[illegible] Time Romance.

[illegible] this venerable oak tree's shade
[illegible] mother's mother sat one day
[illegible] state and in stiff brocade,
[illegible] her lover, a knight they say,
[illegible] under hillside with flashing spur
[illegible] like a vision o'er field and fen,
[illegible] satin breeches and gold-laced coat,
[illegible] a queer old dresser he must have been.

[illegible] think I could have fancied him so,
[illegible] wedding plumes and his bonnet gay—
And Mistress Lucy, if she could know,
Would smile in disdain at my choice to-day.
By his side, o'er the stairway her picture hangs,
A dainty lady, so proud and prim,
That more than half my wayward blood
It is very plain must have come from him.

Here is a letter a century old:
For true knightly sentiment very well,
And a dashing hand, but it must be told
That my charming great grandpapa could not spell:
"Honored madam and deer, though mine eyes [illegible]
[illegible]
May not dwell on thy form and face so fair,
Still the promise of hope to my poor heart is left,
And at dawning of eve I aspire to be there."

I should like to know if at eve he came—
Why, of course he did, for am I not here?
Proudly bearing his ancient name
With a wicked laugh at his spell of "dear."
And if on that sofa they sat asunder
Fully two feet, as was proper and right,
Could he ever manage to give her, I wonder,
Half such a kiss as I had last night?

Ah, Lucy, though minuet and spinet,
And courtly manners in grand array,
Tell on, old story, there's something in it
That reaches the heart just the same to-day.
And I wonder when my little day is over,
And my grandchildren flit 'neath this old tree's shade,
If they'll say: "She had just such a noble lover,
And as true and tender a wife she made."
—Indianapolis Journal.

MISUNDERSTOOD.

At the breakfast-table that morning Frank Hatfield's wife, one of the dearest and most winning of women in the world, had said to him:

"Have you heard from brother Walter yet?"

"No, Mabel; not time yet. You know he only left the day before yesterday. We will get a letter to-morrow, maybe."

"Do you know, Frank, I am almost wild with curiosity to see his wife? Such an odd notion of theirs, to put off their wedding-trip for three months after they were married!"

"Wanted to make it in pleasant weather, I suppose," said Frank.

"Anyhow, they'll be here in ten days; as soon as his business is arranged," and Mabel Hatfield's almost girlish face beamed with delight at the thought for she almost idolised her "brother Walter."

Such had been in part, the talk of the breakfast-table, and there had not been in all the city a sunnier face than that with which Frank Hatfield had said good-bye to his dear little wife and rosy-faced baby boy; but now, half an hour later, he sat in his down-town office scowling at a bit of crumpled paper on the table before him with an expression of countenance which might fairly be thought to include doubts of his own sanity.

"Oak Street House?" he exclaimed. "What, in —— Well, I might as well go there."

And so he did, with barely enough presence of mind to put his hat on before he started. A brief parley with the officials in blue, and Frank Hatfield was admitted to a dingy and dimly-lighted cell.

"Frank——"

"Good Heavens! You here."

"Hush! Not a word. I gave my name as Harry Taylor, and it's gone into the records that way."

"But how did it happen?"

"I can't tell, Frank. I only know they found the pocket-book in my pocket, and I was so dumbfounded I could not say a word."

"The pocket-book!"

"Yes, it was at the railway-station. I had just checked my trunks when they began to make an outcry, and [illegible]'s about all I know about it until I [illegible] grabbed and searched."

"But Florence?" said Frank.

"I wrote to her that I was detained in town on important business. Then I gave your name as my counsel, and sent for you."

"I didn't get your note till this morning."

"Some mistake or other. But here I am, trapped, and what to do I do not know."

"Oh, I can get you off easy enough; it's an old game of the pickpockets. All I have got to do is to prove who you are," said Frank.

"But I don't want to prove who I am; it would half kill Mabel, and just about murder Florence. You don't know how sensitive she is. No; I must be got off and acquitted as Harry Taylor or I'll never get over it. Now, Frank, old fellow, promise not to let my name out to anybody, least of all to Mabel. Florence's letters will come in your care as usual; and I can send a letter to Mabel dated from home, you know, as if it were enclosed to you."

"You must take the responsibility of all this deception then," said Frank; and after a great deal of hesitation the young lawyer allowed himself to be overpowered into giving the required promise, but left the station-house and returned to his office a troubled and anxious-hearted man.

And so it was when Frank Hatfield went home that evening and silently handed Mabel an unposted missive, over which her blue eyes glintened and which made her kiss the baby twice, he did so with a flush on his cheek and a cloud on his brow which never left him the whole evening.

Of course Frank kept his promise of secrecy, but at the expense of a red face and a flustered manner. He not half sure that his conscience had not caught him in several pretty equivocations or well-defined fibs. More than that, Mabel was quite well aware that she had not penetrated her husband's secret, and she was not only a [illegible] daughter of Eve as to curiosity, but as self-willed and imperious a little body as she was loving, with a good deal of that peculiar element of character out of which jealousy is manufactured under favorable circumstances; and so, though at first she tried not to show it, Mabel was more than a [illegible] offended, and Frank, poor fellow! could not help seeing and feeling it.

And thus the next day passed and the next, and affairs down town looked worse and worse, and affairs at home grew cloudier at a rate Frank Hatfield could hardly have thought possible. So much for keeping a secret from his wife.

In her irritated mood, Mabel's thoughts naturally turned to her brother, and so one day she sat down and wrote to him a letter in which she said a great many things that were only intended for his own eyes. Perhaps no harm would have come from it if Mabel had not posted the letter with her own hands without saying a word to her husband, and that, more by accident than anything else, it was opened and read by a young married lady in [illegible] large towns on the following [illegible]

[illegible] the cell that Frank [illegible]ked into before, and it [illegible] later. The prisoner [illegible] however, and with all [illegible] he was hardly as pale [illegible]ooking visitor.

"[illegible] Harry. Florence is [illegible]

"How do you know?" [illegible] telegram. Got to meet [illegible] in this afternoon."

"[illegible] my boy, what is to be [illegible]

"[illegible]now."

And Frank Hatfield looked more like a baited wild animal than ever as he flung himself out of the cell.

Frank did not go home to dinner that day, or he might have discovered that nurse had been left alone with the baby, and his wife had "gone out," no one knew whither. So, in uncomfortable ignorance of the dangers that beset him, he went to the railway-station that afternoon and waited for a lady who should resemble as nearly as possible the miniature likeness which had been shown him, and he found her very readily. There was no chance of mistaking the striking, nervous-looking beauty, and, in fact, as he advanced to meet her the trembling lips parted slightly, just enough to say:

"Frank Hatfield?"

"And you are Florence?"

"Oh, Frank, where is my husband? Why is he not here?"

"He is safe and well, I assure you, and you shall soon see him."

"But I don't understand. Why is all this mystery and deception?"

"I can't explain here," said Frank, "but if you will get into a carriage I will tell you as we go."

And Frank was determined to keep his word, though he had almost as soon have been convicted of burglary. He was not aware of all his trouble, however. He had not noticed the veiled form that had followed him into the station, nor had his excited and confused faculties taken any note of the fact that the same form sprang lightly into a cab which drove off rapidly after the carriage which contained him and Florence. When the latter was pulled up in front of an hotel the cab also stopped at a little distance, but the veiled lady did not get out. She leaned forward to the window, muttering:

"I knew there was something of the sort. Oh, Frank, Frank! How could you?"

And then the driver of the cab received fresh orders, and drove rapidly away.

Florence had only gone into the hotel to gather her somewhat scattered senses after listening to the news imparted by Frank, and on the whole she had sustained the shock much better than he had expected. In a few moments—for, with all her nervousness, she was a brave and devoted wife—Florence declared herself ready.

"I must stop at my office for a moment," said Frank.

"Oh, but I am in such a hurry!" said Florence.

"But it is only to leave a law paper with my partner. He has been at court all day and I have not seen him."

Frank's office was in a very busy part of the city, and both he and Florence had their heads too full of exciting thoughts to notice any particular member of the hurrying throngs upon the pavement. Still, as the carriage pulled up at the curb, Frank remarked:

"Good! I won't have to go upstairs; there's my partner now. Brown! Eh, Brown!"

The gentleman thus addressed had been standing on the edge of the pavement as if waiting for someone, and now came forward with a remarkable beaming expression of countenance.

"Frank, my boy, it's all right."

"What's all right?"

"Why, that Harry Taylor case."

Frank Hatfield had to catch his breath for a moment, but stammered:

"H—h—how?"

"Why, there was a whole batch sent up this morning, and one of them confessed to putting the pocket-book in Harry's pocket."

"Well, what did you do?"

"Oh, the magistrate let him right out at once, and I've got him upstairs in the office."

A gloved hand was on Frank's shoulder, and a trembling voice was trying to ask him:

"Frank, Frank, isn't that Walter."

"Yes, it's Walter," said Frank Hatfield; but he was sorry enough the next minute as he sat in the corner of the carriage trying to recall the color to the white and beautiful face of Florence, for she had fainted.

As for Brown, he had comprehended the situation well enough to dash upstairs, and by the time Florence had recovered her senses she was in more tender hands than those of half-frightened Frank Hatfield.

And now the carriage was being whirled away up town, for Frank was urged by something even stronger than hospitality in his eagerness to reach his clouded home. He could have no patience with either horse or driver, especially as Florence and Walter looked so provokingly loving and happy.

Home was reached at last, however, and the somewhat irate driver reined in his smoking horse in front of the house. Frank sprang to the ground, and never dreamed of aiding Walter; but Florence by this time was well able to help herself.

It was not very late when they entered the house, and Frank's latchkey dispensed with bell-ringing and servants.

"Wait a moment in the parlor," said Frank, "while I call Mabel."

And so saying, but with a big weight upon his heart, Frank pushed onward toward the sitting-room. As he threw open the door before him, however, he was suddenly confronted by a lady in full traveling costume, and a glance beyond showed him a marvelous disarray of trunks and traveling-bags.

"Mabel, my dear——"

A gloved hand held out to him a small white envelope, while a husky and trembling voice said:

"Good-bye, Frank."

"Mabel——"

"Isn't that Walter's voice? Oh, Walter, are you here?"

"Yes, Mabel; here I am safe and sound."

"Oh, Walter take me away—take me home to mother's."

"But Mabel, what is the matter? Frank has been just the best old fellow——"

"Walter, there she is; I saw her at the railway-station—the very same woman; and now he's brought her here! Walter, what does it mean?"

"Mean! Why, Mabel—come, Florence—Mabel, this is my wife, your sister, Florence. I've been in trouble, and Frank has helped me through, like a trump that he is; and you are mad, when you have got the best fellow in the world for a hus——"

Mabel gave one look at her brother, another into the wistful face of her new sister; but she caught a glance of the keen suffering in the trembling lips of her husband, and with, "Oh, Frank, forgive me; I have been so foolish!"

Frank Hatfield's worry was over.

How It Occurred.

Black (an expert stenographer)—"Say, Green, the boy from the *Journal* office is here after the transcript of that temperance lecture. Is it most finished?"

Green (a novice)—"All but a short sentence in about the middle of it, and I'll be hanged if I can make out from my notes what it is."

Black—"Just insert 'great applause,' and let it go."

Green acts upon the suggestion, and the lecture is sent to the *Journal* office for publication with the doctored part reading: "Friends, I will detain you but a few moments longer." (Great applause.)—*Life.*

An Austrian railway official has invented a portable telephone for speaking from a railway train at any point [illegible]

MARKET REPORTS.

Ruling Prices of Poultry, Eggs and Diary Produce.

FEED, FLOUR, GRAIN AND LUMBER.

Wool, Grass Seeds, Clover Seeds, Miscellaneous Seeds, Etc., Etc.

DAIRY PRODUCE.

Butter.	
Oregon—	
Fancy creamery	25
Choice dairy	20
Common	8@10
Pickled (Cal.)	18@20
Eastern creamery fancy	
Cal. fresh roll	18@20
Cheese.	
New California	12½
Oregon Skims and old	10
Swiss Cheese, domestic	15 to 16
Young America Or.	14
Eggs.	
Oregon ₱ doz	17
Eastern do	

FLOUR.

Portland Pat. Roller, p. bbl.	3 75
Salem do do	3 75
Dayton do do	3 65
Cascadia do do	3 65
Country Brands	3 50
McMinnville	3 75
Superfine	2 50
White Lily	375
Graham	3 25
Rye Flour	4 50

FEED.

Bran per ton	$17@18 00
Hay " " baled	$15@16 00
Gr'd Barley, per ton	$22 50@24 00
Mill Chop per ton	$18@20 00
Oil Cake Meal per ton	$27 50@30 00
Shorts per ton	$20@$21 00

FRESH FRUITS.

Apples	1 50@2 00
Bananas, p. bunch	3 50@4 00
Lemons, Cal. p. bx.	3 75@4 00
do Sicily, p. bx. new	5 25
Limes per hun	1 50
Or. Oranges, Riversides	3 00
" " Seedless	4 50@4 75
Pears per box	None.
Peaches per box	do
Plums per lb	do
Prunes per box	do
Watermelons ₱ doz	do

GRAIN.

Barley, whole, p. ctl	80@90
Corn, per 100 lbs	1 50
Oats, good, old, p. bu	
do, new, per bu	40@42½
Rye, p. 100 lb nominal	1 20@1 22½
Wheat, Valley, p. 100 lbs	1 15@1 17½
do Eastern Ore	1 12½@115

POULTRY.

Chickens, large young ₱ dz.	6 00@6 50
do broilers	
do old	5 00@5 50
Ducks ₱ doz	7 00@8 50
Geese, young ₱ dz	9 00@10 00
Turkeys, young, ₱ lb	16
Grouse and Pheasants	3 00

SEEDS.

	lb	lb
Grass Seeds.		
Timothy	6@1½	
Orchard Grass	11@12	
Red Top	7@9	
Blue Grass	12@14	
English Rye Grass	7½@1	
Italian do	9½@11	
Australian do	7½@9	
Mesquite	7@10	
Millet	5@6	
Hungarian do	5@6	
Mixed Lawn Grass	12@15	
Clover Seeds		
Red Clover		10½@11½
White Clover		15@17
Alyske Clover		15@17
Alfalfa		9½@10½
Miscellaneous.		
Canary		4½@5
Flax		4½@5
Hemp		5@5½
Rape		3@4

LUMBER—ROUGH AND DRESSED

Rough	Per M $10 00
Edged	12 00
T. & G. Sheathing	13 00
No. 2 flooring	18 00
No. 2 ceiling	18 00
No. 2 rustic	18 00
Clear rough	20 00
Clear P. 4S	22 50
No. 1 flooring	22 50
No. 1 ceiling	22 50
No. 2 rustic	22 50
Stepping	25 00
Over 12 inches wide (extra)	1 00
Lengths 40 to 50 "	2 00
Lengths 55 "	4 00
1¼ Lath	2 25
1½ Lath	2 50
hingles, cedar, per 1000	2 25
" red cedar, ₱ 1000	45 00@50 00

WOOL.

Eastern Oregon.	
According to shrinkage	10@14
Valley.	
Spring clip	16@18
Umpqua	19@20
" Lambs and fall	10@14

VEGETABLES (Fresh.)

Asparagus ₱ lb	12
Beans ₱ lb	
Beets ₱ lb	
Cabbage ₱ lb	2
Carrots per sack	1 25
do young lb doz	15
Celery per do	90@1 00
Cucumbers ₱ doz	
Green Peas ₱ lb	12
Lettuce ₱ doz	12½
Onions ₱ 100 lbs	4 00
Potatoes per 100 lbs	2 25
do sweets, per lb	2½
Radishes per bun	12½
Spinach	
Turnips per sk	1 25
Tmoatoes per bx	

DRIED FRUITS.

Apples, Peaches, etc.	
Apples sun dried qrs	4 to 5
do factory sliced Cal	6
do evap. 50 lb bxs	9 to 10
do unblea	5 to 6½
Apricots	13 to 14
Blackberries 50 lb bxs	11½@13
Cherries pitted	40
Peaches hlvs unpeeld new	8@10
do evaporated	12@15
Pears mach dried	8@10
Plums pitted Oreg	3@4
" factory	6@7
Citron, Currants, c.	
Currants, in bxs or bbls	7½@8½
Dates in boxes	10@11
Far Dates, 15 lb bxs	11
Prunes.	
Oregon French Petite	5@6
do German	5½@6
do Italian	7@8
do Silver	8@10

A LITTLE CITY WAIF.

From a Tough She Was Reclaimed, but It Was Too Much for Her Constitution.

One day, as I crossed Rose street, a little girl about ten years old was engaged in a rough-and-tumble fight with a boy two or three years older. While she was doing nobly, it wasn't a fair fight, and I interfered to protect her.

"What is it to you?" she hotly demanded, as she turned on me with flashing eyes.

"But you are a girl," I replied.

"But I kin lick him if he'll fight fair!"

I drove him off, and sat down on a doorstep with her.

"Girls shouldn't fight," I said as the ragged and unkempt child at my side grew cooler.

"Not if they are picked on?"

"No."

"Then they'd call me a coward."

"But suppose they did? You come of a cowardly sex. Women are not brawlers and fighters. They are tender and gentle, and given to soft words, and peaceful ways. Where do you live?"

"Down a piece and up stairs."

"Father and mother living?"

"No; but dad and mam is. Dad is over to the Island; mam washes and scrubs."

"And what do you do?"

"Mind the rooms mostly."

"Ever go to school?"

"Naw!"

"Can't you read?"

"Naw!"

"Ever been out in the country?"

"Naw!" Where is it, and what is it like?"

And so I described something of farm life to her, telling her of the fields of grain, the green meadows, the barns and orchards and farm-yards. Her eyes opened wider and wider as I went on, but toward the end she grew suspicious and said.

"Say, what sort of a dove do you take me fur?"

"But this is all true—upon my word it is."

"Don't believe it? If it was, mam would have let on. Say! What d'ye want, anyhow?"

"I want to talk with you a little longer. Ever go down to the Battery"

"Naw!"

"Or to Central Park?"

"Naw!"

"Ever see a cow or an ox?"

"I've heard of 'em, I guess."

"You have heard of Little Red Riding Hood, haven't you?"

"Can't remember."

"Never heard of Old Mother Hubbard, who went to the cupboard to get her poor dog a bone?"

"Naw!"

"How about the house that Jack built?"

"What Jack? Was it the house in Rose street?"

"You have heard of the Bible?" I continued, seeing that she was now interested.

"Yes."

"What is it?"

"I dunno!"

"Where is heaven?"

"Somewhere, I guess."

"Didn't any one ever tell you that you must be good in order to go to heaven when you die?"

"Naw! Mam says I must be good or she'll break every bone in my infernal body!"

"Did you ever pray?"

"Noap."

"Did you ever hear the Lord's Prayer?"

"Noap. Did you?"

I repeated it for her, and when I was through she said:

"Say! I'll learn that some day if you'll try me!"

Was it queer that I met her again and again at the same spot, and that she was always on the lookout for me, and that after the first meeting she began to grow interested. She also grew ashamed of her garments, and I noticed that she had tried to patch and mend. At the third or fourth meeting she had a clean face and her hair had been combed. I think the neighbors looked upon it as a great mystery, but if they quizzed the child she did not let me know it. We used to talk of the country, other cities and people, the mountains and plains, the ten thousand things she had never heard of. I watched her closely, and I could see that knowledge brightened her eyes and made her face more gentle. Little by little she dropped off her slang, and little by little her manner changed to the coyness of her sex.

I reached the spot one afternoon to discover that she had failed me for the first time. In her place was a broad-shouldered, red-faced woman, who walked up to me and demanded:

"Are you the rapscullion who has done all this?"

"All of what, ma'am?"

"Been preaching to my Nanny until she got so soft and good for nothing that a fall down stairs has put her in her coffin!"

"Nanny dead!"

"And buried, sir, and she went on about the Lord's Prayer and heaven and green fields until she almost made me crazy. Oh, you villain, to come about destroying a poor mother's happiness in that way. Begone, or I'll have the police after ye."—*N. Y. Sun.*

Under The Chin.

You may have heard travelers scoff at the practical Frenchman who stuffs one corner of his napkin inside his shirt-collar and spreads it fully over the front of his person from his chin down to his knees, writes Theodore Child in *Harper's Bazar.* This is the practice of the French people of the middle and lower classes, who are thrifty and prudent, and who wish to eat at their ease and not spot their clothes. There is nothing ridiculous in this practice. There is a reason, and an excellent reason, for so spreading the napkin, and if I were dining at home, or alone at a restaurant or club, and had on my spotless shirt and open waistcoat and clawhammer coat, all ready to go to the opera, I should certainly spread my napkin over my manly and snowy bosom, just as the Frenchman does, and so I should dine at my ease, serenely and without care, knowing that I had thus insured the immaculateness of my linen. However, let it be remembered that company manners in all countries require you simply to spread your napkin loosely over your knees, and to eat cleanly and decently.

Mary's Little Pup.

Mary had a little brute, as fat as it could waddle, and everywhere that Mary'd scoot this little pup would toddle. It tagged her down the street one day, close up behind her buggy; oh, how it loved to run away, this naughty little puppy. 'Twas always doing something wrong when Mary turned her back; and all the time he seemed to long to walk the railroad track. One day, when Mary was at church, this frisky little scamp thought he would leave her in the lurch and go and play the tramp. So down upon the ties he trod, the one the poor tramps use, till worn out on the track he squats and drops into a snooze. He, fast asleep, did not observe—ah, sad indeed the story—the fast express come around the curve; that pup went up to glory. There came along a butcher man who once had loved that pup, and with a brush and big dust-pan he swept that poor dog up. Next Wednesday Mary got him back; he did not look the same; he would not come when she called "Jack!"—Bologna was his name. —*Atchison Globe.*

GENERAL NEWS.

Iowa's Immense Corn Crop.---Electric Lights in Guatemala.

THE MEDICAL SCHOOLS OF JAPAN.

The Breweries of Great Britan.—$100 for a Front Tooth.

Florida is making preparations for another sub-tropical exhibition.

No attempt will be made in Washington to build a state house for five years.

Mr. and Mrs. Tibbels, of Cincinnati, have a baby that was born with two molar teeth in its upper jaw.

Jeff Davis' death leaves James Campbell of Philadelphia the sole survivor of the Cabinet of President Pierce.

A large tract of tea land in the neighborhood of Canton this year yielded per acre $1,000 in tea leaves of the finest quality.

Sophia Bennington, of Xenia, Ohio, has given birth to her twenty-fifth child. Her husband claims this beats all known records.

Frank Crone, a rich merchant of Erie County, Ohio, was married the other day to his sister's granddaughter. The groom is sixty-five and the bride twenty-four.

Iowa's corn crop of 336,000,000 bushels is worth $75,000,000, and would fill a train of cars 500 miles in length. It would give five bushels to every man, woman and child in the United States.

Electric lights have been adopted to such an extent in the cities and towns of Guatemala that the importation of mineral oils has largely fallen off. At the capital the use of oil has diminished one-half.

The latest figures set down the population of Berlin at 1,173,853, and of Vienna at 1,110,764, a steady advance being made by both capitals through additions from small towns throughout the two empires.

The bastinado is still in use in Hungary to make refractory peasants testify about accomplices or as to their own misdeeds, and the Hungarian press has recently engaged in a campaign against this relic of barbarism.

The discussion of the advisability of colonizing Vermont and New Hampshire with Scandinavian immigrants has directed attention to the fact that Maine made a successful venture of this kind twenty years ago.

A Letterkenny, Pa., farmer who lives near the mountain, says he can always tell when a hard storm is coming, as the crows then fly to the better protected nooks for shelter, sometimes a day before the storm reaches here.

Wilkie Collins' will directed that he should be buried at a cost not exceeding $125, and that a plain stone cross over his grave should bear only the simply inscription that he had prepared for the purpose.

Chief Justice Fuller has presented, through the Hon. W. L. Putnam, a fine portrait of himself to the Cumberland (Me.) bar. It will be given a place in the attorney's office at the City Building at Portland.

Thomas A. Edison is discussing with capitalists a project of utilizing the water power of Niagara Falls. Mr. Edison's friends say that he has recently thought out a plan which will make that vast power possible to utilize.

A somewhat new departure in building practice has been successfully made in Germany. This is the wholesale manufacture of mortar of the best quality to be sold to small builders and private individuals. Some 2,000,000 barrels were thus sold in Berlin last year.

From 180 to 200 bottle-nosed whales were driven ashore below Barnstankerness, Scotland, the other evening. About twenty boats took part in the exciting chase, and the finish was witnessed by a large number of people. Some of the whales were unusually large.

An exchange says: Pour one tablespoonful of clear solution of tannin (a heaped teaspoonful of tannin to a gill of rainwater) into a tumbler full of the suspected water. If no turbidity occurs within five hours the water is good; if turbidity occur within one hour the water is decidedly unwholesome.

In Japan there are thirty-one schools of medicine, one of dentistry and two of veterinary surgery. The University of Tokio (the imperial university), has over twelve hundred students, and an average of 100 medical students graduate yearly. In Tokio alone there are numerous active medical societies and over twenty hospitals.

The new official report of the condition of the English beer-brewing industry shows that Great Britain's 13,658 breweries produced 28,644,000 barrels of beer in the last fiscal year. Eight breweries produced between 100,000 and 250,000 barrels, seven between 250,000 and 500,000 barrels, three between 500,000 and 1,000,000 barrels, and one more than 1,000,000 barrels.

The Philatelisten Club of Vienna is arranging for an international postage stamp exposition there next year. The year 1890 was chosen because it will then be just fifty years since postage stamps were introduced, forty years since they came into use in Austria, and ten years since the club was founded. The exhibition will take place in the Austrian Industrial Museum. A committee of five is organizing it.

The French professor of chemistry, De Millefleurs, recently exhibited before a meeting of Parisian scientists several bricks of petroleum, which he has discovered how to solidify by an original process. The petroleum bricks were hard enough to be handled without inconvenience, yet soft enough to be cut with a stout knife. They burned slowly when touched with a lighted match. Millefleurs says they are non-explosive and inexpensive.

This account of a Mississippi ball appears in a M[illegible] paper: "The ball given by the young men of Benoit was universally scored a success by all in attendance. The heavenly spheres shone forth in their transcendent beauty on this Thursday night, seeming in perfect harmony with the brilliancy of the eve[illegible], and through mud and mire from Greenville to Rosedale the creme de la creme of the Mississippi Delta came to participate in the terpsichorean fete."

A Washington dentist recently advertised that he would give $100 for a perfect front tooth of a healthy young white man. The doctor stated that the advertisement was no catch, but that he would pay $100 for a front tooth that would answer his purpose, and that is to replace one which he wishes to extract. This is frequently done, the doctor says, but is a very difficult operation. Sometimes as many as 200 applicants who wish to dispose of a tooth will be examined before the exact kind will be found, and when the right one is selected it is extracted and planted in the jaw of the other party at the same operation.

Prince Oscar Bernadotte, the second son of the King of Sweden, who a couple of years ago renounced the rank and privileges of his royal birth to marry Miss Ebba Munck, performed an act of gallantry last week which will go far to increase his popularity throughout his father's dominions. A small boat with three men had capsized near the head of the pier at Karlskrona, where he resides. Without hesitating a moment the young giant—his stature is six feet three inches—jumped, fully dressed, into the sea and succeeded in rescuing two of the drowning men.

Mme. Christine Nilsson's hopeless ill health, about which so much has been said of late, is denied on the authority of her nephew, Mr. Bjorksten who declares that her health is excellent. A correspondent of the *Star* of London testifies to the same effect. He saw her traveling in Switzerland, a curious company attending her. There was a tiny toy terrier, then there were two old ladies that might have been 100, were evidently sisters, and possibly were old servants. Finally there was a tall, dark girl with deep, dark eyes. This was the daughter of Mme. Nilsson's husband and her inseparable companion.

One Touch of Human Nature.

There were a dozen passengers on a Broadway car the other rainy day who noticed a large showily dressed man get aboard at the corner of Seventeenth. He had a gold-headed silk umbrella, and he leaned it against the front door and sat down. When the car got down to Wall street the large man suddenly rose up and hurried out of the car, never thinking of his umbrella. Then human nature began to show itself. A young man with a loud suit of clothes changed his seat from rear to front to get nearer the prize. A solid woman with a bandbox pushed a boy along to bring herself nearer. A man on the other side, who had been busy with his paper now folded it up and fixed his eye on the umbrella. A shop girl, who seemed to be out on an errand, cast covetous eyes and thought of the swell she would cut over the other girls, if she had that particular piece of personal property. An old man with a prominent nose finally observed in subdued tones.

"I live next door to Johnson, and I'll return him his umbrella."

"Johnson!" exclaimed the young man in the loud suit. "Why, that's our superintendent, and as I am going right to the office, I'll carry it to him."

"Seems to me he's my grocer, but I won't be sure of it," remarked the solid woman. "However, I'm an honest woman, and it will be safe with me."

"Look here!" exclaimed the man with the paper. "You're a nice crowd, I must remark. I was just laying low for you. The gent is my brother, and I'd like to see some of you try to walk off with his umbrella!"

This settled all but the shop girl. She turned white and red and moved about uneasily, and finally decided it was now or never. She suddenly rose up, walked to the end of the car, picked up the umbrella, and tiptoed her way to the rear door and passed out.

"Thank you, miss!"

It was the large, showily dressed man, who was standing on the platform with his hand extended.

"Don't mention it!" snapped the girl in reply, as she turned over the property and dropped off.

And then everybody chuckled and slapped himself on the back to think that he had been wise enough to let the umbrella alone.—*N. Y. Sun.*

The First Taste of Blood.

A lion hunter named Conrad started from Bremen some time ago for Africa to procure animals for a menagerie. While in the depths of the forest of the Dark Continent he enjoyed the exciting but highly dangerous sport of hunting the king of beasts. Upon his return to Bremen he brought with him a small lion cub—a pet—which he had captured when but a few days old. At first it was sickly and looked as though it would not live long, but by careful nursing it outgrew its infantile weakness and began to build up a strong constitution. The name of the cub was Belle, and she slept beside her master's bed at night. In daytime she followed him about, being as playful as a kitten. Conrad one night lay down for a nap on a lounge, and was soon asleep. He was awakened by a sharp pain in his left hand. He attempted to move it, when he heard a vicious growl. On investigation he found that Belle had his hand between her teeth, had bitten the member through, and was eagerly lapping the blood that flowed from the wound. The cub's eyes were ablaze with a fierce light, and it then dawned on him that Belle was no longer a pet—she had been transformed from a domestic animal into a dangerous brute.

Recognizing his desperate situation, Conrad moved softly, so as not to disturb the animal, and, drawing a revolver, shot her through the brain. With a blood-curdling scream she jumped in the air and fell dead on the floor. It appears that while Conrad was sleeping the cub began to lick his hand, and the brute's sharp, file-like tongue had gradually torn the flesh until blood came. The first taste of human blood had evidently dispelled the nature of the pet, and Belle had become a vicious brute, thirsting for more.

The Masher Check-Mated.

He was a dude and a lady-killer of the most pronounced type. His record of "mashes" and broken hearts was one that swelled his sixteen-inch chest with himself off to advantage, and when he saw a stout old woman in a green gingham dress and pink sunbonnet, vainly trying to manipulate the faucet at a reservoir of drinking-water in the park, he gracefully excused himself to the six young ladies following in his train, sprang forward, filled the cup, and, with the prettiest of bows and the most graceful tip of his hat, offered the cup to the old lady. His blood ran co[illegible] and he stood rooted to the spot when she, with a wave of her hand declined the cup, and said in the presence of the giggling young ladies:

"No, young man; you've got holt of the wrong woman this time; they ain't the least bit of flirt 'bout me; I'm a stiddy, respectable married woman; an' my old man's watchin' us from behind yan tree. He's the jealousest man on earth; you'd better take to your heels, or, if he sees you bowin' an' smirkin an' makin' signs to me, he'd fairly bile over with jealousy, even though he'd no call to do so. I have to be mighty keerful ev'ry move I make. If you git sight of a spry old man 'bout 64 old with a drab stove-pipe hat an' a linen duster you'd better git mighty low, 'speshly if he seen you tryin' to flirt with me, an'—you'd better git now for he's cummin' this way!" —*Drake's Magazine.*

There are 32,000 benefit and burial clubs registered in England and Wales, with funds which amount to £11,000,000.

Lightning Vehicles.

The latest development of the electric light is likly to prove of great use for vehicular traffic. A small incandescent globe and reflector are placed on the forehead of a horse, and insulated wires are carried along its body to a small battery stowed in the trailing vehicle. The current is turned on at pleasure, and an unmistakable blaze of light illumines the murky surroundings.

Domestic Use of a Phonograph.

A San Francisco family used a phonograph to cheer their mother's illness, and also to preserve the tones of her voice after death.

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PEDRO'S PRIVATE LIFE.

The Education and Habits of the Ex-Emperor, and How He Passed His Time.

Much has been said recently about the political and historical side of the life of Emperor Dom Pedro II. of Brazil, now an exile. But his private life is less known to Americans, whom he visited, however, in 1876. At that time, when he was not scrutinizing with deep interest the marvels exhibited at the Centennial Exhibition, or when he was not traveling through the United States, which he admired and lauded so warmly and frankly he liked to stay in New York, where he lived at the Buckingham Hotel. Here as in Paris, where he often rode on the top of omnibuses, Dom Pedro was fond of entering a horse car and having a chat with his neighbors in the public vehicle, which was an easy thing for him, as he spoke perfect English.

The knowledge of many languages was but a small part of the scholarly acquirements of the Brazilian monarch, who was as much of a savant as of an Emperor, and who has been received, not on account of his title, but as a reward for his numerous scientific works, as a member of the famous Institute of France and of most of the European academies. His education was begun by the venerable Bishop of Chrysopolis and by the famous Liberal leader, Andrada Sylva, who had been recalled from exile, where he was sent by his ungrateful party. Dom Pedro, when 1 year old, lost his mother, Leopoldine, an Austrian Archduchess and a sister of Marie Louise, the second wife of Napoleon I. He was only 5 years old when, in 1831, his father, Dom Pedro I., abdicated in his favor and left Brazil. The poor boy was thus left quite alone in the world, and he felt himself still more isolated when at 10 years of age, he heard of his father's death in Portugal.

No wonder then that his character was predisposed to a serious and even a sad view of life; that he was a meditative and grave young man. His intelligence became precocious; he was anxious to work and to study; so much so that he got up at night sometimes and relighted the lamp which had been carefully put out by the worthy Bishop, his immediate tutor. The qualities and strength of mind he acquired caused the regents, tired of exercising power amidst the difficulties of the time in Brazil, to advance the epoch of his majority, and to proclaim Dom Pedro II., Emperor three years before the age fixed by law for declaring that minority has ceased for Brazilian citizens. He was only 14 when his reign began practically for him.

Dom Pedro is tall, robust and of splendid bearing; his hair and beard have grown white prematurly. His blue eyes have a deep look; his face, frank and open, inspires a great sympathy at the first glance. He speaks easily, and listens with polite interest. His residence at Rio Janeiro, which is his own property, as is his castle of Petropolis, is called San Christovo. The Imperial palace, former residence of the Portuguese Viceroys, was in a dilapidated condition, and the Parliament intended to rebuild it for the use of Dom Pedro, who declined saying: "How ca we think of building a palace, when we have not enough schools and useful establishments." During the Summer, which in the Southern hemisphere corresponds to Northern Winter, the Court resided at the castle of Petropolis situated northward of Rio Jeneiro a half day's journey. This is a charming place, which reminds me of Saratoga, or Ems in Europe. It is built on the side of a mountain, and surrounded with a real village, composed of villas belonging to the high society of Rio Janeiro, to the members of the diplomatic Corps and of the aristocracy of the Brazilian provinces.

Dom Pedro liked Petropolis so much that he used to leave it only on Saturdays to go to Rio to preside at the Ministers Councils, which were held at 8 p. m. on account of the heat in that tropical climate. The Emperor got up at 5 o'clock, though he retired very late at night. His first occupation in the morning consisted in reading newspapers. At 9 he breakfasted in "Yankee fashion," as he used to say after his sojourn here. He ate so rapidly that his guests, anxious to answer the innumerable questions he constantly propounded to them often left the table hungry. Once he was to open a railroad, and he had taken along with him the Ambassador of a great European power. The latter invited to breakfast with the Emperor at the buffet of the station, saw Dom Pedro getting up after a few minutes, during which the diplomat had kept answering the questions asked by His Majesty. The Ambassador had to follow His Imperial host with an empty stomach, and with a long journey yet to accomplish. But before leaving the table and following the Emperor, who had already turned his back, and was moving in the direction of the train, the famished guest rapidly seized upon cakes spread on the table, forced them into his pocket and manag