

BREAKING THE ICE.
We had some offish neighbors once that moved in down the road. We reckoned they was 'bout the proudest folks we'd ever knowed. An' when we passed 'em now an' then we held our heads up high To make dead sure they couldn't snub us if they was to try. It really made me nervous, so I jeb-braced up one day An' thought I'd go ahead an' show my manners anyway. On Sunday, 'stid o' turning round an' gazing at the view, I looked at them an' says, "Hello!" An' they says, "Howdy do!" It wa'n't the cold an' formal greetin' that you've sometimes heard; They smiled an' said it hearty, like they meant it every word. It's solemn to reflect on what we miss along life's way By not jes' being natural an' good humored day by day. There's lots of folks who fling the simple joys of life aside. Because they dread the shadow of their own unconscious pride. And nine times out o' ten you'll find the rule works right and true— Jes' tell the world "Hello!" and it'll answer "Howdy do!" —Washington Star.

The Mystery of an Old Hat

Vincent Manning was sitting alone in his parlor nursing a sprained ankle. His young wife had been gone a week for the first "vacation" of their two years of married life. Moping alone in the empty house for four days was beginning to try his nerves so that he was almost tempted to let Mrs. Manning know, even at the cost of suddenly spoiling her holiday, that he had suffered an awkward fall two days after she had started for New York. The house girl, who was a treasure, had gone with her mistress and the baby. Being a stranger in town, he had few calls— in the evening and none at all during the day except for the waiter who came with his meals from the hotel around the corner. Having read everything in sight, played solitaire for an hour and tried everything he knew on the piano, he pulled out his watch and saw that there was yet four hours of daylight before him. He was reaching for his crutch with the sudden determination to telephone for a carriage and have a drive in the park, when he saw Geoffrey Fairchild, one of his oldtime friends, starting at the house numbers. Manning tapped on the window with the tip of his crutch and hailed him. "Oh, Jeff! Come in, old man. Where on earth did you drop from?"

The visitor was in the hall before Manning could reach the door to greet him, and they shook hands and laughed like genuine men who are glad. "You're a whole life-saving station, that's what you are, Jeff!" said Manning, gloating over his friend. "You've got to send for your baggage and keep bachelor's hall with me till Maud's come home—yes, she's gone down to her mother's with the baby—where'd you ever see that baby, Jeff—where did you say you'd been? Texas? Do you realize, Jeff, that this only the second time you've been in our house since we were married?"

"Yes, I know, Vince, but I've been terribly rushed," laughed Fairchild, "settling down for a chat, I don't even write to my mother, fact! No, I have no sweethearts—at least none that I know of."

And they chatted just as fast and as a couple of women till the waiter came for the dinner order. Manning insisted that his friend could stay; that he could have his luggage sent up afterward, and that it would be a sheer crime to go away and leave him alone like a sick man in solitary confinement. And so it was arranged. While Fairchild was at the telephone, Manning was choosing a dinner for two and explaining to the waiter, who didn't seem to understand, that thereafter, until otherwise instructed, he must bring food and service for two instead of one.

"We'll get through with this by Saturday," Manning exclaimed, when he came in. "Maggie, our revered domestic, will be back. She's a good cook, and we'll tax her talent and her patience to the limit, eh, Jeff?" Geoffrey Fairchild had been a classmate of Manning, and they had maintained a close and untroubled comradeship till Vincent married Maud Cutcliffe. Some said that Manning had vanquished a rival in Geoffrey, but at any rate the wedding was not so intolerable to the loser as to prevent him from appearing as the most blythe and happy of the groomsmen. He kept up his visits, too, as long as the Mannings remained in their New York hotel, but when they moved west, he had called but once and written not at all. If Manning had any suspicions of a lurking disappointment in his friend's heart, he was soon pleasantly undeceived, for Geoffrey had never seemed so rollickingly happy as now. He had been in the oil regions of Texas for a month or more and was on his way homeward, he said. He had come purposely to spend a few days with Vincent and the wife to see the son and heir. He asked a dozen questions about the child, laughed at the paternal yarns about its precocity as no man can laugh but a staunch friend, and made himself so gayly at home that it was 2 o'clock in the morning when Manning bade him good night at the door of his room.

It was 7 * * * when the waiter came for the breakfast order, and when

it was given Manning saw that his friend was not yet stirring, and went back to bed with a parting emphasis upon the dull ears of the waiter that he wanted breakfast served at ten o'clock. At that hour the bell woke him again; he hobbled down, let in the commissary, and went back to rouse Geoffrey. He rapped on the door but got no answer. Then he went into the darkened room, let up the shades and saw that the bed was not only empty but that it had been unoccupied during the night. He searched the rooms and the closets before he went downstairs, but there was no sign of either Fairchild or his baggage. On the hall rack, however, he found Geoffrey's hat hanging just where it was placed the afternoon before. This set him to thinking that perhaps his friend was loitering about, but a half hour's search yielded no further trace of the vanished guest. The waiter was gone. There was no help for it but to continue his explorations of the house alone. It was nearly noon before he began to feel faint for want of his breakfast. He ate it, puzzled, worried and waited, but no Fairchild appeared. The next morning his mail brought him a letter from Geoffrey. It was dated Beaumont and said that the writer was just starting for Chicago and would "drop in." The date line and post mark both showed that the letter had been written only the day before Geoffrey had come, and how he had managed to beat the fast mail from Texas was almost as puzzling as his extraordinary behavior after arriving. Manning suspected that Fairchild had put up some sort of a trick on him, but turn and twist the thing as he might he couldn't guess where the laugh was to come in if it was a joke. While he was finishing his coffee a telegram came which set Vincent's heart to beating uneasily about his absent wife and boy; but it, too, proved to be from Fairchild, dated Texarkana, thus: "Delayed here two days. Will see you Saturday night sure, Jeff."

On Saturday night Manning was so curious to find out what sort of a plot his friend had been putting upon him that he went in a carriage to meet the train. He was at the gate a half hour too soon, but when the train did groan in, Geoffrey wasn't two minutes in finding him. Manning was put upon his guard at once by Fairchild's too enthusiastic greeting. "But what do you mean by stealing out of the house in the night like that?" asked Manning. "Stealing out of what house?" gaped Geoffrey. Manning looked at him a moment, but Fairchild carried the joke bravely without a twitch of eye or lip except what denoted surprise, and Vincent could only shake his head and say: "Oh, all right, Jeff. Have your blamed jokes if you will, but by George, you scared me. I thought something had gone wrong." Fairchild laughed a little foolishly as they went slowly to the carriage, but Manning changed the subject with an outspoken resolve to be on guard against Geoffrey's "funny" climax, whatever it might prove to be. When they arrived at Manning's house Maggie was there to greet them. "But where is Maud?" said Geoffrey, looking around. "Ah, drop that joke of yours," said Manning, half annoyed. "I told you all about that the other day when you were here."

"You know I wasn't here, Manning," said Fairchild, dropping the familiar Vince so markedly that Manning saw it was not a joke after all. They explained, argued, almost quarreled. Fairchild insisted that he had not been near the house for a year, and that, if Manning was in earnest, he had either dreamed or imagined the inexplicable visit. Vincent insisted that he did not dream in the daytime, that he used no alcoholic drinks or drugs, and then—then he thought of the hat. He rushed to the hall, and sure enough, there it hung beside the others.

"Isn't that your hat?" he asked in sneering triumph. "It has your initials in it, hasn't it? Or am I dreaming again?" Fairchild took it, smiled and looked serious. "Yes, it's an old hat of mine, I suppose, but how—"

Here Maggie who had paused to overhear the odd debate, said: "Please, sorr, if you'll excuse me, I found that hat in a closet before I went away last week. I didn't know whose 'twas, an' so I just hung it there."

"I left it here last summer," Fairchild said, hesitating, but sure. And they never did unravel the mystery.—John H. Rafferty, in the Chicago Record Herald.

JEPT TWENTY YEARS.
Woman Wakes From Long Trance to Die
A London Express correspondent wrote recently from St. Quentin, France: Marguerite Boyenval, "the sleeping woman of Thenolles," died this morning after remaining in a trance for 20 years. On May 21, 1883, she was thrown into a cataleptic sleep through fear of a visit from the police, and it was found impossible to arouse her. Dr. Charlier, who attended the case, informed me that he succeeded in causing sensibility in his patient by giving subcutaneous injections of sulphate of atropine. The feet were first affected and gradually the whole body as far as the neck, after which he could make no further progress and ceased his treatment. The corpse-like rigidity immediately

returned. The arms remained stretched out in any position in which they were placed. The doctor is of opinion that the woman was never conscious of what was going on around her, but Professor Voisin, of the Salpetriere, thought that at times she heard vaguely what was being said to her. Throughout the whole 20 years' sleep her respiration remained perfectly normal though her temperature was a little above the ordinary.

About five months ago the doctors saw signs of returning consciousness, and renewed their efforts to revive her. For the first time yesterday she opened her eyes and remarked, "You are pinching me." She did not seem to distinctly recognize the members of her family on awakening, but was able to answer "Yes" and "No" to questions that were put to her. She took her mother to be her sister, and mentioned her grandmother who died 15 years ago. Her memory went back to the time when she worked in a sugar factory in the village. When she fell asleep she was 22 years of age. During the whole of the time since then she had been artificially fed. She began, however, to show signs of consumption and wasted away to a skeleton. Doctors from all parts of the world visited Thenolles to see the sleeper, and the case was declared to be absolutely without precedent in medical science.

COLLEGE GOWNS.
How Degree of Scholarship of Weavers May be Known.
At most college functions, and particularly so during commencement festivities, the academic cap and gown are in constant evidence. Undergraduates and newly fledged bachelors, proud of their right to the distinctive garb; visiting alumni, glad thus to link arms once again with a vanished past; the august faculty body and those of the official guests whose scholastic attainments entitle them to the privilege, all don the flowing robe and top it with the quaint and tasseled mortar-board.

Some persons may call this peculiar attire a piece of antiquated dummery, but even they admit, says the New York Times, that the sombre robes, relieved here and there by the brilliance of the hood linings and of the many-hued velvet facings, lend beauty as well as dignity to the assemblage gathered upon the platform.

The casual glance notes little if any difference in the appearance of the various gowns, but the initiated eye can tell instantly not only the exact degree of scholarship attained by the wearer, but also the faculty of learning that awarded it and the university where it was obtained. There are other distinguishing points, but the main ones may be summed up as follows:

Matriculation at the college entitles the student to wear a gown and a mortar-board of black woolen material, usually serge. When he wins his bachelor's degree he may attach a hood three feet long to his gown, made of the same woolen material and lined with the colors of his alma mater. When the bachelor attains the master's degree or the doctorate he is entitled to wear a silken gown and hood, the latter four feet long. The doctorate entitles him also to wear a panel, outlined with his college colors, beneath his hood, and to exchange the black tassel on his mortar-board for one of gold.

Even the sleeve changes with the value of the degree. The open, pointed sleeve of the bachelor's gown is closed for the master, and the doctor wears a round one, trimmed with bars of velvet.

The doctor's degree being the highest in the gift of a university, his attire is the most distinguished in appearance. He may, if he choose, adorn his gown with velvet facings, black or of the color that indicates the special faculty which recommended him for the degree. White stands for the school of arts and letters; blue for philosophy, scarlet for theology; purple for law; yellow for science, and green for medicine.

Understanding these distinctions, the visitor at a college function, watching the long procession of notables file to their places upon the platform can recognize at a glance the degree attained by each, the faculty that recommended him for it and the university that conferred it. Occasionally he may err in the last point, for a man officially connected with a college courteously displays its colors in his hood instead of those of his own alma mater.

Revolving Fans.
I noticed something new in electric fans yesterday, and it struck me as of sufficient novelty to mention here. You know that heretofore the wind-making contrivance has occupied a fixed position, with the current always propelled in one direction. Now this has been improved upon, with a sort of rudder attachment projecting from the fan in front. The fan itself is on a pivot. As the current strikes the rudder it causes the whole thing to revolve slowly, thus distributing the air current in all directions with each revolution. As all-round wind jammers, however, I know some fellows who would talk a revolving fan back the way it came, but perhaps I had better not go into that.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

The poetic nature of the patient Servian is shown by the wiping out of King Alexander on the anniversary of the removal, in a similar manner, of his grandfather, King Michael.

The Criminal Law is Just and Sure.

The Law Has Changed but Little in Hundreds of Years — "Almost Impossible That an Innocent Man Could be Convicted."

By Rufus B. Cowing,
Judge of the Court of General Sessions, New York County.

THE definition of crime and the prosecution thereof in the courts of today is really based upon common law, or "that wherof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary."

The same definitions of crime that have been handed down for hundreds of years are in use today. The law has changed but little. What is practiced now is virtually codified common law. In spite of its great age, the law of today meets the requirements of justice just as it has in many years past, and there is very little amendment necessary, except in the way of detail and application.

Of course, many things have been accompanied in the practice of the law to simplify and expedite the trial of cases.

For example, the pleadings in criminal cases are so simple that I think I can say they have reached a state of absolute perfection. The manner of selecting juries, the conduct of trial by jury and the rules of evidence have changed and are still changing, but these matters of detail all trend toward two objective points—expedition and the more perfect administration of the law.

Illustrative of the despatch with which a man may be brought to trial in the criminal branch of the judiciary, I will say that under the present methods of procedure now in force there is no case that cannot be presented to the court within the two days' statutory limitation.

I will go even beyond that, I will say that my twenty-five years of experience on the bench lead me to the belief that the courts of today for the trial and punishment of crime are as perfect as any human institutions can possibly be made.

Substantial justice is done in all cases. The failure to convict, in the main, results from the absence of witnesses by death or otherwise. This is the only danger in the way of securing just trials and it is not within the control or jurisdiction of the court and cannot be reached by rules or human devices.

Convictions are the rule in all just cases, and at the same time the law has thrown so many safeguards around the criminal that it would seem almost impossible that an innocent man could be convicted.

I am of the opinion that the law and practice of the present day insure every man accused of crime a fair and impartial trial. He is brought to the bar with reasonable expedition, and I can offer no suggestions that would improve the existing conditions, which I consider admirable.

The Great American Laugh.

By the Editor of the Denver Post.

God's greatest gift to man was the laugh. Without it the human race would have wept itself to death or exterminated itself long ago. Pathos is beautiful. Tragedy is absorbing. But both pathos and tragedy are instantly routed by the laugh.

Laughter has sunshine in it. It is warm. Learned men have searched for the secret of life. What is it but good humor? That's the secret of life being worth living.

What sunshine is to earth good humor is to man. Take the smile and the laugh away and it would be the end of man.

Men can't fight while they enjoy a joke. Death himself recoils from the laugh. The man in a good humor has an enormous advantage over the man who is angry. Anger is dark. Bitterness is filled with shadow. Intolerance is grim and black. Prejudice is blind.

Good humor—with the smile and the laugh—is sunshine in which objects are plain and distortion disappears and wherein phantoms become nothing.

One reason for America's greatness is that above all it is a nation that laughs. There have been gay peoples and frivolous nations, but gayety and frivolity are strangely akin to melancholy. That gay Germany whose national happiness is expressed in song is clouded by melancholy. Sadness pervades the temperament of Germany.

And frivolous France, how tragic she becomes—how desperately tragic! The great American laugh is another thing. Investigate the American national laugh, and there's a sound, practical something behind it. It is never a forced laugh. It is healthy, vigorous, spontaneous.

Empires and powers have crumbled and gone to pieces in solemn seriousness and gloomy grandeur, while Uncle Sam, with a joke on his lips, forges ahead.

Acrimonious Humors.

ONE of Scott's novels one of the characters depicted is that of an irascible old man who, because things went contrariwise worked himself up to such a pitch of irritation that he made himself perfectly intolerable to all about him, "until finally," says the novelist, "his acrimonious humors settled into a hissing hot fit of the gout." In hot weather especially it is a great advantage to "keep cool," mentally as well as physically. Heat undoubtedly begets irritability and want of self-control. It is a well known fact that sulid mania and insanity increase with a hot wave, and subsides when there is a pleasant change of temperature, while every one is aware how much more apt even the mildest person is to "snap" when the thermometer is in the nineties. At such times, it is said, mental irritation has a direct influence on the health, and that the "acrimonious humors" are not imaginary figure of speech, but actual secretions which may affect the general system. Many men have in summer an easier time than their wives. They go to their cool offices, where the routine of business is rarely disturbed, and although it goes without saying, that they have much to worry them, and many anxieties to endure, these are not of a nature to cause irritability, inasmuch as their very magnitude and importance render calm reasoning a necessity. If the pin pricks of life that excite the temper and get on one's nerves, so to speak—the contact with uneducated, unreasoning creatures that the generality of women are obliged to endure daily in managing their servants, the fretfulness and exactions of small children. All these little tribulations are without doubt very trying to the temper, but the only known panacea for such evils is calm endurance, and, although the "acrimonious humors" cannot remove the cause, it will greatly lessen its effect.

Hints for Camping.

By Dan Beard.

MAKE bags with draw strings for everything you need. Have them of different materials—bleed silk for your tooth-brush, cotton flannel for your fish rosin and chintz of different colors for comb and brush. By hooks and other articles.

Use waterproof canvas clothing and provisions bags instead of trunks. You can get them for from 75 cents to \$1.50 apiece with a dollar extra for a lock if you want one. They have double tops and edges strongly bound with linen braid, and vary in size from two feet by nine inches to three feet by eighteen inches.

Let each member of the party have a good jack-knife, a pocket compass, a rubber drinking cup and a waterproof matchbox, made of two ammunition shells of different sizes, fitting snugly over each other.

Take a small bag of wire nails, several waterproof canvas palls, an axe weighing at least three pounds, some lanterns, preferably of the folding aluminum kind, in bags; a small leather medicine case, with screw-top bottles of simple medicines, coast plaster, surgical plaster, etc., and a bag of needles, thread, common pins and safety pins. If there are ladies along, don't forget a lot of hairpins.

Wear old soft felt or cloth hats—not straw. Have woolen clothes, with khaki for hot weather, avoid corjuro, and in the woods wear long trousers, with a slit at the bottom to allow them to button tight around the ankles. Leave knickerbockers for the golf grounds or other bugless or thornless resorts.

Don't rely too much on your guns and rods for a living—take plenty of provisions.

Wireless Telegraphy in Forests.
M. Maiche, a French inventor, has made some experiments with wireless telegraphy in the forests of St. Germain. The transmitter was placed on the top of a house, but connected to the ground in the manner of a lightning rod. A thousand yards distant two iron poles 90 feet apart were connected together by wire, and had a telephone receiver in circuit. Sounds from the transmitter were plainly heard in it. Receivers off the line of transmission do not catch the message.

A British parliamentary paper shows that as usual, nearly 20,000

more boys than girls were born in the British Isles last year. When, then, the "superfluous woman?" The boy dies, during the first weeks and months of life, at a far greater rate than the supposed "weaker vessels." In a few months they have sunk to an equality and soon woman takes the lead, numerically, and keeps it, numerically. The reason is not unconnected with the larger size of the baby boy's head, for which he either pays the penalty very early or reaps the reward—if woman will forgive the hint—later.

The State of New Hampshire gets more than \$5,000,000 each season from summer boarders.

COMMERCIAL REVIEW.

General Trade Conditions.

Bradstreet's says: "Warm, forcing weather has been the keynote of the situation this week, including favorable conditions for the winter wheat harvest, splendid progress by corn and cotton, engagement in retail trade in summer goods, generally heretofore backward, and what is most important of all, bringing about a much more cheerful feeling as to the future outlook for business generally."

"Additional reports as to six months' trade are quite favorable, despite earlier unfavorable conditions."

"Business failures in the United States for the week ended with July 2 numbered 162, against 171 last week, 138 in the like week of 1903, 145 in 1901, 146 in 1900, and 136 in 1899. Canada failures not reported."

"Wheat, including flour, exports for the week ended July 2 aggregate 2,665,682 bushels, against 3,518,152 last week, 3,211,215 this week last year, and 3,787,639 in 1901. Wheat exports for the cereal year ended June 30 aggregate 224,084,801 bushels, against 251,879,565 last season and 218,995,363 in 1901. Corn exports aggregate 1,422,172 bushels, against 1,285,724 last week, 1,279,699 a year ago, and 2,240,933 in 1901. For the cereal year exports are 66,800,864 bushels, against 26,450,882 last season and 177,325,343 in 1901."

LATEST MARKET QUOTATIONS.

Flour—Spring clear, \$3.35@50; best Patent, \$4.80; choice Family, \$4.05. Wheat—New York No. 2, 82½¢; Philadelphia No. 2, 78¼¢@84¢; Baltimore No. 2, 79¢. Corn—New York No. 2, 58¢; Philadelphia No. 2, 55½¢@56¢; Baltimore No. 2, 53¢. Oats—New York No. 2, 42½¢; Philadelphia No. 2, 47¢; Baltimore No. 2, 42¼¢.

Hay—We quote: No. 1 timothy, large bales, \$21.50@22.00; do do, small bales, \$21.50@22.00; No. 2 timothy, \$20.00@21.00; No. 1 timothy, \$16.00@19.00; No. 1 clover mixed \$18.00@19.00; No. 2 clover mixed \$15.00@17.00; No. 1 clover \$14.00@15.00; No. 2 clover \$11.50@12.50; no-grade hay (unsound, musty, stained, etc.) \$7.00@10.00.

Green Fruits and Vegetables.—We quote: Apples—Maryland and Virginia, per brl, fancy, \$1.50@2.00; do, fair to good, \$1.00@1.25; do, common, small, 50¢@75¢; do, per bushel box, 35¢@50¢. Asparagus—Maryland and Virginia per dozen, wild, \$1.00@1.25. Beets—Native, per bunch 2@2½¢; do, Norfolk per bunch 1½¢@2¢; do, Rappahannock, per brl, \$1.00@1.25. Blackberries—Eastern Shore, per quart, cultivated, 4¢@5¢; do, wild, 3¢@4¢; do, Rappahannock, per bucket @30¢; do, Eastern Shore, per bucket 30¢@32¢. Cabbage—Norfolk, per brl \$1.75@2.00; do, York river, per crate \$1.75@2.00; do, Eastern Shore Virginia, per brl \$1.75@2.00; do, native, per 100, Wakefield, \$3.00@4.00; do, do, per 100, Flat-tutch, \$4.00@5.00. Cantaloupes—Florida, per crate \$1.00@1.75. Cherries—Maryland and Virginia, per box, as to size \$1.00@3.00; do, per half-bushel basket \$1.00@1.25; do, common, per bucket 50¢@60¢. Cucumbers—Norfolk, per half-barrel basket \$1.50@2.00; do, per full barrel, \$4.00@4.50; do, Anne Arundel, per basket 65¢@75¢. Currants per lb, 5¢@6¢. Eggplants—Florida, per box \$1.50@2.00. Green peas—Anne Arundel, per measured bushel \$1.00@1.25. Gooseberries—Maryland and Virginia, per lb, green 6½¢@7¢; do, ripe, 5¢@6¢. Huckleberries—South, per quart 8¢@10¢; do, Maryland and Virginia, per bucket 50¢@50¢. Lettuce—Native, per bushel box 20¢@30¢. Onions—Rappahannock, per half-barrel basket 60¢@65¢; do, per barrel \$1.50@1.75; do, Bermuda, per crate \$1.50@1.60. Peaches—Florida, per carrier \$1.50@2.25; do, Georgia, per carrier \$1.50@2.25. Pineapples—Florida, per crate, as to size, \$1.75@2.50. Radishes—Native, red, per 100 60¢@75¢; do, white, per 100 90¢@1.00. Raspberries—Eastern Shore, red, per pint 4¢@5¢; do, per quart 8¢@9¢; do, black, per quart 8¢@9¢. Rhubarb—Native, per bunch 10¢@15¢. Spring onions, per 100 bunches 70¢@75¢. Squash—Charleston per basket 50¢@75¢; do, Anne Arundel, per basket 40¢@50¢. String beans—Norfolk, round, green, 5¢@7¢; do, flat wax, per basket 70¢@80¢; do, Anne Arundel, per bu, green, 65¢@70¢; do, wax 80¢@90¢. Tomatoes—Florida, per carrier, fancy, \$1.50@1.75; do, fair to good, \$1.00@1.25; do, Mississippi, per crate 80¢@90¢; do, Potomac, per two-basket carrier \$1.00@1.50; do, per six-basket carrier 50¢@75¢; do, Norfolk, per carrier 75¢@1.00. Watermelons—Florida, per 100 \$15.00@25.00.

Live Stock.

Chicago. — Cattle — Receipts 9000 head; market dull 10¢ lower; good to prime steers \$4.90@5.40; poor to medium \$4.00@4.80; stockers and feeders \$2.75@4.00; cows and heifers, \$1.50@4.75; canners, \$1.50@2.75; bulls, \$2.25@4.20; calves, \$2.50@6.00; Texas steers, \$1.50@4.40. Hogs—Receipts today 18,000 head; tomorrow 15,000; left over 5000; market opened steady to 5¢ higher; closed 5 to 10¢ lower; mixed and butchers, \$5.70@5.95; good 1 choice heavy, 1.75@5.85; rough heavy, \$5.50@5.75; light, \$5.70@6.00; bulk of sales, \$5.70@5.90. Sheep—Receipts 11,000 head; sheep to 15¢ lower; lambs choice, firm; others weak; good to choice wethers, 3.75@4.40; fair to choice mixed, \$3.00@3.75; native lambs \$4.00@6.70. East Liberty, Pa.—Cattle steady—choice \$5.40@5.50; prime \$5.15@5.35; good \$4.85@5.00. Hogs active; prime heavy \$6.00@6.65; medium \$5.30@6.35; heavy Yorkers \$6.15@6.40; light, 4¢@6.40@6.50; pigs \$6.50@6.60; ro-g-rs \$4.00@5.50. Sheep steady; best wethers \$4.15@4.25; culls and common \$3.50@3.75; yearlings \$3.00@3.50; veal calves \$7.00@7.25.

THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

When the Mississippi river is at flood one can drink fresh water from the Gulf ten miles from the river's mouth. In Utah there are large deposits of radio-active uranium ores and compounds that are about to be mined. Analysis shows that they will yield 50 cent grains of radium to the ton of ore. Cuba is still exempt from yellow fever and smallpox owing to the excellent sanitary administration of the island while under the control of the United States by Governor Wood and his associates.