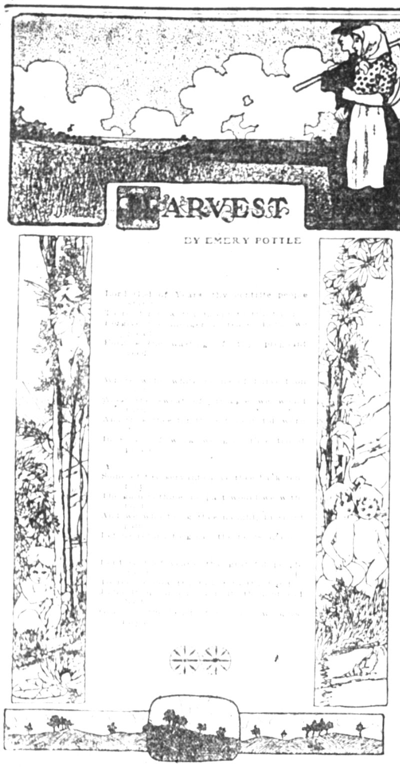


Strategy.

BY F. H. LANCASTER.

[illegible] of Dexter Boyton who came back to me after that summer out of town. He had been such a blithe, light-hearted fellow before he went away. Whistling over his work, singing snatches of operas on the stairs, smoking one cigar in two weeks and always ready with a cheery word.

Now he went about grave, preoccupied. The same straight, steady look out of his eyes, but behind it something it hurt my heart to see.

I pondered much over the change. Why had his clear, flexible whistle become a monotonous dead level of sound? Why had he ceased singing and taken to smoking incessantly? Why, in short, had my care-free, light-hearted boy leaped in one brief summer into stern, unyielding manhood? Was it love or money?

I assured my wife that it was money. I did it because I wanted to save the boy.

Let even the best of women suspect a wound of the heart and she will drop the probe of her curiosity into the ugly hole until the helpless sufferer sweats with agony.

There is this difference between men and women as regards the past. A man will bury the dead love, tramp the earth down hard in the new-made grave and go on his way. But a woman can never quite say: "It is dead." For the rest of her life she must spend precious hours trying to galvanize a corpse. It may be that love never really lies in a woman's heart. I don't know. But I was glad that I had put Molly on a false scent about Dexter.

She was so pleasant in her own bright, easy way; talking politics and literature whenever I dragged Boyton home with me for a social evening, that by degrees the boy began dropping in of his own accord as he had been wont to do before he went away for that summer out of town. Only once in the six months that followed did Molly make a single bad break. I had been urging her to decide upon her summer trip, when she turned to Dexter.

"Where did you summer last year, Mr. Boyton?"

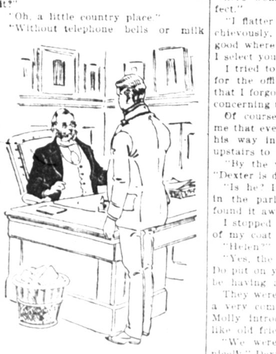
I saw the boy wince, but Molly was looking at the fire and turning her wedding ring around and around in a preoccupied way.

"At Grayton," Dexter replied briefly.

"Grayton? That sounds cool and comfortable. What sort of place is it?"

"Oh, a little country place."

"Without telephone bells or milk



"Leave town!" I cried.

carts or cobblestones? I see. By the way, Edward, you will have to see the man about our telephone. It is shockingly out of order."

"What's wrong?" I asked, as relieved as I fancied Dexter was at this turn of the conversation.

"Why, I don't know. But when you called me up today I heard my best friend around the corner telling my [illegible] that [illegible] in town and [illegible] when it was right [illegible] are [illegible] to [illegible] telephone [illegible] ought to see to it."

We both laughed and Dexter arose to go.

"By my word, Morton," he said when I followed him into the hall, "that wife of yours is the sweetest-souled woman that ever lived." And he laughed again in his old happy way.

"Go straight to the house."

I did not dare to object lest I should raise her suspicions, so Molly went away to summer at Grayton, leaving a terribly empty place in our big busy city. She was to be gone only a month, but, ye gods, what a long one it was.

I left Dexter in charge of the office and went to meet her train a full hour before it was due. I hoped she had not run upon anything that had best be forgotten. However, it was the next morning at breakfast before I remembered to ask her about it.

"Mr. Boyton? I don't remember that I heard his name mentioned. It never occurred to me to say that I was a friend of his. Possibly that was the reason. But oh, Edward, I did meet such a dear girl—quite out of the ordinary. She is coming to New Orleans to attend lectures at Tulane and I made her promise to spend at least part of her time with me. You will like her I know."

"Of course," I assented. "Your taste where women are concerned is perfect."

"I flatter myself," she retorted mischievously, "that my taste is equally good where men are concerned. Didn't I select you for a husband?"

I tried to stop her, but before I left for the office I was so badly hacked that I forgot to make further inquiries concerning the expected guest.

Of course Dexter came home with me that evening and I left him to find his way into the parlor until I ran upstairs to tell Molly.

"By the way," I said after a little, "Dexter is down stairs."

"Is he? Dear me, I think Helen is in the parlor. I hope they haven't found it awkward."

I stopped and stared with one sleeve of my coat on.

"Helen?"

"Yes, the young lady I told you of. Do put on your coat, dear. They may be having an uncomfortable time."

They were to all appearances having a very comfortable time and when Molly introduced them, shook hands like old friends.

"We were really getting on very nicely," Dexter said in reply to Molly's apology. "Miss Ainsworth tells me that she intends to attend lectures at Tulane."

"Why yes," replied Molly, aimlessly. "It will be very pleasant I think. Edward, you will take Helen into dinner."

She was not pretty, but straight and strong looking, with deep, deep eyes and that perfect repose that goes with perfect strength and innocence. I caught myself thinking several times during dinner what a veritable angel of rest she would be in a pain-stricken room. I wondered as I watched her talking to Dexter if they had ever met before. When I questioned Molly about it later on she laughed merrily.

It was on a raw, bleak day in March that the boy came into my private office with a queer drawn look on his face.

"Mr. Morton," he began quietly enough, "I am leaving town for a long time, perhaps forever. We had better strike my name from the firm."

"Leave town!" I exclaimed aghast.

"I see what you are thinking of." He moved to the window and looked out mechanically. Standing there with his back to me the poor fellow told me all about it. It was neither love nor money. Until last summer he had believed himself an orphan. But he was not. Out in one of the western states was a gray haired man serving a long sentence. He was his father. He had seen him for the first time nine months ago. The question came stern and abrupt.

"You will agree with me, sir, that I have no right to offer my stained name to that superb woman. No love on earth could atone for or excuse the insult."

"No, he was right," I agreed. Bitter and bad as it had all seemed there was nothing for it but to fill up the grave as best we could and go on.

It was at this juncture that Molly came in to see about a check I had forgotten to indorse.

"Gracious, what solemn faces," she laughed. "Is the world coming to an end?"

"Yes, my world is," Dexter answered her. And then to my astonishment he told her the story.

"Well upon my soul," Molly broke out indignantly. "I think you might at least let her have some say in the matter. Here you have been making love to Helen for six months and you propose to walk off without a word! You men may call it honorable, but I call it dastardly. Take your hat, young man, and go straight up to the house. Don't you dare to break that grand girl's heart under the guise of love for. Not if you have a hundred fathers in the penitentiary. Upon my soul, Edward," she continued as Dexter caught up his hat and went out. "Here I have been breaking my neck for a year to keep you from talking [illegible] and penitentiaries in that boy's presence and now, when he is [illegible] for life you must go to work and upset everything with your boasted honor [illegible]."

"Molly," I said with a surprised humility, "I didn't know. Do you think she will marry him?"

"She can't very well unless he asks her to do it."

"Oh, he will ask her. I saw it in his eyes."

"I'm glad you have seen something."

"There now, dear. I've been a blundering donkey. But do you think she will overlook that forgery business?"

"She has known about that forgery business all along. For my part I don't see anything so terrible about it. I suppose the old gentleman needed the money or he wouldn't have taken it." Then with sudden softening: "Don't worry, dear. A little common sense will save any situation. She will marry him before the year is out."

And she did.

UNIQUE NOTICE.

An Ineffectual Attempt to Give Masculinity a Show.

About two years ago a restaurant was opened in John street, cheap but respectable, and men soon crowded it. The only women present were the waitresses. By and by a customer or two in petticoats appeared away over on one side. Then women, like Hiawatha's buzzards, began to multiply rapidly. Finally the entire side was monopolized by them. Next they encroached on the middle row of tables, literally crowding the men to the wall. A smoking room and restaurant were opened up stairs, and there the women did not go. A man luncher asked the proprietor why he did not open a room upstairs for the girls, and the reply was: "I'd like to put 'em in the subcellar; they're an infernal nuisance." About a week ago the customers were surprised, and some of them indignant, upon seeing posted in large letters above each table on one side of the room this unheard-of notice: "This Table Reserved for Gentlemen." Of course it wasn't, as any one who can recognize the breed could tell in about forty-three seconds after taking his seat at it. The incident goes to show how rapidly women are increasing in down-town offices.—New York Press.

The Fashionable Frowner.

Even in these days of ultra-modernness the subject of wrinkles is one of vast importance and a new preventive has been evolved. It is called by the suggestive name of "frowner," and consists simply of a rather stiff bit of white paper about the size and shape of a postage stamp, and having on its back a similar coating of gum. Especially it is designed as a preventive of the wrinkles between the brows or at the corners of the eyes; and in these places, after being moistened, these should be pasted whenever one is about to engage in some occupation that causes the habit of "wrinkling." At the fashionable shops of large cities "frowners" are now as regularly on sale as almost any other accessories of the toilet. Many, however, prefer to make them at home, a process simple and inexpensive. It has also been found by those who are ingenious that it is best to cut them circular in shape instead of square, as they leave less of a trace when removed. Heavy writing paper from which to fashion them is available to all, and a little dissolved gum arabic will stick them on good and tight.—Montreal Herald and Star.

There is nothing more dangerous to our industrial system than that the individual worker should conceive of his work as the means of earning money which he really enjoys—should feel that his true life only begins when he quits his office or workshop. Surely we must all recognize that our life is mainly our work, and that what we are must be shown in what we do.—Bishop Creighton.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

LAST SUNDAY'S DISCOURSE ON SIGNIFICANCE OF DREAMS.

Text: Joel II., 28—Revelations of the Scriptures All-Sufficient—Waking Thoughts Have Their Echo in Sleeping Thoughts—Some Notable Conversions.

(Copyright, 1901, by Louis Klopsch, N. Y.)

Washington, Dec. 1.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage discusses a much talked of subject, and one in which all are interested. The text is Joel ii, 28, "I will pour out my spirit upon all flesh, your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions."

In this photograph of the millennium the dream is lifted into great conspicuity. We all admit that God in ancient times and under Bible dispensation addressed the people through dreams. The question now is, does God appear in our day and reveal himself through dreams? You ask me if I believe in dreams. My answer is, I do, but all I have to say will be under five heads.

Remark the first: The Scriptures are so full of revelations from God that if we get no communication from him in dreams we ought, nevertheless, to be satisfied.

With twenty guidebooks to tell you how to get to New York or Pittsburg or London or Glasgow or Manchester, do you want a night vision to tell you how to make the journey? We have in this Scripture full direction in regard to the journey of this life and how to get to the celestial city, and with this grand guidebook, this magnificent directory, we ought to be satisfied. I have more faith in a decision to which I come when I am wide awake than when I am sound asleep. I have noticed that those who give a great deal of their time to studying dreams get their brains addled. They are very anxious to remember what they dreamed about the first night they slept in a new house. It in their dream they take the hand of a corpse, they are going to die. If they dream of a garden, it means a sepulcher. If something turns out according to a night vision they say: "Well, I am not surprised. I dreamed it." If it turns out different from the night vision, they say, "We have to go by contraries." In their attempt to put their dreams into rhythm they put their waking thoughts into discord. Now the Bible is so full of revelation that we ought to be satisfied if we get no further revelation.

Samuel Pepys received great honor when Adam slept so extraordinarily that the surgical incision which gave him Eve did not wake him. But there is no such need for extraordinary slumber now. No need of a dream like that which encouraged Gideon, for all through Christendom it is announced and acknowledged and demonstrated that righteousness, sooner or later, will get the victory.

If there should come about a crisis in your life upon which the Bible does not seem to be sufficiently specific, go to God in prayer and you will get especial direction. I have more faith ninety-nine times out of a hundred in directions given you with the Bible in your lap and your thoughts uplifted in prayer to God, than in all the information you will get in dreams on your pillow.

Remark the Second: All dreams have an important meaning. They prove that the soul is comparatively independent of the body. Every dream, whether agreeable or harassing, whether sunshiny or tempestuous, means so much that, rising from your couch, you ought to kneel down and say: "O God, am I immortal? Whence? Whither? Two natures. My soul caged now: what when the door of the cage is opened? If my soul can fly so far in the few hours in which my body is asleep in the night, how far can it fly when my body sleeps the long sleep of the grave?" Oh, this power to dream, how startling, how overwhelming! Immortal, immortal!

Remark the Third: The vast majority of dreams are merely the result of disturbed physical condition and are not a supernatural message. Anything that you see while under the influence of chloral or brandy or hasheesh or laudanum is not a revelation from God.

The learned De Quincey did not ascribe to divine communication what he saw in sleep, opium-saturated. Do not mistake narcotic disturbance for divine revelation. But I have to tell you that the majority of the dreams are merely the penalty of outraged digestive organs, and you have no right to mistake the nightmare for heavenly revelation. Late suppers are a warranty deed for bad dreams. The world will not be evangelized until we get rid of a dyspeptic Christianity. Healthy people want a religion that lives regularly by day and sleeps soundly by night. If through trouble or coming on of old age or exhaustion of Christian service you cannot sleep well, then you may expect from God "songs in the night," but there are no blessed communications to those who willingly surrender to indigestibles.

Another remark I make is that our dreams are apt to be merely the echo of our daytime thoughts. I will give you a recipe for pleasant dreams. Fill your days with elevated thought and unselfish action, and your dreams will be set to music. If all day you are gouging and grasping and avaricious in your dreams you will see gold that you cannot clutch and bargains in which you were out-Shylocked. If during the day you are irascible and pugnacious and gunpowdery of disposition you will at night have battle with enemies in which they will get the best of you. If you are all day long in a hurry at night you will dream of rail trains that you want to catch, while you cannot move one inch toward the depot. If you are always oversuspicious and expectant of assault, you will have at night hallucinations of assassins with daggers drawn.

The scholar's dream is a philosophic echo. The poet's dream is a rhythmic echo. Coleridge composed his "Kubla Khan" asleep in a narcotic dream and, waking up, wrote down 300 lines of it. Tartinia, the violin player, composed his most wonderful sonata while asleep in a dream so vivid that, waking, he easily transferred it to paper.

Waking thoughts have their echo in sleeping thoughts. If a man spend his life in trying to make others happy and is heavily minded, around his pillow he will see cripples who have got over their crutch and processions of celestial imperials and hear the grand march roll down from drums of heaven over jasper parapets. You are very apt to hear in dreams what you hear when you are wide awake.

Now, having shown you that, having a Bible, we ought to be satisfied not getting any further communication from God, and having shown you that all dreams have an important mission since they show the comparative independence of the soul from the body, and having shown you that a majority of dreams are the result of disturbed physical conditions, and having shown you that our sleeping thoughts are apt to be an echo of our waking thoughts, I come now to my fifth and most important remark, and that is to say that it is capable of proof that God does sometimes in our day and has often since the close of the Bible dispensation appeared to people in dreams.

All dreams that make you better are from God. How do I know it? Is not God the source of all good? It does not take a very logical mind to argue that out. Tertullian and Martin Luther believed in dreams. The dreams of John Huss are immortal. St. Augustine, the Christian father, gives us the fact that a Carthaginian physician was persuaded of the immortality of the soul by an argument which he heard in a dream. The night before his assassination the wife of Julius Cæsar dreamed that her husband fell dead across her lap.

It is possible to prove that God does appear in dreams to warn, to convert and to save men. My friend, a retired sea captain and a Christian, tells me that one night while on the sea he dreamed that a ship's crew were in great suffering. Waking from his dream, he put about the ship, tacked in different directions, surprised everybody on his vessel; they thought he was going crazy; sailed on in another direction hour after hour and for many hours until he came to the perishing crew and rescued them and brought them to New York. Who conducted that dream? The God of the sea.

The Rev. Dr. Bushnell in his marvelous book entitled "Nature and the Supernatural," gives the following fact that he got from Captain Yount in California, a fact confirmed by many families: Captain Yount dreamed twice one night that 150 miles away there was a company of travelers fast in the snow. He also saw in the dream rocks of a peculiar formation, and, telling this dream to an old hunter, the hunter said: "Why, I remember those rocks. Those rocks are in the Carson valley pass, 150 miles away." Captain Yount, impelled by this dream, although laughed at by his neighbors, gathered men together, took mules and blankets and started out on the expedition, traveled 150 miles, saw those very rocks which he had described in his dream, found the suffering ones at the foot of those rocks and brought them back to confirm the story of Captain Yount. Who conducted that dream? The God of the snow, the God of the Sierra Nevadas.

God has often appeared in resource and comfort. You have known people—perhaps it is something I state in your own experience—you have seen people go to sleep with bereavements inconsolable, and they awakened in perfect resignation because of what they had seen in slumber. Dr. Cranage, one of the most remarkable men I ever met, remarkable for benevolence and great philanthropies—at Wellington, England, showed me a house where the Lord had appeared in a wonderful dream to a poor woman. The woman was rheumatic, sick, poor to the last point of destitution. She was waited on and cared for by another poor woman, her only attendant. Word came to her one day that this poor woman had died, and the invalid of whom I am speaking lay helpless upon the couch, wondering what would become of her. In that mood she fell asleep. In her dreams she said the angel of the Lord appeared and took her into the open air and pointed in one direction, and there were mountains of bread, and pointed in another direction, and there were mountains of butter, and pointed in another direction, and there were mountains of all kinds of worldly supply. The angel of the Lord said to her, "Woman, all these mountains belong to your Father, and do you think he will let you, his child, hunger and die?" Dr. Cranage told me by some divine impulse he went into that destitute home, and saw the suffering there and administered unto it, caring for her all the way through. Do you tell me that that dream was woven out of earthly anodynes? Was that the phantasmagoria of a diseased brain? No. It was an all sympathetic God addressing a poor woman through a dream.

Furthermore I have to say that there are people who were converted to God through a dream. The Rev. John Newton, the fame of whose piety fills all Christendom, while a profligate sailor on shipboard in his dream thought that a being approached him and gave him a very beautiful ring and put it upon his finger and said to him: "As long as you wear that ring you will be prospered; if you lose that right, you will be ruined." In the same dream another personage appeared and by a strange infatuation persuaded John Newton to throw overboard that ring and it sank into the sea. Then the mountains in sight were full of fire and the air was lurid with consuming wrath. While John Newton was repenting of his folly of having thrown overboard the treasure another personage came through the dream and told John Newton he would plunge into the sea and bring that ring up if he desired it. He plunged into the sea and brought it up and said to John Newton, "Here is that gem, but I think I will keep it for you lest you lose it again." And John Newton consented, and all the fire went out from the mountains, and all the signs of lurid wrath disappeared from the air, and John Newton said that he saw in his dream that that valuable gem was his soul and that the being who persuaded him to throw it overboard was Satan and that the one who plunged in and restored that gem, keeping it for him, was Christ. And that dream makes one of the most wonderful chapters in the life of that most wonderful man.

A German was crossing the Atlantic ocean, and in his dream he saw a man with a handful of white flowers, and he was told to follow the man who had that handful of white flowers. The German arriving in New York, wandered into the Fulton street prayer meeting, and Mr. Lamphier, the great apostle of prayer meetings, that day had given to him a bunch of tuberoses. They stood on his desk, and at the close of the religious service he took the tuberoses and started homeward, and the German followed him, and through an interpreter told Mr. Lamphier that on the sea he had dreamed of a man with a handful of white flowers and was told to follow him. Suffice it to say that through that interview and following interviews he became a Christian and is a city missionary preaching the gospel to his own countrymen. God in a dream!

John Hardonk while on shipboard dreamed one night that the day of judgment had come and that the roll of the ship's crew was called except his own name and that these people, this crew, were all banished, and in his dream he asked the reader why his own name was omitted, and he was told it was to give him more opportunity for repentance. He woke up a different man. He became illustrious for Christian attainment. If you do not believe these things, then you must discard all testimony and refuse to accept any kind of authoritative witness. God in a dream!

Rev. Herbert Mendes was converted to God through a dream of the last judgment, and many of us have had some dream of that great day of judgment which shall be the winding up of the world's history. If you have not dreamed of it, perhaps tonight you may dream of that day. There are enough materials to make a dream—enough voices, for there shall be the roaring of the elements and the great earthquake; enough light, for the dream, for the world shall blaze; enough excitement, for the mountains shall fall; enough water, for the ocean shall roar; enough astronomical phenomena, for the stars shall go out; the rich populations, for all the races of all ages will fall into line of one of two processions, the one ascending and the other descending, the one led by the rider on the white horse of eternal victory, the other led on by Apollyon on the black charger of eternal defeat. The dream comes on me now, and I see the lightnings from above answering the volcanic disturbances from beneath, and I hear the long reverberating thunders that shall wake up the dead, and all the seas, lifting up their crystal voices, cry, "Come to judgment!" and all the voices of heaven cry, "Come to judgment!" and crumbling mausoleum and Westminster abbeys and pyramids of the dead with marble voices cry, "Come to judgment!" And the archangel seizes an instrument of music which has never yet been sounded, an instrument of music that was made only for one sound, and, thrusting that mighty trumpet through the clouds and turning it this way, he shall put it to his lip and blow the long, loud blast that shall make the solid earth quiver, crying, "Come to judgment!"

"Then from this earthly grossness quit,
Attired in stars, we shall forever sit."

Violets on Trees.

The once lowly violet assuming giant proportions and growing on miniature trees is what met the amazed vision of visitors to the flower show in Madison Square Garden. In some cases the flower's best friends failed to know it and stood before it in grave uncertainty. "It must be a violet, because it is in that collection," one said. "It looks like one, too," was a reply, "but mine grows low." All day the novelty was surrounded by people who ignored for the time the more beautiful flowers. The cause of all this attention is a violet plant never before shown. It grows from nine to eighteen inches high, but as yet its flowers are small and single. A tall pot plant, useful for decorative purposes, filled with big double violets, as rich in color and fragrance as the best sorts, is what growers promise, and that before many shows have waxed and waned.—New York Tribune.

Poverty of English Clergy.

While the bishop of London said a good deal the other day about the poverty of the clergy—pointing out among other things, that 4,566 livings averaged £150 a year, and no fewer than 1,341 benefices were worth only £65 per annum—he did not touch on an aspect of clerical poverty which is well illustrated by the reasons just given by the rector of Seale for resigning his living. This benefice is not worth more than £129 per annum, yet the rector has spent during his tenure as much as £1,500 on the parish and £600 on the rectory house out of his own private means. Much the same story might be told of many a country clergyman who has brought himself near poverty by self-sacrificing expenditure on his "cure."—London Mail.

Tattoo Marks.

Tattoo marks on the human body are deep-seated, as has been proven by an investigation at Mount Washington hospital, Baltimore. An individual who died there shortly before his death willed his body to the surgeons in the hospital for the benefit of science. One of the surgeons, curious to learn the depth of tattooing, experimented on the arm and found that the design of what on the surface of the arm was a coat of arms was marked through the flesh as far as the bone. There was also discovered the trace of the figure on the bone, but it did not penetrate the bony structure.

Many a man is able to climb to success because his wife holds the ladder.

The Bonine Trial.

The prosecution in the Bonine trial rested Saturday afternoon, and Attorney Keene outlined the position of the defense, from which it is evident that a number of witnesses who have already testified will be recalled. He laid stress on the fact that no motive could have inspired Mrs. Bonine to kill Ayres, that nothing improper had been shown in their relations, and that reputable physicians would testify that the wounds received by Ayres could have been inflicted as stated by Mrs. Bonine in her confession. The defense will also assail the dead man's habits, claiming that he had been fast growing intemperate and that he was a member of a drunken party on the night of May 14, shortly before he met his death. The ownership of the pistol will be made a strong point, as the defense will endeavor to prove, at least by inference, that it belonged to Ayres. Attorney Keene asserted that it would be shown that Ayres showed the same identical revolver to a new [illegible] last December, that in February he loaned a loaded pistol similar to it and that a few days before his death he procured some oil with which to clean a revolver.

Fleeced the Farmers.

Samuel M. Tucker, the first of a large number of Detroit commission merchants indicted by the United States grand jury on the charge of misusing the mails, was arrested by the police on a United States warrant, and he will have to answer before Judge Swan. The last grand jury brought in true bills against a number of Detroit commission merchants, who, it is charged, have been fleecing farmers in the neighboring towns, and using the United States mails for their correspondence.

Louis Granotti, the accomplice of Bresci, the assassin of King Humbert of Italy, is said to be in Chicago. He is under a sentence of life imprisonment.

AMUSEMENTS IN DETROIT.

WEEK ENDING DEC. 7.

DETROIT OPERA HOUSE—Dec. 2 Carter, Mary Mannering. [illegible] Wednesday Matinee at 2.
LYCEUM THEATER—"Up York State"—Sat. Mat. 25c. Eve. 15, 25, 50 and 75c.
WHITNEY GRAND—"The Ulster [illegible]" Mat. 10c, 15c and 25c. Evenings 10c, 20c, 30c.

THE MARKETS.

[illegible]

Buffalo—Cattle—No good cattle here; veals, common to choice, $4@7.25. Hogs—Mixed packers, $5.75@5.80; bulk of sales, $5.80@5.90; good medium 200 to 225 pounds, $[illegible]; no choice heavy here; pigs, $5.25@5.30; roughs, $5@5.30; stags, $3.75@4.25. Sheep—Lambs 15 to 20 cents higher; top lambs, $4.65@4.75; culls to fair, $[illegible]; Canadas, $4.85@4.90; [illegible]

Cincinnati—Cattle—Steers, choice to extra, $5.25@5.75; fair to good, $4.50@5.15; oxen, $2.75@4.50; butcher steers, choice, $4.35@4.75; fair to good, $3.00@4.25; heifers, good to choice, $3.35@3.75; extra, $3.85@4.00; common to fair, $2.25@3.25; cows, good to choice, $3.50@3.65; fair to medium, $2.25@3.00; canners, $1.25@2.15; common rough steers, poor cows and scalawags, $1.00@1.50; stockers and feeders, $2.00@4.35. Hogs—Selected heavy shippers, $5.90@6.00; good to choice packers and butchers, $5.85@5.75; mixed packers, $5.40@5.60; stags and heavy fat sows, $3.85@5.65; light shippers, $5.15@5.35; pigs, 110 pounds and less, $4.00@5.15. Sheep—Extra, $3.00; good to choice, $2.25@2.85; common to fair, $1.25@2.15; yearlings, $3.25@3.50; lambs, extra, $4.25@4.35; good to choice, $3.50@4.20; common to fair, $2.50@3.40.

Grain, Etc.

Detroit—Wheat—Cash No. 2 red, 79c; December, 5,000 bu at 79½c, 8,000 bu at 79c; May, 11,000 bu at 81½c, 4,000 bu at 82c; No. 3 red, 77c; mixed winter, 79c; No. 1 white, 1 car at 80c, closing at 79½c. Corn—Cash No. 2, 66c; No. 2 yellow, 67c; No. 3 yellow, 67c. Oats—Cash No. 2 white, 48c; No. 3 white, 47½c.

Chicago—No. 3 spring wheat, 69½@73c; No. 2 red, 73½@77½c; No. 2 yellow corn, 64½c; No. 2 oats, 45½c; No. 2 white, 46@48c; No. 3 white, 45@45¾c; No. 2 rye, 66@66½c; fair to choice malting barley, 59@63c; No. 1 flaxseed, $1.40.

New York—Wheat—No. 2 red, 83½c f. o. b. afloat and 81½c elevator; No. 1 northern Duluth, 82¾c f. o. b. afloat; No. 1 hard Duluth, 88½c f. o. b. afloat. Oats—No. 2, 48c; No. 3, 47¾c; No. 2 white, 52c; No. 3 white, 51½c; track mixed western, 48@51c; track white, 49@54c. Corn—No. 2, 68½c elevator and 70¾c f. o. b. afloat.

Cincinnati—Wheat—Light arrivals; No. 2 winter red firm at 78c. Corn—Old No. 2 white is quotable at 67c; old No. 2 yellow at 68¾c, and old No. 2 mixed at 66¾c; No. 3 white sold at 67½c; No. 3 mixed (nearly white) at 65c, and new mixed ear at 67c on track. Oats—No. 2 white are held at 48c; No. 2 mixed sold at 46¼c on track.

Produce.

Prices for potatoes rule high and buying is active; the demand for shipment is almost pressing; car lots 80c and 85c per bu for store lots.

Best grades of butter and strictly fresh eggs are in demand.

Best winter apples sell in Detroit at $4.50@5.00 per bbl; common, $2.50@3.00; snow, $5.75@6.00.

American residents of Berlin to the number of 300 informally celebrated Thanksgiving day with a supper and dance at the Kaiserhof.

William Bossman, an insane man, smashed plate glass windows in the business portion of Eaton, O., during an insane frenzy. Loss $5,000.

Crazy Snake, who led the rebellion in Indian Territory last spring against the government, is causing the Creek council much trouble.

The crown prince and princess of Roumania have agreed on a divorce and the crown prince intends to renounce succession to the throne.

The ferry boats Sausalito and San Rafael collided in San Francisco bay Saturday night in a dense fog and the latter sank in 15 minutes. As far as known W. G. Crandall, secretary of the Long Syrup Works; George Tredway, a waiter, and a 3-year-old son of Mrs. Waller, of Ross Valley, were drowned, and 20 other persons were more or less injured. There were 200 persons on board the San Rafael.

Marquis Ito, the Japanese statesman, and the czar of Russia, had an interview Thursday. An effective entente between Russia and Japan is regarded as the probable outcome of the audience.