TURF GOSSIP.

What William Corbitt Has to Say About His Trotters.

In and Out Running of California Stables at Chicago—Jockey Narvaez Suspended for Cause.

One of the leading stables that figured very prominently last year in the harness events of the Coast circuit was that of William Corbitt of the San Mateo farm and many of the most valuable purses were won by his entries. This year the stable will not be anything like as strong as it was last year, judging from a recent letter written by Mr. Corbitt.

SAN MATEO TROTTERS.

He says: "The associations in California have barred our best horse, Hazel Wilkes, so we turned her out. We had no place to start Lillian Wilkes and so bred her to Stamboul. Regal Wilkes is in the stud. We did not think it good judgment to give him a hasty preparation with a view to starting him in the 2:18 or 2:15 class with aged horses. There is but little chance of either of these classes filling. Owing to the barring of Hazel Wilkes out of the 2:20 class we had to enter Una Wilkes in her place, although her record is but 2:25¼. There are so few purses given in this State that we must trot out of our class or get no place to trot. Owing to this and the discrimination against our stock we are determined to follow Mr. Salisbury's shoes next year and go East. We have a fair lot of youngsters, but no aged horses, and as many of them are well engaged East we shall start only a few of them here and reserve the rest for green classes another year. We shall not work Freedom this season. He is now running out and will do so until next winter. We do not look for any record-breaking this season in California. We know that there will be none in our stable."

But even if the San Mateo representation be but light, the remaining in California of Marvin and his large string from Palo Alto will about even things up, and all things considered, the outlook for the racing throughout the circuit is the best ever known on the Coast.

RUNNING IN AND OUT.

The entire Chicago press is unanimous in condemning the inconsistent running of the various stables at the present Washington Park meeting, and the head lines of all their turf articles alone express their views very plainly. As quite a large number of California horses are starting there, the criticisms attract more than passing notice. The Chicago papers now give a column daily, contrasting the performances of most of the prominent horses, and in this manner afford ample opportunity for reflection. The following is a sample: "At Washington Park, on June 23d, Verge d'Or, 122 lbs., beat Racine 122 at a mile and half a furlong. Four days later Racine 124 lbs., beat Verge d'Or 108 lbs., at one mile and a furlong. For reversal of form' the performance would take first premium in any country."

The jockeys, riding these two, are not forgotten and occasionally the judges seem to wake up and find out that crooked work is going on right under their noses. Then they suspend a few of them.

NARVAEZ SUSPENDED.

Among the jockeys recently suspended is a boy named Narvaez, who for some time past has been frequently charged with fraudulent riding on California tracks, but who always escaped punishment through peculiar influences. He is engaged by the Undine Stable, which has the very best California colts under lease from the Palo Alto stock farm, and it may be here noted that this stable's running has been most freely criticized. On Thursday last, while riding Bob L. Narvaez so openly pulled the horse that the judges suspended him for the meeting. Narvaez, riding on the last day's racing of the Blood Horse spring meeting was denounced by every paper in this city, and if justice had been done he would have been ruled off then and there for life, but again his pull saved him.

THE BEST COLTS OUT.

Speaking of the best form shown up this year in the East the Spirit of the Times says: What an extraordinary good stable Mr. Belmont would have had if he had lived has been more than ever apparent within the past week. The five best two-year-olds out so far may be put down as being His Highness, Prince Michael, Florizel, Victory and Nomad, of which three would have carried the maroon and scarlet. The best three-year-old filly may at present be said to be La Tosca without much fear of contradiction, though that marvelous animal, Fairy, must not be left out of our reckoning. Potomac is the best three-year-old colt, while among the older division Prince Royal and Raceland would have proved worthy representatives.

Perhaps there is no more deceptive animal in training at the present time than Mr. L. P. Rose's good filly Fairy. After inspecting her it would take a bold man to back her in anything like fair company, and even after the excellent form she has displayed this holds true. She is, in fact, nothing but skin and bone, but in that attenuated body of hers is as stanch and game a heart as ever a horse possessed. Her victory in the Thistle stakes Monday was a great surprise, as the price against her showed, especially as she was ridden by the stable jockey, Ward, who had not so far distinguished himself by any remarkably artistic performances. As a matter of fact, on this occasion he rode a well judged race in some respects.

KENTUCKY RACERS.

It is not an unusual thing to find a horse that has every quality of a winner, but which seems unable to get past the wire in advance of his field. There are a score of such horses in active training, and some of them can be found right here in Chicago, says the Evening Post of that city. Good, consistent animals, game and speedy, they can be depended upon to do their best to win, and though they are always well up at the finish they do not seem to be able to get their noses in front. Whether it is all luck or whether it is the fault of bad riding nobody can determine, but everybody is certain that it is due to a lack of speed. Such a horse is Business, who astonished several thousand people at Washington Park recently by beating Kingman at a mile and a half. The full brother of the famous Dad, who won the Oakwood three or four years ago, this horse has been pursued by the hardest sort of luck.

That he has speed was shown by his performance when he went the mile and a half in 2:35½. He is always in the front rank at the finish, and seldom fails to show, that is, run first, second or third. Last year he won only one race in thirty starts, but only once did he run worse than third. There are a whole lot of men who have confidence in Business and never fail to bet on his chances, and though they have lost heavily on him, they unite in saying that nothing but ill luck keeps him down. Another such horse was Unlucky, who rarely ever ran worse than second, but everybody said his name was responsible for his performances.

B. C. Holly's two-year-old chestnut filly Extravagant by Woodnut out of Economy won her maiden race at Walla Walla last week, in good time, taking the hard track and change of climate into consideration. Time, 3:01 and 2:35.

The Pacific Coast Trotting-horse Breeders' Association has laid down a rule that will meet the approbation of all lovers of honest trotting. It is to the effect that in all "over-night" sweepstakes and purses to be trotted here at the midsummer meeting all horses that do not win one heat in three will be sent to the stable and not allowed to contend for the fourth heat.

According to the official count the attendance at Washington Park, Chicago, on Derby day was 40,413.

MISS ALICE'S FAST MILE.

The latest sensation in the trotting world is undoubtedly the great race made by Miss Alice in the 2:10 class at Hartford. It was conceded that she would beat her field, but that she would reduce her record to 2:17¼ in the first race of the season on a track that was a trifle slow on account of a recent rain, and at the same time distance her field, was not expected. It stamps her as a great mare, and her admirers confidently predict that she will trot in 2:15 or better before the season is over. She is the fastest performer in her sire's (Alcantara) list.

The first two-year-old to enter the list this year is Annorean, by Cyclone, she having trotted to a record of 2:30 at Springfield, Ill., on June 23d.

Since 1889 Robert Bonner has purchased forty-four trotters, which cost him a total sum of $470,825.

Novel Rat-Traps.

There are five old cans in an infrequently used storehouse connected with Willis' grocery in this village. A few days ago two or three boys were in the storehouse playing. They placed the milk-cans in a row, and amused themselves for a while by pitching ears of corn at them to see who could put the most ears in a can. There were ears of corn in each can when the boys quit playing and left the storehouse. On Friday the proprietor of the store had occasion to go into the storehouse. The sounds that greeted him at first startled him. It was a ceaseless grating, thumping and squealing combined. He went to one of the milk cans and looked into it. It was alive with immense rats, struggling to get out. Each one of the five milk cans contained a swarm of rats. It was not until Willis learned of the boys and the corn that he could explain the presence of the rats in the cans. The rats had jumped down into the cans to get the corn, but it was impossible for any of them to get out again. How to dispose of the enormous number of rodents was at first a puzzler to the groceryman, but he finally hit upon a plan. He put the covers on the cans and secured them and rolled the cans to the creek. Then opening the lids just enough to let the water run into the cans he filled each one and drowned the rats. When the cans were emptied the least number of rats in any can was found to be twenty-three. One can had forty-one. There were 153 rats in all.—Avoca (N. Y.) special to Globe-Democrat.

YOUNG DEER IN THE PARK.

How Officer Thompson's Purse Is Constantly Drained.

The park in all its summer prodigality of bud and blossom, and the Cliff with its exhilarating ocean air, attracted more than the usual number of visitors yesterday, the large attendance being an indication that the annual vacations are over and people are returning to the city.

The deer park was also a center of attraction, for during the last week there has been a large addition to the family of animals in the inclosure. No less than twelve young deer have been born during this time, the last two coming into existence on Saturday night. The deer offspring are doing well, and there is every indication that they will all survive, so that by next year the park will have all the deer that could be desired.

The mothers of the young deer could be seen yesterday afternoon affectionately tending their little offspring, and the lively antics of the diminutive animals were a source of constant amusement to the children, and even grown people gathered around.

While Park Officer Thompson was standing near the carriage grounds in the afternoon a lady and gentleman approached him. The gentleman handed him a quarter of a dollar.

"What's this for? I don't drink," said Thompson.

"Oh, that's for the ten cents you gave me yesterday in order to ride home," said the lady. "I had lost my purse, you know."

Officer Thompson refused to take the money and the couple went off. Speaking of the incident, he said that hardly a day passed but he was approached by women desiring car fare, and who claimed to have been robbed or to have lost their purses. It was very seldom that he ever heard of them again. He always took their names and residences, but they were generally fictitious. He had kept an account of his expenditures in this direction and had found that they footed up between 50 and 75 cents per week.

This money was a virtual loss to him. It always gave him pleasure to see the parties relieved at least acknowledge the courteous treatment by a subsequent return of the money. In a number of cases he had been imposed upon by the same parties several times. One of these imposters has a child who always accompanies her, and Thompson says the child told him one day: "Oh, mamma never walks when she spends all her money; she goes to a policeman and always gets some."

GAMES IN THE COURTS.

Several Mediocre Matches Made in the Hand-Ball Alleys.

The games in the hand-ball courts yesterday were quite brisk, notwithstanding the sun's promise of a heated afternoon. In the Union Hand-ball Court the ball was started by Martin Tiernan in his single-handed contest with Pete Hutchinson. It resulted in a victory for Tiernay. Scores: 21 to 7, 13 to 21 and 21 to 18.

Leary and Cook played Kylie and Kissane a rubber, and won in the second and third games by the scores, 13 to 15, 15 to 6 and 15 to 13.

D'Arcy and Mahoney were pitted against each other in a very hardly contested rubber. It, like the former, took three games to decide. Scores: 21 to 18, 17 to 21 and 21 to 17.

Pennoyer and Hutchinson were matched against McDermott and Kelly for two rubbers, both of which resulted in victories for the latter. Scores: First rubber—15 to 13, 12 to 15 and 15 to 10; second—12 to 15, 15 to 13 and 15 to 7.

Two rubbers were played by Manning and Malloy against Toner and Maloney. Both resulted favorably to the former team. The scores of the first rubber were, 13 to 15, 15 to 12 and 15 to 13, showing the contest to have been about even. The second rubber was more indicative of fatigue than strength. His scores were: 12 to 15, 15 to 3 and 15 to 10.

The principal event of the day was a contest in Butler's court between the champion team, Mike Butler and Joe Lawless, and James O'Donnell and Thomas McCann, for a purse. Referee, Murphy. The games were for the best three 21-ace games out of five. There were four games played, resulting in the scores: 21 to 5, 20 to 21, 21 to 6 and 21 to 9.

Farrell and Hutchinson played two rubbers with Toner and Hendry, which resulted in a rubber each by the scores: First rubber, 15 to 12 and 15 to 13; second, 12 to 15, 15 to 7 and 15 to 15.

Lavalle and Harlow played a single-handed rubber which resulted in an easy victory for the former in two straight games. Scores: 15 to 8 and 15 to 9.

Dillon and Linehan were matched against Lavalle and Harlow, the promising amateur team. The latter won by the first and third games, the last being a set of seven. The scores were: 9 to 15, 15 to 7, 12 to 15 and the set 7 to 4.

KNIGHTS OF THE RED BRANCH.

Twenty-second Annual Outing—Shell Mound Crowded With Friends.

The twenty-second annual reunion of the Knights of the Red Branch was held at Shell Mound Park yesterday. The park was crowded all day long with the many friends of the order. Games, races and dancing were provided by the committees and indulged in by all present. In addition to the usual band for dancing the Knights provided two fiddlers, who were kept busy by those who wished to indulge in the jig and reel of the Emerald Isle. The races were enjoyed by all and proved to be a feature of the occasion. Following are the winners of the first and second prizes in the different events:

Girls' race, 8 to 10 years—May Foley and Julia Jacobs. Boys' race, 8 to 12 years—William Manning and Thomas Lynch. Girls' race, 14 to 18 years—Tillie O'Mahony and Annie Cashin. Boys' race, 14 to 18 years—John Bulger and Eugene Kelly. Young ladies' race—Nellie Cashin and Ella Moore. Young gentlemen's race—Andrew O'Mahony and T. Burns. Married ladies' race—Mrs. Worthsmith and Mrs. Warren. Married men's race—John Walsh and O. Doud. Members' race, R. B. B.—D. Nicolls, C. O'Gan and P. O'Mahony. Fat men's race—R. M. Barry and J. Sheehy. Three jumps—John Burke and T. H. Carey. Hop, step and jump—P. Courtney and T. O'Dowd. Heavy stone—J. Maloney and J. Doud. Light stone—J. Malone and P. Courtney.

FINAL PREPARATIONS.

Supervision of the Arrangements for the French Holiday.

The Executive Committe of the French national celebration met yesterday morning in Woodward's Gardens to make final arrangements for the observance of the one hundred and second anniversary of the fall of the Bastile to-morrow. All the members were present, and Sylvain Weill presided.

The preparations for the festivities of the 14th were examined in detail and approved, and the members of the Entertainment Committee were assigned places in the gardens and were given final instructions.

The decorations in the pavilion are almost completed, the scaffolding has been erected and the interior is gay with bunting.

The display of fireworks will be given from the amphitheater, and at the same place, in conjunction with the fireworks, a series of steroptikon views will be displayed on a canvas forty feet square, illustrating the French Revolution and the fall of the Bastile.

The French residents are making special exertions in connection with the celebration this year, and are confident that it will eclipse all previous efforts of this kind held in the city.

FIGHT TO THE DEATH.

A Horrible Encounter Between Natives at Port Mare.

Chief Mate Lowell of the steamship South Portland, from Jamaica ports, tells the East Oregon Herald a story of a horrible fight at Port Mare that he witnessed. Four coolies, all natives of the town, had been involved in a bitter feud, and decided to fight to death in the center of a green inclosure, roped off. At each corner stood one of the men. They were stripped to the waist, and each man grasped in his right hand a knife, with a blade seven inches long. For a moment the men stood glaring at each other. Then the word was given and the fight began. It was a case of every man for himself, with a vengeance. Lowell says, without any exception, it was the most fearful sight he ever saw. In five minutes it was all over. When the police arrived, three bodies, hacked almost beyond recognition, lay inside the ropes. The fourth man was so crazed by his wounds that before the police could lay hands on him he drove his own knife through his heart.

New York parties have been buying wild marsh hay at Jefferson, Wis., and will experiment with it for the manufacture of a cheap but superior article of binding twine.

SURF-PERCH FISHING.

It Is Exhilarating, but Requires Confidence.

The Unwary Tyro May Get a Genuine and Unexpected Salt-Water Bath Free—How to Angle and Where to Go.

To the angler in search of a new sensation surf-perch fishing is commended as the ideal of sport, if he possesses the one element necessary to success—confidence. It must be that sort of confidence, too, which is not discouraged by a thorough soaking and an occasional prospect of being drowned.

At this season of the year the angler stands sorely in need of something to tempt him outdoors. The trout streams are dried up; smelt have either ceased to run, or bite as capriciously as a seventeen-year-old beauty at a matrimonial offer from an ineligible swain; rock-cod have lost their charms and salmon are sulking in the Sacramento. But just now, especially on a moonlight night, surf-perch afford grand sport all along the bay shore from Fort Point to the Cliff House, and thence right

Pleasures of surf-perch fishing.

down to the Ocean-side House, near Lake Merced.

There is this additional attraction about surf-perch fishing that the fish are sure to be large, few weighing less than a pound, while the majority scale from three to five pounds. The fish bite quite hard and a great deal more skill is required to land them than to entice them to take the bait.

It stands to reason that strong tackle is required for the sport, and the usual thing is a long bamboo pole with the top joint removed; a reel fitted with fifty yards of line nearly as thick as whip-cord, and three or four hooks, fastened on wire, set a foot apart, above a four-ounce sinker. The bait may be clams, shrimps or spiral worms.

The habits of the surf-perch suggest that to be successful the angler must follow them into their haunts. These haunts are the eddies which flow around submerged rocks, just where the surf begins to break. Hence it is that the novice at surf-perch fishing always comes to grief. His expert friends have been careful to assure him that he must, at all risks, watch his opportunity to scale one of the rocks which lie ten or fifteen feet from the shore, cast well out, and never mind if a big wave does come along. For half an hour all goes well, and the tyro picks up three, four or five fish, which

Pains of surf-perch fishing.

he places probably on the rock or in his wallet, to show to his friends by and by. But, as Robbie Burns once said:

"The best laid plans of mice and men
Aft gang agley,
And surf-perch fishing is no exception. Suddenly, without a moment's warning, a big wave comes along; it submerges the rock entirely, and the tyro is lucky if he escapes being rolled over and over till rescued on the beach by some friendly hand. His fish and his tackle of course become the sport of the waves as they recede in the direction of the harbor bar.

There are some to whom this impromptu bath and the scramble on the rocks would become an irresistible attraction. To such persons surf-perch fishing is most cordially recommended. All that is necessary is to cast the line well out into the surf and look out for a strong pull as the line, sinker and all is playfully rolled over the bottom. It is under these conditions that the surf-perch feeds. And when a big fellow of four, five or six pounds gets hold the tyro will have to set his wife to work to basket the captive without a surf bath for which he has made no preparation and paid no fee.

CHAINED THIRTY YEARS.

A Wretch's Awful Method to Secure His Rival's Wife.

A terrible tales comes from the hills of Henderson County, which has some points of historical interest linked to it. Some summer tourists, while at Hickory Flat Springs, had occasion to visit the famous cave of the ante-bellum outlaw and robber, John A. Murrell, and unearthed the mystery which is exciting much talk among the people of this section. As given by one of the party, the following story is full of romance and implicates Jake Hyde of Hickory Flat.

"We were a little backward about entering the robber's den at first," said the tourist, "but we went in. We hadn't gone more than 100 yards when we heard wild, unearthly shrieks, which farely froze our blood. Most of us wanted to turn back and leave the place, but our leader halted us. Again and again we heard that weird cry, mingled with moans, which seemed to us as if some one was in torture.

"We went on toward the object to investigate and, winding about the cave, we came to an iron door fastened into the rock and covered by gated bars. We could hear the moan plainly now and we hallooed to the person inside the dungeon. We could hear nothing but groans and cries, and some of the party went back for chisels and hammers to break the door.

"These proved of no avail, but a giant blast of powder removed the door, and flying open revealed the form of a man chained to the rocky floor. He was unconscious, and great stripes were on his back. We released him and bore him to the open air as quickly as possible. He revived very little until we carried him to camp.

"The man gave his name as Zachariah Wilson, and said he had been chained inside the cave for thirty years by Jacob Hyde. There seems to have been a lovers' rivalry between the two many years ago. Both men courted the same girl, and Wilson won her. By some means he entrapped Wilson to the cave near Hickory Flat and there imprisoned him.

"He then represented to Mrs. Wilson that her husband was dead, and after due consideration for her alleged dead she consented to marry Hyde. For thirty years this old gray-haired sinner has fed the chained prisoner and no taint has ever attached itself to him. The prisoner Wilson is in a terrible condition and will not live long. Hyde has fled."—Milan (Tenn.) special to Newark Journal.

INSATIABLE HUNGER.

The Strange Malady With Which a Connecticut Girl Is Afflicted.

NEW LONDON (Conn.), June 20.—A strange case that is puzzling the most able physicians of Hartford and New Haven has developed in this county. The victim of the hallucination, curse, disease, or whatever it may be, is a young woman by the name of Jennie Watson, the daughter of a well-to-do merchant in the manufacturing village of East Haddam and the recognized leader in polite society for miles around.

The thing from which Miss Watson is suffering is an insatiable hunger. She is ravenous, and the great quantity of food that she consumes daily is simply astounding. Strange to say, from this food the woman seemingly gets no nourishment, and her physical powers are gradually waning. When she was attacked with the terrible hunger, two months ago, she was a woman in perfect health, but since that time she has wasted to a shadow, and is now losing weight at the rate of ten and twelve ounces a day.

The physicians whose attention has been attracted to the case are about equally divided in the opinion that it is a disease of the stomach or of the brain. Some of them firmly assert that the girl is laboring under a hallucination and think that she should be treated for dementia.

Miss Watson is an excellent cook and prepares the food that she eats. She craves vegetables more than meat, and she is especially fond of baked potatoes. Somedays she eats fifty potatoes of large size, and besides these she consumes a great deal of bread, turnips, cabbage, cake and pie. She eats every hour during the day, and in the night she wakes once in three hours, and each time she consumes from eight to ten ham sandwiches that she has prepared and placed at her bedside before retiring.

In their efforts to cure the unfortunate girl the physicians have been unsuccessful. A prominent Hartford physician was sure that if the girl was given enough food to satisfy her hunger for once she would be rid of the terrible craving that is consuming her. An effort to do this was made. Food was placed before the girl and kept there constantly four days and she would eat without cessation during her wakeful hours. She would not stop passing the food to her mouth until she was overcome by exhaustion and fell asleep. At the end of the fourth day she was as ravenous as ever, and the Hartford physician was obliged to acknowledge himself beaten.

Two weeks ago a mesmerist from New York came to the Watson residence and told the parents of the girl that he could make her forget her desire for food by hypnotizing her. The man carried letters recommending him as being one who stood high in his profession, and he was given an opportunity to test his power over the girl. He went away from the house thoroughly defeated and disgusted. The girl only laughed at his mysterious passes and persistent staring. They had only a ludicrous effect upon her, which proved that her mind was far from plastic.—New London (Conn.) special to Globe-Democrat.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

The greater part of the ocean bed is pitch dark.

A Frenchman has invented a steam phaeton.

Chicago letter-carriers have a Saturday half holiday.

Germany publishes more periodicals than all the rest of Europe.

Tobacco merchants handle a larger amount of ready money than any other class of business men.

Only about one person in a thousand can undertake to write poetry without fooling away his time.

Twenty Saginaw (Mich.) boys have organized a World's Fair club, and are saving up money to go to Chicago.

Brussels, an inland city, is ambitious of becoming a seaport. The plan is to build a ship canal from the North Sea.

Frank Smeltzer of Van Buren, Ark., has a strawberry patch of eighty-five acres. He employs 600 hands to pick the berries.

A lady never swears. But step on the hem of her dress, catch the expression of her eye and you will conclude she "don't have to."

The Missouri River is cutting a new channel at St. Joseph, Mo., in such a way as to leave the new $1,000,000 bridge standing over a dry spot.

Corks steeped in vasaline are excellent substitutes for glass stoppers. They are not affected by acids, and never become fixed through disuse.

The demand for the revised version of the New Testament in 1881 exceeded that for any other book that has ever been published before or since.

A determined fisherman at Groverville, Ga., catches alligators with a hook—not an ordinary hook, however, but an iron affair attached to a strong pole.

During the past four years over 100 persons have been drowned in the waters of Pittsburg and vicinity. It is said that all of the victims were unable to swim.

It will be found when we get to heaven that God has never put anybody in this life in such a situation that he did not at some time use him to give blessing to others.

Sergeant Charles Campbell of the Seventh Cavalry, who was shot through the jaw at the Wounded Knee fight, carries $150 worth of gold in the great hole made by the bullet.

A Portland (Mich.) man has a chicken that has a comb, spurs and all the trappings of a rooster, including the ability to crow, that lays an egg every day in the week.

All people who think they are artists are not so. No less than 10,000 pictures were rejected this year by the Selection Committee of the British Royal Academy. Most of them were hopelessly bad.

A Connecticut River shad dressed at New Haven had in its stomach a railroad spike five inches long and weighing seven ounces. The spike was rusty and the liver and side of the fish were coated with rust.

A colored man of Orlando, Fla., is responsible for saying that a large mud fish fell from above during the heavy rain, coming very near striking him on the head. He states that he picked it up and had it cooked.

Some of the girls have even gone so far as to have their pocket-books covered with French gingham to match their morning gowns, and really, with a silver monogram upon it, the pocket-book has quite a stylish air.

An English authority has underken to settle the question, "What is type-writing—the machine or the type-writing?" He says the machine is a type-writer; an operator is a typist; when working the type-writer she is typing.

While N. Ham of Valdosta, Ga., was rambling in Swanoochee the other day he heard a splashing in the water. On investigating he was surprised to find two large alligators fighting. It was the hardest fight he ever saw and lasted fully an hour.

Mrs. Phœbe Brown of Lowell, Mass., 88 years old, spins three skeins of yarn a day, lends a hand in the housework, keeps the weeds out of a garden, and occasionally varies the monotony of existence by making a barrel of soft soap, doing all the work herself.

The most valuable Oriental mats in the world are owned by the Shah, the Sultan and the Maharajah of Bareda. The former two possess some valued at over $2,500,000 each, and the latter owns one ornamented with pearls and diamonds said to be worth $350,000.

A commercial traveler, on opening his sample bags before a customber in Griffin, Ga., was amazed to find them filled with potatoes, cabbage, lemons and the like. Some practical jokers, friends of his, had run over the samples and substituted the vegetables.

In a settlement called Nevell in Caldwell County, Tex., a reign of lawlessness is reported. Several persons have been notified to leave on pain of death, but have refused to comply. It is said that it is unsafe to travel through the region without being well armed.

Not long ago there was a school picnic at Lake Grove, Maine. A little boy, whose father is dead and who had no money to pay for the ride, walked to the grove, and then chased the car most of the way home in view of the happier children who were riding all the way.

Constantinople has fifty newspapers. Nineteen of them are daily, 5 semi-weekly, 17 weekly, 3 semi-monthly, 8 monthly. In nationality 5 are Turkish, 7 Armenian, 3 Greek, 6 French, 2 French and English, 1 Italian, 2 Hebrew, 2 Bulgarian, 1 Arabian, 1 Persian, 1 German.

Black silk overshirts, which were a fad last year, are scorned by those of high degree at present. Why? Well, there is a black overshirt that looks just like the silk at a distance that is selling for $1, and even as low as 50 cents. The black shirt is uncommonly common.

There is no accounting for the ways of Cupid. He may bring about alliance in the most unexpected places. The first Mohammedan marriage in England was celebrated a few days ago, when a Moslem lawyer was wedded according to the rites of his religion to the daughter of a Lord Justice.

A Sturgis (Mich.) father on learning that his prospective son-in-law was incumbered with numerous unpaid bills, stopped the wedding preparations that were going on in his family. His uncivilavous refusal to rise to the occasion and liquidate the debts himself has cast a gloom over the community.

A loving couple from the rural districts of Moose River went to Bangor the other day and got married. After the nuptial knot had been tied they made a tour of the town in the electric-cars, took in a view of the shops, and at a 99-cent-store invested in a baby carriage, their only purchase.

A hive of bees swarmed in a corset that had been hung out to air in North Atchison, Kans. The owner of the corset tried to coax the bees off by beating a tin pan, but they settled down to business, and she had to go without her corset until her husband came home at night and smoked the invaders off.

John Anderson of Hastain, Mo., recently removed three hard, flinty stones from a gathering back of the lower jaw of a mare which he purchased in Kansas last spring. The largest of the stones measures 1½x¾ inches, and the other two about one-half that size. The gathering commenced two years ago.

On one square in Cumminsville, Ohio, and it is one of only ordinary length, there were counted fifty-three children, thirteen pianos, two cabinet organs and seventeen dogs. When they all get to going together in the evening, as they generally do, it makes one have a chill, even if the thermometer does stand at blood heat.

Two Florida men killed an alligator and pulled it out upon dry land. They went off some distance, and upon their return they saw some twenty-five alligators around the dead one. They watched their movements for some time, and finally saw the live alligators carry the dead one into the water and some distance from the shore.

A curious wedding took place recently in Ashley, Northamptonshire, England. The contracting parties were a man aged 76 and a woman aged 77. The banns had been published in church fifty-six years ago, but they separated and married different people. The wife of one and the husband of the other dying, they found themselves at liberty to renew their old engagement, and have now married, presumably for the last time.

HIS LAST SWIM.

Max Staddleman Drowned Near Harbor View.

He Was Seized With Cramps and Disappeared Before His Horrified Friends Could Rescue Him.

To drown within sight of friends who are unable to attempt a rescue increases the horror of death in the waves. That is how Max Staddleman, a well-known young upholsterer, lost his life yesterday afternoon in the surf near Harbor View.

In company with a dozen friends he attended a picnic given by the Madrid Benevolent Association in Harbor View Park. It was a merry party, and the young men danced and sang until they declared they could stand the heat no longer. After some argument they agreed to adjourn to the bath-house on the beach and take a swim. Staddleman was the merriest of the party, and continued to sing as he stepped from his room, clad in the regulation bathing-suit.

"I'm going to take a long swim," said Staddleman, as he prepared to plunge into the waves.

"Don't do it, Max," said a friend in dismay, "the undertow is strong, the water is cold and you may be carried out to sea."

SWIMMING TO HIS DEATH.

Staddleman, who had always been known as a strong, steady swimmer, refused to obey the warning. It would have saved his life had he done so. He started off at once and soon distanced his friends, who preferred to remain in close to the beach. On, on he swam, and his friends watched his movements with interest, mingled with alarm.

When out about 200 yards from shore he was seen to cease the use of his arms and sink beneath the waves. In a few moments he arose to the surface, but sank again and was seen no more. At first his panic-stricken friends could hardly realize what they had seen. It was several moments before they became aware of his danger. Then they rushed wildly along the beach and wrung their hands in agony.

SANK FROM SIGHT.

"Help, help him, he's drowning," some one cried. None of the party dared swim out that far and the work of rescue did not commence until one of the party suggested that a boat be sent out. It was several minutes before a boat was secured from fishermen and rowed to the spot where the daring swimmer was last seen. The men rowed around in the vicinity for some time and then gave up all hope of rescuing the unfortunate man. It was evident that he had been seized by cramps, which caused him to become perfectly helpless in every limb and to drown before help arrived.

All efforts to find the body were without avail, but the search was kept up all the afternoon. Policeman James Kelly No. 2 was summoned. He wrapped up the drowned man's clothes and took them to the Morgue. He also brought a written statement of the tragic occurrence from C. Herman, the proprietor of the bath-house. Herman declared that Staddleman was at least half a mile from shore when he disappeared, but others say the distance was not more than 200 yards out. It is feared that the body may be carried out to sea by the strong current.

Staddleman was a very popular Swiss, being a member of the sharpshooters and the Gruetli Verein. He was single, aged 30 years and roomed at the house of his cousin, Victor Strett, 1722 Clay street.

AN UNKNOWN MAN DROWNED.

The Body of a Middle-Aged Man Found Floating in the Bay.

The body of an unknown man was found floating in the bay near Section 3 of the seawall yesterday morning and removed to the Morgue. Gustave Lanjordrere of 824 Vallejo street discovered the body, and by the aid of boatmen towed it ashore. The deceased was middle-aged and had the appearance of having been in the water several days. He was poorly dressed, his clothing consisting of a striped cotton shirt, striped brown trousers, black sack coat and buckled brogans. There was nothing by which the man could be identified except a road-tax receipt from Alameda County, but the name upon it was obliterated.

The receipt was numbered 1035, and perhaps the records of Alameda County will reveal the dead man's identity.

A REMARKABLE GEM.

The Representation of the Famous Eiffel Tower Sold.

The famous representation of Eiffel Tower in diamonds was recently sold at auction in Paris. This remarkable work of art, it will be remembered, was constructed toward the end of the Universal Exposition by a famous worker in jewelry, named Martin Posno. He was, unfortunately, not able to finish the piece in time to exhibit it while the crowds who came to see the exposition were in Paris, so that the receipts from its display amounted to little, and the diamond tower was seized to satisfy the claims of certain persons who had advanced the capital necessary for its manufacture, at the head of whom was Martin, who himself had invested much capital in the venture. He had himself declared an adjudicator in the matter and secured the tower at 220,000 francs. It is said by those who were at the sale that the tower was an excellent bargain at this price for the adjudicator, and that he undoubtedly more than covered his advances. There were 21,000 diamonds in the tower, many of the brilliants weighing nearly two carats. If the gems were of the first quality the total value of the diamonds alone ought to be nearly 100,000 francs.

Granting that the gems were only of ordinary quality, if sold individually they could have produced, it is claimed, from 300,000 to 350,000 francs.—Paris special to St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Not Improbable.

"What's the matter, old man?" he said as they met the morning after. "You look blue."

"I feel blue."

"But last night you were the jolliest member of the party."

"I felt jolly."

"You acted like a boy just let out of school."

"I felt like one."

"You said your wife had gone away for the first time in three years and there wasn't any one to say a word if you went home and kicked over the mantel clock."

"I remember it."

"You said that if you stayed out until 4 o'clock there was no one to look at you reproachfully and sigh and make you feel mean."

"Yes, and I stayed out until 4 o'clock, didn't I?"

"You certainly did."

"And I gave an Indian war-whoop on the doorstep."

"Yes, and you sang a verse from a comic opera song and you tried to dance a clog."

"And my wife had missed the train. Now go away and leave me. I want to kick myself a little more for not taking the precaution to get an affidavit from the conductor that she went with the train."—Chicago Tribune.

A Pennsylvania girl keeps six rattlesnakes as pets.

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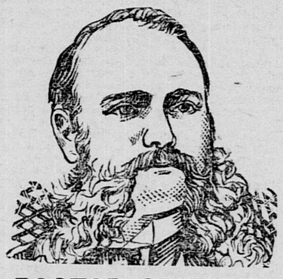

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