DREAMS OE TWILIGHT.

By John Curtis Underwood.

"When the windows flame at sunset
And the streets are sluiced with blood
And the dying day is sinking
In the night's advancing flood,
Smoky volumes lightly trailing,
Veil the housetops stark and high
Tinged with purple that the moment
Deepens in the Western sky.

"When the shadows round us gather
And the darkness settles fast
And each flush of life conclusive
Seems but prelude to the last,
Dreams shall soften wasted faces,
Fraught with presage darkly to-night
Dreams that like the smoke shall vanish
At the coming of the night."

—Ainslee's Magazine.

THE PARSON'S BABY, The Only One In Town.

By Jay Benson Hamilton, D. D.

A prominent manufacturer in a bustling little Western city took me to lunch with him during the session of the Methodist Conference which I was visiting. He was proud of the enterprise and beauty of the city and had much to say of its early history. I imagined from the zest of his recitals that he had been a principal character in many of the stirring scenes he portrayed. He never tired talking of the Methodist minister who founded the first church. The bravery and eloquence of this first parson were the subjects of unending eulogy. The beauty, sweetness and courage of the parson's young wife were topics concerning which the old gentleman spoke with deep and affectionate feeling. He was in the midst of a loving panegyric of the little woman when I interrupted him a little banteringly:

"You speak as if you had loved the parson, but had worshiped the parson's wife."

"I have the best reason in the world for worshiping her," he replied earnestly. "I owe everything I have in this world and everything I hope to have in the next world to her. I was a wicked wretch who had only escaped the gallows which I richly deserved by a streak of good luck. I was on the road to eternal ruin and was dragging down with me scores of others, when her little white hand stopped me and turned me about face." He was completely overwhelmed with emotion for a moment. After a short silence he fervently but softly said: "God bless her little heart."

"Tell me something about the parson's wife," I said.

After a few moments' thought he began to smile and then laughed softly to himself.

"How would you like to hear the story of the parson's baby, when it was the only one in town?"

As my silence gave consent, he proceeded:

"The parson's baby was the first baby born in our town. It received a welcome equal to the Fourth of July. Every bell was rung, and every shop and store was decorated in honor of the arrival of the new citizen. It seems childish now, but it seemed very proper and fitting then. The whole town was illuminated, and a torchlight procession marched through all of the principal streets. The Fourth of July was nowhere. As soon as the parson's wife was able to sit up, she was placed in the front room and sat there for hours, singing to her baby. She was a cunning little woman. She knew the boys were wild to see the baby and she sat by the window, where all who walked by could look in. One of the fellows who had been hanging around for several days hoping to get the first peep at the baby was rewarded that morning by seeing the little woman carried close to the window and seated in a chair.

"I was the fellow. Like a great fool, I stopped and looked in. She just smiled and shook her finger at me, and then held up the baby for me to see. I bowed and threw the baby a kiss and was off like a shot. I told a hundred fellows what I had seen. Would you believe it? Hundreds had an errand that day that took them by the parsonage. I'll be blessed if it didn't set the town almost crazy. If you have ever seen a pack of school children run to see an elephant you can imagine how the boys hustled to see that baby. The happy little mother knew how hungry we rough men were for the sight of a baby's sweet face. She did not resent our curiosity, but took pains to let every one have a good peep at the chubby little creature.

"You would have laughed to have seen the presents that poured in for that youngster. The boys got to speaking of it as 'our baby.' All began to wonder when it would make its first appearance in public. We clubbed together and sent off for a baby carriage. I was appointed as the one to present it. About twenty fellows went along with me. As we wheeled the empty carriage through the streets we had cheers from every corner. I went into the parsonage. The other stood on the sidewalk and looked in the window. The parson's wife accepted the carriage with smiles and tears and made me kiss the baby as my reward. She promised that I should wheel it out for its first ride in the new carriage.

"It was several days before I received word that the baby needed a ride in the open air. I put on my best clothes and told everybody I met that if they would be on the lookout they could see 'our baby.' Before the little woman gave me her baby she asked me if I was safe company for her little one. I knew she was not joking. I felt hot all over. I knew I was not fit company for anything good or pure, and I started for the door as I said:

"'Madame, I am not worthy to be trusted with your baby. I am a wicked man and ought to be ashamed to even look you in the face.'

"Her blue eyes were swimming in tears and her lips trembled as she said:

"'Jack, you were once a pure baby yourself. Your good, sweet mother loved you as I love my child. It would have broken her heart to have known that you would grow up and become a wicked man. I would rather bury my baby than to have him become a man like you. I am going to pray for you while you are giving my baby a ride. I wish you would pray for yourself. If you will ask God He will make you as clean and pure as you were when your mother held you in her arms. Go now, and take good care of my darling.'

"Altho I was so awkward in starting that the parson's wife laughed like a schoolgirl at my clumsiness, I managed to get going without upsetting the carriage. I found every man in town on the lookout. I went up one street and down another. I found crowds everywhere. Everybody was happy. Some shouted and cheered and some bitterly cried. The roughest toughs in town seemed to be the heartiest in their cheers, and some of them cried the hardest. One bloated old bummer, who hardly ever drew a sober breath, got right down on his knees and took the hem of the carriage robe in his trembling hands and kissed it and wept like a whipped schoolboy. He sobbed out:

"'I had a baby like that once. It died and its mother died; I broke her heart. I wish I had died before I had ever come to this.'

"I had listened to many sermons by the parson and had laughed at the little talks of the parson's wife, but I could not get away from the silent preaching of that baby. As I pushed the carriage along I saw my own sweet mother as she held me in her arms and rocked me and sang lullabies to me. I saw her face as plainly as if it had been but yesterday that I had rested my head upon her breast. I heard her voice as she sang to me. The words all came back to me, and the tune, and I found myself humming:

'Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed.'

"I was so blinded with tears that I had to stop and wipe my eyes and to conceal my weakness I pretended to tuck the clothes about the little one. The baby looked up into my face and cooed and gurgled and caught my finger in its chubby little fist. The touch of the little hand and the trustful look from the baby eyes did more for me than all the preaching and praying as I wheeled the carriage. I became a new man while giving the baby its first ride. When I took it back to its mother, I said:

"'Madame, your prayers have been answered. Your baby has done for me what neither you nor the parson have been able to do. I am going to begin a new life.'

"We had some kind of a celebration in the Methodist Church, and the parson's wife and baby made their first public appearance. As the little woman walked in the men cheered and clapped their hands. She smiled and blushed, but did not seem to be offended. During the exercises the brass band played a selection. They had hardly begun when the baby, frightened at the blare of the horns and the crash of the drums, broke out into a shrill cry of terror. It could not be quieted. The horns blew louder and the drums pounded harder and the baby tried to cry louder and louder. At last one big fellow jumped up, marched down the aisle and seizing the leader of the band by the collar, gave him a savage jerk and shouted:

"'Stop the racket of this band and give "our baby" a chance.'

"The band stopped instantly, but the baby kept right on. It cried for a minute at the very top of its voice. When it ceased, round after round of applause filled the house and scores of voices shouted, 'Encore! Encore!' The man who had stopped the band stood up on a seat and cried:

"'Three cheers for the parson's wife, and a tiger for "our baby."'

"That let pandemonium loose for several minutes. The baby had got over its scare and semed to like the roar of the crowd. It crowed and cooed and tried to clap its little chubby hands. The cheering only ceased when the crowd was exhausted. The leader in the interruption of the programme now shouted:

"'You can go on with this show now, unless "our baby" wants another chance.'"—New York Independent.

His Ungrateful Uncle.

"The recent tragedy in Kentucky," said Mr. J. R. Thompson, of West Virginia, at the Ebbitt, "reminds me of some of the bloody feuds that have been a blot on the fair name of our State. The Hatfield-McCoy vendetta gave West Virginia unpleasant notoriety, but I do not think history will repeat itself along this line in our part of the Union. This recalls a story that a friend of mine is fond of telling. It seems that he met one of the Hatfields a few years ago, and being well acquainted with him there was a free interchange of conversation. In the course of the talk, Hatfield spoke complainingly of an uncle of his whom he charged with ingratitude. He alluded to the obligation his relative was under, which was no less than the killing of six men by the nephew merely to gratify his kinsman. For this he had received no thanks, and he added that hereafter his uncle could do his own killing."—Washington Post.

Meal made of corn cobs, ground, is used to adulterate many food products.

FATHER OF SIXTY-SIX.

Married 5 Times on His Journey to Mormondom and 7 Times Afterward.

In the valley of the Snake river, near where that streams forms the boundry line between Wyoming and Idaho, lives the father of the largest family on the American continent, and probably in the world. The owner of this unique distinction is Heber Z. Ricks, one of the faithful followers in religion and practices of the late Brigham Young. Reliable persons who have known Ricks for many years say he has twelve wives and sixty-six children. Many of his sons and daughters have long since taken unto themselves helpmates for life, and to these have been born 218 children, thereby bringing the number of souls in the Ricks family, exclusive of the venerable father himself, up to 296.

The members of the Ricks family are scattered over a stretch of country fourteen miles long by two miles wide. Heber Ricks has an even dozen ranches, which, with those of the sons and daughters, make quite a good-sized settlement. In the centre of this settlement a town called Ricksville has been established. Here are located a general store and church, the latter being the largest as well as the most substantial building in the Ricks empire. During week days the church is transformed into a school room, and a regularly employed teacher (usually one of the Ricks daughters) labors with the descendants of Heber Z. On Sundays, and not unfrequently of an evening, services, which are, of course, strictly Mormon are held. These religious meetings are usually presided over by the elder Ricks, and are very interesting, being conducted in that manner peculiar to the Mormon faith. In case of the absence of the "Bishop," as the head of the family is known in the settlement, as is frequently the case when he makes a visit to one of his wives living in the extreme upper or lower ends of the colony, one of his sons will fill the pulpit and preach the doctrine of his father.

Heber Z. Ricks is a giant in form and strength, although he is 77 years old. Little or nothing is known of his boyhood, except that he was reared on a farm in western New York. He has never been know to say much about his early life other than that he landed in St. Louis in 1842. From that city he went to a small settlement in the vicinity of where Independence, Mo., now stands, where he joined the Mormon church. A little band of Mormons, with Ricks at their head, left the place early in the spring of 1848 and turned their faces toward Utah. Brigham Young's party of 225 persons had gone on the previous year and had left a faint trail, which Ricks and his party followed with great difficulty. This trail led them across the state of Nebraska along the Platte river, up the Big Laramie river, and across the State of Wyoming by way of Fort Laramie, and on into the valley of the great Salt Lake via Echo Canon.

When Ricks left Missiouri, it is said, he was a single man, but when he and his party reached Salt Lake valley he was the possessor of five better halves. Settling near Salt Lake, Ricks continued to take unto himself additional wives until he had ten. Early in the year 1869, with the number of his wives increased to twelve, Ricks pulled up stakes and moved across the mountains through Eastern Idaho to the valley of Snake river. There upon one of the most fertile spots to be found on the continent he established himself. The first few years were ones of great activity for Ricks and his already large family. For a time all lived in one large house, which was hastily erected, but later twelve houses, composed of roughly hewn logs, were constructed at different points along the river. To these were added, in due time, barns, corrals, and other outbuildings, and in a few years Ricksville was something more than a name.

While the population in the vicinity of this settlement is distinctly Ricks, there are a large number of families of other names. The settlement does not differ in this respect or in any other from any Mormon settlement, in Utah, Wyoming or Idaho, and a visitor, were he not familiar with the history of the Ricks family, would never suspect that Heber Z. was the father of so many children.

One Sort of Egg.

The last wonderful tale being told among the Burmese in Rangun is concerning a monster egg, said to be lying near Shwebo, says the Burma Times. There are several versions of this strange phenomenon in circulation in Rangun, but only a few main features are common to them all. A few months ago near Shwebo the villagers heard a strange and mysterious voice in the jungle uttering in Burmese the words, "I am going to lay," which were repeated frequently several times a day for many days. Eventually the egg was laid, and its size is said to exceed that of ten large paddy baskets. Nobody will go near this egg, from which now come the words, "I am going to hatch," also repeated many times a day, and the people are now looking forward to some extremely wonderful appearance.

To Utilize Coal Dust.

Householders who find they have been supplied with an undue proportion of dust with their coal may thus utilize it: Take three or four handfuls of common washing soda, and, having well wetted a bushel of coal dust, thoroughly mix the soda with it. Let it partly dry, and it will answer excellently for burning when a slow fire is required.

MAKING A MOCCASIN.

THO ONLY FOOT COVERING FIT FOR A HUNTER TO WEAR.

A Business of Which Maine Has Nearly a Monopoly—Material Used Since Moosehide Became Scarce—What Shoepacks and Larigans Are.

When the silent Indian ranged the forests in New England in quest of the game that was his source of sustenance, says the Boston Globe, he wore a foot covering which made his tread as soft as a wildcat's—a shoe called a moccasin, shaped to his foot from a single piece of green moosehide, sewn to a smaller piece at the top of the foot with the sinews of a deer.

Centuries have passed since the savage first fashioned this shoe, but to this day a better foot covering for the hunter has never been devised. Hunters' boots of various kinds are made and sold to city men who go into the woods after big game, but none of them equal for softness of tread the moccasin, which to-day is made in just the same style as in the days when the savage reigned supreme throughout the land. Men have devised machinery for making shoes, but the machine has never been made that can fashion a moccasin as well as it can be shaped by hand.

In only a few places in this country are moccasins now made, and most of these places are in New England. The art of making good moccasins has been preserved by the Indian tribe at Oldtown, Me., and from their progenitors and other Indians, who come from Canada into Maine to hunt, the art of making a really good hunting moccasin was first caught by white men. So well are moccasins made in Maine that those supplied the Western Indians by the Government are made in the city of Bangor. Not only are moccasins sent from Maine to the West for the Indians, but Uncle Sam's scouts in the West and in Alaska, where moccasins are needed in the service, for use on snow, with snowshoes, get their footwear from Bangor.

None of these moccasins are made of moose hide nowadays, the material being chiefly oil tanned "neat's hide," which is cowhide. This turns the water as well as moosehide, and wears almost as well. The leather is well saturated with fish oil, which gives it a strong smell, but imparts virtues that assist in repelling snow water, which will penetrate ordinary leather very quickly.

The tannage is known as "Indian Tan." Not only are moccasins made from this oiled tanned leather, but other articles of footwear that may properly be called offsprings of the moccasins such as the shoepack, and the larrigan.

The shoepack is a moccasin with a shoetop made of the same sort of material as the bottom, and laced. The origin of the word is not clear, though it is ascribed to the vernacular of lumbermen in upper Canada, around Lake Superior. It was brought into Maine by the Canadians, and has become a part of the local vocabulary in the northern part of the State. A city shoedealer would be at a loss to know what a customer wanted should he demand to be shown a shoepack. In northern Maine these useful articles of footwear, based on the Indian's moccasin, are displayed outside every store where lumbermen's or hunters' supplies are sold.

The larrigan is a moccasin with a boot top, and for wear in the deep snow is highly esteemed by many. It is a Canadian article of footwear, and the name seems to have become as much a part of the local Maine vocabulary as shoepack. Its origin, however, is not so clear.

While native hunters in Maine wear all three of the foot-coverings described they prefer the moccasin for all-round wear. It is light, noiseless, easy to the foot, and wears well. In winter it is worn over three or four pairs of stockings, and a pair of leggins, also knit. This makes a bundle of woolen stuff covering the foot, and maintains warmth even in the coldest weather.

Not a lumberman or guide in Maine is to be seen in winter without his leggins. They are as much a part of his wardrobe as his hat. They are thick and warm, and when strapped around the leg below the knee with a piece of tape are snow proof. These leggins are knitted by the women in the French settlements in northern Maine in great numbers, and retail in the stores at 75 cents a pair. If the amount of woolen yarn in them were employed in making factory-knit stockings such as are sold in the cities, the quantity in each leggin would make a dozen pair. With his leggins on, and his moccasins, shoepacks or larrigans over them, the woodman cares not how deep the snow may be. When it gets too deep for walking he gets out his snowshoes, and on these skims the surface of the white covering of earth as easily as a rabbit.

Owing to the restrictions that have been placed on the hunting of moose there are not so many moosehide moccasins to be seen in Maine now as in years past, when moose were hunted by the Oldtown Indians and others for their hides. All the moosehides secured now in a season in Maine would not cut 2,000 pairs of moccasins if each was used. As most of the hides taken by sportsmen are sent out of the State, it will se seen that the supply for moccasin leather is small at the best. This makes the leather the more prized.

There are but three shops outside of Bangor where a business is made of the manufacture of moccasins. They are all in the region around the west branch of the Penobscot below Twin Lakes. In these shops, which are small places, two or three men are employed to make moccasins for sportsmen and lumbermen. The supply of moosehide being small, most of the moccasins are made of "neat's hide," and sewed with deer skin, cut into strings.

The process of preparing the deer hide for sewing the moccasins is an interesting one. The skin of the deer is cured as "raw hide," and cut into narrow strips while wet. These strips are strung on nails and allowed to dry. They are then transparent, but stiff. Before using they are placed in a bottle, with both ends out, and the bottle is filled with water. After soaking for some time they become perfectly pliable, while the ends remain hard. These ends are shaped when the strips, or strings, as they are now, are needed for sewing, and form needles to sew with.

Cutting a moccasin is a simple affair. There are but two patterns, one for the sole, which is also the sides after being shaped, and the other for the top sides. The relative size of the patterns for these two pieces is about seven to one. No last is used in making a moccasin. The toe is gathered up around the small top piece and crimped, stitch by stitch, a special kind of stitch being employed. When the entire toe of the shoe has been made a stick with a round end is introduced, and the toe is further shaped by pounding. The heel is then closed up, and a small ear is left at the bottom by cutting from the heel itself a short strip, that is used for pulling the moccasin on. When thus shaped the shoe is complete, except for the string, which is introduced through holes in the top made with a punch. This string puckers the top of the moccasin, drawing it around the foot, and is tied over the instep. When properly tied a moccasin cannot slip off.

The majority of moosehide moccasins made in Maine now are for summer wear in dry weather, or for use as slippers in the house. They are soft tanned with a glove finish. The tanning is done in New Hampshire, all the skins used in Maine being sent there to be cured. The outer surface is buffed and colored like buckskin. Moccasins made from this are very warm. As a summer shoe in the woods they are well-nigh perfect.

When shod with moccasins the hunter can feel every twig he steps on, and if he is tracking deer or moose he makes no more noise than if barefooted. Should he step on a twig he can raise his foot before it breaks and thus prevent its snapping. In still hunting this is very important, as the snap of a twig will apprise game in the neighborhood of the hunter as effectually as the discharge of a gun. The guide who takes you into the woods sums up the argument for the moccasin as follows:

"These dude hunters come down here in what they call a 'hunting costume,' and they don't get nothing. They wear shoes with nails in 'em and soles as thick as your hand, or they have what they call 'hunting boots.' Might as well go hunting on a freight train. Give me a good, soft, neat hide moccasin or a shoepack, and I'll show 'em what's what in getting through the woods without making noise. I tell you the old Indians knew their business, and it ain't any use trying to improve on what they wore."

The moccasin idea has been employed successfully in Bangor in the manufacture of dainty bedroom slippers for women, made like moccasins, but without the strings. These are made of elk's hide, very soft and warm and very much like moosehide. They are trimmed with beaver, the remnants from furriers' cutting tables being used, and when ready for sale, with a bit of embroidery on the top piece, they are a temptation to any woman who sees them.

The Explosive Sea Shell.

"A very curious sea shell is that which was once exhibited by a small marine 'snail,' and is found on the beach of Mobile bay," observed a naturalist to the writer a day or two ago. "These shells are about one-half of an inch in diameter, and when they are thoroughly dry they will, if dropped on any hard substance, such as a table or a floor, explode with a noise as sharp as a pistol. Wishing to know what caused the explosion in these shells, I one day last summer examined several specimens, and found the mouth of each firmly closed by a membrane of greater or less thickness, formed by the drying of the animal slime. I also discovered that the explosive condition of these shells occurred soon after removal from the moisture of the beach when the little inhabitants of the shells had died and the gases of decomposition had quite filled their internal space. On exerting a little pressure by squeezing one of the shells between two blocks of wood quite a loud explosion was produced, and fragments of the shell were thrown several feet in all directions. Subsequently, on trying the experiment it was found tthe cause seemed to be the removal of the shell from the beach in very hot, dry weather, which causes the slime to be exuded in greater quantity than usual and dries it up rapidly as it exudes."—Washington Star.

Lyddite is Safe to Handle.

One of the chief recommendations of lyddite for practical use in war is the comparative safety with which it can be handled. To explode at all it must be acted upon by a detonator, and a powerful one at that. The discovery of the explosive properties of picric acid is said to have been made accidentally, when a quantity of it being melted in a fire at some dye works at Manchester, England, flowed into some loose litharge and produced a violent explosion. The origin of the name is not to be found in any of the works in which the history and character of the substance are treated.

UNLOADING A TROOPSHIP.

How Uncle Sam Gets Soldiers and Baggage Ashore.

To the many thousands who have seen the government transports leave the San Francisco docks loaded with men, horses and mules and supplies for the American army in the Philippine Islands it may prove interesting to know how they are landed at Manila, writes the war correspondent of the San Francisco Call. I say Manila, because up to the present time all transports have unloaded their cargoes at the capital city of the island of Luzon. In the future they may go to ports south of this point.

The vessels anchor in Manila bay, from one to two miles outside the city. As soon as their arrival is made known a government tug, towing four or five cascoes, is immediately sent alongside and made fast. The troops first disembrk, taking with them their light baggage and only sufficient rations for a meal or two. The cascoes are towed up the Pasig river about half a mile from its mouth to the foot of the lunet, the city's main driveway, where the men first set foot on our new possessions in the Orient. Generally a casco is assigned to a company, and all the men and property of that organization are put ashore before it becomes available for another company. If properly managed one trip is sufficient to land each company, all its baggage and equipment.

I have seen an entire regiment, with all the personal property of the officers and men, regimental baggage and camp equipage, landed in a few hours. In fact, I remember one instance where a regiment was ordered to the front five miles from Manila. It commenced to disembark at noon, and two of its batalions, eight companies, ate supper the same night on the firing line.

The horses and mules are loaded by means of cages from the transports to a large vessel similar to a ferryboat. All animals are unloaded at the foot of the luneta. The little ferryboat, if we may call it such, will carry about fifty animals, and these are led ashore through a chute.

I was present at the unloading of the first lot of horses and mules received at Manila from the United States on the transport Tacoma, and those who were there at the time will bear me out in saying that a finer lot of horses and mules were never received at any point of destination.

The horses were immediately turned over to the use of the Fourth Calvalry. The mules were kept in the quartermaster's corral for a day or two and then performed excellent service.

Right here I might say that a drove of 200 elephants going up market street could not attract more attention than these eighty-one horses and 119 mules did to the inhabitants of Manila. The natives stood with open mouths and gazed at them as they were led through the streets to the corrals. Directly opposite the luneta, and on the opposite side of the River Pasig, are located the large quartermaster and commissary storehouses, in which are stored the supplies for the Eighth Army Corps. These supplies are furnished under contract, and mostly from the United States. They are also unloaded from the transports by means of canoes.

It may be said to the credit of these two staff departments, as well as all other staff departments of the army in the Philippines, that not a call or demand has been made upon them that has not been filled.

When Lawton Assumed Office.

When General Lawton appeared at General Shafter's office in Santiago to take up his duties as commander of that department, General Shafter said: "Lawton, you will have your troubles, but if any man can run this institution, you can. You can take hold any time it suits you."

General Lawton wore a fatigue uniform, rather the worse for rain, mud and perspiration. He turned to an empty desk, pulled off his coat, picked up a black alpaca coat hanging over a chair, and put it on. The sleeves were too short and the coat scarcely reached the band of his trousers. It had belonged to some Spanish official who left it in the office when we Americanized Santiago.

"It's not very pretty," said he, surveying his reflected image in a tall mirror, "but it's comfortable," and he wrote his name on a pass for a Cuban who wanted to go to Siboney, his first official act as commander of the department of Santiago.

Degraded Use of a Sarcophagus.

Professor Jacob Krall of Vienna, Egyptologist, in journeying across Austria on his way to the Oriental Congress in Rome, came across, in Trieste, an ancient Egyptian sarcophagus of rose granite. It was discovered in Egypt sixty years ago. The ship which was to bring the find to London had to stop at Trieste for repairs. As security for the cost of repairs, $250, the sarcophagus was left behind and placed in the courtyard of Pamfili's residence, where it was used occasionally as a washing trough.

In its original home the sarcophagus belonged to Sutissacht, one of the foremost dignitaries of Pharaoh's court. It is about 3,000 years old. Austria hopes to keep it.

Steel is King.

A concern in Iowa is making farm wagons wholly of steel, and it is said that it can scarcely fill the orders that pour in from the wheat growers out in Dakota and other parts of the West.—The Manufacturer.