BUTTERCUP, POPPY, FORGET-ME-NOT.

BUTTERCUP, poppy, forget-me-not—
These three bloomed in a garden-spot,
And once, all merry with song and play,
A little one heard them twice say:
"Shine or shadow, summer or spring—
O thou child with the tangled hair
And laughing eyes—we three shall bring
Each an offering passing fair!"
The little one did not understand,
But they bent and kissed the dimpled hand.

Buttercup gamboled all day long,
Stirring the little one's mirth and song;
Then, strolling along on misty gleams,
Poppy came, bringing the sweetest dreams,
Playing and dreaming, that was all,
Till once the sleeper woo d not awake;
Kissing the little face under the pall,
We thought of the words the third flower spake.
And we found, betimes, in a hallowed spot
The solace and peace of forget-me-not.

Buttercup shareth the joy of day,
Glinting with gold the hours of play;
Bringeth the poppy sweet repose,
When the lids would fold and the eyes would close
And after it all—the play and the sleep
Of a little life—what cometh then?
To the hearts that ache and the eyes that weep
A wee flower bringeth God's peace again.
Each one serveth, in tender lot—
Buttercup, poppy, forget-me-not.

EUGENE FIELD in Chicago News

TWO KISSES.

WHEN I say that for rather more than a quarter of a century I have been a veritable old maid—an old maid, beyond the shadow of a peradventure—it will be readily understood that very many years have passed since I was a "slip of a girl." Yet I was only a slip of a girl, a small-sized, inexperienced miss of 18, when I undertook the rather arduous task of teaching a district school in an outlying section of Vermont, near the New York State line.

My school was not so very far distant from my own home, which was in a small Vermont city, but it was far enough to render it necessary for me to "board around" in the usual country school-marm style. The school term extended over four months, and each succeeding month I became the guest of a different family. With the first three I was fairly well content and tolerably comfortable, but when I took up my residence for my last month I was decidedly uneasy and dissatisfied with my surroundings.

The household consisted of a tolerably wealthy old widow and her son, the latter being the objectionable party. He was in size a giant, and was perhaps 30 years old. He dressed much better than most Vermont farmers, and took much pride in his personal appearance; but he could not conceal the fact that he was coarse, illiterate and brutal. I hated him very cordially from the first moment that my eyes rested upon him, and yet from that same first moment George Randall was unceasing in his efforts (which, I am thankful to say, were mostly unsuccessful) to pay me marked attention.

Although the Randalls' home was a long half mile from the school-house, I steadily refused to be driven by my brother, in carriage, and all, after rough the muddy April weather I persistently walked the tiresome distance daily. I also declined sundry offers of George Randall's escort to church, to social gatherings and to village dances. It was strange perversity on my part, for all the Snakeville girls tolerated Randall and willingly accepted his company; but in my eyes he was peculiarly offensive, and it felt, by intuition, that the time would some day arrive when I should prove my dislike to be well founded.

I possessed another very ardent admirer at Snakeville, of course—my pupils included the usual strange variety to be found in a country school, but there was one scholar who interested me particularly. He was a lad—a young man—who must have been two years older than myself, whose education had been somewhat neglected in his earlier days, as he was only a country boy, a farmer's son, unassuming and rather shy. Charlie Champneys was not unduly quick or sharp, and yet, in some ways, he was peculiarly bright and apt to learn. He was very much deformed and a cripple, generally known in the neighborhood as "Hunchback Charlie."

I was genuinely interested in this my biggest and oldest pupil, and I gave him, as his teacher, more attention than was his legitimate share. Indeed, I was so much interested in him that I encouraged him to come up and see me evenings, so that we could go over his studies more carefully than school hours permitted. He did come often, much to George Randall's chagrin, though the latter might easily have perceived that I cared nothing for Charlie, being merely interested in him as a diligent, painstaking pupil.

Quite often, after we finished our studies, I would read from books to Charlie, or, by his request, sing one of my songs, accompanying myself on Mrs. Randall's choice piano—the only one in the neighborhood. And all the time, while I never once dreamed about caring deeply for Charlie Champneys, I never once put my mind that perchance he might, possibly, learn to think more of me than would be good for his peace and comfort.

But at last the truth was forced upon me. For one Sunday evening in May, about two days before I was to leave Snakeville, very shyly and with much diffidence and stammering, Charlie told me that he loved me, and I—laughed at him!

He was serious enough and very much in earnest. I knew that full well. But I treated the whole affair as a huge joke and made fun of the poor fellow until he could stand it no longer, but, blushing like a girl, left me hastily. And for that scornful, laughing, mocking, thoughtless dismissal of a manly lover tendering me a good, genuine, honest love I have been sorry ever since.

From Snakeville to the railroad station which would convey me to my own home was five miles, and I was compelled to ride that distance with George Randall in his much admired spring wagon. Apparently he was not in a good humor when we started out. His bearing was sullen and morose, and he uttered never a word. We rode a perfect silence for fully half the distance to the depot, when we reached the foot of a hill which would have to be ascended by us.

Here Randall stopped the horse, and quietly threw the reins over the animal's back. He shifted his own position somewhat, so as to look me full in the face, while I gazed at him in blank astonishment. There was a curious glitter in Randall's eye, and I knew well that it was a cold passion, not born of drink. It looked like an expression of deadly hatred more than aught else; certainly, it was the glare of a demon which he fixed upon me.

"You will marry me!" he said, slowly and deliberately, more in a commanding than in a questioning tone.

I made no answer, for I was greatly frightened and agitated.

"I say, you will marry me," he repeated, while with his left hand he grasped my right arm so tightly as to cause me considerable physical pain.

I saw that I must say something.

"Mr. Randall, surely you would not insult and assault a helpless girl?"

"Insult you? No, curse you!" he said. "It is you who insult, for you have snubbed me on every possible occasion since you came to Snakeville. Insult you? Pshaw! I return good for evil. I say, you will marry me!"

"You are mistaken," I replied. "If you intend by your strange language to do me the honor of requesting me to marry you, I regret that I must decline. Please drive on."

"Ah!" he almost hissed. "No, I cannot force you to marry me, but I can—I can make you yield me those sneering lips of yours for a while! Yes, you shall—"

One of his strong arms was thrown around me, drawing me unwillingly to his side. His other hand held me as in a vise. He bent his face to me, and I could almost feel his lips upon mine.

But he did not kiss me. Some one sprang upon the wagon and struck Randall a violent blow upon the head, and before the brutal fellow could collect his scattered senses he was tossed out of the wagon on to the roadside. The opportune arrival was the cripple, Charlie Champneys.

My deliverer spoke a word to Randall, who was not seriously hurt, and then drove me on to the depot. He did not say very much, nor did I, though I felt like telling him a great deal; when the train drew up we said good-by, and I never returned to Snakeville.

Two years later I spent my summer vacation with some friends who resided in a small town on the shores of Lake George, within driving distance of the scene of my first efforts at teaching. I was exceedingly fond of rowing, and frequently spent whole days alone on the lake.

Late in the afternoon of what had been an intensely hot day, I started out in my little skiff and pulled lazily along the shore. It was so pleasant that at the time slipped by unnoticed, and for a long while I was unaware of the darkness which was slowly creeping over the water. When I did perceive the evening shadows they seemed to cover a more serious blackness which was already filling the western skies. Had I been weather-wise I might have known that one of those terrible summer storms, so common in lake regions, was about to break. The first intimation which I received, however, was a slight flash of lightning, followed by the low rumbling of thunder. I was, perhaps, three miles from the village and half a mile from the shore—which at that point and at that time was covered by dense woods. I had always been afraid of lightning, and the sudden flash, added to my knowledge of the fact that I was alone on deep water, made me very nervous.

A more vivid flash lit up the darkened skies, followed by loud thunder and before I had time to gather my fast scattering senses a fearful wind storm blew in terrific gusts over the lake. My frail boat spun round and round like a boy's top, so swiftly that that the motion made me quite dizzy. It is wonderful that I was not upset, but in less than two minutes the wind passed away and I found myself safe in the boat, but—without oars!

And then the rain came. Not in drops, but in solid sheets, while the blinding flashes of lightning and the incessant volleys of thunder mingled so closely together that it was impossible to tell which followed the other. I cannot remember just what my thoughts were at the time; I was greatly frightened and believed that the time had come for me to die. But I did not cry out, and I know I did not pray; I just sat tremblingly still.

Out there, among that weird storm music, it would have been quite impossible to distinguish the splash of oars or the sound of voices. I heard and saw nothing until I felt my boat give a sudden lurch, after which I became conscious that I was being steadily rowed toward the shore. Then I heard a voice, which sounded strangely familiar to me, saying:

"Be brave, Miss Lennox, you are quite safe now, and we shall soon be ashore."

Was I dreaming? Could it be—Ah, yes! For the lightning flashed that instant and revealed a face which I had not beheld since, when, one evening at a country depot I curiously and gratefully gazed upon it, while I bade its owner farewell. It was the face of Charley Champneys.

Soon we were ashore, and, at least, safe from the danger of drowning. But the shelter which we were able to secure was very poor, being only a small, deserted log cabin, the door of which had been carried away, and whose one window was entirely innocent of glass or shutters.

Champneys, cripple that he was, almost carried me to this welcome refuge, which, poor as it was, served to keep off the worst of the rain. My rescuer piled up some large stones, upon which we sat down, side by side.

Strange as it may seem, although we had not met for two years, we talked very little, indeed, after the stones were arranged for our seat, we were quite silent, for the storm was so very loud and fierce that conversation could only be carried on with difficulty. And yet as I sat there, soaked with the rain and terrified by the lightning, I was singularly content, for I knew then and forever that Charley Champney was more to me than an old friend.

Presently the rain subsided somewhat and the peals of thunder became less frequent. It was in one of these short intervals of comparative silence that I said:

"You remember when we were last together?"

"Yes," he replied, added, "but why speak of that?"

"Charlie!" I answered, "I have felt sorry—not for you alone, but for myself also—ever since. Without once seeing you or hearing from you, I have learned to love you very much. If you still feel toward me as you did on that Sunday evening when you said you loved me, take me, Charlie, we will love each other and"

But again the thunder rolled and roared and cut off the remainder of what I said.

When it ceased Charley began again:

"You must not talk so, Miss Lenox. I have seen for a long time that I was foolish and selfish to tell you of my love. Yet, though I am so unworthy of you, I do love you truly, and for that reason I cannot accept any such sacrifice from you. Bu oh, Miss Lenox, oh, Ruth, my darling, if I may have one kiss while we are here together I will go away content."

I turned my face upward toward his, and Charlie bent forward to kiss me. But before our lips could meet an awful shaft of lightning struck the hut we were in—struck Charley—and the man who had saved my pride from insult and my life from sudden death, the man who loved too late, lay prone on the floor at my side.

Charlie Champneys was dead.—W. H. S. Atkinson in Yankee Blade.

DIED WITH HIS BOOTS ON

A Game of Draw-Poker Ended in the Death of a Gambler.

Helena, in 1883, was a rough mining town. The Northern Pacific Railroad had just been built into the place, and civilization had not yet had time to drive the rowdy element into the savage haunts of isolated mining districts.

I remember walking along a business thoroughfare in the evening, with the sounds of boisterous voices, clinking glasses and repulsive oaths on every hand. I entered a gambling den, its broad doors were wide open, and the great electric arc-light invited me to a study of the crowded room.

I watched a game of draw-poker. Till the day of my death I will never forget it. The players were three in number. At the right hand side sat a man whose stout ensemble bespoke the villain. He wore a black slouched hat, which was drawn low down over his eyes, with the brim bent so as to shade them from the gaze of the other two. Not a movement, not the turn of a card escaped him. At every stage of the game he had figured out his exact chances; he knew precisely what to do at any given time. He played for gain. He was constantly on the lookout for treachery. He was silent. He had the devil in his heart. He was a gambler by profession.

At his right was a young man with a face flushed with liquor. His countenance reflected his feelings. His eyes were mirrors, and in them the game for gain, he saw every hand he played. The youth talked much, boosted occasionally and sneered often. Nevertheless, he lost and lost heavily.

The remaining player was a middle-aged man, swarthy of feature and rough of dress. He wore a flannel shirt, and held his cards with two great, rough hands that knew toil with a pick and shovel. He played recklessly, and, like all reckless players, his luck was wonderful. He watched only his own hand; he smiled good-naturedly at the voluble and liquor-headed youth, for he was winning, and a winner generally smiles. The gambler and the youth lost steadily to the miner, the first because his cards were poor, the latter because his face was an index of his cards, good or bad, an index which the miner, though attending strictly to his own play, could not help noticing.

At last there was a "jack-pot." The youth dealt and every one passed. The miner dealt a like result; but when the gambler dealt he "opened." To do this he was obliged to have a pair of jacks or better. The miner had watched him deal much as a cat watches a mouse. I saw in the miner's eyes a gleam so determined, so reckless, that I involuntarily started. He played calmly. Cards were drawn and bets made. The miner wagered his last chip. The youth, with a look of worry, threw down his cards, and the gambler drew out of his pocket some shining gold pieces. He placed them on the pile of chips. The miner took a large, ugly looking six-shooter from his pocket and put it on the table, then he laid down a quantity of gold and demanded to see his opponent's hand.

Three kings and two aces.

"A full house," said the gambler, calmly. He reached out his hand to take the money.

"No you don't," cried the miner. "See this hand?"

He laid his fire cards face upward before the astonished eyes. He had not even a pair. The gambler smiled contemptuously and made another movement to take the money.

"Wait! You've seen that hand, now look at this one."

His revolver was pointed full at the gambler's breast, and his eye gleamed along the barrel. The gambler never winced. He waited in apparent consternation for a second.

"Boys," said the miner, appealing to the bystanders, "he took them kings from the bottom of the pack, an' he slipped the cut before dealin'—"

Sping! Sping!

Quick as a flash the gambler had drawn a weapon and shot his opponent, killing him on the spot.

I was dazed and can remember nothing more, but as I left the hall amid the confusion that followed I heard the results, spoken by some one beside me:

"— Joe Henderson. Good 'nuff feller, but I allus 'loved he'd die with his boots on. Can't stick to gamblin' an' live nohow!"

Found in the Bay.

The body of Robert Mathis, sail-maker on the English ship Shandon, who fell overboard about ten days ago and was counted among the "mysterious disappearances," was recovered from the bay yesterday. Mathis was a native of England.

DO YOU WANT S. S. S.
SWIFT'S SPECIFIC S. S. S. CURED ME ENTIRELY OF MERCURIAL RHEUMATISM AFTER I WAS MADE PHYSICAL A WRECK.
JNO. H. LYLES, SORENTO, ILL.
$1,000 WILL BE PAID TO ANY CHEMIST WHO WILL FIND ON ANALYSIS OF SWIFT'S SPECIFIC S. S. S., ONE PARTICLE OF MERCURY, IODIDE OF POTASH OR ANY POISONOUS SUBSTANCE.
I WAS CURED BY SWIFT'S SPECIFIC S. S. S. OF THE WORST FORM OF BLOOD POISON.
D. H. KAIN, MT. VERNON, ILL.
TO MAKE $1,000? S. S. S.
su14 1y TuThSa

SEA AND SHORE.

Arrival of the Steamer Australia From Honolulu.

Sandwich Island Traders Making Long Passages—Palmerston Island Found to be Inhabited—Warnings to Mariners.

The Oceanic Company's steamer Australia, Captain Houdlette, arrived yesterday, seven days from Honolulu, bringing thirty-eight cabin and thirty steerage passengers. Among the cabin passengers were Lieutenant Stoney of the Charleston, wife, two children and two servants. Among the cargo brought by the Australia were 8087 bags of sugar, 3819 bags of rice, 8106 bunches and 623 boxes bananas, 100 bundles sugar cane and fourteen cases betel leaves.

Advices received at the Merchants' Exchange yesterday by the steamer Australia state that the United States steamer Charleston was to have left for this port on the 25th inst. and that King Kalakaua would come on her as a guest of Admiral Brown.

The steamer Coos Bay, Captain Nicholson, will go on the Merchants' Dry-dock today to be cleaned and overhauled. This will cause her to miss one trip, the first in ten months.

PALMERSTON ISLAND.

Shipmasters trading in the Pacific Ocean, says a Liverpool paper, disagree with the British Hydrographic authorities, which report that Palmerston Island is uninhabited and destitute of water, and have so marked it on the charts. The steamship Richmond recently stopped off the island, and, not only secured a supply of food and water, but found it was the island home of 100 people who had lived there for twenty-five years.

The ship Æolus, for this port, was spoken on October 11th in latitude 2° south, longitude 26° west; the ship Cape of Good Hope on November 1st in latitude 49° south, longitude 63° west, and the Reaper on November 1st in latitude 49° south, longitude 63° west.

The weather was hazy at Point Lobos yesterday and the wind all day from the northeast, blowing as high as 20 miles an hour. The barometer read: 8 o'clock in the morning, 30.14; noon, 30.13; 5 o'clock in the evening, 30.07.

The steamer Queen, which sailed for Victoria and Sound ports in place of the City of Puebla, which has been attached, carried a cargo to Victoria valued at $6000.

MADE LONG PASSAGES.

The barkentines S. G. Wilder and W. H. Dimond arrived in port yesterday, both making the passage in the long time of 24 days. They left Honolulu together and the Wilder arrived in the forenoon and the Dimond in the afternoon. It is understood that there was a bet of $500 a side made in Honolulu on the result of the race across. The distance here from Honolulu is 2160 miles and the vessels must be pretty evenly matched.

The Fish Commissioners' steamer Albatross will sail in January next for the Mexican coast, where dredgings and deep-sea soundings will be made. Professor Alexander Agassiz of Cambridge is expected to join the vessel for the voyage.

Captain T. J. Conner has been appointed master of the bark Richard III, now lying at Port Townsend, vice Captain George E. Morse, resigned, and Captain H. Harrington has taken charge of the schooner Orient, vice Captain C. F. Swan.

The new ship Shenandoah was launched at Bath, Me., on Tuesday and will load at New York for this port. She is the largest ship ever built on the coast of Maine.

MOVEMENTS OF VESSELS.

The barkentine W. H. Dimond docked at Folsom street on arrival.

The bark Alaska hauled into the stream from Third street.

The ship Pass of Balmaha will dock at Long Bridge to-day, and the bark Stambouli will haul into the stream from Folsom street.

The British ship Amazon went up to Port Costa yesterday.

The J. C. Ford docked at Mission No. 1 and the ship Columbia went over to Alameda.

The bark Aureola docked at Beale street on arrival.

The ship C. C. Chapman left her berth at Oakland and anchored in the stream.

WARNINGS TO MARINERS.

Lieutenant-Commander O. W. Parenholt, commanding the United States steamer Pinta, reports as follows concerning the steamer route through Cross Sound, Alaska, indicated on United States Coast Survey Chart 701 as passing between the Inian Islands and Lavinia Point on the Chichagoff Island shore. Lieutenant George E. Emmons, the executive officer of this vessel, who has been in Alaskan waters over seven years, says:

This route is utterly unknown and most perilous. In the channel, which is the shortest distance from Point Lavinia there is a very dangerous rock which was just covered at low water when I went through in a canoe in July, 1889. Through this narrow channel the tidal current sweeps in with terrific force, certain destruction to anything but a canoe.

I have closely questioned the two best pilots in Alaskan waters and both state that there is no known channel for a steamer opposite Lavinia Point; that the place is totally unsurveyed and the tidal current worse than in Peril Strait.

A sunken rock, over which the sea breaks at very low water, has been discovered to the northward of Rocky Point, coast of Oregon. From the rock Cape Orford Lighthouse bears south 13° west true (south five-eighths east mag.), distant four miles.

The pilot of the mail steamer Mexico reports that the red spar-buoy (No. 12) Finger Point, Wrangell Narrows, Alaska, has disappeared.

MORNING SALES.

Board—50 Pacific Phonograph, 1; 30 S V Water, 94.

Street—$1000 Market-st Cable Bonds, 125.

AFTERNOON SALES.

Board—100 Hawaiian Commercial, 15; $6000 S V 6% Bonds, 120½; $10,000 do, 120⅝; 60 Safety Nitro Power, 9½; 50 do, 9⅝; $3000 S P of A Bonds, 100.

Street—Pacific Gas Imp, 58; $15,000 Omnibus Cable, 116¾.

SOMETHING TO LAUGH AT.

SUGAR.

Half a pound of glucose,
Half a pound of sand,
Make the angry housewife
And the grocer black.

—Boston Traveller.

* * *

Clara—How near through are you with that book?

Maud—All but the first three chapters.—New York Sun.

* * *

"The world can't come to an end."

"Why not?"

"It's a globe, and consequently there's no end to it."—Philadelphia Times.

* * *

Sarah Bernhardt has the reputation of being very thin, indeed, but even she can not compare with the excuses some men make when they stay out late at night.—Somerville Journal.

* * *

"Why do you imagine that Miss Dutton will accept you?"

"She promised to be a sister to my brother, you know, and there's no other way to be so except by marrying me.—Harper's Bazar.

* * *

The exact birthplace of Cinderella, famous in connection with the little glass slipper, is not known, but the greatest story-teller in the world never alleged she was a Chicago girl.—Philadelphia Times.

* * *

Rose—"Ah, you are ready for the ball, are you? It makes me think of our school-days to look at you. You were always so clever at composition." Maud—"Yes; but what reminds you of it?" "You still make up so well."—Texas Siftings.

* * *

Continuing hostilities—"I suppose a great many lovers visit the battle-ground," said a blushing damsel to a Gettysburg guide. "Yes, miss," replied the guide, "it has been the scene of many engagements since the big battle."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

* * *

Gazzam (entering the club)—I understand that Jaysmith has been saying things derogatory to my character. I am going to make him swallow his words. Maddox—Don't do it now, Gazzam. You'll kill the poor fellow. He's been talking for four hours.—New York Sun.

* * *

A delicate compliment—Mrs. Wickwire—There was a time when you used to tell me you loved me better than my life. I never hear you make any such statements now.

Mr. Wickwire—Certainly not. Since we are married my life is worth a great deal more to me.—Indianapolis Journal.

* * *

Florence is a little girl who is just learning to go to church. Last Sunday, when she came home, her mother asked her what she thought of the sermon.

"Ugh," was the irreverent answer, "me sitted an' sitted an' sitted, and got drefful tired, an' the p'eacher said an' said an' keeped on sayin'."—Washington Star.

Those Petty Seizures.

Three small seizures were made on board the steamship Gaelic yesterday. Inspector McKenna found 135 silk handkerchief in a young man's blouse, Inspector Beanfield found a dozen silk table doylies on another, and Officer Challonen discovered a Chinaman with nine embroidered silk handkerchiefs sewed in the lining of his blouse.

ORCHARD CULTIVATION.

Consideration of the Subject by the Horticulturists.

At the stated meeting of the State Horticultural Society yesterday S. J. Stabler opened the proceedings in the temporary absence of President Hilgard.

The Secretary reported that the receipts for last year amounted to $166 and the disbursements to $161, leaving a balance in the treasury of about $80.

When the stated subject for discussion came up R. A. Wilcox opened the theme by a dissertation on the local adaptation of different fruits, and in the course of his address described the properties of the soil in different parts of Santa Clara County, claiming for the eastern slope of the Santa Cruz Mountains a peculiar adaptability for table grapes, especially at an altitude of 1500 feet.

On the Monterey side of the mountains, he said, the fruit ripened earlier and so had the advantage of high prices in the beginning of the season, but the grape is much softer and does not bear transportation so well. On the low, heavy lands near the bay pears do better than elsewhere. On the higher land table grapes bring $250 an acre, and an additional profit is afterward made by the purchaser who ships them to market. On his own orchard his ten-year-old prune trees yield $700 to $800 an acre, and pears pay him $300 an acre. All his neighbors, observing his success, are putting in prunes this year, but cannot secure enough young trees for planting.

J. S. Stabler described a trip to Placer County, where he made an examination of the bottom lands and found a splendid growth of prunes and peaches. By comparing results there with those obtained from his own orchard in Sutter County, he found that the prune did better in the wet bottom land than in his dry sandy loam. The peaches on his own place were, however, far superior, and he believed they would not thrive under any conditions in bottom land or red almed swamp.

Mr. Thomas of Visalia confirmed Mr. Stabler's conclusions regarding the proper soil for prunes, but recommended peach stock instead of Marobolan. He thought the Visalia delta the best peach country in the State, and claimed to have always raised the largest fruit there until this year, when Bakersfield carried off the palm, with peaches weighing twenty-three ounces. The Mussel Slough country he believed the best for raisin culture—even superior to Fresno.

Professor Hilgard told of experiments with muscats grown on strong alkali land. They looked splendid and were very large, but made an inferior grape. On the subject of orchard cultivation, he believed that plowing could be done without on certain soils, but where the surface soil is shallow plowing must be resorted to to deepen it.

He advocated plowing half an inch deeper each year instead of turning up a larger set in the first place, because turning up too much of the subsoil to the top prevents the growth of crops for a number of years after. He also thought that Santa Clara orchardists are pursuing a poor policy in killing down the weeds, as their doing so deprived the soil of a very valuable fertilizing agent. If they do not like weeds they should grow buckwheat and plow it under when it reaches a height of one and a half to two feet.

After a discussion on the relative values of chisel and "duck feet" cultivators the meeting adjourned.

HOTEL ARRIVALS.

RUSS HOUSE.

J Marion, California
R Kinney, San Jose
A Harding, Hollister
De Cantlin, Yuba
Hubbard, Redwood City
M J Murphy, California
F Rokisott, Ukiah
V Johnson, A Hallstord
G A Egan, California
H Patrick, Sanmino
F Lewi, San Jose
S H Slaught, San Jose
J Hemyer, Santa Rosa
A Dueker, Petaluma
R Greer, Petaluma
M Watwick, Santa Rosa
J B Carey, Santa Rosa
A Schutter, California
C Quell, Eureka
Mrs Rolcee, Gilroy's
Mrs Stowell, Gilroy
J C Storm & w, Salinas
F Dupoister & w, Sacto
H Eckstein, Pescadero
H Donahue & w, Ft Bragg
H Northey, Dubuque
F Huston, Woodland
Miss Durbin, Cordelia
C Edgar & w, Vallejo
J G Weaver, Colusa
A W Burt, California
D Williams, California
J Casey, San Ardo
J Sturgeon & w, Newman
L Cummings, Spokane Fls
S Clark & w, Connecticut
J O Quail, McArthur
A Mattos, Redding

INTERNATIONAL HOTEL.

J F Reardon, Willows
J Fitzpatrick, California
J Scott, California
A F Stephens, Kansas
J Roberts, Stockton
W B Westlake, San Jose
T Hunly, Matoon
S Sendry, Matoon
G Morrison & f, Matoon
Miss Olders, Matoon
W L Petty, Elmira
N F Hughes, Butte
Com Gilbert, Angel Island
M McNally, Angel Island
L Best, California
W F Brown, Oakland
W W Bowman, Redding
C H Barry, Truckee
A Miller, Truckee
A A Millett, Truckee
T Corsett, Paso Robles
H Sherlock, Paso Robles
P T Watson, Tacoma
A R Ferryman, Tacoma
C Rogers, Tacoma
F J McDonell, Vallejo
L S Thomas, Chicago
C Carson, St. Helena
W J King, Westport

AMERICAN EXCHANGE.

Jas Dewey, Santa Rosa
Geo Rhodes, Keiseyville
N Jackson, Yuma
D Johnson, Yuma
E Lands, Los Angeles
F R Doyle, Los Angeles
E J Charles, Los Angeles
N C Goodwin, Los Angeles
George McVey, Pomona
J Haas, Pomona
F M Lutts, Colusa
N T Hughes, Butte
J A McCall, Redwood City
A L Hill, Los Angeles
Geo A Martin, L Angeles
F Harney, Los Angeles
H H Graves, New Orleans
E M Wade, Bakersfield
J F Fredricks, Bakersfield
John Williams, Illinois
C H Roberts, Illinois
G W May, Cleveland
S Jack, Cleveland
C A Tucker, Nevada
Thomas Davis, Nevada
F Melocke, Virginia City

PALACE HOTEL.

F Kimball, Chicago
W S Smith & w, N Y
E B Miller, Akron
J G Garratt, Lower Cal
C E Johnson, Fresno
W Wright, Philadelphia
W H Ingham, Chicago
Mrs W H Ingham, Chgo
C H Keyes, Riverside
W S Monroe, Pasadena
J A Howell & w, Sacto
J C Spring Jr, San Diego
W Goldsborough, U S N
L Haas, Vallejo
C C Powning, Reno
W Gibbons, San Jose
Mrs Clayton & w, San Jse
L C Dingley Jr & w, Oak
Mrs J Corwine, N Y
Mrs E S Burbank, Miwkee
Miss L M Delano, Miwkee
H S Ward, Rochester
H B Dunn, Tacoma
E F Jones, New York
W L Seymour, New York
Baron Schilliwig, St Hina

NEW WESTERN HOTEL.

Geo W Johnson, Cal
H M Mariana, Sacramento
Arthur Chance, Portland
A R Harris & w, Oakland
W K Sanborn, Benicia
Fred N Dale, California
C M Kimbley, Indiana
John Thompson, Cal
H M Kimbley, Indiana
Charles Deval, Indiana
S Shipley, Indiana
Dr Deacon, Indiana
Mrs M B Trasher, Indiana
G Evans, Spokane Falls
W Bisbane, Spokane Falls
J Mahan, Seattle
Charles Lord, Seattle
Thomas Crow, Seattle
Joseph Berger, Tacoma
C H Malkerman, Cal
W E Deacon, Indiana
B C Hatfield, Philadelphia
L G Sutcliffe, Philadelphia

GRAND HOTEL.

S Booth, Black Diamond
J Murphy, Pleasanton
Mrs M E Wright, Oakland
Miss Wright, Oakland
F Parker, Oakland
J A Brown, Sacramento
H N Putnam, Oakland
J Feastry, Mare Island
H H Goodwin, San Jose
M Peterson, Santa Rosa
Miss M Douglass, Santa Ro
Mrs Mitchell, Santa Rosa
J Morrow, Sonoma
Dr McCracken, Pescadero
W H Jewett, Helena
J C Eubanks, California
J E Mason, Antioch
W A Watkins, San Jose

OCCIDENTAL HOTEL.

H McClure, U S A
W W Wilfred, New York
A Raventon & w, Santa Cla
J F Greener, Virginia
W B Thompson, Baltimor
W Bleeker, New Jersey
S A Woods, Victoria
W A Dodd, Australia
A G Miller, Washington
T L White & w, Mass
Miss J White, Mass
Mrs C W Lamorder, Mass
H A Holbrer, Mass
J C Sullivan, U S N
Mrs J C Sullivan, New Yor
Mrs A C Sullivan, New Yor
C B Bishop, Honolulu
V Kundsen, Honolulu
H M von Holt, Honolulu
Miss E Wheeler, Honolulu
E M Bolan, U S A
B M Garrett, U S N
Capt T S Ullman, Fox Isla
S A Woods, Victoria
F A West, Stockton
C H Lubbock, Nevada
Dr Lunette, Colorado
J J Palmer & w, New Yor
Mrs Barber, San Rafael
F Hanson, U S A
G F Jennings, Chicago
W L Oge, San Rafael
W H Story, San Rafael

BALDWIN HOTEL.

Mrs E Henry, Benicia
H Tuggy, Rochester
L Phiers, San Jose
H T Juad, San Jose
J V Kelly & w, S Clara
E Mertz, Salt Lake
N C Butterfield, Chicago
R L Knapp, New York
J Cook, Napa
M Henas & w, E Oakland
D Wright, San Jose
A Moore, Sunol
E Rich, Sunol
Robt Addison, Pasadena
Mrs Addison, Pasadena
J E Reedy, Petaluma
D R St Clair, Petaluma
Pac R R Co, Seattle
C Cole, Seattle
H Gande, Seattle
John McCracken, Mont
L Campbell & w, B C
James Seyborn, B C
A Gray, Los Angeles
E G Hawxhurst, L Angeles
F F Collins, Seattle
J Hoffman, Boston
Mrs Tanerad, Boston
Ira McNeil, Centerville
F Young, Centerville
T Green, Fortuna
John Watts, Europe
George Hewes, Idaho
A J Henderson & w, Sac
David Ireland, Honolulu
John Morgan, Honolulu
J Cooke, Honolulu

BANK SNEAKS.

Clever Work of a Gang Who Understood Their Business.

The Twenty-sixth Ward Bank of Brooklyn, which is situated on Atlantic avenue, near Hinsdale street, and of which Ditmas Jewell, formerly of the Brooklyn Bank, is President, was robbed yesterday of a package containing $5600 in bills. The work is supposed to be that of a band of clever sneak-thieves. The money was taken from a safe which sat directly back of Cashier B. R. Spellman's desk. About noon, when the cashier and a clerk named Bookman were alone in the bank, a man entered and engaged the cashier in a conversation. The talk took place through an aperture in the partition which divides the desk from the main office.

As they were talking the bell of the telephone in the office rang, and, Clerk Hookman answering it, informed the cashier that the cashier of the Queen's County Bank wanted to talk with him. Mr. Spellman left his desk and at the same time Mr. Bookman was summoned outside to receive some money for deposit from a man who had left the coast clear for the thieves, but the loss of the money was not discovered for some time. It then dawned upon the men that the conversationalist, the man in the buggy and the man at the other end of the telephone had cleverly victimized the bank, though the cashier does not see how anybody could have come behind the partition without being seen or heard by him.—N. Y. special to Cincinnati Enquirer.

FAMILY RETAIL MARKET.

Cod continues dear and scarce, but fresh supplies from Australia are on the way.

Butter and Eggs are a little cheaper.

Meats are unchanged, except Veal, which is dearer.

It is seldom that the Poultry market is so heavily supplied. In fact it is glutted with both Eastern and California fowl, but prices show very little decline.

Several varieties of summer Fruits and Vegetables are dropped for the season.

The only noteworthy change in Fish is a decline in Salmon.

Following is THE CALL'S regular weekly retail price list:

COAL—PER TON.

Cedar River	14 00@15 00	Greta, ⅌ ton	16 00@17 00
Cannel	18 00@ —	Seattle	14 00@15 00
Diamond	14 00@15 00	New Seattle	14 00@15 00
New Wellington	—	Coos Bay	13 00@ —
Ton, ⅌ ton	15 00@16 00	Rock Springs	15 00@ —
Wellington	15 00@16 00	Coke, ⅌ bbl	1 50@ —

DAIRY PRODUCE, ETC.

Butter, choice lb	40@45	Cheese, Eastern	20@25
do, good	35@37	Cheese, Swiss	25@35
Ordinary, do	25@27	Eggs, ⅌ doz	35@50
Pickled Roll	35@ —	do, Eastern	30@35
Firkin	25@30	Honey, comb ⅌ lb	17@20
Eastern Creamery	35@ —	do, extracted	10@12
Cheese, Cal	15@20		

MEATS—PER POUND.

Bacon	15@17	Pork, salt	15@ —
Beef, choice	—@20	Pork Chops	18@20
Corned Beef	10@12	Rib Chops	12@15
Ham, Cal	13@15	Round Steak	10@12
do, Eastern	16@17	Sirloin Steak	15@17
Lard, ⅌ lb	10@12½	Porterhouse	15@20
Mutton	10@12	Smoked Beef	15@20
Lamb	12@15	Veal	10@ —
Pork, fresh	12@15		

POULTRY AND GAME.

Broilers, each	50@ 65	Doves, ⅌ doz	1 00@ —
Hens, each	65@ 87	Venison, ⅌ lb	20@ 25
Young Rooster,		Wild Ducks, ⅌ dz	1 00@1 50
ers, each	65@ 87	Canvasback, do	1 00@1 25
Old Roosters,		Sprigs, do	50@ 60
each	65@ 75	Wild pigeon, do	50@ 60
Turkeys, ⅌ lb	20@ 23	Teal, do	40@ 50
Ducks, each	75@1 00	Small Ducks, do	30@ 40
Geese, each	2 00@2 50	Mallards, ⅌ dz	00@2 50
Pigeons, ⅌ pair	50@ 60	Jack Snipe, do	1 00@ —
Rabbits, ⅌ pair	37@ 50	Quail, ⅌ doz	1 50@1 75
Squirrels, each	12@ 15	Wild Geese, ea	50@ 60
Hare, each	25@ —		

FRUITS AND NUTS.

Apples, ⅌ lb	4@ 6	Huckleberries,	
Almonds, ⅌ lb	20@ 25	⅌ lb	10@ 15
Bananas, ⅌ doz	15@ 35	Limes, ⅌ doz	15@ 20
Cantaloupes, ea	15@ 25	Oranges, ⅌ doz	25@ 75
Cranberries, ⅌		Pears, ⅌ lb	5@ 10
gallon	60@ 75	Pineapples, ea	25@ 50
Chestnuts, ⅌ lb	20@ —	Quinces, ⅌ lb	6@ 8
Cocoanuts, ea	10@ 12	Raspberries, ⅌	
Crab-apples, ⅌ lb	5@ 6	basket	15@ 25
Figs, Smyr'n, lb	15@ 20	Raisins, ⅌ lb	8@ 15
Figs, Cal, ⅌ lb	10@ 15	Strawberries ⅌	
Grapes, ⅌ lb	4@ 8	drawer	50@ 75
Lemons, ⅌ doz	37@ 40	Walnuts, ⅌ lb	20@ 25

VEGETABLES.

Artichokes, ⅌		Onions, ⅌ doz	12@ 15
doz	60@ 75	On