PENNSYLVANIA'S QUEER SECTS.

A Love Feast Among the River Brethren—Stories of One of the Broadbrim Farmers.

HUMMELSTOWN, Pa., June 25.—The River Brethren of Pennsylvania closely resemble the old Dunkards, the Amish, and the Seventh Day Baptists. These plain and simple folks are scattered all over eastern Pennsylvania. They recently held their annual love feast in Lebanon County, near this place. They had an ox roast, public feet washing, a praise meeting, and a general reunion. About six hundred persons were present.

To the stranger these various Pennsylvania German sects all look alike, but upon close inquiry their beliefs, forms of worship, habits, and customs are found to be different. One sect baptizes by plunging the convert three times into the water forward; another sect plunges its converts into the water backward. One uses no buttons on garments; another uses buttons. The no-button people use hooks and eyes only. The dress of one of these farmers is usually a very broad-brimmed black wool hat, stiff and strong; a dark brown cutaway coat, with a small collar and no lapels; hooks and eyes in a row down in front; dark pantaloons, cut straight up and down (no spring bottoms). His hair is always worn very long, and cut off straight, like a brush. Generally they are dark-haired and dark-eyed. Their style of dress has not changed in a hundred years, and their tailors have used nothing but the regulation patterns since their ancestors first crossed the sea. The young men follow closely in the paths of their fathers, and the make-up of a 16-year-old boy is generally the same as his 50-year-old sire.

The women wear the plainest of garments. Coarse brown or dark gray frocks with very narrow skirts; dark silk handkerchiefs over their shoulders; black silk and pasteboard bonnets, stiffy made on the scoop-shovel pattern; a pair of rough calfskin shoes. Thus attired they are ready for a meeting, the market, or a marriage, as the case may be. The 17-year-old girl dresses like her mother and grandmother, only the child sometimes wears a silk kerchief of a color brighter than that worn by her mother. To see their pretty black eyes it is necessary to get a look at them from the front.

The assemblage at the love feast was made up of just this class of people. Some of them came twenty miles, and their conveyances covered several acres. These farmers generally own first-class horses, and they take a pride in driving to the feast in their best turnouts. An ample stock of feed is brought with them, and the horses are tied along the fences. Four ministers or speakers were present. The feet washing was at night. These services take place once a year before harvest, and are held to give praise to the Lord for His munificence in sending them abundant crops. The ceremony of washing feet is usually private. The men gird themselves with towels and, with a basin in hand, wash the feet of their brethren, in lesson in humility. The women wash each other's feet in the same manner. The baptisms are public. Then follows a general rejoicing, and a roasted ox is eaten.

"You are welcome," said a broadbrim to his city visitors. "You are welcome to partake of what we have. All strangers are welcome."

In the conversation that followed, the old gentleman said: "We very rarely engage in law suits; never among ourselves. We settle our own grievances between us, stick together, intermarry, keep honest, and that's about the way we get along. If you want to find the Amish people you must go down into the Conestoga Valley in Lancaster County. The Dunkards live over in Berks and Lancaster Counties, the Seventh Day Baptists about Ephrata, which is sometimes called Dunkardtown; the Moravians are over in Bethlehem, and also in Litiz, Lancaster County. We are all pretty much out over the same cloth, but there are many people who get us mixed up in their descriptions. Yesterday I attended the funeral of a very old Moravian over in Bethlehem. His name was Bickel, and he was nearly 80 years of age. For fifty years he was a member of the trombone quartet of the church. Their trombone player every Easter morning before daylight, go about the village playing suitable anthems. In their graveyards are no monuments, fancy railings, or fences. They are all buried in rows, rich and poor alike, men with men, and women with women. A small flat piece of marble is placed on each grave. The graves are numbered, and the record is kept in the church book. As they die they are buried, so that families are separated in the burying ground. At night their cemeteries look like empty grass fields.

"The Amish or Omish people are very strict. They have no churches, but they meet at one another's farms, and one of their number does the preaching. Their dress is very simple. If any of them meets with losses, by fire or otherwise, the others contribute so much apiece to make good the loss. If a son or daughter marries outside of their sect, he or she is disowned. In this they are very strict. They own magnificent farms, and their splendid horses are three times larger than their houses. No person in the world is more honest than an Amishman. They take no part in elections, but pay their taxes.

"I see that in the courts of Berks County a very interesting case has just been decided by a Master in Chancery, in which two parties in a Mennonite congregation were fighting for a church. The congregation split because their pastor, the Rev. Mr. Oberholtzer, refused to appear in church in a regulation coat. The regulation coat is one that has buttons on only side only, and no collar. Although the Rev. Oberholtzer went to Conference in a regulation coat to state his case, he lost it, and then he established a new sect, calling it the New Measure Mennonites.

"The story of Rachel Kerster has never found its way into print that I have heard of. She was the only child of a rich Dunkard, and she became tired of the plain dresses and primitive customs of her people. She informed her father of this and asked to be allowed to travel and see the world. Her father became angry; one word brought on another, until finally she was disowned. She left home, and her father spent three years in finding her. She had taken refuge with a friend in a small Western town, and when she was discovered she was wearing worldly dresses. She was taken home and dressed in homespun; but she soon died."

The love feast lasted three days. Sometimes they are held in the open air, and often in a very large frame building, containing table accommodation for hundreds of people, built especially for the purpose. Small congregations sometimes hold love feasts on the clean floors of a member's mammoth barn. Their service consists of song, prayer, baptism by immersion, foot washing, and feasting. The farmers go to the feasts in the morning and return to their homes at nightfall.

THE FUTURE EMPEROR OF GERMANY.

Prince William of Prussia and the Girl he is to Marry.

From the London Truth.

The formal betrothal dinner of Prince William of Prussia to Princess Augusta of Schleswig-Holstein took place at Babelsberg last week, and the Emperor made one of his rushing speeches; but the irritation which this announcement has produced has by no means subsided. It is looked upon as being a triumph of the English Court, and the Empress is so irate that she positively declined to attend the festivities, and only received a very "flying" visit from the Crown Princess on the return of the latter from her eight months' stay in Italy.

The young prince has been a much-pitied young man. The gods were unpropitious at his birth, the German doctors so wrenching his tiny arm that it has remained hanging palsied in powerless at his left side ever since. He cannot therefore fence well, or shoot well, or display his prowess in the gymnasium. But he is a good hand at whist, and waltzes as only Prussian officers can waltz. For his size he is rather thickset and fair, and in his face the sentimental predominates over the intellectual.

He may be expected to make a good King of Prussia, of the Frederick William IV. kind—that is to say, he will not startle Europe by a decided policy in anything. He has inherited the Hanoverian stolidity from his mother, and the Hohenzollern nose from his father. The loose setting of the lips gives an impression of indecision; therefore, it is to be hoped that, when his turn arrives to play the role of Emperor, he will be blessed with strong Ministerial aid.

The Princess, a tall, well-grown young lady, evidently prejudiced against tight lacing, has a will of her own, and refuses to be photographed by the venders of royal beauties. There is no fineness of form in her features. Her outward attractions consist of large, sentimental blue eyes, bounteous blond hair, and a snowy complexion, delicately tinted with the glow of health. The nose is expressive of good sense, but the chin disappoints lovers of the classic form. It is a little too small and receding, and seems uncontrolled by the will, as though it had a set of feelings apart from those belonging to the firm nose and brow.

Frauds in Blue Points.

From the Hour.

Heretofore the American oyster that has commended itself most fully to the English taste has been the Blue Point. Now it has "got a black eye." This is partly owing to its exceptionally poor quality last season, and partly to certain frauds by which the genuine Blue Points were adulterated with inferior stock.

These frauds, organized by small and irregular shippers, were stopped very skillfully. An agent of one of the New York houses at a station on South Bay had an eye to the matter, and one day saw suspected oysters on the cars. Watching his opportunity, he knocked the head of a barrel in and saw small Virginia oysters mixed with Blue Points, under the latter's brand. He sent at once a cipher dispatch to his employer. The New York house telegraphed to their Liverpool agents, who gave a hint to the Custom House. The result was that when the mixed oysters arrived they were rigidly inspected, condemned as misrepresented goods, and confiscated. Moreover, the consignees, or first owners, were arrested, and only paid heavy punishment by the intercession of an American merchant. To this day the men do not understand the "why and wherefore" of their failure to cheat.

Genuine, native-born Blue Points are almost a thing of the past; nevertheless their place is being well supplied by young oysters brought from the East River and allowed to lie six months or so on the South Shore, where they imbibe the virtues of the water and mud which make the originals so delectable. Iron ore is gliding instead of pure metal.

SEARCHING FOR A HUSBAND.

A Wife's Journey in Male Attire to Leadville and Back.

From the Pittsburgh Leader.

CHICAGO, June 14.—At a late hour last night a person who appeared to be a young country lad was escorted to the armory police station by a little girl. Said person reported that he was out of luck and would be thankful if the hospitalities of the "house" were extended to him for the night. He seemed to be exceedingly weary, and whatever resolution may have been taken to keep back an interesting secret, it was very soon broken. The station keeper was informed quietly that "he" was not a male youth, but a young woman. She had become tired of the inquisitive and doubting looks that she had so extensively received, and she resolved to make a full confession. In the first place, she was very thirsty and hungry; if she were given something to eat and drink and a place to rest, she would tell a truthful story of her strange wanderings and unfruitful search for a husband who had deserted her. Soon after a reporter called at the station and was permitted to hear from her own lips a history of one of the most interesting experiences on record. She talked with much rapidity, and sometimes so unconnectedly, that it was impossible to keep the thread of the story in mind without frequent interruptions. She had a thousand adventures to relate, and wanted to omit none of them when they were suggested.

She married John Randolph Kuhns, on Jan. 17. John was a miner, at Connellsville, Fayette County, Pa. Their wedding was celebrated the eighth time they had ever met, but it was a case of such love on her part that she was willing to leave her parents and marry against their will. They lived with John's brother for a time, each family paying half of the household expenses. Finally she became tired of that, and wanted to keep house. John consented, and bought furniture enough to start them. They were living happily enough, with never a word of dispute between them. Seven weeks ago last night John left the house, saying that he was going to the Post Office. He never returned. He had often spoken of a desire to go to Leadville, and a few days after his departure he wrote to his brother from Fort Wayne, Ind., that he would next be heard from in Leadville. That letter came on the Tuesday following his departure. On Wednesday she bought a man's outfit, had her hair shingled, sold her furniture, and resolved to go to Leadville herself. It was her purpose to keep in masculine dress one day, and shame him by her unexpected and probably undesired presence for abandoning her. On Thursday she left Connellsville in the habit of a boy of 18. She had just $80 in her pocket. She boarded a train and paid her fare to Pittsburgh. At that city she bought a ticket to Chicago, and on her arrival here spent two hours in the city. Her next ticket was purchased to Bonaparte, Iowa, and she went out over the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railroad. From Bonaparte she hastened to Omaha, at which point she found her money supply getting low. She parted with a flag overcoat, which her brother-in-law had lent her, for $3. A gold ring worth three times as much she got for it was sold for $14. At Omaha she had written home and informed her parents for the first time where she had gone and in what disguise. She confessed that she had done very wrong, and wanted to get back home. If they would send her money she would return by the next train. The scheme was successful. Her father sent her $30, which she proceeded to use as she had intended, in getting on to Leadville. That ephemeral town was safely reached, but her search for her husband proved fruitless. She was in the place eight days. The time was spent from daylight to dark each day in visits to the mines, until every one in that vicinity had been thoroughly canvassed, but no one answering in name or description to Ran Kuhns could be found or heard of. She boarded with a private family, and kept her expenses within a demand for the simple necessaries of life.

But her funds became exhausted, and at the end of eight days she had nothing left. She had seen many hardships and been looked upon suspiciously by many a person, but not one successfully detecting her sex was for what was her mission, aside from the single allegation that she was looking for a brother named Ran Kuhns. Her money did not give out until she had become convinced that Ran had not come to Leadville and that her search was fruitless. Her journey had been as futile as it was foolhardy. Her determination was still equal to the occasion, and she decided to start for home, although she had neither means of getting there nor ability to secure the means. On the night of the day she bade her kind landlady farewell, and with her small bundle swung over her shoulder, started out of town with a cheerful heart and a light step. The first few miles were passed on foot, seven days proved to be her "dead beating" way. She got on a freight train and was put off. Twice she was put off the same train, and as many times succeeded in making several miles. In short, she "beat her way" to Denver, to Pueblo, Cheyenne, and finally to Omaha. She lived on what kind people would give her, and never found one who refused to give her all she wanted. At Omaha, or near there, a kind-hearted farmer gave her $1 in money, when she told her story of having left her home in Pennsylvania, a wild and headstrong boy, to seek his fortune in Leadville, but had met with hard luck and wanted to get home. He advised "him" to spend the money sparingly and stone all the rides "he" could on the cars. "He" followed the advice, the money was again spent, and she was tired of begging. It occurred to her that she might do some work. Her story of a fruitless venture was told to a genial farmer, and she hired out to him for $18 a month. A good night's rest was better than an installment of wages. In the morning she was sent to the barn to harness the horses, drive to the field, and do some harrowing. After a persistent but patient endeavor she could not even put a bridle on the horses, but her failures was attributed to her inexperience, and the good farmer came to her assistance. She had never driven a team, and yet by luck got safely into the field and spent a half day in sketching on the ground with the harrow the most majestic figures. On the following morning she got out of bed before the family and ran away.

At Cochran she engaged to "tend bar, and did her work for a week. As she began to be scrutinized closely, as though her sex was suspected, she left that town and walked to Shelby, six miles distant. That place was reached on last Wednesday night. With no money and without any supper, she crawled into any empty car of a freight train that was headed east, and was soon after locked in. Without food or drink she remained in that car until last night, when she succeeded in making her escape, almost dead from hunger and thirst, and found herself near what proved to be Grand Crossing. She learned that Chicago was near, and got on a train which brought her into the city. When the train stopped she asked a man where she might find the Mayor, believing that a truthful story to that functionary would bring her relief. She could find no satisfaction until she brought up at the place of a Jewish pawnbroker near the depot. It was his little girl who conducted her to the station. Mrs. Kuhns is a woman of pleasing appearance, and 22 years of age. She started on her journey eastward this morning.

WOMAN'S FEAR OF COWS.

A Thrilling Scene from Real Life in the Streets of Detroit.

From the Detroit Free Press.

It is now over one hundred years since an American poet commended the query, "Who is a woman afraid of a cow?" and yet no one has ever succeeded in giving a satisfactory answer. There is once in a while a woman who doesn't seem to have the slightest fear, even when passing a cow with one horn all twisted out of shape, but follow that woman home and you will find that she kicks the dog, cuffs the children, jaws her husband, and generally knows how to sharpen a butcher knife and an axe. The real woman has a mortal terror of cows, and the real cow seems to have an antipathy for her. Friday afternoon a lady was walking down Cass avenue, when she suddenly came upon a cow. The animal was feeding on the other side of the street, and the boy sent to drive her home, she had sat under a shade tree and played on a mouth organ.

The lady halted.

The cow looked up.

"Lost anything, ma'am?" asked the boy, as he moved the music from his mouth.

"I'm afraid that that cow!" the lady replied.

"What for? Cows don't bite nor kick, same as a horse. All they kind o is to run their horns through you and pin you to the ground."

"Oh! my—she's coming!"

"No, she hain't. She's just making believe that she wants to get at you and look yer over the fence."

"Oh, I know she will!"

"Yes, you get at yer. Cows know when a woman is afraid just as quick as anybody. The minit you give cows to understand that you are able to catch 'em by the tails and mop the ground with 'em they are to hunting clover."

"Dear me, but I guess I'll go back!"

"Yer couldn't do it, ma'am. I only split on yer hands and shake yer fat at her she'll wint right down. Cows know who's boss just as well as men do. Now, then, I'd hold yer parasol while you split on yer hands."

"Oh! I can't—I can't—I must go home!"

"Well, my little brother he swears at 'em instead of spitting on his hands. See if you can do that"

"No—no—no! I'm going now!"

"If I was a woman and couldn't swear or spit on my hands I should carry a sword-cane to stab cows with," observed the boy as he looked across the way.

"My soul! but there's another cow up there!" exclaimed the lady, as she looked up the street.

"Yes. Lots of cows around these days, but I never heard of two cows attacking a woman at once. I guess one generally hooks 'em all to pieces first, and then the other comes up and gnaws at the mangled remains. If you——"

The lady interrupted the first class scream and made a jump for the nearest gate. It opened hard, and after one pull she went over the fence and up the steps of a strange house, there to remain until her husband could be summoned by telephone to come and act as a body guard.

"I'd just like to be a woman," mused the boy, as he sat down to punish his mouth organ some more. "I'd carry a bowie knife down the back of my neck, and the first cow that tried to hook me would less that ere knife playing mumblotypeg around her vicious heart strings."

How Two Members of the Jockey Club were Chosen.

From the Hour.

In the early days of the American Jockey Club the arrangements for introducing strangers to the club house at Jerome Park on race days were not as liberal as they are now. A new member, ignorant of the club rules, had invited three strangers to accompany him to the races on the first day of one of the meetings. All went right till they arrived at the member's entrance, when the three strangers' right to go in was challenged. The new member in despair, rushed up to the club and implored one of the governors, a well-known sportsman, whose horses ran faster than his tongue has ever been able to do, to come to his assistance and save "em right off." A meeting was held and the new member's friends were duly elected. It is believed that the Amphitryon paid out of his own pocket the $125 initiation fee for each of his friends.

A PENSIONED DOG.

What Led to an Official Recognition by a Territorial Legislature.

From the Boston Globe.

In the Territory of New Mexico the Legislature, by joint action, recently pensioned a dog for noble services. In that country there are many sheep farms, and shepherd dogs are so well trained in caring for the flocks of their masters that it is their daily practice to take out the flocks in the morning to pasture, guard them all day, and at night return them to the fold or corral. This work of the Mexican dogs is so correct and so faithfully performed that it is looked upon as a matter of course, and nothing more than should be expected from a well-trained dog. This being the case, it would appear that the dog worthy of a pension in that Territory must have performed some very marvellous feat indeed, and something out of the common line of canine achievement. And he did. He did not save his mistress's life from the murderous fury of the savage, nor her child from being trampled upon by a door prize, nor be choked by a huge black snake, for his master was not married, and had no wife or babe, but led a solitary life in his solitary ranch in a very solitary part of New Mexico.

It chanced that the dog in question, on returning of an evening with his sheep to the fold, discovered that his master was not stirring about, but remained inside the shanty and kept very quiet. The next evening it was the same. The dog, when he penned up the sheep, returned to the shanty, smelled through a crevice in the door his master's presence, but the man was still quiet and did not breathe. The dog scratched, barked, and even howled, but no response came from within. The door remained closed; no smoke rose from the chimney to greet the early morn. But the dog, true to his appointed duty, went out with the sheep on the third day, and cared for them while they cropped the herbage on the hillsides. But he was getting hungry, and that night when he drove the flock into the fold he made an attempt to go in became the victim to his appetite. This method of providing for his own wants became a portion of the faithful dog's daily duty. Every evening, the last sheep to try to enter the fold was seized by him and served for supper and for breakfast and dinner the following day. As stated before, the ranch to which the dog belonged was in a solitary part of the Territory, and out of the track of travel and social intercourse or visitation.

For two years from the time of the master's death—as ascertained by data left by the latter—the faithful dog tended the flock committed to his charge, and had fresh mutton for supper every night. The flock was not decimated by this steady drain upon its resources. On the contrary, it increased in numbers, and when, at the end of two years from the time of the death of the proprietor the ranch was visited and the remains of the poor fellow found, the dog was still at his post of duty, jealously guarding his flock, and driving them to the best pastures every day, and to the fold at night, before which he slept, to keep the wild sheep eaters of the plains from the flock. Such fidelity excited admiration wherever the story was told, and the Arcadian legislators of the Territory, in a fit of generosity and enthusiasm, at their session two years ago (they have biennial sessions down there, happy country) granted a pension for life to this faithful dog, to be paid from the State Treasury as a reward for his fidelity, and no doubt as an encouragement to all other shepherd dogs in that Territory to be good dogs and faithful.

MR. LIVINGSTON'S 16 IN HAND.

Their Breakneck Run Under the Guidance of a Driver 70 Years Old.

From the Boston Herald.

FLORENCE, June 10.—The fashionable world, and for that matter the common one, came in for a good stiff sensation—indeed, a scare—of a late of American origin. Every visitor here has remarked, and commented on, according to his particular humor, the team of sixteen handsome horses, mounted by a stalwart young man, which for many years Mr Livingston of New York has been accustomed to take his daily airings, handling the ribbons and guiding the animals with a masterly circus dexterity. Indeed, his novel turnout has become one of the sights of the place. Whether his countenance could feel flattered by the national distinction in European eyes thus conferred on them or not, all could not fail to admire the *sang froid* with which a man of 70 could control so many horses and keep them in line on the narrow, crowded streets without accident.

Three days ago, coming from the Cascine, while near the city gates, the horses did take it into their heads that they had done the training pretty well, and that they could start up in his way long enough, and that they would set up a little exhibition on their own account. The idea no sooner struck one horse than it was unanimously adopted, and they started on a dead run down the Lung Arno over the bridges at the best speed they could, crowded with fashionable vehicles, and was the most favorable for the equine interview and a general smash. In a second there was a universal "*Sauve qui peut*"—clear the way—panic; carriages and foot passengers darted right and left, cutting themselves out of the course of the excited animals, as they came furiously on, in a dead run, bounding and bounding over the smooth pavement. Mr. Livingston sat cool, but utterly powerless to do more than guide obediently, every second either to kill somebody or be killed in the midst of a crash of colliding vehicles. On they went, fortunately clearing everything, until they had passed Ponte Carraia, Ponte Santa Trinita, Ponte Vecchio, probably half, but awfully frightened, the police shouting like mad to clear the way, and every Florentine much disposed for once to obey, until one horse fell, and it looked as if the climax had come. But such was the impetus of the others they pulled down his horse almost before he knew he was off them, and on they went for another race, until, exhausted and panting, and thinking they had had enough fun for this time, they came to a stop, nobody hurt, and Mr. Livingston, safe and sound, in the town, cleaner than even he had ever anticipated, but with his occupation gone; for, it is said, the City Fathers have now resolved to do what they should have done long since, i. e., forbid any such amateur opportunities for breaking people's necks, at least within the limits of the town, by limiting Mr. Livingston's equestrian feats to the regulation complement of horses for a decently behaved carriage. It was next to a miracle that no one was injured this time. None could be certain that the celebrated Mr. Bergh of the society for the prevention of cruelty to animals would not be sacrificed, and the city mulcted in damages for allowing so perilous a show in its confines, for the gratification, too, of a foreigner.

The March of Progress and Future Grandeur.

From the Detroit Free Press.

As soon as the meeting was fairly under way, Brother Gardner announced that Judge Ahlaws Martin, late of Kalamazoo, had been travelling in the North as the agent of a patent outhook, was present, and desired to address the union on "our future." It was voted to hear his address, and after being received in form and introduced, the Judge stood upon the platform and began:

"We may not look in the past for our mother. No man kin tell what she was, nor what she will be going forth by lookin' over the dence of the graveyards. What am our father? Who kin tell what his nature was with amount to? He lived a long time ago, and if he had lived only twenty years ago dat to-night I would stand befo' you with a paper collar on my neck, yes! I would have set him down as an assassin! Even dat movement has become obsolete. Dat day has gone! Dat day of forty cents von hin has a brass watch chain fixed up so thick like gold dat you kin work it in an hoss trade for fifty dollars. Dat day is gone! Dat day when dat day would come when shirts would button behind, what would dat great man have said? This country am a staggering along. Every time I spit I kin see dat all am bom. Every time de mint hum takes a jump some body comes to the front wid a new sort of stomach bitters, an an improved rat-trap. Every hour I ticked off am a mile o' railroad built, a bridge laid down, a hill levelled, or a forest cleared. Such is as sin kin remember back a hundred years. Dat time will come when the young folks, back of us as in a hundred years in de futcher will not be surprised to see jugs wid tree handles, coffee pots dat start up like a jackknife, rat traps dat illuminate de house, an rocks dat's dat sail around on wheels."

The speaker closed amid cheers and applause, and for the remainder of the evening was given the seat of honor under the bear tree.

What Vassar Girls Eat.

From G. W. Childs's Philadelphia Ledger.

In the last collegiate year 303 Vassar girls have consumed forty-five tons of fresh meats, two tons and a half of smoked meats, two tons of poultry, three tons of fish, a ton and a half of salt fish, and five barrels of mackerel, 2,000 dozen eggs, 442 gallons of oysters, five barrels of pork, 255 barrels of flour, over two tons of buckwheat, 36 bushels of beans, 8,400 dozen eggs, 14,740 pounds of butter, 3,000 pounds of milk, 252 barrels of apples, 3,920 pounds of grapes, 8,005 bananas, 13,346 lemons, 22,611 oranges, 307 cans potted meats, 154 jars of raspberry jam, 211 gallons of maple sugar, 326 boxes sardines, 1,141 pounds hickory nuts, 1,919 bushels of potatoes, six barrels of onions, 408 gallons molasses and syrups, &c., yearly, these young women have appetites for more than knowledge, and a fair digestion—it is to be supposed—waits on Euclid.

Where an English Baronet Hid His Money.

From the London World.

A very eccentric baronet, who died last week and left an enormous fortune for his fortunate heirs, was greatly in the habit of hoarding, and, like the old miser in the "Cloches de Corneville" revelled in the personal possession of masses of gold treasured up, which he would gloat over from time to time. An enormous sum is said to have been found after his death, by his lawyers, actually buttoned up in the pockets of an old pair of nankeen trousers and waistcoat, hid away in a wardrobe.

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

New York Stock Exchange—Sales June 26.

UNITED STATES, STATE, AND CITY BONDS (IN $1,000s).

1 U. S. 6s, '81, c.	105	17 U. S. 4s, c.	106⅝
10 U. S. 4½s, '91, c.	109⅛	7 Dist. Col. 3-65s, c.	97
10 U. S. 4½s, '91, c.	109⅛	8 La. consol	46¼

RAILROAD AND OTHER BONDS (IN $1,000s).

240 Hos. H. & S. 1st	42	1 M. & St. P. 1st, L. G. d.	115
33 Bur., C. R. & N.	91½	13 A. & St. L. F. 7s, gold	119¼@120
10 Bell., N. Y. & E. 1st	100¼	9 M. & St. P. 1st, s.	120
13 Ches. & O. se. B.	87⅛	1 Mich. Cent. 8s, c.	108
12 Can. So. 1st	92⅞@93	5 Mob. & O. 3d Deb.	52⅞
3 Cen. Pac. g.	108	8 Mob. & O. 4th Deb.	31⅞
35 C., C., C. & I. consols	80	12 N. J. Cen. con. as	105
3 Del. & H. 1st, 9s, c.	102½	57 Den. & R. G. 1st con.	95@94⅞
12 Den. & R. G. 1st	104⅝	2 H. & St. Jo. 8s, c.	100½
57 Den. & R. G. 1st con.	95@94⅞	8 Ills. & Tex. Can. m. L. 1st	110
2 H. & St. Jo. 8s, c.	100½	2 Ind., Bl. & W. 1st	75
8 Ills. & Tex. Can. m. L. 1st	110	1 Iron Mtn. G. A. T.	102
12 Iron Mt. 2d, pfd.	70½	12 Iron Mt. 2d, pfd.	70½
5 Iron Mt. 2d, pfd.	70½	20 Kan. Pac. 1st con.	67⅞
7 Keok. & D. M. 5s	57	1 Peo., D. & E. 1st	101
77 Rome, W. & O. 1st	65@64¾	5 Rock Isl. 6s	121
8 St. L. & S. C. 1st	101½	2 St. P., M. & M. 1st	110½
10 Tex. & Pac. 1st inc.	69½	8 Tol. & Wab. 5s, g.	78
2 Tol. & Wab. 5s, St. L. d.	108	20 Tol. & Wabash 2d	101¼@102½

RAILROAD AND OTHER STOCKS.

500 N. & Chat.	40	24700 N. J. Central	68⅞@64¾
4600 N. Y. Cent.	120⅞@120⅝	300 N. Y. Elev.	127
10 N. Y. & N. H.	194⅝	800 North. Pac.	27⅞
200 North. Pac. pf.	49⅞	2200 North'n Pac.	33⅞@33⅛
100 Norw'n pf.	109	3100 Ohio & Miss.	33⅞@34⅞
100 Ohio & Miss. 2d	13	1000 Ill. & Miss.	74⅞
100 O. R. & N. Co.	13	1000 Ont. & West.	28⅞@28⅛
200 Ont. Cent.	31⅞	300 Orego. Cent.	51⅞
1900 Pacific Mail	40⅞@39⅞	300 P. & F. W.	120
300 P. & F. W. pf.	120	2500 Reading	19⅞@18⅞
470 Rock I.	109⅞@110⅞	200 St. L. & S. F.	35⅞@33
200 St. L. & S. F. 1st pf.	72	400 St. L. & S. F. 2d pf.	73
1000 St. Paul	90⅞@91	700 St. Paul pf.	109⅞@104⅞
80 St. P. & Minn.	109	1100 St. P. & S. C.	41⅞@41
500 St. P. & S. C. pf.	76	1400 Sutro Tunnel	1⅞@1⅞
100 Tex. & Pac. R. T. R.	35⅞	1000 U. S. Exp.	48⅞
7300 Union Pac.	89⅞@87⅞	4600 Wab. & Pac.	6⅞@7
7000 Wab. & P. pf.	67⅞@60	20 W. Y. Exp.	99
4400 West. U. T.	105⅞@100		

Total sales, 260,513 shares.

CLOSING PRICES.

	Bid.	Asked.		Bid.	Asked.
U. S. 6s, '81, c.	105		Manhattan El.	99⅞	99⅞
U. S. 6s, '81, r.	105		Met'n Elev.	91	95
U. S. 6s, '81, r.	106	106½	Mich. Central	93⅞	93⅞
U. S. 6s, '81, c.	107	107½	Mil. & St. Paul	80	80⅞
U. S. 5s, '81, r.	103⅞	104⅞	Mil. & St. P. pf.	114⅞	114⅞
U. S. 5s, '81, c.	103⅞	103⅞	Mo., K. & Tex.	38⅞	38⅞
U. S. 4½s, '91, c.	109⅞	110	Mob. & Ohio	30⅞	30⅞
U. S. 4½s, '91, r.	109⅞	110	Nash. & Chat.	69⅞	70
U. S. 4s, '907	108	108⅞	N. J. Central	68⅞	68⅞
U. S. 4s, '907, c.	109	109⅞	N. Y. C. & Hud.	120⅞	120⅞
6s, Cur., all vs.	123		N. Y. Elev.	109⅞	111
Alt. & R. 1st	99	99⅞	Nor. Pac.	27⅞	27⅞
Am. Dist. Tel.	74	75	Nor. Pacific pf.	49⅞	49⅞
At. & Pac. Tel.	42⅞	43	Northwestern	93⅞	93⅞
Canada Southern	56⅞	57	Northwest. pf.	109⅞	109⅞
C., C. & I. C.	16⅞	17	N. Y., Ont. & W.	28⅞	28⅞
C., C. & I.	70	71	Ohio & Miss.	31	31⅞
Chic. & Alt.	120⅞	121	Ohio & Miss. pf.	74⅞	75
Chic. & Alton	112	118	Pacific Mail	39⅞	40⅞
Denv. & R. G.	65⅞	65⅞	Quicksilver	10	15
Del., L. & West.	81	81⅞	Quicksilver pf.	55	55
Del. & H. Can.	77⅞	77⅞	Rock Island	108⅞	108⅞
Erie Railway	41⅞	41⅞	St. L. & S. F.	33⅞	33⅞
Erie Railway pf.	67	67⅞	St. Paul	90⅞	91
Fort Wayne	80⅞	80⅞	St. Paul pf.	109⅞	109⅞
Han. & St. Jo.	35	35⅞	St. P., Min. & M.	109	109⅞
Han. & St. Jo. pf.	74⅞	75	Texas Pacific	35⅞	35⅞
Illinois Cen.	124⅞	125	Union Pacific	89⅞	89⅞
Iron Mountain	47⅞	48⅞	Wab. & Pac.	3⅞	3⅞
Lou'v & Nash.	124	126	Wab. & Pac. pf.	67⅞	68
L. E. & West.	30⅞	30⅞	West. Un. Tel.	100⅞	100⅞
Lake Shore	108⅞	109⅞			

SATURDAY, June 26.

The stock market was more active and the opening quite buoyant, with the coal shares and Michigan Central taking the lead in the upward movement. For an exception to the elevated roads were quite depressed. The latest dealings were a hardening in values. The more important changes for the day were as follows: Advanced—New York Central, 1; Kansas and Texas, 2⅛; St. Paul common, ¾; Michigan Central, 1; Mobile and Ohio, 2½; Delaware, Lackawanna and Western, 1½; Delaware and Hudson, 1⅛; Reading, ⅝; Erie, 1⅛; Jersey Central, 2⅛; Pacific Mail, ⅜; Hannibal and St. Joseph common, 1; Hannibal and St. Joseph preferred, 1⅞; Ohio and Miss., common, ⅜; Wabash and Pacific, ⅜; Wabash and Pacific preferred, 1⅞. Declined—Metropolitan Elevated, 2; Manhattan Elevated, 1⅛.

Governments were firm, but remained quiet. Railroad bonds were active, with a sharp advance in Kansas and Texas issues. The Denver and R. G. issues attracted less attention.

The bank statement was as favorable as could be expected, making the following comparative footings:

	June 19.	June 26.	Differences.	
Loans	$386,715,100	$385,765,100	Dec.	$950,000
Specie	64,450,000	65,210,100	Inc.	760,100
Legal tenders	22,184,200	21,735,800	Dec.	348,300
Deposits	345,750,700	277,700,300	Dec.	67,950,400
Circulation	19,063,900	19,020,000	Dec.	74,000
Excess of legal reserve	16,677,825	17,493,200	Inc.	815,375

The receipts of national bank notes for redemption for the week ending June 24, as compared with the corresponding period last year, are as follows:

	1879.	1880.
New York	$687,000	$1,027,000
Boston	1,231,000	190,000
Philadelphia	50,000	87,000
Miscellaneous	580,000	400,000
Total	$2,549,000	$1,824,000

The Treasury now holds $301,627,533 in United States bonds to secure bank circulation. Bonds deposited for circulation during the week aggregate $315,000; bonds held for circulation withdrawn during the week, $50,000. National bank circulation outstanding: Currency notes, $343,318,174; gold notes $1,317,490.

Internal revenue receipts to-day, $390,839; customs, $532,393.

Bids for bank stocks are: America, 141; American Exchange, 112⅞; Central, 110; Chase, 120; City, 400; Commerce, 125; Continental, 115; Corn Exchange, 135; East River, 95; First, 600; Fourth, 115; Fifth Avenue, 310; Gallatin, 137; German American, 77; Irving, 130; Manhattan, 165; Mechanics', 145; Mechanics' Banking Association, 65; Mercantile, 100; Metropolitan, 90; Mercantile, 96; Merchants', 133; Metropolitan, 144; New York, 145; Ninth, 105; North America, 106; Park, 116; Phenix, 101; Shoe and Leather, 132. Semi-annual dividends announced during the week are as follows: Western, 5; Broadway, 8; Central, 4; Gotham, 3; Citizens', 3½; East River, 3½; Third, 3½; Irving, 4; Leather Manufacturers', 5; Market, 4; Mechanics', 4; New York, 4; North America, 3; North River, 3½; Peoples', 3½; Phenix, 5; Shoe and Leather, 3½.

Quotations for gas stocks are: New York, 101 to 102; Manhattan, 187⅞ to 192⅞; Metropolitan, 137 to 140; Mutual, 75 to 80; Municipal, 160 to 170; Brooklyn, 120 to 125; Jersey City, 150 to 160.

The production of anthracite coal last week was 401,434 tons, against 390,662 tons the corresponding week of 1879. The total production from April 1 to June 19 was 5,567,446 tons, against 10,982,190 tons for the like period of last year, showing a decrease this year of 1,474,721 tons.

The Michigan Central and the Lake Shore Railway Companies have each declared a semi-annual dividend of 4 ⅌ cent, payable Aug. 2. The statement of the Lake Shore for the year shows net earnings for the past six months of 5.27 ⅌ cent.; that of the Michigan Central 8.13 ⅌ cent.

The imports for the week were: Dry goods, $1,885,368, and merchandise, $7,332,858, a total of $