THE WATERVILLE TIMES

AND HOP REPORTER.

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The Waterville Times AND HOP REPORTER. PUBLISHED FRIDAYS. FRANK J. CUTTER, EDITOR. Terms: Strictly in Advance. Terms of Advertising.

Utica Directory.

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NOTICE.—Pursuant to an order of William B. Bliss, Esq., Surrogate of the County of Oneida, notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against the estate of William W. Blackman, deceased, late of the Town of Sangerfield, in said county, to present the same with the vouchers thereof, to George W. Bailey, executor of the last will and testament of said deceased, at the office of L. B. Edwards, in Waterville, in said county, on or before the 25th day of December next. Dated June 16, 1886. GEORGE W. BAILEY, Executor.

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FOR FINE CIGARS AND TOBACCO, —GO TO— ROBERTS'.

NOTICE.—Pursuant to an order of William B. Bliss, Esq., Surrogate of the County of Oneida, notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against the estate of Eli Abbey, deceased, late of the town of Sangerfield, in said county, to present the same with the vouchers thereof, to Edwin Abbey, Jr., executor of the last will and testament of said deceased, at his residence in Sangerfield, in said County, on or before the 9th day of November next. Dated May 11, 1886. EDWIN ABBEY, JR., Executor.

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Waterville Directory.

ATTORNEYS.

Coggeshall & Nash, ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELORS AT LAW, Waterville, Main and Mill streets.

E. H. Lamb, ATTORNEY and Counselor at Law, Waterville, N. Y. Office in Babcock Building.

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Dr. H. W. Jones, Office, at head of stairway to Grange Hall, Waterville. Office hours 2 to 3 p. m.; 7 to 8 p. m.

Dr. T. Z. Jones, Office at residence, opposite Union School, Hours from 9 to 10 a. m., 1 to 3 and 7 to 8 p. m.

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POOL BATHS! C. M. TIMIAN, Announces to the public that his Barber Shop and Bath Rooms, in the Hotel Building, are now in complete order and open at all reasonable hours, including Sundays. In his BARBER SHOP none but the best help. Dyeing, Shaving and cutting are specialties. Give us a call.

CENTRAL NEW YORK REAL ESTATE AGENCY, Conveyancing and Loan Office. Farms and village lands. Cities city property. Lots and farms in surrounding villages for sale. MONEY LOANED ON SAFE SECURITY. W. WALDO, Waterville, N. Y.

VILLAGE PROPERTY FOR SALE! Intended to locate in the West, I offer my HOUSE AND LOT situated on White Street, in the village of Waterville, opposite Mr. G. M. Tower. The house is nearly new, and in good repair. For particulars, price, &c., call upon or address HAS. TERRY, Jr., Waterville. FORTER D. TERRY.

For Sale! —BY— T-A-R-M —ON THE— Valley Turnpike, one half mile east of MADISON VILLAGE. The said farm contains ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-NINE ACRES. Good buildings good; farm fenced; also a HOP YARD of ten acres on the premises. S. HENDERSON. This is known as the Levi Dick farm.

THE MERMAID.

It was years and years ago, and in Germany, where, especially at that day, a mighty line was drawn between the rich and the poor, that in a certain village beside the Rhine lived two who made the old, old story new for themselves, and almost believed, as lovers will, that they were the first who had ever loved each other—Gretchen and Carl, both peasant children, and both as poor, in everything but youth and health and beauty, as any twain could be.

But for all this, they would willingly have united their fortunes, or their lack of fortunes, but for the wise old folk, who know so much more about the world than young ones can.

The old folk set themselves to oppose the match stoutly on the ground that Carl would never earn the salt to his porridge, and that Gretchen, being very pretty, might make a better match. Indeed the baron, whose castle stood not far off, and who was not so old as he might have been, and was certainly rolling in gold, would, as all knew, have been only too happy to stoop as low as the peasant's cottage, and lead from thence the pretty Gretchen as his bride. But the girl found no charm in his title or in his wealth or his person to lead her to forget Carl, and when he left her to seek his fortune that he might share it, when found, with her, she gave him a lock of her golden hair, and promised that she never would forget him, and plighted her troth to him there beside the blue Rhine, forever and ever and aye.

Gretchen sang and danced no more. She changed sadly in face and heart; but the Baron Claussen only thought her more lovely and more like a lady with her pale cheeks and downcast eyes, and haunted the cottage as much as ever, under the pretence of patronizing the old grandfather.

As for Carl, where was he? Ever so far away by this time, footsore and sad, but making sure of a fortune ahead of him, and happy, just as even his stout legs began to fail him, in meeting with a good-natured boatman, who took him on board and bade him be at ease until he reached the end of his journey. So Carl lounged upon the deck of the little craft with its load of cheese, and looking over into the water thought of Gretchen, never guessing that his sighs had brought to the surface a beautiful mermaid, who no sooner saw eyes upon Carl than she fell madly in love with him, and began forthwith to sing and play upon her lyre, and comb her sea-green hair, and use all her mermaid art to lure the beautiful peasant to her home in the caves of the ocean. She floated with him to the mouth of the Hague, where, finding no avenue to fortune in any other direction, poor Carl shipped on board a vessel bound for a two-years' voyage, and hired a man who was about to travel down into Hesse Darmstadt to take the news to his sweetheart.

"And tell her," said Carl, "that I shall think of her by day and by night, and shall return to claim her for my own when this voyage is over. And if her love is as strong as mine, she will wait for me."

The man promised, and the mermaid rejoiced, for Carl was to be within her reach for two long years in her own realm, the briny ocean. But this was not enough for her, for she was a very silly mermaid. One moonlight night she saw the messenger walking on the shore, and called to him.

He was an ugly looking fellow, in a rough fur cap, and with a red nose with carbuncles upon it, with whom mermaids were not apt to fall in love; so he had never seen one. And when he saw her with her pearly skin and sapphire eyes and floating hair, her hands lying upon the golden strings of her lyre, all ringed with pearls, and pearls dripping from the lobes of her pink ears and wound about her neck, and saw her smile, and felt her breathe, and heard her voice, he grew bewildered. First she made love to him; then she bade him do something to prove that he cared for her. It was such a little thing: only to go on board the vessel and take Carl unawares and push him over. After that he would find her waiting for him by the mouth of the Rhine, ready to be his bride in her own realm forever.

She had not the slightest intention of keeping her vow, but the man with the fur cap and the carbuncles on his nose believed her, and actually went on board the vessel and gave a form leaning over the bulwarks a push that sent it down into the water; but in his excitement he made a mistake, and only drowned a young sailor from Hanover, instead of tossing Carl into the mermaid's arms. Then terrified by the cry the man gave, he fled, not waiting to keep his appointment with the mermaid, but making the best of his way to Hesse Darmstadt, where he had business.

Then, being a good Catholic he bethought him—for he had no idea of his mistake—that the drowned Carl would have no masses said for him unless his kindred knew of his demise, and so went down to the cottage where Gretchen sat spinning and sighing and thinking of poor Carl. There, with his fur cap hiding his bad eyes, he inquired if any there knew one Carl Steyer. Then there was a little cry, and the wheel stopped.

"I bring news of him," said the man, hiding his eyes yet more; "bad news. I knew him in Holland. He had shipped for a two-years' voyage, but before the vessel started he was drowned. I saw him fall overboard. God rest his soul and comfort all here." Then he went away, inwardly cursing himself and the mermaid, who, in very excellent spirits, was following over the sea the vessel on which Carl sailed, thinking of nothing but home and Gretchen.

The news nearly killed the poor girl, since she never doubted it for a moment; but, though had she known Carl to be living she would have thought of him only and waited for him through long rolling years, and loved him though all his beauty had left him, and though he had returned poorer than when he parted from her, the vail of death separated him from her so completely that in the end she did not feel so angry with the Baron Claussen for bringing her fruits and flowers, or for looking at her tenderly and holding her hand fondly; and at last—for we must tell the truth, however to her disadvantage—she married the baron and went up to his castle his bride, and not unhappy, though but for the singing of the old folks, she never would have seemed to forget poor Carl so soon.

It was a grand wedding, and the bride was beautiful, and the baron was very kind to her; and instead of toiling in the fields Gretchen sat in her handsome house, to be waited on by her maidens, and wore silk instead of coarse stuff, and golden rings upon her fingers whence she had slipped poor Carl's gift, the little silver circlet which was all that he could afford to give her in token of her troth-plight.

And in a year a little baby lay within her arms, and looked into her eyes, and taught her to love its father, who had been so tender and so kind to her, and she was the Baroness Claussen and a wife and a mother, and not the peasant girl Gretchen grieving for her lover any more.

And just at this time Carl Steyer, with his two-years' pay in his pocket and some hard won possessions besides, stepped from the ship's deck upon dry land and hurried as best he might toward Hesse Darmstadt to find Gretchen. That she might be dead was a fear that crossed his mind, but that she might be married never occurred to him. He had sent her information of his intentions; he had toiled, drenched by rain, beaten by wind, pelted by hail, in danger of shipwreck and assailed by the fever-laden breezes of southern lands to win the little pittance which seemed so great a sum to him. He boated it and footed it homeward in an ecstacy of yearning love, and the poor mermaid who had followed the vessel over the ocean, waited for it at foreign ports and followed it back again, made her way along the Rhine, leaving sea sighing, for her sailor had left the world and was going back to his lady love, and she was about to lose him.

The baron was the king over the Rhine, and the nursery wherein the baroness watched over her baby boy looked out upon the water. It was under this window that the mermaid stopped, bemoaning here if, her flossy hair all tangled, her eyelids heavy, her lute unstrung and her looking glass lost. And Carl hurried down to the cottage where Gretchen's grandmother dwelt, and rushed in and cried, for he was as brown and as long-bearded that they did not know him:

"I am Carl Steyer, come back to marry my dear Gretchen. Where! Tell me where is she?"

But the old grandame answered:

"You can't be Carl, for he is drowned and has had masses said for him; but even if you were you have no business to call the Baroness Von Claussen your Gretchen. It is a piece of impertinence not to be pardoned, should the baron hear you."

"The baroness!" stuttered Carl. "Hush! the baroness?"

"Ay," said the old grandame. "She married the Baron Von Claussen generations ago, and has as fine a young baron as any one ever set eyes on. Would you have had her wait for a ship-boy to come back and make her a beggar? even if you were not a ghost, which I doubt greatly."

"Where is she?" gasped Carl. "I'll believe no one but her."

"She is where she ought to be—at the castle," said the old women. "But you'll be mad to go there."

Perhaps Carl was mad, for he went. He put aside porter and maid and page, and made his way to the room where Gretchen sat singing to her babe; and she, seeing him forgot everything else, and rushed to meet him, and he took her in his arms and they wept together. But soon he put her off, and asked her sternly how it was that she had deceived him.

"I came back to win my bride," he said. "Oh, Gretchen, could you not keep faith with me for two little years?"

"I thought you dead," she said, then suddenly a great horror came upon her. "Why did you come?" she cried. "I am a wife. I have learned to love my husband, my child's father. Now there will be only you again. Oh! cruel to come—cruel—" and amid these words, though even while she spoke them, she clung to Carl's shoulder.

They heard a clatter of horses' hoofs, and a voice below bidding the servants say if it were true that Carl Steyer really were closeted with their mistress—the baron's voice, and raised in angry tones.

"See!" cried Gretchen. "See! how cruel you are! He is jealous; he will hate me! I must not love you, for I am a wife. I cannot love him, for he keeps me from you. Even now he will come in and ask when they tell him my story. Oh, cruel to come back and ask me, and bring me such shame and sorrow!"

"Cruel," cried Carl. "Ah, she calls me cruel; but see, Gretchen, I am kinder than you have been to me. The baron shall not find me here. Tell him Carl Steyer's ghost came to you. You will speak the truth, for I shall be dead when you utter the words. Adieu! Forget me, since that will make you happy. Adieu!"

And as he spoke he pushed the lattice open, and jumped from the window into the foaming waters of the Rhine.

The jealous baron rushed in the moment after with his sword drawn, but found his wife alone beside her baby's cradle—alone, muttering and moaning of the sea and of Carl Steyer, as she muttered and moaned through all her weary life—a mad woman from that hour, despite all that could be done by cunning leeches, bribed heavily to do their best with the baron's gold.

But as for Carl Steyer he did not drown. The mermaid caught him in her arms as he sank beneath the waters and bore him away to her caves of coral and pearl, where, with her songs and her embraces, she taught him to forget incontant Gretchen, the toils of the sea, the pleasures of the land, his own soul, and everything but her.

So now, though the castle of the Baron von Claussen is a ruin, and all the barons of that name dead long ago, the peasants often see a tall, weeping phantom at its empty windows, and see, in the stream below, another fair as a maiden of the sea can be, who bears in her white arms the most beautiful of mankind, lulled into a mystic sleep by the magic of her song. And they say that it is the mermaid that followed Carl Steyer across the ocean, and now comes to taunt and triumph over the sad phantom of Gretchen Baroness von Claussen.—New York Daily News.

To Find a Sweetheart.

The following directions are given to find a sweetheart: Visit a cemetery after nightfall, spit on twelve graves and repeat the Lord's prayer backward. Unravel a woolen stocking and bury the yarn in the back yard, with a paper on which your desire has been inscribed. Kill a black cat, and drink a portion of its warm life-blood and repeat some fetichistic jargon.—Exchange.

So Genial and Kindly.

"Does your husband write his own stories or does he keep an amanuensis?" "He does all his writing himself." "I should think he would find it so much easier to have an amanuensis, and he is well able to afford one." "That's true, but he is of so genial and kindly a disposition that he could never dictate to anyone."

Trip of a Meteor.

A remarkably brilliant meteor was lately seen in England, and two hours and a half later a similar phenomenon was witnessed in India, over 3,000 miles away. It is suspected that the two observations were of the same meteor, about the usual speed of meteors being indicated.—Boston Budget.

The Irrational English Fashion.

An extreme instance of the awkwardness of the irrational English custom of not "introducing," or making strangers known to each other by name, is mentioned in Harper's Weekly. A Harvard professor and wife were guests at a reception in London which had been given in their honor. A hundred men and women had been invited by the hostess to meet them. But there were no introductions, and the Harvard professor amused himself during the evening by talking to his wife.—Chicago Times.

Fashion's Command.

Miss Style, (to coachman)—James, your whiskers are not in harmony with Fido's. It mortifies me dreadfully when I go onto the boulevards. I wish you to take Fido with you to the barber's and have your whiskers trimmed to match his."

James—Mighty! I have the dog's hair cut to match mine ma'am!

Miss Style (sternly)—How can you think of it? Fido is just in style.—Chicago Ramblers.

A Shipload of Sugar.

Upon unloading a British steamer which arrived at Philadelphia it was found that about one-half of the cargo of 4,200 tons of sugar was a fluid mass of strap instead of sugar in bags as it had been shipped from India. The sugar had been melted by heat, and the strap was eight feet deep in the hold of the vessel, which had come through the Suez canal. Chicago Times.

Bamboo and Lancewood.

For bait fishing bamboo is the most durable, though lancewood is good enough for all ordinary purposes. Bamboo is much the most costly, but it stands the wear and tear a good deal better than the other sort of thing.—Chicago Herald.

A Railroad Magnate.

C. P. Huntington, the Pacific road magnate, carries a huge white sunshade whether the sun shines or not, and is known facetiously as "the white man of Wall street."—New York Letter.

A WOMAN POLITICIAN.

MISS STRICKLAND, OF MICHIGAN, FINDS HERSELF FAMOUS.

Her Eloquent Appeal to an Excited Convention Acted as a Healing Balm and Produced a Fusion Candidate—A Lawyer and Assistant Attorney.

DETROIT, Oct. 7.—Miss Martha Strickland, of St. Johns, Clinton county, finds herself famous as a woman politician. Letters and telegrams of congratulation have been showered on her for her remarkable work in the Sixth district Greenback and Democratic conventions, at Flint, on Monday night and Tuesday morning, when she fired the warring elements with a thrilling speech, at a time when no other of the 100 delegates present could secure more than partial recognition. The event has brought political talk into circles where politics were never before discussed, while among politicians there is nothing else mentioned. There is heard on all sides a desire to see her and hear her speak, and it is not unlikely that she may plead for Vagle, the Democratic nominee, before the campaign is over. Miss Strickland is a woman of mature years, wide experience and deep culture. She has been known as a rising lawyer and a dabbler in local politics, but her present triumph was unexpected.

A few weeks ago the Democrats and Greenbackers of the Sixth district made separate nominations, refusing to fuse. This insured the election of a Republican, and after considerable pressure had been used, coming mainly from Don M. Dickinson, the two candidates withdrew and the Democrat and Greenback conventions were called again for Monday. The delegates met at Flint according to call, and, after some coquetting apart, came together and began balloting in joint convention. The nominees of the former conventions were at first the favorites, and the feeling, especially on the part of the Greenbackers, early began to show signs of extreme bitterness. As the balloting continued the lines were drawn straighter, and it seemed hopeless to expect the convention to agree on a candidate. While the Democrats showed no signs of yielding, the Greenbackers were apparently even less likely to surrender the nomination. One excited delegate of the latter declared early in the contest that the Democrats under D. M. Dickinson were demanding everthing and using the Greenbackers simply as a cat's paw.

This intensified the feeling and stiffened the wavering of both sides. Almost at the first the name of John H. Fedewa had appeared with a small following of Democrats and one or two Greenbackers. A few candidates dropped out as the balloting proceeded and shortly after midnight, when the twenty-fifth ballot had been reached amid constantly growing excitement, Fedewa was holding the almost solid Democratic vote, with Rev. C. T. Dogs his only dangerous competitor. At this point a prominent Greenbacker endeavored to gain the ear of the convention, but was drowned amid an uproar of shouts and motions to adjourn.

It seemed to be hopeless to attempt to address the delegates, who had become irritable with the vexations of a long and doubtful contest. At this moment Miss Strickland, a Greenback delegate, took the platform and waved her hand for silence. Curiosity, as much as anything, secured her a hearing. She was remembered by all for her peculiar marriage contract with Leo Miller, dissolved only a few months ago, and she was known to a few as a lawyer, politician and shrewd woman generally. With the utmost composure and in excellent voice that could be heard all over the hall she rapidly and heavily sketched the situation and pointed out that the result of non-agreement would be to give the district bodily to the Republicans. This was all the more to be regretted since the fusion candidate was elected two years ago.

This appeal from a Greenbacker, eloquently put and powerfully backed by telling argument and illumined with many flashes of wit, was frequently interrupted by an applause that was notable as being the first concerted action of the night. It was then 2 o'clock in the morning. A motion to adjourn at the conclusion of Miss Strickland's speech was voted down, and the first ballot thereafter showed a Greenback break for Fedewa and an answer to Miss Strickland's appeal. He continued to grow in strength until 3 a. m., when he received 130 votes and was nominated on the forty-fourth ballot.

The convention then broke up singing "We won't go home until morning." Fedewa is prosecuting attorney for Clinton county and Miss Strickland is his assistant. She will undoubtedly succeed him should he be elected.

A SUBSTITUTE FOR COAL.

Crude Petroleum Tried Without Giving Entire Satisfaction.

NEW YORK, Oct. 6.—"No, the experiment of burning crude petroleum instead of coal, tried yesterday on the Third avenue elevated road, was not a success," said Mr. Hain.

"In what respect was it a failure?" he was asked.

"Well, it is too costly. It was represented to us that it would be found cheaper than coal, but so far the reverse has been the case. Then again it does not give us as much power as coal—not power enough."

"Have you discarded it?"

"No, further experiments are to be made. If these do not prove successful we shall take the apparatus off, for we need the engine."

"And will you abandon the idea then?"

"We may try it again by and by, in case Mr. Bradley, the inventor, overcomes the existing defects."

In regard to the effect of the reduced fares on the Third avenue line, Col. Hain said he was still unable to speak definitely. More passengers were carried, of course, but at a greater cost.

O'REILLY ON KICKERS.

The New York War Irishmen Get a Turning Over.

DETROIT, Oct. 6.—Rev. Dr. Charles O'Reilly, treasurer of the Irish National League of America, in reference to the action of the Twentieth Ward branch, of New York, condemning the financial management of the League, said:

Look at the names of the men who spoke at that meeting. I can prove to you by my official books of account that the League does not know them as contributors or otherwise. I can prove to you, also, that they are extremists, kickers and cranks. They have been followers of Ross and the dynamite propaganda, and are now filled with a blind desire for war. As between a dynamiter and a war Irishman I have more respect for the former. His principles may be vicious, but they are not utterly impracticable. He can raise money enough to buy dynamite and to hire a fool to use it. Thus he may kill someone, but the war Irishman—suppose we have collected $1,000,000—how long would that keep a single regiment in the field? That's what I ask them.

REV. CHARLES O'REILLY

TWO ROSES.

The one with heart of flame he gave to her
Whose eyes veiled from his own sin's bitter cost,
With throbbing pulses and with heart astir,
Entranced by eyes that held an Eden lost.

The other—lily pale dropped on its stalk—
He gave to her his soul's pure love unstained,
Whose saintly eyes and sweet unwomanly talk
Held less an Eden lost than heaven regained.

And when he died, one wept, but dried her tears,
Serenely hopeful of a brighter day;
Against the other's heart through dull, slow years,
Till both alike were dust, the red rose lay.

C. R. Crezzi in Lippincott's.

GEORGIA'S STATE ELECTION.

The Wet Ticket Succeeds in Several Counties.

ATLANTA, GA., 7.—The state election passed off quietly. There was no opposition to the state ticket headed by Gen. Gordon for governor. In the legislative races there were half a dozen sharp contests, some of them amounting to public importance. There will be but one Republican in the senate, Ben Bugger, who has a fine claim on the seat. Union county will send a Republican to the house, while probably four Republicans are elected in the heavy negro counties along the coast. In Fulton county, in which Atlanta is situated, the "wet" ticket which secured the Democratic nomination last week was elected overwhelmingly over a negro ticket. Had there been another week before the election the Prohibitionists would have had a better ticket in the field. This would have been due to the action of the city council two days ago in permitting the sale of beer in the city. The Prohibitionists were deeply chagrined, but did not have time to rally their forces for work. In Pike county, the stronghold of the Prohibitionists, the wet candidates were elected by 541 majority. In Upson county the Prohibitionists were routed by 600 majority. In every point where the people had a chance to express themselves prohibition has had a backset.

JOHN B. GORDON.

The indications in Chatham are that the Knights of Labor have elected their entire ticket. The state ticket elected is: Jno. B. Gordon, governor; Nathan C. Barnett, secretary of state; Wm. A. Wright, comptroller general; Robert U. Hardemann, treasurer; Clifford Anderson, attorney general.

JAEHNE'S SENTENCE.

The Court of Appeals Confirms the Lower Court Decision.

ALBANY, Oct. 5.—The court of appeals has affirmed the decision of the supreme court in the case of Henry W. Jaehne, the convicted "boodle" alderman, who is consequently in a fair way to serve out his sentence of ten years' imprisonment at Sing Sing.

HENRY W. JAEHNE. (From The N. Y. Sun.)

The prevailing opinion was written by Judge Andrews. It recites, in substance, that the principal question is whether the crime of bribery, committed by a member of the common council of the city of New York, is punishable under the penal code, or only under the New York city consolidation act of 1882. The material of the question is in the fact that the defendant was indicted and convicted of bribery as a member of the common council, under section 72 of the penal code, and sentenced under it; whereas, if he was punishable only under the consolidation act, the maximum punishment could not have exceeded two years in the penitentiary.

The most cursory glance, the court asserts, shows the comprehensive character of the provisions of the code relative to bribery. Section 72 is even more specific as to the officers to be included in its provisions. It includes not only a judicial officer, but also any person who executes any of the functions of a public office. Subsequent designations in the section confirm this definitely. It is plain that a member of a common council comes under this designation.

In this decision Judge Andrews' opinion was concurred in by Judges Ruger, Danforth, Miller and Finch. A dissenting opinion was submitted by Judge Rapallo, in which Judge Earle concurred.

The Speaker of the House.

NEWPORT, Ky., Oct. 5.—The Democratic convention in the Sixth Kentucky district nominated John G. Carlisle for re-election to congress by acclamation.

Tons of Silver Dollars.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 6.—The silver dollar circulation of the United States, which was slightly below $60,000,000 on Sept. 30, has now passed the limit, being far greater than ever before in the history of the country. The treasury officials say that it may rise as high as $65,000,000 and then decline rapidly as the new silver certificates are put out.

An Extorted Confession.

SKOWHEGAN, Me., Oct. 7.—Hurd, the youth who is in jail here charged with burning two buildings in Harmony, has retracted his confession. He avers that the confession was made through fear of the detectives who arrested him, and that the detectives forced him to make it. He now says that he had nothing to do with the fire.

Politics in Western New York.

ELMIRA, N. Y., Oct. 4.—C. D. Baker has been renominated for the assembly by the Republicans of the Second district. Mr. Baker has served three terms. The delegates to the congressional convention will go pledged for Ira Davenport. The convention will be held at Penn Yan on the 11th inst.

Republican Gains in Connecticut.

HARTFORD, Oct. 8.—Returns from 160 towns give the Republicans 54 towns; the Democrats, 31; divided, 15. The same towns last year stood: Republicans, 49; Democratic, 34; divided, 16. Net Republican gain, 4 towns.

Prizes for Electric Motors.

Among the subjects selected for prize competitions in 1887 by the French Societe d'Encouragement, electrict takes a prominent place. For instance, a prize of 2,000 francs is offered for a small motor designed for a small workshop to be worked separately or to be connected with a central factory. A prize of 3,000 francs for a medium of transporting to a considerable distance natural mechanical powers which their actual position does not allow of being immediately utilized. A prize of 3,000 francs for the invention of a simple and substantial appliance capable of indicating automatically in a sure and regular manner at a given distance the speed of a railway train. A prize of 3,000 francs for the construction of an instrument transmitting to a distance an indication of the temperature of a heated inclosure. A prize of 3,000 francs for the discovery of a perfect process of transmitting to a distance motive power to agricultural machines. Competitors must send in their contributions before the 1st of January

Progress of Cremation in France.

The Parisians will soon be able to burn their dead in four crematory furnaces, which have just been finished at Pere-la-Chaise. These furnaces were begun last November, and have been hurried to completion, so that by the end of August at latest those who in dying express the wish to be cremated can be there reduced to ashes.

There will be no first, second, and third class cremations. Poor and rich will be on a footing of absolute equality. The price charged to those who can afford to pay for the burning of a corpse will be 15 francs.

The furnaces were constructed on plans by M.M. Barrett and Fermice. A large portico is in front of a dome beneath which are placed the crematory furnaces. They have the appearance of very elegant ovens. Three hundred and fifty thousand francs was the price they cost. They are according to the Corini system in use in Rome and Milan. It was found that the heat of the Siemens furnaces was too intense. Instead of reducing the corpse to ashes it subjected it to a kind of vitrification. The cost, too, would be 300 francs, instead of 15 francs, to cremate with a Siemens furnace.

The unclaimed bodies at the hospital, which are not used for anatomical purposes will be taken to the crematory at Pere-la-Chaise. Sculptors, goldsmiths, and bronze casters are already busy designing urns, of which an assortment in marble, bronze, gold, silver, zinc, or lead will be kept at an office of the crematory. The relatives of the cremated dead can buy these vessels, and cause them to be removed to family vaults, or to a building which the city of Paris to erect.—Paris Cor. London News.

Canadian Women and Men.

Americans have an idea that Canadian women are large limbed, and proudly substantiate their belief by alluding to the poor creature's feet. This is only a prejudice which has grown because Canadian women will not flirt. This is a bold assertion to make, but my knowledge is founded on several years' acquaintance with them. By flirting I mean