OUT ON THE ROAD.

By Cy Warman.

"TOOTOOT!"

It was a black night.

The porter, in response to the push bell, had just came back with the cigars, and at the sound of the two short blasts of the whistle he shot a scared look at his master. Mine host, the general man-looked the man in the eye for a ut, and then, as the speed of the did not slacken, said curtly, wav-im away: "Bridge watchman!" moment later our train sucked gh a deep cut, roared across a bridge and swept up the slope to est.

otice how that porter shied when ngineer answered the watchman's asked the manager.

e had an experience, years ago, train robbers, and this porter over been able to live it down. I on the Hannibal and St. Joe at ime," he went on, dividing his es between me, his cigar and the recorder over the back window. pressed the button again and the responded instantly. The man-moved his thumb slightly and orter pulled the blinds.

veracity of the speed recorder been questioned, and we had holding our watches on it be-stations, but I now lost all in-in the speed of the train or the ility of the indicator.

en one of these interesting sol-of the rail who has begun the as water boy and who ends as dent of the road he has helped ade becomes reminiscent I al-listen, for he has lived volumes illing stories.

t on the road the general man-delights to forget the busy grind office, to watch the blue rings e he smokes, to think, and (if he ust you) talk over the exciting nts of the past.

his thing happened on a Sun-vening," resumed the manager, the porter had teetered softly the side aisle that led to the end of the car. "About eight k I heard a sharp rap, rap on ont door. I knew that the ser-and just gone out, so I stepped wer the knock. As I reached e handle the rap, rap was re-I with added earnestness. I was ed, for I had gone to some ex-to have a system of bells put in ouse, rather a rare thing in St. t that time; but now to my ment the knob turned, the door d slightly and a man dodged in. xcuse me, Mr. Blank,' said he; t to get in out of the glare of reet lamp, and I was not sure my one heard—pull that shade, he said parenthetically.

ow,' thought I, 'here's an inno-rt of crank,' so I pulled the on the parlor window. Still itor appeared uneasy.

oald you mind stepping into a little further back?' he asked, tly.

ertainly,' said I. 'Come right ay.'

wife was in the sitting room e children, and not wishing to them I led my visitor into the room where the gas was still g low.

I turned on the light my visitor back into the hall.

ull that shade,' he said, and I had drawn the blinds he d into the well-lighted room.

a moment he waited, as one listening for expected foot-

ently he looked me full in the d said, frankly: 'I'm a rob-

es?'

es, I'm a robber. We are going Roy's Branch to hold up No. 3 t. We went out last Friday but we mistook No. 3 for 17. een was late that night. When discovered our mistake it was , in fact the engine had al-passed us before we realized was not the freight.'

those days," explained the manager, "and for years , we were constantly being out against fake robbers. We learn that a certain train was old up at a certain time and We would arrange to have de-on the train, post the engineer, nearly every case it would be a false alarm. Plenty of s there had been on other but on the Hannibal and St. ne."

how do you account for that?" my interest veering for the

said the manager, with a wave of his hand, as though tter were scarcely worth ex-, 'Mrs. Samuels always had al over our road—she was ames's mother, you know. We at the St. Joe was safe so far old gang——"

use me," said I, breaking in or I meant to steal the story), t true?"

ay"

ut the pass."

e."

what account?"

complimentary, same as

ead, gang," said I.

concerned, and so, of course, the story of my wild-eyed I began to question him. ed that he was the son of a shopkeeper, in the town, knew, and asked me to tell the whole truth, and not d him. He said that the of what he was about to do, be—to rob and so become a , if murder became neces-so preyed upon him day that he was almost insane, he had planned suicide. the appointed hour for the meet drew near he had been about like a chicken in a storm. He had gone home to bid his parents good-by, but had not the courage to face them. Hurrying down the street he saw my house, and acting upon the impulse of the moment had come to tell me, for his father liked me, he said.

"I tried to show him that if what he told me were true I should be on the train with armed officers to kill or capture the robbers, and that in all probability he would be killed.

"'Yes,' he said, 'he knew that;' 'but the gang had taken an oath to kill any man who 'peached,' and if he failed to show up on time at the rendezvous they would go after him and they would surely kill him, for most of them had murdered men before.'

"'Well,' he said, presently, 'I must be off,' and he held out his hand, saying good by.

"I put him out with a faint suspicion that he was crazy, but it was my duty to look after the company's interests, and so I concluded to call the Chief of Police and tell him the story, and at least get his advice. As I put the receiver to my ear I noticed that some one was talking over a tangled wire that touched mine at some point.

"'What?' demanded a voice, and it sounded as if talking directly to me, and then came the reply: 'Will 17 be ahead of No. 3 to-night?'

"I dropped the 'phone, stood back and stared at it until my wife, who had heard the wild story of the bold young robber, stepped to my side, peered into my face and asked the cause of my agitation. That brought me 'round. I lied, mercifully, hurriedly to her, called Central and asked who had been talking. The middle yards, she said. I asked to be connected. The man at the 'phone said he didn't know who called him. Somebody wanted to know if 17 would be ahead of No. 3 to-night. I asked what answer would be given, for I had dropped the receiver when the voice from the grave—this shade of Jesse—had broken upon my ear. Well, he said he had answered no, adding the information that 17, the fast freight, which, according to the schedule, should leave ahead of No. 3, was late.

"Now this talk of the telephone seemed strangely coincident with the tale of the robber, so I called the Chief of Police, asking him to meet me at a certain corner a few minutes later. I then called the Sheriff, and told him to go to the station, but to keep out of sight and to board the first train pulling out through the yards. My next move was to tell the dispatcher to hold all outgoing trains until I arrived. I then instructed the yard master to make up a dummy No. 3, and sailed out to meet the Chief of Police.

"My wife was frantic at my leaving, and finally I was forced to promise to return to the house when I had succeeded in starting my little army out to fight a hidden foe.

"Into an empty express car we put an empty piano box for the sharpshooters to hide behind, lighted the lamps dimly in the day coaches, save in the last car. This car we left dark to resemble a sleeper, and in it the Sheriff, whom I now put in command, hid the bulk of his hastily organized posse. A deputy sheriff and a fearless locomotive engineer, off duty, were stationed in the express car with rifles.

"The Sheriff and the Chief had been laughing at my expense, but now as the train was about to pull out, and I began to give final instructions to the trainmen, it dawned upon them that I was not to be numbered with the slain.

"I was simply pointing the way and pushing them out to do or die, or both. Now they began to chaff me. I was general superintendent, getting good pay. I was my duty to protect the property of the company and the lives of its patrons. I was willing to send the poor employes out to fight robbers, and then return to the quiet of my hearth. Well, altogether, the picture was not one that I liked, though drawn half in jest.

"All the while, during the half hour of which we made up the train and arranged the details, I noticed this faithful porter following me like a shadow. I wanted him to go to the house and throw a little dust in the tear-wet eyes of my distracted wife, but he was nowhere to be seen. Well, I would not go back, so I gave a signal and stepped aboard.

"We had scarcely crossed the last switch when in sneaked my shadow, the porter, with an old-fashioned, muzzle-loading shot gun. The train ran slowly along for a little while and the men in the car began to laugh at me again, and at each other, at the porter with the long shot gun, and the general job that some wag had put up on us. Presently we heard the engineer answer a flag: 'tootoot.'

"Instantly the car grew as silent as the grave. As the wheels ground sand and the train began to slow down the Sheriff whispered to the men to keep cool, and not to fire until they were sure of what they were shooting at. Now the train stopped. The silence was deathlike, save for the heavy breathing of my shadow. For at least a minute we waited breathlessly, and then a voice out in the darkness said, 'Open up.' 'Open up,' the voice repeated, but there was no answer that we could hear. 'Open up,' and they began to beat upon the door of the express car with the butts of their guns. Still the men inside were silent. 'Open up, or we'll blow this car to pieces; we've got dynamite on the door sill.'

"By this time we were all afoot in the darkened car, waiting developments. Now the two men in the express car, preferring a fight to dynamite, slid the door open and dodged back behind the empty piano box, expecting the robbers to jump into the car. At that moment the stillness was disturbed by what was probably the accidental discharge of a rifle outside. The Sheriff and a few of his followers dropped to the ground to deploy in the darkness. A deputy peeped out at the front end of the last car, still dark, and immediately became a target for the robbers, who could see him outlined against the sky, while they remained in the darkness below. I peeped out at the rear end just in time to see a man near the steps aiming at the deputy on the front of the car. A shot from another robber caused me to dodge back. Running through the dark car I told the deputy where the man was hiding, and just at that moment a bullet cut an upper half crop from the officer's ear. I tip-toed back, caught a glimpse of the man and banged away at him through the window. Being anxious to know whether I had hit him I put my face to the window and peered into the night. Suddenly I heard a scuffle among the coach seats, felt a strong man seize me from behind and crush me to the floor. I could not turn my gun upon my assailant, for it was a rifle. 'Bang' went the robber's gun again, and the window was shattered. As I went down I heard the voice of my captor, right at my ear: 'Fo' de Lawd sakes, Mistah Blank, keep away from dat windeh, for dat robber blow yo' head clean off wif dat cannon o' his.'

"That was the voice of the porter, and he had pulled me from the window in time to save my life.

"By this time the firing grew pretty general. In the confusion, and while I held the attention of the robber's rear guard, the deputy with the smarting ear crawled under the car, and when the robber stood up to shoot at me the deputy located him and the two men fought it out under the window. In a few seconds the robber lay dead. Now only two of the gang kept up the fight. Seeing that they were surrounded and hemmed in against the train they called out to the Sheriff and surrendered.

"The battle had lasted probably not more than five minutes, but it had been a life time to my family, who could hear every shot distinctly.

"I gave orders to pick up the dead and wounded, and with our three prisoners hastily backed into town.

"The wounded man died shortly after our arrival at St. Joe.

"The informer, of course, turned State's evidence, and so went free, but that was all that remained of the original gang of five, four of whom were desperate men. Of this four we buried two and sent two to the penitentiary for a long term.

"All this happened some years ago," added the general manager, after a pause, "but that porter still remembers, and he always shies when the whistle says 'tootoo.'"—New York Independent.

CURIOUS INSCRIPTIONS ON BELLS.

Some Have Been of Great Value to the Historian.

Europe can boast of the finest collection of bells to be found in any part of the world. Attached to most of them is either a pretty legend or a picturesque history, for they represent the love and labor, the aspirations and the struggles of the community where they are situated. Many of the bells, however, have decorations and inscriptions on them which are very curious. Of this kind was the legend of "Mighty Tom," of Oxford, before its recasting in 1612. The translation of the Latin inscription would be:

"For Thomas' sake
I cry Bim Bom, and no mistake."

Sometimes where there was a chime each bell had a separate legend. A good deal of the poetry is really doggerel as:

"On Sabbath all
To church I call."

Another one:

"The sleep head I raise from bed."

Inscriptions were found on some of the seventeenth century bells. Among them one in Addington, 1658:

"When you hear this mournful sound
Prepare yourself for underground."

The following lines are met with in a great many places in the different countries:

"I to the church the living call
And to the grave do summon all."

All the bells do not have such lugubrious inscriptions. Sometimes the inscriptions refer to a wedding:

"When men in Hymen's bond unite
Our merry peals produce delight."

At times it is used for secular purposes, resulting in the appropriate inscriptions, as

"Lord quench this furious flame,
Arise, run, help put out the same."

The church of St. Ives has a bell which has the following terse inscription:

"Arise and go about your business."

In addition to the various mottoes, etc., in many cases there has been found on the bells the record of ecclesiastical rulers of the parish at the time of their casting which have been of great value to the historian. At Clapham, Bedfordshire, there is a bell in which one word of the inscription is upside down. It reads "God Save the Church," and the word "church" is upside down.

Woman's Quick Tact.

The following story illustrates a woman's quick tact in an emergency. It is about a college president who is a great gardener and wears a glass eye. One day this college president—it being summer and he on his vacation—rushed in from the garden all soiled and spattered and without his glass eye. His wife was seated with a caller of importance. She perceived the special unfitness of her husband's condition and frigidly said to him: "John, go at once to the library and tell your master Mrs. —— wishes to see him." He went and soon reappeared clothed, eyed and in his right mind.

This college president, it is plain, is himself a man of presence of mind. There are plenty of men who, confronted by such a remark of genius as this, would have stared and faltered out: "But, my dear——" and spoiled it all.—Boston Success.

A Simple Language.

The grammar of the Chinese language is so simple as to be almost non-existent. The same word serves indifferently as a noun, verb, adverb, or adjective. Moods, tenses, persons, gender and number are lacking; there are neither conjugations nor declensions, nor auxiliary verbs. The few Chinese who have attempted to master the English tongue regard its grammatical construction as clumsy and full of pitfalls.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

Designs For Costumes That Have Become Popular in the Metropolis.

NEW YORK CITY (Special).—There is more genuine novelty in the wraps of cloth and fur designed for the present season's clothes market than in

THE NEW WINTER COAT.

either the gowns or hats that are already casting their shadows before them. None of the fashionable newcomers at the furriers or cloakmakers is braided. The whole creed of decoration is cloth stitched on cloth and fur on cloth. Not one of the new coats or capes make the slightest pretense of fitting the figure. What the English call box and what the French volante shape wraps are being pushed for popularity most vigorously by the manufacturers, and the chances are just even whether this style, so frequently and emphatically rejected and despised by women, will now be accepted.

Clumsily large capes of the same type as were worn last winter are eligible for use in the coming season, and the handsomest are made of thick sleek-surfaced dark cloth with broad borders of gray and brown fur and finished by tall kaiser collars. Another mode shows a cape with long kersey skirts to the hem of the dress and then over this to the hip falls another cape of fur, and it is perfectly patent that the long-haired pelts are to be first in the hearts of our country women this year.

ATTRACTIVE NEW FLANNEL SHIRT WAISTS.

Long cloth coats that might easily be called ulsters and made of broadcloth, vicuna or Venetian cloth, are out on the Chesterfield and Raglan pattern, as those for men are modeled; their pockets are ample and the one feminine suggestion is the tall, uprolled collar, often lined with mole's fur that gives the tenderest, most grateful touch to the face possible, and the smoked pear-gray color, which forms a soft becoming background for the face. The majority of these long coats are made to fasten with the buttons out of sight, or one or two very choice cut steel disks hold the fronts together and twinkle in the soft, deep hair.

There is a pretty fashion coming in of using bullet-shaped buttons of brass as trimmings on sleeves and yokes and the fronts of cloth suits. These are copies of the buttons that small boys in livery wear, and they are not the first brass ornaments that have crept into women's wardrobes. Brass is evidently the successor to much of the popularity accorded to gun metal, and by treating it to a high polish and overlaying it with a peculiar lacquer it neither loses its luster nor conveys any ugly odor to the hands.

Shirt Waists Still Things of Beauty.

Among the really indispensable things exhibited in the shops are the new shirt waists. Notwithstanding the fact that these comfortable garments have been in vogue many years and each season some one asserts that they are "going out," they are still in great demand.

Styles vary, and special designers in the large shops always are working out novelties. The new flannel and silk waists merit going a long distance to see, for they are beauties, and not at all expensive. Of course, the best are tailor-made, as they should be to have the quiet style so necessary in this garment; but of all things worn by woman the shirt waist is, perhaps, the only article which can be made at home and really look the real thing. There are good patterns, which fit, too, and if the maker is careful about stitching well and pressing correctly, she can turn out a really good waist.

But silk ones are another story, with their endless number of tiny tucks; the delicate hemstitching; the rolled edges, with narrow embroidery slipped in, and all the perplexing details. So much depends upon the set at the back, the hang of the sleeve, the way buttons are sewed, and, above all, the cravat, that it is small wonder that a woman prefers to be well dressed in one expensive waist rather than have several badly made or inferior in quality.

For silk waists, tucks and hemstitching are the proper mode. The tucks may run lengthwise in groups, may be tiny or large, or stitched in squares. So long as tucks are used one cannot fail to be in the fashion.

For flannel a combination of stripes has the smartest effect. The examples shown in the large engraving, taken from the New York Press, are both of flannel, and for style and comfort no design can be found which will surpass them.

Reducing the Fashionable Chain.

The fashionable chain is reducing, in some instances, both its dimension and weight. It is neither so long nor so heavy as heretofore. There seems an approach to the delicate beauty of the slender gold chains which our grandmothers wore reaching to the waistband into which the watch was tucked. Some of the newest chains are quite fine, and extend about half way to the waist, supporting a small watch or a fine pendant.

Trailing Habit Skirts.

The new tailor gowns are made with trailing habit skirts, with a pleasant swish about them. Rustling is out of fashion. In place of the crisp taffatas for linings, soft silks like peau de soir and foulard are used. Machine stitching is the craze of the moment. It is used on tailor gowns in horizontal, wavy and perpendicular bands and not only in the same color as the cloth but in a contrasting shade.

Fabric For Winter Wear.

The silk and wool crepon is a fixture now and will be until replaced by something richer. For winter wear this fabric has largely displaced silks and satins, giving all the lustre of the silk with the elasticity, warmth and reliability of the woolen costume. This will have much to do with its effect upon dress fashions for some time to come.

The Correct Thing.

Tiny black taffeta jackets are supposed to be the correct thing this season. These dainty trifles of feminine wear are not so simple, after all, with their prodigality of tucks, pipings and general elaborateness, and are quite expensive little affairs in the end.

A Tailor-Made Pelerine.

There is now a tailor-made pelerine. It is very simple except at the neck, where it is heaped with lace, silk muslin ruches, accordion-plaitings, single, double and triple, with broad-ribbon bows or choux fastened here and there.

Gloves and Shoes For Winter Wear.

Heavily stitched stout gloves are the only kind allowable for the winter season. Thick, round-toed shoes are the proper footwear, and hats positively must be devoid of gewgaws and fussy trimmings.

A New Robe Design.

A modest design in a robe conceived of cambric is here introduced. Half-inch tuckings form the yoke and the trimming across the upper part of the

CAMBRIC ROBE.

sleeves. The wrists are finished with a soft, bell-shaped fall of lawn edged with lace, and that also outlines the fastening.

GOOD ROADS NOTES.

The Necessity For Good Roads.

We are pleased to note the agitation in this direction, which is a good one. Good roads are a necessity to the farmer and fruit grower; apart from the desirability of having your products arrive at shipping point in the best possible condition there are many other considerations, among them the saving of time, and the wear and tear on both man and beast, the capacity for carrying increased loads, etc.

General Roy Stone, Director of Road Enquiry of the Department of Agriculture, says that more activity is being displayed in road improvements than has been shown for years, not only in the construction of new roads but in the general agitation for their construction. "All the road machine manufacturers," he says, "are driven with orders, and the office of road inquiry is overrun with applications for advice on road legislature and assistance in road construction."

There are nearly forty road conventions to be held this fall, mostly in the Northwest, while a number of object lesson roads are to be built in the West and South.

The use of convict labor on road improvements is spreading rapidly in the Southern States. In one locality near Charlotte, N. C., seven miles of good stone roads have been built in this manner. Every farmer should take an interest in this movement as he, more than anyone else, reaps the benefits of good roads. Let us be up and doing. Agitate this question among your neighbors, with your legislature and the powers that be in your locality. True it will mean an increase in taxes, but the benefits derived from good roads would more than compensate you.—Sacred Heart Review.

Automobilists Should Help.

The League of American Wheelmen will make an effort to get all owners of automobiles to become members. The two classes have one common desire—the betterment of the public highways, and as the league has for several years agitated this subject and is acknowledged the leader in the good roads movement, it is expected that there will be little trouble in getting owners of the new vehicles to join in the crusade for better highways. Should the league be successful in its purpose it will be to the advantage of the organization, as well as the automobile owners, as it will bring to its membership an influential class, and one which has as yet taken little interest in the good roads movement. That the automobile rider will have to take a hand in the agitation cannot be disputed, for under present conditions there are comparatively few roads in this country suitable for either class of vehicles, and the automobile owners must have good highways as well as the wheel owners. To secure these they can do no better than to join forces with the wheelmen, and as the league is desirous of increasing its membership they will be approached with a view to their becoming members and active workers for good roads.

Waste of Bad Roads.

The Agricultural Department has collected statistics showing that the average load hauled over our American country roads is almost exactly one ton, and that the hauling costs per mile about twenty-five cents for each wagon load or ton. In Western Europe, the average load is three tons and the cost per mile a ton varies from seven to ten cents. The average for England, France, Germany, Italy, Switzerland and Belgium is 8.6 cents per mile for every ton. European farmers are enabled by their better roads to haul loads three times as heavy as in this country and thereby save two-thirds, approximately, of the cost.

Those figures are a telling argument for better roads. The waste of time and labor and the wear and tear on vehicles enter but slightly into the computation and should also be considered. The whole story shows the miserably mistaken economy of bad roads.—St. Paul Dispatch.

Good Roads Will Follow.

The coming of automobiles will unquestionably accelerate the impulse given by the bicycle to the making of good roads. When automobiles are made so cheaply that people must have them just as they must have improved farm machinery, then it may be expected that good roads will come with a rush. They cannot come too soon. It has been demonstrated by statistics that it costs American farmers three times as much to haul a ton as it does the farmers of Europe. But when automobiles on good roads so far reduce the cost of carriage that their use must be general, then the conditions of their use, namely, roads fit for them to run on, may be expected.—Indianapolis News.

A Grand Boulevard.

Somebody said it would be a good thing to have a $10,000,000 toll road run diagonally through Connecticut, from northeast to southwest, and interesting stories dealing with the possibilities of the scheme are afloat. It is argued that with accommodations for wheelmen and other travelers by approved twentieth century means of locomotion, including power for automobiles on tap at convenient intervals, the enterprise could not fail of success. If the road were actually built, it is surmised that Massachusetts would continue it to Boston, forming a grand through route from New York City to Boston.

One of the State's Best Hopes.

The St. Louis Republic sees in the campaign for road improvement now going on in Missouri one of the best hopes of the State and says:

"The American farmer is at an expense three times greater per mile for hauling his produce than the European farmer. This is because the service standards abroad are lower and because the roads there are a great deal better. This drain upon the agricultural energies of the country will continue until this annual surface treatment is supplanted by a system of fundamental and permanent construction."

The automobile vehicles which cost about $800 are very popular in Paris

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR TOPICS.

OCTOBER 8.

Work Where Christ Tells You To. John xxi. 1-6.

Scripture Verses—John xii. 24, 25; Acts xxvii. 12; Rom. i. 1; xii. 1, 2; 2 Cor. vi. 17, 18; Gal. ii. 20; v. 20; vi. 14; Phil. iii. 7-10; 1 John ii. 15, 16.

LESSON THOUGHTS.

It is our part to obey, to do the work as God may direct; God's part is to accomplish results. If we obey, we may be sure he will be faithful to prosper our efforts.

While it is ours to consecrate all our powers to the service of God, we must not forget that it is not our might, but only God's blessing and strength that gets us the victory.

When all things else are subordinated to ourlo ve and devotion to God's service, when it is our meat and drink to do his will, then only do we serve him with our might.

SELECTIONS.

There are few temptations more common than that which leads men to repine at the lot in which they are cast, believing that in some other situation they could serve God better. If each such man had the spirit of self-surrender, the spirit of the cross, it would not matter to him whether he were doing the work of the mainspring or one of the inferior parts. It is his duty to try and be himself, simply to try to do his own duty.

We are soldiers of Christ, who is mighty to save,
And his banner, the cross is unfurled;
We are pledged to be faithful and steadfast and brave
Against Satan, the flesh and the world.
Though the warfare be weary, the trial be sore,
In the might of our God we will stand;
O what joy to be crowned and be pure evermore,
In the peace of our own Fatherland.

It is a noble thing to work for one who expects from us our best. Leonardo da Vinci had a longing for work that demanded all his powers, for he was accustomed to serve a prince. . . . God is too wise and kind a master to require less than our best. He has given us a task that might fill the task of an archangel, and the task is the pledge of the enlargement of our powers to fill it.

C. E. Gospel Hymns.—81, 105, 122, 193, 227, 239.

Gospel Hymns.—1-4.—112, 234, 98, 28, 21, 175.

GOOD SIGN.

The Nose of Vast Importance to the Reading of Character.

Though the other features all reveal their special characteristics, it is hopeless to try to read and balance them aright without first carefully examining the nose and allowing for the weakness or strength indicated by it. The Roman nose is unfailingly and correctly associated with will power and command; the snub variety with self-assertiveness, and the thin, high-bridged, hooked type with avarice. A compressed nostril is not to be wished for, as it indicates suspicion and penuriousness. When the curve is heavy the character is usually correspondingly dull and uninteresting; well defined, it points out the well-balanced mind, and perhaps also a passionate disposition easily roused and as easily calmed. The little, pointed, narrow nose proclaims itself as impudent and wanting in reverence, and when it is united to a receding chin and forehead, with eyes close to the nose, the wider the berth given the possessor of such unenviable qualities the better. So there is much, very much, in physiognomy, and one's constant (not first) impressions, though not always invariably correct, may, on the whole, be trusted.

Snail Food in Paris.

Parisian gourmands devour 100,000 pounds of snails daily.

MARKETS.

BALTIMORE.

GRAIN ETC.			
FLOUR—Balto. Best Pat. $		@	4 56
High Grade Extra			4 00
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	68½		72
CORN—No. 2 White	41		41
Oats—Southern & Penn	25		26
RYE—No. 2	57		62
HAY——Choice Timothy	13 00		13 50
Good to Prime	12 00		12 50
STRAW—Rye in car lds	9 50		10 00
Wheat Blocks	5 00		6 00
Oat Blocks	6 00		7 50
CANNED GOODS.			
TOMATOES—Stnd. No. 3 $		@	75
No. 2			55
PEAS—Standards	1 10		1 40
Seconds			80
CORN—Dry Pack			70
Moist			60
HIDES.			
CITY STEERS $	10½	@	11
City Cows	9½		10
POTATOES AND VEGETABLES.			
POTATOES—Burbanks $	35	@	40
ONIONS	50		55
PROVISIONS.			
HOG PRODUCTS—shls. $	6¼	@	6¾
Clear ribsides	7		7⅝
Hams	11½		12
Mess Pork, per bar			10 50
LARD—Crude			4
Best refined			6¾
BUTTER.			
BUTTER—Fine Crmy $	23	@	24
Under Fine	22		23
Creamery Rolls	23		24
CHEESE.			
CHEESE—N. Y. Fancy $	12	@	12¼
N. Y. Flats	12		12½
Skim Cheese	5½		7½
EGGS.			
EGGS—State $	16½	@	17
North Carolina	15		16
LIVE POULTRY.			
CHICKENS $	11	@	11½
Ducks, per lb	11		11½
TOBACCO.			
TOBACCO—Md. Infer's $	1 50	@	2 50
Sound common	3 00		4 50
Middling	6 00		7 00
Fancy	10 00		12 00
LIVE STOCK.			
BEEF—Best Beeves $	4 20	@	4 70
SHEEP	4 50		4 75
Hogs	4 90		5 10
FURS AND SKINS.			
MUSKRAT $	10	@	11
Raccoon	40		45
Red Fox	—		100
Skunk Black	—		80
Opossum	22		23
Mink	—		80
Otter	—		4 00

NEW YORK

FLOUR—Southern $	3 85	@	4 20
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	73		74
RYE—Western	62		64
CORN—No. 2	34		39⅛
OATS—No. 3	27		27½
BUTTER—State	15		20
EGGS—State	19		20
CHEESE—State	11		12

PHILADELPHIA.

FLOUR—Southern $	3 85	@	4 20
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	70½		71
CORN—No. 3	37		37½
OATS—No. 2	28		28½
BUTTER—State	21		22
EGGS—Penna ft	17½		18