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One of the best known business men in Chicago, representative of the great Bradstreet Co.

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SELECTIONS

HALF A DOLLAR FOR A POTATO.

Tobacco and Gold on a Par on the Upper Yukon River, Alaska.

R. D. Miles, a visitor in this city, gives a graphic account of the prices current for ordinary commodities on the upper Yukon river, Alaska.

He has just returned from that country, where, he states, there were over 100 men at work during the last summer washing gold from the river bars and rifts. The majority of them will winter in that country.

"Well, I'll tell you, I am glad to get back to civilization again," he said. "Gold is plentiful; in fact, it is an ordinary trick for a man to wash out from $20 to $60 a day, but a man needs all that to live any way comfortable in that country, and he has but little to show after a season of hard work.

"When I left that country a trader with a small stock of goods was making his way up the river from some of the coast trading points in a canoe. In fact, he had several of them loaded with provisions. He was assisted in his journey by half a dozen Indians.

"Well, when he left, after selling out his cargoes, he had about all the gold dust the miners had washed out in four or five months of steady work.

"We ran short of provisions, and had subsisted on bear meat and other game so long that we willingly parted with nearly all we had to get some civilized eatables.

"Well, this trader—his name was Emmons—sold the several sacks of spuds he had with him at the rate of from 30 to 50 cents per potato.

"His flour sold for $20 a sack, and we were just glad enough to pay $5 a pound for the very poorest quality of tea he had with him.

"He had several sides of bacon in his stock, which he disposed of at about $1 a slice. A few sacks of the despised bean brought $1 a pound.

"We had been out of tobacco for nearly two months, and had drawn but little solace out of pipefuls of dried leaves and moss. When this fellow appeared on the scene we took him to our hearts as a benefactor and gave him ounces of gold for plugs of tobacco. An ounce of gold brings $16 in Alaska and $19 at the mint here.

"We bought a hundredweight of onions, for which we were assessed six ounces of gold.

"I tell you what, we poured out the dust upon that fellow Emmons, and he had so much of it I don't think I would like to take the contract to pack it from here to the city hall.

"You must not think from this appalling price list that we were starving to death. We had plenty of game and fish, but that kind of grub palls on the appetite."

The "boys," however, appear to have made money on the Yukon river bars. Mr. Miles states that all of them have "stakes," and he came down to Victoria with several of them who had "cleaned up" from $12,000 to $28,000 apiece.—San Francisco Call.

Forgot Himself.

The story of John ——, as told on the cars the other morning, was highly relished by those who heard it. The man lives in the suburbs, where he has a growing family, and does business in Boston, where his commercial reputation is of the best. It is true that he has some eccentric notions—denounces, for example, the tropical winter temperature of railway cars, speaks as scornfully of the practice of emptying ash barrels in the public thoroughfares as if it were due to collusion of the offenders with the health department, and will talk by the hour against what he calls "the rubber fetich," much bowed down to at this time of the year by persons who are ever solicitous about their feet.

But he is very domesticated, and this in the district where he resides is held to atone for his multitude of sins. Recently he made a bargain with his wife to dust three of her carpets on cleaning up day, the agreement being that she should relieve him of the rest. This arrangement was faithfully observed by both parties, and for three Mondays in succession John went to his office with a satisfied conscience. But on Monday last, his mind being unusually preoccupied, he took carpet after carpet from his wife and did her share of the work as well as his own, never stopping until the whole of the carpets had been dusted.

On the little lady thanking him for his excessive zeal, John woke up to what had happened, and now he vows to his friends, who rally him on the subject, that he proposes to suspend carpet dusting operations for a fortnight in order to get even.—Boston Herald.

A Tender Queen Disillusioned.

The queen of the Sandwich Isles, whose deceased husband, King Hermann I, was a Dalmatian, it appears, has been always very anxious to learn something of the relations of her deceased spouse, and commissioned every captian of an Austrian ship who visited her to inquire after them and send her word. At last the officers of the Fasana, who reported to the government on the subject, have been successful. But among the relations of the deceased they have found a wife, or rather widow, who, as soon as she heard how matters stood, declared she would sue the widowed queen to obtain the private property of her runaway husband.—Vienna Cor. London News.

Baby's Eye Ruined by a Dove.

A tame dove belonging to Andrew Fairchilds of Fallarsburg, Mich., flew from the dovecote into the house and alighted upon a cradle which contained an infant. No one was in the room except Mrs. Fairchilds. She, attracted by the baby's cry, ran to the cradle and found the dove picking at the child's eyes, one of which was punctured and ruined forever.

PERPLEXED BY HIS DOUBLE.

Serious Complications Arising Over the Identity of Two Men.

The folly of introducing a handsome male friend to one's best girl was illustrated in Cambridge recently.

It was a case of diamond cut diamond. The courtships of two young men were cut short, and a pretty Cambridge girl is "not keeping company now with anybody in particular."

She is good looking, and her father is well off, all of which made young man No. 1 an ardent admirer and a frequent caller at her home. His attentions were received with favor, for he, too, was good looking, and dressed like a man in good circumstances.

One day the couple met young man No. 2, and he was duly introduced. He found an opportunity to call at the young woman's home, and, as he was an agreeable companion and a good conversationist, his visits were as agreeable as they were frequent.

Finally he was received with such favor that young man No. 1 began to realize that he was losing ground, and he determined to take decisive action.

When he got a chance he casually asked the pretty Cambridge girl if she knew anything about his rival's occupation. She had never thought of that, and said so, whereupon he hesitatingly intimated that No. 2 was a waiter in a cheap restaurant. This caused a small sensation, which reached a climax when No. 2 called. There was a coolness on the part of the young woman which he could not understand. He asked for an explanation and got it. It was a surprise, but he grasped the situation in a moment.

"Do you know what Mr. ——'s occupation is?" he asked.

Well, no, she didn't, but she had inferred that he was a student at the medical college. The young man looked more amused than before and said:

"I suppose that if I told you what his occupation really is you would be inclined to doubt me, under the circumstances, so I will not ask you to believe what I say. But if you will agree to go into Boston with me tomorrow evening and come home again on the next car I think I will be able to surprise you."

The young woman, after a moment's reflection, assented to the proposition, and the young man left the house with his face wreathed in smiles.

The next evening the two came into Boston and got off the car at the Tremont House. They walked along a short distance, and suddenly the young man stopped in front of a hotel and asked his companion to look in at one of the windows of the tonsorial department. She did so, blushed and turned away quickly.

That evening the young man stopped at the Cambridge girl's gate to have a laugh, and as he went away exclaimed:

"By Jove, that barber does look like Jack, but how did I ever come to think of it?"

The last act of this little comedy drama took place a few evenings later when young man No. 1 called. He felt as happy as a man who imagined he was in complete possession of the field naturally would be. But the atmosphere was as cool in one part of the room as it was agreeable in another. He finally asked if she had weighed what he had said on his last visit.

"Yes," replied the young lady with as much composure as she was capable of under the circumstances, "and I found out what your occupation is too."

The young man looked amused and felt confident that he could explain away anything his rival had said by attributing it to jealousy.

"What did he say?"

"You are a barber."

The young man laughed loudly and seemed to think it all a very good joke, but seeing that his hilarity made no impression, asked with a smile:

"And you believed him?"

"Believed him! Why, I saw you shaving a man."

That settled it.—Boston Herald.

How the Umbria Saved a Suit.

In the case of the big Cunarder Umbria, which limped into port under her own steam and her shaft in splints as it were, and which was towed by the Hamburg liner Bohemia for some hours before her cables parted, her owners would have been liable to a salvage suit from the Bohemia for several thousand dollars had she not managed to get in without assistance.—New York Evening Sun.

Helps Their Business.

First Footpad—Wasn't Judge Bighead the man who sent you to the penitentiary?

Second Footpad—Yep.

First Footpad—Then, why are you so glad he's been given another term?

Second Footpad—He allers gives good citizens th' full 'xtent o' th' law w'en they gits caught carryin concealed weapons.—New York Weekly.

Scientific Note.

Great Scientist (reflectively)—I wonder why it is that a cat is always licking herself?

Little Boy—'Cause she has fleas.—Good News.

The Dog With a Purpose.

Darky language is not very elegant or grammatical, but it sometimes has an originality and force of expression that convey its meaning better than any dictionary would do. Some young men were standing in the little park at the corner of Twelfth street and Massachusetts avenue admiring a bulldog belonging to one of them, when a little white dog trotted around the corner. The bull pounced upon him, and in an instant the air was full of the howls of the dog and the voices of the boys as they came to the rescue and began kicking and hauling the bull to make him loose his hold.

A colored man who had come up took a hand in the confusion with great enthusiasm, and they finally pulled the big dog off. The little dog went down the street like two yards of white paint, and the other broke loose and went in hot pursuit. The colored man watched the race for a moment and then yelled: "He won't ketch 'im; he won't ketch 'im. Dat udder dawg's got a purpose, he has." He didn't "ketch 'im" either.—Washington Post.

Making Lemonade.

"I learned a new thing," said a woman recently, "while visiting an English friend who is living in this country. We had a small dance one evening of my stay, and my hostess served the most delicious lemonade I ever drank. I spoke of it the next day, and she told me it was made with freshly boiled water—the secret, she said, of thoroughly good lemonade.

"'I have a regular rule,' she further informed me, 'which insures success if I am making a quart or a gallon. For a quart I take the juice of three lemons, using the rind of one of them. I am careful to peel the rind very thin, getting just the yellow outside; this I cut into pieces and put with the juice and powdered sugar, of which I use two ounces to the quart, in a jug or jar with a cover. When the water is just at the tea point I pour it over the lemon and sugar, cover at once and let it get cold. Try this way once, and you will never make it any other way.'"—Her Point of View in New York Times.

A College Experience.

While I was in college my room contained no clock, and I did not have a watch. My supper hour was 5:30 p. m. and I always left my room at 5. For awhile I had to inquire of the landlady the time. Later on as I studied from 1:30 until 5 in my chair by the window, a queer, nervous sensation overcame me as the hour of 5 p. m. drew near. I always imagined that I was studying over my supper time, and invariably drew on my coat and hurried off to my supper. I can say that in six months I never came a minute too early or late, and I never looked at a clock. Now that is instinct, of course. I have heard of many such instances, and it has occurred frequently under many conditions, but I must say that instinct is a sure and true guide, and that it plays a great part in the ordinary routine of our daily lives.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Old Time Skipper.

Inmates of the wardroom on an American man-of-war often allude to the captain as the old man or the skipper. The latter is not, as many suppose, a slang term, but a sound word, of excellent etymology, and valuable as carrying within itself an interesting bit of commercial history. Skipper is simply shipper, and it comes down from a time when every commander was as well part owner of vessel and cargo, or, literally, the shipper. There are still scores of local shipyards along the Atlantic coast, some of them the outgrowth of private yards where the "vessel owners" of fifty years ago built their own ships to carry their own and their neighbors' crops to market.—New York Sun.

Hidden Tattoo Marks.

An escaped convict was on trial before a French court, and the question turned upon his identity with a prisoner known to have been tattooed. There was no appearance of colored marks upon his arm, and the question submitted to M. Leroy, a medico-legal expert, was whether the man had ever been tattooed. M. Leroy applied strong friction to the skin of the man's arm. This had the effect of bringing out white lines as cicatrices, with a slight bluish tint. By this means the word "Sophie" was plainly legible in white marks on the reddened skin. This proved the identity of the convict.—Toronto Mail.

A Monster Kite.

A kite made in New Haven is twelve feet across and fifteen feet high, covered with red cambric. Twelve hundred feet of manilla cord is used in raising it. This is run from a great reel about the size of a steering wheel of a steamer. It requires two men to turn the cranks, which, it is stated, will bear two tons pressure.—Exchange.

Whittier and Holmes.

Whittier's regard for Oliver W. Holmes may be seen from this extract of one of the dead poet's letters to Elizabeth Stuart Phelps:

I have been ill, but I went to the Holmes breakfast for the good doctor's sake. He and I are very old friends, not merely literary friends. We love each other.

FASHION'S DICTATES.

Satin ball gowns having tulle shoulder draperies.

Shot velvet for elegant home or evening toilets.

Flounces and feathers forming graceful Alsatian bows.

Heavy lustrous satin for entire dresses and combinations.

Visiting dresses combined with velvet stitched on the edges.

Heavy silk Genoa and guipure laces for millinery purposes.

Moire lamb, for entire sleeves and other coat and dress accessories.

Long and short black velvet coats trimmed with fur and jet galloons.

Silken petticoats of glace brocades, trimmed with black or white lace flounces.

Boleros or short jackets of velvet, silk or passementerie in plain and cashmere colorings.

Evening bonnets looking as though made of spun gold, being of dainty gilt passementerie.

Gold worked ecru lace for trimming ball and evening gowns with sleeve or shoulder rufles.

Long trails of artificial blossoms for the seams of gored skirts, that are being adopted for evening wear.

Printed silks in many small patterns, as stemless flowers, dots, short dashes, commas, zigzag streaks, etc.

Rose wreaths without stems or foliage for trimming the necks and skirts of the 1830 style of ball gowns, as well as those of the earlier empire period.—Dry Goods Economist.

FOOD, COOKS AND EATING.

Columbus discovered turtle soup.

Over 1,700 kinds of soup are known.

Calves' head soup is first mentioned in 327.

Cream ices were first made in Paris in 1774.

Moore was the only English epicure poet.

Locusts are still eaten in Africa and Arabia.

The Romans were very fond of dogfish, starfish, porpoises and seals.

The Jews made bread by mixing meal and water and baking in a flat cake.

The Greek cooks could serve up a pig basted on one side, the other roasted.

A popular dish in Sparta was a mixture of cheese, garlic, eggs and honey.

The Chinese of America have dried oysters and cuttlefish sent from China.

Locke, Addison, Clarke, Hume and Gibbon were celebrated as good eaters.

In the tenth century professors of cooking appeared in Venice and Genoa.

The turkey has been honored in Europe ever since the discovery of America.

In Addison's time the pigs were whipped to death to make the flesh tender.

In the fifteenth century Mentz was noted for its hams, Strasburg for sausage.

The plum pudding was unknown in England until the middle of last century.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

TURF TOPICS.

John Dickerson has engaged with Budd Doble as assistant trainer.

Germans must be fond of horse flesh, as 86,000 horses are said to be killed by German butchers annually.

Thirty-five years ago Vermont Black Hawk, with three in the 2:30 list, was the champion trotting sire of the world.

One hundred and twenty-five dollars bought a colt called McGinty a year ago. Since then he has paced in 2:13 and has been sold for $4,000.

A bill was passed in the Ohio legislature recently making it a penitentiary offense to enter a horse in a class to which he is not eligible.

E. D. Wiggin will trot Martha Wilkes to old style sulky at Cleveland against the record of Maud S. Mr. Bonner agrees that if she trots in 2:05 he will present Mr. Wiggin with $5,000.

Stamboul may not hold the stallion crown, but he is a game race horse. In his 3-year-old form he trotted a 6-heat race against Apex, and so determined was the contest that they trotted two dead heats before either would succumb.

But one trotter and one pacer has taken a record as low as 2:04; four trotters have gone in 2:08 as against 10 pacers that have done the same; 13 trotters have entered the 2:10 list, while 19 pacers offset the honors. In the 2:12 list are 34 trotters and 47 pacers, and within the 2:15 limit are 121 trotters and 141 pacers.

THE LATEST NOVELTIES.

Jewelry set with colored pearls is becoming popular.

A pincushion is inserted in the hollow of a silver thimble.

Around a chatelaine eyeglass case a flowering vine in silver is twined.

The mistletoe bough is imitated in a wreath of emeralds, to which clings a golden vine set with pearls.

A dainty chatelaine scroll of sky blue enamel bears a golden griffin. Through the scroll passes a pearl headed pin.

Up the side of a gold lined silver bowl climbs a vine of the same metal, a delicate tea rose lying upon the outward curving edge.

A new brooch is in the form of a broad golden collar, like that of an order of knighthood, pierced through the back and both ends by a pearl hilted rapier.

A sunfish forms the bowl of a novel marine spoon, the stem being a piece of driftwood with a rope artistically coiled about it and an oyster shell clinging near the top.

A photograph frame of white onyx is decorated with orchids of the same material shaded in tints of orange, yellow and white. The dark green leaves are imitated in jade.—Jewelers' Weekly.

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