E HILLS OF HOPE, o, child, on the hills of hope

some are roses and snow ope are rown self sings, ar of its own self sings, and hid in the mista below gotten dream of things, beart was light and gay as the hills of hope to-day or child, on the rainbow hills

may go that be over-wise) our of fear in your eyes? ereids of the rainbow hills idead trees black and bare add as the river of death, astsoldead joys wander there heart was terrified

ay heart was there wide." straid, little child, for see

be paths of every-day, Lowry Marsu, in East and

ITE THE BLIND LOVER SAW

wo blind people who love each other. He, an ungainly,

stanted figure, with a very homely face; she, tail, thin, of appearance. Benevolent peo-

and asylum years before. brought up. sthey had played together, ented and happy. The the world were as strong is daily miseries. They miet, comfortable house, len-and nothing more belouzed. They could of what was going on One thing only was clear to

nmor day. . . . at on a bench in the gar-I am so glad."

that was-that they loved

at account, Anna?" Don't you know? To-mor-To-morrow the famous ocu-

will make us both see. is really able to accomplish re joking. Of course, he

ble to do it. That is his busiat last, I shall be able to

faathing else?" "said she, laughing quietly,

s I have seen you twice in a dream. You had golden sings as white as snow,' I that were only true!" nite certain . so beautiful?" she asked,

you know that I have a lovely

im by the hand: "so beautiwhen I reflect, Paul, I think ls even better for us to be ach other than to be able to would be lovely. Don't

not," he answered thoughtthen both were silent. * * * tful day had passed. The on the eyes had been per-If not all a delusion, it must

r of you must take the bandhe eyes for fourteen days!" the doctor's order before he

next evening, after the sun lown, the two were again the garden, clinging close

when will we first see each

s, but that is much too long. would certainly be long methan that, perhaps; but doctor's order.'

t endure to wait so long. operation has been we have rejoiced in vain!

d that, we could---"

e a moment, dear Paul. It not be wrong." , notwithstandinga moment. We will put es on again immediately. ot be at all afraid. Please

r let us wait. We have suf-Wy years. Let us endure it to longer." cannot wait. If you love or I will myself alone." tated awhile, but at length

calmly: "We will do it." brow morning early-here You will come at the

night. I hope you will have ng twilight.

been long out of bed. He ad of the next hour. Anna, is beautiful, but he? Who wugly he may be? Perhaps ne also, but he can never efore her in this dreadful un-

ith the bandage!" e it loose and threw it on the dis eyes were still closed. He til he found a small mirror. nt to the window, where himself and waited. at violently; his head was in a

rish anxiety he sat there, his fingers held in a firm clasp. now decide his fate. In a tes he would have certain Ingersoil, in New Lippincott's.

aylight came.
It the light, opened his eyes
adstared at the mirror, treme while with torturing ex-Could that be himself?

long neck? It could not be possible, No: it must not be!

He closed his eyes, leaned far out of the window, opened them wide and looked again. His image was still there unchanged. Still he would not believe it. In horror he kept on staring at the glass until it became clouded. Then a veil seemed drawn slowly over his eyes. It grew more and more indistinct; darkness gathered all about him, and suddenly everything was black. He saw no

Despair seized him. He thought he had become insane. He threw feet and struck himself in the face. Anna would see him, and she would be horrified. She would formake him -nely and blind-and she would go away into the sunny world and forget him. He must remain behind, helpless and alone. All the happiness was gone forever.

He sauk into a chair and sobbed like a little child.

Suddenly he started up. A well-known hand caressed his head. "Is it you, Paul?" he heard her ask in a whisper. "Yes," said he, breathing heavily.

"Paul, I looked for you everywhere in the garden and could not find you, Then I took off the bandage.' 'And do you see me?" cried Paul

in deadly alarm. "I must say that I do not. No, no!

yellowish complex- It is just as dark as it was before. ion and of sickly The operation was a failure. I see nothing whatever.' "And I nothing," said Paul exult-

ple had placed ingly. "I also took off the bandage, at once, everything became quite dark.'

"Now," said Anna with a sigh, we must remain forever blind, embraced his poor blind friend,

A LANDLADY'S SCHEME.

How a Woman Got Her Start on the Road to Social Greatness.

"One hears much facetious talk about the hard luck of boardinghouse keepers with fellows who leave without warning after running up a good size bill, but I am going to relate a story that is absolutely true," remarked a traveling salesman to a group of men who were awapping stories in the hotel corridor.

"The story concerns one of the social lights of Gotham who got her first step upon the rung of the ladder of success by realizing on the death of a boarder who owed her a pretty tidy sum. A very improbable tale you say? Well, we'll see. It was in the days when she was not over proslerely face. Of that I am perous and kept a boarding-house in a not very fashionable part of the One day a stranger went to board with her and paid regularly, He appeared to be without friends or relatives, for no one called to see him and no letters came to the house addressed in his name. He was em ployed as a clerk in some store, and never enlightened any one as to who he was and where he lived when he was home, if he ever had one.

One week he lost his job, but as he was a steady chap, and had been so prompt in his payments, his landlady allowed him to run up a bill. He seemed to be unfortunate, somehow, for no one would give him employment, and so that bill grew larger and larger. One day the landlady proposed that he become insured in her favor, that she would pay the premiums, and, if anything happened to him, why she would be reimbursed for the credit she had advanced him. A blunt, cold-blooded proposition, Well, he agreed to it, and be vou? came insured for \$500 in her favor. The premiums were regularly paid by

the landlady. All that time the delinquent boarder went from one job to another, and never staid in one place long enough to be able to pay off his debt to the landlady. A fearful winter set in and pneumonia was prevalent, people dropping off so fast as to create the biggest kind of a scare in the city. He was taken sick, and no mother could have looked after this fellow as his landlady did. She paid for a doctor and a nurse to attend him and did everything in her power to bring him around to health. But he died, and a mighty good funeral the poor fellow had. The insurance was paid to her, and with the few hundred dollars she received in a lump sum her husband was enabled to make a fortunate speculation which started them well on the way to the possession of millions and a place in the Four Hundred, Improbable? Well, the story's true every word of it."

The sole business of a migratory bird's sojourn in the land of its choice seems to be the rearing of a This accomplished, the family. thoughts of the birds seem to turn immediately to the South-to the warm, fruitful, indolent latitudes, where harsh winds and chilling rains and fading leaves never benumb bright spirits. The conjugal ties break, fathers forsake mothers and offspring, and the latter follow as fast as strength permits. Thus again, as wave after wave sweeps down to us from Canada, as if on the wings of autumnal breezes, it is noticeable that old males are leading the hosts of each species, and that only later come females and young. I am careful to make this matter of the succession of ages clear, because of noble significance in the problem: How do birds find their way? The old answer was short and easy: Instinct tells them. This means, if it means anything, that a bird is born with an intuitive cupboard and searched knowledge of a road he has never seen, perhaps crossing an ocean. Moreover, migration routes are rarely His straight lines north and south, which the little creatures might be kept by some mysterious "sense of polar direction," but are usually someeyes fixed on the little glass, what roundabout, often crooked and sometimes squarely east and west for a large part of the course.-Ernest

Fresh Eggs From Australia.

""Fresh" eggs from Australia are a prominent feature in the London market. They come in crates, and are that? Could that be himself? ing an oaten taste thereby. They are look-marked, ugly face! He? good competitors in London with Russiar, those decayed teeth, that tinental eggs.

@eeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee ONE WOMAN'S PROFESSION, the Earns a Comfortable Income Arrang-

ing Bridal Finery. Miss Eleanor Burwell is a young woman who dresses brides. That is he way she makes her living, and a very good living at that. The other lay a friend of mine was married, and one morning, about two weeks before the eventful day, a card was sent up the mirror away, stamped with his to her, and I went down to see the caller, a Miss Burwell, whose name ucither of us had ever heard before, She explained her business and my

friend engaged her. Early on the morning of the wedding Miss Burwell appeared with her assistant. The entire trousseau, and, I might say, the bride herself, was turned over to her. She first investigated the wedding outfit and saw that everything was as it should be. insisted on the bride's remaining quietly in bed until 10 o'clock, the wedding not being until 5 o'clock in the afternoon. Then she had her out and tried on the wedding dress, gloves and slippers. Some alterations, only a few stitches, were necessary, and she took them. Next she turned her attention to packing the trunks, and in less than two hours the task was accomplished and a little book containing a complete inventory was put in the bride's traveling bag. This in-

ventory gave not only the list of articles, but told exactly where they could be found. By this time the bride had finished her luncheon and upon. was persuaded to take a map and re main in bed until called by Miss Bur-"It is better so," answered Paul well, who, with her assistant, left the seeing the deft fingers work so quickwith a happy heart; and he tenderly house, to appear again promptly at ly, too forgetful of the strength used 3.30 o'eloek.

Then a tepid bath was prepared; the bride awakened, and while she was taking it they straightened up the room and laid out the bridal costume, The dressing of the bride was accomplished without the slightest harry was the fresh, rosy face that was seen through the bridal veil. It was so Hifferent from the haggard, nervous it to do. girl we had all expected. She was not a bit tired or worried, and, feeling that she was looking her very best, womanlike, she was supremely contented. Miss Burwell accompanied her to the church door, guarded against soiling her gown in the carriage and gave the final touch to her veil and train as she entered.

After the ceremony she returned to the house, superintended the exchange of the bridal for the goingaway gown, gave the final arrangements to the last trunk and the traveling bag, set the room to rights and left as quietly as the proverbial

The next day I saw her again, and asked her to tell me about her work. "I began four years ago," she replied, "by dressing a friend of mine, and I thought her mother, who was a very delicate woman, would never get through thanking me. She said I was just the right person in the right place on such an occasion, and as I had left school and was on the lookout for something to do to earn a living, I decided to try dressing brides as a pro-I came to New York as our nearest big city and affording the cases, largest field. Of course I had a few letters of introduction and a small amount of money, less than \$50, in

my pocket. "While they pay me well for my services they do not feel that they can afford to keep expensive servants. Of course I am compelled to keep up with the latest styles, and for that purpose I spent two months in Paris last summer. August and September are the poorest months in the year for weddings, white October, February and June are about the most popular. Often during these months I have as many as two brides a day to dress, and several times I could have had as many as four, but was obliged to refuse many engagements for want of time.-Lafavette M. Laws, in Chicago Record.

A Pretty Bodice Novelty.

There is a new note in the bodices of fashionable gowns these days, and although one that would have scemed incongruous to our grandmothers, it is extremely pretty. It is double zephyr worsted, used to lattice work and embroider certain parts of fancy shirts instead of the Roman silks and flosses that have been familiar so One distinctive usage is seen in bodices of a black satiu or liberty silk, made over white linings. is arranged with tucks-either bias or straight, the interspaces are decorated with a working of the double zephyr The decoration never represents flowers, leaves or similar designs. Usually it is worked in a cat stitch and, as an added touch, when the needle points out of each side of the goods the zephyr is thrown about it several times and fastened so as to form a French knot. The dress goods under the worsted is then cut away and allows the underlining to show through only slightly as the catatitch ing was very closely done, The worsted was of many mixed colors through which yellow and purple predominated. Another charming bodice was of cherry-colored liberty silk made over cream white. It was elaborately worked with black double zephyr.

On rather fancy shirt waists this work, though slight, gives them a touch of style and novelty. The edges, also of fancy and adjustable collars, with ear points and pointed enffs, are being finished with double zephyr. At first they are edged with a satin ribbon of some color in contrast to the collar and on the ribbon the worsted work is executed. This work is quickly done, and it is greatly in its favor that no advance designing is necessary. A straight eye and an adaptability in designing is all that is necessary.

It is also feasible to fill in many are of exquisite delicacy. sharp little corners on gowns with a fau-shaped bit, the stitches being long and graduated. Again the old velvet ribbon. The black velvet is Roman block design is used on straps rather wide, crushed together at the to cross over the vests of bodices. By ends in front, where the three straps those that know about up-to-date of the kid are also brought close togowns, it seems as though even more gether, and the whole fastened with a attention was paid to what is new in small gold clasp. wrinkles, as such little points as this around the waist they are separated one about worsted are called, than to about their own width apart, and held the excellence of the quality of the in place by little crosspieces of gold goods.

New fashious often create new neessities, and the train skirt is new to many of the younger women. They find it difficult to manage, and accuse themselves bitterly of awkwardness when they find themselves entangled in its clinging folds. In point of fact, the mere phrase "manage the train definitely conveys the idea of difficulty, and since trains first were worn novel ints have laid stress upon their heroines' grace in managing them, and the atrical critics comment upon it in like

The novice in train gowns, there fore, does not need to feel badly over her deficiency, but simply apply her-self to remove it. It is not weakness and affectation to try to acquire grace of movement. It is duty,

The way to seat one's self is to catch the skirts lightly in one hand, bend one knee, and so slide down into the chair, at the same moment releasing the draperies, with an imperceptible swing that throws them in sweeping folds almost into a semicircle. In ris ing catch the skirts in the same way, and with a dexterous twist of the wrist and slight backward movement of the foot spread the train in its proper fan shape. It is difficult to deribe, but a little practice will accomplish the trick, and it is well worth acquiring.

The Girl Who Knows How, "There's such a thing as being too smart," sighed the ambitious girl, 'It's really a misfortune to have the reputation of being able to do things, for the one who possesses the knack of doing anything, from millinery to scrubbing, is almost sure to be imposed

It is true that such a girl is apt to be overworked by her friends, who, in gratifying their requests to "just help me out on this, dear, you do it

so beautifully."
However, I believe in teaching girls to do everything that they are likely to need to know in every day life or plished without the slightest hurry emergencies, and I am not like and in ample time. But best of all the mother who would not teach her girls how to cook, believing if they didn't know how they wouldn't have

But with all the rest of the knowledge, improve upon the girls a regard for their own strength, and the power to say no when the nerves cry out that the limit of healthful endurance is reached.

Smaller Culling Cards.

The big pocketbook has been replaced by the purse of gold mesh, notted silk and beads, sueds and iewels, and the very long and unband ily broad cardease has given way to the easily carried case of convenient size and weight. The change has necessitated a change in the size of visiting cards, and these are smaller than they have been for many years. A few years ago misses not yet used cards the size of those now correct for their mothers. Some of the new cards are almost square, others just a trifle longer than they are With an address in one cerner and an at-home day in another there is not much fair white space left upon which the indolent woman can scrawl a message instead of writing a note, but these small cards are very handy for the little reticules and small card



Lace boleros in black and white and ecru colors will be seen. Cluny lace is used for many kinds

of gowns this year, and is charming A satin ribbon worn around the neck and tied in a trim bow at the throat should have the two ends lone

and tucked in at the belt. A panne velvet parasol has rather a warm look for summer, but it is beautiful. One with a white ground, with the most delicate pink roses in clus-

ters upon it, is charming. A woolen gown which has a narrow panel front has a solid mass of tucks or folds going around horizontally over the hips from the panel. Large women will have to fight shy of such

Some of the hadices seen are male to blonse decidedly back and front, as pronounced a blouse effect as has been worn in any of the time of the recent popularity of the bloused garments. ome of the bloused waists are plaited in close small plaits.

One pretty little silk gown has the fullness given it by fine tucks set in around the waist. These are stitched down five or six inches to form three points in the front and at the sides, and below this the tucks flow out into the skirt. The fine tucks are set in plain at the back.

An Eton jacket on a pretty little light stuff frock opens at the side, and is fastened across with narrow black velvet ribbons. There are three of these fastenings, each with two straps of the black velvet, with bunchy little resettes of the black velvet on either end. It makes rather a pretty

Panne velvet is combined with satin ribbons. A sash that is worn with a light stuff gown has a black panne velvet centre, with brilliant colored flowers on it, and wide edges of black satin ribbon. This is a narrow sash width, and is tied once around the waist and fastened a little at the side of the front with a big bow.

The new stockings are gorgeous to behold. Black silk stockings are cut out on the instep to show appliques of lace. Others have the holes worked around with button-hole stitch, and underneath are set pieces of bright colored taffets. Black stockings are embroidered with dots and flowers. The open-work stockings

A unique belt is made of three narrow straps of white kid over black As the straps pas

REPARTMENT AND ACTUAL ON THE PROPERTY OF THE PARTMENT OF THE P

GOOD ROADS NOTES.

Теменения системення сомужения сомужения на протемення н Country Highways. O we actually want good roads? Or are bad roads preferable? Is the cry that has been raised throughout the length and breadth of this continent: "We want good roads," the demand of men in their sober senses? Or has labor and money been placed on our roads for a century past merely to fill in time, and keep our surplus capital in circutation. If we do not want good roads, if bad roads are preferable, why should we want roads at all?

We must have roads. That necessity having been placed upon us, the experience which has taught us the wisdom of building other structures substantially, teaches us the economy of having roads that are good. We want roads which will withstand wear. We want the labor and money spent on them to be a paying investment. We want roads which will be good no mat-ter what the state of the weather, We want roads which will not become rutted immediately the fall rains come on or when the frost leaves the ground in the spring, remaining in rough ridges for a considerable part of the summer. A road which does this is a The money and labor spent on it is largely forced down into the mud, is plowed under within a year and wasted. A good road is an economical road.

In building an economical road, improvements must be made in such a way that they will last. Roads have been built on the same principle as is wagon which breaks down nuder the first load, and is used for firewood after a year of service. Most of the leading roads have been made and remade a score of times and are still bad roads. They are of the kind that "break up." A road that "breaks up," like anything else that breaks up, is a poor investment. When road building is rightly understood in this country, township councilors will no more think of building roads that will break up in the spring than they will think of constructing houses that break up in the spring, barns that break up in the spring or fences that

break up in the spring.

The road builders of this country have not given sufficient consideration to the effect of building bad roads, Year after year work of a flimsy, shiftless character is placed on the roads. The results are only temporary and are destroyed by a very little wear and traffic. In a very short time the work has to be done over again. But the evil do not end with this. This aunual account for repairs is so great that no township can respond to it. The roads instead of being repaired when they need it are neglected, grow worse and worse, and all the evils of bad roads follow.

What had roads are doing for this country is only one side of the evil. The other side is what they are not doing. The loss does not arise so much from the money and labor wasted every year as it does from the absence of benefits which good roads would bring. Our loss must be measured not so much by the money and labor we are throwing away on bad roads, as by the opportunities which would come to us if the roads were good.

Wide Tire Testimony.

Testimony on the value of wide tires comes from all sections of the globe. A correspondent of a paper in Sydney describes a road in which heavily laden wagons with narrow tires sank "half-spoke deep, and in places to and yet a load of five tons carried on six-inch tires sank but two to four inches in the worst places. In dry weather, he says, the roads are cut up by narrow tires until the dust is a foot deep, and then the rain will not make the dust set hard again.

A good material for roads is gravel, "but no gravel loads of ten and twelve tons on three and four-inch tires. experienced teamster will not speak about the tonnage his team can draw. He will say, 'I think the road will carry five tons' or more, as the case might be. I have heard road superiutendents say that enormous sums of money could be saved annually if broad tires were used. The only objection I have heard raised against the wide tires is that they do not fit into the ruts cut by the narrow ones, which makes the draught heavier upon the team. That is partially true, but the ruts would not be cut if all the wagons had wide tires. Portable eugines varying from six to eight horsepower and weighing five tons and over are drawn by lighter teams than wagons which, with their loads, would not weigh more. This is owing to the broad tires always used on engines. The ash pans on engines are seldom more than about ten inches from the ground, but owing to the wide tires, these engines seldom bog deep enough to allow the pans to touch the ground. North American Horticulturist.

Making Good Roads.

We once helped a man fit a bit of road through a low and miry piece of land on his farm. There was a bad road often used at certain seasons and he wanted it made good. The surface soil was thrown out as deep as it was thought to be valuable material, and, by the way, that well paid for the labor. Then a bit of old stone wall was put into the roadway, the larger stones being rather carefully packed at the outside. On these larger stones were dumped piles of small stones that had accumulated from clearing the meadows and cultivated fields. 'It was two good jobs in getting the walls and stone-heaps out of the way. This foundation was covered with gravel, and when it was done the owner said: There, that job is done, and I think it will stay done while I live," and we think it would and through one or two more generations. We have thought since the fagitation of the good roads question that we should not reach a solution of it until road makers learned to do their work so that it would "stay done." Many farms have places used as roadways which need just such treatment, and so do certain pieces of town roads.

Why One Man Wonders. Considering the many old men who are struggling along in poverty, it is wonderful that young men do not take better care of their money, and save it for the inevitable rainy day. - Atchison Globe.

Some Now Sald as Cheaply as Coffins-Others More Elaborate Than Ever.

Probably about one-third of the cople dying in this country nowadays are buried in the old-fashioned rollins, about two-thirds being buried in one sort or another of the modern burial casket, which is as different in appearance from the old style coffin as it is possible to make anything designed for the purpose. The percentage of those buried in caskets is all the time increasing. The only thing that has prevented the casket from practically, if not absolutely, supereding the coffin, has been apparently its greater cost. The burial casket, however, is now produced at lower prices than ever before. A black sloth covered casket of a kind that is very extensively used, and was sold five years ago for about \$65 is now sold at \$50, and it could now be made and sold for less than that but for the advance in cost within the past year or two of the various materials that enter into its construction. There is now made a burial easket of the modern type, of white-wood, finished in imitation of rosewood, that is sold as low as \$35, or as cheaply as a coffin of the more costly kind; coffins being sold, according to material and finish, at \$10 to \$35. These prices for coffins are also rather less than the prices at which they were formerly sold; those now selling at \$10 to \$35 having brought but a few years ngo \$15 to \$45.

The lower prices have been brought about by improved and more economical methods of manufacture. It is a familiar fact that burial caskets and coffins are not made nowadays as they were in old times, by cabinet-makers and undertakers, but in factories devoted to their production, many of these being big establishments, equipped with the most modern machinery and appliances of all sorts for the working of woods and metals. In old times the undertaker might work awayon a single coffin in a back room, off his shop; recently an American concern manufacturing caskets has put in \$50,000 worth of new and improved machinery.

Not only are the less costly of the

burial caskets now produced at lower prices than those at which they were sold a few years ago, but there are also now made lower priced caskets of the finer grades. For example: Up to say five years ago the least costly of the burial caskets of the most modern type, one with straight sides and square straight ends, was of carved oak, and was sold at \$225. A casket of this kind, hand-carved, and of wood finished in imitation of oak, can now be bought for \$85; and a hand-carved easket of this style of oak, and in a handsome design, can now be bought for \$125. This would be of straight oak. A similar casket of quartered oak would cost more. Five years ago the lowest priced of the carved mahogany caskets of this kind cost \$300; such a casket would now cost \$250; this smaller proportionate reduction being due to the

present increased cost of mahogany. But while grade for grade all burial easkets are now sold cheaper than formerly, and some of them have been brought down to the price of coffins, there are also made nowadays burial caskets of a still more costly and elaborate character than ever, and such caskets there is a constant sale. Among the costlier varieties, caskets covered with silk plush are still in demand, though not so many plush covered caskets are sold as formerly, the largest demand among the more costly kinds being now for caskets of wood, of oak and of mahogany. Many of these caskets are most clab orate and in every way beautiful, in material, in style and in finish, Among the costlier burial caskets the prices range up to \$1000 and upward.

A Candid Publisher. In the death of J. Schabelisz, the Zurich publisher and author, the world of art and letters has lost one of its extraordinary characters. He was a shrewd business man, an excellent linguist, a skillful writer, and probably the most savage publisher who ever lived. When he accepted the famous memoirs of Count von Aruim, he wrote on the postal card, with the acceptance, the proviso: "I reserve the right to correct your infer nally had grammar.'

To an aspiring poet who had submitted manuscript he answered by "I refuse to be dis postal eard: graced by printing your doggeral. I don't return the copy because you didu't inclose enough postage. you will send it, with the price of this eard, I will send it to you, but I don't think the stuff is worth the expense on your part.

One of the postal cards to a novelist read about as follows: "For Heaven's sake, come and take away the unnamable mass of paper you left here for

An ambitious historian was crushed by the following, written, like all of his correspondence, upon a postal "You are making the mistake card: of your life. You don't want to study history. You want to learn how to write."-Saturday Evening Post.

Tim's Success as a Beggar,

A pretty little incident marked the arrival of Queen Victoria at London on the occasion of her recent visit to the capital city, just after the turn of the war tide in South Africa. After the royal train came to a standstill there followed the inevitable delay pending the completion of the preparations by which the Queen was provided with an inclined platform to make it easier for her to walk from her saloon to the carriage in waiting. It was during this interval that the aged sovereign caught sight of the station dog "Tim," who was running about the trainshed.

Otter..... He was gayly beribboned for the occasion, and by means of a cup under his chin was diligently ing" from the crowd contributions for WHEAT—No. 2 Red.... BYE—Western CORN—No. 2 OATS—No. 3 the fund to assist the widows and orphans of the Great Western employes. The Queen asked his mis-BUTTER-State. sion, and, upon being informed of it, caused him to be brought to the saloon of the train and thereupon dropped a sovereign in the collection box attached to his collar .- Philadetphia Press.

A man's heart is generally where his old shoes are.—New York Press.

CHORE BOY TO MILLIONAIRE.

To advance from the humble posttion of "chore boy" on a farm, receiving fifty cents a week, to be one of the leading business men of a state is indeed a long step, but this is what has been accomplished by James Oliver, of South Bend, Ind. He has fought his way alone and unaided from pover ty to riches, and now holds a prominent place in social and industrial circles. Mr. Oliver was born in Scotland in 1823, and came to America when thirteen years of age. He located in Geneva, N. Y., and secured a place on a farm at fifty cents a week. His father and brother had preceded him to America and were located another farm near by. In 1835 the three removed to Indiana, and James secured employment on a farm at \$6 a month, Saving a little money, he made an investment in real estate, which gave him a start. Then he learned the molder's trade and in 1855 became a manufacturer on a small scale. His business grew and, by devising a plan whereby an improvement he had long sought was accomplished, be was started on the road to riches. Success, having once smiled upon him, became lavish in the bestownl of her bounty and his wealth is now estimated at from \$10,000,000 to \$15,000,009. Although one of Indiana's wealthlest men, Mr. Oliver remembers his early



JAMES OLIVER.

struggles, and the rough hand of the honest laborer is today as warmly grasped by him as is the gloved hand of the aristocrat. He is a firm friend of the deserving and many young men owe their success in life to timely help and words of advice from him.

A Surprised Cat.

Several days ago, says the Philadelphia Times five or six sparrows were pecking away in the gutter immediately in front of an engine house when a cat crept across the street and pounced upon one of them. Instantiv the victim's companions sent up a war cry, which was as instantly answered. From housetop and tree, the sparrows flocked to the scene. With whirring, hissing cries of noisy rage, they fearlessly attacked the offender. For about thirty seconds the dazed cat endured the blows from perhaps a hundred beaks and twice as many beating wings. Then, still holding her prey, she struggled way from the infurlated birds and ran into the engine house. The plucky little fellows followed her inside, but soon gave up the chase, leaving her with her dearly bought dinner, s. sadder but a wiser cat.

MARKETS.

FALTIMORE.

1 market market		
FLOUR—Balto, Best Pat # High Grade Extra WHEAT—No, 2 Red CORN—No, 2 White. Oats—Southern & Penn RYE—No, 2. HAY—Choice Timothy! Good to Prime FTRAW—Hye in car ids! Wheat Books	71 36 27 50 6 50 4 50 6 60 4 50 6 60 1 0 7	4 50 4 00 7134 47 2-14 51 17 00 15 03 16 03 10 00 12 00 17 18 18
Seconds. CORN—Dry Pack		50 7.8
CITY STEERS # City Cows: FOTATORS AND VEOR	TANK DAY	11
POTATOES-Burbanks. 8 ONIONS		45
HOG FRODUCTS—suls. 2 Clear ribsides Hams. Mess Pork, per bar LARD—Crude Best refined DETERL	277 2. 65.6 st	7.4 18 19 4 9
BUTTER—Fine Crmy* Under Fine Creamery Rolls	20 d 19 20	91 91
CHEESE—N. Y. Fancy 9 N. Y. Flats. Skim Cheese.	10 op 30% 83%	1115 1314 7)4
EGG8—State	11	@ 123 ₁
CHICKENS	9 40	10
TOBACCO—Md. Infer's* Sound common Middling Fancy	150 @ 8.50 603 1033	2 57 4 56 100 100 1100
BHEEP	475 @ 400 555	515 5.50 5.65
MUSKRAT	10 @ 40 — 21	11 45 :00 60 21
Miles	1 1000	303

THILADELPHIA.

FLOUR-Southern....*
WHEAT-No. 2 Red
CORN-No. 5
OATS-No. 2

NEW YORK