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C. B. HADLEY, - Proprietor.
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Most - Commodious
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ROYAL STYLE.
Call and see me when in the city. I have, also one of the best
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Early Autumn.

The country lanes are bright with bloom
And gentle airs come stealing through
Laden with native wild perfume
Of balm and mint and honey dew,
And o'er the summer's radiant flush
Lies early autumn's dreamy hush.

In wayside nooks the asters gleam,
And frost flowers dance about the sod,
While, lapsing by, the silent stream
Reflects the hue of golden rod,
That flower which lights a dusky day
With something of the sun god's ray.

The grapevine clambers o'er the hedge
In golden festoons; sumacs burn
Like torches on the distant ledge,
Or light the lane at every turn,
And ivy riots everywhere
In blood red banners on the air.

A purple mist of fragrant mint
Borders the fences, drifting out
Of fostering corners, and its tint,
As half of cheer and half of doubt,
Is like the dear delightful haze
Which robes the hills these autumn days.

And strange wild growths are newly met;
Odd things but little prized of yore,
Like some old jewel well reset,
Take on a worth unseen before,
As cock. in spring graceless weed,
Is brilliant in its autumn seed.

The cricket and the katydid
Pipe low their sad prophetic tune,
Though airs pulse warm the leaves amid,
As played around the heart of June;
So minor strains break on the heart,
Foretelling age as years depart.

The sweet old story of the year
Is spinning onward to its close,
Yet sounds as welcome on the ear
As in the time of op'ning rose.
May life for all as sweetly wane
As comes the autumn time again!
—Dart Fairthorne in Harper's Bazar.

A Shotgun Toll Gate.

A bold highwayman appears to have established a shotgun toll gate in the Pipestone pass, about twelve miles south of Butte, Mont., and is demanding his tolls with a regularity that smacks of the good old days.

About a month since a slender, soft voiced young man, wearing a piece of overalls for a mask, commenced asking for contributions from people passing this point, and all were made tributary, not even the wood haulers being exempt, and he made up in numbers what was lacking in individual amounts. This was kept up for a few days, then the Pipestone was deserted, and the Champion stage was brought under the persuasive influence.

Today word comes to this city that this modern Claude Duval has returned to Pipestone, and that five new victims have been added to the list. The amounts taken in each instance have been small, but the frequency of the demand has made it burdensome, and the people living in that section are organizing to endeavor to discourage his efforts in that line.—Cor. Minneapolis Tribune.

A Clock You Need Never Wind.

T. G. Farrar, of Columbus, O., has invented one of the most peculiar clocks of the Nineteenth century. It consists of a plate glass dial suspended from the ceiling, and all the parts of it that are visible are the two hands, the pivot upon which they swing and the dial. Mr. Farrar worked on the invention for six years before he succeeded in perfecting it. He alleges that the only motive power is the gravitation of the earth, and that the clock will run on forever without winding.

The hands are of tin and are hollow, and perfectly balanced on the pivot. Mr. Farrar says that they are moved by the gravitation of the earth, and it puzzles the spectator to account for the power that raises them after they reach 6:30. All kinds of theories are afloat to account for this. But Mr. Farrar keeps his secret. He insists that electricity is not the motive power.—New York Journal.

A Rattlesnake's Skin for a Belt.

Capt. Wright, the raisin superintendent for Logan & Adams, had a close call the other day. He was running a hand basket along under the vines, and throwing Muscats in it as he picked them. Suddenly he heard a click or snapping sound, as though some part of the basket had broken. Lifting it up he was surprised to find an ugly, wriggling rattlesnake follow. It had struck Capt. Wright's hand and buried its fangs in the wicker handle of the basket an inch from the captain's forefinger. No time was lost in killing the deadly reptile, and its skin is now being fashioned in a belt for a Phœnix journalist's sweetheart.—Phœnix (Cal.) Herald.

Deer Slaughtered by a Locomotive.

The Eastern Minnesota railway's limited train left Mansfield north bound twenty-seven minutes late. Five miles this side of the station, while the train was running nearly sixty miles an hour, an immense herd of deer dashed across the track at the entrance of a cut. It was too late to stop, and the train struck into the herd, killing a great number. The train passed through the herd, throwing them right and left, but did not stop. When the train arrived here a magnificent specimen buck deer was found dead on top of the engine pilot. The engineer estimates the herd at over 100.—Duluth Cor. St. Paul Globe.

Raising Turtles.

A Dexter youth has recently been engaged in a novel enterprise. By hook or crook he captured a pair of dignified mud turtles and confined them in an old tub. One morning when he went to examine his treasures he discovered that the turtlette had industriously laid a nice batch of eggs. The boy kindly remembered his friends with ovate souvenirs of the occasion, and contemplates an extensive system of hatching, as far as the remainder of the litter is concerned.—Dexter Gazette.

The slight market for fancy waistcoats is to be accounted for in the fact that the vest openings are so much larger than used to be the case, and the neckwear is so much more voluminous that there is really no [illegible] for the display.

Two Miles a Minute Without Steam.

A runaway railroad train on the branch of the coast division from Aptos up to the Loma Prieta lumber mills created a sensation along the line of the road Sept. 18. Eight empty cars broke loose from the engine at Monte Vista, about eight miles north of Aptos. The road from Monte Vista to Aptos is a heavy down grade the entire distance, and the cars, soon after starting, attained a tremendous rate of speed, and passed through Loma Prieta at a mile a minute.

The flying cars kept on the track until they had gone the entire eight miles to Aptos. Here four of the cars turned on to the main track without damage, two running as far as the high bridge at the west end of Aptos, and the other two stopping near the station. The other four cars dashed off the track and were smashed into bits.

How the cars kept on the track for eight miles at such a speed over a curving mountain road is wonderful. No one was on the train at the time it started, and no one was injured, the only loss being the four wrecked cars. Railroad men claim the train made the eight miles in four minutes.

The down passenger train from Santa Cruz, bound for San Francisco, had a hairbreadth escape from destruction. The passenger train had passed the place where the runaway came onto the main line but a minute and a half previously. One of the wrecked cars struck a cypress tree forty feet high and a foot and a half in diameter and laid it flat, almost tearing it from the ground.—Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.

Naval Prize Money.

Some interesting particulars in reference to the apportionment of naval prize money and bounties are contained in a return which has recently been printed by order of the house of commons. From this it appears that during the financial year 1889-90 the sum of £8,322 was paid over by the accountant general out of a total of £63,365, which has accrued during the last thirty-eight years, including shares allotted to the Naval Brigade for services rendered during the Indian mutiny and booty gained during the Chinese war of the same decade.

Of the balance, £47,500 has been paid over to the consolidated fund since 1865 in accordance with the act of parliament, and £7,543 remains in hand should claimants arise. A curious feature of the return is the fact that out of £20,156, the proceeds of captured slave dhows during comparatively recent years, only £8,185 appears to have been claimed. The government percentage account shows a total of £13,461, and out of a balance in hand on April 1, 1889, of £3,994 only 16s. 4d. seems to have been paid during the year on account of claims arising prior to 1865. The total sum transferred to the consolidated fund since 1855 is £83,500, in addition to £173,000 referred to in the annual account for the year.—Galignani Messenger.

Worthless Watermelons.

During the season the watermelon business was the best it has ever been. Prices were high and sales large, for melons have been better than usual this year. So good was the business that the river men who were engaged in bringing the melons went back to the York river region, down the bay, and brought large loads up there, expecting to realize handsomely. Then the "cold snap" set in, and the melon operators were all dumped. At one wharf on the river front there were 40,000 melons going begging at $4 to $8 a hundred, while earlier in the season the same quality of melons sold easily for two or three times these prices. What a chance the Washington boarding house keepers had to "put up" watermelon rind preserves!—Washington Post.

Ex-Senator Pomeroy's Big Hotel Bill.

The judgment of $15,324.50 recently issued by the supreme court of Kansas in favor of the plaintiff in the case of E. A. Smith against S. E. Pomeroy dates back to 1873. Smith was proprietor of the old "Tefft house" in Topeka, where Pomeroy made his celebrated unsuccessful attempt to be re-elected United States senator. Pomeroy quartered his political friends at the "Tefft house" during the campaign, creating a bill of $19,324.50. After his defeat Pomeroy paid Smith $4,000, claiming that was enough. Smith thereupon instituted proceedings in the district court of Atchison county for the balance. The debt, including interest and costs, amounts to about $20,000.—St. Louis Republic.

Figs Ripening Outdoors in Maine.

Mr. R. F. Gordon, of Livermore, writes: "I would like to say that I have a fig tree, now ten years old, which is out of doors and bears every year. It has borne about forty ripe figs this year, and now has several nearly ripe upon it, with about 100 green. The fig does not ripen the same year in which it forms, and the fig tree does not blossom, but the fig is formed and grows from the under side of a leaf to about the size of a large acorn the first year, and the second year to the size of a hen's egg and then ripens. —Lewiston Journal.

Policeman Patrick Stark, of the Third precinct, New York city, found the champion scrupulous man while acting as a census enumerator. He was J. Grinker, of No. 76 East Broadway, who refused to give any information, as in his opinion "it was a reflection upon the United States government."

Congress several years ago enacted a law placing an import duty of $10 per pound upon smoking opium brought into this country. Notwithstanding this heavy duty the regular importation of opium through legal channels and upon which duty was paid amounted to $1,500,000 last [illegible].

A cle[illegible] York journalist, Frank[illegible]

The Prince of Wales' Health.

It is a question whether the Prince of Wales ever succeeds to the throne. His health is not robust; there are ugly rumors to the effect that Bright's disease has a hold upon him. But the prince cares little about being king. He does not court the anxieties and the onerous duties which his rise to that exalted station would necessarily involve; he is not an ambitious man; he loves [illegible] the society of those whom he [illegible] true democrat that he is, he [illegible] when he thinks that there may [illegible] time when he will be compelled to associate with men who cannot possibly have a human sympathy in common with himself.

His eldest son, the Duke of Clarence and Avondale, is a hulking, shiftless, good natured lubber, looking like his mother, but having neither his mother's tact or dignity nor his father's graciousness or strength of character. It seems to be a foregone conclusion that in the due course of time the duke will marry his cousin, the sweet and pretty [illegible] of the Princess of Teck.—Eugene [illegible] in Chicago News.

Two Bogus Lords Meet.

A peculiar incident took place on Sunday. A man came up from New York and gained permission to see Birchall, who was at the time in the yard. The stranger gazed at the prisoner long and earnestly, taking note of every movement and everything about him. When his keen observation was [illegible] turned away with the remark, "Pshaw! he is only a shoddy, way, a cad." This visitor was the [illegible] arrested in Philadelphia some years ago for fraud and swindling, carried out under the name of Lord Somerset, which he had assumed, and with which title he had gained access to the best society in the city. At the present time he is in New York running a society paper, and he came up to Woodstock for the sole purpose of seeing the other bogus Lord Somerset, who had got into worse trouble through his lying than he had. It is a strange thing that there is a likeness between the two men.—Toronto Empire.

Salvator's Speed.

While the public is still marveling over Salvator's wonderful performance of running a mile in 1:35½ there are [illegible] have, through comparison and [illegible] sought to realize what a terrific speed this is. It is nearly forty miles an hour—a rate averaged by very few of our fastest trains. There are 5,280 feet in a mile, so that for every one of these ninety-five seconds—for every beat of a man's pulse—this wonderful horse covered 55 3-10 feet of ground. The shortest space of time noted by the turfman's watch is a quarter of a second—an interval so brief that the eye can hardly observe the mind can hardly appreciate it. Yet in every one of these 382 quarters of a second that magnificent creature leaped 16 3-10 feet. Such are the results of careful breeding as to the American race horse. [illegible] race improving in the same ratio [illegible] ly.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Strangely Imprisoned in Bed.

By an explosion of hot air and gas in the air receiver at the Clinton blast furnace at Pittsburg several thousand dollars' worth of damage was done. The accident was caused by the reversal of air and gas in the receiver. The effects of the force of the terrible concussion were visible on all the houses within a square of the furnace. In one house Thomas McIntyre, a laborer, who was asleep in a folding bed, was awakened by a very tight squeezing sensation. The concussion of the blast had loosened the fastenings of his bed, and it folded up with him in it. His cries for help brought the other members of the family to the rescue.—Cor. Philadelphia Press.

Mr. Gould's Wealth.

Russell Sage's recent interview makes out Jay Gould a richer man than he is generally credited with being. Mr. Sage says Gould is the heaviest owner of securities in the world, his income [illegible] from dividends being $2,000,000 a year. Outside of this he has an income of from $10,000,000 to $12,000,000. It is understood that Mr. Gould aims to make his wealth net him about 6 per cent., and if this is the case, and Mr. Sage knows what he is talking about, Mr. Gould will have to be moved up several pegs in the list of the country's rich men.—New York Letter.

Umbrella Parade.

There was a novel display by the colored people of Ellicott City, Md., a few days ago. It was called an umbrella parade, and consisted of a line of men dressed in dark clothes with white caps, carrying tri-colored umbrellas, and followed by two gayly decorated chariots containing children and ladies dressed in white, the whole headed by [illegible] While marching the umbrellas were constantly twirling, making a [illegible] esque scene. The affair was under the auspices of the A. M. E. church.—Exchange.

Baron James Rothschild, of London, has adorned his drawing room with the most superb electrolier ever made. It is composed of gilt bronze and rock crystal in a design of the time of Louis XVI, sixty-eight electric lights being skillfully arranged among the bronze leaves. This unique illuminator is about five feet high by twenty-eight inches in diameter, and cost $6,000.

Two new sorts of tea are reported from abroad. In England fashion has taken up a mixture of dried and cured hops. In Germany they are using strawberry tea, decocted from the young leaves of the strawberry plant after they have been dried and prepared like Chinese tea.

A western genius proposes a novel [illegible]