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Silver Takes a Drop.

NEW YORK, Oct. 1—The information reached Wall street yesterday that the government of San Salvador had imposed an export duty of 10 per cent on shipments of silver. There are about 8,000,000 ounces of silver held on speculative account in New York. The trust companies now charge two cents per day for 1,000 ounces for storage and issue certificates for 1,000 ounces each. The settlements of the differences, as the market value of silver fluctuates, are made through the eastern national bank. Previous to July 15 the storage charged was only one cent a day and there are many thousand ounces of Silver still held at that rate on old contracts. The total production of silver in this country this year will be 50,000,000 ounces. The drop in the price of silver has been very marked recently. The decline yesterday as compared with Saturday's last prices was one and one quarter cents, making a fall of three-quarters of a cent a week. The loss of value on 8,000,000 ounces held in New York for speculative purposes since Saturday's closing has been $66,600 or $277,500 within the week.

Thousands Leaving.

ELLENDALE, N. J., Sept. 30.—Crops are a failure owing to the drought and hot winds. There is a great deal of destitution among the settlers. Thousands are leaving for other states, and thousands who remain will have to be aided in procuring the necessaries of life.

By Arbitration.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., Oct. 2.—Chief Arthur of the brotherhood locomotive engineers met the Southern Pacific officials yesterday, when it was agreed upon to settle the matter of the engineers' promotion on the Atlantic system by arbitration. A committee was appointed to meet at Houston, Tex., some time during the month.

A Minister Disappears.

OSWEGO, N. Y., Sept. 20.—The Rev. Mr. Hagan left this place some months ago ostensibly to go to Jamestown. He has not been heard from since. It now appears that he has a wife and another family somewhere else and that he has abandoned the woman with whom he went through the form of marriage in Utica. Mrs. Hagan and her 2 year old child still occupy the parsonage on Oneida street and she is very destitute.

Diphtheria at Manning.

MANNING, IA., Oct. 1.—Diphtheria has broken out in this town, and up to the present time four cases have been reported. As yet none have proved fatal. The council met and have taken stringent measures to check the progress of the disease. The town health officer has ordered that no one who has been exposed shall appear in public places, and affected clothing shall be thoroughly disinfected or destroyed.

Beaten by a Gang of Roughs.

MORRIS, N. Y., Oct. 1.—William J. Joslyn, who arrived here yesterday from Mt. Clemens, Mich., to visit his daughter, was attacked and beaten by a gang of roughs last night while standing in front of the Schoville house. He died in a few minutes. The assault was without any provocation whatever, and because of that and the victim's popularity it caused much indignation. Daniel Keating, leader of the gang, surrendered himself this morning and the whole gang, five in number, are now in jail. Keating admits that he killed Joslyn.

Bled to Death.

LIMA, O., Sept. 30.—Yesterday afternoon Oscar Heffner and David Hirsche two stone haulers, engaged in a quarrel over the racing qualities of their horses. The controversy grew heated, and ended by Heffner drawing a pen knife and stabbing Hirsche in the neck three times. Hirsche bled to death.

Life Valued By Dollars.

Detroit Free Press; Three weeks ago some Italian brigands captured a merchant of Palermo, and he has since been sold for a ransom of $60,000. He is worth it, but as he is 60 years old he refuses to let his friends bring the cash, saying that the few years he might live would not be worth such a boodle.

Why does a man's hair turn gray before his moustache? Because it is about twenty years older.

A MONSTER AIR SHIP.

Charles G. Loeber of Boston has prepared the plans of an immense air ship which he proposes to construct, and is now raising or trying to raise a syndicate to take hold of the enterprise, says the Chicago Tribune. The ship is designed as a means of communication between this country and Europe. He also claims to be the discoverer of a new force which he calls anthesis, and which, he declares, assures the success of his ship. The ship as planned resembles more than anything else a monster barrel, laid on its side with all its staves running to a point at one end, and with immense rounded spread or wings on the sides. It is designed to be constructed solely of steel, with a length of 147 feet and a breadth of beam of 27 feet. The wings, each of which is to be 75 feet long and 27 broad, are movably attached to the sides of the vessel and extend inward, where they are adjusted to a steam driven engine of peculiar parrern in such a way as to control suspentation, ascent and descent. At the stern are the rudder and the improved propeller, which is revolved by steam. There are three decks outlined, all of which are closed in with large windows. The lower one contains apartments for the machinery, engines, boilers, fuel, water, provisions, kitchens, freight and quarters for the crew. The middle one is fitted with saloons and staterooms for the passengers, and also has an outside promenade extending around the ship except forward, where protuberances would offer great resistance to the air pressure due to the speed of the flight. The upper deck contains the steering machinery, chartrooms, and officers, staterooms. The longitudinal sides of the bottom of the ship are rounded, so as to insure a most easy position and support for it on land. The weight of the ship, machinery and equipments is estimated at 800 tons and her net tonage at 1,000 tons. With her full complement of 300 passengers, mail and freight, she would represent a dead weight of 1,800 tons. This great load, 3,000,000 pounds, Mr. Loeber has the hardihood to say can be floated upon the air more easily than a like weight is carried upon the water. Anthesis, the new force, will enable him to do this. He declines to make known the nature of this force, like Keely, of motor fame, but says it is dependent upon atmospheric resistance.

An Ocean Cyclone.

The steamship Orinoco, which got mixed up with a cyclone in the last two days of August, has arrived from Bermuda, says a New York dispatch to the Chicago Herald. The cyclone met her about 500 miles from Bermudal about 10 o'clock on the night of August 30. The engines were slowed down when the preliminary blast struck her and stopped altogether when the wind began flying at a seventy-mile rate. The vessel pitched and rolled frightfully and big seas toppled over her bows. The wheel frame of the steam steering gear forward broke just after midnight and the ship drifted into the trough of the sea. Thy crew were ordered aft in a hurry to clear the hand steering machinery around which were plied 10,000 box frames in bundles. While they were pitching the box frames overboard, the giant waves were smashing things on deck and making life extremely uncomfortable for the fifteen cabin passengers. Twenty-two sheep of a flock of sixty-five and eight cattle were killed. The compass lamps and binnacle were smashed, one of the starboard life boats was staved into kindling wood, and another was washed from its davits into the sea. The sea flooded the saloon and invaded the state rooms. Twenty feet of the ship's starboard rail was carried away, and the stanchions were twisted like wire. The hand steering geer was cleared, and the ship's head put to sea at last. The ship got into Hamilton, Bermuda, early last Monday morning, and after being repaired sailed for this port. The steamship Mount Tabor, from Manilla, ran afoul of the cyclone that knocked out the little Blue Nose schooner Lion, on August 21 and had her forecastle smashed in, her chart room windows broken, and her cabin flooded by seas.

A Waif.

Portland Press: There is in this city a young woman about 20 years old whose history is even more remarkable than her appearance is unusal. She has a dark, copper colored complexion, very high cheek bones and prominently sharp, long teeth. When but five years old, away off on one of the South Sea Islands, she was sold by her own people who are cannibals, to a Portland sea captain, and the sellers, if not the buyer, firmly believed she was bought for food. She has passed through our grammar school with credit. Although never able to articulate our language correctly, she can make herself understood. She lives in the capacity of a servent with the sea captain's wife, and is much attached to her.

The largest bridge in the world crosses Lake Pontchartrain at New Orleans, and is twenty-two miles in length. It is trestled work on piles, and is made of cypress wood, which renders it imprevious to moisture proof against the attack of barnacles.

A Disagreeable Visitor.

Meriden housewives, that is to say the prudent ones, are conducting a vigorous campaign against the buffalo bug. In some sections of the city this pest is very numerous, one lady finding about fifty of them under her carpet the other day, and another, while at church, was informed by a friend that one of the irrepressibles was industriously making a square meal on the shoulder of her dress.

To those who have not yet been awakened to the importance of looking up the invader of our homes we would say that the buffalo bug is no respecter of persons. He would as industriously eat your carpet as any one else's, and if you are complacently resting in the belief that the buffalo bug is a myth, a new fangled bugaboo, we suggest to you most respectfully, that a thorough inspection of your carpets about this time will very likely be useful in adding to your practical knowledge of entomology.

Once seen his bugship will always thereafter be easily recognized. He is a dark hairy, wicked looking fellow about as large as an apple seed, and is very nimble—a regularly built sprinter. As a general thing he likes the best parts of the carpet that lie nearest the walls, and if an edge of the carpet happens to be turned under he will cut it through the turn in a manner to make a pair of scissors look green with envy. And then, too, he isn't at all particular about his diet—he would as soon eat the bindings of books, or the piano cover, or your best go-to-meeting wool dress, or your husband's best trousers, as the handsomest carpet he ever saw—he likes them all, and other things besides.

How to get rid of him—ah, there's the rub! As near as the writer of this article can get at it handpicking, in a sense, is about the only reliable means of conquering him. He grows fat on most of the so called bug exterminators. Frequent thorough investigation of all places where he is liable to be found is confidently recommended—we say "confidently" because, if he has once become a boarder in your house we are confident you will generally find him where you look for him. This should be followed by the applying of every remedy that your friends may recommend or your own wits suggest. Try them all. You'll need 'em if you are to conquer.—Meriden Republican.

In a New York Family.

A young couple, conspicuous in the set known as the "Four Hundred," who inhabit a huge mansion in the most fashionable quarter of the town and diligently ape the ways of the English aristocracy, were dining alone one evening when the husband casually remarked, "By the way Honora, have we not a child aged about 3?" "I guess we ought to have, but I'll just enquire, replied the lady. "John Thomas, is there a nurse in the establishment now?" "Yes, madam." "Then send her to me. In a few minutes a daintily attired young woman appeared from a distant part of the mansion and informed the anxious mother. "Why certainly, you had a child up to last Sunday, but I lost her down town one day last week. But no matter, the detectives are after her, and when I get her back I'll duly notify."—Chatter.

Drawing Room Perfume.

Indianapolis News: One of the latest devices for perfuming rooms in the perfumed oil sold by the lamp dealers for use in the high lamps of the drawing room. Another is the use of cut glass flagons filled aromatic and combustible fluids, and fitted with wicks and burners, which, kept constantly burning, add a religious suggestion as well as a fragrant atmosphere to the room. Then there are large atomizers in fine glass or porcelain, or mounted in gold or silver, from which at any time a cooling and odorous spray can be sent through a drawing room. Secured in any way you will your apartments must be filled with perfumere.

The Penny.

The humble penny is a potent factor is our modern civilization. We all know the wonders it has achieved in the departments of the post and the newspaper press, and it is now doing as marvelous a work in our means of locomotion. In the last financial year the North Metroplitan Tramways company alone carried as many as 70,000,000 passengers at penny fares, so that the aggregate number who traveled in London by omnibus or car for that coin must be something prodigious. Cheapness has fostered traffic in such an extraordinary way that although conveyances are constantly multiplied they are all better filled than in the days of high fares.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Revolutionary Widows.

Pittsburg Press: There are thirty-five widows drawing pensions from the government because their husbands were soldiers in the revolutionary war. The oldest of them is Mrs. Nancy Rains of Knoxville, Tenn., the widow of John Rains. She is now in her 98th year. On account of her great age she receives a pension of $30 a month, which is more than that received by any other revolutionary pensioner. The number of them decreased every year, and but few will probably be left at the close of another decade.

Only a Matter of Form.

"Mr. Kajones," said young Springbyle, clearing his throat, "I have called to ask permission to pay my addresses to your daughter."

"Which one, Julius?" inquired Mr Kajones.

"Miss Maria, sir."

The father looked fixedly at the young man.

"What are your prospects in life Julius?" he said.

"To tell you the truth, sir," acknowledged young Springbyle, "I have no prospects worth mentioning. I am in moderate circumstances and have on resourses except a knowledge of my business, good health and steady habits."

"Just so, Julius," mused the father, "Your income, I dare say, is"——

"About £150 a year.'

And on this, my young friend, you you would expect to support yourself and a young woman who has lived in a home where she has never been used to anything like privation, or even judicious economy?"

"It does seem presumptuous for me to think of it,' faltered the youth, "and as I see it does not meet your approval I"——

"Stay, Julius," exclaimed Mr. Kajones somewhat hastily, "I only ask those questions as a matter of form. If you want Maria, my boy, you can have her!" And he shook the young man warmly by the hand.

Mr. Kajones, it may be proper to state, has eight unmarried daughters besides Maria.—London Tit-Bits.

The Dress of Jerusalem Jews.

The bulk of the Jews of Jerusalem come from Poland. They are of the same character as those who are now preparing to leave Russia, and they are far different in appearance and dress from their race in the United States. Their dress is prescribed by the church, and the boys and men wear long coats like gowns which reach without belts from the neck to the ankles and fit the body like an old fashioned dressing gown. They unsually wear colored shirts with limp turn over collars and you see other gowns showing out under the outer one. Some of their coats are of the finest ladies' cloth, and at the time of the feast of the Passover, which occured during my stay in the holy city, I saw many in gowns of red and blue velvet.

Each of these men wore a cap consisting of a skull cap trimmed with a band of fur about two inches wide, and this fur was of such a nature that it stood out like porcupine quills forming a sort of crown for the head. The cloth of the caps was in some cases velvet, and these men with their picturesque gowns and striking face, shining out above them formed some of the most curious types of this curious city. These Polish Jews have broad foreheads, straight noses and full lips. Their eyebrows are well marked and they often meet together; their chins are narrow, and their complexion is of a rich olive color.

Many of them have blue eyes and their hair is white, red and sometimes brown and black. They let their hair grow long in front of the ears, and they do this in order that they may not break the Scriptural injunction stating, "Thou must not mar the corners of thy beard." I have seen boys with the rest of the head shaved and these two locks in front of their ears left, forming a very cusiour effect.—Frank G. Carpenter in National Tribune.

Back Window Conversatoin.

Margery is the name of a pert, dressy and rather good looking young girl who from her kitchen window keeps the occupants of a certain block of apartment houses up town fully posted on the petty gossips of the neighborhood. Margery's father is a well to do butcher, and Margery's most intimate friend is the grocer's daughter, who enjoys frequent talks with Margery from a back window opposite the back window of the butcher's domicile. Margery's voice has been silent in the neighborhood for the past fortnight and the grocer's daughter has had no body to talk to out of the window except a smart parrot next door

"Where's Margery?" asked the parrot one morning last week. "Gone to Newport," replied the grocer's daughter, proud to impart the information to the neighborhood.

"Yes, Margery has gone to Newport,' replied the butchers energetic wife, addressing herself to all of the back windows opposite her kitchen.

"She has got some find friends there and I told her that she might play the lady for a while, but she'll be back in time to get out next Monday's washing or I'll know the reason why."

"Ha! ha!" laughed the parrot. "Gone to Newport!"—New York Times.

A Rat Hunter.

A pet snake on a farm near Parkersburg, W. Va., is said to be an indefatigable exterminator of rats and mice. "Jim," as the reptile is called, is perfectly tame and docile, and answers to his name as promptly as the family dog or cat. He is fond of being petted by the family, and seems to highly appreciated acts of kindness. He is over eight feet long, and has been an adjuct of the farm for twelve years.—Philadelphia Ledger.

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THE RIVER OF LOST SOULS.

A March into Oblivion that Gave Name to a Western Stream.

Over three centuries backward, and before the inquisitive De Soto had lighted his camp fire on the banks of the Mississippi, the Spaniards had achieved two settlements in this land of the accident—Santa Fe and the St Augustine. They had no knowledge of the country which lay between these points or its inhabitants, says the Kansas City Star. As to what might be the dangers and deadfalls of a journey from one place to another they were as blindly ignorant as of the moon. But this ignorance effected them not, and, full of the uneasy spirit of the hour, a military party in Santa Fe resolved on ad overland expedition to St. Augustine. They knew the distance for they could figure the latitude and longitude, and they could get the direction by the compass, but this was the sum of their knowledge.

The expedition, numbering some hundreds of men, left Santa Fe late in the summer, and crossing the mountains at the Raton poss, the present route of the Santa Fe railroad, they camped that winter on the present site of Trinidad. The grass was long in the valley, the game was plenty on the hills, their own stores were ample, and sending back to Santa Fe for minstrel and glee maidens these gentlemen of the sword with wine, women and song got as gay a season as they have ever since. Those old dons were lads of spirit and posessed high hearts as well as taste for travel. Before them to the eastward as far as the eye could sweep spread the desert confined. What was to be met there they knew not, but their lack of knowledge was coincident with an equal lack of care.

With the melting of the snows in the spring sunshine, their women and camp followers returned to Santa Fe The last adios was uttered, and the explorers turned their resolute faces to the work in hand. They marched down the valley of the little muddy river, which flows as you read this through the town of Trinidad. They who were to return to Santa Fe watched them for miles, assisted by the gift of the sun on steel cap and harness. At last they were hidden in the willows far down the valley and this is the last that was ever known of them.

With the last flap of the last banner it was as if they had marched out of existence, and whether they sunk in rivers, perished in the drifting snows or were done to death by Indians was never told. No sign or trace of this expedition or its people were ever found. There was something so queer and mysterious in the complete disappearance of this band, something so dark in the silence of their fate, that the superstitious Spaniards made the sign of the holy cross when he recalled it. When that effort at commemoration which was the spirit of that time the little muddy torrent in whose valley the explorers last were seen was called El Rio de Los Animas—"The River of Lost souls." This was the Spanish name when Sublett, Chouteau, Bent, Carson, St. Vrain, and other representatives of the French fur company of St. Louis first saw it. Knowing by their inference drawn from the name, these translated the appellation into the Purgatoire. When the jocund oull whacker of the overland trail got to it in his free-and-easy French he called it "the Picketwire." Every brand it ever had still sticks, and today you will find the little vagrant of a stream pursuing its glistening mission to the sea with as many names as a member of the British house of lords.

Why Camphor is Costly.

In each ton of camphor-wood brought to this country from Japan there is 25 per cent of camphor and 75 per cent of waste. Moreover, one-half of the camphor evaporates during the sea voyage leavin 12 1-2 per cent of the drug after reduction. A New York firm has just shipped a $75,000 plant for the manufacture of Camphor at Hiago, Japan, with a view of saving this excessive waste in the production of the drug

Fire in a Brewery.

CINCINNATI, O., Oct. 2.—At an early hour yesterday morning fire broke out in the refrigerating department of the Zeller brewery at Louisburg, just back of Covington, Ky.. The prompt response and good work of the fire department saved the main portion of the brewery. The los will reach $50,000, fully insured. The fire is thought to have originated in the engine room from one of the dynamos

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