CONDITION OF TRADE.

The Wheat and Barley Markets Tending Upward.

Sharp Advance in Silver—Flurries in Wheat and Pork—The Sugar and Coffee Trades. Overland Shipments.

Business has been fair during the past week, though the local bank clearings were $2,000,000 less than for the same week in 1889. There are no particular features of interest beyond those to be found under their respective heads below, if a sharp advance in silver all over the world be excepted.

THE GRAIN MARKETS.

Cereals as a rule are active and stiff. Wheat is hardening all over the world, and in this market shippers will now pay $1 30 for the general run of No. 1. This is the highest point touched for several months. The demand is fair at the advance. Freights are strong, in sympathy with wheat, and iron vessels are being chartered at 35s, U. K., Havre or Antwerp. Flour is also favorably affected by the rise in wheat, though quotations have not yet been marked up. There was great excitement in the New York wheat market Friday afternoon, 20,000,000 bushels being sold in options at a radical advance in prices, Wall-street, Western and foreign houses taking in large blocks of May, June and July. The Government crop report, showing greatly reduced estimates of the yield, was presumably the cause of the rise. The advance in Liverpool has closely followed the rise in silver on exchange account, but the American crop outlook has nevertheless been a potential factor.

Barley has again gone up. Feed is now stiff at 92½@95c per cental, and brewing descriptions are selling freely at $1@1 10. Stocks of all kinds are not much, if any, in excess of the inquiry.

Oats are steady at the recently advanced prices, and dealers report a fair demand.

Rye is lower and very dull. There are no buyers in sight.

Corn is quiet. Yellows are barely steady at $1 12½, as an average price, while white has dropped 2½c.

Ground barley has gone up in sympathy with the raw product. Bran and middlings are fair and in good demand.

GENERAL COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Overland shipments of California produce in March via Southern Pacific Railroad were 38,987,490 pounds. The leading items of produce were as follows: 308 centals barley, 16,708 centals beans, 42,582 gallons brandy, 555,737 gallons wine, 535,690 pounds leather, 2,881,240 pounds canned goods, 611,020 pounds dried fruit, 2,494,600 pounds citrus fruit, 371,340 pounds raisins, 190,430 pounds hops, 347,280 pounds hides, 1,030,630 pounds wool, 27,000 pounds quicksilver, 1,278,300 pounds canned salmon, 95,730 pounds pickled salmon.

Hay meets with fair demand, and receipts are sufficient without being large. A few variations in prices have occurred.

Lima beans are firm and whites have been advanced a notch under a good demand. Colored beans show no further change.

Honey is weakening as the new crop approaches, and receipts are increasing.

Butter continues depressed at 11@16 cents per pound for ordinary to fancy. At these prices there is little, if any, profit for the dairyman. Cheese is weak at 9 cents per pound for choice mild new. Eggs are steady at 15 to 17 cents for California, and 14@16 cents for Eastern. Stocks of all kinds about balance the demand.

Potatoes continue to arrive liberally from the East, and the market is now heavily supplied with them. Prices show no further change, nor do dealers expect any, providing present stocks, together with shipments en route from the East, prove sufficient to carry us over until arrivals of new potatoes get large enough to fill the demand. But if these Eastern potatoes got exhausted before that time the trade look for better prices. New potatoes are very backward this year, but against this there are the supplies of Eastern, which at present are sufficient for three weeks or a month, even should no more arrive.

Onions are scarce and dear, choice selling up to $7 50. Australia has lately sent us 1000 crates, which sold at $3 60@5 50 per cental.

Hops are neglected and nominal.

Dealers report a fair demand for spring wool at last week's prices.

Dried fruits are so well cleaned up that it is next to impossible to find a good round lot of prunes, peaches and apricots or apples. This has been a fine year for the dried-fruit producers.

The association of tanners has met again, and a further revision of prices for hides is the result. The meat market is amply supplied and prices are unchanged.

GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS.

Overland shipments of the staple groceries from California via the Southern Pacific lines in March were: 261,690 pounds of tea, 656,260 pounds of coffee, and 17,324,500 pounds of sugar. The shipments of sugar were largely composed of raws to New Orleans.

Sugar is without change, but business is active. The market for beet sugar in London has recovered 1½d since last week. M. Licht has increased his estimate of the yield in Europe this year to 3,600,000 tons, against 2,785,844 tons last season.

Coffee is dull and quotations are largely nominal on last week's basis. Late New York advices say that holders in the primary markets have shown more disposition to sell and a good deal of business has transpired on the basis of free offers with Rio as well as Santos at prices that are about on the parity of values current in New York. London has also continued to offer on that market and further sales are reported, but on the street the market has been rather quiet and dealers have reported a falling off in the distributive demand. San Francisco dealers hope that the forthcoming reduction in eastward overland freights from $1 15 to 80 cents per cental, which is to go into effect June 1st, may stimulate trade.

Rice continues more or less unsettled. Hawaiian is easier and Chinese grades firmer.

Canned fruits show no change in quotations. The canners report a fair demand for assorted car-loads for the East, which is gradually reducing stocks. The outlook for the coming season is encouraging.

Canned salmon, though still low in price, is steadier, as stocks have lately been considerably reduced by large overland shipments and are now down to a manageable point. There is nothing doing in futures. On the Columbia packing has not really commenced, although the legal fishing season commences on the 1st, and but few canneries are in operation.

A trade contemporary says that the Eastern starch combination seems to be an accomplished fact, nineteen of the twenty-two leading starch manufacturers having organized the National Starch Company under the laws of Kentucky with a capital of $10,000,000.

Canned oysters have again been marked up. Canned corn is lower. Pickles are still higher.

Provisions are unsettled, owing to the feverish condition of the Eastern markets. Saturday the Chicago pork market advanced from $11 60 to $14 60 for May, and from $11 77 to $15 for June, with very little for sale. This was the most remarkable jump in the history of the Chicago board. The Cincinnati "Price Current's" annual statement of winter hog packing in the West for the season of 1889-90, shows an aggregate of 6,663,802 hogs, at an average cost of $3 66 per hundred-weight, against 5,483,852 hogs during 1888-89, at an average of $4 99 per hundred-weight. Total stocks of meats and pork in the West, March 1st, were 380,000,000 pounds, against 335,934,000 pounds same date in 1889.

The San Francisco market is firm, with an advance in hams, and dealers report increasing activity in all pork products.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Merchandise shows few variations this week. Nut oil has again declined. Quicksilver is scarce and firm at $50 and $51 per flask, a price that has made it possible to import a quantity from Hong-Kong in bond for shipment to Mexico, where it can be laid down cheaper than the local product can be at present values.

Tin plate is steadier and in improved demand. Tobacco meets with fair inquiry. Dry goods are only moderately active.

Coal rules firm, and the Australian grades continue to tend upward. The week's receipts were 9868 tons Australian and 22,065 tons Coast. A private circular says:

Prices have been strongly maintained during the week, notwithstanding arrivals have been more liberal. Now that it is an established fact that the imports of foreign coals from all sources for the next four months at least will be exceptionally light, it has become an assurance that present values cannot be disturbed for at least six months to come. If during the year the European wheat market should show any unusual appreciation, thereby causing an advance in wheat charters, coal would be the first article to feel the change, by a softening of values; this is among the possibilities, but rather improbable. Some few of our larger incorporations have been very fortunate in making contracts a few months ago at low figures for their consumption for the year, to provide for which some of the vendors will suffer a severe loss, not having secured for themselves sufficient freight to deliver the amount sold. The change of weather has materially diminished the consumption for domestic purposes, at the same time the increase made with manufacturers is burning up a much larger amount for steam uses.

Dealers say that Rocky Mountain coals are being landed in the interior valleys to fill the country demand. If this be so it will act as a check against any marked advance in coal.

The wood market is overstocked and weak.

HELD FOR MURDER.

Michael Chebuker Must Answer for the Killing of Martin.

The preliminary examination of Michael Chebuker, charged with the murder of Philip Martin in the latter's saloon at 540 Clay street, on March 31st, was held yesterday before Police Judge Lawler.

The testimony was similar to that given at the Coroner's inquest, and already published in THE CALL. Chebuker was seen in Martin's saloon by a messenger-boy of the Western Union Telegraph Company, who was at THE CALL with a message on the night of the murder.

Another messenger had heard a brawl in the saloon, and upon crossing the street saw Chebuker leaving the place. He identified the prisoner as that man.

A very clear case was made against the prisoner, and he was held without bail for trial in the Superior Court on a charge of murder.

Kennedy Arraigned.

J. S. Kennedy Jr., who was arrested for embezzling Postoffice funds and who was indicted by the United States Grand Jury, was arraigned in the United States District Court yesterday and pleaded not guilty.

With Closed Doors.

The divorce case of S. M. Spaulding against James A. Spaulding was on trial before Judge Lawler yesterday with closed doors. The children of the parties litigant were examined during the afternoon and interrogated by the court as to their feelings toward their parents. All replied that they wanted to stay with their mother. The trial will go on again to-day.

EXTORTIONATE JEHUS.

A Police Judge Orders Them Into Custody for Robbery.

John Morrell, a cook of the Industrial School, appeared yesterday in Judge Joachimsen's court on a charge of assault to murder. The evidence showed that Morrell had engaged Joseph and Thomas Clark, hack-drivers, to take him to the Industrial School one night last week, for which he paid them at the corner of Mission and Fifth streets.

When at the corner of Thirty-first street and San Jose road the vehicle was stopped, and one of the brothers, descending from his box, demanded that Morrell pay more fare, for the drive was too long and the hour late—or early. Morrell refused, whereupon the brothers suggested that he had a watch and should give that up to them. One of them also caught him by the throat and attempted to rob him. Finally, believing that he was about to be robbed, Morrell drew his revolver and fired three shots into the air to frighten his assailants away, and also to attract the police in the vicinity. One bullet passed uncomfortably near the skull of one of the Clarks, who was then scampering madly down the road.

Then the officers arrived and took Morrell into custody on a charge of assault to murder. But the accused had no murderous intentions. All he did was to defend himself from highway robbers, which he claimed on the witness-stand that the Clarks were.

Without a minute's deliberation Judge Joachimsen dismissed the charge against Morrell, saying that it was a clear case of attempt to rob him. He ordered the Clarks into custody, and they were locked up in the City Prison on a charge of attempt to commit robbery.

HEADING THEM OFF.

Chinese Cannot Pass in Transit for Mexico.

The Collector, Through the Department, Scores an Important Point Against Chinese Invasion.

Collector of the Port Phelps added another to his already long list of important victories over the Chinese who try to evade the Restriction Act, when a telegram arrived from Washington yesterday morning announcing the revocation of the Treasury Department regulation allowing Chinese laborers to pass through this country in transit for Mexico.

When Chinese laborers first began to pass through the port of San Francisco with through tickets to Guaymas and other Mexican ports little attention was paid to them, as it was supposed that they were going to work on farms or in mines in Mexico.

The customs officials in the southern part of this State, however, began to discover that instead of going to the ports to which they were consigned, but where steamers did not touch, they were landing at ports near the American frontier and gradually sneaking back into United States territory.

A large number were captured in the act and Collector Phelps was then made cognizant of the fact.

THE COLLECTOR ACTS.

After investigating the matter and satisfying himself that the Chinese went to Mexico for the sole purpose of working an easy entrance into the United States the Collector acted promptly, and, on the arrival of the steamship Oceanic, with eighty-seven Chinese in transit for Guaymas, he refused to allow the coolies to go on board the steamer City of Sydney on the grounds that the steamer did not touch at Guaymas and that the pagans would have to land at Ensenada, as they had previously done, and would then return through Mexico to southern California, as others had before them. He telegraphed to Washington regarding his action, asking that it be approved, and also for instructions.

This telegram, which was sent on Saturday last, was as follows:

COMING OVER THE BORDER.

April 12, 1890.

Secretary Treasury, Washington, D. C.: The City of Peking, arriving March 25th, brought seventy-nine Chinese holding through tickets to Guaymas, Mexico, who were all transferred to the steamer Newbern. All were landed at Ensenada and a portion of them attempted to enter the United States have been arrested and are now in custody at San Diego.

On the 10th inst. the Oceanic arrived having on board eighty-seven Chinese provided with through tickets for Guaymas. It is sought to transfer these to the Panama steamer, which touches at Mazatlan but not at Guaymas. This I have refused.

Since June last 236 Chinese have been sent in transit to Guaymas and 136 to Mazatlan. Eighty-six of these, it is know, have stopped at Ensenada and I have information that others are entering the United States at Nogales. I regard my action as important in executing Exclusion Act.

T. G. PHELPS, Collector.

NOT TO LET THEM GO.

Though the sailing of the City of Sydney was delayed for two hours no answer came to the telegram, and Mr. Phelps, acting under the advice of the United States District Attorney, at last gave a reluctant consent to the sailing of the steamer.

Yesterday morning the delayed telegram from the department arrived, and though it could not bring back the eighty-seven coolies who had gone south by the Sydney it put an effective stop to one of the principal loopholes through which Chinese illegally leak into the country. It was as follows:

WASHINGTON (D. C.), April 14, 1890.

Collector of Customs, San Francisco, Cal.: Chinese laborers per Oceanic with through tickets for Guaymas, having come under the privileges allowed by instructions of my predecessor, under the date of November 19, 1888, may be transferred to Panama steamer, unless you are satisfied that they are attempting to enter this country in violation of law, but such instructions are now revoked, to take effect upon all vessels leaving China after the 15th inst. Notify all parties interested.

W. WINDOM, Secretary.

PREVIOUS INSTRUCTIONS.

The instructions of November 10, 1888, referred to by Secretary Windom, were as follows:

Chinese laborers upon vessels now in port, or hereafter arriving from foreign countries destined for ports beyond the jurisdiction of the United States, may be transferred in the harbor to other vessels for the purpose of proceeding to the place of destination, but must be safely guarded during the transfer to prevent the infraction of the Chinese Exclusion Act.

MAYNARD,
Assistant Secretary Treasury.

Immediately on receipt of the telegram from the Secretary of the Treasury, Collector Phelps notified all the steamship companies engaged in the traffic of bringing Chinese in transit of the instructions of the department and warned them that in future no Chinese could pass through United States territory in transit for Mexico.

"It will not put a stop to all smuggling of this kind," said the Collector, "for we must allow them to pass through in transit for Panama, Havana, etc., but it is a step in the right direction and we hope soon to stop all who have any chance of escaping and who try to pass through the country."

Sent to China.

The steamer Oceanic, which left for China yesterday, took among other Chinese six men and two women remanded by the United States courts. The females were the two who confessed that they were brought here for immoral purposes, and thus became instrumental in having others remanded. Forty-five Chinese were taken off the steamer on writs before her departure.

Damages for a Death.

A suit was begun in the Superior Court yesterday by Patrick Martin, as administrator of the estate of Michael Martin, against the Presidio and Ferries Railroad Company to recover $20,000 damages for the death of Michael Martin, who was a driver for the North Beach and Mission Railroad Company. On November last a dummy belonging to the defendant company collided with Martin's car at Powell and Union streets, and Martin received injuries which resulted in his death.

Sentenced on One Count.

William A. Gordan, who recently pleaded guilty to an indictment charging him with using canceled stamps to send letters to the Duke of Buccleugh and others, was up for sentence yesterday. All he had to say was that he knew his act was dishonest, but not that it was against the law. Judge Hoffman sentenced him to six months' imprisonment in the Alameda County Jail on the first count of the indictment, and deferred judgment on eleven others.

Beware of counterfeits. Salvation Oil will cure your aches and pains. Price, 25 cents.

It is important to check a cough at once. Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup will do so. 25 cents.

Too Enterprising by Half.

Edward Barry, the enterprising crook who drove off with a delivery wagon belonging to a bottling house, sold the demijohns of wine and whisky that were in the wagon and left the horse and vehicle out on Bernal Heights, as he could not sell them, was held in bonds of $2000 yesterday by Judge Lawler for trial in the Superior Court for grand larceny.

St. Jacobs Oil Cures PROMPTLY AND PERMANENTLY HEADACHE.

For Nine Years.

WILLIAMSPORT, Ind., July 30, 1888.

I had pains in the back of my head for nine years, which were finally cured by the use of St. Jacobs Oil, and the cure has remained permanent. ED. QUAKENBUSH.

AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.

THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

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A TRIP TO MOUNT ETNA.*

It Is Most Graphically Described by Edgar L. Wakeman.

Scenes In and Around Catania—A City of Houses Built of Lava—Streets Paved With Lava—Food as Tasteless as Lava.

Special to THE MORNING CALL.

CATANIA (Sicily), March 11, 1890.—One has to resist the strongest possible temptation to classic musings at Catania. In the pagan and Christian history of the eastern shore of the island of Sicily, or that portion extending from Messina at its northeastern extremity past Catania, about midway between, to Syracuse, in a nearly direct north and south line, one can almost read the history of the world. Exactly half way between Messina and Syracuse, its summit about the same distance from that part of the Ionian Sea known as the Strait of Messina, as it lies a trifle west of north of Catania, stands that origin of countless mythologic furies and incalculable actual destruction, the most majestic and fearful volcano of all Europe, Mount Etna.

From any of the tiny lava peaks in the suburbs of Catania within one's range of vision the fancy can summon to their olden places the myth-wraiths of Jove's most powerful helpers, frowning from Etna's smoky crest; the wraith of Empedocles wandering on Etna's side, clothed in purple and bearing a Delphic crown, five centuries before Christ; of Dionysius the Elder, 200 years later, after destroying Naxos, scaling the walls of little Mola above like a ferocious beast to butcher its defenders; of the silver-tongued Alcibiades, down there in the amphitheater, built between 400 and 500 years before Christ, which you can today see beneath ages of lava, enthralling the Catanians with his loving speech, while the Athenians were treacherously entering the city along the shore; of the demigod warriors and philosophers flashing like meteors within the scenes of the Roman Ampitheater, scarcely less majestic than the Coliseum, whose fragments still exist beneath the street of Slesichoros; of that old lawmaker we ought to have at Washington, Charondas, who decreed that legislators should only make or unmake laws while standing with a halter around their necks before the people, ready for hanging, should their propositions fail to prevail; of St. Paul fervidly preaching a simple faith in a simpler way than Christianity now enforces its unyielding and aggressive creeds, down there among the lowly upon the Ionian shore; away to the south, the wraiths of countless hosts of invaders who perished upon the Catanian plains,

ONCE THE GRANARY OF THE WORLD,

Where Ceres, with her own divine hands, sowed the first wheat and taught men to till the soil, and beyond, skirting the Ionian blue, those myriad wraiths of myths and humans that knew the birth, acme, decay, despair and destruction of that most magnificent of all Hellenic cities, glorious, sad, transcendent, pitiable Syracuse. For truly all this and a thousand-fold more are seen with the eyes of sense and thought, while the lightning-flashes of fancy course the realms of mythology and history. There, at Etna, Enceladus, bound beneath Jupiter's earthly throne, turning upon his fiery bed every century or so, shakes the world with his earthquakes. Here, at Catania, twenty centuries of storied treasure and art lie buried beneath seas of liquid fire. Beyond, at Syracuse, the noblest magnificence of Greek achievement is crumbling beneath centuries of filth. The sea, the morasses with their deadly miasma, and the ever-threatening furies of Etna alone remain. Resplendent civilizations are annihilated. Etna roared, the seas engulfed, the morasses swept hosts away. That was 2500 years ago. We say of that time superstition was the mother of mythology. Let Etna roar, a tidal wave engulf, or a stinking swamp breed a pestilence to girdle the earth, a more sodden superstition and fatalism are here to accept the old, and create new, bugaboos to-day. What availed St. Paul's austerity, St. Peter's benignancy, or even that a Christ was born, to such as these?

But how can you long continue with the gods, when vile beggars chase you from one classic point to another, and alert and venturesome fleas, brave as another Italian whose discoveries we are about to celebrate, swarm over new worlds of conquest upon your toothsome American anatomy? It is impossible. And so you see Catania with eyes of to-day. Those view two or three long, handsome streets with white facades and towering domes. Back to the bay half-destroyed by lava, and, in the other direction, toward tiny peaks and luxuriant vales, run narrow lanes whose structures are low and black. These are all built of lava blocks. The streets are paved with lava, fountains are carved from lava, floors are tiled with lava, interiors are built from lava, the very dishes one eats from are turned out of lava, and the bread one gets is hard, shiny and tasteless as lava itself. You can never get away from a constant consciousness of the source of destructiveness and revivification howling Etna is to Catania, to its near cities, the dense population herding all about its base, even to smiling and exultant nature itself. Over eighty eruptions of Etna are of historic record. It spews out rivers of liquid fire every generation or so. These obliterate cities, villages, the very face of nature.

THE PEOPLE RUN AWAY

And let the lava cool. Then they come back and dig out their homes, or composedly cut blocks from the handy substance and build anew. Where the old vineyards, olive and fig plantations once were, new ones spring like magic if the porous stuff be barely scratched by pick or hoe for seeding-places. Never will the line,

O'er Death eternal Life is blossoming,

Come to you with such flash of forcefulness as here.

Perhaps 90,000 souls exist in Catania. The palaces which border her principal streets are very new, splendid and great; perhaps the Biscaria Palace, which houses vast stores of Greek sarcophagi, terra cottas, vases and sculptures, excavated from the lava, being the most imposing. Then there is the Marina, where the lowly gather and listen to the music of Government bands, a filthy place much loved by the lazzaroni. But the Bellini Garden, out on the heights toward Etna, is surpassingly beautiful; and in this you will see military officials resplendent in uniforms and decorations, lords and princes covered with insignia of rank, all the really interesting aristocracy of Catania, and truly the most winsome, soulful-eyed, empty-headed women of Sicily. Of the Graeco-Roman remains the theater can be visited by the use of guides and torches. The ancient Odeium is near; and in Archebusiri street will be found what is left of the Roman Amphitheater. Under the Piazza del Duomo, adjacent to the great Cathedral, are the Roman Baths; but the best-preserved specimens of these are seen underneath the Carmelite Church, where there still remain in marble the warm bath, the hot-water bath, the vapor bath and the fire-room and the disrobing-room. There are many medieval half-ruined structures of interest in Catania; while the unfinished Monastery of San Nicola is, excepting that of Mafra in Portugal, the largest and most imposing in all Europe.

But the traveler is not so much attracted to Catania by its reminders of a mighty past as he is to put eyes and feet upon the monster which all through that known time stood moaning or thundering above it. Its ascent is begun within the very streets of the city. Strada Etna, Catania's longest street, beginning at the very edge of the port side, leads almost due north toward the volcano's peak, within a few feet of 11,000 feet above the level of the sea, and fully twenty-eight miles away. The area of country dominated by the mountain, and at all times subject to overflow of lava, is astounding. Its circumference is fully 170 miles, and it describes an irregular circle, of greatest diameter from north to south. Catania stands at the extreme of a southern deflection in its southern segment. The Alcantara River, rising in its northwestern foothills, flows to the northeast, thence circles

ITS NORTHERN EDGE

And finally sweeps around to the southe ast into the sea. The Simeteo River, hav ing its source at the northeast, near that of the Alcantara, circles the base, first to the southwest, then southwardly, and then flows around and into the sea to the southeast, below Catania. From Catania to the mouth of the Alcantara, the Ionian Sea on the east, running with almost a straight wall of shore, cuts a thin segment out of this circle. But within this extraordinarily distinct circle of 170 miles there is not a square inch of the earth's surface over which the lava has not at some time poured; which one cannot now distinguish to be unadulterated lava soil; and which is not subject to-day, or any other time, to a new coating of molten lava. The entire majestic contour of the mountain, broken here and there by lesser volcanoes, is visible from any point at this tremendous base-edge; but more strange than all else is the density of population within the lower and cultivable, luxuriant rim. Threading the base, along the sea-shore, around to the north by the shores of the Alcantara, around to the south along the inner or northern shore of the Simeteo, and crowding up to the very edge of its lesser volcanoes, are between sixty and seventy cities and villages, housing—and every human being in life-long danger of destruction—upward of 300,000 souls.

It is a singular fact that within all the Etna mountain area, there is but one road leading to the cone. That is from Catania. Therefore Catanians block the way to the peak with every device known to the imagination of man for yielding tribute. Swarthy boatmen at the quays, muleteers in the plazas, porters at your inn, consuls' attaches everywhere, all manner of officials, and even members of the nobility, dig pitfalls for the stranger that he may be robbed, gracefully and under the law, before seeing Etna. The guides are represented to the world as the chief robbers here. They are simply trifling incidents in comparison to all the catastrophes of extortion. "Etna destroys us," said an official in smiling explanation; "we utilize its grandeur to rebuild our fortunes." A pleasant arrangement this for the Catanians; but let me tell those who are to come here the truth. You cannot make the ascent of Etna as it is ordinarily made for less than $10. Permission to make this move, then that one, then another, comes through apparent diplomacy; but always after an outlay of money. Then there are the animals, their attendants; the cooks, their attendants; needed and needless provisions; necessary and unnecessary clothing; requisite and dangerous liquids; and altogether such an outlandish paraphernalia of compulsory outfit that one truly stands appalled by a sublimity of extortion before

THE CITY'S GATES ARE PASSED.

Fortunately I was an observer of, rather than a victim to, this manner of plucking. I had lived at a little Sicilian lodging-house in Algiers. Its landlord, half Moor and half Italian, had a Sicilian cousin at Catania, who also kept at albergheto or small lodging-house in the Gambayita quarter. He was thin as a stick of macaroni, brown as a piece of lava, tender as a Sicilian fig, and his name was Balbino. He had been a guide's attendant; then a guide; had saved so many napoleons as would purchase his tiny alberghetto; and having arrived at ease and competence, could now and then indulge a kindly impulse, or enjoy an unselfish act. We were good friends at once. Constant talk about Etna and his adored Sicily brought the old mountaineer spirit back to Balbino; and shortly, not as a service but a delight, he became my guide for the ascent of the volcano.

As everybody who has visited Etna knows, there are three dreary stages in the ascent; the first from Catania to Nicolosi, thence to Casa degli Inglesi, and thence to the cone; and that the traveler is forced by custom to make an afternoon and evening of it to and at Nicolosi; to be routed out of the inn there for an all-night journey of terror to the Casa; and then while it is still dark to be hauled up the final ascent more dead than alive, to become transcendently elated over the howling furies of the crater or a sunrise from Etna, even if one needs be supported upright to see them. Balbino said that was barbaric, as it is; and that we should go as Christians, as we did. We set out on foot, incumbered by no impedimenta whatever. Flung over Balbino's shoulder was an ancient hide double pouch, similar to our old-time saddle-bags. These were filled with oranges, with which, as we sat and rested by the way, we refreshed ourselves. Balbino was like a chattering school-boy, and his tales of eruptions, lava-floods and loss of life and property were appalling. The landmarks of his simple old memory flamed along reaches of liquid fire. The present, the languor and ecstacy of the budding year, the sea of flowers zoning old Etna's base, the maze of vineyards and olive groves on every hand, the cascades leaping from the mountain sides melodiously to the sea, as Acis once leaped, changed into a stream, from the same spot to sport in the Ionian waters with his mermaid love, Galatea, and the matchless threnodies of Sicilian birds from every covert, copse and grove, he neither saw nor heard. Etna is said to have three climatic zones—the torrid, the temperate and the frigid. The tropic land lies at its extreme base. The Sicilians call this the Piedimontana. It reaches almost to Nicolosi, where, after vagarous loitering, we arrived toward evening.

FOR ABOUT EIGHT MILES

Further stretches Il Bosco, the wooded region, forming the temperate zone. From the upper edge of this to the crest of the cone lies eternal solitude in the frigid zone. This they term Discoperta, the uncovered; Netta, the barrens, and Diserta, the desert.

In the little white mountain village of Nicolosi, Balbino took me to the house of his friends. Some of his family were goat-herders around the bases of the lesser craters on Etna's side; one was the village musician, a ne'er-do-well, who piped at mountain weddings and festivities; and three were stalwart guides, who contemplated Balbino's strange freak of permitting any stranlero to escape plucking with mournful and deprecatory faces. In the morning necessary provisions for the ascent were secured. These were interesting to me, for they were only those which an old guide would provide for actual needs. Each was given an extra woolen waistcoat. Those would be needed higher up. Two pewter canteens each of which held three pints, one filled with wine and the other with water, were ordered. Each of us carried a tremendous woolen blanket twisted, hung from one shoulder, the ends tied with thongs of kid-skin. A little belt full of tiny pouches was tied around Balbino's waist. In one was stowed a package of resinous kindlers. Another held a goodly measure of ground coffee. In another were pepper and salt, and in two of the front pouches, carefully wrapped, reposed a half dozen fresh eggs. Over my own shoulder hung a pouch filled with a generous allowance of fresh bread and cold broiled fowl. Packages of cigars and plenty of matches completed our outfit. We passed out under the Red Mountains, and straggled along the entire day through the Bosco, a wooded region. Occasionally we would reach an opening from which the grandest scenes were visible; for nearly the entire distance the way is but an insecure bridle-path beneath stupendous oaks and chestnuts, along the shadowy bases of mountainous rocks of lava, or above the edges of dark and yawning chasms. We tarried with some picturesque charcoal-burners for an hour in the afternoon, and just at dusk came upon the high, desolate lava plateau, where stands the only shelter of upper Etna, the indescribably dreary Casa degli Inglesi. It is simply a hut of lava blocks, built in 1811 by English officers, and now a miserable ruin. We found one room of this habitable, and after warming at a little fire and partaking of some cold food and wine, wrapped our great blankets about us and disposed ourselves upon the rude benches for a long and glorious sleep in the keen and biting air.

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A Raid by Highbinders.

One of a gang of highbinders of the Bing On Tong, named Hoo Cheung, was arrested yesterday for an assault with a deadly weapon. On Monday night he and a number of friends raided a house in Church alley, where a young girl belonging to the society had found refuge. They demanded her surrender, and on being refused broke open the doors and entered. Each man was armed with a revolver or a knife, which was brandished, with a caution to be silent or they would be killed. The gang smashed the furniture, and made so much noise that an alarm was given and they were frightened off.

Suits on Promissory Notes.

S. P. Young, receiver of the late California National Bank of San Francisco, has begun suits in the Superior Court to recover judgments on promissory notes as follows: From Henry I. Kowalsky, $1170; from M. E. Arnold, $360; J. F. Dewey, $360; Richard and Edith Stege, $300; George L. Lenham, $500.

SILENT SIGNALS.

A SLIGHT CHILL; A LITTLE HOARSENESS; a feeling of constriction about the lungs; a feverish flush of the face—these are Silent Signals. They mean you have taken cold, and here

THE DANGER BEGINS.

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A Scrofulous Child

Running sores all over his body. Head a solid scab discharging offensive matter. Bones affected and pieces discharged. Could not get up if he fell down. Could not move in bed, having no use of his hands. One of the most remarkable among the thousands of cures made by the Cuticura Remedies. N. B.—This cure was made May 9, 1885, and has remained permanent to date, Feb. 7, 1890.

Cured by Cuticura

When six months old, the left hand of our little grandchild began to swell, and had every appearance of a large boil. We poulticed it, but all to no purpose. About five months after it became a running sore. Soon other sores formed. He then had two of them on each hand, and as his blood became more and more impure, it took less time for them to break out. A sore came on the chin, beneath the under lip, which was very offensive. His head was one solid scab, discharging a great deal. This was his condition at twenty-two months old, when I undertook the care of him, his mother having died when he was a little more than a year old, of consumption (scrofula, of course).

GRANDSON HARRY LAWRENCE. Now 11 years old.

He could walk a little, but could not get up if he fell down, and could not move when in bed, having no use of his hands. I immediately commenced with the CUTICURA REMEDIES, using all freely. One sore after another healed, a bony matter forming in each one of these five deep ones just before healing, which would finally grow loose and were taken out; then they would heal rapidly. One of those ugly bone formations I preserved. After taking a dozen and a half bottles he was completely cured, and is now, at the age of 6 years, a strong and healthy child. MRS. E. S. DRIGGS,

May 9, 1885. 612 E. Clay st., Bloomington, Ills.

The child was really in a worse condition than he appeared to his grandmother, who, being with him every day, became accustomed to the disease.

MAGGIE HOPPING.

SEPT. 13, 1888.—No return of disease to date.

E. S. D.

Your letter of inquiry in regard to the permanency of the cure (by the CUTICURA REMEDIES), of my little grandson, was duly received, and I am happy to say he remains perfectly well, and has no sores and no signs of scrofula. If he gets a cut or bruise it heals readily and the child is well.

MRS. E. S. DRIGGS,

Feb. 7, 1880. 612 E. Clay st., Bloomington, Ills.

Cuticura Remedies

The above is one of the most gratifying of the thousands of cures made by the CUTICURA REMEDIES, and it is conclusive evidence that they not only cure the worst cases, but cure them for all time. Hence it is not surprising that mothers and children bless the CUTICURA REMEDIES.

CUTICURA, the great skin cure, instantly allays the most agonizing itching, burning and inflammation, clears the skin and scalp of crusts and scales, heals ulcers and sores, and restores the hair. CUTICURA SOAP, the greatest of skin purifiers and beautifiers, is indispensable in treating skin diseases and baby humors. It produces the whitest, clearest skin and softest hands, free from pimples, spot or blemish. CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new blood and skin purifier and greatest of humor remedies, cleanses the blood of impurities and poisonous elements, and thus removes the CAUSE. Hence the CUTICURA REMEDIES cure every species of torturing, humiliating, itching, burning, scaly and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp and blood, with loss of hair, and all humors, blotches, eruptions, sores, scales and crusts, whether simple, scrofulous or hereditary, when physicians and all other remedies fail.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c; SOAP, 25c; RESOLVENT, $1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, Boston.

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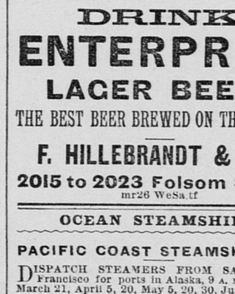

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