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GOVERNOR'S ISLAND, N. Y. H., July 17th, 1891. Sealed proposals, in triplicate, for furnishing such quantities of Forage and Straw as may be required in Division of the Atlantic during the fiscal year ending June 30th, 1892, will be received here and at offices of Quartermasters at Baltimore, Md.; Boston, Mass.; Buffalo, N. Y.; New Orleans, La.; Fort Niagara, N. Y.; Fort Ontario N. Y.; Madison Barracks, N. Y.; Plattsburg Barracks, N. Y.; Fort Preble, Me.; Fort Adams, R. I.; Fort Trumbell, Conn; Fort Monroe, Va.; Fort Thomas, Ky.; Newport Barracks, Ky; St. Francis Barracks, Fla.; Fort Barrance, Fla.; Fort McPherson, Ga; and Mount Vernon Barracks, Ala.; until 12 o'clock noon, eastern time on Monday, August 17, 1891, and then opened. The United States reserves the right to reject any or all proposals. All information furnished on application to this office, or to Quartermasters at posts named above. Envelopes containing bids will be be endorsed "Proposals for ——." CHAS. H. TOMPKINS, Assistant Quartermaster General, U. S. Army. djuly17, 8 20,21,aug14,17-8

PROPOSALS FOR FLOUR. Office A. C. S. Fort Ontario, N. Y., July 25, 1891. Sealed proposals in triplicate, subject to the usual conditions, with a copy of this advertisement attached, will be received at this office until 12 o'clock noon on August 25th, 1891, and then opened, for furnishing and delivering at Fort Ontario, N. Y., thirty(30) barrels of flour, more or less, made from winter wheat and of the grade not inferior to sample to be seen at this office. Samples must accompany proposals. Preference will be given to article of domestic production or manufacture, condition of quality and price (including in the price of foreign production or manufacture the duty thereon) being equal. Full information will be furnished on application at this office. Proposals must be enclosed in sealed envelopes marked "Proposals for Flour" and addressed to the A. C. S. Fort Ontario, N. Y. The government reserves the right to reject any or all proposals. W. BENNETT.
2nd Lieut 6 Infantry, A. C. S.
July 25, 27, 28, 29, August 22, 24

LOCAL TAX NOTICE—Notice is hereby given that the following local assessment has been placed in my hands: No. 31 for constructing a sewer in East 6th street beginning at a point 93 feet north from Bridge street and extending thence northerly along 6th street to a suitable point of connection with the Cayuga street sewer and with the necessary inlets, wells and connections. As provided by resolution of the common council the above mentioned tax may be paid without fees during thirty days from the date of this notice; during the following thirty days with 3 per cent; thereafter for sixty days at 5 per cent. JOHN DOWDLE,
City Chamberlain.
Oswego, N. Y., July 8th, 1891.
july8l0t

CITY NOTICE—The petition of the Oswego Street Railway company, a body corporate duly organized and now operating a street railway in the city of Oswego county of Oswego and state of New York, respectfully shows, that said railway company desires to extend its line as now constructed and operated as follows, viz:
Commencing at the corner of East Fourth and Bridge streets; thence south on East Fourth street to East Utica street; thence west on East Utica street to East Third; thence south on East Third street and Syracuse avenue to the city line.
Also from the present western terminus of the road on the west side, on West Seneca street at Third avenue to connect with the Fifth avenue extension hereof ore granted.
Your petitioner therefore prays that the consent of your honorable body may be given to such changes, extensions and improvements and that said petitioner may be permitted to construct, maintain and operate said extensions, together with such switches, sidings, turnouts, turn-tables and suitable stands as may be required for the convenient working of said road within the city of Oswego, and through, along and upon the outer line of said street, subject to such restrictions, reservations and requirements that are provided for by law and as may be imposed by your honorable body.
The above petition according to law shall be considered August 4th, 1891, at council chamber, Oswego, N. Y. JOHN H. KELLY,
july7d14t City Clerk.

SUPREME COURT, Oswego county—The Frontier Permanent Building and Loan Association vs. Agnes C. McCarthy, Rose A. McCarthy, William McCarthy, James F. McCarthy, George W. McCarthy, John F. McCarthy, Margaret M. McCarthy, Eugene P. McCarthy, Theodore D. McCarthy, Florence C. McCarthy, Ellen G. Hart and Mary A. Sennott.
To the Above-named Defendants:
You are hereby summoned, to answer the complaint in this action, and to serve a copy of your answer on the plaintiff's attorney within twenty days after the service of this summons, exclusive of the day of service; and in case of your failure to appear or answer, judgment will be taken against you by default for the relief demanded in the complaint.
Trial desired in the County of Oswego.
Dated the 2d day of June, 1891
BERNARD GALLAGHER,
Plaintiff's Attorney.
Office No. 214 West 1st street. P. O. address, No. 214 West 1st street, Oswego, N. Y.
To the above-named defendants William McCarthy and George W. McCarthy: Take notice that the foregoing summons is served upon you by publication pursuant to an order of the Hon John D. Churchill, justice of the supreme court, dated June 27th, 1891, and filed with the complaint in the Oswego county clerk's office at Oswego, N. Y.
Dated June 27th, 1891
BERNARD GALLAGHER, Pl'ff's Atty.,
No. 214 West First street, Oswego, N. Y.
ju*-29d1aw6w.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK: By the Grace of God Free and Independent. To George Waters, William Waters, Jane Reed, Lucinda Cramer, Lucinda Bradner, Emily Trevaile, George Rhodes, Lorenzo Rhodes, Samuel Rhodes, Alonzo Rhodes, L. Rhodes, Wm. Rhodes, Jane Henderson, Effie Reffenberg, Roberta Reffenberg, Frederick Reffenberg and John Furniss, heirs at law and next of kin of Sarah Hallett, late of the Town of Oswego, in the county of Oswego, deceased, send greeting.
Whereas, Wm. A. Poucher of the City of Oswego, in the county of Oswego, has lately made application to our surrogate of the county of Oswego, to have a certain instrument in writing relating to real and personal estate, duly proved as the last will and testament of said Sarah Hallett deceased; therefore, you, and each of you, are hereby cited and required personally to be and appear before our said surrogate, at the court house in the city of Oswego, in said county of Oswego, on the 3rd day of September, 1891, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of that day, then and there to attend to the probate of said instrument as the last will and testament of said deceased.
And if any of the persons interested be under the age of twenty-one years, they are required to appear by their guardian, if they have one, or, if they have none, that they appear and apply for one to be appointed, or, in event of their neglect or failure to do so, a guardian will be appointed by the surrogate to represent and act for them in the proceedings.
In testimony whereof, We have caused the seal of our said surrogate's court, to be hereto affixed. Witness, Francis David, surrogate of said county, at the village of Phoenix in said county, the 20th day of June, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-one. F. N. BURLEIGH, Clerk of Surrogate's Court
[L. S.]
W. A. POUCHER, Atty. Oswego, N. Y.
jun23d1aw6w-14

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A WOMAN'S REASONS.

She is not versed in Schiller
And Goethe and the rest;
She has no store of "stiller,"
As some, perchance, have guessed.

She knows no word of Dante
And his Italian crew;
She plays not "penny ante"
As rapid maidens do.
No more she knows of Spencer
Than of La Rochefoucauld;
On Darwin she is denser
Than any girl I know.

With Kant and Schopenhauer
Her speech she will not load,
But fortune other power
Upon her has bestowed.
Though Mill and Huxley tire her,
As she will frankly state,
Yet still I must admire her—
Her pumpkin pies are great.
—Harry B. Smith, in America.

THE WHITE DEVIL.

A Mexican Superstition and Its Interesting Origin

One day as the freight train running from San Francisco to San Jose rumbled around the curve just outside of the city of San Jose, a white horse sprang on the track and raced down toward the town in front of the engine. For a mile the train did not gain on him, then the unequal footing of the cross ties and the pace began to tell on the white steed, and the engine crept slowly up to him. The engineer gave a few shrieks of the whistle to scare the horse from the track, but he kept right on in front, running with the speed of a racer, with his long tail streaming in a straight line behind him.

The engineer saw a stock gap in front half a mile away, and again pulled the whistle. The horse simply let out a few links and went on. The engineer got mad. He pulled the throttle open and went after the white phantom, at a thirty-miles-an-hour clip. He was a bare hundred feet behind the horse when the animal reached the stock gap and plunged in among the open ties and fell. The pilot struck him, ground the life out of him in an instant and then plowed into the dirt on the opposite side of the track. The engineer swore a few choice oaths and jumped out of the cab. The horse was as dead as a door nail and the engine had left the rails.

"Another suit for the company," said the conductor as he came up. "How did you do it, Jim?"

"Oh, I don't know," answered Jim in a surly way. "The brute got on the track and just stayed there till I struck him. He was possessed of the devil, I guess."

They had to send to San Jose for the wrecking engine to put the train back on the rail, and while they were waiting a Mexican rode along the road beside the track. He pulled up his broncho to see the wreck.

"Caramba, senor," he exclaimed, turning pale and trembling, "it es Vasquez' horse." And he mounted his pony as quickly as possible and sped off down the road.

"Who the deuce is Vasquez?" asked Jim. "From the way that Greaser got a push on himself you'd think we'd killed a ghost."

"If that's Vasquez' horse as the Greaser said, you have killed a Mexican ghost," said the conductor, and he walked over and looked at the dead animal lying under the front wheels of the engine.

It was Vasquez' horse. The whole country knew it the next day. He was twenty years old and totally blind when he met his death in front of the freight train, and for ten years had roamed over the unoccupied land about the lower part of Santa Clara county free as a bird and feared by the Mexicans more than a lion. He was called by them the "white devil," and it was their belief that he was possessed of a soul mortgaged to the evil one—the soul of Vasquez. It is a strange tale that the old Mexican mothers tell of this white horse.

Vasquez was the most noted bandit of the early days of California. He bade defiance to the law, eluded the detectives and searching parties for years and killed and robbed half a hundred men. He roamed over the state of California from the north to the south, leaving desolation and death in his wake. He surrounded himself with a band of desperate Mexicans and terrorized entire communities. Lone travelers by day and by night were stopped on the road and relieved of their cash and often of their lives. A quiet village in the San Joaquin valley would be awakened at the dead of night by the rush of sounding hoof-beats. Timid men would pull the covers about their heads and shiver. Next day the principal store in the place would be found open, the safe robbed, valuable goods taken, and the guardian, if it had any, dead with a bullet in his head or a knife wound in his heart. Vasquez had been there.

One day the stage was rattling down the road from one of the mountain mines. The Wells-Fargo box was heavy with bullion and half a dozen armed guards sat in the coach. The driver sat on the box with a Winchester between his knees and chatted with another guard who sat beside him balancing a shotgun across his lap. They were talking of Vasquez. "They say he allers rides a white horse and dresses like a dandy," said the driver. "Wish't he'd jump ther gun-site stage onct when the boys is aboard."

Two horsemen dressed in the tinseled Mexican cavalier costume rounded a turn in the road just in front of the stage and came riding toward it. One of them bestrode a white horse. They canterded up. The man on the white horse went to the right and his companion to the left of the stage. Suddenly they reined up.

"Pardon, senor, will the senor give me a light for me cigarette?"

The driver good-naturedly pulled up and leaned over from his seat with the big cigar which he was smoking extended between his fingers. He was dozen men sprang from the underbrush beside the road and shoved the muzzles of their rifles through the stage door on either side.

Taken by surprise, not a weapon was drawn by the guards. The strong box was lifted from the boot, the men inside were disarmed while the robbers' rifles stared them in the eyes, and the merry company, with many jokes about the dresses they would buy for their senoritas, mounted the horses that were led out of the woods and rode away, he on the white steed humming a bit of some old Spanish love song to the time of his horse's step.

It was a dreamy August afternoon in Southern California when the mayor of Los Angeles and a fellow official were driving along the old sand road through the Arroya Seco toward the town. Over the brow of a hill half a mile in front of them a group of horsemen appeared at a gallop. They swept down the hill and met the buggy of the mayor. The galloping horses were yanked back upon their haunches and a swarthy Mexican upon a white horse shoved a pistol in the mayor's face and said, with a show of his teeth in a smile: "Your money, senor."

The mayor thought it was a joke and laughed.

"Quick! quick!" said the horseman, as his weapon clicked. "I am Vasquez."

The mayor laughed again.

"Eef you don't believe me, senor, look."

He pointed back to the hill, and there appeared another group of horsemen riding at full tilt from the town.

"Quick!" said Vasquez. "I am no fool."

The mayor looked down the pistol barrel at the pair of black, glittering eyes that lined the sights, and put up his hands. He was lightened of his chamois bag of gold, as was his friend, and the bold robbers wheeled and were off at a run, the posse from the town riding up five minutes too late to catch them or to save the mayor's coin. The band escaped into the chapparal.

Vasquez made history in this way for five years and then was caught like a rat in a trap in a 'dobe house near the scene of the robbery of the mayor, and was shot down by a newspaper correspondent detailed to accompany the search party. He survived his wounds, was taken to San Jose, where one of his earliest and most atrocious murders had been committed, and there met his fate on the scaffold.

And now for the horse. Every time the robbers appeared one of them, the leader, would be mounted upon a white horse. That he had a world of speed was shown in the way that he would gallop away from the rest of the gang when they were pursued. The horse was hitched behind the house when Vasquez was shot. One of the capturing party tried to take him and was severely bitten for his cupidity. The horse broke away, went careering off toward the canyon where Vasquez had had his rendezvous and was lost to sight. Most people say he died in the mountains of starvation, but the Mexicans say no. They saw him again.

The night after Vasquez was hanged a white horse galloped up the street to the jail, stood a moment at the door and gave a neigh. The Mexicans heard in it a call to the dead Vasquez. There came no answer to the horse's challenge and he wheeled about and went as suddenly as he came. Then he turned bandit and followed Vasquez' old trails. Once in awhile a man would be found on the road with his body frightfully mutilated and his flesh bearing the marks of hoofs. Sometimes in the night a white horse would appear at the door of a Mexican cabin in some lonely spot and neigh. If no answer came he would be off like the wind, but if any man dared to show himself the horse would attack him with hoof and teeth and it was seldom that a victim escaped.

Time and again he was shot at, and one Mexican buck was foolhardy enough to try to rope him and met a horrible death. The horse bore a charmed life. He became almost as great a terror to the Mexicans as Vasquez had been to the rich Americans. If by chance a Mexican's pony got out of the corral and wandered off in search of grass the white horse would find him and enlist him. First he had one follower, then two, then half a dozen. No man could kill them and no man dared to attempt to capture them. With no loads upon their backs they were fleet as the wind and could outstrip the best horse with a rider. The Mexicans named the leader the "White Devil," and said that Vasquez lived again in his horse.

As the years went by and Vasquez became a memory, and his exploits the theme for children's stories, the White Devil lost his companions. His visits to the vicinity of the little towns became less and less frequent and then ceased altogether. At long intervals a Mexican would ride in with a report that he had seen the White Devil in some canyon among the hills. Even these reports ceased, and few Americans of the latter days in California had heard of him until the freight train killed the white horse. The Mexicans came for miles to look at him. All of them knew him, at least they said so, and they respected him sufficiently to look at his dead body from a distance.

When he was dragged from beneath the engine by the trainmen a horse doctor looked at him. He was a magnificent animal even in death, and the veterinary said that he had been stone blind for years.

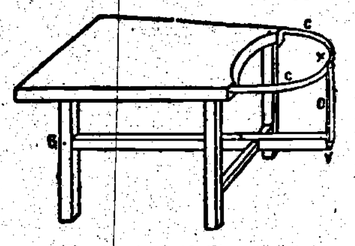
Vasquez deeds are history; the story of the White Devil is a Mexican superstition.—Detroit Free Press.

—"And what," asked the young woman who is sometimes facetious, "is the rank of the individual who brings up the rear with a bucket and a tin cup?" "O!" replied the member of the militia without hesitation, "he is a lemonade de camp."—Wa... Post.

NEW MILKING STOOL.

It Is Light, Durable, Convenient and Easily Made.

Here is a milking stool invented by me, which is light and durable and very convenient, as it holds the pail securely in its place. It is easily made and when finished has a neat appearance. For the top of the stool take a good oak board about an inch thick and 8 or 10 inches wide by 12 long, tapering slightly to the front. Next take two pieces of oak or other hard wood about 2 by 3 inches and 12 inches long, for legs. The front ones can be made smaller. A is a board half an inch thick and 16 inches long, fastened at B by sawing notches about a quarter of an inch deep in the leg and securely fastened to it by a couple of small nails. C is a piece of metallic hoop which I have to admit the bucket easily. D is a piece of stouter iron, fastened to X and Y by rivets.—G. F. Bastian, in N. E. Homestead.



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A very useful, cheap, durable, almost indispensable tool on every farm in all parts of the country. The body of it should be of cast-iron, 17 inches long, round, 4½ inches diameter at upper end and tapering to a point at the other. A hole for the handle should be in the large end, 2½ inches at its opening, 2 inches at its lower end, and 6 inches deep. Any man can make a pattern and get the casting at any foundry. The handle can be made of any hard wood, driven in and made of size easy to handle. Such a tool can be used with success in all kinds of soil, even in quite stony land. With an outfit consisting of a punch, a heavy maul and a short-legged stool to stand on to drive the posts, two men can set more fence posts in a day than in ten days' harder work in the old way of digging the holes, and equally well for all practical purposes. The posts need be only half sharpened, just the corners shaped off a little with the ax—a rainy-day job at making kindling-wood. Knowing the above facts by experience, and seeing some men breaking their backs digging post-holes, I was led to write to you.—J. E. Blodgett, in N. Y. Tribune.

Turnips for Ducks.

Grow a crop of turnips for ducks, if you intend to raise a large number of ducks. On the large establishments, where hundreds of ducks are raised, the principal food for them is cooked turnips, with a small proportion of ground grain. No crop can be grown to better advantage than turnips, and in no way can turnips be grown so profitably as to feed them to ducks. Ducks and turnips are adjuncts to each other on the duck farms, for without turnips the ducks could not be made to do well.—Farm and Fireside.

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37,	Fifth and Oneida.
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In case of fire, unlock the outside door of box, and turn knob to the right until bell strikes in the box. Wait until the Department arrives and give the location of the fire. Never send in alarm except from box nearest the fire.

If an alarm from box 12, it will strike 12, 1-3, 1-3, 1-3, and so on.

Never let the key of a fire alarm box be in the possession of any irresponsible person for the purpose of [illegible] been unlocked the key cannot be removed.

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