

THE HAPPY FAMILY.

Jersey suits for boys,
Silk handkerchiefs for the girls,
Silk plain papers for the father,
Silk umbrellas for the mother.

In short, something appropriate for every member of the family.
Christmas presents are not luxury but a necessity. When you are looking for them remember we can save you money on every purchase.

B. FORSTNER & CO.

MARKET REPORT.

A synopsis of the Markets—Frying and Selling Prices.

RECEIVED QUOTATIONS.

RECEIVED PRICES.

Shoulders, Sugar cured, per lb., 15¢

Breakfast Bacon, 15¢

Ham—Sugar cured, per lb., 15¢

Butter—Salted, 25¢

Eggs—Fresh, 25¢

Flour—Super, 15¢

Wheat—No. 1, 15¢

Oats—No. 1, 15¢

Barley—No. 1, 15¢

Beans—No. 1, 15¢

Peas—No. 1, 15¢

Chickens—No. 1, 15¢

Ducks—No. 1, 15¢

Geese—No. 1, 15¢

Swine—No. 1, 15¢

Lard—No. 1, 15¢

Tallow—No. 1, 15¢

Grease—No. 1, 15¢

Soap—No. 1, 15¢

Starch—No. 1, 15¢

Flour—No. 1, 15¢

Wheat—No. 1, 15¢

Oats—No. 1, 15¢

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THEY ALL HAD SOAP.

Chicago Politicians Fall Easy Victims to the Persuasive Fakir.

The other evening as a representative of The Post walked down the corridor leading to the Mayor's office he met Private Secretary O'Neil wending his way homeward. The genial Tom carried under his arm a lengthy and somewhat peculiarly shaped parcel. On being asked passively what it contained Mr. O'Neil blushed, but, like the father of his country, he couldn't lie about it, so in a low tone he answered:

"It's a bar of soap."

A moment later Deputy Comptroller Frank Barrett was encountered. He, too, carried a parcel. The curiosity of the reporter was aroused. "What's that?" Frank was asked. Mr. Barrett glanced around him, and he replied hastily:

"Oh, it's only a bar of soap."

Just then Alderman John Summerfield was stepping out of the city clerk's office. Deputy Clerk Van Cleave brushed past him quickly, both carrying parcels.

"Bet a quarter I can tell you what you've got under your arm," shouted the alderman after Van's retreating figure.

"I'll go you," said Van.

"It's a bar of soap," interrupted Mr. Summerfield.

"Right you are," interrupted the deputy city clerk. "I owe you a quarter."

"So's mine," muttered the alderman, as he descended to the street floor.

A scene enacted in the mayor's office in the early morning explains this mysterious occurrence. About nine o'clock a picturesque looking gentleman, carrying a huge cage, entered and placed the cage on John Fitzsimmons' desk. John took a look at it, and then beat a hasty retreat. The object that had disturbed the equanimity of Mr. Fitzsimmons was a bar of enormous dimensions, with gauzy, filmy wings, each at least two feet long, and the head and body of a monstrous rat.

"What's that?" exclaimed Tom O'Neil in horror-stricken accents.

"The great vampire of South America, whose food is the blood of sleeping victims and whose home is"—and the gentleman with the cage talked until he ran down.

"What do you feed it on?" asked Alderman Summerfield, who had just happened in, and was glancing timorously at the cage. "Raw beef and liver," was the prompt reply.

By this time a crowd of goodly proportions had gathered round the vampire and its owner. Just then the latter drew from his pocket a long slab of something that looked like a sheet of cork and placed it against the cage. It was gnawed on one edge, and every body thought it was the vampire's food. With that wonderful unanimity which, like the proverbial "touch of nature," often shows the whole world to be kin, the entire crowd cried out:

"What's that?"

"This was the vampire man's opportunity. 'That, gentlemen,' he exclaimed, while a ray of luminous intelligence played round his countenance, 'is a piece of bark of the soap tree of South America. From it has been manufactured a preparation unrivaled in cleaning gloves, taking grease spots from hats. And before any one could break away the fakir had the respectable lot of at least six in the crowd, diligently rubbing away at them with his preparation. That's how the alderman, the deputy city clerk, the mayor's private secretary and the deputy comptroller went home that evening each with a bar of soap under his arm.—Chicago Post.

Formation of Coal.

There are half a dozen or more theories to account for the formation of coal, each of which differs from all the others in some particular. It is known, however, that most of the coal was formed in what the geologists call the carboniferous age, which was far earlier than the appearance of the higher animals or man upon the earth. In that period large areas of the globe were covered with a vegetation much more luxuriant than is found even in the tropics now. The atmospheric conditions were favorable at that time to the formation of beds of peat from this vegetation after its death. This peat, being submerged by the downward movement of the earth's crust and eventually buried under an immense weight of sediment, lost much of its moisture by distillation, and at last, after hundreds of centuries of time, became hardened and changed into the condition in which it now appears as coal.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

She Stopped for Breakfast.

A Dominican, in vogue in Paris as a preacher, the Rev. Pere Olivier, is renowned for calling to order, without scruples, his pretty hearers. A lady arrived very late at his sermon. The noise of the moving of the chairs, as she walked up the church, much disturbed the reverend father, who spoke to her ironically in these words: "Madame is late. She doubtless stopped to take her cup of chocolate." At first surprised and embarrassed, she grew very red, and then replied, in a clear voice that resounded in the deep silence of the church, "Yes, my reverend father, and a little roll with it."

Couldn't Have Made One.

Hoffman Hovos—I may remind you, sir, that my ancestors left me an honored name.

Tom Knox—And a very thoughtful act it was in them, to be sure.—Puck.

Inexperienced.

The Adorer—Sir, I want to marry your daughter.

The Father—What! Marry that dear little inexperienced, innocent angel. Sir, you surprise me.

The Adorer—Come off.—Life.

Well Named.

Hunter—That's a funny name for a gun—why do you call it that?

Guide—Well, sir, ye see it's kinder hard to discharge.—New York Herald.

A WOMAN ANGLING.

Mr. Frank, Jr., Takes His Wife Fishing and She Spills His Day's Sport.

I arrived at the hotel in time for dinner, and having gone through with that formality I sat once prepared for a trial angling trip. Mrs. Frank, Jr., concluded to accompany me, and retired to her room to put on her fishing attire. When she returned she was attired in a rubber ulster and carried a parasol. I mildly argued against the propriety of raising an umbrella in a boat while fishing, but of no avail. And then she wanted to know if she had not better take her knitting along. In case the fish did not bite, I replied, "Certainly, by all means," and kindly volunteered to send for the faulty sewing machine. I think my satire was useful, for the knitting was left behind.

We finally got safe into the boat, and in the delight of the moment my spirits visibly rose as I rowed away toward the fishing grounds, and I actually smiled to myself at the pretty figure of Mrs. Frank, Jr., and her parasol as she reclined comfortably in the stern of the boat. Reaching a spot where I thought we might take fish, I "heaved" the anchor overboard and prepared the tackle for business. First I had to put the minnow on Mrs. Frank, Jr.'s hook, which operation she watched with great anxiety. "Don't it hurt the minnow to put a hook in it that way?" But I answered that it was no time to moralize when one was on a fishing excursion, and that if a man had a fish on the end of his line and stopped to argue about the hook hurting the fish he would lose the fish, and deservedly too. No, when one goes fishing he must leave his society for the prevention of cruelty to animals at home.

By this time our lines were cast, and I settled down to the glorious expectancy of getting a bite. I had my back to Mrs. Frank, Jr., when suddenly I heard her pole splash in the water, and my heart came into my mouth at the thought that she had the first bite. I turned my head, and—shades of Frank, Jr., must I say it!—she had let her pole fall into the water while attempting to raise her parasol. I groaned inwardly, and fixed a stony glare at my bobber, which obstinately refused to be pulled under water. With the stubbornness born of disgust I sat and sat. The sun was well down in the western sky. The bell at the hotel was ringing for supper. A big frog set up a croak in the bushes by the shore. The "I've got a bite!" came thrilling me to my ears.

The parasol tumbled into the lake, there was a struggle with the pole, a splash by the side of the boat, and Mrs. Frank, Jr., landed a bass at my feet to be unhooked. She looked at me with one of her old time glances and asked if I did not want to borrow her parasol; maybe I might get a bite then. "Parasol be ribbed," I ungraciously murmured as I impaled another minnow on the hook. But why prolong the story? My score was a goose egg; Mrs. Frank, Jr. was two bass. We were both tired, and I was told that I might go alone in the morning; she "had enough of fishing."

A good supper at the hotel restored our spirits, and as we were strolling on the beach afterward Mrs. Frank, Jr., remarked to me in her sweetest manner: "My dear, I had a delightful time fishing this afternoon, and I think I will go along with you in the morning."

I but determinedly protested against such a course. The morning air was full of malarious vapor, and it was a very rash thing for a woman to go out fishing on an empty stomach; she was going to "fish from the boat," I saw it was useless to philosophically discuss the matter, so I dropped it.—Forest and Stream.

Careless People.

Two students of human nature spent ten minutes at the foot of one of the stairways leading to the top of the platform of the Park place elevated station Friday afternoon counting the persons who went up stairs with the points of their umbrellas sticking out behind them. The time selected for this interesting observation was between 5 and 6 o'clock, when an almost unbroken stream of humanity was passing up the stairway. Within the ten minutes specified 142 out of perhaps 600 persons climbed the stairs with their closed umbrellas pushed out behind them in such a manner that persons following were obliged to dodge in order to escape being stabbed in the face. Of these 142 careless individuals 106 were men and the remainder women. The proportion of the men to the women in the moving crowd was about two to one.—New York Times.

Gave Himself Away.

"Darling," muttered the young man in pleading tones. The young girl rose to her feet with a gesture of indignation.

"Sit!" she exclaimed haughtily.

"You mistake me," replied the youth coldly. "Darling—present participle of verb to dash—dar to ponder. I got it out of Bohn's Saxon Dictionary."

"Well, Mr. Marks," said the maiden admiringly, "I was darling."

"Was what, precious?" said the young man hastily.—New York Telegram.

A Suitable Dog.

Lady—I wish to select a pet dog.

Dealer—Live in the city, I suppose, mum?

"Yes, I live in a flat."

"Then I would advise an Italian greyhound, mum. No matter how much you feed a greyhound he always stays narrow."—New York Weekly.

MARKETS BY TELEGRAPH.

PORTLAND.

Wheat—Valley, \$1.50 per bushel.

Flour—standard, \$2.00.

Walls Walla \$1.80.

Wheat—New Valley \$2.00 per bushel.

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