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WEST SIDE TELEPHONE.

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WEST SIDE TELEPHONE.

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A HORSE TRADE.

How the Professionals of Texas Manage Questionable Transactions.

G. W. Bulger is one of the best horse traders in Western Texas. Not long since he offered for sale a large bay horse to Colonel Witherspoon, who thinks he knows all that is to be known about a horse. Colonel Witherspoon bought the horse at a very low price. Gilhooly, who happened to be present when the trade was made, took the purchaser aside and said to him:

"Colonel Witherspoon, how did you come to let yourself be taken in on that horse? Don't you see that he is lame in his left hind leg?"

Colonel Witherspoon winked and whispered to Gilhooly.

"I am not fooled a blame bit in that horse. I know he is lame, but his lameness comes from a nail in his hoof. I'll just have that nail pulled out, and then the horse will not limp and will be worth twice what I gave for him. It's a big bargain and don't you give it away."

Gilhooly whistled and remarked: "Well, you are a shrewd one after all."

"It will be a cold day when I get left on a horse trade," replied Witherspoon, as he led off his limping purchase.

Next day Gilhooly met G. W. Bulger.

"Bulger, you are not as smart at a horse trade as I thought you were. You let Witherspoon have that horse for half what he is worth."

"Are you sure of that?"

"Certainly I am. That lameness comes from a nail in his hoof. Witherspoon will pull the nail out, cure up the sore place, and the horse will be worth twice what he paid you."

"I don't think so," replied Bulger. "I know all about that nail in the horse's hoof. I drove it in myself."

"You did?"

"Yes. You see I wanted people to believe that it was the nail that made him limp, *but he was lame before.* He will keep on being lame after that nail is out. He always will be lame. Do you see now?"

"Well, yes, I think I do. I'm glad you told me. When I want to buy a horse I know who not to buy from."—

HORSE TALK.

Commonly Practiced Abuses Which Should Be Discontinued.

The horse comes into the world with his five senses in full vigor. His ears are so arranged that they can be turned to catch a sound from any direction. His nose is large and he can scent his friend or enemy a great way off. His mouth is so made that he can tell what he is eating better than you or I can. His feeling is as delicate as the touch of a blind man, and his eyes are so placed in his head that he may have a large field of vision. And yet his master, a man, who does not like to be deprived of any of his senses, shows a lack of even horse sense when he puts blinds on him and drives him. Why should not a horse see any thing approaching in the rear as well as from the front? Why not put blinds on him when you ride him or turn him out to graze? Why not hinder the proper exercise of his hearing, smell or taste? The horse is the only animal save the mule that is blinded. Perhaps his (the mule's) heels might be leathered with more propriety. Blinds cover the most handsome features of the horse. What is prettier than the full hazel eye of the horse.

Can a horse reason? We say yes. Then can not he come to a better conclusion when his eyes are not obstructed? The horse should see the whip in the driver's hand and know when all the members of the family are seated. If he can't see the whip he soon learns to hear the driver pull it from the whip socket. More horses run away because they can not see, but hear the ghost, than if they could see and hear it, too, as seeing often dispels all fear.

Nature put a handsome suit of hair on the horse, and yet some men use the clippers. And what for? The man who would do so ought to be stripped of all clothing and made to stand in the cold till—well, till he could practice the "Golden Rule." All horses when warm should be well blanketed, and in fly time well netted, as stamping at the flies will stiffen the joints and worry the animal. It was a humane act to cease the practice of nicking and docking the tail. The horse is one of man's most useful animals, and we ought to treat him kindly. Don't let us make him "go it blind" any more.—*Ohio Farmer.*

—Don't prune Forsythias, Japan quinces, lilacs, viburnums, thorns, Judas trees, weigelas, etc., in the winter or spring, unless you would deprive yourself of just so many flowers as the wood cut off would bear. As we have often advised our readers such shrubs should be pruned, if at all, as soon as they have bloomed. —

MY MOTHER.

A simple parsonage—plain and brown—
Where ivies rambled up and down
With sweet-brier roses.
A place the earliest sunbeams kist,
Nor left, 'till shadowed by the mist
The Night uncloses.

'Twas here she wrought with patient care
A life whose incense filled the air
With gladness only.
Here heard her call to enter rest,
And left the home, a broken nest,
Bereft and lonely.

To children's hearts, and hearts grown strong
With anguish, 't's a lesson long,
And sad the learning.
That prayers nor tears can e'er restore
The loved ones drifted to that shore
Beyond returning.

We've learned farewell oft through these years,
She—welcome—where there are no tears,
But joys supernal.
And closely folds earth's loos'ning bands
Within the house not made with hands,
Secure, eternal.

O Mother, with the soft brown eyes!
In thy fair home beyond the skies,
Am I expected?
Can'st thou not tell me that at last,
When 'cross that threshold all have passed,
I shall not be rejected?

—*Amanda L. Bartholomew, in Current.*

A CLOSE FAMILY.

One Generous Member Proves a Savior.

Old Jacob Miller was a close man. He had bought a stony hillside farm, and the soil yielded him such a grudging living that his penurious habits grew upon him. Exposed to the bleak north wind, his fruit did not ripen well, and his sheep and cattle, wandering about among the rocks and briars, always had a hungry look. Still, he managed to lay by money. Year after year he added to his land, and year after year he went on living in the same old house—half frame, half logs. He kept a sharp eye on the wood and flour and meal, and never parted with a dollar without a bitter struggle. His wife, a broken-down woman, finally gave up tea—he grumbled so much about it.

"Tea was the only comfort I had," she used to think sometimes, with a sigh; "it chirked me up wonderfully."

Her hands were brown and rough and her form was bent. She never knew what it was to have a mother's peace or happiness until her second was born. The oldest was like his father. She used to think sometimes, when he ordered her around or snatched a piece of bread from her hand at the table, that he would never be any comfort to her. But when her second son opened his eyes, and smiled at her, instead of setting up a scream as his brother had done, the world no longer seemed so dark. She drew the little bundle closer, but the baby snuggled down into a peaceful, satisfied, contented way, as though he had made up his mind to make the best of things and be a friend to his mother. From that day she used to say, with something between a tear and a trembling smile:

"He has never made me a mite of trouble. His temper was a good trial to his father, but he was always good to me. Even when he was a baby he would wave his spoon at me and try to talk, and he was never satisfied until he had given me part of his bread and milk. He would sit and watch me with his big eyes until I had eaten it, and then he would laugh and eat his own. Sometimes when he was very hungry I would try him by giving him only a little milk in a cup, but it was always the same—he would insist on dividing it, and would never drink a drop until I had drank mine. And he would work like a little beaver. He used to drag in sticks of wood as soon as he could walk, and when he got older his father said he never saw any one that would go ahead so. Edward was free-hearted and quick-tempered and his father was close. They had high words sometimes, and Edward would come home with his eyes flashing fire and his lips shut tight, and he would go upstairs to his room. I used to follow him sometimes, and I always found him thrown down with his face hidden. After a while he would get over it and laugh, though I know he had been crying, and then he would always be better to me than ever, for fear he had worried me.

"But one night there was a dreadful scene. His father struck me, and Edward flew at him like a young tiger. His father knocked him down, and when he got up he went to his room without a word. I did not dare to follow him; but before daylight the next morning he came to me in the kitchen, with a little bundle in his hand, and said he was going away. I clung to him and begged him not to go; but he unfastened my hands gently and said:

"'Mother, listen. This house isn't large enough for me and father. I hate him!'

"The dark red flush that I knew so well swept over his cheeks, and the flashing light burned in his eyes; and then he broke down and cried, and put his arm around me as he had so often done before in his trouble, and said:

"'Forgive me, mother, and let me go. It will be best for us. You don't know how I feel when father is so cruel and mean.'

"He was getting excited again and I held him close and felt as if I couldn't let him go; but I had to do it. I put off my crying till after he was gone, and went upstairs and brought down the stockings I had darned for him and his white shirts. Then I hunted up the dollar bill I had kept laid away so long and tried to make him take it, but he shook his head and tried to laugh, and kept his hands behind him. He wouldn't touch it, though I knew he hadn't a cent.

"I watched him go away in the early dawn with his bundle. When he got to the top of the hill he stopped and kissed his hand to me, and then I went into the kitchen and threw my apron over my head and cried till I had no more tears to shed. It seemed as though all the world was dead. Would I never hear him bounding down the stairs again, whistling or singing, or see him steal into the house to help me with my work when I was sick or had a headache?

"I went upstairs and looked at his shoes and thought how he had never cried or fretted when he was a baby and how he always laughed and waved his hand at me; and I wished we had both died when he was born.

"I never heard any thing from him for ten long years. I know he wrote, but his father would not let me see the letters. I felt bad, terribly bad about it. And then we had other troubles, too. The barns burned and a good many of the cattle died; and then John married, and that was the worst trial of all. His father felt satisfied, for John's wife was a spry, managing woman; but I never took to her. She was too close, and she came into the family at a time when I felt as if any more closeness would be the death of me. John's father had had a lawsuit and lost it, and finally, to save the farm, he had deeded it to John, John agreeing that he should have the control of it as long as he lived.

"We got along somehow for a year or two; but John took such good care of the money, and his wife took such good care of every thing else, that it kind of broke us down.

"'If I could get any place to work,' John's father said to me one night, 'I'd go. I don't get enough to eat here.'

"He wasn't what he used to be I could see. His shoulders stooped and he looked downhearted and out of spirits; and he wasn't as close as he had been, though perhaps that was because he hadn't any thing to be close with. He had been a hard man to us all, but I began to kind o' pity him. He couldn't walk in his orchard and pick up an apple without John's wife following him close and calling:

"'Father, father! don't pick the market apples.' And as they were all market apples according to her tell, he never dared touch one. Finally things got so bad that we didn't have any thing but corn-meal mush to eat. Though corn-meal mush is nourishing and good for a change, I can't say as I like it for a steady thing. But we had to eat it. And father—some way I had got to calling him father—said it made him sick to even see corn growing.

"One night when he couldn't sleep for thinking of it, he asked me if I supposed they had mush all the time at the poor-house. I told him 'twant no ways likely that they had it more than half or three-quarters of the time, and then he said we'd go. And though I had a little pride, or did have once, I felt as though even the poor-house would be a relief, and the next morning I set about getting our things ready to go.

"But we never went, for that night God sent my boy home. Oh! how glad we were to see him. I cried, and his father cried. Father was completely broken down; but when Edward said he was going to take us back to the West with him, his face brightened, and he asked Edward in a whisper if he lived on a farm.

"'No,' said Edward, laughing, 'I am a lawyer!' 'I am glad of that,' said father; 'I am glad of that. If I was to see any more corn I don't know but I should go clean out of my mind.'

"'I live in town,' said Edward, putting his arm around me in the old way, 'and I am going to have one of the handsomest and best housekeepers you ever saw.'

"I asked him who the woman was with a sinking heart, for I had a kind of dread of daughters-in-law, and he answered, 'My mother.'"—*N. Y. World.*

Amusements for Children.

There is a knack in providing amusements for children as in every thing else. Do not be satisfied with keeping them busy. Never allow them to conceive the notion that they are being put aside, or have to amuse themselves, or, with the perversity of childhood, they will be at your heels in a moment. The impression that they have to keep out of your way sometimes rouses a spirit of rebellion if it does not make the children unhappy and cross. Many a sensitive child grows morose and secretive by a system of injudicious management that gives it an idea that all children are "endured nuisances." No one, grown or small, cares to be looked upon as "a necessary evil." Do not allow any work to keep you long from the children's room. A loving pat, a kiss, a smile, only take a moment here and there, and moments so spent, even on busiest days, are always well employed. —*Babyhood.*

—A sad young man perceived one morning that the milk he was pouring into his coffee was of an inferior quality, and said to his hostess, in a melancholy tone: "Hav'n't you any milk that is more cheerful than this?" "What do you mean by that?" asked the hostess. "Why, this milk seems to have the blues," responded the sad young man.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

—A water tunnel 3,000 feet in length was completed recently at Riverside, Cal. The work was such a skillful piece of engineering that when the two forces working from opposite ends of the tunnel met there was not one-fourth of an inch difference in the two divisions.

TEXAN HERDERS.

The Life Led by a Hard-Worked and Poorly-Paid Class of People.

We will suppose, by way of illustration, that a practical herder has been engaged to run a flock, and in the early morning, as the first gray streaks of dawn appear in the eastern sky, he sallies forth to take charge of his wooly flock, who are just beginning to awake and leave their bedding-place. If he is a Mexican he looks extremely picturesque in his bright blue jacket, with its double row of silver buttons, which, by the way, are not for use but solely for ornament, for a Mexican never buttons his jacket, else he would hide his gaudy calico shirt. On his nether limbs are leggings of leather or buckskin to protect his legs from the sharp thorns through which he will be forced to march. These are kept in place by a crimson, orange or blue sash, over which is buckled a broad sash full of cartridges. On his head is the inevitable sombrero, with its ornamentation of gold and silver lace. If he is a sensible man, his serape will be tied over one shoulder and under the opposite arm he will carry a Winchester rifle and a sharp butcher knife. As the sheep begin to move off he saunters slowly along behind them, keeping a sharp lookout for stragglers. Sheep do not travel fast, but they keep moving. At about meridian they will begin to feed back toward the bedding-place. There the herder will eat his humble dinner of tortillas and chili, washed down by a draught of water, if he is fortunate enough to be in the vicinity of a spring or water-hole. About sundown the sheep will reach their camp and begin to select beds for the night. The herder has a rude shelter near by. He builds himself a fire and cooks his tortillas. Possibly he may have killed a quail or a jack rabbit during the day. If so, he makes a savory soup. Then he smokes his cigaro and walks around the flock to see that none are missing. If all is well he returns to his camp and, rolling himself in his serape, lies down. He may have a good night's sleep and he may not. A careful herder will be aroused if a single sheep moves and will immediately rise up to see what is the matter. If a bear or cougar or tiger-cat is lurking about he will hunt for the varmint and either kill him or frighten him away. Above all things he must guard against a stampede, for if the timid sheep once get started there is no stopping them—the herd would become scattered, many would be lost and the herder would be charged up with the missing sheep. Long before daylight he is up, and by the time the sheep begin to move he has cooked and eaten his breakfast and is ready to take up the march again. Imagine what a picnic a man must have who performs this dreary routine for three hundred and sixty-five days in the year! Sheep-herding admits of no holidays. —*Cor. Detroit Free Press.*

IN MOURNING.

A Colored Gentleman Who Is Determined to Dress Fashionably.

"Guinea Nigger Dave," who works on the Caggleton plantation, came to town the other day, wearing a crape on his hat.

"Sorry to see you are in mourning, Dave," said a merchant. "Who has died at your house?"

"Wall, sah, nobody."

"Some of your kinspeople, I suppose."

"Yas, mer gran'foder."

"Why, your grandfather? I had no idea that he was living.

"He ain't libin' sah. Ef he wuz I wouldn't be in mournin' fur him case he wuz dead."

"I mean that I didn't know he was living until recently."

"He wan't. De ole pusson died 'fore I wuz bornd, sah."

"Died before your were born?"

"Dat's whut I jackerlated."

"Then why do you mourn for him now."

"Wall, boss, ef I haster tell yer, w'y I haster. Er little while back dar come er powerful sprinklin' o' sickness in my neighborhood an' it tuck de niggers off mighty fas', an' after while nearly all de niggers wuz w'arin mournin' on der hats. It kep' er gettin' wus till I wuz erbout de only pusson whut wuz lef' out. Den I thought ter merse'f, 'Lookheah, dis ain't gwinter do. Woan do fur er' specktable pusson ez yerse'f is ter be lef' in dis sorter lurch,' so jes' den, ez luck would hab it, I happened ter recolleck dat mer gran'foder wuz dead, dat de ole pusson wan't no mo' so I got me er black rag an' tied it on mer hat. Oh, when it comes ter state questions o' dis so't, boss, I'se puffeckly at home. De niggers o' de community whar I libs needn't try ter beat me fur it kaint be did."—*Arkansaw Traveler*

A Titled Hangman.

The office of executioner is one which we can hardly imagine any man of ordinary human feelings would voluntary assume. But this is just what an English baronet is said to have done recently. The story is that he assisted the hangman in inflicting the death penalty upon three burglars who killed a police officer after a celebrated robbery in England a few months ago. He explained his conduct by saying that he desired the experience in case he should be called upon in the future, as sheriff of his county, to superintend a hanging. It strikes us that this is rather an insufficient reason for a man to volunteer to act the part of hangman.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

INVENTIVE CRANKS.

A Patent Lawyer Tells of Some Funny Experiences with His Clients.

"Do I run across many cranks?" said a well-known patent lawyer in answer to a reporter's question. "Well, young man, all cranks are not inventors, and possibly all inventors are not cranks, but a good many of them are badly hit. Now there is a German who lives on the South Side, one of the most intelligent men I ever met, with no sign of crankiness about him except in one thing. He wants to patent a process for making gold. For over a year he has been dropping into my office and trying to get me to get his papers for him. 'All right,' I'll say, 'explain me your process and I'll make out your application.'

"'Oh, no,' he says, 'no one shall ever know that but myself. They will never know that in the Patent Office even.' And he will go away. I have asked him why he didn't make some gold himself. 'Oh no,' he always replies; 'the secret is too valuable. I dare not until I get it protected,' and that is all he will tell me. One of the great peculiarities of inventors is their suspicious natures. Whether I look like a rascal or not I can't say positively, but about half the people who come to me seem to think that I am. They seem to carry the idea that I sit up here like a spider in a web, just waiting to steal some one's idea and patent it.

"About a week ago a tall, thin-faced young man craned his neck in through the door, and looked all around the room to see if I was alone. Then he walked over, looked under the drawing table and behind the safe, and tried the door to the next room. He was evidently satisfied that every thing was safe, for he came up to me and almost whispered: 'I've got something that will make ten thousand dollars a month.'

"'You have?' said I.

"'Yes. Do you want to take an interest in it?'

"'No,' said I, 'I never invest in patents, but if you have a good thing you'll have no trouble in getting capital. What have you got?'

"Again he looked furtively around the room, and then pulled out an envelope. Along the crease, where the flap turns over, he had pasted a string, the ends of which stuck out about an eighth of an inch after the envelop was sealed. The purpose was to take hold of one end of the string when you wanted to open a letter, and by pulling it, open the envelop in the same way that it would be opened by a knife. The scheme is as old as the Patent Office, and in one year there were one hundred and thirty-five applications for a patent on the same thing.

"'My friend' said I, 'do you really think there is ten thousand dollars a month in this?'

"'Oh, yes,' he said. 'I have figured it out, and it will only cost fifty dollars a month to make and sell ten thousand dollars worth.'

"'But,' said I, 'do you know that there are at least one thousand, six hundred models of the same plan in the patent office now?'

"'It's a lie,' said he getting excited, 'and let me tell you, mister, I'm onto your little game. I didn't have much confidence in you when I came in here, an' I've got less now. I'll telegraph to the Commissioner of Patents before an hour, an' just shut off your getting out any patent on this. That's what I'll do,' and out he went, and I have seen nothing of him since. A good many of them will bring models here which won't work, because they don't want to show the whole plan. They want a patent, but want to keep their process secret.

"It is surprising how many applications there are upon old inventions. Here a gentleman came in a few days ago with a model of a glass tombstone which he wanted to patent. He was very much surprised and crestfallen when I showed him that there were a number of patents covering the whole business. Another man came to me a month or two ago with the working model of a rotary churn, upon which he wanted a patent.

"'See here,' said I, 'that looks very much like a machine patented about six years ago, as a washing-machine.'

"'Oh, yes,' he replied. 'It was patented as a washing-machine, but I want to patent it as a churn and then put it on sale out among the farmers to be used for both, don't you see.'

"'Well,' said I, 'you'd better take that home and remodel it so that it can be used as a child's crib also, and then patent it. I'd just as soon have my butter made in a crib as a wash-tub, and there is no more reason why the baby shouldn't be put to sleep in a churn than there is that the family linen shouldn't be washed in it.' I didn't take his case, and can't say whether he got his patent or not."—*Pittsburgh Dispatch.*

—An illicit distillery near Gainesville, Ga., which for six years has escaped detection, has been discovered and raided. The proprietor had dammed a small creek, ostensibly to make a fish-pond, and under the dam he placed his distillery, with tunnels for ingress and egress. The smoke was conveyed to his house, and passed out through the kitchen chimney.—*Chicago Times.*

—There are five million Indians in Mexico, making thirty-five per cent. of the entire population. They speak thirty-five idioms and sixty-nine dialects. They are nearly all ignorant, and live by themselves a wild, half-savage life in the country districts. Governor Jose Maria Ramirez, of Chiapas, will ask the President to appropriate one million dollars to educate these Indians.—*Washington Post.*

PRODUCE MARKET.

Portland.

FLOUR—Per bbl, standard brands, $4.00; others, $2.25@3.25.

WHEAT—Per ctl, valley, $1.17½@1.18¾, Walla Walla, $1.07½@1.08¾.

BARLEY—Whole, ℔ cental, $1.07½@1.10; ground, ℔ ton, $22.50@24.

OATS—Choice milling, 37½@38c; choice feed, 32@35c.

RYE—Per ctl, $1.00@1.10.

BUCKWHEAT FLOUR—Per ctl, $3.75.

CORN MEAL—Per ctl, yellow, $2.50@2.75; white, $2.50@3.75.

CRACKED WHEAT—Per ctl, $2.75

HOMINY—Per ctl, $4.00.

OATMEAL—Per lb, 3.50.

PEARL BARLEY—No. 1, 5c; No. 2, 4½c; No. 3, 4c.

SPLIT PEAS—Per lb, 5c.

PEARL TAPIOCA—In boxes, 6½c.

SAGO—Per lb, 6c.

VERMICELLI—Per lb, No. 1, $1.25; No. 2, 90c.

BRAN—Per ton, $13.50.

SHORTS—Per ton, $16.

MIDDLINGS—Per ton, $20@25.

CHOP—Per ton, $25.00.

HAY—Per ton, baled, $7@8.

OIL CAKE MEAL—Per ton, $30@32.50.

HOPS—Per lb, Oregon, nominal; Wash. Ter., do.

EGGS—Per doz, 12½c.

BUTTER—Per lb, fancy roll, 16c; inferior grade, 12; pickled, 10@12c.

CHEESE—Per lb, Oregon, 6@11c; California, 10@10½c.

DRIED FRUITS—Per lb, apples, quarters, sacks and boxes, 3½; do sliced, in sacks and boxes, 3½@4½; apricots, 17c; blackberries, 13@15c; nectarines, 16½@17c; peaches, halves unpeeled, 7½@8c; pears, quartered, 7@8; pitted cherries, 16c; pitted plums, California, 8@10c; do Oregon, 5@7c; currants, 8@9; dates, 6@7c; figs, Smyrna, 17@18; California, 6@7; prunes, California, 5@6; French, 10@12½; Turkish, 6@7; raisins, California London layers, $2.15@2.20 ℔ box; loose Muscatels, $2@2.10; Seedless, ℔ lb, 12c; Sultana, 12½c.

RICE—China, No. 1, $5.80; do No. 2, $5.25; Sandwich Islands, No. 1, $5.25.

BEANS—Per lb, pea, 2¼c; small whites, 2¼c; bayo, 2¼c; lima, 3c; pink, 2¼c.

VEGETABLES—Beets, ℔ lb, 1½c; cabbage, ℔ lb, 2c; carrots, ℔ sck, $1.25; cauliflower, ℔ doz, $1.25; sweet potatoes, ℔ lb, —@—; onions, 1½@2c; turnips, ℔ lb, 1½c; spinach, ℔ sack, 40@50c; celery, ℔ doz, $1; green peas, ℔ lb, 3@4c; lettuce, ℔ doz, 20c.

POTATOES—Patotoes, new, 1½@2c; per sack, old, 50@70c.

POULTRY—Chickens, ℔ doz, spring, $— @2.50; old, $— @3.50; ducks, $3.00@3.50; geese, $4.00@5; turkeys, ℔ lb, nominal, 10@12c.

HAMS—Per lb, Eastern, —@—c; Oregon, 9½@10c.

BACON—Per lb, Oregon sides, 6@7c; do shoulders, 5@6.

LARD—Per lb, Oregon, 6@7½; Eastern, 7½@9c.

PICKLES—Per 5-gal keg, 90c; bbls, ℔ gal., 22½c.

SUGARS—Quote bbls: Cube, 6½c; dry granulated, 6¼c; fine crushed, 6½c; golden C, 5½c.

CANNED GOODS—Salmon, 1-lb tins, ℔ doz, $1.35; oysters, 2-lb tins, ℔ doz, $1.40; 1-lb tins, ℔ doz, $1.40 ℔ doz; 1-lb tins, ℔ doz, $1.90; clams, 2 doz, $1.90@2.05; mackerel, 3-lb $8.75@9.00; fruits, ℔ doz tins; jams and jellies, ℔ doz, $1.7[illegible] C. R. R. tables, ℔ doz, $1.10@1.90.

HONEY—Extracted, 6[illegible]

COFFEE—Per lb, Gua[illegible] Rica, 12@12½c; Old Gov. [illegible] 20c; Rio, 11½@12c; [illegible] HOTEL Mocha, 22½@25; Kor[illegible]

TEAS—Young H[illegible] 20@55c; Oolong, [illegible] Imperial, 25@65c.

SYRUP—Calif[illegible] at 30c, in bbl[illegible] EMPLOYED. tins 35@45.

FRESH FI[illegible] the Business part ℔ box, 75c@$[illegible] Lemons, Ca[illegible] the City. ℔ box, $8@[illegible] apples, ℔ [illegible] ℔ box, $[illegible] RT C. GARDNER, Pro.

SAL[illegible] in bal[illegible]

SE[illegible] RISKO MARKET!

clover [illegible] rye gr[illegible]

NUT[illegible] —The Only— 20c; Bra[illegible] 18@20c; c[illegible] 175 lb sks, Class Market peanuts, 6[illegible] 14c; Californ[illegible] the City. 11c.

WOOL—Eas[illegible] can get juicy steaks @16c ℔ lb; fal[illegible] at the lowest market egon, spring clip, [illegible]sdays and Fridays. 12@14c.

HIDES—Dry, 14[illegible] ow on Hand.

[illegible]RISON & CO.

San Fr.

FLOUR—Extra, $4.25; [illegible] fine, $2.75@3.50. KET

WHEAT—No. 1 shipping, ℔ ctl; No. 2, $1.25@1.27½; Milling, 1.37.

BARLEY—No. 1 feed, $1.25@1[illegible]; No. 2, $1.32½; brewing, $1.42½@1.[illegible]

OATS—Milling and Surprise, 1.37½ ℔ ctl; Feed, No. 1, $1.30@1.35; [illegible] $1.22½@1.27½.

HAY—Clover, $8@11.00 ℔ ton; alfa[illegible] $11@13; wheat, $15.00@16.00.

ONIONS—Per ctl, $5.00@6.00

CORN—Small yellow, $1.17½@1.20 ℔ ctl; large yellow, $1.10@1.15; large white, $1.10@1.15; small white, $1.00@1.10.

RYE—$1.37½ ℔ ctl.

HOPS—5@7c ℔ lb.

STRAW—65c@90c ℔ bale.

BEANS—Small white, $1.65@1.80 ℔ ctl; pea, $1.65@1.75; pink, $1.00@1.10; red, $[illegible]@1.00; bayos, $1.00@1.25; butter, $1.40@1.50; limas, $2.25@2.50.

BUTTER—Store, 12@1[illegible]c; good to fancy, 18@19c; California firkin, 17@19c; Eastern, 10@12½c.

CHEESE—California, 12½@13c ℔ lb.

POTATOES—Early rose, 65@70c; river reds, 40@45c; sweets, 50c@$1.

During the excitement of discussion this paper might have said something to wound the feelings of Mr. Gladstone. If so, now that the crisis has come, we earnestly beg the old statesman's pardon. We have never lost sight of the fact that Mr. Gladstone had a tiresome contract on his hands. Managing a plantation stocked with steers is a pretty serious matter, but it is mere play compared with managing an empire of bulls.

Cowardice Then and Now.

[Life.]

The Romans deemed long hair in men a sign of cowardice. But in these days of marital unpleasantness it is considered quite the reverse.