THE BEACON.

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OCCIDENTAL MELANGE

Elk Being Shipped to the East From Southern Idaho.

RESERVOIR ON THE BIG SANDY.

Rich Strike Made in the Grand Canyon of the Colorado—Trouble Over Land Brewing.

The Populists of Idaho are organizing an industrial legion.

Arizona is knocking vigorously for admission into the Union.

The Idaho Legislature proposes to fix railroad fares at 3 cents per mile.

The Farish Reservoir and Canal Company has been incorporated at Phœnix, A. T.

The Chino sugar factory announces an increase in the price of beets the coming season.

The reported trouble with the Indians in the San Juan gold fields is declared without foundation.

A rich strike has been made in the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, about seventy miles north of Flagstaff, A. T.

The gold mines in Utah are adding largely to the population of that Territory. The new comers are all anti-Mormons.

The Young Men's Christian Association at Fresno, Cal., is so deeply in debt that it wants permission to sell its property, valued at $30,000.

William Weightman of San Francisco, who at one time acted as private secretary to the late Senator Hearst, will be appointed State Bank Examiner for California.

A rancher near San Quintin, Lower California, while digging a well the other day found an old George III. penny buried about six feet in depth. The inscription could be plainly read.

A new industry has opened up in Southern Idaho, namely, the shipping of elk to Eastern States. A carload of these animals were sent from Idaho Falls recently, which will net the lucky captor about $250 a pair.

The Bradstreet mercantile agency reports fourteen failures in the Pacific Coast States and Territories in the past week, as compared with eighteen for the previous week and seventeen for the corresponding week of 1892.

There is trouble brewing over the possession of the land in the South recently decided by the Secretary of the Interior as having been illegally sold to settlers by the State of California, it being a part of the public domain.

The combination of pottery manufacturers has opened war on the Stockton Terra Cotta Company in an endeavor to freeze that institution out, and is now offering sewer pipe for sale in Stockton at one-third the price a year ago.

Suit has been commenced by the Attorney-General of California against the Central Pacific Railroad Company and five other railroad companies to recover taxes levied for the year 1887, aggregating with penalties about $1,000,000.

A New York syndicate is now making a survey for a reservoir and dam on the Big Sandy river, near Signal, Mojave county, A. T. The irrigation scheme is an extensive one, and the intention is to cover with ditches about 125 miles.

At the Fort Yuma Indian School the cadets are remarkably proficient in military drill. The commands are made in English and given by one of their own members. Yuma was the other day treated to an exhibit by the Indian boys.

David Monnastes, a well-known capitalist, who has resided at Portland, Or., for forty years, has been sued by his wife, Mary C. Monnastes, for a decree of divorce and a division of property. The defendant was married to his first wife in St. Louis fifty-two years ago, but after living with her twelve years he left her and came to Oregon. Hearing that she was dead, he married again. Monnastes is worth over $250,000.

At San Diego Judge Pierce rendered an important judgment in the suit of the city against the failed California Savings Bank, overruling the demurrer and sustaining the complaint. The effect is that while it is a finding for the city it is also a victory for the depositors, as the city can recover only a first pro rata of dividends. As they come as cash, the city will have a prior claim only to $600 more than the depositors can enjoy. The city's deposit was $45,000.

At Salt Lake, in one of the principal streets, early the other evening two men wrenched the lock from a United States mail box, and took out a lot of letters, many of which were known to contain drafts and checks for a heavy amount. Collector Slade saw the men, gave chase, fired two shots and wounded one of the robbers. Slade then went for assistance, and on his return there were found a pool of blood and about twenty of the stolen letters, but no robbers.

At San Francisco Judge Coffey signed an order settling the final account of P. J. Corbett as guardian of the estate of Henry Macdonald. His findings are to the effect that Corbett mismanaged the estate and wasted the property, and is entitled to no compensation for his services. As conclusions of the law he finds that Corbett is entitled to credit of $1,960 and no more out of the sum of $7,000 received by him in his capacity of guardian. He therefore orders Corbett to pay forthwith to his successor $5,040. Corbett is the father of the pugilistic champion.

INDUSTRIAL BREVITIES.

The Large Clear Profits Accruing to Mr. Edison From the Sale of Phonographs—Rice Crop.

The latest luxury is electric light baths.

Rubies are more valuable than diamonds.

Bahama Islanders use American fertilizers.

Women are practicing dentistry in Holland.

The four ocean routes employ 1,100 steamers.

There are thirty co-operative dairies in Ireland.

Boston, it is said, is the favorite city for tramps.

Women are successful house-builders in Finland.

Pennsylvania is the largest cigar producing State.

Thousands of Bostonians cling to their 2 o'clock dinner.

The Danes are said to lead the world as butter-makers.

Aluminum slate pencils are among the latest inventions.

Canada has produced a cheese weighing 22,000 pounds.

The editor of a Missouri paper takes opossums on subscriptions.

Wooden shoes are worn by more than 70,000,000 people of Europe.

Nearly 2,400 negroes are employed in Washington by the Government.

Twenty tons of gold was taken from one Australian mine in fifteen years.

There are considerably over 100,000 acres devoted to tobacco in Virginia.

It has recently been estimated that ninety meals can be cooked by electricity for $6.57.

A new industry is reported for Osceola, Florida—the raising of alligators for market.

Minneapolis mills made 9,750,000 barrels of flour last year, against 7,878,000 barrels in 1891.

There are 7,000 loan associations in in this country, with a membership of 2,000,000 persons.

With a capital stock of $20,000,000 the wall paper trust is contemplating an increase to $38,000,000.

There were 4,498,058,233 cigars and 3,210,402,937 cigarettes manufactured in this country last year.

Artificial grass for the grounds of seaside cottages is one of the industries at Manchester, England.

"The year 1892," says *Dun's Review of Trade*, "has been the most prosperous ever known in business."

The world's production of the golden metal in 1891 was 6,010,000 ounces; of silver, 140,865,000 ounces.

The Pennsylvania railroad is reputed to transport more passengers than any other line in this country.

The rice crop in the South this year is reported to be exceptionally large. It is estimated at 225,000,000 pounds.

It is alleged that the syndicates which have been buying up surface railroads in various cities will consolidate.

It is said that Edison has already secured a clear profit of over $1,500,000 from the sale of his phonographs.

The Union Pacific has fifteen long and a great number of short tunnels, the aggregate length being 6,600 feet.

An entire dinner, comprising several courses, was recently cooked by electricity in a hotel at Ottawa, Canada.

Three hundred millions of eggs are used every year in this country in making albumen paper used in photography.

According to the best estimates the wool clip last year was 333,018,405 pounds, a gain of 25,606,898 pounds over 1891.

PURELY PERSONAL.

Carlisle Said to Aspire to the Supreme Bench—A Russian Princess a Stable Maid in France.

Mr. Labouchere got $450,000 for his share of the London *Daily News*.

Carlisle, it is said, really aspires to the Supreme Bench, not the Cabinet. He is comparatively a poor man.

William Lloyd Garrison's statue in bronze, of colossal size, will be unveiled in Newburyport next Fourth of July.

The Lord Lieutenant of Ireland is the best-paid member of the British government. His salary is $100,000 per annum.

Princess Galitzen, a member of one of the oldest aristocratic families of Russia, is now a stable maid in a French circus.

Lord Chief Justice Coleridge of England was as bright and witty as ever on his 71st birthday, which occurred not long ago.

Franklyn W. Smith of Boston is still agitating the establishment of a national gallery of history and art in Washington, to cost ultimately $10,000,000.

When Collis P. Huntington's adopted daughter Clara became the wife of Prince Hatzfeldt, the marriage settlements included monetary arrangements to be made in case of divorce.

Ex-Speaker Reed is reputed to earn $3,000 a year by his pen. It is this income that insures him the comforts and luxuries of life, for he has no other income besides his salary as Congressman.

Pope Leo XIII. owns a pearl left him by his predecessor on the throne of St. Peter, which is worth £20,000, and the chain of thirty-two pearls owned by the Empress Frederick is estimated at £35,000.

Rev. Henry Fairbanks of St. Johnsbury, Vt., has given $25,000 to the academy at that place to found a scholarship in memory of his son Albert, who died about a year ago while a student in that institution.

BEYOND THE ROCKIES

Important Patent Decision Made by the Supreme Court.

WAR ON SWEATERS IN BOSTON.

The Number of Victims That Judge Lynch Has Executed During the Past Year—Other News.

The authorities of North Dakota propose to enforce the prohibition law.

The Carnegie mills at Homestead, Pa., are running full in every department.

The New York theater ladies have taken to removing their hats during the performance.

The boys in the State Reform School at Topeka have just finished putting up 350 tons of ice.

Dr. McGlynn says he never ridiculed the Pope, although charged with the ecclesiastical offense.

A combination of manufacturers of wire goods and cut nails is being formed by large Western firms.

George G. Slosson has challenged anybody in the world to a match game of billiards for $1,000 a side.

The principal operators of silver mines in Colorado have practically agreed to shut down until silver advances.

New Orleans is finding much difficulty in enforcing the Sunday law, owing to the apathy of the police officials.

The Carnegie Company was a great financial loser by the recent strike, and it is economizing in its management.

Gidon Marsh, the fugitive President of the wrecked Keystone Bank of Philadelphia, is said to be in South Africa.

In Boston the bosses and the clothing-cutters have joined hands to compel the sweaters to grant the demands of their workmen.

The Comanche, Kiowa and Apache agreement for the cession of 2,500,000 acres of land has been sent to the Senate by the President.

The train bearing the old liberty bell to the World's Fair will run only by day, in order to give people along the route a chance to see it.

The industrial and financial conditions in South Carolina are reported as gratifying because of the improvement in the agricultural interest.

It is reported that unless prompt measures of protection are adopted in the natural-gas district of Indiana the supply will soon be exhausted.

Chairman Hood of the New York Board of Assessment estimates that fully $400,000,000 of personal property in the State escaped taxation.

Philadelphia is entitled to be known as the city of sisterly love. According to a recent police census the city boasts of 23,000 more women than men.

A New York letter to the Philadelphia *Press* intimates that Baby Ruth is to have a rival, and there will likely be a birth at the White House this spring.

President Harrison has received a cane made from the wood of a house on Porto Santo, one of the Madera Islands, in which Christopher Columbus once lived.

Congressman Dalzell is going to make another attempt to get through Congress the bill providing for a survey for a ship canal to connect Lake Erie and the Ohio river.

It is estimated that Judge Lynch has executed during the past year 236 people—an increase over 1891 of forty-one. His victims were 231 men and five women.

The railroad construction in the United States during 1891 does not reach high figures, being only 4,000 miles. The total was the smallest since 1878, except those of 1884 and 1885.

Major General Schofield does not think the massing of troops at the World's Fair for display would prove a good idea or that it would give any beneficial return for the expense involved.

The Cotton Bureau of the National Alliance at Memphis, Tenn., has issued an address to planters, advising the planting of a less acreage to cotton. This season's crop is largely reduced, and the planters have got better prices.

Michigan's war Governor, Austin Blair, received a certified check for $4,125 as a Christmas gift from prominent residents of that State. The ex-Governor is writing his recollections of the war, and the money will be used in getting out the book.

In the case of the Dr. Briggs heresy case the New York Presbytery, without expressing approval of the critical or theological views embodied in Dr. Briggs' address, or of the manner in which they have been expressed and illustrated, pronounces Briggs fully acquitted of the offenses alleged against him.

The Mutual Life Benefit Insurance Company of Hartford, Conn., has decided to go out of business, and has made arrangements with the National Mutual Insurance Company of New York to take all its members who apply for a transfer.

The Supreme Court has denied the motion to advance the case of Merrick ex rel. vs. Charles Foster, Secretary of the Treasury, popularly known as the silver brick case. This is the case wherein the plaintiff sought to compel the Secretary to coin into dollars a silver brick offered at the mint for that purpose.

FROM WASHINGTON CITY.

Minority Report of the House Banking and Currency Committee on Bill to Repeal Sherman Act.

Representative Wilson has received assurance that an appropriation will be made for the Gray's Harbor light.

Despite protests to the contrary, it transpires that Don M. Dickinson of Michigan is to be in Cleveland's Cabinet.

The President has sent to the Senate the following nominations: Postmasters—California, John L. Merriam, South Riverside; Idaho, Miss Emma F. Stevens, Blackfoot.

Baker of Kansas has introduced in the House a bill for the free coinage of silver, making it unlawful for any person to make any contract, note, draft or bill payable in any specific coin or currency.

Secretary Noble sent to the Committee on Indian Affairs a communication on the reports submitted by Special Agent Cisney of the investigation into alleged irregularities in connection with payments to certain members of the Sioux tribe of the $100,000 appropriated by Congress to reimburse them for property destroyed during the recent outbreak. Secretary Noble reviews the evidence submitted, and finds it does not sustain the charges made.

The subcommittee charged by the House Committee of Commerce with inquiry into the advisability of amending the interstate commerce law to permit pooling has agreed upon a bill, which has the approval of the Interstate Commerce Commission and influential railway men. It provides that pooling shall continue to be unlawful, but may be permitted on such terms as the commission may approve whenever in its judgment it will be to the interest of the public.

Commissioner Raum of the pension bureau appeared the other day before the subcommittee of the House Committee on Appropriations, which is preparing the pensions appropriation bill. The original estimate for 1894 made by the Commissioner was $165,000,000. A subsequent estimate a few days ago placed the amount required at $172,000,000. He was asked as to the reason of the increase, and explained his former figures by saying he had presumed the new administration would not do as much work as his had done, but admitted, if it did allow as many pensions, $172,000,000 would be needed.

The Intercontinental Railway Commission has prepared a fac-simile, in miniature, of Central America and South America to show the surveys of the proposed railroad intended to unite the systems of North America and South America. It is about twenty-five feet long, and will be sent to the World's Fair as a part of the government exhibit. At the last meeting of the members of the commission the work of the surveying parties was reviewed and found in a satisfactory condition. The international commission will ask Congress for an appropriation of $50,000 to finish the office work of the survey and publish the results.

Secretary Tracy has awarded the contracts for the cruiser Brooklyn and battle ship Iowa to the Cramps. In making the award the Secretary says: "Had I the power to award the contracts for the construction of these ships in my discretion, I should distribute them to two firms, but I have no such power. I am required by the statute to award the contracts to the lowest and most responsible bidder, and there is no doubt that the Cramps are the lowest bidders, and I cannot say the Union Iron Works are better builders than the Cramps any more than I can say the Cramps are better builders than the Union Iron Works. I regard both as excellent builders and equally good. Under these circumstances it is plainly my duty under the law to award the contracts for both of said vessels to the Cramps."

The President is still giving close consideration to the subject of freight brought over the Canadian Pacific. Two new points have been discovered, viz.: That the original law specified that the consular-seal system was to be applied to freight which was the product of contiguous foreign countries only, and that by the Canadian law United States consular officers guilty of fraud in the United States are not amenable to arrest so long as they remain in Canada. A large bulk of the freight handled by the Canadian Pacific, and which comes into this country under consular seal, is the product of other foreign countries, notably Japan and China. Did this class of freight not enjoy the privilege of the consular-seal system, they would enter this country at an American port and be transported by American railroads. These two points are considered important as giving the President, if he chooses by exercising it, the right of suspending the operation of the consular-seal system without action by Congress.

The minority report of the House Banking and Currency Committee on the bill to repeal the Sherman silver-bullion purchase act was made to the House by Representative Townsend of Colorado. It is an argument in opposition to the bill, which, it is charged, is intended to be the final step towards an absolute gold standard in the United States and to suppress every effort at bimetallism. The minority says to secure the support of national banks the bill allows a gratuitous increase of their present circulation by about $15,000,000, and also gives them a bonus of the present circulation of $6,000,000 per year by reducing the circulation tax. The report attacks the statement given by the majority as the ground for its action, and predicts the repeal policy will produce widespread ruin. Figures are quoted to disprove the statement that the country is drifting to a silver basis, and the drain of gold is attributed to European losses in South America and to the Russian loan. The silver purchases, the minority says, do not affect the matter, and to get American gold Europe has been paying a premium.

FOREIGN CABLEGRAMS

Secret of Prevailing Agricultural Depression in England.

THE FAMOUS ALMANACH DE GOTHA.

Appropriate Name of the German Minister of Instruction—Buried by the Beautiful Snow.

Brigandage is increasing in Russian Poland.

Residents of Saxony protest against the Jesuits' return to Germany.

German army officers, it is said, are to be forbidden cigarettes as injurious to health.

The Pope is said to be writing an encyclical on the perils of the European situation.

London music hall singers have taken up the jewelry-stealing craze of the aristocrats.

Cook's agencies are "booking" people all over Europe to visit Chicago the coming summer.

Three thousand seven hundred and forty-one bodies were cremated in France during 1891.

English capitalists are said to have offered Spain a loan of $300,000,000, receiving pay from customs revenue.

It is announced that the famous Tam O'Shanter Inn on High street, Ayr, Scotland, has been sold for $15,000.

The famous Almanach de Gotha, the blue book of the world's royalty, has made its annual appearance for the 130th time.

Emigration from some parts of Alsace has been unusually heavy of late, and is likely to continue for some time to come.

The Panama prisoners at Paris have been removed from Mazas prison to the famous old jail adjoining the Palais de Justice.

The Ernst August tunnel in the Hartz mines is nine miles long, and the water it drains from the mines is used for transportation.

A unusually large number of well-known and prominent men in London have lately sought the assistance of bankruptcy courts.

The Duke of Sutherland has written to the Secretary of the Bimetallic League, accepting the office of Vice-President of the league.

Prince Bismarck says that all the nations of Europe should drop their differences for a time and combine against the Socialists and Anarchists.

The name of the German Minister of Instruction, who, it is feared, will try to regulate the religious instruction of their children, is very appropriately von Bosse.

There are no great difficulties, physical or financial, in the way of the project for a Channel tunnel between England and France, which has been once more revived.

In Vienna it is said Sarah Bernhardt was compelled to appear before the official judges in all the costumes she was to wear in the plays produced in the Austrian capital.

The Hamburg Senate has forbidden hotel and lodging-house keepers to receive guests from Russian Poland. This is perhaps Jew-baiting under the guise of fighting the cholera.

The Sultan of Turkey has granted concessions for the construction of long railways, which will open up his territory to the east, the north and the south, all having their termini at Constantinople.

At Herzogenburg, Austria, during the recent severe storm a cottage containing a family of eight persons was buried by a snow slide. When succor reached them, three days afterward, two were dead.

Four Russians, suspected of being Nihilists, have been arrested in Paris at the instance of the Russian Ambassador, and will at once be conducted to the frontier and warned not to return to France.

A frightful accident is reported from Eischischek in the province of Wilna, Russia. The boiler of the public baths at that place exploded, and six persons were instantly killed and fifteen mortally injured.

For kissing a young lady passenger against her will, the conductor of a railway train running between Chemnitz and Leipsic, Germany, has been discharged in disgrace and sentenced to four weeks' imprisonment.

The secret of the prevailing agricultural depression in Great Britain is told by the London *Saturday Review* in the frank statement "that it is impossible to cultivate a great part of the soil of England, rent free, at a profit."

The experiment made three years ago to stock the river Seine, in France, with California salmon has proven successful. Two salmon weighing six pounds each were taken at Nemours and nineteen at Langres, weighing six and seven pounds.

The coal miners in the Saar district in Germany are receiving accessions to their striking strength. The miners in Essen will strike in sympathy. Thousands of the strikers are unprepared for a day's idleness, and the situation is a grave one to the Government.

All England is now agitated over the railroad freight question. The roads recently increased an entirely too burdensome tariff, and all political subjects are dwarfed in comparison to the present question, which will eventually cause anti-railroad legislation by Parliament.

SEATTLE MARKET.

Wholesale Quotations.

The following wholesale quotations are the prices paid by jobbers to the producers for produce delivered in Seattle:

HOPS—Choice, 18@19c per lb.; medium, 14@16c.

HAY—In carload lots: Puget Sound timothy, new stock, $9.00@9.50 per ton.

GRAIN—In carload lots: Oats, choice, $24.00; barley, $20.00; wheat chicken feed, $23.50; corn, $24.50; cracked, $25.50 per ton.

MILLSTUFFS—Bran, $13; shorts, $17.

LIVE STOCK—Choice beef cattle, 3½@4c; cows, 3@3¼c; choice sheep, 4¼@4½c; good hogs, 5¾@6c; calves, large, 4c; small, 6c per pound.

POTATOES—Choice, $13@16 per ton.

BUTTER—Choice dairy, 20@25c.

EGGS—Fresh ranch, 27c.

POULTRY—Spring chickens, $3.50@5.00 per dozen; hens, $5.00@5.50; ducks, $5.00@7.00; turkeys, 15c per lb.

HIDES AND SKINS—Heavy salted steers over 58 lbs., 6@6½c per lb.; medium, 4½@5c; light, under 46 lbs., 3½@4c; salted kip, 3c; calf, 4@5c; green hides, 1c less than salted; dry hides, 8c; dry elk, 10@16c; dry deer skins, summer, 30@35c; winter, 20@25c; sheep skins, 60@75c; full wool, $1@1.25; wool, 15@17c; tallow, 3¼@3½c.

Jobbing Quotations.

The following are the prices paid by dealers for round lots delivered at the wharf, or the jobbing rates quoted by wholesale dealers:

SUGAR—Golden C in bbl., 4⅞c per lb.; D, in bbls. or sacks, 4¾c; extra C, in bbl., 5c; dry granulated, in bbl., 5½c. In kegs each of the above at ¼c advance on prices quoted.

COFFEE—Green: Mocha, 29c per lb.; Java, 28c; Costa Rica, choice, 24c; Rio, 23c. Roasted: Arbuckle's, 100-lb. cases, $24.85 per cwt.; 60-lb., $24.95; 36-lb., $25.05; Mocha and Java, 50-lb. tin cans, 34½c; 50 and 100-lb. sacks, 33½c; Java, 50-lb. tins, 34c; Aden Mocha, 35½c; peaberry blend, 35c; Guatemala, 25½c; ground coffee, 20@24½c; Mokaska, 100-lb. cases, $24.85.

DRIED FRUITS — Apricots bleached, 17c per lb.; figs, California, 7c; Smyrna, 20c; peaches, evaporated, 17c; plums, pitted, 15c; apples, bleached, 13c; prunes, Washington, 16@18c; California, 15@16c; raisins, L. L., $2.40@2.75 per box; loose Muscatels, $1.75@2.00; seedless Sultanas, $2.50.

CANNED VEGETABLES—Tomatoes, 2½-lb. cans, $1.20 per doz.; gallons, $3.75; Blair corn (new), $1.60; Winslow, $1.35; sugar peas, California, $1.25@1.50; string beans, $1.25; Lima, $1.25; Boston baked, $2.25; mushrooms, $2.25@3.50; French peas, $2.25@3.50.

CANNED FRUITS—Table: Assorted, $2@2.25; apricots, $2.10@2.50; blackberries, $2.50; Bartlett pears, $2.35; white cherries, $2.50; black cherries, $2.25; peaches, California, $2.15@3.50; strawberries, $2.60; currants, $2.25; grapes, $1.90; plums, $2.00; gooseberries, $1.80; raspberries, $2.75; pineapples, $3. Pie: Assorted in gallon cans, $3.50@4.00; 2½-lb. tins, $1.19@$1.25; peaches, $1.60; apricots, $1.25; blackberries in 2-lb. tins, $1.50; currants, gallon cans, $4.75; plums, $3.50; 2½-lb. tins, $2.25; apples, $1.25; gallons, $3.50; grapes, 2½-lb. tins, $1.25.

RICE—Japan, $6.00; China, $5.00 per cwt.

BEANS—Small white, 3½@3¾c per lb.; pink, 3½@4c; bayos, 3¾@4c; butter, 5¾c; Lima, 5c.

PROVISIONS—Queen hams, large 17c; small, 17½c; Queen breakfast bacon, 17c; dry salt sides, 12c.

LARD—Home rendered, Sinclair's 5s, 15¾c per lb.; 10s, 15⅝c; 20s, 15⅜c; 50s, 15⅛c; Queen leaf, 10s, 14½@15½c. Lard, compound, tierces, 11c; 10s, 11¾c; 5s, 11⅞c.

BAGS—Grain, $7.50 per 100; old, $5.50@6.00.

POTATOES—Choice, $16@18 per ton; sweet potatoes, 1¾@2½c per lb.

VEGETABLES—Cabbages, 1¼@1¾c per lb.; onions, 1@1½c; parsnips, $1@1.25 per sack; turnips, carrots and beets, 75c@$1 per sack; white turnips and carrots, 50@75c per sack; squash and pumpkins, $1@$1.25 per cwt.

GREEN FRUITS — Lemons, California, $5.00@6.00; Sicily, $6.50; limes, $1 per 100 or $6 50 per case; bananas, $2.00@3.50 per bunch; apples, $1.25@1.75; New York Baldwins, $7.00 per bbl.; pineapples, $2.50@5.00 per doz.; cranberries, $13.00 per bbl.; navel oranges, $3.00@3.50; seedlings, $2.50@3.00 per box; mandarins, $1.25@1.75.

BUTTER—Best Eastern creamery, strictly fresh, 60-lb. tubs, 34c per lb.; choice dairy, 30@40c; fresh California pickle roll, 24@25c per roll; fresh Eastern pickle roll, 30c.

EGGS—Fresh ranch, 30c; Eastern, 25@26c.

POULTRY — Chickens, $4.50@5.50 per doz.; hens, $5.00@6.50; geese, 18@20c per lb.; ducks, 19c; turkeys, 19@20c.

CHEESE—Eastern, 14c per lb.; fresh California, 12@13c; Limburger, 18c; Swiss, 24c; Holland, $11.50 per doz.

HONEY—Comb, 15@18 per lb.; extracted, California, pure, 5-gal. cans, 8½c; strained, 9c; gallons, $11.75 per doz.; ½ gallons, $6.50.

FLOUR—Washington, straight, $3.75; per bbl.; patent, Green Crown brand, $4.15; Sperry brand, $4.15.

WHEAT—Chicken feed, $26 per ton.

OATS—Choice, $26 per ton; medium, $25.

BARLEY—Rolled or ground, $22.50 per ton.

CORN—Whole, $26; cracked, $27; feed meal, $27 per ton.

BRAN—$17 per ton.

MILLSTUFFS—Chopped feed, San Francisco, $21; native, $22; shorts, $19; middlings, $23; oil-cake meal, $40 per ton; buckwheat flour, $7.00 per bbl.; $3.75 per cwt.; graham, $3.50 per bbl.; 10-lb. sacks, $2.00 per cwt.; rye flour, $4.50 per bbl.; 10-lb. sacks, $3.00 per cwt.; rye meal, $4.25 per bbl.; $2.75 per cwt.; oat groats, $5.75@6.00 per bbl.; hominy, $3.00 per cwt.; cracked wheat, $3.25; whole wheat flour, $2.75; pearl barley, 4c per lb.; split peas, 5c; table cornmeal, yellow, $2.00 per cwt. in 10-lb. sacks; 50s, $1.90; white, $2.10; 50s, $2.00.

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WHAT WE WANT.

Free coinage of silver; a graduated income tax; Government ownership of telegraph lines; Government supervision of railways; postal savings banks; election of United States senators by a direct vote of the people; no Government subsidies to private corporations; economical administration of public affairs.

MANY of our exchanges are still addressing the BEACON at Dungeness. We hope they will address us at Port Angeles in the future.

THE sacrifice of widows on the funeral pyre still goes on in Bali, an island near Java. They are burned along with the remains of their husbands. The latter's slaves also share the same fate if he be of high rank. A short time ago three wives of a chief were cremated.

JAMES PAYN, the English novelist, has written about forty novels and every word of his manuscript is in his own handwriting. He will have nothing to do with stenographers and typewriters. And it is said the writing is harder to decipher than Greeley's ever was.

EX-PRESIDENT HAYES died at Fremont, Ohio, last Monday night. In the death of Mr. Hayes, the country loses the purest statesman that has filled the presidential chair since Lincoln. While mistakes were made no one doubts his honesty of purpose and that he had the courage to act upon his convictions.

Is it not about time the law was changed so that members of legislatures be paid their actual traveling expenses and for the time taken instead of mileage as now? We do not doubt that they need cigars and champagne as much as anyone, but if they want the state to pay the bill let them charge it to work done and not mileage. Very few of the members pay anything for railroad fare as the managers of the roads consider it policy to bribe legislators and judicial officers with passes rather than attempt to induce them to take shares for stock. Representative Hoole's bill for mileage was $50.00. One man received $1300.

THERE is no old town of Tipperary in Ireland any more. The landlord, who owned nearly all of it, was a Mr. Smith Barry, who became obnoxious to his tenants. In revenge the shopkeepers of the town combined and purchased a tract of land outside of old Tipperary. An Irishman, who had been in America and imbibed ideas of the rapidity with which a city can be built, put himself at the head of the dissatisfied and laid out a town site for them in less than no time. First the merchants transacted business in booths and tents, then as business prospered they built substantial houses. The whole town is now removed, and the buildings owned by Mr. Smith Barry are falling into decay, and he is losing $15,000 a year in rents, all the result of the presence of a man with American ideas.

It is a question whether there are a hundred persons to-day who know that the author of "The Sweet By-and by" is living in an obscure Illinois town, and not living amid the greatest luxury, either. Tens of thousands, perhaps millions, of people know the hymn; how many ever think of Doctor S. Filmore Bennett, its aged author? The hymn has brought him almost no revenue, and even less fame. Mrs. Annie Sherwood Hawks is another instance, living in a small interior New York town, compelled to resort to her pen for a living, yet who has not sung her world-famous hymn, "I Need Thee Every Hour?" Prof. Gilmore, of the University of Rochester, rarely receives credit as the author of his well-known lines, "He Leadeth Me." Fannie Crosby, she of hundreds of hymns that are sung every Sunday by thousands of lips, lives in a side street in New York city, almost forgotten. Although blind and helpless she is happy in the religion which fills her mind and soul.

TELEGRAPHS.

Year after year the American people watch the solemn farce of Dr. Norvin Green's appearance before congress to argue that the government could not possibly serve the people so efficiently and cheaply as does the Western Union company, which has bought up numerous other lines as soon as they became real competitors, and in whose veins runs a whole ocean of water. The doctor's honeyed tongue backed by the more solid arguments of a phalanx of lobbyists has never yet failed to convince congress that the Western Union is an admirable institution with the prosperity of which the government should in no way interfere.

Yet the facts concerning the results of governmental control of the telegraph elsewhere are so readily obtainable that it would seem that the financial arguments of the lobbyists must be very strong to make up for the weakness in Dr. Green's logic. Leaving the United States and Canada out of the account, fully 95 per cent of all telegraphic lines in existence are owned and operated by governments. Of the chief nations of Europe, England has more than 30,000 miles of telegraph, France 55,000 miles, Germany even more, Austria-Hungary 24,000 miles, and Spain 11,500 miles. In these nations every mile of telegraph is under national control. Japan owns its entire system Russia owns 96 per cent of hers. Sweeden and Norway control 75 per cent. The United States alone, of all the enlightened nations of the earth is tied hand and foot by the slimy tentacles of a great unscrupulous and extortionate corporation.

The Legislature.

Very little has been accomplished by either branch of the legislature this week, most of the time being taken up in squabbling over the senatorship. The first ballot showed that Allen had forty-nine votes seven less than enough to elect, Turner twenty-six, Griggs, Democrat, 27, Teats, Populist, 9. Twenty-two ballots have been taken since, the only changes being that Roscoe and Rutter changed from Allen to Turner, and Edens, Sargeant, Kelly and Shadle changed from Turner to Allen.

SENATE.

OLYMPIA, Jan. 13.—When the senate convened at 10 o'clock this morning President Luce announced his inability to present the senate committees until later in the day, then adjourned until afternoon at 2 o,clock, at which hour the following standing committees were announced:

Appropriations—Van de Venter, Smith, Ide.

Agriculture—Sergant, Dyer, Shaw.

Commerce—Rutter, Brown, Campbell.

Constitution and revision—Easterday, Miller, Kinner.

Corporations others than municipal—Van Houten, Claypool, Van de Venter, Shaw, Smith.

Counties and county boundaries—Forsythe, Smith, Cooper.

Education—Brown, Frink, McCroskey.

Election and privileges—Easterday, Dyer, Miller.

Engrossed bills—Foss, Horr, Kellogg.

Enrolled bills—Cooper, Helm, Campbell.

Federal relations—Roberts, Kinnear, Foss.

Fisheries—Horr, Shaw, Richards.

Harbors and harbor lines—Richards, Frink, Van Houten.

Indian affairs—Hutchinson, O'Neill, Sargent,

Internal improvements—Donohue, Kellogg, Edens.

Judiciary—Kinnear, Easterday, Dyer, Claypool, Richards, Van Houten, Brown.

Medicine, dentistry, hygiene and surgery—Campbell, Hastings, Roberts.

Labor and labor statistics—Belknap, Rutter, Foss.

Manufactures—Frink, Gilbert, Donahoe.

Memorials—Hasting, Kinnear, Forsythe.

Military—Dyer, Claypool, McManus.

Mines and mining—O'Neill, Rutter, Hutchinson.

Municipal corporations—Claypool, Ide, Forrest.

Printing—McManus, Kellogg, Richards.

Public buildings and grounds—Helm, Van Houten, Rutter.

Public morals—Eshelman, Belknap, Brown.

Public revenue and taxation—Forrest, Forsythe, McCroskey, Cooper, Belknap, Hutchinson, Edens, Roberts, Compbell.

Roads and bridges—Kellogg, Hutchinson, Edens.

Rules and joint rules—Gilbert, Foss, O'Neil.

Salaries and mileage—Miller, Frink, Sergeant.

State, granted and school land—Edens, Easterday, Van de Venter, Eshelman, Ide, Horr. McCroskey,

State library—Hasting, Forrest, Miller.

State prison—Smith, Roberts, Gilbern.

State school for defective youth—Shaw, Sergeant, Donahoe.

State tide lands—Cooper, Forrest, Helm, Eshelman, Hasting, O'Neil, McManus.

State insane—Ide, Eshelman, Orr.

The committee appointed yesterday on mileage reported the distance traveled by the senators in coming from their homes to the capital. Ex-Lieutenant Governor Laughton came 1342 miles, Van Houten and Ide 922 each, McCroskey 1042 and Belknap 1000. Reported distances were allowed and payment ordered.

Bills were introduced as follows:

By Claypool of Pierce—A bill to widen county roads; amending the mechanics' lien law and repealing certain parts of the code on the subject; regulating appeals to the supreme court and regulating court practice; an act providing for municipal courts in cities of more than 20,000 inhabitants.

By Dyer of King—Requiring courts to instruct jury in writing when requested and to indicate instructions before argument; providing for supreme court appeals, regulating practice, etc.

By Hoar of Thurston—Establishing a state weather bureau to collaborate with the government service and appropriating $2000 for the purchase of instruments and getting the service in working order.

HOUSE

OLYMPIA, Jan. 13.—The house met at 2 o'clock p. m. Parker of Pierce offered the following resolution:

WHEREAS Various bills providing for the free and unlimited coinage of silver have been introduced in the senate and house of representatives; and,

WHEREAS, we believe the passage of an act to be necessary for the relief of our people; therefore be it

Resolved, That the legislature of the state of Washington, by memorial, respectfully urge on the honorable senate and house of representatives the prompt passage of such an act; and

Resolved, That attested copies of this resolution be forwarded to the president of the United States, the president of the senate and the speaker of the house, and one copy to each of our senators and representatives in congress.

The resolution was laid on the table by a vote of 50 to 25. W. R. Hoole voted to lay the resolution on the table. The following Democrats voted to table it also: Crockett, Foster, Hamill and Mulkey. All the Peoples' Party members, nearly all the Democrats and Greenberg, Republican, showed themselves to be friendly to silver.

OLYMPIA, Jan. 16.—Speaker Arrasmith announced the house standing committees this afternoon, at the conclusion of the reading of the journal, as follows:

Agricultural college and school of science—Anderson of Whitman, Nelson, Anderson of Pierce, Washburn, Roth, Farrish, Pierce, of Klickitat.

Appropriations and claims—Temple, Roth, Bush of Pacific, Merchant, Mentzer, Weed, Smithson, Washburn, Judson, Letterman. Burton.

Commerce and manufactures—Woodworth, McMillan, Tull, Morrison, Bush, of Pacific, Turpin, Collin.

Compensation and fee for state and county officers—McMurphy, Shadle, Sherman, Westfall, Karr, Keller, Edmonds, Deen, Mays.

Corporations other than municipal and railroad—Washburn, Keller, Merchant, Temple, White, Kline, Smith, of Douglas.

Counties—Block, Green, Anderson of Whatcom, Temple, Anderson, of Pierce, Cameron, Pierce of Lewis, Sallee, Tull.

Education—Westfall, Winchell, Weed, Shadle, Shelton, Edmons, Farris, Tucker, Durant.

Engrossed and enrolled bills—McMillan, Shadle, Edmonds, McElwain, Wheeler, Greenburg, Turpin.

Federal relations and immigration—Weed, Helliker, Scott, Pierce of Lewis, Turpin.

Fisheries—Bush of Pacific, McElwain, Bush of Chehalis, Crockett, Moore, Brock, Cowan.

Forestry, agriculture and horticulture—Cameron, McKenzie, Collin, Anderson of Whatcom. McNew, Karr, Mulkey, Smith, of Douglas, Moore.

Insurance—Roscoe, Webb, Greenburg, White, Leo.

Judiciary—Mead, Neergnard, Ludden, Wheeler, McElwain, Nash, Gilman, Bush of Chehalis, Tucker, Hurd, Roscoe.

Labor and labor statistics—Smithson, Roscoe, Gilman, Rinehart, Speck, Sherman, Pierce of Klickitat, Cline, Egbert, Smith of Okanogan, Durant.

Medicine, surgery and hygiene—Rinehart, Helliker, Woodworth, Mays and Foster.

Mileage and contingent expenses—Smith of Okanogan, Winchell, Shelton, Keller, Burton, Dean, Gilman, Karr, Edwards.

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Dry Goods, Groceries, Flour and Feed, Boots and Shoes, Clothing, Gents' Furnishing Goods, Hardware and Machinery, of all kinds.
We are agents for Mitchell and Lewis Staver Co. for Clallam county and will keep constantly on hand
CHAMPION MOWERS & REAPERS
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We pay the highest prices for produce of all kinds, and are headquarters for
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THE BEACON.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 20, 1893.

LOCAL ITEMS.

A building to be used for a city market is to be erected at the corner of Oak and Front streets.

W. K. Clark, J. Hickok and Frank Fisher left yesterday on a hunting trip to the Solduck country.

F. C. Parker, of La Conner, arrived Wednesday and is now looking for a suitable place to open a barber shop.

A social was given Thursday evening by the ladies of the Congregational church at the residence of Rev. W. W. Ferrier.

The eldest son of Mr. Tibbetts, recently from California, is suffering from a severe attack of inflammatory rheumatism.

Charlie Foss is now the sole proprietor of the steam laundry. He employs only white help and is doing first class work.

Mr. Hutchinson, president of the Michigan Soldiers colony left Wednesday to organize another company for Port Angeles.

L. Mona, formerly of this place, has sold his saloon in Getchel and will embark in the same business at this place soon.

Rev. F. M. Pickles of Seattle, assisted Rev. J. M. Baxter at the Methodist church revival meetings Sunday and Monday nights.

Do you want to sell anything? Tell the people of it through the BEACON. Only five cents a line in the local columns.

George and Hile Jacobs brought a couple of deer to town Sunday that they had killed near their ranch about six miles southeast of here.

Thos. Malony left for San Francisco, Sunday, to be gone a number of months if Port Angeles real estate should prove to be in demand there.

Catholic services are held at the residence of John C. Murphy, corner Oak and Sixth streets, every Sunday at 10:30 a. m., Rev. Father Fay, pastor.

W. R. Hoole is chairman of the committee on railroads, and a member of the committee on harbors and waterways, mines and mining and revenue and taxes.

Ben Chambers and S. G. Morse took the steamer Garland Wednesday for the west end. They go to Quillayute to bring in Moses Ackles who shot Benjamin Franklin.

Mrs. Jordan, living at the corner of Albert and Ninth street, is now slowly recovering from the nearly fatal injuries received in the Northern Pacific train wreck between Yakama and Tacoma two weeks ago.

Mr. J. Carr, of Seattle, arrived Sunday and was so well pleased with the town that he purchased a lot on the reserve and got lumber for a house on Monday and sent for his wife who arrived yesterday.

Revival services have been held every night this week at the Methodist church and will be continued next week. The subject of Pastor Baxter's sermon Sunday evening will be "The General Judgment."

Through the very able championship of Mr. Hoole James McDonough, the very large man occasionally seen upon our streets, has been chosen to the position of assistant watchman in the lower branch of the legislature.

A dime social will be given under the auspices of the Ladies Aid Society of the Congregational church, Thursday evening, next, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. William Bell, at the corner of Eighth and Lincoln streets.

Revival services have been held at the Baptist church every evening this week, Rev. D. D. Proper, of Seattle, assisting Pastor Squire. Saturday evening Mr. Proper will give his lecture. "Ten Months in a Confederate Prison." No admittance fee.

Mr. Jesse Stonebrook, living at the corner of Francis and Ninth street is now on the road to recovery from an attack of typhoid pneumonia. He is now in his 74th year and must have a wonderful constitution to over come such a severe sickness.

John Cain left yesterday for Portland, Oregon, where he will place a large list of Port Angeles real estate on the market. He will be gone a number of months but Mr. D. Campbell will manage the Angeles office of the firm of Campbell & Cain during his abence.

R. T. Williams, of Victoria and other parties living at that place, who have real property in Port Angeles, have made inquiries regarding the Front street taxes that have been paid. If any of the taxes are refunded they will be informed through the BEACON.

Mr. Nels Swanson of Shuwah, was in town Tuesday. Mr. Swanson was looking well and hearty. He is the owner of a fine farm in the Quillayute country and is also the owner of eighty acres of the best land in the Dungeness country. He reports everything flourishing below.

Religious services are held at the Y. M. C. A. room, on Lincoln street every Sunday at 3:30 p. m. The reading room, where all the Port Angeles papers and the Seattle Post Intelligencer, as well as books are found, is open to visitors every day and evening of the week.

J. M. Maggart, the second-hand furniture dealer, induces a number of people to come and locate in Port Angeles every trip he makes to Seattle. Two families are the result of his last trip.

Thomas Doran was up before Judge McClinton last Friday charged with being insane, having it is claimed beaten his wife. Evidence being produced that he was in his right mind he was let off.

Divine service at the First Methodist Episcopal Church every Sunday morning, at 10:30 o'clock, evening services at 8 o'clock. Weekly prayer-meeting Thursday, at 8 p. m. We welcome you to our place of worship. We want you to be at home with us in Our Father's House; on First street, near Peabody street. Rev. J. M. Baxter, pastor.

Miss Maggie Fend, who has been attending school at Portland, Oregon, for sometime past, returned Sunday, and Monday evening she was given a surprise party at the residence of her parents by Misses Hattie Hastings, Lila Whittier, Dora Fend, Zoe Shields, Lillie Church, Elaine Fitzsimmons, Pearl Gale and Julia Ferguson and Messrs. Frank Fisher, Charlie Bell, Ed. Bell, Jack Wilson and Horace White.

While there seems to be some uncertainty concerning the exact status of the railway which is to be built north and south between the Olympic mountains and the ocean, and several conflicting stories have been published about it, there can be no doubt that the road will be under construction at an early day. The country has many resources, and, we understand, presents no serious engineering difficulties. The early spring months will probably develop something definite.—Seattle Telegraph.

Mr. A. B. Dorsey and Miss Katie Walker were married at Santa Barbara, Cal., January 4. Mr. Dorsey is county superintendent of public instruction and has the honor with Judge McClinton of being the only Clallam county officers who were re-elected at the last election. He will return in a short time to Dungeness where he will teach the school for the ensuing term, beginning February 13. Miss Walker is well known in the county, having taught a number of terms of school in the eastern part of the county. The BEACON wishes them much happiness and success.

Hall Davis of Dungeness, was in town Tuesday paying taxes. He thinks about renting his farm. Mr. Davis has one of best farms in the Dungeness country and is a progressive farmer, and has amassed considerable money by making butter and doing a general dairy business. Some few years ago he imported thoroughbred Holstein stock at great expense. It is not generally known that at the centennial exposition Mr. Davis was awarded the prize for the best butter on exhibition. His farm is a model of neatness and it is indeed a treat to look over his well arranged dairy and outbuildings.

Dan Pullen, the pioneer of the Quillayute country, is stopping at the Alice House. Mr. Pullen, with his brother Mart, came from China, Maine, twenty two years ago, and settled on his now well-cultivated farm, where for more than five years their only neighbors were the Indians. Mr. Pullen will probably give some of his experiences in book form before many months and we guarantee that they will be of interest. When we consider the fact that now he has to take his supplies over a forty-mile trail on pack-horses or by his own boat around the west coast, and that the country is only now just beginning to be settled up, we can form a faint idea of what pioneer life was to him twenty-two years ago.

The following telegram addressed to Tom Moore will explain itself.

NEW YORK, Jan. 18.—On way home with appraiser's instructions in my inside pocket. M. J. CARRIGAN.

Baptist Church Services.

Rev. M. U. Squire, pastor.

Preaching at 11 a. m. and 8:30 p. m.

Young people's meeting at 6:30 p. m.

Special song services at 7 p. m; preaching at 7:30.

A cordial invitation is given to everybody to attend all of the services.

Purely Personal.

Subscribe for the BEACON.

C. E. Mallette was in Seattle this week.

Charles Bradshaw was in Seattle this week.

John Dyke is back from an up sound trip.

Col. Coolican went to Portland Saturday.

R. A. Grimes returned from Portland, Sunday.

W. R. Gay and wife are back from Olympia.

J. O. Morse, of Dungeness, is in Angeles to-day.

R. H. Holland, of Gettysburg, was here Wednesday.

John Murry, of Seattle, was here Wednesday.

Mrs. W. J. Green of Sequim, was in town Wednesday.

W. B. Gould was in Gettysburg the first of the week.

Miss Ella Sullivan is visiting friends at Gettysburg.

Miss Ella Riley and Miss McCutcheon went to Seattle to-day.

Samuel Irwin, of Sequim, was in town the first of the week.

C. D. Ulmer, of the Tribune-Times is at Olympia this week.

Cyrus E. Maxfield, of Shuwah, is in town, on his way up sound.

Horace White has been chosen clerk of the house committee on railroads.

J. M. Maggart returned from a business trip to Seattle the first of the week.

Mr. Geo. C. Hatch and Miss Maud Leona Grant will be married this evening.

Charles N. Hatch, purser of the Monticello, is spending a few days at Olympia.

C. N. Banks, of Seattle, was in Port Angeles on business a few days this week.

Messrs. Lake and Richmond, of New Whatcom, returned to that place Thursday.

A marriage license was issued to Elson E. Goodman and Minnie. E. McFadden yesterday.

A. D. Wick, of Seattle, has taken a lot on the reserve and will make this his future home.

Miss Hattie Fend returned Monday from Portland where she has been attending school.

S. W. Carusi, representing the firm of Austin and Zimmerman, of Seattle, was in town this week.

L. R. Flowers, business manager of the Democrat, was in Seattle the greater part of the week.

Mrs. M. J. Clump came down from Dungeness yesterday to make the new county treasurer feel at home.

Miss Alice Ware returned from Sequim, where she has been visiting her parents for a number of weeks past, Sunday.

Miss Nellie McCleod, of Fairhaven who has been visiting the family of Mr. D. Campbell, returned home Wednesday.

Capt. H. K. W. Ayres returned Sunday from Olympia, where he had been to attend the inauguration of Governor McGraw.

County Items.

Quillayute Items.

Quite an excitement was created Thursday evening about 7:30 by the report of a heavy rifle followed a few seconds later by another and a man's cry of pain which rang clear and shrill on the night air. The shots were fired from a gun in the hands of Moses Ackles, of Port Angeles. The wounded man was Benjamin Franklin, of Quillayute, who received the shot in the right arm about midway between the shoulder and elbow which shattered the bone and caused considerable loss of blood, although no artery or large vein was severed. These men had trouble some time ago and both made severe threats but their meeting Thursday was purely accidental. Mr. Franklin has the care of the attached property of Mr. Pullen and went to a neighbor for help to care for a sick horse. There he met Mr. Ackles who happened to be there also. Mr. Franklin had a navy revolver strapped to his belt. Mr. Ackles said "I understand you are carrying the gun for me and would advise you to bury it at once." At the same time he seized his rifle (a Colts repeater 45-90 that he had just borrowed) and throwing a cartridge into the barrel brought the gun to a charge. Mr. Wentworth, who was standing near, grabbed the gun, throwing the muzzle to the ceiling and said, "We don't want any shooting here." Mr Franklin said, "I am carrying the gun for myself and no one else." So saying, he started off with the Haehnle boys and one of the Wentworths to the barn. When they came out of the stable, Ackles (who had followed the party with Mr. Spalding) called to Mr. Franklin that "he wanted to speak to him." Mr. Franklin replied, "I haven't time to talk, and started to run. Ackles said, "Well, if you won't stand by G—, I'll stop you!" Whereupon he leveled the gun and fired at the fleeing man. The boys tried to stop the would-be murderer but he poked the gun in their faces, saying, "Stand back boys." Then he fired a second shot which hit his victim in the right arm. Mr. Franklin was carrying a lantern in his left hand, which placed him at a disadvantage. He did not stop running or throw his lantern, nor in any way, try to defend himself, although he had the big revolver and plenty of ammunition at his belt. When Mr. Franklin yelled, Ackles and his partner (Spalding) left the scene, and the former has not been seen since. There are a number of deputy sheriffs scouring the country for the fugitive. If he is apprehended, it is liable to go hard with him, for public opinion is strong against the man. Mr. Maxfield has just returned with a surgeon from Neah Bay, who says that Mr. Franklin is very liable to lose his arm.

Mr. F. T. Balch came in Wednesday with a large load of goods, on the steam tug, Discovery. He had the usual good luck in landing.

The childern of the Quillayute school had a candy pulling at the residence of J. D. Hogadorne last Friday evening.

J. E. Crawford, the originator of the hop growing interest of the valley, came on Balch's boat.

Mr. Lambert is here with his bridge iron for the second Solduck bridge at Culpits prairie.

O. Erickson of Lapush has received the appointment of United States Court Commissioner.

J. S. Maxfield has been appointed deputy sheriff for this part of the country.

O. W. Smith has received his certificate of election as road supervisor.

We will soon have a wagon road from Lapush to Forks.

E. A. Esworthy is now the justice of the peace.

We need another bridge at Boston.

Pat Flaherty is in Port Angeles.

Sequim Happenings.

The Sequim Literary and Debating Society held its regular meeting last Friday evening. The question whether carelessness is worse than laziness was ably debated by Elsie Ware, Ida Sinders, S. M. Bugge, H. F. Sinders, Peter Govan, W. C. Horner, Norman Govan and John Brown Sr. for the affirmative, while Warrie Smith, Alice Ware, Maggie Brown, H. Sinders, James Tabor, Otto Sinders, Frank Smith and George Miskin championed the negative side.

The decision of the judges was in favor of the lazy folks. The remainder of the evening was given up to dancing.

Mrs. J. A. Smith gave a party and taffy-pull in honor of George White Saturday evening, Jan. 14th. All those present had a very enjoyable time. Among those present were Misses Annie Etzel, Ida Sinders, Maggie Brown, Alice and Elsie Ware, Messrs. Warrie and Frank Smith, Peter and Norman Govan, Otto and Herman Sinders, George White and Minor and Daniel Johnson.

There will be a grand ball in the F. M. B. A. hall on Sequim, February 22. We promise a good time for all who attend.

Miss Annie Etzel of Colorado is visiting at Mr. H. Sinders, on Sequim.

George White Jr. returned home after a visit of a week on Sequim.

Mrs W. J. Green went to Port Angeles this week.

Dungeness Items.

There will be an entertainment and dance given in the Colony Hall, at Dungeness, Friday the 27th of January. The entertainment will be given at 7 p. m, and will consist of dialogues, recitations, tableaux, music, essays, etc., and will conclude with a dance, at which refreshments will be served free by the ladies. The proceeds will be devoted to the band fund. Admittance 50 cents each, $1 per couple, which includes entertainment, dance, and supper. Children under 12, 25 cents each. All those wishing to aid this praiseworthy object are earnestly invited to attend.

Church services will be held at Colony hall next Sunday at 11:00 o'clock a.m. Services at the old town have been discontinued for the present.

Mrs. M. J. Clump went to Port Angeles Thursday and will be at home there during Mr. Clump's official term as county treasurer.

Mrs. Geo. Kindred is lying very sick at Port Townsend where she went for medical treatment. Rev. Mr. Kindred is with her.

Miss Annie and Grace Dick went to Port Angeles Wednesday.

Miss Daisy Stewart is visiting her father at this place.

Samuel Wilcox had business in Port Angeles, Tuesday.

Rev. S. D. Loughead, formerly of this place, died at Montesano last Tuesday.

The county commissioners last Thursday, January 5th, made an appropriation of five hundred dollars for the county road between Port Crescent and Lake Crescent. As the settlers, the business men and the Port Crescent Improvement Company together have spent about three thousand dollars in labor in the construction and maintenance of this road and it has never had the benefit of one dollar of public funds, the commissioners have done a just and popular act in recognizing the enterprise and public spirit of the people and giving them some assistance in building some parts of the road they have been unable to complete. The present board of county commissioners have earned the gratitude of a great many pioneers who are building homes in the woods by affording public aid in making their homes accessible from the outside world.—Port Crescent Leader.

Notice is hereby given that the firm of Foss & Rich, proprietors of the Port Angeles Steam Laundry, is now dissolved by mutual consent, Charles A. Foss continuing the business, assuming all debts and liabilities and collecting all accounts. Jan. 19, 1893.

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HALL DAVIS.

MYRA'S SACRIFICE

By MRS. H. LOVETT CAMERON.

The Kentish weald lay dim and misty beneath the darkening evening shadows, the air was redolent with the pungent odors of newly gathered hops. Already the fires of the gypsy like encampments of the hop pickers gleamed out redly across the great wide plain below, whilst the furnaces of the oast houses belched out gusts of lurid smoke from every cluster of farm buildings far and near.

Presently the silver moon arose behind the shoulder of the far western hills, and all the land became bathed in the tender radiance. The mists cleared away, the dim vague shadows became black and distinct, the open fields shone like silver. Every hop garden with its long trails of ungathered blooms festooned from pole to pole in graceful garlands, every "pocket" slung hammock wise between two stakes where the day's toil had ended, every little settlement where the gatherers rested, or slept, or talked in low voices together in the gloom, stood out picture like and with a startling individuality in the cold and searching light which flooded the fairest of Kent's fair valleys from north to south and from east to west.

"Good night," said a woman's voice far up the side of the long range of hills that guarded the northern boundary of that glorious plain.

"Good night," was the answer in a man's deeper voice.

Yet they did not part.

She stood leaning upon the railing of the wide veranda that encircled the white house beneath an archway greenly twined with summer creepers and studded with starlike jasmine flowers. Her silver gray satin draperies reflected the gleam of the moonlight, and shone with the chaste cold colors of Diana. Her face too in that pale radiance seemed to have gathered its almost unearthly beauty from night's pure queen herself. The white brow, the flaxen crown of soft hair, the delicate features, even the pale blue eyes, tender yet a trifle cold and passionless—all seemed in harmony with the white beauty of the moonlight.

The man stood below her at the foot of the short flight of stone steps, she reached out her hand to him:

"After all these years," she said softly, "all these years in which I have loved you, whilst you knew it not, at last it has come to me—to be happy!"

He lifted the white hand glittering with diamonds to his lips.

"I am not worthy," he murmured as he kissed. "If you knew all"——

"Nay, dearest," she answered quickly. "I do not want to know your past. You have traveled, you have seen the world—you have lived—perhaps even you have loved! I will never ask, I will never seek to know. It is enough for me that you have returned at last to the one loving heart who has cared for you ever since we were boy and girl together, in that long ago before you went away, and before I had begun to live through that dark chapter of my life, which is now, thank God, over for ever. We will both forget the past—all I ask is to live in the present."

"You are too good, too generous!" he murmured.

Lady Hilton laughed softly.

"Oh, no, I am not good. I am only happy, Bernard. It is so easy to seem good when one is happy. Come early to-morrow. Think of me as you ride home. Good night."

"Good night, Constance," he said again. He walked quickly down the short drive. At the gate a groom waited with his horse. He sprang lightly into the saddle.

"Good night, sir."

"Good night," he said once more. The gate clanged to noisily behind him. The man's footsteps died away upon the gravel beyond.

Bernard Harding rode slowly down the hill toward the plain. The road was steep, and the overarching trees cast strange flickering shadows across its whiteness; the woods on either side lay darkly shrouded in a mysterious gloom. The horse picked his way carefully, and the horseman seemed content to leave him to guide himself.

Presently the woods cleared away and horse and man stepped out into the full brightness of the summer night. The sight of the weald, with the glamour of moonlight flooding it with pale radiance was so beautiful that instinctively Harding reined in his animal.

"We will both forget the past."

This night Bernard Harding should have been indeed a happy man. After years of wandering to and fro, of knocking about the world, of loneliness and lovelessness, he had a short while ago come home to the empty house of his fathers, and before he had well known how or why it was done, he had wooed and won the fairest woman in all the country; a woman whom he had known as a child, who had married at eighteen a man old enough to be her father, and who was now a widow of twenty-six, lovely as a dream, good as an angel, and rich as a young widow is practically supposed to be, into the bargain.

And added to all this, Lady Hilton had only just confessed to him that of which he had never had the remotest suspicion, namely, that she had loved himself and him only, ever since she had been 15, and that it was only when Bernard had gone away that she had married in her despair the first good man who had asked for her hand in marriage, who happened to be poor old Sir Thomas Hilton!

It was but a small and insignificant drawback to all these attractions that there should be a small rosy cheeked, curly headed Sir Tom, aged 6, who went to bed early, remained for the greater part of the day discreetly out of sight under the care of his nurse, and made his presence in no way unpleasantly conspicuous to his future stepfather.

Yes, certainly, Mr. Bernard Harding was a much to be envied individual, and should have been a perfectly happy man.

Yet, was he?

Why was it that at that very moment as he stood still and looked over the moonlit country, every acre of which was familiar to him from his boyhood, why was it that something, he knew not what, came flashing back with headlong haste out of the dim vistas of that past which his Constance had said was to remain forgotten for evermore, a something which set his pulses beating and brought with it so vivid and acute a sense of reality, that involuntarily his lips parted and there fell from them one word, clearly and distinctly as a cry for help into the silence of the summer night: "Myra!"

Then instantly, as if in answer to the word, came a low mocking laugh to the right of him, down somewhere in the darkness of the meadow, dying away and away in front of him along the road into the strange semblance of faintly echoed words:

"Myra is dead—dead—dead!" the weird wailing voice that had begun in laughter seemed to say, and from afar a hollow whisper out of the shadows repeated yet once again:

"Dead—dead—dead!"

The horse started violently, and swerved across the road.

For a moment Bernard's heart stood still, half paralyzed with an unknown fear.

"Ah, I am a fool!" he muttered. "I must be strangely nervous to-night to twist the cry of a screech owl into human words, and such words, too!"

He shivered a little and dug his heels into his horse's flanks.

For some minutes he trotted on quickly down the road; soon he almost laughed himself out of that vivid flash of resurrected memory. "Why should that have risen again to haunt me to-night of all nights of my life?" he murmured. "For so many years I have forgotten it, why need I have remembered it now?"

He was riding along a straight flat mile of road at the foot of the hills. On either side of the hedge lay the hop gardens. In one the hops had been half gathered, and the cleared ground was cumbered with fallen poles and stripped binders. On the other side the hop poles, garlanded with bloom and graceful foliage, stood erect and dark in long serried ranks of strength and beauty.

Fantastic lights and shadows shot through them, investing them with all sorts of strange shapes and similitudes. Here a company of giants seemed nodding their heads together, there a despairing maiden tossed her long arms wildly to and fro, or again, a group of bent backed old women crouched and chattered together under their mantling draperies. And all the color was drenched out of them by the witchery of the night, so that there was nothing to be seen save the whiteness of silver in clear relief against the blackness of ebony.

Suddenly, as he rode along, the figure of a woman sprang forth out of the deep shadow of the hedge, and stood in the road before him.

Suddenly, as he rode along, the figure of a woman sprang forth.

"Tell your fortune, my bonny gentleman? Let the poor gypsy tell your fortune?" cried a high quavering voice such as might have belonged to a very old woman. "Cross your palm with silver and let the gypsy tell your fortune?"

"Stand aside, my good woman. It is late. I have no time for fortune telling. I have two miles to ride home and it is late."

"Not too late surely to remember this night ten years ago."

He reined in his horse sharply. "What do you mean? who are you?" he exclaimed, eagerly peering forward to look closer at her.

A dark shawl completely muffled the woman's head, her face was in deepest shadow, he could see nothing but her hand, a small brown hand wasted and claw like, which had clutched at his horse's rein.

There was a soft mocking laugh, something which reminded him faintly of that weird sound which had startled him a few minutes ago, and which by this time he had fully persuaded himself had been nothing but the hoot of the owl.

"Ah, you had better let me tell you your fortune, my handsome gentleman. I can tell you some pretty things. There is a beautiful lady up on the hill"——

Harding tossed her a shilling, she caught it dexterously, and then with a jerk of her wrist sent it spinning up into the air and away over the hedge, where it fell like a glittering star into the darkness of the hop garden.

The strangeness of this action seemed remarkable. But that a gypsy should ask for money only in order to throw it away was an inconceivable thing.

"Well," he said encouragingly, "I will listen to you if you will be quick, but I cannot wait long. What about this beautiful lady?"

"Ah, the beautiful lady that lives up yonder," she said, pointing back to the dark hillside from which he had come. "Yes, she loves you, and you have promised to wed her; but you don't love her, sir; no, you don't love her."

"What do you mean?"

"Ah, I dare say you think you do, but you don't. You have not forgotten the past. Can a man who has once loved dark eyes and southern blood love one who has a pale cold face and nothing but milk and water in her veins? Your heart is in a coffin, a coffin by which you wept long ago; but no coffin and no grave can hold back her soul from yours. She will haunt you on your marriage day; when you stand before the altar with your fair, pale bride, she will come between you, her eyes will look into yours, her voice will ring in your ears, her lips will answer to yours instead of the other's, and every echo in the earth and air will call aloud to you with the clanging of your wedding bells, 'Myra, Myra, Myra!'"

"Woman, spirit, devil! who are you that speak to me of Myra?" he cried, wildly clutching at her arm, but she only laughed with that soft, mocking laugh of hers and eluded his grasp, running away before him swiftly down the road. He cantered after her, catching her up more than once and calling out to her, "Stop! stop! What do you know about Myra? Why do you threaten me with her name? Stop, I tell you!"

But she ran on all the faster, and presently, springing lightly to one side, disappeared through a gap in the hedge into the hop garden beyond, where the thick clustering boughs seemed to engulf her at once into an ocean of verdure.

For some minutes he rode backwards and forwards at the spot where she had vanished, calling out to her to come back, to tell him more, to explain her meaning, but there was no voice nor answer, nor even the faintest rustle of her departing footsteps.

In the end he gave it up as hopeless, and went on along his homeward road with a troubled face and a mind full of gloom and perplexity.

Only long after she had disappeared did it occur to him to remember that although he had at first taken her for an old woman, yet she had fled from him with the fleetness of an antelope, and that although she had offered to reveal to him his future she had nevertheless done little more save to remind him of his past.

Full of a harrowing anxiety concerning he hardly knew what, Bernard Harding reached at length the cross road that led by a short quarter of a mile to his own gate. A sign post gleaming white in the moonlight pointed a finger either way. On one it was written, "To Stanton hall;" on the other, "To Stanton village." For a moment or two he hesitated, then turning his back upon his own house he trotted sharply down the lane to the village.

The church tower lay dark and somber in the hollow, but from the vicarage windows hard by the lights within streamed out from the uncurtained windows.

Bernard got off his horse, tied him up to the gate and walked quickly up to the door.

It was many years since he had crossed the threshold of the vicarage. Many years since he and Arnold Grey had stood face to face alone together; yet so in earnest was he concerning that which he had to say that almost he forgot how strange his intrusion must seem to the man he had come to visit.

A tall, thin man rose at his entrance from the further side of the table; the lamplight fell upon his pale, stern face and upon the smooth, wide brow from which the dark hair had worn away, and the grave brown eyes lifted themselves with a strange questioning surprise upon the visitor.

"Harding!"

"Yes, Arnold, it is I. Forgive me for coming here, for disturbing you at such an hour; but I want your help."

The vicar held out his thin white hand.

"If you are in need of me, Bernard, you are welcome."

It was ten years or more since their hands had met; both of them were acutely conscious of the fact.

Mr. Grey motioned his visitor to a chair, and sat down again himself beside the heavy writing table, covered with books of theology and reference, over which he had been poring under the lamplight.

But Bernard Harding did not sit down. He only stood very still and erect just where he had stood when he first came in, and said with a certain harsh abruptness:

"Can you give me news of Myra?"

The other started violently. For a moment his whole face became broken up by some strong internal emotion; grief, pain, indignation chased each other rapidly across his features. Then with a shaking voice he answered:

"And you ask this of me? you who told me she was dead! You who robbed me of her and then killed her!"

Harding, disregarding these cruel reproaches, merely waved his hand as though to dismiss them briefly.

"Yes, but did she die?" he asked eagerly. Was it true that she died? Remember that I was away. I never saw her dead, only the closed coffin in which the woman of the lodging house told me they had put her dead body. Can it have been a trick, do you think? She knew that marriage with her would be fatal to my future hopes of wealth. Can she have gone away and allowed me to believe her dead, so that my father might forgive me? She was capable of such quixotic folly—don't you think so?"

"Why do you ask me these questions to-night, Harding?"

"Because I have met a woman in the road, not two miles from here, who—who spoke to me of Myra."

The clergyman started to his feet.

"That is why I have come to you, thinking that all along you may have known more than I have done. If Myra had not really died, and had desired to find a friend to keep her secret, surely it is to you, Arnold, that she would have come?"

The other bowed his head.

"Thanks for those words, Bernard. But," lifting his face again swiftly, "I can tell you nothing save what you know already. From the hour that she came to your mother's house to be brought up with your poor sister, a little elfin gypsy waif, deserted and left on the high road by her own people, I loved her. She was so wild, so wayward, so sweet with it all. She grew up like a beautiful half tamed creature, yet with me she always seemed gentler and more womanly."

"And yet you used to tell her she had no soul!"

"God only knows if she had! Sometimes indeed I almost believed that old saying concerning gypsy women to be true of that strange wild creature, and that she was in truth born soulless. Yet for all that I loved her, and I looked forward to making her my wife. I would have given her my whole devotion, and a home that at least would have sheltered her safely. And then you came. You took her from me, with your handsome face and smooth words; in a few days you undid the patient work of years."

"Why recall it, Arnold?"

"You remember how they turned her out of the hall that night when you were away? How they drove her out into the darkness alone and unprotected, because they found out that for your idle amusement you had made love to her?"

"Ay; but you forget that when I came home I cursed them for it, and swore never to see them again, and that I followed her up to London"——

"And ruined her!"

"No, no! As there is a God above us, I swear to you that I married her."

For a moment they stood speechless, facing each other, one on either side of the table. Then in a low choked voice Arnold Grey said:

"Is that the truth?"

"That is the truth, Arnold. I can prove it to you if you wish it."

"Then why in the name of heaven have you suffered your wife's name to be blasted? Why did you keep your marriage secret?"

"Because you know as well as I do that had my father known of it he would have disinherited me. She herself wished it. Alas! Arnold, my happiness only lasted a few months. One day I had to go away for a week; she fell ill in my absence. When I came home they told me she had died, and they showed me her closed coffin. I believed her to be dead; I have mourned for her as dead. At times, indeed, horrible doubts have assailed me because I did not look upon her dead face. I have remembered that there was a sick woman in the house where we lodged, and that the coffin might have been hers. But these have been only shadowy fancies, for since Myra has gone, and never come back to me again, why should I doubt that she is dead? And then, as you know, I went abroad for years, and only came back after my father and mother were both dead."

"If you believe her to be dead why do you not let her name rest for ever?" asked the clergyman after a pause; "why rake up dead ashes that were best left to sleep?"

"Because I am about to marry again, and a doubt, however faint, that I may not be free to do so is enough to ruin my life as well as"——

"Lady Hilton's?"

"Yes, Lady Hilton. She has this evening consented to marry me."

"And owning to these doubts you could ask her to become your wife?"

"I swear to you, Arnold, that at the moment I asked her I had no such doubts. The past seemed to me to be indeed dead, and perhaps you may loathe me for saying so, but I have in a great measure forgotten Myra. I loved her with the passion of a young man's first love, but neither passion nor love last for ever. Life brings changes; other interests, other faces have come between me and my past romance. One's own nature changes. Why do you look so sternly at me, Arnold? Am I not speaking the truth? Does human love last for ever, do you think?"

"Not such love as yours perhaps," answered the clergyman with ill concealed scorn. "But do not let us discuss this. You want me to help you? What is it I can do for you?"

"I want you to find out in the morning for me whether the woman who spoke to me to-night in the road knows anything really of poor Myra, or whether it was a mere coincidence, and she had only put scraps of gossip together to startle me as these fortune telling women do so cleverly."

"On whose land was she?"

"Farmer Reed's. It was from those hop gardens beyond the mill that she seemed to spring out of the earth upon me, and it was on this side of the hazel copse that she disappeared."

"That would be still on Reed's ground. Well, Bernard, I will do what I can for you. I know most of those poor creatures who come down from London in the hopping season; it is my business to go and talk to them. I will go that way in the morning."

He took up his hat and walked out to the gate with his visitor. A high box hedge divided the garden from the road. Whilst Harding was untying his horse from the gate the clergyman said to him suddenly:

"If Myra were not dead, if you found her alive and well, what then?"

Harding laughed shortly. "My dear fellow, I don't mind owning to you that such a thing would put me into the very deuce of a hole."

"Would you disown her, then?"

"How could I? Did I not tell you she was my wife? No, I was thinking of Lady Hilton."

Arnold Grey laid his hand upon the horse's neck. Bernard sat squarely in his saddle; the moonlight flooded his troubled face; any one standing in the shadow of the box hedge outside could have seen every line upon it.

"You mean, then," said the other man slowly, "that you would rather that Myra were dead than that she were still alive? You, who say that you loved her!"

"Why go back to all that, Arnold?" said the other soothingly; "I did love Myra: if she had lived I should doubtless love her still: in any case no second love ever is like the first. But as a matter of fact I have believed her to be dead so long that I should find it extremely inconvenient to discover her alive. I don't love Myra now—and—I want to marry Constance Hilton."

And so they parted, Bernard Harding riding swiftly homeward through the shadows of the lane, and Arnold Grey returning slowly and with dragging footsteps into his lonely house.

"And I who would have hunted the whole world over but for a hope however faint of finding her," he muttered brokenly as he fastened up the shutters of his window and went slowly upstairs to his bed.

By and by, when it was all dark and still, when the moon had sunk to rest and the night was closely folded in a thick mantle of rest and stillness, something—a mere shadow—crept from beneath the deep shelter of the vicarage hedge and dragged itself wearily to the door of the house.

Here, upon the threshold, it sank down and down till it lay in a huddled mass upon the doorstep. It was the form of a woman.

Hours went by. Presently the first gray glimmer of morning lightened the dense shadows of the night.

The woman raised her head and shivered. The red shawl that covered her dark head fell back, disclosing a thin, haggard face that, in spite of its prematurely aged and worn appearance, still retained traces of great beauty. Her large dark eyes, filled with unutterable woe, fixed themselves upon the faint gleam of the dawn in the eastern sky.

"Poor Myra," she murmured in a low plaintive voice. "Poor Myra; she is dead; she died long ago—long ago, in the days when she was happy; then she died so that he might be rich; now she dies so that he may be happy, but he will never know. She had no soul; it does not matter; she is better dead—better dead!"

By and by life began to return to the silent world, a little breeze stirred the fluttering leaves, the birds awoke and began to chatter in the branches, and presently the great golden sun flamed forth in his glory above the edge of the distant horizon, but the first human face in Stanton parish that his long level rays rested upon that morning was one that could never more be roused or warmed into life again, for it was the face of a dead woman.

* * * * * *

At the doors of Stanton hall very early that morning the parson stood knocking and ringing, and Bernard Harding, who was always up betimes, himself opened the door at his summons. The clergyman's face was pale as ashes, and there was the shadow of a great and dreadful awe in his dark eyes.

"Great heavens, Arnold!" cried Harding, fearing he knew not what, as his eyes took in the terror stricken face, the disordered dress and the evident agitation of his early visitor, "something dreadful has happened? What is it?"

He drew him hastily into the house.

"Myra is dead!" said the other with a long, gasping breath. It was indeed the refrain to which heaven and earth seemed to be set to Harding's ears.

"Dead?" he repeated vaguely, not understanding.

"I found her this morning dead upon my doorstep!"

"Good God! Myra—Myra! Upon your doorstep?"

"She lay upon the very threshold, her poor dead face against the ground, her beautiful eyes closed for ever. Oh, she is changed, Bernard!—changed almost past belief," he cried brokenly, hiding his face in his hands.

"Great heavens! she has not died of starvation?" cried the other, stricken to the heart by a sudden agony of remorse.

"No, no, not that. But it is perhaps even worse. I fetched the doctor at once; her lips were stained and blue; in her clenched hand he found some crushed berries of a deadly nature. Myra has poisoned herself."

"What for? In heaven's name what for? Why has she hidden herself all these years, only to come home at last to kill herself?"

"It is what we shall never know in this world," answered the clergyman with a deep sadness. "I think she has suffered much, and I know that to those who have suffered infinite mercy shall be shown. Who are we, Bernard, to dare to limit that mercy?"

So no one, least of all the two men who had loved her, the one so faithfully and the other so carelessly, ever guessed the riddle of Myra's life and death. Blind and unreasoning as she had been, the "soulless" gypsy girl had yet been capable, through long years of self abnegation and through the dark tragedy of her self sought death, of the one thing without which love is but a valueless thing of dross, and yet with which love may dare to claim to be divine. She had been capable of sacrificing herself absolutely and entirely for the man she loved.

Bernard Harding was deeply shocked, for a time at least, at the tragedy of his early love that had played itself out in such a terrible manner. Yet, after he had, like an honorable gentleman, told all the sad history of Myra's life and death to Constance Hilton, and when she, sweet, gracious woman, had consoled and comforted him and in a happy wifehood found it an easy task to forgive and to pity her dead rival, then the shock of Myra's death wore itself faint in Bernard's memory and he became too contented in the happy present to trouble himself much over the miserable past. Yet, even now on moonlit nights if he wanders out amongst the hop gardens, there are voices in the air and breezes amongst the mysterious foliage that sometimes seem to murmur faintly in his ears the dirge like echo of a bygone refrain:

"Myra is dead! Myra is dead!"

THE END.

BURDETTE'S PHILOSOPHY.

HANG IT ON THE WALL.

The rich American who pays $100,000 for a painting which the French don't want and won't pay half that money for, should also buy, to hang near it, that cheap but excellent motto, printed in colors that will bring a pang to his heart oft as he reads it, "Aphul annis muni ar sunpar t'ed."

COLD COMFORT.

"Have courage," says an exchange, "a mosquito does not last through the winter." Much encouragement that is to a man who isn't likely to last through the summer.

A BITTER DISAPPOINTMENT.

"Ah," said the leading American humorist to a well dressed stranger whom he met at the Pesth house, down by the sea, "I think I have seen you before. You graduated at Snail university last June, did you not?" "I did," replied the stranger, with the air of a man who would not lie about a little thing like that. "Yes," said the leading American humorist, "I thought I recognized you. I wrote the affair up for The Slab. And what are you doing now? Waiting on table?" The alumnus shook his head. "Driving express wagon?" "No." "Oh, I see; pitching for the Grounders?" "No; I have been appointed managing editor of The Slab and am down here attending the national convention of marble cutters. If you like I will give you an assignment that will help pay expenses." And the leading American humorist went out and lay down on the shingly bench and died hard. Mighty hard.

DEPENDS ON THE SIZE OF THE BODY.

Mr. Harold P. Brown, the electric expert, says "the resistance of the human body is 2,500 ohms." A slim young man who has had great experience in swinging fat women at Sunday school picnics offers to lay dollars to doughnuts with Mr Brown that it's nearer 10,000

HANDED IN BY THE JUNIOR.

There was a first baseman of York,
Who batted a ball like a cork;
When asked how he did it,
He said, "I just hit it;"
Then he went out on strikes down in York.

BUT AGAIN:

There was an old man of Samaria,
Had an ague he caught in Bulgaria;
When they said, "You're a dunce;"
He replied, "I was once,
When I went off to catch the malaria."

AND FINALLY:

There was a young man down in Brighton,
Who said, "This swing rope I will tighten."
But the rope it did break,
And he hollered out "Snake!"
Which all of the women did frighten.

—Burdette in Brooklyn Eagle.

A Prompt Decision.

He entered a store on Michigan avenue the other day, walked straight up to the proprietor, and in a voice chuck full of business he queried:

"Can you give me fifteen minutes of your time, sir?"

"No, sir," was the reply.

"Can you spare ten minutes to investigate the merits of my flying machine?"

"I cannot."

"Will you give me five minutes in which to convince you that you ought to subscribe for ten shares of my stock?"

"No, sir."

"Good day. I like a man of business. I fly."—Detroit Free Press.

Paris Prices.

The Paris landlords and restaurant keepers are gathering in a rich harvest. A guest at a restaurant called for the proprietor and said:

"Your prices are very peculiar. A week ago I dined here and paid fifteen francs. Here is the bill. Today I have had precisely the same dishes, and you charge me nineteen francs. Here is the second bill."

The proprietor examined the bills and said:

"I am very much obliged to you for calling my attention to this matter. The first bill was evidently a mistake, so you will please hand over four francs more."—Texas Siftings.

Charles XII and the Bomb.

As Charles XII of Sweden was dictating a letter to his secretary during the siege of Stralsund, a bomb fell through the roof into the next room in the house where they were sitting. The terrified secretary let the pen drop from his hand.

"What is the matter?" quoth the king.

"The bomb, sire!" cried the secretary.

"Ah! never mind the bomb; it will go off presently."

And it did.—Harper's Magazine.

The Reason Why.

Miss Beaconhill—Oh, I have enjoyed your spread so much, Mr. Holworthy! I think it was awfully nice of you to ask me.

Hollis—Oh, that's all right. We always ask everybody, you know, so as to pay up old scores.—Harvard Lampoon.

Nip and Tuck.

It's a neck and neck race, to borrow a classical phrase, between a $4 summer suit of clothes and a college graduate as to which will shrink the most during the next six months.—Binghamton Republican.

The Only One.

A resident of this city was complaining in an irritable way of the burden of his numerous children, when a 4-year-old sympathetically asked: "Papa, is dis de only family you eber raised?"—New Haven News.

Tit for Tat.

Miss Bunker Hill—I suppose the soldiers take care of the Indians on the reservation?

Mr. Western—Indeed they do, but the Indians take hair of the soldiers every chance they get.—Texas Siftings.

A Ten Strike.

"Bromley, how do you like Joe Grafton, the member we took into the club last night? There's something striking about him."

"Yes; he struck me for $10 this morning."—Detroit Free Press.

Even a Little Virtue Rewarded.

A poet sent to an editor a contribution entitled "Why Do I Live?" The editor answered, "Because you sent your contribution by mail instead of bringing it."—Industrial Review.

Permanently Disqualified.

Col. Braintree—What do you mean by being so careless, you rascal?

Cato—Bress yo' heart, sah! I'se done practiced so much wiv dat yer hogs in clober dat I cain't git ober d' motion.—Judge.