RAIN ON THE DOWN.

Night, and the down by the sea,
 And the veil of rain on the down;
And she came through the mist and the rain to me
 From the safe, warm lights of the town.

The rain shone in her hair,
 And her face gleamed in the rain;
And only the night and the rain were there
 As she came to me out of the rain.
 —Arthur Symonds.

DICK'S DARLING.

BY CLARICE LEE IZBELLE.

CHAPTER VIII—CONTINUED.

That brought him back to the solid earth.

"That is, I have either seen her or some one very much like her. I am always troubled by the fleeting resemblances to some one I cannot remember. It is so slight and intangible, but it is still so marked."

"And I have noticed it, too," with a smile: "it is slight, yet quite plain, and you are the person, Miss Dolores."

"I? Oh, no," with a slight blush. "And then," quickly, "she is pretty, very, very pretty, I think, and I—"

"You are the most beautiful woman on earth to me," he cried, with sudden impetuosity. "Dolores, darling, look up at me! Tell me, Dolores, you love me a little, don't you? Don't say no, for I love you with all my heart and soul, and if you do not love me I will never care for another woman while I live! Answer me Dolores! Do you love me?"

"Love you?" she repeated scarcely above a whisper, her eyes growing large and luminous like a frightened fawn's. "Love you? Oh, don't, don't!"

With a sudden gesture she tore her hands from his and buried her face in them, her breath coming in a quick gasp. Dick stood for a moment like one stunned.

"I beg your pardon," he uttered stupidly, his hands falling like lead to his side. "I did not mean——"

A little sob came from behind the tiny white hands. It went straight to his heart. His face grew white as chalk as the knowledge seemed forced upon him that she did not, could not, love him.

"I—I beg your pardon, again," he said huskily. "I would not trouble you for the world, and—and I am sorry. Don't—don't let it distress you, dear. It does not matter. If you care for somebody else—oh, Dolores!" with a cry that went straight to her heart, "there is nobody else?"

"No, there is—nobody else," came the reply in a low, choked tone.

"Then I will try to take my refusal like a man," he said, with a brave attempt to speak boldly. "I am not the first man who has had 'no' for his answer, and I—but if you just could have loved me, Dolores!"

But Dolores could only stand like one dazed, scarcely moving or speaking. Her heart was beating to suffocation. A wild desire took possession of her to laugh. As she remained silent, Dick turned away with a supreme effort to conquer the tremor that would creep into his voice.

"Shall we go on?" he questioned, in a vain effort to appear at his ease; and so they went on the few paces to the fence. Dick swung himself over, and turned to assist her. Dolores obstinately kept her face turned from him, and mounted to the top rail without apparently seeing the hand he held outstretched to aid her.

But here something happened that changed the whole aspect of affairs. Dolores' foot slipped, she uttered a little shriek, and fell headlong into the arms awaiting her.

Her silken hair touched his cheek. Her warm arm encircled his neck. Although he was keenly aware of the treachery of it, Dick could not refrain from holding her close to him for one blissful moment in a warm embrace.

And then—but neither of them could ever tell how it happened. A swift glance from the blue eyes into the tender, dark ones, the sweetly blushing face close to his, and his arms closed about her slight form again. Their lips met in a kiss that neither would ever forget as long as life should last.

"Why did you not say so long ago?" began Dick, presently, when they had once more become aware that they were still on solid earth, and not in dreamland. "How could you trifle with me so?" reproachfully.

"Trifle with you?" opening her eyes in unfeigned astonishment, "I did not, indeed! You—you misunderstood me—Dick," this last so shyly and sweetly that he then and there forgave her the momentary pain she had caused him.

"Well, you know, you turned away and hid your face, and—and—I thought it was because you were—er—sorry," lamely.

"Sorry," a beautiful flush stained her cheeks. "Oh, Dick, I hid my face because—because I did not dare let you see it! I—I was—afraid for you to—to see I loved you so much, Dick."

Of course, after that there was only one reply for a lover to make, and Dick made that without delay.

He felt like shouting aloud for very joy. That she—Dolores, so beautiful, so sweet, so lovely, should love him, Dick Kingsley, seemed the most wonderful, the most extraordinary thing in all the world. It was many long days before he ceased to wonder at the mystery of it.

"What will your aunt say, do you think?" questioned Dick, when, after an incredibly long time, they arrived before the rose-covered cottage. "She won't prove obdurate, I hope," anxiously.

To him it would have appeared gross and unpardonable heresy for anyone to be willing to give her into another's keeping. He forgot that Miss Grey might not view the matter in the same light as himself.

"She—she don't dislike me, does she?"

"Dislike you?" her tone would have satisfied the most exacting lover. "Of course, she does not! She likes you. I have heard her say so. And—and—I don't see how she could help from—from liking you." Which was such a convincing argument that he at once felt more at his ease.

"Shall I see her to-night?" he questioned.

But Dolores shook her head decidedly. "I have no doubt she has retired. You know she never stays up late."

"Then I will call in the morning," decidedly. "Will you tell her so? And now I will go back to White Hall, to-night, for Uncle George wishes me to attend to some business in town to-morrow, and it is getting late. You have no objections to having him know of our engagement, have you, Dolores?—Dolores?" lingeringly. "I think it is the sweetest name in all the world."

"Except one," shyly. "Dick! That is the sweetest."

Dick kissed the tremulous red lips so near his own.

Presently he had said good night and was going reluctantly away down the long, dusty road. He carried away with him the vision of a slight, girlish form and a fair, childish face, radiant with the light of the first love that had sprung into existence in Dolores' heart. It was the last time he saw her look so unconsciously happy for many long days.

CHAPTER IX.

Carmen Gives Advice.

"Marry Dolores Grey!"

No pen can describe the mingled anger and dismay that flashed from George Kingsley's undimmed eye, and stamped itself upon his emaciated features.

"Marry Dolores Grey? Boy, you are mad—stark, raving mad? You have no idea of what you are saying. Marry her—a Grey? Never while I live and can by any means prevent it! Never, never, if moving heaven and earth can keep you from ruining your whole life! Marry her? I would rather see you before me shrouded for your coffin than the husband of that woman!"

Dick was staring at him like one stunned. But the color and light slowly came back to his face and he met his uncle's gaze with a fearless look and an obstinate closing of his mouth under his brown mustache. It argued no good for his opponent.

"You do not know what you are saying," he said, coldly. Her displeasure made itself heard in his usually careless voice. "You possibly may not understand my meaning, and if you do, you certainly do not know my—the lady in question, or you would never say that. She is all that anyone, even the most exacting could demand, and I, most assuredly am satisfied."

"But you do not understand," said the old man, with suppressed excitement. "Listen to me, boy! There are many things you have never heard, and it is best that you should not hear, and—but what is the use of arguing? I tell you it is impossible—utterly impossible! Any other woman but Dolores Grey! Don't ask me to explain. I can not, but there are reasons why you and that girl should never marry. Dick, can you not trust me without more words?"

"No, I cannot."

Dick's face was very resolute. "You ask me to do something no man would do give up the woman he loved without a good and sufficient reason. I am sorry to go contrary to your wishes, uncle—you have always been very good to me—but I cannot and will not give up Dolores. Dolores," he repeated softly, under his breath as though he loved to linger on the musical name.

"Then you utterly refuse to obey me?" George Kingsley's anger was only equalled by his surprise. Never before had good-natured, kind-hearted Dick absolutely gone contrary to his will. "Think what you are doing, boy! In that desk is a copy of my will, and by its terms you become a—"

Dick threw his head back and his blue eyes blazed.

"Thank you, sir," he said quickly, hotly. "You are very kind, but I have the honor to inform you that I am not for sale! Your money belongs to your daughter. Give it to her! For myself, I ask nothing of you or any other man. I expect to support myself and my wife—if it ever pleases heaven to give her to me—without any man's assistance! If you please we will say no more about this."

His uncle was looking at him steadily from under his bent brows. Now a gleam of admiration crossed his grim features at the sight of the young man's set, flushed face.

"Very well," he said coldly. "We will say no more about it, but mark my words, when you learn more, as you most assuredly will, you will agree with me, but until then," he made a slight gesture towards the door, "I will wish you a very pleasant good-night," he said, courteously.

Dick bowed stiffly, and went out without looking either to the right or the left.

As he passed the parlor door he heard his name called by his cousin, and reluctantly obeyed the summons.

"How very stern and rigid we are," remarked that young lady, tossing her novel upon the floor. "Come here and let me ask you a few questions. Don't mind Ted—Mr. Parker, I mean," nodding to the window where that young gentleman was quietly enjoying a cigar. "He is deaf as a post, and dumb as an oyster when I wish it, and I wish it to-night. Now, my dear cousin, what has my paternal ancestor been saying to you?"

Dick bit his lip and sat down in one corner of the sofa without replying.

Carmen had taken her knee between her hands and was looking at him with a malicious gleam in her curious, gray-green eyes.

She laughed a little, low, amused laugh at his evident unwillingness to tell.

"Shall I tell you what is the matter with you? Colonel Kingsley has been giving you a wholesale lecture concerning matrimony. There," as he started slightly, "I see I am right, but, my dearest cousin, don't let my amiable papa worry you. We—you and I—can settle all that when the time comes, and there is no use worrying ourselves yet awhile, you know."

"But he had the impudence to speak of his money," Dick exclaimed hotly, raising his flushed face so the light of the chandelier fell across it. "As if I were to be bought and sold like a slave. I would not give up Dolores for all the world!"

"No, of course not," an additional light dawning upon her. She is worth infinitely more than all the Kingsley's gold. And so you told him!"

"Yes, he has always been very good to me and I went to him with my good news before I told my mother even, and he—well, his reception was not joyful to say the least," shortly. "He absolutely refused his consent and kept on declaring it impossible for me to marry Dolores Grey."

"Needless to say you did not agree with him," easily. "Well, neither do I for that matter. But do you know I have a pretty shrewd idea of what constitutes his chief objection? It is because he wants you to marry me! Is that not a surprise? He sent for me this evening, and gave me to understand that was his command."

"Well?" queried Dick curiously.

Carmen smiled unscrutibly with her eyes bent upon the pointed tip of her white slipper. She was leaning back in her favorite position with her hands behind her head, and her feet crossed before her. For the first time he dimly understood that this girl with the unmoved face and smiling lips was possessed of a will power far in advance of any he had ever met. She looked as though she held the balance of power in her white hands, and was enjoying the knowledge.

"Well, I did not say much of anything. I merely listened to his lordship's orders, and walked out. There is never any use in having trouble until the time comes, and so I did not tell him what I firmly intend to do—marry whosoever I please whensoever I get good and ready. This would have cost a most unpleasant scene, and I don't care for one just now. Then, you know I am a firm believer in the eternal fitness of things, and that everything will finally arrange itself as it should be without me worrying my poor brain about it. So I concluded it would be much pleasanter for me seemingly, to agree, allow things to drift along for a while, and then calmly go my way. It is always so much better, and saves so much trouble. Then another thing. He would disinherit me to-morrow if I refuse to obey him, and I like money. I don't worship it, and I don't care much for it for myself, but—well, next month, next year, I may be in a position to defy him, but right now I cannot. And, now, Cousin Dick, I want you to take a little bit of my advice. Don't quarrel with him openly. Allow things to go on exactly as they are for awhile and—and it will be all right before the year is out. I promise you this solemnly, and upon my sacred word of honor. Before six months you shall be Dolores' husband, and friends with your uncle also. You believe me, do you not?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Kentucky Horses for the Army.

There will be a regimental cavalry post at or near Lexington, in the blue grass region of Kentucky, if the recommendations of the inspector general of the army receive favorable consideration. The English and French governments send over agents every year to buy up the peculiar strain of horses bred in that region. Lexington is claimed to be the center of the road horse interest in America, and while purely thoroughbred horses are two high priced for ordinary military purposes, there are in its neighborhood breeds of horses having strong strains of thoroughbred blood, which give them graceful action and endurance, and make them the best type of military horses in the world. Should the department decide to establish a post near Lexington, it is expected that a site would be donated.—New York Sun.

A Well-Mixed Handbill.

A Glamorganshire draper having let part of his shop to a butcher, some wag issued the following handbill the other day: "Great attraction for the festive season at Billy's beef and bonnet shop. A large and varied assortment of tripe and trimmed hats to be cleared out regardless of cost; shawls and sausages woven while you wait; faggots and flannelettes, the largest stock in town; reels of cotton and ribs of pork in great variety; try our calicoes and corned beef; our German sausages and gossamer veils warranted to wear well; all wraps from our own sheep, and mutton from the same; pincushions and pigs' feet, suitable for presents, very cheap. Be in time, be in time."—London Evening Express.

For Morbid-Minded People.

In Brussels there is now a restaurant entitled the Cafe de la Mort, the walls of the subterranean chamber being hung with paintings of skulls, skeletons and crossbones, the chairs are stools, the tables coffins and the beverage, which costs six cents a glass, is called "microbes." A performance takes place nightly in an adjoining vault. On the black curtain rising a man is disclosed standing upright in a coffin. As the assemblage watches his white bones are gradually seen to shine forth through his clothes until he becomes a grizzly skeleton. A death certificate is then presented to the principal actor in this optical illusion and the performance closes.

Remedial Art.

The horse was balking and backing, and a chappie with a pretty girl by his side was watching its performances.

"I think," remarked the young woman, "that they ought to send it to the art school."

"To the art school?" queried the chappie, without the faintest idea of his companion's meaning.

"Certainly."

"And why, pway."

"To cultivate its talents for drawing, of course. Don't you think it needs it?" and the chappie caught on several hours later.

The Travels of Cholera Bacilli.

Professor Uffelman of Rostock, infected a letter with cholera bacilli and put it into a post bag. When the letter was taken out twenty-three and one-half hours later, the bacilli was still there. Bacilli were also found living on post cards twenty hours after infection. The micro-organisms were found to die rapidly when placed upon coins. A fly charged with cholera was afterward placed on some beef. A little after the meat was found to be swarming with bacteria.

A Hint.

Mother—I can't have that young man staying here so late at night. You must give him a hint of some kind.

Daughter, in the evening—I am very much afraid something will happen to you on the streets at night. You must be more careful of yourself, and not be out so late. If anything should happen to you, I'd—I'd die!

They are engaged now.

A Cynical Deduction.

"Herbert," she said, tenderly, "what did you do with that poetry you wrote on my birthday?"

"That stuff?" he responded, with a sneer. "That wasn't poetry."

"Why, what makes you think that?"

"I got a magazine editor to accept it for publication.

From the German.

Schmidt—What are you doing now?

Meyer—I have accepted a position in the establishment of Shimmelpfenig, the grocer.

Schmidt—He is a bad one. He changes his clerks as he does his shirts. He will not keep you on more than three months.—Texas Siftings.

His Object.

"I see Fitzgoober has been elected coroner."

"Yes; he went in."

"Can he fill the office?"

"Don't think he ever thought of that; what he's after is to make the office fill him."

CONFLAGRATIONS AT DETROIT.

Three Big Fires Cause the Loss of One Life and Property Valued at $125,000.

Detroit was visited by three destructive fires in one day, entailing a total damage of more than $125,000. The saddest feature of the day, however, was the death of one fireman and the serious injury of five others from falling walls. The dead man's head was crushed in by bricks, and he expired five minutes after being rescued from beneath the debris which covered him.

The first fire consumed the Michigan Central flour sheds at noon. The second and largest fire, which was attended by fatal results, took place at 3 o'clock, when the E. G. Richards & Co.'s planing mill, on Franklin street, and the lumber in the yard of Hunton, Hyles & Weeks adjoining it were totally destroyed. The third fire, which originated from the previous one, was the four-story building of the American Fibre Belting company at 371 Atwater street. It started at 6 o'clock, and that building and several smaller structures were destroyed.

Ohio and Michigan Governors Travel.

It may have been a pure coincidence, but at any rate it is an interesting fact that when Gov. Rich, of Michigan, boarded the big steamer Northwest at Detroit for a trip to the "Soo," Gov. McKinley and a party of Buckeyes were already on board bound for Duluth. Gen. Alger and Maj. Hopkins greeted Gov. McKinley in the few minutes the boat stopped at Detroit and the famous Ohioan promised to speak in Detroit this fall. Both of the governors were accompanied by their wives.

Sault Ste Marie: Govs. McKinley and Rich arrived in the city on the steamer Northwest. They were met at the boat landing by the Soo City brass band and a delegation of citizens and escorted to the Park hotel, where they were given a reception. Short speeches were made by each of the distinguished gentlemen. Gov. McKinley proceeded on his way to Duluth on the steamer and Gov. Rich took the train for Marquette.

A Mysterious Case at Marshall.

Harvey Earl was locked up at Marshall, under suspicion of having made away with Henry Elliott, a blacksmith in the employ of J. H. McNames. Elliott slept in McNames livery, where Earl was employed. Mrs. Earl called for her husband, and Elliott told her that Earl was out with a woman of bad repute. A few minutes later Earl put in an appearance and accompanied his wife home. She told him what Elliott had said, and then Earl, it is alleged, threatened to kill him. The next morning Elliott was missing, part of his clothing being found in the livery barn. The officers have learned that Earl called at the barn swearing vengeance against Elliott. Earl attempted to leave town and the officers nabbed him. The missing man is about about 47 years old and hails from Cleveland.

Farmer Shot by a Lawyer.

Mark S. Wolcott, a Jackson lawyer, shot and badly wounded Henry Howe, at Onondaga. Wolcott was employed in a case where Bert Skinner, a young farmer, was a witness. He aroused Skinner's ire by asking if he had ever been arrested for larceny. The men met on the street, hot words ensued, and it is alleged that Skinner struck Wolcott in the face. Wolcott drew his revolver and retreated, when another young farmer, Henry Howe, came to Skinner's rescue, dealing the lawyer a blow in the neck. Wolcott then fired, the ball striking Howe over the left hip bone and lodging in the lining of the stomach. How is very weak, but is able to sit up.

Woman's Perfidy Man's Ruin.

Philo Morse, of Reese, found his wife and William Cox, of Gifford, in a room together. He applied an offensive epithet to Cox and then shot him near the center of the forehead. The wounded man ran two miles and a half to Reese. He will probably pull through, unless something unforeseen sets in.

Both Cox and Mrs. Morse attended a public dance the night before, and Morse, who was away from home, did not return until morning, when the shooting took place. Morse gave himself up to Sheriff Messner and was locked up in jail.

Uncle Sam After the G. R. & I.

Suit has been begun in behalf of the U. S. government against the Grand Rapids & Indiana railroad company to procure the cancellation of a land patent of 23,000 acres in Emmett and Charlevoix counties. The interior department claims that while the lands were granted under an act of congress of 1856 they came within the limits of an Indian reservation withdrawal of 1855, and were therefore excepted from the grant. About half the land is now owned by farmers and other innocent purchasers.

Thrashing Engine Exploded.

While Ira Palen was thrashing at the farm of John Franklin, near Jackson, his engine exploded, scattering fire in all directions. The barn, wagon, sheds, tools, hay and grain and three horses were burned. The fire spread so rapidly that the men on the straw stack could only get down by rushing through fire. The loss will reach $2,000. Mr. Franklin was badly injured about the legs and side by being struck by pieces of boiler. The cause of the explosion is not known.

Brakeman Killed While Asleep.

William Jones, a Michigan Central freight brakeman, was run over and instantly killed at a siding three miles west of Kalamazoo, by the accommodation going west. He was sent back to flag the train and must have fallen asleep, overcome by fatigue or some sudden attack. Engineer Freeman, of the accommodation, saw him lying between the rails, but too late to stop the train and he was cut to pieces.

Benton Harbor lady bicyclists are adopting the bloomer costume.

Buchanan has voted to build a new bridge across the St. Joseph river.

The Ludington Congregational church has dedicated a $3,000 organ.

All but $12,000 of the $60,000 required as a bonus toward the building of the Port Huron & Lexington railroad has been subscribed.

Hog cholera is getting in its work about Edmore quite frequently and it is said that the disease is becoming epidemic throughout Montcalm county.

Errors have been discovered in the Michigan census figures recently given out. The population of the state is now given as 2,241,000, an increase of 147,111, or 7.03 per cent in four years. The cities have increased 109,760, or more than two-thirds of the entire gain.

John Kelley, aged 20, robbed Cohen's pawnshop at Port Huron, and was caught with the plunder. "Dice" Smith and Thomas Hickey, of Port Huron, and Albert Crooks, Edward Dering and George Larkins, three 13-year-old boys from Detroit, were arrested by Detective Buckeridge as suspects.

The Tamarack Mining company's No. 3 shaft has reached the Calumet & Hecla conglomerate vein, a depth of over 4,200 feet, the deepest point sunk by any mine in the world. The extent and richness of the vein will be known in a few days, and indications now are that it will be very rich.

Adrian people are tired of the mockery of an electric street railway which adorns its streets, and suit has been commenced in the circuit court to compel the company to either operate the road or get out. The line is mortgaged for about all it is worth and has been tied up for several months for want of repairs.

$2,000,000 FIRE IN CHICAGO.

Over 40 Acres of the Lumber District Burned.—Four Lives Lost.

The lumber district of Chicago was visited by one of the most disastrous fires in its history, and the loss will probably foot up $2,000,000. Eleven large establishments were entirely burned out. The burned district is about six blocks square from east to west and three from north to south. The greatest portion of the district bounded by Blue Island avenue, Lincoln street, the river and Ashland avenue was burned over, and 40 acres of lumber yards were left as a big field of embers.

During the fire the wind suddenly changed and the flames caught several engine companies unprepared and the men were compelled to run for their lives. The fireboats Yosemite and Geyser had close calls but ran through the flames which leaped out over the slip, and escaped unharmed. The total number of men thrown out of employment by the fire is 2,200, and the destruction was so complete that it will be many weeks before most of them can be given work by the firms which suffered.

Later reports show that four deaths were caused beside a number of persons being injured. The dead are: Lieut. John McGinn, of the fireboat Geyser, burned; died at county hospital. William Wollenfell, struck by cap blown from Engine 35; knocked into river and drowned; body recovered. Unknown man, knocked into river and drowned. Unknown boy, 17 years old; burned to death.

More Blazes.

Chicago: The lumber district was visited by a second fire which for a time threatened to rival in destructiveness that of the previous day. Before it was subdued it had wiped out the yards of the John Spry Lumber Co., A. J. McBean, cedar posts, and P. Farrell, cedar posts. In addition to the lumber yards, the wooden bridge over the Chicago river at Ashland avenue was totally destroyed. The fire was on a piece of land 250 feet long and half as wide lying between two loading slips for vessels. It is directly east of where first the fire was checked. The total loss is $100,000.

A large eight-story building at No. 158 West Vanburen street was cleaned out by fire while the lumber yards were blazing. The building was occupied by a number of small concerns and a loss of $80,000 was sustained. Lieut. Cunningham, of hook and ladder company No. 16, was fatally injured by a falling wall, and Capt. Sullivan, of engine company No. 34, seriously wounded by falling glass.

Canadian Town Burned.

The village of Harrow, Ont., 25 miles from Windsor, was nearly wiped out of existence by fire. Just after the dinner hour the villagers were aroused from their usual calmness by the alarm and before it could be realized flames were seen shooting from the engine-room of Sinasac's three-story grist mill. Like the majority of villages the only fire protection was a bucket brigade, but this was powerless, and even had it been at all efficient the drought had dried up the majority of the wells. In less time than it takes to tell it the fire jumped across the street to Ford's store and it was soon gone. The hungry flames sped on from one building to another until two-thirds of the town was in ashes. The losses will foot up in the neighborhood of $28,000, with an insurance of $12,000.

Less Than Half Rates to Colorado.

On August 10 and 11 the Northwestern Line will sell excursion tickets to Denver, Pueblo and Colorado Springs and return at less than one fare for the round trip; good for return passage until September 13, inclusive. For tickets and full information apply to agents Chicago & Northwestern railway.

Samuel Vogely, a teamster, was struck by a freight train and instantly killed at New Philadelphia. Rudolph Berger was seriously injured.

THE MARKETS.

New York.			
Cattle—Natives	$4 25	@	$4 75
Hogs	5 80	@	6 35
Sheep—Good to choice	2 50	@	3 50
Lambs	2 50	@	4 50
Wheat—No. 2 red	56½	@	56¾
Corn—No. 2	55⅝	@	56
Oats—No. 2 white	44	@	44½
Toledo—Grain.			
Wheat—No. 2 Spot	52¾	@	52½
No. 2 September	52¾	@	53
Corn—No. 2	49	@	49½
Oats—No. 2 white	32	@	32½
Buffalo—Live Stock.			
Cattle—Mixed shipments	3 00	@	3 75
Sheep	2 25	@	2 65
Lambs	3 00	@	3 55
Hogs—Choice weights	5 25	@	5 30
Common and rough	4 25	@	4 80
Cleveland.			
Cattle—Best	4 25	@	4 60
Other grades	3 00	@	3 80
Hogs	5 10	@	5 35
Sheep	2 00	@	3 00
Lambs	2 25	@	3 50
Wheat—No. 2 red	50	@	51
Oats—No. 2 white	45½	@	46
Corn—No. 2 mixed	53	@	53½
Pittsburg.			
Cattle	3 50	@	4 80
Hogs	5 00	@	5 30
Sheep and Lambs	2 25	@	4 50
Wheat—No. 2 red	50	@	51
Corn—Mixed	51	@	52
Oats—No. 2 white	45½	@	46
Cincinnati.			
Cattle—Good to prime	3 60	@	4 50
Lower grades	2 15	@	3 50
Hogs	5 00	@	5 25
Sheep and lambs	2 00	@	3 25
Wheat—No. 2 red	49	@	50
Corn—No. 2 mixed	52	@	52
Oats—No. 2 white	31	@	31
Chicago.			
Cattle—Best steers	4 00	@	4 50
Common	3 50	@	4 00
Sheep and Lambs	2 25	@	4 80
Hogs—Mixed	4 60	@	5 20
Wheat—No. 2 red	52½	@	53
Corn—No. 2	49¼	@	49½
Oats	33¾	@	34
Mess Pork, per bbl	13 10	@	13 20
Lard, per cwt	7 10	@	7 15
Detroit.			
Cattle—Good to choice	3 50	@	3 85
Lower grades	2 75	@	3 50
Hogs	4 75	@	5 10
Sheep	2 00	@	2 25
Lambs	2 00	@	3 25
Wheat—No. 2 red spot	52¼	@	52¾
No. 1 white	53	@	53
Corn—No. 2	49¼	@	49½
Oats—No. 2 white	32½	@	33
Hay—Timothy	11 25	@	11 50
Potatoes—per bbl	1 75	@	2 00
Butter—Dairy	15	@	17
Creamery	20	@	22
Eggs—Fresh	10	@	10½
Live poultry—Spring Chickens	11	@	12
Fowls	8	@	9
Ducks	7	@	8
Turkeys	8	@	9

WEEKLY REVIEW OF TRADE.

New York.—Dun's review of trade says: An important change in the state of business is near at hand. Congress will act on the tariff question, one way or the other within a week. If it passes the pending bill, or if it fails, in either case the definite basis for future business will enable many to act who are now waiting. Whether the one course or the other would stimulate the greater increase, it is certain that either would give relief from present paralyzing uncertainties, and cause some increase in business at least for a time. So much business has been deferred during the past year and merchandise stocks have been so reduced, that the mere approach of a decision, without certainty what it is to be, has encouraged large preparation for increased business. In spite of outgoing gold and sinking treasury reserves, small railroad earnings, some injury to crops, and increased trouble in the coke regions, the tone and the outlook are more hopeful. Recovery in iron manufacture is hindered by greater trouble in the coke region, where many of the new colored hands have quit and gone back to the south, and the strikers have decided to continue the struggle. The failures the past week were 219 in the United States against 436 last year, 41 in Canada against 44 last year.

New York.—Bradstreet's weekly review says: While little significance is attached to the moderate improvement in trade at San Francisco, Pittsburg and Baltimore, when it is added that clearing house totals for July report 29 cities with larger aggregates than in July last year, contrasted with the June report, which contained only eighteen cities with aggregates larger than those in June a year ago, it is perceived that there are influences at work at the interior favoring an increase in the volume of business. Wheat has advanced in sympathy with corn, on increased orders and reports of crop damage from abroad, while corn's sharp advance is due partly to exaggerated notions of damage from drought. There is little likelihood of the corn crop being smaller than in either of the two preceding years, notwithstanding our advices of 25 per cent damage in Kansas and 40 per cent in Nebraska. Southern crop prospects generally are excellent. Improvement announced in general trade at San Francisco is in part based on interest manifested in the war in Asia.

Royal Baking Powder Absolutely Pure

All other powders are cheaper made and inferior, and leave either acid or alkali in the food.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., NEW-YORK.

OWES MOST TO THE DUTCH.

Few of New England's Culinary Ideas Can Be Traced to Old England.

Even in Connecticut was the skill of the Knickerbockers admired, says Harper's Magazine. A new invention or improvement was said to "beat the Dutch." The Delft tiles on the hearth, the crockery on the dresser, the blue tiles lining the front of the fireplaces in the best houses show how the Dutch had a part in the evolution of the New England house. Hundreds of open fireplaces in New England were decorated with these tiles after the Dutch fashion, and contained not only "proverbs in porcelain," but abundant biblical illustration. From the evidences of relics, nearly as much of the imported fine furniture in the northern colonies came from Holland as from England. Not a few of the old teapots and other table service, which followed upon the introduction of those oriental drinks which drove out beer and tankards, did indeed come over from Holland, though not in the Mayflower, as so often anachronistically alleged. When, too, the open fireplace gradually gave way to supposed improvements, it was to a Dutch thing with a Dutch name—the stove. Not only in Plymouth, but elsewhere, numerous houses had what can occasionally be seen throughout New England today (nor do we mean by this the latter substitute of tin)—a Dutch oven. It was under this spacious dome of brick and clay that those famous articles of yankee diet, the pumpkin pie, brown bread, baked beans and fishballs had their evolution.

No smoker of tobacco in the snow-white meerschaum rejoiced more in his coloring of the sea-foam clay than did the rosy housewives of Massachusetts bay in the rich hues of bean, bread and fish. The Browning clubs of early days met in the kitchen rather than in the parlor or vendome. The doughnut may have been too cosmopolitan an article to claim invention at the hands of any one people; yet what yankee "fried cake" or doughnut ever equaled an olekoek? Was not cruller, whose derivation confounds the dictionary-makers, who call it "a kind of" doughnut, first brought to perfection by Captain Kroll (pronounced and sometimes spelled crull), the whilom commander and Dutch church elder at Fort Orange? To this day the "cookey" (koekje), noodles, hodgepodge, smearcase, rullichies, cold slaw, and other dishes that survive in New England farmhouses are, despite their changed pronunciation and spelling, proofs that the yankees enriched their monotonous menu of early colonial days by borrowing the more varied fare of their Dutch neighbors in the West and South. As for the popular American winter breakfast luxury, the buckwheat cake, it was introduced from Central Asia by the Hollanders, acclimated, cultivated, named "beechmast" (bockweit), and in the form associated with heat, sweets, aroma and good-cheer is a Dutch invention.

BRAVE BOSSY.

The Cow Saved Her Calf by Whipping a Grizzly Bear.

"Usually a cow does not stand much chance when she engages in a hand-to-hand conflict with a grizzly bear," said Michael Ayers, a Colorado stockman, "but several years ago one of my cows killed one of these animals, and came out of the struggle without a scratch. The cow had recently given birth to a calf. It being her first-born the mother was exceedingly vicious, and it was unsafe for a stranger to approach her, as her horns were long and pointed. The cattle-shed had a thatched roof, and was scooped out of the hillside a short distance from the house.

One night a bear, having smelt the presence of a cow and calf, mounted the roof of the shed and proceeded to force an entrance by scratching through the thatch. The cow at the same time detected the presence of the bear, and held herself in readiness to receive the intruder. The noise of a terrible struggle aroused me, and grabbing a lantern I rushed from the house, and on opening the shed door, found the cow in a frantic state, butting and tossing to and fro some large object, which evidently had lost all power of resistance. It turned out to be a good-sized grizzly, which had been run through and through the body by the courageous mother. The little calf was nestled in a corner, sleeping peacefully, and seemed unmindful of the maternal struggle. I suppose that as soon as the bear gained an entrance through the roof it was pinned to the ground by the cow's horn before it had time to do any damage.

Selling His Epaulets.

A lieutenant in the reserve of the Italian army and a resident of Genoa was recently discharged on account of his socialistic tendencies. In a letter addressed to the paper Era Nuova, he has offered his epaulets to the fund of propaganda for the socialist cause. These ensigns of his grade will be sold at public auction, upon a first bid of 35 lires, or $7, at which price a jeweler offered to buy the epaulets.

Winter Rye, 80 Bushels Per Acre.

This yield seems enormous, but a good number of farmers believe they can obtain it by sowing the new monster rye. It's hardy, prolific, laughing at all kinds of weather! It simply yields big crops every year, regardless of storms, droughts, or the like! The World's Fair winter wheat is just like it for yields! The John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., will send you their catalogue and samples of above rye and wheat upon receipt of 4 cent. postage. w

The use of the microphone has revealed sounds in the heart, lungs and other organs that have hitherto escaped the most sensitive ear using the ordinary instruments.

A SWIMMING WONDER.

Mr. Gormly of Australia Develops an Entirely New Stroke in Natation.

They have found a swimmer in Australia who has aroused the interest of all sportsmen who make swimming something more than a pastime in their country, says the New York Sun. Nobody seems to know exactly how the new man, Gormly, swims, though the Australian papers which are at hand devote columns of description to his style, having got to the point of illustrating his method. Even the experts in this country are unable to fathom the peculiarities of his stroke, which has reduced all the notable swimmers in Australia and New Zeland to despair. It should be said, by the way, that the swimmers of that part of the world are men of extraordinary swiftness, endurance and power.

Gormly does not pretend to train for his races, but makes it a point to spend six or eight hours every day in the water. His stroke is now being copied by a number of professionals and amateur swimmers of the antipodes. He swims, according to the description, with his right arm perfectly straight—that is, it makes a long, slow sweep from the shoulder downward and backward as he lies on his right side. But the real stroke which sends him through the water at a rate which amazes his competitors is that described as "the corkscrew motion of the left leg, which is drawn up and out of the water so as to be almost completely in view, and is then pushed under the water and thrust backward with a corkscrew motion, which sends the body along at a remarkable rate of speed."

This is the most succinct explanation which has yet been given of Gormly's method of swimming. He is coming over here this year so when the camera fiends get at him the public will know all about the "corkscrew motion" which he uses. Incidentally his style of swimming casts a bitter reflection upon the frog, which has heretofore sustained an unquestioned eminence as the model for champion swimmers.

Land of Eternal Frost.

For hundreds of miles inland from the Arctic ocean, Siberia is covered with vast treeless plains called tundras. In summer they form one immense spongy bog in which moss is the only growth. In winter they are deserts of snow to which gale and tempest give the shape of waves. As the tundras are scarcely to be crossed either in winter or summer, this great tract of Russia in Asia is one of the most desolate regions on the earth. Moreover, here is the land of perpetual frost. Beneath the tundras bordering the river Lena, north of Yakutsk, there is a thick layer of frost which never disappears. In winter it begins at the surface of the ground, in summer it is found at a point twenty or thirty inches beneath the surface, and penetrates all the year round in many spots to a depth of several hundred feet. No sage has seen charms in the face of such an awful solitude as this.

The largest sum ever given for a book is said to be the $50,000 paid by the German government for a missal that Pope Leo gave to Henry VIII.

CELEBRATED.

A Native Wine-Maker Who Tells, Not How His Wine is Made, but How He Lived to Make It.

Near the town of Kingsville, Ontario, in the garden of Canada, there resides a maker of native wines. A fine, well-built, sturdy man, who, in his earlier years, has felled many a monarch of the forest. His famous native wines are justly celebrated. A man of honor, the maker, the delicious fluid can be nothing else but honest wine. Mr. Jno. J. Malott is this man, and what he says is set down as a fact as soon as uttered. The many thousand gallons of wine he keeps on hand, gradually improving with age, is not all his stock in trade. Long experience has taught him how to satisfy his patrons' taste, but, better still, how his health can be maintained. He tells how he has suffered, and gives to humanity the secret of his cure. These are his own words: "About seven years ago I had a severe attack of inflammation of the bladder. I suffered the most excruciating pain. I doctored with many physicians, but without any relief. My kidneys seemed to swell. I could not bear the slightest pressure over the parts. I was so lame from my back that I could not rise from a chair or bed. During times the pain was most intense. Was compelled to use a cane. I could not do anything; could not even dress myself. This condition lasted for almost five years, and in spite of all the doctors I failed to get relief. I would just as soon have died as lived in that condition. Hearing from a friend about Doan's Kidney Pills, I decided to give them a trial. After the first box I felt greatly benefitted and was able to walk around with ease. I determined to give them a thorough trial, and took seven boxes, with the result that after years of suffering and the loss of a great deal of money in doctor bills, I felt completely cured. I have since done as hard day's work as ever before, and I have had no recurrence of the trouble. It is now several years since that time. I have recommended them to many others, with the same success. They are truly a wonderful pill, and deserve all the attention that can be given them." Doan's Kidney Pills are sold for 50 cents per box, or six boxes for $2.50. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., Sole Agents for the United States. Sent by mail on receipt of price. For sale by all dealers.

PENSION JOHN W. MORRIS, Washington, D. C. Successfully Prosecutes Claims. Late Principal Examiner U.S. Pension Bureau. 3 yrs in last war, 15 adjudicating claims, atty since.

ELY'S CREAM BALM CURES CATARRH PRICE 50 CENTS, ALL DRUGGISTS.

Better THAN WEALTH is a thorough business education. Send to the Grand Rapids (Mich.) Business College and secure a catalogue that will open TO YOU opportunities to win your way to success and fortune. A. S. PARISH, Proprietor.

DROPSY TREATED FREE. Positively Cured with Vegetable Remedies. Have cured thousands of cases. Cure cases pronounced hopeless by best physicians. From first dose symptoms disappear; in ten days at least two-thirds all symptoms removed. Send for free book testimonials of miraculous cures. Ten days' treatment free by mail. If you order trial send 10c in stamps to pay postage. DR. H. H. GREEN & SONS, Atlanta, Ga. If you order trial return this advertisement to us.

SELECT MISCELLANY.

Forty years ago the cheapest English divorce cost $4,500.

Motion has been conveyed by electric wires a distance of 120 miles.

The average tourist trip around the world comprises about 22,000 miles of travel.

When a child dies in Greenland the natives bury a live dog with it, the dog to be used as a guide to the other world.

Nearly all the swansdown that is used in the United States comes from France in a state fit for immediate use for decoration.

Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is a constitutional cure. Price 75c.

God's telephone in the soul is conscience.

A temptation yielded to is a step toward the pit.

We are most like God when we can most forgive.

Karl's Clover Root Tea.

The great Blood purifier gives freshness and clearness to the Complexion and cures Constipation. 25c., 50c., $1.

It is as much the duty of a Christian to give as it is to pray.

A strong test of our love to God is our treatment of an enemy.

God alone can tell where our personal influence is going to stop.

"Hanson's Magic Corn Salve."

Warranted to cure or money refunded. Ask your druggist for it. Price 15 cents.

Knock down a liar and you hit the devil square in the face.

There are men who hope to get to Heaven simply because they have never been in jail.

It may be that the woman who gave the two mites never had very much to say in the church.

Hegeman's Camphor Ice with Glycerine.

The original and only genuine. Cures Chapped Hands and Face, Cold Sores, &c. C. G. Clark Co., N. Haven, Ct.

A new washing machine is run over the floor like a lawn mower and does the soaping, scrubbing and drying in one or two operations.

To cable a message to London or Paris costs thirty-one cents a word, no word to contain more than ten letters, the extra letter "e" in "unfavorable," for example, costing thirty-one cents extra.

The windmill, which is so conspicuous in Dutch and Belgian scenery, is likely to be seen in India. It is proposed to drain the unhealthy flats around Bombay by means of windmill pumps on the system of the low countries.

ALL THE STRENGTH and virtue has sometimes "dried out," when you get pills in leaky wooden or pasteboard boxes. For that reason, Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are sealed up in little glass vials, just the size and shape to carry about with you. Then, when you feel bilious or constipated, have a fit of indigestion after dinner, or feel a cold coming on, they're always ready for you.

They're the smallest, the pleasantest to take, and the most thoroughly *natural* remedy. With Sick or Bilious Headaches, Sour Stomach, Dyspepsia, Jaundice, Dizziness, and all derangements of the Liver, Stomach, and Bowels, they give you a *lasting* cure.

Headache; obstruction of nose; discharges falling into throat; eyes weak; ringing in ears; offensive breath; smell and taste impaired, and general debility—these are some of the symptoms of Catarrh. Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy has cured thousands of the worst cases,—*will cure you.*

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Raphael, Angelo, Rubens, Tasso

The "LINENE" are the Best and Most Economical Collars and Cuffs worn; they are made of fine cloth, both sides finished alike, and, being reversible, one collar is equal to two of any other kind. *They fit well, wear well and look well.* A box of Ten Collars or Five Pairs of Cuffs for Twenty-Five Cents.

A Sample Collar and Pair of Cuffs by mail for Six Cents. Name style and size. Address

REVERSIBLE COLLAR COMPANY,
77 Franklin St., New York. 27 Kilby St., Boston.

TOURIST TRAVEL To COLORADO RESORTS

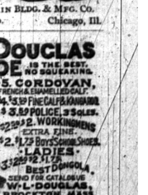
Will set in early this year, and the Great Rock Island Route has already ample and perfect arrangements to transport the many who will take in the lovely cool of Colorado's

HIGH ALTITUDES.

The Track is perfect, and double over important Divisions. Train Equipment the very best, and a solid Vestibuled Train called the BIG FIVE leaves Chicago daily at 10 p. m. and arrives second morning at Denver or Colorado Springs for breakfast.

Any Coupon Ticket Agent can give you rates, and further information will be cheerfully and quickly responded to by addressing JNO. SEBASTIAN, General Passenger Agent, Chicago.

Davis International Cream Separator, Hand or Power. Every farmer that has cows should have one. It saves half the labor, makes one-third more butter. Separator Butter brings one-third more money. Send for circulars.



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$3.50 POLICE, 3 SOLES.
$2.50 $2. WORKINGMENS EXTRA FINE.
$2. $1.75 BOYS' SCHOOL SHOES.
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$3. $2.50 $2. $1.75 BEST DONGOLA.
SEND FOR CATALOGUE
W. L. DOUGLAS, BROCKTON, MASS.

You can save money by wearing the W. L. Douglas $3.00 Shoe.

Because, we are the largest manufacturers of this grade of shoes in the world, and guarantee their value by stamping the name and price on the bottom, which protect you against high prices and the middleman's profits. Our shoes equal custom work in style, easy fitting and wearing qualities. We have them sold everywhere at lower prices for the value given than any other make. Take no substitute. If your dealer cannot supply you, we can.

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