LEBANON EXPRESS.

He Who thinks to please the world is dullest of his kind; for let him face which way he will, one-half is yet behind.

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A GERMAN MARKET-FAIR.

The Ancient Teutonic Custom as It Still Flourishes at Hanover.

This week there has been an opportunity to see a market-fair in Hanover, which occurs only thrice a year, and lasts but two or three days, says a correspondent of the Hartford *Courant*. In fact, I am just returned from wandering about town in a drizzling rain, bumping umbrellas in the crowd of chaffering Hanoverians, and receiving an occasional curse from some booth-owner because of the unintentional but none the less wet stream of water which my umbrella-tip plumped down upon her cakes or candy. The stalls and booths for the display of the wares were to be found in various parts of the town, according to the nature of the sales; thus live stock was to be had in one section, books in another, "notions" in the third, and so on. To-day I spent my time in the old portion of the city, and here the center of bustle and interest was the ancient Market church. From the square upon which this church stands the lines of booths stretched up the streets, radiating right and left from the Market square. These booths were hastily rigged affairs, built of boards, with their tops covered with canvas against the rain, so that they looked like a row of Indian wigwams. Every conceivable article, and some inconceivable, were to be purchased along these rows, behind which stood men and women crying up their wares or doling out small portions to the peasant buyer.

Before 4 o clock of this rainy afternoon the oil lamps were lighted and flared picturesquely in the wind. Through the middle of the streets surged the crowd of buyers, many of them country folk, who had come in solely for the fair. They clattered over the cobble-stones in their sabots and beat down prices with high heart and volubility. Above rose the gray old houses and high over all the venerable and massive church, under whose walls for five centuries humanity was bought and sold, lived and died. It was a scene for a Dickens and I sighed for his insight and his graphic power of description.

At some of the booths a foreigner was especially tempted to rid himself of a few pennies or marks. For example, here hung by the score those long, porcelain-bowled pipes which are so typical of this country, and hard by were all manner of blue earthenware drinking jugs, mugs, and tankards, with bibulous mottoes in German script and metal covers that were a joy to see. In some cases some magic sign like "Aus Italien" was hung in front of the booth, and there you are sure to find cheap jewelry, tawdry paintings, or bizarre house ornaments, those behind the improvised counter being dark, sallow, and melancholy eyed, and wearing large rings in their ears after the manner of their race.

There seemed to be no congruity here in the arrangement of the successive stands; beside one exclusively devoted to worsteds would be another where the succulent sausage and the malodorous but beloved limburger reigned supreme, and a little farther on the toys of childhood hobnobbed with a murderous array of knives, big and little, ranging from the tiny nail-trimmer to the long, keen blade of the hog-killer. The motley sales and sights only made the scene richer and a characteristic picture of foreign street life. I am told that the articles to be bought at these fairs, though cheap, are shoddy and unreliable, and are avoided by the wily citizens, the chief profit accruing from the open-mouthed country bumpkins who judge by outside show and the oily assurances of the proprietors.

SUBSTANTIAL HANDSHAKINGS.

A Preacher's Parishioners Play an Enjoyable Little Joke on Him.

It was years since, in the Ozark region, where I was riding a circuit, that I saw a minister enjoy a most substantial handshaking, says a writer in the *Globe-Democrat*. Shaking hands was his peculiarity. He believed in the potency of a cordial grasp to win men to the church, and though successful in winning souls he was very unfortunate in the matter of getting dollars. In fact poverty continually stared him in the face. He owned a little farm and mortgaged it as long as it would yield a dollar. The mortgages were falling due, but there was no prospect of paying them. But it did not bother him a bit. He shook hands more heartily than ever.

"I have unbounded faith in handshaking to bring everything out right," he often said, until his penchant came to be the talk of the town. At last came the day when the mortgages must be foreclosed that would deprive him of the little home that sheltered his family.

On the eve of that day a knock at the door of his house, which was a little way from town, called him. When he opened the door a whole crowd rushed in, and, without saying a word, commenced shaking hands. He felt something cold in the palm of the first man, and when the hand was withdrawn it stuck to his own. "That is the most substantial shake I ever experienced," he said, as he held up a $5 gold piece. But the next man stepped up and a silver dollar was left in the preacher's palm. No one would say a word in explanation, but pressed in on him as fast as he could stick the metal and bills into his pockets. The house was not large enough for the visitors, each one of whom deposited from $1 to $10 in the outstretched hand. Each left the moment his little errand was accomplished, and not a word could be had in explanation, except the last one, who, as he turned to go, remarked: "We wanted to play a little joke on you, and we hav." The several "jokes" netted just $871. His home was saved and a neat balance was left besides. The minister maintained that he had contracted a habit that night that for a year afterward, when he shook a hand, prompted him to look into his own palm, half expecting to see a piece of metal there.

About the Vikings.

Paul du Chillu differs with many leading historians as to the social condition of the Vikings, the direct ancestors of the English speaking people, whom he believes to have been well civilized. He insists that "the people who were the spread over a great part of the present Russia, who overran Germania, who knew the art of writing, who led the conquering hosts to Spain, into the Mediterranean, to Italy, Sicily, Greece, the Black Sea, Palestine, Africa, and even crossed the broad Atlantic to America, who were undisputed masters of the sea for more than twelve centuries, were no barbarians." He concludes: "Let those who from archæology of an ingenious British or Gallic civilization which surpasses that of the North."

EASTERN NEWS.

The First General Reunion of Confederate Veterans.

DEATH OF THE LAST WITNESS OF THE ASSASSINATION OF LINCOLN.

Kemmler's Third Sentence—A Railway Accident—Appointment of Postmasters—Pensioned.

There were 1,775 immigrants landed at the barge office in New York one day last week.

Original pensions have been granted John Hockney of San Bernardino and John Shelly of Suisun, Cal.

The President has approved the act for the relief of ex-Collector Ellis of California.

Mrs. E H. Brownlee has been appointed Postmaster at San Dimas, Los Angeles County, Cal., and H. Halstead at Condon, Or.

The President has approved the act extending the unexpended balance for letter carriers for extra compensation under the eight-hour law to June 30, 1891.

Of the 150 applicants for admission to the Military Academy at West Point twenty-four failed to pass the required examination on account of physical defects.

The Senate Committee on Military Affairs ordered a favorable report upon the nomination of Lieutenant-Colonel Richard N. Batchelder to be Quartermaster-General of the United States Army.

A Baton Rouge special says: Governor Nicholls says he will not sign the lottery bill, but the necessary two-thirds majority in both houses will pass the bill over the Governor's veto.

Secretary Blaine and Senor Romero, the Mexican Minister, have entered into an agreement by which American and Mexican troops may cross the boundary in the pursuit of hostile Indians.

About 5,000,000 barrels per day of crude petroleum are consumed for fuel in Chicago. In the use of this oil for fuel about 500,000 tons of soft coal per annum are supposed to be displaced.

Driven to despair by the foreclosure of a mortgage for $25, Frank Wirtland and his wife, of Hoboken, N. J., committed suicide, July 3d, by drowning. The mother had her child, only five months old, in her arms when she went down.

The charges against the Minneapolis census enumerators are to be dropped, the evidence against them, in the opinion of George L. Baxter, special counsel for the Government, not warranting the prosecution.

George A. Parkhurst, the well-known actor, died suddenly at his home in New York City, July 2d. Parkhurst was the last living member of the company that played in the National Theater at Washington on the night of the assassination of President Lincoln.

The latest patient at the Hydrophobia Hospital in New York is a man 70 years old, who was bitten by a dog that has since died. The case seems hopeless and the old man has been told that he has nothing to expect but the most awful death. He insisted, however, on being inoculated.

John B. McCarthy, private secretary of Senator Stanford, recently called on President Harrison and presented him, on behalf of the Misses Dora and Edna Gamble, of Los Angeles, a handsome painting of a sack of Pomona oranges. The President expressed himself as greatly pleased with the work of the ladies.

A Missouri Pacific passenger train was wrecked five miles from Nevada, Mo., June 28th, by the spreading of the rails on a sharp curve. Three coaches were precipitated down an embankment. Conductor Sam Jones and a child of W. H. Mavins, both of Kansas City, were fatally hurt. Twenty-seven other people were injured more or less seriously, but it is not thought any of them will die.

The President has appointed five members of the new General Appraisers' Court, as follows: George Tichenor, District of Columbia; George H. Sharp, New York; James A. Jewell, New York; Charles H. Ham, Chicago; J. E. Wilkinson Jr., Louisiana. The remaining four members will be appointed during this week. M. M. Estee of California is prominently mentioned for the place.

The White Cap outrages have broken out afresh in Harrison County, Ind. The night of July 7th a band of nearly thirty visited the County Poorhouse and took superintendent John H. Denise from his bed and gave him twenty-five lashes on his bare body. He was charged with maltreating the inmates. Hickory switches were used in his castigation and he was very severely handled. His flesh was cut in places and he was left bruised, bleeding and almost insensible.

The Yuma Sentinel says: The Indians this year have reaped a heavy harvest of wheat and corn from the moist lands adjacent to the "bottoms," which were overflowed up to a few days ago. The "children of the forest" have learned that they can get three crops in one year by moving to different parts of the alluvial lands at the proper time. A number of the Yumas have grapevines and pomegranates planted near the river, but above overflow, and they are doing nicely and will be in full bearing next season.

The first general reunion of Confederate veterans commenced in Chattanooga, Tenn., July 3d, lasting three days. The city was brilliantly decorated with blue and gray bunting, the stars and stripes and large pictures of prominent generals and other leading characters on both sides in the late war. Several thousand people attended from the various Southern States, among them General Kirby Smith, General John B. Gordon and others. Addresses of welcome and responses were made. In the grand military parade, Friday morning, there were 10,000 old soldiers and militia from all parts of the South. General Gordon, General Commander, reviewed the troops and delivered an address from the saddle.

For the third time the sentence of death has been passed on William Kemmler, the murderer, whose case has become famous through the long fight in the courts against the electrical execution law. Kemmler was brought from Auburn to the Court of Oyer and Terminer, July 3d, and Judge Childs ordered his previous sentence to be carried into effect at Auburn Prison, N. Y., during the first week in August. Kemmler, while talking with McNaughton and Veling, grew quite nervous, and when writing his name on a card his hand trembled very much. To Mr. Veling he remarked: "Well, I guess this ends it. I'm perfectly satisfied."

BILL NYE'S IMPRESSIONS OF EUROPE.

Hand-Picked and Warranted to Keep in Any Climate.

"Yes," he said, "I have been abroad this season. I am not absolutely certain that I was not more or less abroad just now. You called to obtain specimens of my foreign impressions, of course. If there is one thing more than another that I particularly pride myself upon it is my foreign impressions. I only selected the choicest and have carefully preserved every one of them. Any little runt of an impression that any fellow could pick up I didn't bother with. Mine are all hand-picked and warranted to keep in any climate. Several of the crowned heads of Europe frankly admitted that they would rather have me rooting around their throne picking up foreign impressions than any other impecunious tourist that had struck them for the wherewithal to get safely out of their domains for quite a spell. When I kicked a specimen out from under the dust of ages they were universally satisfied that it would be something that would do them credit. There is more or less danger in the business, however. Thrones are so plenty in Europe that a fellow who is practically unacquainted with the geography of the country is liable to stumble over one or more of them in the dark and break his neck most any minute. On several occasions I narrowly escaped getting into serious trouble through stuffing a first-class hem-stitched European throne into my trousers pocket under the impression that it was a ham sandwich. Several of the German provinces, for instance, were so thickly studded with little hand-painted thrones that I could not avoid the impression that the perspective looked like a buckwheat field in full bloom. I traveled for weeks through Continental Europe without striking a man whom I dared to address by a title less than king or prince. The stamp of nobility was in some cases a trifle sun-cracked, but it was always there. Sometimes this stamp was in the form of a ruffled shirt of a pre-Adamite vintage that cried aloud for the caressing touch of a Chinese laundryman, and sometimes in the form of a classic foot encased in a tarnished spur and a sad memory of the past—but it was always there.

"'Bill,' said one of those sad-eyed little German potentates to me one day as we sat idly in the sun on a bench outside of the concierge—I think it was the concierge—within sound of the restless sea; 'Bill, were you ever a King?'

"I was taken by surprise, but as I gazed down at the poor fellow my soul went out in pity, and I determined to give him a civil answer if it took a leg.

"'I may have been a king for a short time before arriving at years of discretion,' I said kindly, 'but no one ever accused me of it. In my country these youthful indiscretions do not stick to a man as they do here in Germany. A man may be a King for a time and then repent his folly, and America is full of hands that will be stretched out to help the poor fellow to reform and rise in the world.'

"'O! that this were America,' he said, with tears in his voice. 'Bill, may you never know the misery, the heart hungering, of being a German King without a subject. It was not ever thus, however. I had a subject once, but he was very sickly, and, a few years ago, he died, leaving me alone in the world. Since then I have searched in vain for a man to take his place. I have been unable to find any neighboring King with two—hence none could be spared. O, Bill, I am so lonely—so desolate!'

"I was much affected.

"'Ajax,' I said—Ajax Agamemnon was his family name—'I am sorry for you. But tell me, did you ever try to swap your throne off for a clean shirt and a decent pair of boots? Strike some man who runs a museum and you may be able to strike a bargain with him. Then you might go off somewhere where you are not known and try to lead a nobler and better—'

"The next moment I was alone with the sound of the restless waves. Ajax had folded his royal rage about him and left me to my fate!"

"Had you any special object in visiting Europe?" Mr. Nye was asked.

"Several of them," was the reply. "I was especially anxious to investigate the descent of the foreign nobility which has become so extensively our son-in-law of late. Our sweetest and most decollete girls are going from us so multitudinously nowadays that I arrived at the conclusion that something ought to be done about it. As the career of these titled foreign gentlemen is almost all descent I felt that tracing it would partake of the nature of a toboggan slide, and therefore be easy of accomplishment. I was not disappointed in the result. Out of several thousand Dukes, Earls, Barons, Counts, and other rare exotics, I found perhaps half a dozen to whom I would be willing to marry the dining-room girl who always brings me a last summer's egg for breakfast, but not one whom I would be willing to take into the bosom of my family and make a side-show of. But this sort of thing will doubtless go on just for all the world as though I had never been abroad. A martyr in a good cause is seldom appreciated until he has been dead for several centuries. — *Detroit Free Press.*

Laughed.

The word "hell" among Germans is not looked upon with a horror that it is among Americans, and even the most cultured German would not hesitate to use it any more than he would the word "heaven." A young lady who learned the English language in her home in the old country and can speak it fluently went to a fashionable party the other day. A grate fire had been kindled and the room was uncomfortably warm. There was a pause in the conversation, when in a rather loud tone of voice was heard the remark in English, but with a pretty German accent: "It is hot as hell in this room." The electritied guests sat as if stunned for a moment, and then as if by prearranged signal, all broke out in a laugh. Up to this date the German girl doesn't know what the laugh was all about.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

Insurance Against Burglaries.

For two years past there has been an insurance company against burglaries flourishing in London. According to the new rates you can insure the contents of your residence, or the damage to it through burglary, or any special article you desire.

Mexico is to have a magnificent congressional palace, the architect to be Piacentini, who built the Palace of Fine Arts in Rome.

SPORTING NOTES.

O'Connor Again Defeated by Stansbury in Australia.

ANOTHER FATAL PUGILISTIC ENCOUNTER IN CHICAGO.

Excepting Maud S, California Producers All the Fastest Running and Trotting Horses Alive.

The Ladies' Billiard Club of Brooklyn is now in a flourishing condition. It has a membership of forty-six.

W. W. Kerns and Ed. Miller, two East Portland bicyclists, have been travelling the Willamette Valley, putting to flight the natives and their horses.

The defeat of O'Connor by Stansbury on the Paramatta course did not surprise the Australians at present in this city. Peter Jackson is said to have won quite a snug sum on the result.

A very important shipment of pedigree horses, thirty-three in number, intended for the Bloodgood stock farm of Massachusetts, has just arrived from Liverpool.

The fate of Frank La Rue, recently killed in a pugilistic encounter in San Francisco, overtook a pugilist named Mike Brannan in Chicago the night of July 2d, his antagonist being Frank Garrard of Chicago.

The second race between O'Connor, the Canadian oarsman, and Stansbury of New South Wales, which was rowed owing to a claim by O'Connor that he was fouled by Stansbury in the first race, took place June 29th and was won by Stansbury, who thus wins $5,000 and the championship of the world.

California has only one million out of the sixty-five millions of people in the United States, but she has the honor of having owned and bred every one of the fastest running and trotting horses alive in the United States to-day, excepting Maud S., whose record is certain to be lowered this year by Sunol or Palo Alto.

W. E. Lee of San Francisco, who left Oakland at 12 o'clock the night of July 1st for the purpose of breaking the Pacific Coast twenty-four-hour bicycle record, successfully ended his journey at 10:30 the following night, having covered 212 miles with an hour and a half to spare against Fred Cook's 207. His route was from Oakland to San Jose, back to Oakland, to Gilroy via San Jose, to Irvington via San Jose, and back to San Jose. His time-card is verified by well-known men in the towns passed through. The wheel used was an ordinary 50-inch.

There will be no more "tin-cup" records. The National Trotting Horse Breeders' Association has taken a step in the right direction and passed resolutions that horses who are out for a race against the watch must all enter a "standard stake," and then trot races, three at a time. The winner of a heat in 2:30 is taken to the stable, and the two remaining horses fight out another heat, and the winner is also retired, and the remaining horse goes his heat alone. These rules apply only to horses who have no record, and are made to keep horses from securing a standard record by performances against the watch.

In the now celebrated case of Smith vs. France, partners, involving the management and control of the great Kentucky trotting stallion, Red Wilkes, the defendant, W. C. F. France of this county, has filed an amended answer in which he prays that the partnership be dissolved and Red Wilkes be sold as soon as the season of 1890 is completed. Thus this much lawed-about stallion is likely to be put up at auction. If so, he will probably bring more than any trotting stallion of his age ever brought. At least ten Kentucky breeders want him, and it will require a big sum of money to take him out of the State.

Paddy Ryan was one of the champions of America. His reign was very short, John L. Sullivan succeeding him. Ryan won the title by defeating Joe Goss after a long battle in which eighty-seven rounds were fought. After this victory Ryan became afflicted with the big-head. He did not possess the necessary qualifications to live and reign a champion, and pride was one of the causes of his downfall. Ryan was, however, a gentlemanly, good-natured pugilist, but there was not enough of the brute in him for a pugilist. When in front of John L. Sullivan, fighting for $5,000, he quailed, and was not able to fight hard enough to keep warm.

Ned O'Baldwin was, with the exception of Charley Freeman, the American giant, the tallest pugilist who ever stood in a prize ring to fight, either in England or this country. He was a clever man with the gloves and by his prize-ring encounters proved that he possessed great staying powers. He was not a tremendously hard hitter, as many would suppose, but more of what was styled "a pusher." His fault was his ugly temper, which he could never control, and the insults and assaults he made on people in Boston, Philadelphia and New York were many. He met his death at the pistol's muzzle just in time to prevent his being enrolled as a murderer or convicted of manslaughter.

Jake Kilrain, who in 1887 held the title of champion of the world, and who fought Jem Smith for $10,000, the "Police Gazette" championship belt and the championship of the world, had bright prospects of reigning champion. He was matched to fight for a fortune, and, if he had won, $20,000 would have been added to his bank account. He demonstrated the day he fought Smith that he possessed all the necessary qualifications to retain the championship against all comers. The punishment he delivered to Smith in France was severe. Flattery, however, ruffled the peacock's plumage. He was defeated by Sullivan, lost the "Police Gazette" belt, was defeated by Jim Corbett, and he has to reclimb the ladder before he can reach the uppermost rung, and it is very doubtful if he will ever succeed, because he has not got the support in 1890 that he had in 1889.

Mr. G. A. White in the June Outing tells the story of the Manhattan Athletic Club and its new palace. Speaking of the early struggle of the club, he points out how athletism finally came to win public favor: "The public conscience was settling more and more to the conviction that physical exercise, rightly directed and systematically pursued, was of the greatest importance to health and consequently to mental vigor. Perhaps no individual example of this had ever arrested so much attention as that made manifest by the facts connected with the entry into athletic life of Lawrence E. Myers, for it was a well-known fact that he joined the club in a very bad state of health—indeed, quite apparently in the first stages of consumption—solely for the purpose and in the hope of repelling the insidious attacks of premature disease, and he succeeded, literally as well as figuratively, in outrunning the hand of death."

HE WAS WELL TRAINED.

Carl Dunder Was Laying Low to Get a Thorough Education and He Got It.

"Well! well!" exclaimed Sergeant Bendall in great surprise, as Carl Dunder softly entered the Woodbridge Street Station Saturday afternoon. "I thought you had started for Germany sure."

"Not oxactly," replied Mr. Dunder, as he blew his nose with great complacency.

"But where have you been?"

"Sergeant, vhas I some greenhorns?"

"You don't look to be."

"If some cow meets me on der street would she take me for hay?"

"Hardly."

"If you vhas some gonfidence man would you try to play a game on me?"

"I don't think so. But what do you mean by all this?"

"Sergeant, I used to be like some cabbagehead. Eaferypody beats me. Eaferypody laughs at me, und I like to go back to Shermany. Dis vhas all shanged now."

"How?"

"Vhell, I keeps quiet for der last six weeks und get posted. If somepody can make fun of me now I like to see him do it. I vhas right on to all der tricks you eafer heard of, und I can spot a sharper two blocks away. You won't haf to tell me any more to shump into dot river."

"I'm rejoiced at the news. Now tell me who posted you?"

"A feller from New York. He takes me in a class all alone for $15 per week. How vhas dot, eh?"

And he threw up his right arm and made a long jump sideways, knocking a chair over and scaring a boy out of a year's growth.

"That's pretty good. What kind of a movement do you call it?"

"Dot vhas a nickel-plate movement, to be practiced if a man shumps oudt of der alley to hit you mit a sand-club. When dot club comes down you vas ten feet away. Dot probably safes my life one tousand times."

"What else?"

"Vell, if a tief come arount I can spot him like grease rolling off a log."

"How?"

"He carries his left hand in his pocket, und can't look you in der face. I can pick 'em oudt der street by der dozen."

"That's a good thing, and you ought to start a detective bureau. Anything else?"

"I should shmile! Sergeant, if you vhas some pickpocket, where you look for my money, eh?"

"In your breast pocket."

"So? Ha! ha! ha! Dot vhas another trick! I put my handkerchief oop here, und if a tief goes to rob me he gets nottings. Dot probably safes me two million do lars."

"Y-e-s. Anything more?"

"Vhel, suppose I vhas in Chicago und a bunko man likes to make me his victim. If it vhas you, vhat would you do?"

"I don't know."

"Ha! ha! ha! It pays me to learn dot. It safes me tousands of dollars. I shust vink at him—so, und say: 'How vhas coons to-day?' and off he goes. Dot makes him understand I vhas on to der racket."

"I see. What else?"

"Suppose you vhas going home at night, und a robber steps out und wants your money or your life? How would you do?"

"Give him my money, of course."

"You would, eh? Ha! ha! ha! Dot shows who vhas a greenhorns! I shouldn't do dot vhay. I shust open my umbrella und hold it before me und cry 'fire' as hard as I could. No robber can get at you if you hold an umbrella oudt. I know lots of odder things, but I haf no more time to-day. I come down to gif you some complaints. Somepody stole $25 from me last night, und dot feller from New York vhas lost. He goes out to walk around a leedle by himself, und being a stranger he vhas all mixed oop und can't find his way back."

"Ah! Didn't you lose a coat, too?"

"Yes. It vhas behind der door, und somepody takes coat und money too."

"Come this way."

He led him into the lock-up, halted him at one of the cells and asked him if he knew the occupant.

"Vhy, he vhas my trainer!" exclaimed Mr. Dunder. "How he comes in here? Vhas he some lost shild?"

"He got your coat and money. We have the coat and most of the cash. How do you tell a thief, Mr. Dunder?"

But Mr. Dunder didn't reply. His hair stood up, his eyes bulged out and he walked out of the station like a man going somewhere in a nightmare.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Can We Change Climate.

It has been maintained that the mild weather of this winter thus far and of the entire period of last winter is owing to a deflection of the gulf stream. If this is so, why could it not be deflected some more and make New England tropical and raise oranges in New Hampshire and pineapples in Maine? We believe that certain audacious engineers have offered to do this, provided capital enough is furnished for the undertaking.

To a limited extent, even now, it is an admitted fact that a man can make his own climate. The meteorological conditions of the West have been greatly modified since it was first settled. Perhaps New Englanders may decide some day that, instead of changing our flannels every winter, it will be cheaper in the long run to change our climate.

Of course it sounds preposterous to advocate the deflection of the gulf stream, but many preposterous things have happened in the nineteenth century, and who shall say that any scheme which is proposed for the twentieth century is chimerical? After we have married the Orient and the Occident by a bridge across Behring's Strait, and are able to go to Europe via Siberia in a Pullman car, we may turn our attention seriously to the gulf stream.

Scotchmen in America.

The Rev. Malcom MacGregor of New York thinks there never will be what would technically be called a "Scotch vote" in this country. He says: "Scotchmen have so thoroughly identified themselves with the various interests of this country that they have never occasioned the slightest sectional feeling, and have been treated so well in this country that they have never had ground for complaint.

The Future Man-of-War.

The Italian Admiral Albini thinks that the future man-of-war will have double screws and a helm at each end, so that in battle it need waste no time in turning around. Its sides will be unarmored.

GENERAL NEWS

The Czar of Russia's Gold Mines in Siberia.

THE WEALTH OF SAN FRANCISCO'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

England's Strikers—Jane Detheridge's Fortune—Revival of the Old Sport of Falconry.

The production of Brazilian coffee has been doubled within the last ten years.

John Risk, of Jenner Township, Somerset county, Pa., has a suckling colt six months old which weighs 814 pounds.

The English Board of Trade reports 509 strikes during 1888, with 88,000 strikers.

The youngest officer in her majesty's service is a second lieutenant of exactly eighteen.

A squid with tentacles thirty feet long recently washed ashore on the coast of Mayo.

A North Atchison woman poisoned seven skunks in two weeks and attended to her domestic duties besides.

It is said that Jane Detheridge, of Kingston, Jamaica, has refused thirty-seven offers of marriage. She has $1,000,000 and is an orphan.

There is advertised for sale in Worcestershire a piece of property on a lease which has 1,711 years yet to run. It was made for 2,000 years in 1600.

One Episcopal Church in San Francisco is said to have a membership of $75,000,000, and yet the missionary fund of the diocese is in debt nearly $800.

A New York man proposes to revive the ancient sport of falconry at his country seat in New Jersey, and has gone to Europe to procure the birds and trainer.

A tramp confined in the Lancaster (Pa.) jail entertained the attendants and policemen with tales of adventure and travel. He had almost walked around the world.

The Comte de Paris will spend the remainder of his days in England. The Count had a touch of gout of late. For a time he is more interested in his toes than his manifestoes.

Ben Butterworth, Congressman from Cincinnati, has determined to abandon politics entirely. He has built up a large law practice in Washington, and will settle there permanently.

One hundred and sixty-seven bears have been killed in Maine during the year. The state has paid out $835, or $5 per head bounty. Over $1,000 will be paid as bounty for killing crows.

Boswell Beardsley of North Lansing, Tompkins county, N. Y., has distributed mail to the people of that village for sixty-four years, having held the office of Postmaster under nineteen successive Presidents.

A monument to Victor Noir, the young man who was killed in 1870 by Prince Pierre Bonaparte, has been completed by the sculptor Dalou, for a committee, which intends to erect it in some part of Paris.

The Czar of Russia receives from his gold mines in Eastern Siberia about 3,600 pounds of pure gold every year. As he has recently developed a great fondness for the American game of draw poker, it is about time for him to "grub-stake" some prospectors for new placers.

John McCloskey, of San Antonio, Texas, has been mourned as dead for nine years. The other night a bearded stranger appeared at the home of Mrs. McCloskey. She became very indignant when he took her in his arms. It was her husband. He had been in the West and made a great deal of money.

Situated on the farm of Scott West, in the town of Fayette, Me., are two living springs only a few rods apart, but on opposite slopes of a water-shed. Rills running in different directions from these respective springs traverse each a distance of more than fifty miles before they finally reach the same destination.

Princess Christian, the second and most popular daughter of Queen Victoria, is on the eve of entirely losing her sight. She has been suffering from an affection of the eyes similar to that which afflicted her greatgrandfather, King George III. of England, and also her first cousin, the late King of Hanover, both of whom were totally blind during the last forty years of their lives.

There is a curiosity among the Fairmont, Morgantown & Pittsburg Railroad, about six miles above town, worth noticing, says the Morgantown, Pa., *Post*. Two sycamore trees, standing about ten feet apart, are joined together by a limb fifteen inches in diameter, and it's dollars to doughnuts which tree it started to grow from. They are the only Siamese twins in this vicinity.

Joel Barlow, the author and patriot, who died in 1812 while on his way to meet Napoleon in France to get the latter's signature for a treaty of commerce with this country, is buried in Poland. The Historical Society of Connecticut, his native State, has decided to memorialize Congress to remove the remains to Putnam, Conn., and give them a resting place in the State Park that is now being laid out.

It is sometimes said that the branches of very old trees are, properly speaking, roots, and that if planted upside down the trees would flourish. Herr Kny, a German botanist, has recently investigated the matter by planting vines and ivy with both ends in the ground, and subsequently cutting them at the arch. The experiments were fairly successful, though not in every instance, and Herr Kny intends to continue them with other plants and trees, such as willows, poplars, and roses.

There are many people alive yet who want something for nothing. About fifty of them live in Sioux City. A man named R. A. Sears, of Minneapolis, sent out offers to give three pieces of elegantly upholstered parlor furniture as an advertisement to all who would send 90 cents to pay boxing. Many sent the money and got three cute little iron toys with plush seats and pretty finish. The recipients were surprised, and yet cannot claim that they were badly swindled, for they got all they paid for.

The Comte d'Eu is so unpopular that in a tour through North Brazil he was hissed in the seaports. What most rendered him unpopular was his having gone into a speculation which made him a slum landlord. He had some ground near Rio which was likely to sell if held over for a great price. Meanwhile he arranged to build on it quite a town of hovels for the negro wharfingers and other colored working folks, who were pushed out into the suburbs by town improvements. Rackrents were asked, and the Count's agent was a hard man, who took the law of non-paying tenants.

A young man in Bowdoinham, Me., recently set a box trap beside a brook for the purpose of catching a mink he had seen in the vicinity many times. He baited the spindle of the trap with meat. Soon after he had set the trap a heavy rain set in, which caused the brook to rise over the ground where the trap was placed. After the water had subsided somewhat he went to look after the trap and found it was still where he had set it, but was sprung. Thinking that he had caught the mink, he carefully peeked in, but instead of a mink he found a trout about fourteen inches long.

A well known Mount Clements, Mich., lady has been laboring under the impression for the last five years that she was a widow. Her husband left her that long ago to take a trip West, and it was reported that he was frozen to death in Dakota. When the old gentleman returned home recently she knew better. During his absence he has been most of the time in British Columbia, where he stacked up an imposing pile of the coin of the realm. What explanation he made to his wife for his long silence is not public property, but it must have been satisfactory, as she now appears as happy as a grasshopper dancing in the sunlight.

Philosophy of the Table.

A sick palate is beyond the reach of physic.

Uneasy fits the coat the stomach pays for.

When dinner and appetite fall out it is time for arbitration.

One man may be sentimental, another hungry; no man can be both at the same time.

The first lesson in dyspepsia is a surprise to him who thinks he knows everything.

There is little choice between a dinner with no appetite and an appetite with no dinner.

Poverty is an unpleasant dose, but it will be a sure remedy for many ills of the rich.

The devil hath many disguises. Beware of him when he dons the cook's cap and apron.

Mix your remembrance of a good dinner with a little gratitude to heaven and the host.

True charity warms the heart of him that gives and him that takes; the other sort is more chilling than cold soup.

The life of the dinner lieth in deliberation; the death of the diner may lurk in the lack of it.

The appetite is a tool of nature's tempering; if you will listen to her and reason, you may learn the best way to sharpen it.

Man prayeth for a long life; let him study how to use a short one his prayer may be answered.—*Joseph Whitton in Table Talk.*

The Bird Market at Lucknow.

Some birds are used medicinally, and it is well known what strange ideas native doctors have of the virtues of bird flesh. Both the flesh and the brains of the common sparrow, especially the cock sparrow, are in great repute for certain diseases; so a cageful of these familiar chatterers is never missing in the market. Certain species are used in making love potions, and are administered by rejected suitors to the objects of their adoration. On the other hand, the blood or the flesh of an owl is supposed to make a person insane who drinks or eats it. On this account men who are devoured by jealousy of a rival or hatred of an enemy come furtively to the market, and purchasing an owl, in silence carry it home secretly and prepare a decoction which an accomplice will put into the food or drink of the object of their malignant designs.

The list of uses for bird flesh is not exhausted yet. Eating a crow is supposed to prolong life by keeping the hair black and preventing it from turning gray. The common roller, often called a bluejay, has certain rites performed over it, and is then set free after one feather has been plucked from it. This feather is then worn as an amulet, and is supposed to have great potency in averting the evil eye. Another purpose for which birds are purchased every morning is to be set free again. This is done by Hindus as a work of merit, and by Mohammedans, after certain rites have been performed, as an atonement in imitation of the Jewish scapegoat. It is essential that a bird used for this purpose should be strong enough to fly away, but that does not induce the cruel dealers to feed the birds or to refrain from dislocating their wings or breaking their legs. They put down everything to good or bad luck, and leave the customer to choose a strong bird if he can find one, and to go away if he cannot.

The merit obtained by setting a bird free is not attributed to the Deity, but is supposed to come in a large measure from the bird itself or from its attendant spirit, and hence birds of good or bad omen, and especially kites and crows, are in much demand, and are regularly caught to be sold for this purpose.—*Pioneer.*

The Widow's Mite.

Rev. Theodore Pryor, D. D., furnishes the following: "Fifty years ago John H. Rice, of Richmond, Va., went North to beg aid for Hampden Sidney College. In Philadelphia a poor washerwoman said to him: 'I and my children live from day to day from my labor. After hearing your appeal for the college yesterday I went home and fasted, and now I bring you for the college the amount I saved by the fasting.' Dr. Rice said that it was the greatest contribution of all the great gifts he raised during that trip."—*Richmond Religious Herald.*

Legal Advice.

"What are you asking a month for the rent of this room?" asked a young New York lawyer of the proprietor of an exceedingly small room. "Ten dollars a month, invariably in advance." "Whew! That's steep. You have no ventilation and very little light." "That's so, but you seem to overlook the advantages this room has for a young lawyer." "What are they?" "In the first place, you are near the court-house, and there are two pawnbroker establishments and several free lunch stands within a block and a half."—*Texas Siftings.*

COAST NEWS.

Portland's Speed Association's Fall Meeting.

UMATILLA AND YUMA INDIANS ENJOYING A YEAR OF PLENTY.

Arrest of a Notorious Horse-Thief—Democratic Clubs Meet in Tacoma—Corner on Prunes.

Carpenters are working seven days a week at Tombstone.

Bricks are scarce and in demand all around Puget Sound.

Nearly all the rabbits in Sierra Valley perished last winter, but the few left will soon stock the country.

Phil Askins of Tonto Basin, in Gila County, A. T., has killed over 100 lions and a large number of bears.

One man has shipped five tons of mohair from Dallas, Or., this season, the prices ranging from 20 to 28 cents.

A nineteen-year-old son of C. O. Gruell of Junction, Mont., swallowed a silver dollar the other day and has it in his stomach yet.

The entire prune crop of California has been cornered by three New York concerns. The price to be paid is 6½ cents per pound in casks.

A 400-foot highway bridge, the largest of the kind on the Pacific Coast, is being constructed by the Pacific Bridge Company at Springfield, Lane County, Or.

Attorney-General Jones filed an important opinion, July 3d, holding that the right of way of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company is taxable by the State of Washington.

John Deletis, an Italian, living at Port Townsend, was found dead in bed with his throat cut from ear to ear last week. His clerk, who has disappeared, is suspected of the murder.

John Driscoll was killed July 3d by a cave in the tunnel of the Boston mine, near Graniteville, Cal. The deceased was a young man, unmarried, and has relatives living in San Francisco.

A large number of fishermen are engaged among the San Juan islands catching halibut and cod. They are caught at a depth of about 250 feet. They are very large and find ready sale at Port Townsend at from 5 to 10 cents a pound.

James Walsh, a bachelor, who for a number of years has been living across the Calapooia from Albany, died at the residence of George W. Cline, from dropsy, superinduced by the grip, which he had last winter. He was born in Ireland in 1835.

The Umatilla Indians have enjoyed a rare bonanza in picking the wool from sheep in Morrow, Grant and Umatilla counties, that gave up the ghost in the storms of last winter. Thousands of pounds of such cultus fleeces have been purchased by wool merchants this season.

The Democrats of the State will meet at Tacoma in August to organize the Washington State association of Democratic clubs. It is expected that delegates from every county will attend. A letter has been received by the Secretary from ex-President Cleveland expressing his sympathy with the movement and his inability to attend.

The sale of the Seventy-six Land and Water Company to the Alta irrigation district was consummated, July 2d, at Dinuba, near Fresno, Cal. The price paid was $410,000 in bonds of the district, which was recently organized under the Wright irrigation law. All the water rights heretofore sold by the Seventy-six company are to be paid back in full at $5 per acre.

As proof that the camels brought to Arizona a number of years ago are not extinct and are breeding rapidly, the following from the Yuma Sentinel is reproduced: A large band of camels, numbering thirty-five, were seen within a few miles of Harrisburg last week. Jim Doten caught one with a lariat, and after bringing it into camp was forced to shoot it, as all the horses around became badly frightened at the sight of the ungainly beast.

The posters and programmes for the fall meeting of the Portland Speed Association are now out. The aggregate of the purses amounts to $12,225, the largest sum ever offered in the Northwest. The programme as arranged is the finest ever offered west of St. Paul. Railroad and steamship tickets leading to Portland will have a coupon attached for the races, the fare to and return being one and one-fifth of the regular rates.

Jose Bravo, leader of a gang of horse thieves that have been operating near Santa Monica, has