

Hiram Crossley.

BY WILBERT P. CREAMER.

"Lazy" Hiram our hero was called. He had earned his name. When but a child he would "play sick" if his father wished him to work. All through his boyhood the main object of his life seemed to be to get out of work. The things that he cared to do were to go fishing, to read, and to build air castles.

The children at school made sport of his awkwardness and dreamy habits. His father was rough with him and continually reminded him of his shiftless, lazy ways, telling him that he would come to no good end and that he wasn't worth the salt that he ate and never would be.

Such treatment and lectures hardened him, and to make things worse, his brother "lorded it" over him and was encouraged to do so by his father, for the reason that "them that does the work oughter do the bossin'." His mother tried to offset the evil she knew would come of this treatment by giving him kindness and love in abundance.

The mother helped matters a little, but just as Hiram would try to reform he would do something to bring down the wrath of his father and the scorn of his brother. Hiram would meekly take what they had to say and relapse into his former self.

The father became dyspeptic and vented all his evil enmity upon Hiram. Life at home became unendurable to him and he hired himself out to a farmer to work by the month. He fell into bad company and learned many bad habits. He went from bad to worse until he could scarce command respect from any one. Still his mother loved him.

When he was yet a youth the Civil War broke out. The farmers became poor and Hiram could scarcely find a place to work for his board and lodging. His brother's labor hardly supported the Crossleys. Hard as it was to get along, a yet harder blow awaited them. His brother was drafted. The father groaned and the mother wept but tried to look brave. They thought now that their support would be taken away from them. The son tried to comfort them but he could do nothing, as his discouragement and grief were as great as theirs.

Just then Hiram's figure darkened the door, and he said, gruffly, "I heard, Dick, that you have been drafted, and I have come to go as your substitute. Now, mother, you needn't take on so. You know that you always hated to hear your boy called bad names and reviled, and you have told me to try to earn God's praise and have Him say something to me, 'Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter into thy rest.' Now I am going to try to do it. Even people in this world will perhaps think some good of Lazy Hiram."

"I know you have a good heart, Hiram," said his mother, but I wish there was no such an occasion as this to prove it, my son.

"When were you to go, Dick?" Hiram inquired. "I suppose we will have to arrange pretty soon."

"In an hour."

"Good-bye, mother dear. Don't take on so. Good-bye, father."

Hiram drew his sleeve across his eyes and shuffled out doors, for he could say no more because of his grief at leaving his mother weeping and of their pain at parting.

Hiram became a soldier and that night his regiment marched toward the South.

Three months later the mother received a letter. It was as follows:

"Dear Mother:—After I left you that night my regiment marched South. We marched and marched until I became footsore and very tired. We fought in the terrible battles of Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge, and we have had other battles and skirmishes.

"But, mother, do not think of your son as going through peril and hardship. Think of him as coming back well and happy.

"I have found a new friend, a boy, Davy, as I call him. His cause for going to war was the same as mine, and he is younger than I.

"Give my love to Dick and father."

"Your son," "HIRAM."

The mother wept softly and Dick looked solemn. Even the father seemed glad to receive news from his son.

Many months passed before they received another letter, and they all began to despair lest they had heard the last of their soldier boy. At last a letter did come, and Mrs. Crossley tore it open with trembling fingers and read:

"Dear Mother:—Since I wrote you last we have had an awful battle in the 'Wilderness,' as it is called, and a company of us had a skirmish on the outer lines. Poor Davy was killed and I chased the fellow that did it, and just as I was about to let him have the load out of my musket, some one shot me.

"I must have lain unconscious for quite a while. When I came to I dressed my wound the best I could and laid down on a mossy hillock, for I was weak from my wound and loss of blood. I got a fever in the night and struggled up, for I thought a horde of demons were after me. I ran but soon fell. Again I struggled up and again I fell, exhausted, and this time unconscious. When I awoke, an angel was bending over me. She has nursed me these many days. She has golden hair and such tender blue eyes. Her father and brother are in the Southern army. They were drafted. Oh, the horror of war! Yet, sometimes, mother, I become selfish and think how pleasant my lot is, to be cared for by such an one.

"I hope this letter will reach you. My guardian says:

"Tell your mother that you are getting well and will soon be able to march again. In time you will join your family and tell them that a stranger's heart can be kind. Do not let your mother worry about your being captured or killed. If any part of our army comes here I can hide you in a secret chamber. If my father or brother comes I can appease them. Tell your mother that I will nurse you carefully until you get well, and send you home well and strong. Give my love to her."

"I have heard nothing of the war, as I have been here out of the world for months.

"There has been a great deal of worry

in my mind as to how I can send this letter, but my guardian tells me that it will reach you all right.

"I will now close, hoping and praying that this letter may reach you and find you well.

"Remember me to my friends and give my love to Dick and father. Your son," "HIRAM."

News of the siege of Richmond, of the battle of Five Forks, and finally of Lee's surrender, and the disbanding of the Confederate army reached the Crossleys, but no news from Hiram. What had become of her boy? The mother could but guess. Ah, what weary days of uncertainty for her! Yet she was sustained by a hope that Hiram was still alive, but something either prevented him from writing or prevented his letters reaching her. She kept telling the neighbors of her boy and how noble he had turned out to be, always concluding her story by saying that she expected a letter every day from her dear, brave, wounded boy.

This story of hers, with its pathetically hopeful ending, was told so often that people came to regard her as "slightly out of her mind," and to shake their heads wisely when speaking about it to one another.

"I did not take on so about Jim when I heard he died in the battle of Cold Harbor," said one of them. "I don't quite understand it."

"No, Mrs. Danforth," replied Mrs. Hensley, "nor I didn't, when I heard that my John was killed at Atlanta, but maybe we didn't think just the same of our boys as Mrs. Crossley does of hers. I have always heard them say mothers set more store by their bad boys than by their good ones. Seems to me she would take some comfort of her boy at home, who has always been good to her."

So they talked, but Mrs. Crossley seemed to think that she had perfectly good grounds for her belief that her son was safe. She kept on talking about him and the neighbors kept on talking about it, and, at last, some of them got it that she had become unmanageable and that Mr. Crossley intended sending her to a lunatic asylum. People avoided her. Mrs. Danforth, who had not been to see her for a month, summoned up courage to go and see her. When Mrs. Danforth arrived at the door of the Crossley homestead she cautiously opened it and entered upon receiving an invitation to do so. Seeing a strange look on Mrs. Crossley's face, who was bending over her mind in her lap, she half made up her mind to retreat, when Mrs. Crossley looked up and said:

"I have just received a letter from my son, who is coming home pretty soon. See what a fat looking letter he wrote me. I will be so glad to see him. It will be almost like receiving one resurrected from the dead. I can almost imagine how the widow felt who had her son brought to life by Christ. 'Dear me! I don't know what to say or do, I am so happy!'"

"I am glad to hear it," interposed Mrs. Danforth. "When will he be home?"

"In about a month," Mrs. Crossley answered. "Won't you stay to tea?"

"No; I must go over and see Sally Jones about making my dress, and see neighbor Dixon wanted to be the first neighbor to see her so she immediately backed out of the house and walked rapidly down the street.

The letter ran as follows:

"Dear Mother:—When I sent that last letter to you I never dreamed that I would be imperiling any one's life to have it sent, especially the life of one grown so dear to me, my guardian angel, of whom I spoke in my letter.

"After I gave her the letters in the morning, I waited all day until way in the night for her to come back. I dropped asleep at last, from mere exhaustion. When I awoke it was nearly noon the next day. I waited anxiously until far into the next night. Still she did not come. I then began to realize that I must have let her go on a dangerous mission. When I fully realized this I began to cry like a baby. I imagined her killed or worse than dead. Distracted with these fears, I raved and reproached myself with all kinds of horrid names. Finally—it seemed as though ages had passed—some one bent over my bed and simply said, 'It is all right now.'"

"It was my guardian angel. I tried to express my sorrow for making her go through such great danger and to express all of my joy at seeing her safe again.

"The danger was not so great, considering the pleasure that the letter will give your mother. I hope to give her greater joy by sending you to her soon."

"Then I tried to tell her that it would give you twice the pleasure if I could only take her with me as my wife. Then I would be happy and begin a new life. Otherwise I did not know what would become of me.

"She simply said, 'Wait until I have considered it well, and see what time will bring.'"

"I asked her about the war, but she cast a sorrowful glance upon me and would not speak of it.

"At last we heard that the war was ended, through a Southern soldier who came and brought her a letter. Seeing me, whom he evidently took for a comrade, he shook hands and said:

"'Pal, its all over and we have lost, and turning to her he continued, 'Miss, I am sorry for you.'"

"He then bowed himself out of the room, got upon his horse and galloped away.

"The letter was full of a rough soldier's sympathy. It told of the father and brother dying of a fever at Richmond, how they were carefully taken care of by their comrades, and at last of their burial in a little churchyard.

"After reading this letter she sat with a white, quivering face for a few minutes and then broke out into the most heart rending cries that I ever heard. I tried to comfort her but my efforts seemed all in vain. At last she put her head into her hands and merely sobbed. The next day she looked so sorrowful that I thought my heart would break.

"A whole month passed before a smile came on that lovely face so worn by grief. It was a beautiful summer evening after a rain. A bird was in a tree nearby, singing with all its might. A smile spread over her face. It and the evening harmonized so beautifully that I was entranced. I gained courage, however, to step to her and implore her to be my wife. She put her arms about my neck and kissed me. What a beautiful answer!

"Last night we went from our hidden

house, forth from the woods, to this little town, ten miles away.

"To-night we were married. Alice and I are happy. She sits by me now and tells me to send her most obedient love to 'our mother.' And mother, I am sure that you will love her dearly.

"We will settle up some of her father's affairs and then go North. We hope to be with you before two months after the date of this letter.

"I will close now, hoping that this letter will find you well. Your son," "HIRAM."

In about a month a handsome man, who limped a little, and a tall, graceful golden haired woman were added to the Crossley home, and everybody was happy. In an hour's time Alice had gotten the full confidence of Mr. Crossley. After a while he said to her, "Who'd have ever thought Hiram would have turned out so well." She smiled and did not take it ill.

When Mr. Hiram Crossley grew to be the leading citizen of the place, with respectable income and family, the neighbors also said, "Who'd ever have thought Hiram Crossley would have turned out so well."

PRESIDENTS ARE GOOD RISKS.

The Majority of Our Chief Executives Have Been Long Lived.

"I wouldn't like to be the ruler of a country," said the timid little woman to the big man, her husband. They had been reading about an attempt made on the life of a foreign potentate, and they had drifted into comment on the precautions taken in our own country to guard the President from the attacks of the man with the bullet.

"They have to hedge a king with other things besides divinity in these days of dissatisfaction," continued the woman. "Armed guards and things like that. No, I am sure the post of ruler would not suit me. And, by the way, what an awful 'risk' from an insurance point of view a ruler must be! How embarrassing it must be for the officials of a company to get an application from a President and either have to refuse him and incur his ill will or accept him and take a tremendous 'risk.'"

"That sounds all very well," said the big man, her husband, "but, as a matter of fact, it isn't true. Presidents are as good risks as any in the land, as an insurance man took the trouble to point out to me the other day. Presidents are long-lived people as a rule, and when they do not live to the prescribed length it has been because of their sudden taking off by assassins."

"That is just the point I was making," said his wife. "I know, but the instances of this kind are so few as to prove nothing and to have absolutely no weight with the insurance officers. If you will look these things up you will find that the majority of our rulers have lived to what the newspapers would call a ripe old age. Take the early Presidents, for example. There was the immortal George Washington, who was 67 years old at the time of his death. That's a pretty good age, as ages go, and especially for a man who led such a strenuous life in such troublous times as those in which George Washington lived.

"There was John Adams. He reached the age of 90, and surely that is all even the most exacting life insurance company could ask of him. Look at Thomas Jefferson; he was within seven years of Adams' age at the close of his life. Pretty good source of revenue to the insurance people.

"Madison saw eighty-five summers before he was called to finish his career. President Monroe was 73 and John Quincy Adams was 80. Jackson was 78, while Van Buren lived to see just one year more than that. William Henry Harrison was 68, and Tyler lived to the satisfactory age of 71. Then we have Taylor, 65; Fillmore, 74; Pierce, 64; Buchanan, 77; Johnson, 66; Grant, 63; Hayes, 71; and Arthur, the youngest of the crowd, 56. As for Cleveland, he is rapidly approaching the seventies, and in flattering health.

"No, don't think a President is a bad risk.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Manna Found in India.

A remarkable incident is officially reported from the central provinces of India in connection with the famine. The bamboos in various districts were found to be yielding "manna" of a kind and quality hitherto unknown to the natives, who have been finding it a valuable help to them in their famished condition. Samples have been analyzed by the government reporter on economic products with an unexpected result. Mr. Hooper finds it to be composed of saccharose almost identical with cane sugar, the ingredients being—sugar, 95.63; water, 2.66; ash, .96, and glucose, .75. Neither expert officials nor natives ever before heard of this product coming from the bamboo, and it is not surprising that this opportune yield of "manna" is regarded under the circumstances, as an act of Providence.—London Chronicle.

Circular Saw Made of Diamonds.

A diamond circular saw for cutting stone is described in London Engineering, and is said to cut hard sandstone blocks at the rate of five feet per minute. The saw has dovetailed recesses in which are fitted steel blocks, each containing a diamond. A hole is drilled into the block, but stopped before running through. A diamond is dropped into the hole, and a steel wire peg driven in behind it.

The block is then put in an electric welding machine, and when it is softened, pressure is applied until the diamond is firmly gripped and the steel peg is welded into place. The front of the block is then filed away until the diamond is exposed, and the sides are milled to fit the dovetailed recesses in the saw. The positions of the diamonds in the block vary, so as to enable the saw to clear itself in making the cut.

Ancient "Smooth Bores."

Two of the old cannon which the English took from the French in 1745 and threw into the harbor of Louisbourg have now been brought to Toronto. They are among a number recently fished out of Louisbourg harbor and have been purchased by the government. The cannon have been lying at the bottom of the sea for 150 years. Each cannon is about nine feet long and weighs over 1,000 pounds.

WATER AND MALARIA.

A Physician Relates the Results of His Observations in Florida.

So much has been written of late relative to the cause of malaria—there being such a widespread interest among scientific and professional men concerning the same—and, as it is a subject bearing upon the life, health, and prosperity of a vast number of people, I feel called upon to offer for publication my observations during the past twelve years.

After graduating in medicine and upon locating in the town of Warrington, Fla., I immediately began, conjointly with the military surgeons on duty in the vicinity at the time, Dr. John W. Ross, of the navy, and Dr. W. C. Gorgas, of the army, a crusade against the drinking of pump (driven-well) water by the inhabitants. People were told, whenever the opportunity occurred, of the danger of drinking water obtained from their driven wells, and encouraged to get water for drinking purposes from the brick cisterns in the navy yard and from the hospital spring, which spring furnishes the only water free from vegetable organic matter I have ever seen obtained from the ground in that locality.

There was some improvement in the healthfulness of the villages during the year 1892, yet malarial diseases continued to prevail. The task of convincing the residents that the water which they had been drinking for years was dangerous and unfit for that purpose was not an easy one by any means; but the work was persevered in with the result that in 1893, there was a still greater improvement in the healthfulness of the villages. From that time onward the place grew more and more healthful each year, and from the year 1895 to the time of my departure thence, September 28, 1900, I do not remember to have heard of, or to have been called to a single case of malarial fever although nearly all of the medical work of the villages fell to my hands.

The most striking examples of the beneficial effect of the change of water, as well as the instances most clearly illustrating the correctness of the writer's views regarding the causation of malaria, occurred in large families—families which had not gone through a summer or autumn for years without having more or less malarial fever among the members, often two or three of them being sick at one time.

As to mosquitoes, I am free to confess that I do not know whether the anopheles species exist in that locality or not, or whether they existed during the time the locality was so notoriously malarious, and have since become exterminated through some unknown agency, but I do know that there are, and always have been, mosquitoes there galore, apparently all kinds, big and little, brown and gray, and that they exist the whole year round. There is only one house in the village provided with screen doors and windows, and a large majority of the inhabitants sleep without mosquito nets.

As to the experiments now going on in Italy, I do not think that a few months' trial will demonstrate anything, should the evidence remain negative, because experience has shown that in the malarious sections of the south new-comers usually remain exempt the first year of their residence and develop malaria during the second or third year.

In conclusion, I will say that my observations have thoroughly demonstrated to my mind that malarial fevers are mainly, if not entirely, due to drinking water contaminated with vegetable organic matter.—Dr. Richard Waggener, U. S. N., in the Medical Record.

Dry-Blowing for Gold in Australia.

After the alluvial has been well shaken up, so as to bring to the surface the large lumps, which the "prospector" examines and skims off, dry-blowing, in its most primitive form, consists of dropping the "dirt" from a height from one "dish" to another, the dust and finer particles being blown away, in falling four or five feet through the air, while the gold and coarser gravel are caught in a second "pan" set on the ground at the miner's feet. He stands so as to face at right angles to the wind, placing the lower "pan" on a piece of coarse canvas, so as to catch any fine gold blown to one side over the edge of the "pan."

The next stage is to toss the dirt up and down in the pan, holding the pan in a slanting position, away from the operator, and jerking it back, so as to throw the dirt from the front to the back of the dish, thus winnowing it still further. Then once more shaking the pan, with a vaning movement, he brings the lumps to the top and skims them off. When thus reduced to a small quantity of "fines," the auriferous residue is still further shaken down, like the contents of a dish, when panning it in water, and with the pan tilted forward, the miner raises it to his mouth and completes the process by blowing off the remaining light sand. After this process of concentration is finished the gold is seen fringing the edge of the iron-sand; any nuggets or pieces coarse enough to "spec" are picked out, and the "fine gold" is either washed out with water in the usual way or collected with the moistened end of the miner's thumb.—The Engineering Magazine.

Wane of Horsetail Docking.

Many a humane man will rejoice to hear that the docking of horses' tails is on the wane, and the day is not far off when the worst of stigmas—"out of fashion"—marks the unfortunate nag who carries that cruel sign of a degenerate age. It may be a while yet before the good news reaches the horse fancier; but, when it is understood that docking is "bad form," very probably some other absurdity will be invented to give "style" to the action of domestic animals. Everything is for show, first; then for the blood and breed. But let those who love them be thankful public opinion is working round to mercifulness in this matter of inflicting physical injury on the dumb horse.—Boston Herald.

London Bobbies.

The London policeman arrests on an average of seven persons per year; the Parisian twenty-nine.

When in gratitude bars the dart of injury, the wound has double danger in it.

PENNSYLVANIA NEWS.

The Latest Happenings Gleaned From All Over the State.

ENTOMBED MINERS KILLED BY GAS.

Bodies of Two Victims Recovered in the Bottom of a Heading in a Colliery Near Shamokin—Season of Success for the Pittsburgh Orchestra—Delaware Conference to Raise \$100,000—Young Soldier's Death.

After fifteen hours of the hardest work, every minute of which was full of peril, the party of rescuers, headed by Mine Inspector Edward Brennan and Inside Foreman Michael Readdy, succeeded in driving the deadly gas out of No. 13 breast in the Lykens valley slope at the Luke Fidler Colliery. At three o'clock a. m. the men reached the dead bodies of Anthony Markavick and Anthony Shuracavish, the miners who struck a feeder of gas, which caused a fall of coal by which they were entombed. The bodies were lying prostrate in the bottom of a heading, near No. 13 breast. They were untouched by any coal or rock. The men had evidently been overcome by gas while endeavoring to escape.

While Rev. Powell and Prof. Wm. A. Beers, prominent citizens of Dempseytown, were shooting wild ducks from a boat at Sugar Lake, their craft capsized, throwing them into the water. Neither of the men could swim, but they caught hold of the sides of the boat and held on until discovered by Warren McClelland, who is a man of powerful build and a skilled boatman. He reached them when they were about ready to let go their hold from exhaustion, and after a tremendous effort got them ashore.

Striking statistics are adduced by W. N. Frew, chairman of the orchestra committee of Carnegie Institute, to show that the season of the Pittsburgh Orchestra just closed has been remarkably successful. A deficit of but \$22,168.35 is reported and despite the fact that expenses increased \$5756.88 and that an individual subscription of \$1500 to the soloist fund was not renewed the individual liability of the guarantors has been reduced to \$316.70 from \$379.97, the assessment of the season before.

The will of Mrs. Sophia Brenz, late of Lansdowne, was placed on record in Media. She bequeaths \$5000 to the General Missionary Society of the German Baptist Church, if her eighty-acre farm in Edgmont Township shall bring \$500 per acre. If the farm does not bring this price, then she gives to the society one-fifth of its value. She also gives to the Newtown Baptist Church \$100 and to its former pastor, Rev. Jos. L. Sabeber, the same amount.

Four masked men entered the shops of the Keystone Agricultural Works, at Potstown, and after they had succeeded in overpowering Henry B. Clay, the night watchman, and binding his hands and feet they blew open the office safe. The safe did not contain much of value except the account and order books, which they left undisturbed. The robbers then rifled the pockets of Mr. Clay and secured \$3.

Portraits of members of several prominent Quaker families of West Chester appeared this week in a fashion journal, they being used to illustrate an article on the Quakers. All the portraits represent young women arrayed in the gowns, bonnets and shawls of their grandmothers. The appearance of the pictures caused consternation among the young women and they are at a loss to explain how their features came to adorn the journal.

Wearied with repeated strokes of paralysis, Benjamin M. Worthington committed suicide at his home, in Hulmeville, by shooting himself in the head with a revolver. He died an hour or so after the tragedy. Worthington was about 60 years of age, and at one time was proprietor of the Hulmeville Hotel.

J. Frank Condon, for the past twenty years official court reporter for Blair and Cambria counties, committed suicide in his office in Altoona by blowing out his brains. His body was not found until today. On his desk was a telegram addressed to his son in Johnstown, saying, "Father is dead; come." Sealed letters to friends were also found in his desk. Mr. Condon had been in poor health for a long time. He was 47 years of age.

The Delaware Union American Methodist Episcopal Conference, at their session in Chester, adopted the Twentieth Century Thank Offering plan to raise \$100,000, to be divided as follows: Fifty thousand dollars for the present indebtedness of churches, \$40,000 for industrial schools, and \$20,000 to be used by the publication department.

The recent purchase of the Lake Superior ore mines by the United States Steel Corporation has brought unexpected wealth to many Shanor people, among whom is Hon. Alexander McDowell, clerk of the lower house of Congress. Mr. McDowell cleared up \$200,000 in the deal.

A special train from Bethlehem struck a handcar containing the section gang between Souderton and Hatfield, killing Harry Dettweiler, a laborer. Two others named Moriet and Ziegler were slightly injured. There is a sharp curve where the train struck the car which prevented the section men from seeing the approaching train.

Ira A. Danner, who, although but 21 years old, has served two enlistments in the United States Army, died at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. W. Danner, of Allentown. His death was due to injuries sustained in the service.

Rev. S. Nicholas, pastor of the primitive Methodist Church at Girardville, has resigned to accept a call from the Primitive Methodist Church at Philadelphia. He will be succeeded by Rev. S. Cooper, of Mount Carmel.

A wing will be erected to the Allentown Hospital. It will cost \$35,000 and the expense will be borne by a citizen of Allentown whose name is withheld. The new addition will be devoted to surgical cases.

By the will of the late Dr. John Grove, of Philadelphia, \$5000 is bequeathed to the Church of God, at Maytown. Dr. Grove was a native of Maytown.

While at work on the Coleman saw mill near Summerville, George Beck was caught in the machinery and squeezed to death.

COMMERCIAL REVIEW.

General Trade Conditions.

New York (Special).—R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review of trade says: "Business continues very brisk for the season in the face of some drawbacks which at times might cause marked restriction."

"Bank clearings, however, show that, while speculation has been heavy, there must have been a well sustained volume of legitimate business, for the gains are 14.1 per cent. over 1900, and 18.9 per cent. over 1899, outside New York, and 10.3 per cent. over 1900 and 8.4 over 1899 at this city. Railroad earnings make similarly encouraging gains.

"Much unfavorable comment has appeared regarding the advance in steel rails to \$20. Yet the change is only in keeping with recent increases in prices of pig iron and billets.

"After a prolonged period of waiting for definite crop news the cereal markets suddenly awoke to unusual activity. Much of the increased trading and sharp advance in prices resulted from clever manipulation by a single Western speculator, who compelled the short contingent to cover. May corn contracts at the highest prices of the season. Wheat has risen sharply, partly in sympathy with corn, but there was bad news regarding the German crop, and some damage occurred at the West.

"Wool is fairly steady, and this is the best that can be said. Cotton responds slowly to indications of damage on plantations, for the old crop comes into sight freely, and heavy losses in British exports of goods and yarns do not promise a vigorous foreign demand for raw material.

"Failures for the week numbered 14 in the United States, against 204 last year, and 26 in Canada, against 22 last year."

Shoe Industry Booming.
Boston, Mass.—The boom in the England industries continues and imports from the factory centres tell of a state of universal business activity. No line seems to be in a more prosperous state than the shoe industry. From Brockton comes especially encouraging reports. W. L. Douglas is going to increase the capacity of his factory to 6000 pairs of shoes per day.

The addition will be made in the form of a wing running out from the front of the factory 100 feet deep, 40 feet wide and four stories high. This will add 16,000 square feet of space for manufacturing purposes.

About \$4000 more per week will be paid out to shoemakers, which will increase the prosperity of the community at large.

The salesmen on the road are selling twenty-five per cent. more goods than last season, and to take care of this increased business the erection of the addition is made necessary. The increased sale is the direct result of extensive advertising, the expenditure for which is now larger than at any other period, and is to be still further increased.

LATEST QUOTATIONS.
Baltimore.

Flour—Baltimore Best Patent... 4.75
High Grade Extra... 4.25
Cornmeal, per 100 pounds... 1.10-1.20
Hominy, per bbl... 2.60-2.70
Hominy Grits, per bbl... 2.60-2.70
Wheat—No. 2 red, 78½¢; steamer No. 2 red, 78¢; sample lots, 72-80½¢.
Western elevator firm; May 79½¢.
port elevator 59-60¢ on track uptown.

Oats—White, No. 2, 33-33½¢; white, No. 3, 32-32½¢; white, No. 4, 31-31½¢; white, ungraded, 31-31½¢; mixed, No. 2, 31-31½¢.

Rye—No. 2 rye, in car lots, 57¢; No. 3 rye, 55¢; No. 2 Western rye, 58¢; export elevator and 59-60¢ on track uptown.

Mill Feed—\$20.00 per ton; medium, do, \$19.50.

Hay—No. 1 timothy, \$17.50; No. 2 mixed, \$15.00-16.00; No. 1 clover, mixed, \$15.00-16.00; No. 2 clover, mixed, \$13.00-14.00; No. 1 clover \$13.50-14.00; No. 2 clover, \$12.00-13.00.

Green Fruits and Vegetables.—Onions, per bushel, \$1.40. Cabbage, Danforth, per ton, \$15.00-16.00; do, new Florida, per crate, \$2.25-2.50; do, Charleston, per crate, \$2.35-2.65. Celery, Florida, per crate, \$1.50-2.00. Apples, per bbl., \$1.50-1.75. Oranges, \$2.50-3.50.

Potatoes.—White, Maryland and Pennsylvania primes, per bushel, 48-50¢; do, New York, primes, per bushel, 50-52¢; do, Michigan and Ohio, per bushel, 48-50¢; do, new, Bermuda, per bbl., No. 1, \$5.00-6.00; do, No. 2, \$4.00-5.00; do, new Florida, per bbl., No. 1, \$6.00-7.00; No. 2, \$4.00-5.00. Sweets, Eastern Shore Virginia, kiln dried, per ton, \$17.50-20.00.

Live Poultry.—Hens, 10½¢; old roosters, each, 20-30¢; young chickens, 11-12¢; winter do, 2 lbs and under, 17-22¢; spring, 1 to 1½ lbs, 24-26¢. Ducks 8-10¢; Geese, 10-12¢; 20-25¢.

Dressed Poultry.—Capon, choice large, 14-18¢.

Butter.—The market is steady. We quote: Creamery separator, 22-25¢; Creamery Gathered, Cream, 18-19¢; Creamery Imitation, 17-18¢.

Eggs.—Fresh laid eggs, 13½¢.

Dressed Hogs.—Choice Western Maryland and Pennsylvania lightweights, per lb, 7-7½¢; Southern Maryland and Virginia, per lb, 6-6½¢.

Calves.—Strictly nice veal, per lb, 5-5½¢.

Lambs and Sheep.—Spring lambs choice, 8-9¢ per lb; poor, small stock, 5¢ per lb.

Philadelphia.
Philadelphia, Pa.—Wheat ½¢ higher; contract grade, rail, 79-80½¢. Corn steady; No. 2 mixed, April, 49½-50¢. Oats firm; No. 2 white clipped, 33½¢. Butter firm, good demand; fancy Western creamery, 21¢; do prints, 22¢; do nearby prints, 23¢. Eggs steady; fresh nearby, 13½¢; do Western, 14¢; do Southwestern, 13½¢; do Southern, 13¢. Cheese quiet; New York full cream, fancy small, 11-12¢.

Live Stock.
Chicago, Ill.—Cattle—Receipts, 9000 head; choice steers firm; others about steady; butchers' stock, steady; good to prime steers, \$5.00-6.00; poor to medium, \$3.00-4.95. Hogs—Receipts 20,000 head; top, \$6.12½; mixed and butchers, \$5.75-6.05.

East Liberty, Pa.—Cattle steady; extra \$5.00-5.75; prime \$5.25-5.50. Hogs—Best mediums and heavy Yorkers \$6.15; light Yorkers, \$6.05-6.10. Sheep—Best wethers \$4.40-4.60. Veal calves \$5.00-6.00.