c.

COFFEE—Costa Rica, 23c; Rio, 22@23c; Salvador, 22c; Mocha, 26½@28c; Arbuckle's Columbia and Lion, $23.50 per 100-pound case.

RICE—Island, $5.00@5.25 per sack.

CORDAGE—Manilla rope, 1¼-inch, is quoted at 9¾c, and Sisal, 7¾c per pound.

COAL—Sales are slow and prices steady. Domestic, $5.00@7.50 per ton; foreign, $8.50@11.00.

WHEAT BAGS—Calcuttas, 6¼c, cash.

SUGAR—D, 4⅞c; golden C, 5⅛c; extra C, 5⅜c; confectioners' A, —c; dry granulated, 5⅞c; cube, crushed and powdered, 6¼c per pound; ¼c per pound discount on all grades for prompt cash; maple sugar, 15@16c per pound.

SAN FRANCISCO MARKETS.

FLOUR — Family extras, $3.40@3.50; bakers' extras, $3.30@3.40; superfine, $2.50@2.75.

WHEAT—No. 1 shipping, 90@92½c for something choice; milling grades, $1.00 @1.07½.

BARLEY—Firm; feed, new, 85@87½c; old, 87½@90c; brewing, new, nominal.

OATS—Milling, $1.22½@1.32½; surprise, $1.37½@1.42½; fancy feed, $1.30; good to choice, $1.15@1.25; poor to fair, 1.02½@1.12½; black, nominal; red, nominal; gray, $1.15@1.25.

HOPS—Quotations remain nominal at a range of 9@12c per pound.

POTATOES — Larger receipts. Early Rose, 30@50c in sacks and 40@50c per cental in boxes; whites, 45@65c in sacks and 50@90c in boxes.

ONIONS—In good demand. Quotable at 30@35c per cental for red and 50@70c for white.

Railroads and the Game Laws.

A large doe was struck and killed by the night train coming south on the Adirondack and St. Lawrence railroad in the Adirondacks. The carcass was taken to a slaughter house in town and dressed. A question arises as to the liability of the railroad company for killing deer out of season.—Cor. Utica (N. Y.) Herald.

The Price.

There was a price upon her head.
She was very calm. A smile played about her lips.
"'Tis well!"
She paused a moment in thought.
"'Tis well! I will take it."
Then she removed the price from her head. There was a trifle of lace and a flower or two, of course, but the hat was mostly price.—Puck.

A Great Journal.

Ragged Robert—This ole barn is a comfortable enough place to spend Sunday if we only had something ter read.

Moldy Mike—I had er chance ter steal a Sunday paper half an hour ago.

"Why didn't yer?"

"Carryin it was too much like work."—New York Weekly.

THE FIRST IRISH POTATOES.

Sir Walter Raleigh Planted Them Near Cork, but the People Feared Them.

Sir Walter Raleigh was an unprincipled adventurer and failed as an administrator and colonizer, but he had a most commendable taste for planting and gardening, and in these branches of effort his influence remains potent. Three hundred years have passed since he lived in Ireland, in the county of Cork, on the vast estate which had been bestowed upon him, but the yellow wall flowers which he brought to Ireland from the Azores still flourish and bloom in the very spot where he planted them.

Near by, at Youghal, near Cork, on the shores of the Blackwater estuary, stands the Affane cherry which he planted. Some cedars which he brought to Cork are still growing at a place called Tivoli. Four yew trees, whose branches have grown and interlaced into a sort of summer house, are pointed out as having sheltered Raleigh when he first smoked tobacco in his garden at Youghal.

Raleigh tried to make tobacco grow in Great Britain, but the climate was not found suitable to it. He succeeded, however, by introducing the habit of smoking it, in making it grow in plenty in other places.

More important to the world than the spot where Raleigh sat and smoked his Indian weed is another spot in his garden at Myrtle Grove, in this same Youghal. This spot is still bounded by the town wall of the thirteenth century. It was here that Raleigh first planted a curious tuber brought from America, which throve vastly better than his tobacco plants did.

This tuber Raleigh insisted was good to eat, though common report for a long time pronounced it poisonous. Some roots from his vines he gave to other land owners in Munster. They cultivated them and spread them abroad from year to year.

This plant was the Irish potato. Before many generations it became the staple food of the Irish people—almost the only food of a great many of them.

It was the "Irish potato" which came back to America and became the groundwork, so to speak, of the American farmer's and workingman's daily breakfast and dinner. Sir Walter's curious experiment in acclimatization became an economic step of the very first consequence, and the spot at Youghal which was its scene deserves marking with a monument much more than do the places where the blood of men has been shed in battle.—Youth's Companion.

Ruskin's Methodicalness.

Never has a man been more methodical in his work than Professor Ruskin, nor more precise in obedience to the rules he has laid down for his guidance. His working hours have always been from 7 in the morning until noon, and on no account whatever would he exceed the limit. Within those five daily hours has all his work been produced—books, lectures and business, public and private correspondence. Work in the afternoon has always been by himself forbidden, unless it took the form of reading. His earlier works, of course, were written at Herne or at Denmark Hill or while on a tour on the continent. His later ones have been wrought in great part at the flower decked table of his study, overlooking Coniston lake.

A wonderful room, that long study of his, with his Turners upon the walls and ranged in ranks in the great Turner cabinet upon the floor, with its bookcases of wonderful missals and manuscripts and early black letter books and the original manuscripts of a half dozen of Scott's novels, with its superb Lucca della Robbia "Virgin and Child" over the fireplace at one end and the mineral cabinet at the other. With what pleasure did Ruskin show them to me on my first visit—the unrivaled collection of agates and the equally perfect collection of gold ores and the rest.—McClure's Magazine.

Unconquerable Habit.

"Isn't it a beautiful night, Clarence?" she whispered tenderly as her head reclined against his shoulder.

"Yes," replied Clarence, the barber, very absentmindedly, as he ran his fingers softly through her golden hair. "Fine night. Better have that hair trimmed up a little, though, hadn't you? Looks pretty ragged, you know, and it really needs a shampoo too."—Chicago Record.

"There's a friend downs'airs waiting for you; says he wants you only for a minute." Mr. Catchon—Here, James, take this $10 bill and keep it until I come back.

The man who is devoted to his ante is frequently obliged to pay a good deal of attention to his uncle.

Stage Manager—Have you taken any preparations for a stage career? Applicant (proudly)—I've been divorced twice.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION, 532 California street, corner Webb.—For the half year ending with the 30th of June, 1894, a dividend has been declared at the rate per annum of four and eight-tenths (4.8) per cent on term deposits and four (4) per cent on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Monday, the 2d day of July, 1894.

LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

N. P. N. U. No. 554—S. F. N. U. No. 631