

PACIFIC COAST NEWS

Commercial and Financial Happenings of Interest in the Growing Western States.

Bounty for Seal Scalps.

Chairman Kendall, of the fisheries committee of the Astoria Progressive Commercial Association, is circulating a petition among the canners and those most directly interested for subscriptions for a fund to be used in paying a bounty of \$1 each for seal scalps and \$2.50 each for sea lion scalps.

14 Years for Highway Robbery.

Maxin Everett, an American citizen, was sentenced at Vernon, B. C., to 14 years' imprisonment for highway robbery, alleged to have been committed about a year ago at Grand Forks, B. C.

Fattens Eastern Oysters.

Mr. Wachsmuth expects another carload of Eastern oyster seed for his beds near Oysterville. With him the raising of Eastern oysters is no experiment, as he is the pioneer in the business on the North Pacific coast.

The Riverside Tennis Club has been organized in Arlington, Or.

Gold dust is as much a medium of exchange at Sparta, Or., as it was 35 years ago.

H. M. Stevens and W. F. Yeck, who are operating the Darnell mine, have made application to the city council for a franchise to operate an electric light plant in Kalama, Wash.

An effort is on foot to organize a company of National Guard at Cottage Grove, Or. The required number of names have been secured and many more are available that could be had.

Dr. B. E. Stewart, of Goldendale, Wash., has a collection of over 30,000 perfect Indian arrow heads, besides several thousand imperfect ones, and a large and rare collection of Indian curios.

The supply of milk at the Brownsville, Or., creamery is increasing. It now averages over 3,500 pounds per day, and still there are a few more who have not commenced supplying milk yet, but will do so later.

Navigation on the Upper Columbia is to be a reality, it is said, even though the boats of the portage company fail to materialize. J. A. Pound has commenced work at Arlington on a boat that will be capable of stemming the current of the big river at any stage of water.

C. T. Moore, of the Blaine, Wash., mill man, who platted the original townsite of Blaine for the Cain Bros., is making preparations for the building of a complete sawmill and box factory on the Semiahmoo side of the Blaine harbor.

Five well developed cases of smallpox are reported at Forest Center, Stevens county, Wash., three and one-half miles north of Springfield. Dr. Baker reports the cases are in three different families. It is said the members of the families have been around town as usual and many people have been exposed.

The Bellington Bay Rod and Gun Club has made arrangements to procure 20,000 rainbow trout fry for Lake Whatcom. This variety of trout is the handsomest, gamest and best of the trout family on the Pacific coast and the advantages of securing a plentiful supply of these fish are so great that the club intends to establish a nursery for them near the foot of the lake where the young fish can be brought to an age and size to care for themselves.

An unknown man was killed at Marcus, Wash., while attempting to steal a ride on a freight train. His head was almost severed from the body.

H. B. Meyer has temporarily closed his sawmill on the Calapoola. He has between 400,000 and 500,000 feet of lumber, which will shortly find its way to the valley, mostly to Brownsville. Mr. Meyer will soon move his mill below the old logging camp, where he expects to cut nearly 4,000,000 feet every year.

Mrs. G. L. Circle has sent for the necessary machinery to start a creamery at Prineville, Or.

Gross Bros.' Iron Works are manufacturing a quartz crusher for A. E. Wood and F. L. Gilman, to be used at their mines in the Blue river district, says the Eugene, Or., Register. The machine will weigh in the neighborhood of 800 pounds, and is the invention of Mr. Gilman, who claims that it will crush 10 tons of quartz per day. Two ore cars, to be operated by a cable, are also being gotten out for the same men. The motive power to operate the machinery will be a waterwheel.

BRADSTREET'S REPORT.

Inactive Demand and Weaker Prices Are the Features.

Bradstreet's says: The trade situation this week may be summed up in the phrase, inactive demand and weaker prices. While in many respects the industrial situation is easier than it was, the unsettlement in the building trades continues marked, the reflex action being exhibited in the unsettled demand for building material and weaker prices for lumber and for many products used in the building industry.

Iron and steel buyers are still holding off, most of the business done being for small lots for immediate consumption.

Relatively good reports come from the retail trade at most centers, notwithstanding the backward spring, but as yet the volume of reorder business from wholesalers and jobbers has proved disappointing. Finished cotton and woolen goods remain steady.

Wool is weaker, owing to the restricted demand from manufacturers and in sympathy with lower prices set at many grades at the London wool sales.

Relatively a good report comes from the distribution trade in shoes, but manufacturers are hanging back in their purchases of leather, and hides are rather weaker.

Wheat, including four, shipments for the week aggregate 8,450,704 bushels, against 5,537,022 last week.

Business failures in the United States for the week number 174, as compared with 153 last week.

PACIFIC COAST TRADE.

Seattle Markets. Onions, \$9. Lettuce, hot house, 40@45c doz. Potatoes, \$16@17; \$17@18. Beets, per sack, 50@60c. Turnips, per sack, 40@60c. Carrots, per sack, 75@85c. Parsnips, per sack, 60@75c. Cauliflower, California 85@90c. Strawberries—\$2.00 per case. Celery—40@60c per doz. Cabbage, native and California, \$1.00@1.25 per 100 pounds. Apples, \$2.00@2.75; \$3.00@3.50. Prunes, 60c per box. Butter—Creamery, 22c; Eastern 22c; dairy, 17@22c; ranch, 15@17c pound. Eggs—17c. Cheese—14@15c. Poultry—14c; dressed, 14@15c; spring, 5c. Hay—Puget Sound timothy, \$11.00@12.00; choice Eastern Washington timothy, \$18.00@19.00. Corn—Whole, \$23.00; cracked, \$23; feed meal, \$23. Barley—Rolled or ground, per ton, \$20. Flour—Patent, per barrel, \$3.25; blended straight, \$3.00; California, \$3.25; buckwheat flour, \$6.00; Graham, per barrel, \$3.00; whole wheat flour, \$3.00; rye flour, \$3.80@4.00. Millstuffs—Bran, per ton, \$13.00; shorts, per ton, \$14.00. Feed—Chopped feed, \$19.00 per ton; middlings, per ton, \$20; oak cake meal, per ton, \$30.00. Fresh Meats—Choices dressed beef steers, price 8c; cows, 7c; mutton 8c; pork, 5c; trimmed, 9c; veal, 8 1/2@10c. Hams—Large, 13c; small, 12 1/2c; breakfast bacon, 12 1/2c; dry salt sides, 8c.

Portland Market. Wheat—Walla Walla, 51@52c; Valley, 52c; Bluestem, 54c per bushel. Flour—Best grades, \$3.00; Graham, \$2.50; superfine, \$3.10 per barrel. Oats—Choice white, 36c; choice gray, 33c per bushel. Barley—Feed barley, \$14@14.50; brewing, \$16.00@16.50 per ton. Millstuffs—Bran, \$13 per ton; middlings, \$19; shorts, \$15; chop, \$14 per ton. Hay—Timothy, \$9@11; clover, \$7@7.50; Oregon wild hay, \$6@7 per ton. Butter—Fancy creamery, 30@35c; seconds, 45c; dairy, 25@30c; store, 22 1/2@25c. Eggs—13c per dozen. Cheese—Oregon full cream, 13c; Young America, 14c; new cheese 10c per pound. Poultry—Chickens, mixed, \$4.00@4.50 per dozen; hens, \$5.00; springs, \$2.50@3.50; geese, \$6.50@8.00 for old; \$4.50@6.50; ducks, \$6.00@7.00 per dozen; turkeys, live, 14@15c per pound. Potatoes—40@65c per sack; sweets, 2@2 1/2c per bushel. Vegetables—Beets, \$1; turnips, 75c; per sack; garlic, 7c per pound; cabbage, 1 1/2c per pound; parsnips, 75c; onions, 8c per pound; carrots, 50c. Hops—2@2 1/2c per pound. Wool—Valley, 12@13c per pound; Eastern Oregon, 10@15c; mohair, 27@30c per pound. Mutton—Gross, best sheep, wethers and ewes, 3 1/2c; dressed mutton, 7@7 1/2c per pound; lambs, 6 1/2c. Hogs—Gross, choice heavy, \$5.00; light and feeders, \$4.50; dressed, \$3.00@6.50 per 100 pounds. Beef—Gross, top steers, \$4.00@4.50; cows, \$3.50@4.00; dressed beef, 6 1/2@7 1/2c per pound. Veal—Large, 6 1/2@7 1/2c; small, 8@8 1/2c per pound. Tallow—5@5 1/2c; No. 2 and grease, 8 1/2@4c per pound.

San Francisco Market. Wool—Spring—Nevada, 14@16c per pound; Eastern Oregon, 12@16c; Valley, 20@22c; Northern, 10@12c. Hops—1899 crop, 11@13c per pound. Butter—Fancy creamery 17@17 1/2c; do seconds, 16@16 1/2c; fancy dairy, 16c; do seconds, 14@15c per pound. Eggs—Store, 15c; fancy ranch, 17c. Millstuffs—Middlings, \$17.00@20.00; bran, \$13.50@13.50. Hay—Wheat \$6.50@9.50; wheat and oat \$6.00@9.00; best barley \$5.00@7.00; alfalfa, \$5.00@6.50 per ton; straw, 25@40c per bale. Potatoes—Early Rose, 60@65c; Oregon Burbanks, 70c@1.00; river Burbanks, 40@75c; Salinas Burbanks, 80c@1.10 per sack. Citrus Fruit—Oranges, Valencia, \$2.75@3.25; Mexican limes, \$4.00@5.00; California lemons 75c@1.50; do choice \$1.75@2.00 per box. Tropical Fruit—Bananas, \$1.50@2.50 per bunch; pineapples, nominal; Persian dates, 6@6 1/2c per pound.

SHE GAVE UP HER OWN LIFE.

Mother's Heroic Sacrifice to Save Her Small Son.

The heroic impulse of Mrs. John Sommerfroh in pushing her 6-year-old son away from her saved the boy's life at the expense of the mother's existence. She was 28 years old, the wife of a farmer living near Lyndhurst, L. I. She was walking with her son toward Babylon on the east-bound track of the Long Island Railroad.

The train left Babylon at 4:25 in the afternoon, bound for Long Island City. Mother and son were in no danger where they were. They could see the train three miles away, for the road runs perfectly straight at that point.

The boy was walking at his mother's side and was next the west-bound track. The oncoming train was rushing at high speed. That tremendous fascination which even grown people sometimes feel when they are looking at a swiftly approaching train—a desire to throw one's self in front of the locomotive—must have taken possession of the child.

The boy gave a scream and darted across the tracks. He paused for a second in the path of the train. His mother sprang after him. That one second enabled her to catch up with him. It was a matter of a fraction of a second. She thrust the boy from her just as the train struck her. Death came to her instantly. All had happened so suddenly that Mrs. Sommerfroh was a corpse before Engineer Forbell could close the throttle and check the speed of the train. The train crew went back to find the victim. Engineer Forbell had told the others how the woman had given up her own life in an effort to save the boy, and they wondered if she had succeeded.



SAVED THE BOY JUST AS THE TRAIN STRUCK HER.

When they found the woman's body the trainmen took off their caps and tears streamed down their faces as they lifted the remains to the side of the track, where they placed a guard over them. Not far away they found the child, unconscious, but alive. He was carried into a car and placed on seat cushions, while the train speeded to Long Island City, where an ambulance was waiting.

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DEEDS AWAY HIS DAUGHTER.

She Is Given as a Sort of Chromo with Fifteen Mining Claims.

Miss Ida Davis, youngest daughter of Josiah W. P. Davis, of Redding, Cal., a pretty girl, with dark eyes and hair, has been deeded to Rudolph Ott as if she were a piece of real estate. The girl is thrown in as a sort of chromo along with fifteen mining claims, and in



APW DAVIS.

default of Davis being able to deliver these—and the chromo—to Ott he agrees to forfeit \$10,000. The two men principals in the strange transaction seem to take it as a plain, serious matter of business. How the girl views it is not known. She is silent. If she isn't a strictly obedient daughter it will cost her father \$10,000.

LIFE IN A BOARDING HOUSE.

Ten Years of the Table Talk Likely to Cause Insanity.

A recent writer on women's occupations accounts for the permanence of the boarding house as a social institution by a reference to this powerful impulse of the human breast: "In a boarding house," says she, "you can obtain a mustard plaster and a cup of palatable gruel and a warm iron for taking a spot out of a velvet gown. All these things are dear to a boarder." They create "a home feeling which the hungry heart of the hotel dweller misses."

This is true, but it is not whole truth, and it is unfair to the boarder, says the New York Commercial-Advertiser. Dervedly prized as are the mustard plaster and the warm iron, they are not the only, or even the main, things that give the boarder that homelike glow. It is the conversation of the boarding house table that holds him and thrills him and keeps his feelings young and homelike. One should not overlook the spiritual side. Never a meal without its cheerful greeting and kindly weather talk. Not even if he would, could he be left out of those genial discussions beginning with: "See by the paper we're going to have snow."

No one ever feels neglected in a boarding house. No one ever has any hungry-hearted hotel loneliness about him there. If he detects any

coolness in the social atmosphere, let him remove at once to one of those establishments whose landladies advertise that they and the guests are all one family. In these the home feelings at times fairly run riot in the veins. They are no mere product of mustard plasters and flat-irons, but the result of a great, warm, miscellaneous intimacy on the part of the people who might otherwise have dodged one another had they ever met at all. It is an intimacy ordained by chance, but it is as thick as that of twins and as voluble and unescapable as the intercourse of a crate of chickens on their way to market.

The social ties that lash souls together at a boarding-house table draw more powerfully than any mustard plaster and leave more lasting effects. Sometimes for good, but sometimes for evil, it must be said. They say a delicate brain is apt to break down after ten years or so of boarding just from the dripping on it of continued table talk. Like every other good thing, it can be overdone.

TELEGRAPH FRIENDS.

People Who Know Each Other Without Having Seen Each Other.

"It's very funny," said a former "lightning jerker" the other night, to a New Orleans Times-Democrat man, "what vivid pictures telegraph operators who have never met will form of each other merely from talking over

the line. As a general thing they are correct, for you can size up a man pretty accurately from the way he manipulates the key, but sometimes they are ludicrously wide of the mark. "When I was a kid and was holding down my first job in a little Ohio town, I worked on a Pittsburg wire with an operator who signed C. D. He was a jolly fellow, and slack times we used to chat and chaff and spin yarns to each other by the hour. He was a capitalist story teller and a still better listener, and there was an appreciative quality in his 'b-a,' 'b-a,' 'b-a,' that was peculiarly tickling to my vanity. You know, that's the way telegraphers laugh over the wire, by sounding 'b-a' and repeat, and there's just a hum-difference in the way it is done, as there is in laughing with your mouth."

"Well, I got quite attached to C. D. and imagined I knew exactly how he looked. I thought he was about 20, with a round jovial face, and a little baseball mustache. A good dresser, I said to myself, and popular among the girls, and I was filled with such a yearning to make his acquaintance that I finally seized on a very flimsy pretext to run over to Pittsburg for a couple of days on ostensible private business, but really to meet C. D. face to face. I was only 17 and was sure we would have a glorious time together. When I walked into the office, a thin elderly man, with a long gray beard, was leaning against the counter. 'Is Mr. — about?' said I, giving C. D.'s right name. 'I am Mr. —,' he replied, and you could have knocked me over with a feather.

"When he heard who I was he turned red and made some excuse to get away. Poor old chap, he had enjoyed playing Jaybird, and we were equally disconcerted. I never joked with C. D. any more."

The Czar's Costly Yachts.

The Emperor of Russia, who, in the Polar Star, which cost over £1,000,000 sterling, and the Standart, which cost about half as much, possesses finer yachts than any other European monarch. Four hundred thousand pounds was spent on the principal apartments on the main deck of the Polar Star. The decoration of the dining-room cost £20,000. The decks are very curious, being paved with red, black, and white marble, and there is a marble fountain. The big dining-room below decks will seat 200 persons. All the apartments are fitted with rare stones and wood. The crew and stewards number 400 men. The yacht Standart is a splendid vessel, somewhat on the lines of the Paris and other steamships that run between Southampton and New York. Her accommodation below is superb, there being suites of cabins for eleven members of the Royal family.

Law suit Over 100 Years Old.

A lawsuit which has lasted more than 100 years has recently been settled in Ireland. In 1870, Robert Smyth, brewer, of Smock alley, Dublin, failed. A dividend was paid, but that was not sufficient to realize \$4.50 in the pound. It has now been discovered that a small sum invested at the time by the court as being too trifling for distribution, has, by the accumulation of compound interest in a hundred odd years, developed into four figures, enough to pay off all the debts and leave a good sum for law costs. Strange to say, there is a claimant for every penny due in 1790.

Serves His Purpose.

A boy's code of etiquette does not conform with the manual most approved and adopted in so-called polite society, says the Memphis Scimitar, but it serves his purpose all right. "Two chubby little fellows were strolling along the sidewalks the other afternoon, when they were joined by a third, who was a stranger to one of the two chums, so the other proceeded to introduce them."

"Ned! Bright, do you know Tom Brown?" he questioned. "Nope," replied "Ned."

"Well, Tom Brown, do you know 'Ned' Bright?"

"Nope," returned "Tom."

"So 'Ned' and 'Tom' proceeded to 'throw' each other in the most approved manner and roll over and over in the dust in the friendly way boys have.

A shrewd person never makes the mistake of putting oleomargarine before a woman guest from the country.

How superior a boy feels when he hears some other boy being scolded!

HIGH LIVING.

One Needs a Balloon to Reach Prices in a Dawson Cafe.

"You might suppose," said a man who was in the Klondike last summer, "that with the improved facilities of travel and freight transportation to the Klondike country prices of commodities there would have become just a little more nearly normal, but I have in my possession a bill of fare I got at Healy's hotel and cafe in Dawson in September last, and here are some of the prices that one must pay for eatables, chiefly logs, and the conveniences are not altogether modern, and a good many of them are lacking, but the rate per day is twelve dollars. If one eats at the cafe a la carte here's what he pays: Sirloin steak and onions, \$3; porthouse—plain, \$3.50; with mushrooms, \$3.50; Chateau Briani (spelled that way), \$4; with onions, \$3.50; Hamburg steak, \$1.50; English mutton chop (one), \$2; (two), \$3.75; breaded, \$2.75; corn beef hash, \$1.50; lamb chops, plain, \$2.50; pork chops, sauce piquant, \$3.25; liver and bacon, \$1.10; plain, \$1.50; ham and eggs, \$2.50; bacon and eggs, \$2.50; fried tripe, \$1.50; pigs' feet, \$1.50; fried in butter, \$2; kidney, fried, broiled or saute, \$1.50; with mushrooms, \$1.75; pork sausage, \$1.50; fried eggs (two), \$2; scrambled, poached or on toast, \$2; with oysters, \$2.50; plain omelet, \$2; ham, oyster, jelly omelet, or with onions, \$2.50; Spanish or rum omelet, \$3; souffle, \$3.50; Welsh rabbit, \$2.50; golden buck, \$3, and so on, with pie at a dollar a slice, and pudding a dollar a small, and cigars 50 cents for the cheapest. As I said, it does seem that at this late date living would become a little cheaper, but people who have anything to sell want the earth for it, and the hapless consumer must pay the price or go without. The only consolation is that it will be as bad or worse at Cape Nome, though that will probably tumble quicker because it is so much more accessible than the Klondike."

Hard Shoes in Service.

It is said that each war brings out a demand for quite a crop of chiropodists, or corn doctors. This is due to the poor quality of shoes soldiers generally wear. Most of these shoes are furnished by some contractor, who cares little for the comfort his goods give, and they are stiff and poorly shaped, thus causing much suffering among the troops. People who are experienced in such matters say that going barefoot for a day is preferable to wearing the hard, unwieldy shoes that are given the men when on the march. Napoleon, who was a great general in little things as well as big, never neglected the details pertaining to his men's dress, and he always tried to get them comfortable shoes. Statistics show that a larger percentage of shoemakers are enlisted among soldiers than from any other trade, but they usually have to fight instead of cobble. The regimental corn doctor is one of the most popular army institutions.

Negro Distrust of the Jaybird.

Southern negroes regard the jaybird with comically grave distrust, says the Chicago Times-Herald. To them he is the counsellor, guide and friend of the evil one himself. The amount of confidences established ages ago between the devil and the jaybird is to the African mind enormous. Plantation "uncles" and "aunties" believe that whenever Satan can spare the time from his frying operations he visits earth, and he and the jaybird hold a council of war, devising ways and means wherein and whereby to ensnare the darky soul. Before this combination the voodoo charm of red flannel, fish-bones, scrapings of human nails, and hair from a dead person is of no avail. The rabbit's foot is powerless. The only defense is "rasslin'" in prayer. This is highly esteemed, as the more arduous the "rasslin'" the less work will be done in the field next day. The jaybird is safe from negro attack—safe through fear.

Below the Boilers.

The Mighty Powers of Propulsion of Transatlantic Liners.

Twenty-five years ago the Engineer, of London, the recognized authority on all matters pertaining to steamship navigation, made the prediction that the crossing of the Atlantic ocean, by a steamship, at the speed of twenty-five miles an hour, was one of the things impossible of accomplishment. At that time the Atlantic had never been crossed by a screw steamer at as high a speed as fifteen miles an hour; the Cunarder Scotia, the last of the big sidewheelers, never doing better than an average of fourteen and a half knots. Therefore the prophecy of the Engineer was not at all a wild one. But to-day there are steamers that have reached the speed of twenty-five miles an hour, and others are in course of construction which are expected to surpass it. The fastest liner of to-day has done more than an average of twenty-five miles. Her enormous engines and powerful propellers, mighty powers of propulsion, have forced her through the roughest waters of the Atlantic at an average speed of twenty-one knots, which is a fraction over twenty-six miles in the hour. The distance of the Southampton-New York route is 3,000 miles, which covers on the average in five days and seventeen hours, considerably over twenty-five miles an hour for the entire trip; her mighty engines—that throbbing, thumping heart down below—revolving about eighty times per minute, or about 672,000 revolutions to cross the Atlantic.—Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly.

The Timmer Market.

On the last Wednesday of August every year there is a fair called the "Timmer Market" held in the Castle Square in Aberdeen, Scotland. Some fifty or sixty years ago nothing could be bought at it but wooden articles—from which arose the name "Timmer." Now, however, it is the Scotch housewife's last chance of getting her berries for preserving. Every patron of the market knows that after that month the only chance of fruit is gone—hence the rush. Great and small, rich and poor alike turn out.

High Prices for Butterflies.

High prices are paid for butterflies, and some private collections, such as that of the Hon. W. Rothschild at Tring, Hertford, England, are said to be worth £100,000 more or less. Some New Guinea butterflies have fetched £50 apiece. One of the Rothschilds is said to have paid £200 for a Papilio, now quite common. The demand for rare specimens has led to dishonesty. The insects are dyed or else wings from one species are fastened to the bodies of other species.

Prairie Dog Towns in Nebraska.

Within a radius of four miles of Rushville, Neb., there are no fewer than nine prairie dog "towns," covering as much as 3,500 acres of pasture, which is rendered almost useless.

SEARCH FOR A GIRL.

AN INDIANA WOMAN'S LONG YEARS OF SEEKING.

"Aunt Polly" Barnett Dead. After Seeking a Lost Daughter for Twenty Years—Touching Story of Old and Insane Wanderer Over the Earth.

"Aunt Polly" Barnett, whose long search for her daughter made her known all over the southern part of Indiana, is dead. A week before her death she was taken into the home of a kind woman at Linton, Green County, and there she died. The citizens of Linton, long acquainted with her and her story, subscribed for the funeral expenses and a large number of people were at the Methodist church when the Rev. William Buck conducted the services.

Her maiden name was Lay and she was born in Kentucky at least sixty years ago. She was first married to a man named Sexton, and after his death she was married to a man named Barnett. She had one child, a daughter, by her marriage with Sexton, and it was this girl's disappearance that made her an insane wanderer. John Bays, who was prosecuting attorney of Green County at the time the girl disappeared, relates the story as follows: "The daughter left the house one morning twenty years ago and had not returned by evening. The next day a search for her was begun and the mother continued it until she was unequal to further tramping about the country. In my investigation I soon made up my mind that the daughter had been put out of the way by some person or persons to escape exposure at her hands. I finally concluded that three persons knew something about her disappearance. I also reached a conclusion that she was drowned in White River and that her body was anchored at the bottom of the river. We found footprints in the sand along the shore in a secluded spot and there portions of her clothing were found. While I was entirely convinced of these facts I could get no evidence on which to proceed against the suspected persons. I followed the career of the three men and each met with a tragic death."

Accompanied by her younger daughter, a child of Barnett, the mother began her search. She walked up and down the banks of the river and of other streams in the same part of the State. After several years she abandoned the river and streams and began looking into the faces of women in the towns and villages of Southern Indiana. She visited cemeteries and read again and again the inscriptions on tombstones. Undertakers' shops were visited by her regularly. The daughter who accompanied her, always walking just behind her, grew into womanhood. They were seen in all kinds of weather. They slept in hovels, in strawstacks, or under trees. They ate what was given to them, and no housewife in Southern Indiana ever turned them away without food or clothing. "Aunt Polly's" search awakened sympathy everywhere. A few years ago the daughter died from consumption. She was buried in a country cemetery, but a year or so ago her mother became dissatisfied with her resting place and exhumed the body and carried the bones elsewhere, but where no one has ever known. After her daughter's death she was accompanied by a large black cat which she returned before her death, should be turned loose and be allowed to continue the search. A collar was made for the cat with "Aunt Polly's" name and the date of her death engraved on it. The cat left Linton a few days afterward.

When Senator-elect "Joe" Blackburn was practicing law in Kentucky young fellow came into his office expressed a longing to get work. Blackburn handed him a writ and him to go to a certain house and see the paper on the tenant. "Now, do come back and say you couldn't find him," he cautioned. "Nail it to the if you have to, but serve it." The young man started out and returned, however later with his face covered with bruises, and his clothes torn in shreds. "Well," said Mr. Blackburn did you serve it?" "No, sir," replied the latter employe; "the tenant locked me and told me to bring the paper back to you." Blackburn ran for his chair, and towering up indignation said: "Here, snh, take the writ back and serve it on that tenant snh, add tell him, for me, snh, that I avens, snh, he can't intimidate through you, snh."

Since Lord Beauchamp, the present British Governor of New South Wales has occupied the government house, Sydney, he has ordained that an official reception only guests of a certain rank shall be permitted to approach the presence through designated doors. These blue tickets are awarded; to officers of inferior mold, white. At a certain function, through some mismanagement, an important public man received a blue card, while a white one was sent to his wife. When the latter reached the audience chamber she declined to be separated from her husband, or to abandon the aristocratic blue ranks. An aide-de-camp endeavored to reason with her, and explain to her that she would be separated from her husband and white were suffered to mingle together. But the fair one was equal to the occasion. "Nonsense," said she, she pressed forward; "what do you take us for—a seditious powder?" The aide-de-camp collapsed.

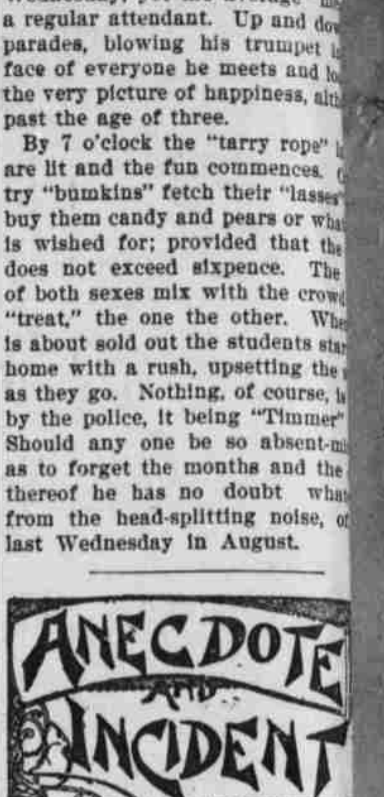
The fifth Duke of Devonshire and his brother, Lord George Cavendish, who noted for their tactfulness. Once, while traveling down to Yorkshire, they were shown into a three-bedded room. The curtains of one of the four-posters were drawn. Each brother in turn looked and went to bed in another of the beds. Toward the close of the night's posting, one brother said to the other: "Did you see what was in the bed last night?" "Yes, brother," was the reply. They had both seen a corpse.

A Scottish paper tells an anecdote in connection with the new electric system just opened in Aberdeen. The farm servants came to Aberdeen to spend New Year's Day. Arriving by train, they immediately made their way to the terminus of the electric railway circuit, where, after looking at the new creation with much wonder, they decided upon having a ride. Getting into the top of the car, and after getting well along, "Wull," said Mr. Jock, "this is a graun' invention. In Edinburgh I saw them drive the car wi' an iron pair aneth street, in Dundee they pu' them wi' an engine, but mitchy man, wha wad a' thoct they could ca' them wi' a fishing-rod!"

Some men have so much respect for the truth that they always keep at a distance from it.

If a man is unable to say nothing and saw wood, he can at least try to do either one or the other.

Dignity always begins where boasting ends.



ANECDOTE INCIDENT