"AT LEAST A MARTYR."

She had a kissing-crust complexion, and a kind of apologetic scramble of a walk. Her eyes were beady, and her voice was unpleasant to the ear; her wrists were flat and had little bones like knitting needles in them, and her big head continually trembled, but kindness spread around about her ungainly little body, and loving kindness wrapped her like a garment. Her kind-heartedness was like a well-regulated carriage lamp—however much was spent there was always more pressing on behind.

But yet they called her ugly names—the little boys in the streets, and the gossiping servants, and even the ladies who went and drank tea and conversed with her of Shakespeare and the musical glasses; and especially the butcher, for she would not so much as look upon a piece of meat, and used to go and harangue him in his busiest moments on his hideous crime of taking the lives of fellow-creatures. When she met him driving the fated sheep to the shambles she became breathless with indignation and horror. So that he always escaped a lecture then.

In her calmer moments she used to say: "My dear, perhaps it's silly of me to be more grieved about one than another, but I do feel sorriest for the lambs. You see, the sheep have had a little time to enjoy themselves!"

Her furniture was all moth eaten; mice paraded themselves in the daytime, and she had dismissed more than one maid for suddenly and slaughterously descending at dead of night to pour boiling water on a floorful of black beetles.

She said to me once: "Children and cats and dogs and rabbits and canaries have plenty of people to love them, so I try to put the balance right by loving those things that other people despise and kill and call unclean. Why, my dear, I do believe the very worms in my garden know me, and last year I had a dear rat that followed me about and begged like a dog."

"Wasn't that the historic rat, father of the family that devoured Farmer Goodson's corn?" I asked in the hardness of my heart.

She looked a little disconcerted and took up her knitting.

"Well, my dear, perhaps it was," she owned, "though it may just as well have been any other, and it's rather unfair to condemn a thing unheard right off like that. But it was a very good year," she added triumphantly next minute, "and he could easily spare it! Think how they enjoyed it. And one reason why I love all these becalled creatures is that it must be so nice for them to feel that one person out of the great contemptuous human race doesn't despise them."

"But they can't know it," I objected, for I did not know her very well then.

"Don't you think so?" she asked deep down in her queer guttural way; "don't you think so?"

I had stated my case, so I only shook my head.

"Oh, yes," she said, with a far-away look in the heads, "people stand upon platforms and scream out that woman wants this and woman wants that. I tell you, my dear, that all a woman wants is something to love."

They sometimes called her "I-tell-you-my-dear."

"Oh, yes," she went on again, "they call it cranks, and call it fads, and old maids' whims to love something but husbands and babies and things one hasn't got; but I tell you, my dear, it saves a woman's soul alive!"

And thereupon she scrambled across the room and fetched and opened "The Contemporary" at a marked passage in an article on the Armenians, and read aloud to me with ineffable scorn:

"First their movable wealth was seized, then their landed property was confiscated, next the absolute necessities of life were wrested from them, and finally honor, liberty and life were taken with as little ado as if these Christian men and women were wasps or mosquitoes."

"Now, my dear," she said, pushing her spectacles up her forehead and looking piercingly at me, "I say the day will come when the honor and liberty of life of wasps and mosquitoes will be no more infringed than those of the so-called Christians who now destroy them without a thought!"

She clasped her hands together, and gazed into space in an ecstasy, while "The Contemporary" sidled to the floor and burst its back. I could have kissed her, she was so dear and mad. And yet when that same day I heard somebody call her the mad old maid I turned on him in a rage of indignation.

She was terribly hurt and shocked when the curate and I combined to prevent her getting up a Zoo Depopulating Society. She had calculated that for £15,000 all the animals could be safely returned to their native countries. She said to him that she wondered especially at him. "Don't you remember," she asked him, "how your Master said 'Other sheep I have'? How do you know it wasn't the dear patient animals on this planet? And how you, and men like you, who profess to serve that Master can face them hereafter!"—— Her emotion was too much for her. She ended in gesture language.

So that I was quite used to startling ideas from her. But one day in one brief instant she took all my breath away and caused me to sit unthinkingly down upon a basket of deserted young bats that she was bringing up on a drawing-room chair.

She had a violently orange paper book in her hand, and she greeted me with an abstracted air.

"My dear," she said, "will you join the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Germs?"

I merely gasped, and she laid down the orange book, and produced a notebook to enroll me and enter my subscription.

"It's a society that I'm going to try and form. This"—she proudly fingered that orange pamphlet—"is the prospectus, so to speak. I shall send it all around, and I am sure that in this enlightened England, in this nineteenth century, there must be hundreds of people only waiting for a word of this kind to realize the enormities that are every day perpetrated under the name of modern science and progress, and to joyfully perceive their duty and do it!" I could tell she was quoting from the pamphlet. "And then the great question of justice. People are very ready, nay, quite prettily anxious to be just to anything that is pleasing to them, anything that delights their eye, or when the injustice offends their artistic sensibilities; but I say true justice is justice to things that are ugly, things that are harmful to you, things that you hate! People go wild over massacres here, and atrocities there—let them look at home. Anything that happens far enough away they will spend their money and their lives trying to put right, but the tragedies that happen under their own noses, the creatures that are being murdered in their millions——" When she got excited she always overran herself, so to say, and had to pull up. "All these typhoid germs," she said when she could breathe again, "diphtheritic germs, and so on, are quite good in themselves, you know. They're no more criminal than your own butcher and poulterer and cat and dog. I go further than most people, I know," she said with a grim kind of smile. "My one idea is universal justice. And I say if the climate of the interior suits them, why it's nothing short of barbarous to deny it to them."

"I don't understand you one bit," I got in at last.

"My dear," she said, "the plain truth is, we've no right to take their lives!"

"But in self defense?" I murmured, helplessly flabbergasted; "surely it's justifiable—a——"

"Fratricide?" she chirped cutely.

"But they would take our lives if we didn't take theirs."

"And that's a nice Christian principle to go upon!" she cried.

"Well, how do you propose to avoid it?"

"Murder's one thing and prevention's another. You admit that, don't you?"

"Of course."

"And they've just as much right to their lives as we to ours. People will recognize that some day. They're slowly waking up now. One by one innocent helpless lives are being protected. It began with the earliest humanitarians who made slaves instead of sacrifices of prisoners of war, and it's only just reached dumb animals after all these thousands of years! But it's the tendency of the age, and I'm only just a very little in advance of it. Your children will hold views you think absurd, and look on you as a savage, probably even as a murderer. And some day there will be universal recognition of the universal law, and the earth will be one huge paradise!"

"But if the creatures are not to kill each other, what will they live on?"

"Vegetables," she said triumphantly. "And much healthier, too!"

"But vegetables have organic life, too, and by-and-by no doubt we shall find out that they have consciousness and all the rest of it.'

"Then perhaps some chemical—you confuse me——" And there was a vacant, struggling, baffled look in her eye that I did not remember to have seen before.

She looked so distressed that I wanted to do nothing but make her comfortable again.

"You didn't tell me what your prevention was to be," I said.

She brightened up like a coal alight in a draught, and turned to her opening address in the book.

"Oh, rational clothing and pure food and good air and avoiding contagion."

"But let us be logical, dear lady," I said invitingly. "I can't see that you have any right either to deprive them of sustenance and prevent them from propagating their kind if they wish to. And surely death by starvation is very painful to them?"

She was silent. Her eyebrows went up in a three-cornered sort of way, and made puzzled creases in all directions.

"My dear, I wish you hadn't suggested that," she said at last. "I shall hardly know how to act."

"And you must remember that they only live by killing the good germs in you—which have every bit as much right to live as they."

She looked startled and passed her hand over her forehead.

"Q-quite so," she murmured.

"And the good ones don't take people's lives, and the bad ones do. And we've no right," I said going back to grown-up tones, "since you take your stand on right, to let our fellow creatures be murdered by them."

She looked at me frightened.

'They say I can only see one side of a thing at a time," she said in a mournful confusion, very pathetic, "and I hadn't thought of all that!"

She looked so hopelessly bewildered and distressed and dropped her hands in such a miserable, abandoned way, that I passed abruptly to the curate's latest twins.

As I said good by she smiled sadly at me till the kissing crust was a mass of worried creases, and said:

"My dear, I wish you hadn't made that suggestion!"

But when I ran back two minutes later for my sunshade, she had got out the orange book again and was reading happily in it her eloquent setting forth of the aims o fthe Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Germs, and her face was slowly turning again to peaceful and benevolent kissing-crust. And her niece, Daisy, who lived with her, looked at her and then smiled at me, as though she and I shared some amusing secret about the little woman. I stared back coldy, and Daisy, reddening, looked away.

For a week or so I saw nothing of her. Then one day she came down to me and stood in the middle of the room with her hands spread out and her beady eyes glittering with emotion.

"Daisy's got diphtheria," was all she said.

And I waited.

"And Rudolf, the man she's engaged to, you know, says it's all my fault. He says if she dies I shall have killed her. Oh, he's been saying such awful things to me!" She clasped her poor little hands to her poor big head. "Oh, he makes me so bewildered and confused. And he does nothing but ramp and stamp about the house. I told him he was mad, and should be locked up, and he said I was. And he said it was no good saying any more, and I said there was a great deal more to be said. But, however, it ended there. And it isn't my fault. I know it isn't. I've never brought a loose germ into the house. Not a single one, I assure you, my dear. And I'd rather"—she hesitated, and made a big swallow, and then dashed bravely on—"I'd rather kill a million germs all myself than have Daisy die! But, oh, I'm so torn in two! It's so nice to think of them having a really good meal, you know—such a healthy girl; but then to think of her suffering!"

"How do you mean a loose germ?" I asked.

She avoided my eye.

"Say," I said.

"Well, I had some shut-up ones sent down to me for the society. I thought perhaps—well, I don't know what I thought I could do with them. And I kept them for days, and looked at them with a microscope; and then at last it seemed such a shame to keep them shut up. They must have hated it so, you know, my dear. So I let them loose in the garden." She said it so realistically that I seemed to see a litter of puppies tumbled all anyhow out of a basket. "I thought, perhaps, my dear, down in the country they might change their habits and live on vegetables."

She smiled at me, a deprecatory, trembling little smile.

"You know you haven't found yet that vegetables have consciousness," she added.

"What kind of germs were they?" I asked sternly.

"Diphtheritic," she answered in a faint voice and looked down.

"I said nothing. What could one say?

"I don't know how they got at her," she said despairingly. "But it proves one thing—that humanity is their proper food, and that they must have it!" she added reflectively.

"I suppose you have a doctor?" I asked, hardly knowing what to say, while she stood there with her head thoughtfully on one side, abstractedly pulling at her gloves, which were half an inch longer than her fingers.

"I think it was very clever of them," she murmured in a kind of subduedly reckless triumph—"in all that garden!"

I asked again.

"Oh, yes, Rudolf got some one from London. And he's not only doing something to her," she said vaguely, "but to the garden! I think he might have saved her and spared them. I wanted to prevent him, but Rudolf wouldn't let me speak to him."

And she went away in a dazed state. I believe she realized far more that the germs were being destroyed than that Daisy was in danger. She always felt that human beings must be all right, there were so many people to look after them.

I went often to inquire after Daisy, who never did anything wrong and began to get well at once; but one day when I arrived there was nobody about. Nobody answered the bell, so I walked in at the open door, and went to the dining-room and drawing-room. They were empty. In the passage I met an alarmed maid.

"Oh, please, 'm," she gasped, "the mistress has got it!"

I turned straight up the stairs to her room. She was alone, a queer little bony body in a queer little uncomfortable box of a bed. She smiled encouragingly at me.

"Isn't it odd?" she said in a husky, difficult voice. "I can't get over the oddness of it."

"It's much more important for you to get over it," I said stupidly.

"We'll see about that," she answered with an indescribably wise, roguish look.

"What do you mean?" I stood at the bottom of her bed and looked at her as severely as I could.

She chuckled. There was something about that hoarse, painful little chuckle that made me turn away and gulp.

"Well," she said, a word or two at a time. "I don't mind telling you. They injected serum, of course. I couldn't prevent that anyway, but I only take and do half of what the doctor tells me. It gives them and me equal chances, you see. That's only fair, isn't it?"

I nodded. I couldn't speak. I wanted to kiss her or slap her, I didn't know which.

"At first I thought I'd not do anything to hurt them, and then I remembered what you said about good germs, and remembered there was a great deal more work I wanted to do in the world, and so I thought I'd take half! And nurse is so angry."

It took her a long time to say all that, and brought tears into her eyes with the pain of it. I found out from the nurse afterward that the doctor had also ideas, and ordered her to "take and do," as she called it, exactly twice as much as was necessary.

"And," she struggled on after a little, with that magnificent illogicalness of hers which might have been such a solace to her if she had only appreciated it, "I should like to die for my faith. Every new cause demands at least a martyr, you know!"

The next day she was much weaker.

"I wonder," she croaked at great intervals, almost inaudibly, with a faint flicker of a smile; "I wonder if all the germs will die when I die, or how long it will take to kill them. It seems rather a shabby sort of thing to do, to go and die and kill them all, doesn't it?"

I had my hand on hers, and the only answer I could make was to squeeze it in a dumb, stupid way.

All at once she feebly snatched it back.

"Go to the window," she said, "go as far away as you can, but listen. I want to tell you something."

I listened, and by-and-by came the hoarse, whirring, distressing speech.

"It's this," she said, and her discolored little face worked with the anguish of effort around those shining beads of eyes. "If it hadn't been for all those dear, despised things to love, I should have gone mad—mad, I tell you, my dear!"

I murmured something.

And then all at once in heart-breaking haste she made shift to cry: "Oh, my dear, love something. If it kills you it's better than not to have loved!"

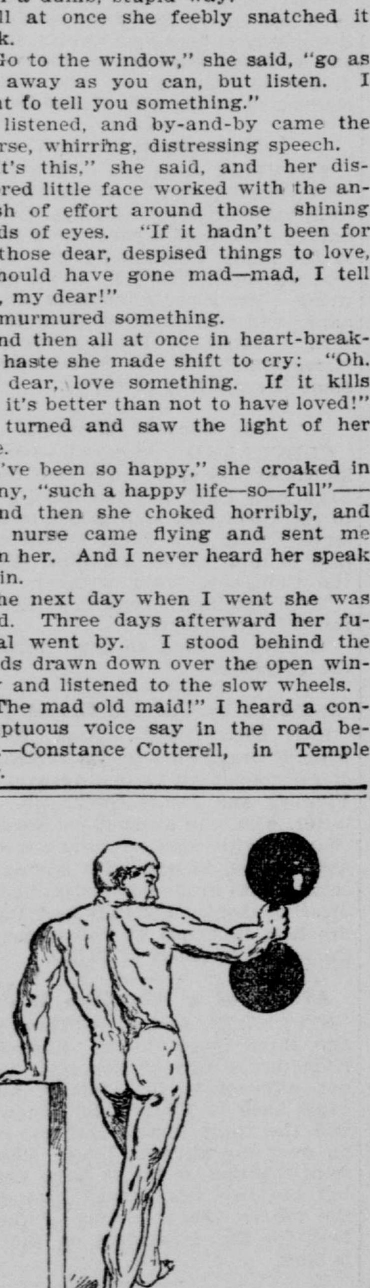
I turned and saw the light of her face.

"I've been so happy," she croaked in agony, "such a happy life—so—full"——

And then she choked horribly, and the nurse came flying and sent me from her. And I never heard her speak again.

The next day when I went she was dead. Three days afterward her funeral went by. I stood behind the blinds drawn down over the open window and listened to the slow wheels.

"The mad old maid!" I heard a contemptuous voice say in the road below.—Constance Cotterell, in Temple Bar.



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COMMERCIAL.

BETTER TONE TO WHEAT MARKET AT SAN FRANCISCO.

Barley Inactive and Receipts Coming in Freely—Fancy Oats Scarce.

San Francisco, Aug. 31st.

Chicago Wheat is stronger; the local market is steadier and there seems to be more disposition to do business; a cargo down to-day from Port Costa for England. Flour has remained unchanged during the week; export business has been quite active. Barley is still inactive and coming in freely from along the coast; options are quiet. Oats have been arriving sparingly; prices have undergone no changes, trading being still of a hand-to-mouth character; Fancy Oats are scarce and are wanted. Corn is steady; the demand is fairly good; practically nothing but Eastern Corn on the market at present. Rye has been firmly held, some choice bringing $1 12½.

During the week Peaches and Pears have been advancing, both packed and in bulk; the receipts of both have decreased considerably. Berries have arrived sparingly and have cleaned up well; very few Raspberries have been received and have brought fancy prices. Grapes have been more than abundant, and, with the exception of shipping days, have sold at low prices. Quinces arrived during the week, but they are not much wanted. Watermelons and Cantaloupes are in limited supply and are firm. Figs and Nectarines cut but little figure and might as well be out altogether.

Dried Fruits (new crop) have ruled very firm, and prospects are good for the prices being sustained and even going higher. Apricots were more active at the beginning, but are now more quiet, but prices show no weakening. Prunes and Raisins have an advancing tendency.

Butter is weak; the trade turned to packed goods, and fresh goods accumulated. The presence of large quantities of Eastern Eggs on the market has weakened local stock; the quality of native Eggs is poor, generally; market weak.

Produce Quotations.

FLOUR—Family Extras, $5 25@5 35; Bakers' Extras, $5@5 10.

WHEAT—Shipping Wheat, $1 50 per ctl for No. 1 and $1 51¼ for Choice; Milling Wheat, $1 55@1 60.

BARLEY—Feed, 90@92½c per ctl; Choice, 93¾@95c; Brewing, $1 02½@1 10 per ctl for No. 1 and 97½c@$1 for coast.

OATS—Poor to fair, $1 05@1 12½ per ctl; good to choice, $1 15@1 25; fancy feed, $1 30@1 35 per ctl; New Red, $1 10@1 15; New Salinas, $1 12½@1 20; Gray, $1 10@1 15.

CORN—Large Yellow, $1 07½@1 12½; Small Yellow, nominal; White, $1 10@1 15 per ctl.

RYE—$1 07½@1 10.

BUCKWHEAT—Nominal.

MIDDLINGS—$19@22 per ton.

BRAN—$14 50@15 per ton.

ROLLED BARLEY—$21@22 per ton.

CLIPPED OATS—$1@2 per ton more than the whole article, as to quality.

HAY—Wheat, $12@15; Wheat and Oat, $11@14; Oat, $10@12; Barley, $9@12 for the best; Alfalfa, $8 50@10; Clover, $7 50@9 50; Stock, $7@9; Compressed Wheat, $12 50@14.

STRAW—30@40c per bale.

HOPS—Good to choice, 5@7c; fancy, 9@10c.

BEANS—Bayos, $3; Butter, $1 10@1 50; Pink, $1 40@1 50; Red, $1 40@1 50; Lima, $2 15@2 25; Pea, $1 30@1 50; Small White, $1 35@1 50; Large White, $1 30@1 50; Blackeye, $2@2 20; Red Kidney, nominal.

POTATOES—In boxes and sacks—Early Rose, 30@40c per ctl; River Burbanks, 40@50c per ctl; Salinas Burbanks, 65@75c per ctl; new Sweet, ¾@1c per lb.

ONIONS—Silverskins, $1@1 10 per ctl; Pickle, 65@75c per ctl.

VEGETABLES—Cucumbers, 20@25c per box for Bay; Garlic, 1½@2c per lb; Green Peas, 1@2½c per lb; String Beans, 1½@3c per lb; Bay Squash, 25@35c per box; Tomatoes, 35@50c per box for River and 30@50c for Bays; Green Corn, 75c@$1 in sacks, 65@75c per box for Berkeley, and 75c@$1 25 in crates; Green Peppers, 25@35c per box for Chile and 40@50c per box for Bell; Egg Plant, 35@50c per box; Green Okra, 25@50c per box; Lima Beans, 2@3c per lb; Pickles, 65@75c per ctl for No. 1 and 35@40c per ctl for No. 2.

FRESH FRUITS—Apples—Large boxes, 40@65c; Crab Apples, 15@35c per box.

Berries—Strawberries, $3 50@4 per chest for large; Blackberries, $1 75@2 50 per chest; Raspberries, —@— per chest; Huckleberries, 4@6c per lb.

Cantaloupes—75c@$1 25 per crate; Nutmegs, 40@50c per box.

Figs—Small boxes, 30@40c; large, 50@65c.

Grapes—20@35c per box for Fontainbleau and Sweetwater; Muscats, 35@45c; Black, 30@40c Tokay, 35@40c per box; Seedless, 50@60c; Isabella, 75c@$1; crate grapes for shipping bring 5@10c more than boxes.

Nectarines—White, 25@30c per box; Red, 50@60c.

Peaches—40@75c per box; in bulk, $17@25 per ton for Freestones and $30@40 for Clings.

Pears—Common, 35@50c; choice, 60@75c per box; in bulk, $20@25 per ton.

Plums—20@40c per box and crate.

Quinces—35@50c per box.

Watermelons—$10@17 50 per hundred; picked sizes higher.

CITRUS FRUITS—Oranges, Valencias, $1 50@3 per box; other varieties, nominal; Mexican Limes, repack, $5 50@6 per box; California Lemons, $1@2 50 for common to choice and $3 for fancy.

TROPICAL FRUITS—Bananas—$1@2 per bunch; Pineapples, $2@4 per dozen; Smyrna Figs, 13@14c per lb; Persian Dates, 6c per lb.

DRIED FRUIT—New Crop—Apricots, 5@6½c per lb for Royal, 7@8½c for Moor Park; Prunes, 3@5c; Black Figs, jobbing, 3@3½c; Raisins, 3c for 2-crown, 4c for 3-crown, 5c for 4-crown and $1 10 for London layers; Peaches, 5½@7½c; Nectarines, 5½c; Pitted Plums, 4½@5½c; Pears, 5@5½c for quarters and 6½@7c for halves.

Old crop—Jobbing prices: Apples—Evaporated, 5½@6c; sun-dried, 3@4c. Peaches, 4@6½c; peeled in boxes, 10½c. Pears—Fancy, 5@6c; choice, 3½c; standard, 2½c; prime, 2c. Plums—Pitted, 4@4½c; unpitted, 1@1½c Prunes—4 sizes, 2½@2¾c; Nectarines, 4@5c. Figs—Choice White, 3c; do Black, 4c.

BUTTER—Creamery—Fancy, 22@22½c lb; seconds, 21@22c. Dairy—Fancy, 20c; good to choice, 17@19c lower grades, 14@16. Pickled—17@18c; Firkin, 16@17c; Creamery Tub, 18@20c.

CHEESE—Fancy mild new, 8c; fair to good, 7@7½c; California Cream Cheddar, 10@11c; Young America, 8@9c; Eastern, 12@14c; Western, 11@12c.

EGGS—15@18c per dozen for store and 20@24c per dozen for ranch; Eastern, 15@18c; Duck Eggs, 16@17c per dozen.

POULTRY—Live Turkeys, 13@14c per lb for Hens and 14@15c for Gobblers; Roosters, $3 50@4 for old, $3 50@5 50 for young; Broilers, $1 75@2 50 for small, $2 75@3 for large; Fryers, $3@3 50; Hens, $3@4; Ducks, $2 75@3 for old and $2 50@3 50 for young; Geese, 75c@$1 per pair; Goslings, $1@1 50; Pigeons, $1@1 25 per dozen.

GAME—Nominal.

Meat Market.

Following are the rates for whole carcases from slaughters to dealers:

BEEF — First quality, 5½@6c; second quality, 5c; third quality, 4@4½c per lb.

VEAL—5½@6½c for large and 7@8c per lb for small.

MUTTON—Wethers, 5½@6½c; Ewes, 5@6c per lb.

LAMB—7@7½c per lb.

PORK—Live Hogs, 3½@3⅝c per lb for heavy and 3¾@3⅞c for small; dressed, 5@6c per lb.

sage, 12½c; Vienna Sausage, 15c; Bacon, 8@13½c; Ham, 12½@13½c.

HAY AND GRAIN—Oat Hay, 65@75c per cwt; Alfalfa, first cutting, 45@50c; second and third cutting, 50@55c; Whole Barley, $1 20; Ground Barley, $1 25; Feed Oats, $1 20@1 50; Middlings, 95c; Bran, 85c; Straw, 50@55c; Corn, $1 35 per ctl; Cracked Corn, $1 45.

GRANITE MINING CANDLES—(Wholesale)—10-oz, 6¼c; 12-oz, 7c; 14-oz, 7½c; 16-oz, 8½c.

ELECTRIC LIGHT CANDLES—(Wholesale)—10-oz, 5¼c; 12-oz, 6c; 14-oz, 6¾c; 16-oz, 7½c.

GASOLINE—(Wholesale)—Stove Gasoline, cases, 17c; Stove Gasoline, bulk, 11½c; 86-degree Gasoline, cases, 25c; 86-degree Gasoline, bulk, 20c; 63-degree Benzine, cases, 16½c; 63-degree Benzine, bulk, 11c.

SACRAMENTO MARKET.

No Change in the Situation in Local Produce Circles.

Sacramento, Aug. 31st.

There was no change in the situation in local produce circles to-day. Trade continued fairly good at unchanged prices.

Following are the retail prices for the various articles mentioned:

FLOUR—Family Extras, $2 90 per 100 lbs; $1 50 for 50 lbs.

FRUIT—Oranges, 50c per doz; Limes, 10c; Lemons, 15@25c per dozen; Cocoanuts, 10c each; Bananas, 25c per dozen; Strawberries, 10c; Grapes, 3c per lb; Apples, 3c; Pears, 5c; Peaches, 3@5c; Watermelons, 10@25c; Cantaloupes, 10c; Plums, 3c per lb; Nectarines, 3c per lb.

NUTS—New Walnuts, 15c per lb; New Almonds, 12½c; New Brazils, 12½c; Pecans, 16c; Filberts, 15c.

DAIRY PRODUCE—Butter—Pickle, 20@21c per lb; Mountain, 20c; Valley Roll, 18@20c; Petaluma, 40c per roll; Creamery, 50c per roll. Cheese—California, 15c per lb; Young America, 17c; Eastern Creamery, 15@20c; Genuine Swiss, 40c; American Swiss, 30c; Martin's Creamery, 20c; Sage Cheese, 20c; Neufchatel, 10c.

VEGETABLES—Green Corn, 15c dozen; Peas, 5@7c per lb; Cucumbers, 6 for 5c; Tomatoes, 2½c per lb; Celery, 10c per head; Cauliflower, 10c per head; Artichokes, 40c per doz; New Potatoes, 2½c per lb; Turnips, Beets, Parsnips, Carrots, Lettuce, Raddishes, Leek and Green Onions, 12½c per dozen bunches; Onions, 2c per lb; Peppers, 5c per lb; Okra, 5c per lb; Summer Squash, 2½c per lb; Wax Beans, 5c per lb; Green do, 5c per lb; Lima Beans, 5c per lb; Cranberry Beans, 5c per lb; Egg Plant, 5c per lb; Sweet Potatoes, 2½c per lb.

POULTRY—Hens, 60c each; Spring, 50c each; Broilers, 25@40c each; Tame Geese, $1 50 each; Tame Ducks, 75c each; Young Turkeys, 20c per lb.

EGGS—California, 25c per dozen; Eastern, 20c dozen.

MEATS—Beef—Prime Rib Roast, 12½@15c; Loin Steak, 12½@15c; Rump Steak, 10c; Chuck Roast, 10c; Rump, 8c; Brisket, 8c; Chuck Steak, 10c. Veal—Loin and Rib Chops, 15c; Roast Veal, 12c. Mutton—Leg, 11@12½c; Loin and Rib Chops, 12½c; Mutton Stew, 8c; Shoulder Chops, 8c. Pork—8@12c per lb; Corned Beef, 8@12½c; Sau-

Eastern Grain Market.

New York, Aug. 31st.

WHEAT—September, 96⅛c; December, 94⅜c.

Chicago, Aug. 31st.

WHEAT—August, 90c; September, 89½c; December, 89⅛c; May, 91¼c.

California Fruit Sales.

Porter Brothers Company sold August 31st at open auction California fruit as follows:

At Chicago—Pears—Bartletts, 75c@$1 65 per box and 40@70c per half box; Du Comice, $1 10; B. Hardy, 65@90c. Grapes—Tokay, 75c@$1 40 per single crate; Muscat, 55c@$1 25; Rose de Peru, 70c. Prunes—Gros, 70c@$1 20; Fallenberg, 75c@$1 05; German, 70@85c. Plums—Egg, 50@90c. Peaches—Piquett's Late, 50@80c; Salways, 75c.

At Boston—Grapes—Tokay, $1 15@1 90 per single crate; Muscat, 45c. Pears—Bartletts, $1 05@1 65. Nectarines—$1 40. Plums—Japan, 85c@$1 30; Egg, 90c; Golden Drops, 65@75c. Prunes—Gros, $1 60; Hungarian, $1 15@1 60; Silver, 65c@$1. Peaches—60c@$1 05.

At New York—Plums—Japan, $1 40@4 per box and $1 05@1 25 per single crate; Egg, 45@80c. Grapes—Cornichon, $3 per double crate; Tokay, $2@$2 05 and 80c@$2 per single crate; Muscat, 55@80c and $1 per double crate; assorted, 60c@$1 75 per single crate; others, 55@90c. Pears—Bartletts, 80@$1 70 per box and 35c per single crate; B. Clairgeaus, $1 30; others, $1. Prunes—Gros, $1@1 30; Hungarian, 85c@$1 20; others, 65c@$1 05. Peaches—25@75c.

California Dried Fruit.

NEW YORK, Aug. 31.—California dried fruits steady. Evaporated Apples—Prime wire tray, 6c per lb; wood dried prime, 6c; choice, 6¼c; fancy, 6¾c. Prunes—3½@7½c per lb, as to size and quality. Apricots—Royal, 7@8c; Moor Park, 8@10c. Peaches—Unpeeled, 6@8c; peeled, 11@14c.

SAN FRANCISCO STOCKS.

San Francisco, Aug. 31st.

Morning Session—Alpha, 25@23c; Alta, 12c; Andes, 24c; Belcher, 45c; B & B, 83@82c; Bullion, 13c; Challenge, 48@47c; Chollar, 80c; C C V, $1 45; Confidence, $1 15; C Point, 38c; Exchequer, 5c; G & C, 60@59c; H & N, 96c; Julia, 5c; Kentuck, 7c; Mexican, 57@56c; Ophir, 80@79c; Overman, 15@14c; Potosi, 47@46c; Savage, 36c; S Nevada, 77@76c; Utah, 33@31c; Yellow Jacket, 40c.

Afternoon Session—Ophir, 80c; Mexican, 58c; G & C, 59@58c; B & B, 82c; C C V, $1 45@1 40; Savage, 37c; Chollar, 81@80c; Potosi, 47c; H & N, $1; Yellow Jacket, 37c; Con Imperial, 3c; Kentuck, 8c; Alpha, 22c; Belcher, 42c; S Nevada, 75c; Utah, 26c; Bullion, 11c; Exchequer, 3c; Overman, 14c; Alta, 12c; Julia, 5c; Silver Hill, 4c; Challenge, 47c; Occidental, $1 40; Andes, 22c; Scorpion, 5c; Standard, $1 85; Union, 40c.

Closing Quotations—Alta, 11c; Alpha, 19c; Andes, 19c; Belcher, 40c; B & B, 75c; Bullion, 11c; Caledonia, 22c; Challenge, 44c; Chollar, 75c; Confidence, $1 05; C C V, $1 40; Con Imperial, 3c; C Point, 33c; Exchequer, 5c; G & C, 52c; H & N, $1; Julia, 4c; Justice, 8c; Kentuck, 7c; Mexican, 55c; Occidental, $1 35; Ophir, 74c; Overman, 13c; Potosi, 45c; Savage, 34c; Scorpion, 6c; S Nevada, 7c; Silver Hill, 3c; Union, 43c; Utah, 23c; Yellow Jacket, 35c; Standard, $1 85.

ONLY ONE DOLLAR A YEAR—THE WEEKLY UNION. The best weekly.

A GRAND OPENING

—OF—

New Fall Dress Goods and Silks.

TO-DAY.

This store can pride itself this season of having the finest and best selected stock of New Fall Dress Goods and Silks ever opened up in this city. All the new novelties to be found in the Eastern markets are to be had here. It would do one's heart good to glance over the stock of New Black and Colored Novelties. Buying for seven stores places us in a position to sell goods lower than any single store, and which means a big saving for you.

ONE CONTINUAL STREAM OF NEWNESS.

JACQUARD SUITS.

Black Figured Jacquard Suitings, some very choice patterns. A leader at

25c yard.

ENGLISH DIAGONAL.

36-inch All-wool English Diagonal Serge. A heavy purchase enables us to sell it at

25c yard.

FIGURED MOHAIR.

44-inch Black Figured Mohair and Pierole Suitings. These are very choice and great value.

35c yard.

FIGURED MOHAIR.

46-inch Black Mohair Broche Medier, in small designs. A good wearing material.

50c yard.

BLACK PIEROLE CLOTH.

One of the most extreme novelties is a 46-inch All-wool Imported Pierole Suiting, at

$1 and $1 50 yard.

NOVELTY SUITINGS AT 50c.

A handsomer line of colors and patterns were never shown in this city. Our Eastern buyer bought a full assortment for all seven stores. These goods are considered good value at 75c and $1. See them.

50c yard.

The new cloth for Ladies' Tailor Made Suitings (Muscovetta Cloth), in all solid colors, having a Henrietta finish, with fleece back.

75c and $1 yard.

NEW FALL SILKS.

The new Fall Silks are arriving daily, and by the way they are showing up a handsomer line was never shown. Everything as it appears in the Eastern markets will be found here. This store will be headquarters for everything that is new and fashionable.

FANCY CHEVIOTS.

All-wool Colored Suitings. These patterns are entirely new, in a pretty line of colorings.

25c yard.

FANCY CHEVIOTS.

38-inch All-wool Fancy Mixed Cheviots, in new fall shades; a good wearing material.

40c yard.

ENGLISH TWEED.

44-inch All-wool English Tweed, in all the new fall shades. This line is a splendid wearing material.

75c yard.

FANCY PIEROLE CLOTH.

Fancy Colored Pierole Cloth, in pretty two-tone effects, with raised designs. Very stylish line.

75c yard.

PATTERN SUITS.

All new and extreme novelties in Patterns Suits are here to be shown. NO TWO ALIKE. Some 100 styles and prices. Are now on exhibition.

HALE BROS. & CO.

825 TO 835 K STREET.

CITY OFFICIAL ADVERTISING.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS, NO. 364.

PURSUANT TO LAW AND TO THE resolution of the Board of Trustees of the City of Sacramento, adopted August 30, 1897, directing this notice, the undersigned invites and will receive at his office, southwest corner Fourth and J streets, up to 5 o'clock p. m. of MONDAY, September 6, 1897, sealed proposals or bids for the following street work, to be done according to the specifications posted and on file therefor adopted, to wit:

That the alley between I and J streets, in said city, from the east line of Sixth street to the west line of Seventh street, be improved by grading and paving with basalt blocks, constructing granite curbs and a brick catch basin to be connected to the sewer therein.

All proposals must be accompanied by a certified check, payable to the order of the Mayor of the City of Sacramento, for an amount not less than 10 per cent. of the aggregate of the proposal, or by a bond for the said amount, and so payable, and throughout as prescribed by law.

M. J. DESMOND, City Clerk.
Sacramento, August 31, 1897.

RESOLUTION OF INTENTION, NO. 366.

RESOLVED, THAT IT IS THE intention of the Board of Trustees of the City of Sacramento to order the following street work to be done, to wit:

That the alley between N and O streets, in said city, from the center line of Twenty-fifth street to the west line of Twenty-sixth street, be improved by constructing therein a vitrified ironstone pipe sewer eight (8) inches in diameter, with six (6) inch "Y" branches and a brick manhole.

And notice is hereby given that all persons objecting to said work are required to file their objections in writing, in the office of the Clerk of the Board of Trustees, as required by law, stating how much frontage on said streets is represented by the party so objecting, and on what street the property so represented is located.

And the Clerk is hereby directed to post this resolution conspicuously for two days near the chamber door of this board; also to publish the same for two days in the "Record-Union" newspaper as required by law.

The "Record-Union" newspaper is hereby designated as the paper in which to publish the notices required by law to be published by the Superintendent of Streets of said city, in relation to the work described aforesaid.

In Board of Trustees: Sacramento, August 30, 1897.

Adopted by the following vote: Ayes—Trustees Wachhorst, Kent, Davis, McKay, Tozer, Devine, Pennish, Leonard.
Absent—Trustee Bentley.
CHARLES E. LEONARD,
President of the Board of Trustees.
M. J. Desmond, Clerk of the Board of Trustees.

RESOLUTION ORDERING WORK, NO. 364.

RESOLVED, THAT THE BOARD OF Trustees of the City of Sacramento deems it to be required by the public interest or convenience, and hereby orders the following street work to be done according to the specifications therefor hereby adopted, and now one file, to wit:

That the alley between I and J streets, in said city, from the east line of Sixth street to the west line of Seventh street, be improved by grading and paving with basalt blocks, constructing granite curbs and a brick catch basin, to be connected to the sewer therein.

The Clerk of this board is hereby directed to post conspicuously for a period of five days on the bulletin board near the chamber door of the office of this board, notice hereof, with specifications, inviting sealed proposals for said work, and requiring therewith a certified check, payable to the Mayor of the City of Sacramento, for an amount not less than 10 per cent. of the aggregate of the proposal, or by a bond for the said amount, and so payable, all as prescribed as law; and the Clerk of this board is also directed to publish such notice for two days and to publish this resolution for two days as required by law, each in the "Record-Union," a daily newspaper published and circulated in this city.

In Board of Trustees: Sacramento, August 30, 1897.

Adopted by the folowing vote: Ayes—Trustees Wachhorst, Kent, Davis, McKay, Tozer, Devine, Pennish, Leonard.
Absent—Trustee Bentley.
CHARLES E. LEONARD,
President of the Board of Trustees.
M. J. Desmond, Clerk of the Board of Trustees.

NOTICE OF STREET WORK.

PUBLIC NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the Board of Trustees of the City of Sacramento, on the 30th day of August, 1897, adopted Resolution, No. 366, of its intention to order the folowing street work to be done, viz:

That the alley between N and O streets, in said city, from the center line of Twenty-fifth street to the west line of Twenty-sixth street, be improved by constructing therein a vitrified ironstone pipe sewer eight (8) inches in diameter with six (6) inch "Y" branches, and a brick manhole.

For further particulars reference is hereby made to said resolution on file in the office of the City Clerk.

Sacramento, August 31, 1897.
E. J. CROLY,
Superintendent of Streets.

ORDINANCE, NO. 370.

An Ordinance Prohibiting the Attendance at School, Church, Places of Amusement, or of Riding in Public Vehicles, of Any Person Affected with Certain Infectious and Contagious Diseases, and Providing Other Restrictions in Respect to Said Diseases and Providing a Penalty for the Violation of the Ordinance, approved November 25, 1894.

THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES OF THE City of Sacramento do ordain as follows:

Section 1. No person afflicted with any of the following infections or contagious diseases, to wit: Scarlet fever, diphtheria, cholera, smallpox, measles, mumps or whooping cough shall be admitted into any public or private school in the City of Sacramento.

Section 2. No parent, guardian, tutor, or person having charge or control of any child or children, shall allow or permit any such child or children to go from any building infected with scarlet fever, diphtheria, smallpox, cholera, or measles, to attend any public or private school, church, place of amusement, or to travel in any public vehicle in the City of Sacramento.

Section 3. No person excepting the attending physician, or physicians, shall be permitted or allowed to go from any house or building infected with scarlet fever, diphtheria, cholera, smallpox, or measles, to attend any public or private school, church, place of amusement, or to travel in any public vehicle in the City of Sacramento.

Section 4. Any person violating any of the provisons of this ordinance shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction thereof shall be punished by a fine of not less than ten dollars, nor more than fifty dollars, for the first offense, and not less than fifty dollars, nor more than one hundred dollars for each subsequent offense, or by imprisonment in the city prison to the extent of one day for each two dollars of fine so imposed.

Section 5. This ordinance shall take effect from and after its passage.