

FALLEN INTO ELD.

I sit before my window
And watch the sullen rain;
The hand of age is on me,
And weakness grows to pain.

But O the lonely morning!
And O the dreary night!
Ah, life itself should follow
When love and hope take flight.

No happy days await me,
No joy that all must crave;
The only path before me
Ends in an open grave.
—Ninette M. Lovater, in New York Sun.

A DOG OF RUDDY COVE.

By Norman Duncan.

ME was a Newfoundland dog,
born of reputable parents at
Back Arm and decently bred
in Ruddy Cove, which is on
the northeast coast. He had black
hair, short, straight and wavy,—the
curly-haired breed has fallen on the
island,—and broad, ample shoulders,
which his forebears had transmitted to
him from generations of hauling
wood.

He was heavy, awkward and ugly,
resembling somewhat a great draft-
horse. But he pulled with a will,
fended for himself, and within the
knowledge of men had never stolen
a fish; so he had a high place in the
hearts of all the people of the Cove,
and a safe one in their estimation.

"Skipper! Skipper! Here, by!"
The ringing call, in the voice of
young Billy Topsisall, his master, a
fisherman's son, never failed to bring
the dog from the kitchen with an
eager rush, when the snow lay deep
on the rocks and all the paths of the
wilderness were ready for the sled.
He stood stock-still for the harness,
and at the first "Hi, by! Gee up,
there!" he bounded away with a
wagging tail and a glad bark. It was
as if nothing pleased him so much on
a frosty morning as the prospect of a
hard day's work.

If the call came in summer-time
when the Skipper was dozing in the
cool shadow of a flake,—a platform
of boughs for drying fish,—he
scrambled to his feet, took his clog in
his mouth and ran, all a-quiver for
what might come, to where young
Billy waited. (In Newfoundland the
law requires that all dogs shall be
clogged as a precaution against their
killing sheep and goats which run
wild. The clog is in the form of a
billet of wood, weighing at least
seven and a half pounds, and tied to
the dog's neck.) If the clog were
taken off,—as it was almost sure to
be,—it meant sport in the water.
Then the Skipper would paw the
ground and whine until the stick was
flung out for him. But best of all he
loved to dive for stoves.

At the peep of many a day, too, he
went out in the punt to the fishing
grounds with Billy Topsisall, and there
kept the bad good company all the
day long. It was because he sat on
the little caddy in the bow, as if
keeping a lookout ahead, that he was
called the Skipper.

"Sure, 'tis a clever dog, that," was
Billy's boast. "He would save life—
that dog would!"
This was proved beyond doubt when
little Isiah Tommy Goodman toddled
over the wharfedog, where he had been
playing with a squid. Isiah Tommy
was four years old, and would sur-
vive have been drowned had not the Skipper
stroled down the wharf just at that
moment.

The Skipper was obedient to the
instinct of all Newfoundland dogs to
drag the sons of men from the water.
He plunged in and caught Isiah Tom-
my by the collar of his pinafore. Still
following his instinct, he kept the
child's head above water with power-
ful strokes of his fore paws while he
towed him to shore. Then the outcry
which Isiah Tommy immediately set
up brought his mother to complete
the rescue.

For this deed the Skipper was petted
a day and a half, and fed with fried
caplin and salt pork, to his evident
gratification. No doubt he was per-
suaded that he had acted worthily.
However that be, he continued in
merry moods, in affectionate behavior,
in honesty,—although the fish were
even then drying on the flakes, all ex-
posed, and he carried his clog like a
hero.

"Skipper," Billy Topsisall would ejacu-
late, "You do be a clever dog!"
One day in the fall of the year, when
high winds spring suddenly from the
land, Billy Topsisall was fishing from
the punt, the Never Give Up, over
the shadows of Molly's Head. It was
"dash weather," as the Ruddy Cove
men say,—gray, cold and misty. The
harbor entrance lay two miles to the
southwest. The bluffs which marked
it were hardly discernible, for the mist
hung thick off the shore. Four punts
and a skiff were bobbing half a mile
farther out to sea, their crews fishing
with hook and line over the side.
Thicker weather threatened, and the
day was near spent.

"'Tis time to be off home, by," said
Billy to the dog. "'Tis getting thick
in the sou'west."
The Skipper stretched himself and
wagged his tail. He had no word to
say, but Billy, who, like all fishermen
in remote places, had formed the habit
of talking to himself, supplied the
answer.

"'Tis that, Billy, by," said he. "The
punt's as much as one hand can man-
age in a fair wind. An' 'tis a dead beat
to the harbor now."

Then Billy said a word for himself.
"We'll put in for ballast. The punt's
too light for a gale."

perceived, for the sea was choppy and
the bluffs shielded the inshore waters.
"We'll fetch the harbor on the next
tack," Billy muttered to the Skipper,
who was whining in the bow.

He put the steering oar hard alee to
bring the punt about. A gust caught
the sails. The boat heeled before it,
and her gunwale was under water be-
fore Billy could make a move to
save her. The wind forced her down,
pressing heavily upon the canvas. Her
ballast shifted and she toppled over.

Boy and dog were thrown into the
sea—the one aft, the other forward.
Billy dived deep to escape entangle-
ment with the rigging of the boat.
He had long ago learned the lesson
that presence of mind was half the
fight in perilous emergencies. The
coward miserably perishes, where the
brave man survives. With his courage
leaping to meet his predicament, he
struck out for windward and rose to
the surface.

He looked about for the punt. She
had been heavily weighted with ball-
ast and he feared for her. What was
he to do if she had been too heavily
weighted? Even as he looked she
sank. She had righted under water;
the tip of the mast was the last he
saw of her.

The sea—cold, fretful, vast—lay all
about him. The coast was half a mile
to windward; the punts, out to sea,
were laboriously beating toward him,
and could make no greater speed. He
had to choose between the punt and
the rocks.

A whine—with a strange note in it—
attracted his attention. The big dog
had caught sight of him, and was beat-
ing the water in a frantic effort to
approach quickly. But the dog had
never whined like that before.

"Hi, Skipper!" Billy called. "Steady,
by!"
Billy took off his boots as fast as he
could. The dog was coming nearer,
still whining strangely and madly paw-
ing the water. Billy was mystified.
What possessed the dog? It was as if
he had been seized with a fit of ter-
ror. Was he afraid or drowning? His
eyes were fairly daring. Such a light
had never been in them before.

In the instant he had for speculation
the boy lifted himself high in the
water and looked intently into the
dog's eyes. It was terror he saw in
them; there could be no doubt about
that, he thought. The dog was afraid
for his life. At once Billy was filled
with dread. He could not crush the
feeling down. Afraid of the Skipper,—
the old, affectionate Skipper—his own
dog, which he had reared from a pup-
py! It was absurd. But he was
afraid, nevertheless—desperately afraid.

"Back, by!" he cried. "Get back,
sir!"
Billy was a strong swimmer. He
had learned to swim where the water
is cold—cold, often, as the icebergs
stranded in the harbor can make it.
The water was bitter cold now, but
he did not fear it, nor did he doubt that
he could accomplish the long swim
which lay before him. It was the un-
accountable failure of the dog which
distributed him—his failure in obedience,
which could not be explained. The
dog was now within three yards, and
excited past all reason.

"Back, sir!" Billy screamed. "Get
back with you!"
The dog was not deterred by the
command. He did not so much as hesi-
tate. Billy raised his hand as if to
strike him—a threatening gesture
which had sent the Skipper home with
his tail between his legs many a time.
But it had no effect now.

"Get back!" Billy screamed again.
It was plain that the dog was not to
be bidden. Billy threw himself on his
back, supported himself with his hands
and kicked at the dog with his feet.
The Skipper was blinded by the splash-
ing. He whined and held back. Then
blindly he came again. Billy moved
slowly from him, head foremost, still
circling the water with his feet. But
swimming thus, he was no match for
the dog. With his head thrown back
to escape the blows, the Skipper forged
after him. He was struck in the jaws,
in the throat and again in the jaws.
But he panted on, taking every blow
without complaint and gaining inch
by inch. Soon he was so close that the
lad could no longer move his feet
freely. Then the dog chanced to catch
one foot with his paw, and forced it
under. Billy could not beat him off.

No longer opposed, the dog crept
up—paw over paw, forcing the boy's
body lower and lower. His object
was clear to Billy. The Skipper, fren-
zied by terror, the boy thought, would
try to save himself by climbing on his
shoulders.

"Skipper!" he cried. "You'll drown
me! Get back!"
The faculty of attempting to com-
mand obedience from a crazy dog
struck Billy Topsisall with force. He
must act otherwise, and that quickly,
if he were to escape. There seemed to
be but one thing to do. He took a
long breath and let himself sink—
down—down—as deep as he dared.
Down—down—until he retained breath
sufficient but to strike to the right and
rise again.

The dog—as it was made known later
—rose as high as he could force him-
self, and looked about in every direc-
tion, with his mouth open and his ears
rigidly cocked. He gave two short
barks, like snobs, and a long, mournful
whine. Then, as if acting upon sudden
thought, he dived.

water Billy perceived that his situa-
tion was desperate. He would rise,
he was sure, but only to renew the
struggle. How long he could keep the
dog off he could not tell. Until the
punts came down to his aid? He
thought not.

He came to the surface prepared to
dive again. But the Skipper had dis-
appeared. An ejaculation of thank-
giving was yet on the boy's lips, when
the dog's black head rose and moved
swiftly toward him. Billy had a start
of ten yards—or something more.

He turned on his side and set off at
top speed. There was no better swim-
mer among the lads of the harbor. Was
he a match for a powerful Newfound-
land dog? It was soon evident that
he was not.

The Skipper gained rapidly. Billy
felt a paw strike his foot. He put
more force into his strokes. Next the
paw struck the calf of his leg. The
dog was now upon him—pawing his
back. Billy could not sustain the
weight. To escape, that he might
take up the fight in another way, he
dived again.

The dog was waiting when Billy
came up—waiting eagerly, on the alert
to continue the chase.
"Skipper, old fellow—good old dog!"
Billy called in a soothing voice.
"Steady, sir! Down, sir—back!"
The dog was not to be deceived. He
came, by turns whining and gasping.
He was more excited, more determined,
than ever. Billy waited for him. The
fight was to be face to face. The boy
had determined to keep him off with
his hands until strength failed—to
drown him if he could. All love for
the dog had gone out of his heart.
The weeks of close and merry com-
panionship, of romps and rambles
and sport, were forgotten. Billy was
fighting for life. So he waited with-
out pity, hoping only that his strength
might last until he had conquered.

When the dog was within reach Billy
struck him in the face. A snarl and an
angry snarl was the result.

Rage seemed suddenly to possess the
dog. He held back for a moment,
growing fiercely, and then attacked
with a rush. Billy fought as best he
could, trying to catch his enemy by
the neck and to force his head beneath
the waves. The effort was vain; the
dog eluded his grasp and renewed
the attack. In another moment he
had laid his heavy paws on the boy's
shoulders.

The weight was too much for Billy.
Down he went, foot himself, and
struggled to the surface, gasping for
breath. It appeared to him now that
he had but a moment to live. He felt
his self-possession going from him—and
at that moment his ears caught
the sound of a voice.

"Put your arm—"

The voice seemed to come from far
away. Before the sentence was com-
pleted the dog's paws were again on
Billy's shoulders and the water stopped
the boy's hearing. What were they
calling to him? The thought that some
helping hand was near inspired him.
With this new courage to aid, he
dived for the third time. The voice
was nearer—clearer—when he came up,
and he heard every word.

"Put your arm around his neck!" one
man cried.
"Catch him by the scruff of the
neck!" cried another.

Billy's self-possession returned. He
would follow this direction. The Skipper
swam anxiously to him. It may be
that he wondered what this new at-
titude meant. It may be that he hoped
reason had returned to the boy—that
at last he would allow himself to be
saved. Billy caught the dog by the
scruff of the neck when he was within
arm's length. The Skipper wagged
his tail and turned about. There was
a brief pause, during which the faith-
ful old dog determined upon the direc-
tion he would take. He espied the
punts, which had borne down with all
speed. Toward them he swam, and
there was something of pride in his
mighty strokes, something of exulta-
tion in his whine. Billy struck out
with his free hand, and soon boy and
dog were pulled over the side of the
nearest punt.

Through it all, as Billy now knew,
the dog had only wanted to save him.
That night Billy Topsisall took the
Skipper aside for a long and confiden-
tial talk. "Skipper," said he, "I beg
your pardon. You see, I didn't know
what 'twas you wanted. I'm sorry I
ever had a hard thought against you,
and I'm sorry I tried to drown you.
When I thought you only wanted to
save yourself, 'twas Billy Topsisall you
were thinking of. When I thought
you wanted to climb atop of me, 'twas
my collar you wanted to catch. When
I thought you wanted to bite me, 'twas
a scolding you were giving me for my
foolishness. Skipper, by, honest, I
beg your pardon. Next time I'll
know that all a Newfoundland dog
wants is a chance to tow me ashore.
And I'll give him a whole chance. But,
Skipper, don't you think you might
have given me a chance to do some-
thing for myself?"

At which the Skipper wagged his
tail.—Youth's Companion.

The Throb Artist.
"You've heard of people who liked
to buy books and magazines with un-
cut leaves because they took a sort
of artistic delight in going through
them with the paper cutter, haven't
you? It often happens that they never
read what is printed inside at all. It
is just cutting the leaves and glancing
through that gladdens their hearts.
Well, sir, I know how they feel. I
have the same thrill once every week.
When I get the envelope with my pay
in it I know there isn't a cent there
that I can have for my own use, yet,
do you know, I simply can't help
opening the envelope and looking in?
It must be the artistic feeling that
comes to the book lover. I can account
for it in no other way. If I didn't
care for that thrill I might just give
the envelope unopened to my wife, and
let her pay the money out. But the
privilege of cutting off the end of that
envelope and looking in it is worth
my whole week's work. After all,
there's nothing like the artistic thrill
is there?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Spring 2000 Years Old.
In Zanone, one of the Ionian Islands,
there is a petroleum spring which has
been known for nearly 3000 years. It
is mentioned by Herodotus.



GOOD ROADS.

Why Railroads Help.

VERY few months reports are
published concerning exhibi-
tions of road building ma-
chinery or mass meetings to
discuss road construction, held under
the supervision of railway companies.
It is of no small interest to examine
into the reasons which have led one
railroad to appoint a permanent good
roads agent, another to transport over
its lines a trainload of machinery
with which object lessons in economi-
cal road building are given at various
towns, and many companies to offer
special rates for transportation of
plant for highway improvement. Presumably
these corporations are not doing
this solely for philanthropic motives,
but because they recognize that the
high cost of transportation over
poor roads diminishes the farm-
er's ability to market all but the most
valuable part of his produce and his
power of purchasing return freight;
or, in other words, good roads are a
necessity to wealthy farmers, and
without wealthy farmers, and many
of them, the railway revenues on local
business are small.

The census returns for the State of
New York show that the decrease in
population in the last decade was 2201
in Wyoming, Livingston and Allegany
counties. The special train which
took the New York members of the
American Society of Civil Engineers
to the recent convention at Niagara
Falls passed through parts of these
counties, and some of the members
remarked on the fact that in spite of
manifest advantages of soil and
climate farming is gradually decreas-
ing, and lands formerly under culti-
vation are now going back to brush
and weeds. The reason for this may
be complex, but one of the most in-
fluential is surely the defective roads,
which not only put an additional bur-
den on the cost of rearing, but also
isolate each farm and increase the
difficulty of social intercourse. This
latter influence is much greater than
is usually recognized, for men, women
and children are gregarious animals,
and the hermit and recluse are rare.

Moreover, the lack of good roads is
depriving these counties of a very
considerable revenue from tourists
and pleasure seekers. Their scenery
is beautiful, their climate attractive,
but their highways keep out the vis-
itor. Switzerland learned this lesson
long ago, and has built up an enor-
mous income from tourists by good
roads and good hotels. Western New
York has, of course, no Chamounix,
Zermatt or Interlaken, but it has more
picturesque scenery than that to be
found along the Oberalp and Albulas
passes from Andermatt to San Moritz.

Hosts of tourists take the latter
toll-free two day journey who would
never think of it if a magnificent high-
way did not make the long diligence
ride as comfortable as the smoothest
roadway and the easiest of stages
permit. Throughout this entire dis-
tance, moreover, there is rarely a farm
in sight, the hamlets are very small
and there are only a few villages. It
is self-evident that without the high
road and its well-kept branches the
country would be deserted. If a simi-
lar road extended through the three
retrograding New York counties, with
less expensive but nevertheless good
branches to the neighboring villages,
it is safe to say that the income from
travelers and summer visitors alone
would soon pay the cost of main-
tenance and reconstruction, to say
nothing of the increased wealth of the
farmers through cheaper transporta-
tion.—Engineering Record.

Macadam Machines.

The construction of macadam roads
on a large scale has naturally im-
pelled a great impetus to the develop-
ment of rock crushing apparatus. The
first steel rock crusher was built two
years ago and a gradual improvement
has since gone hand in hand with an
increase of capacity. The most mod-
ern plants not only crush the stone
but elevate it and separate it into sizes.
The stone crushers weigh from two
to eight tons each, require for their
operation engines of from twelve to
twenty-five horse power and give a
product of from eight to thirty tons
of crushed stone per hour. For
separating the crushed stone into dif-
ferent sizes road makers usually use
a portable storage bin which weighs
2500 pounds and has three compart-
ments, each of which will hold four
tons of stone, and which are provided
with discharging chutes on either side
so that wagons can load from both
sides if necessary. For separating the
crushed material into various sizes
screens of different types are avail-
able. One of the most interesting
forms of this apparatus is the revolving
screen, which revolves on either
a shaft or on rollers and into which
the stone passes. Some of these
screens are fifty-six inches in diameter,
and inasmuch as each screen is
punched with holes of two different
sizes, three different sizes of product
are obtained, one size passing through
the one-inch holes, a second size pass-
ing through the two-inch holes, and
the largest size passing out at the end
of the screen.

Steam Road Rollers.

A class of machine in which great
improvement is noticeable is the steam
road roller. The principles on which
the newest machines are constructed
is to make the wheels, which are ab-
solutely necessary to carry the ma-
chine, act as the rollers proper. Road
rollers range in weight from five to
nineteen tons, and on the larger sizes
the driving wheels are about seventy-
six inches in diameter and have a
facial measurement of from twenty
to twenty-six inches. Rapid road
building is still further facilitated by
the use of spreading wagons, dump
wagons, road plows and other im-
proved forms of apparatus which are
largely automatic in their operation
and which contribute to an economy
of time and money.

COMMERCIAL REVIEW.

General Trade Conditions.

R. G. Dun & Co.'s Review of Trade
says: Despite some drawbacks, the busi-
ness situation continues satisfactory,
with especially good news from man-
ufacturing centers. Special lines were
stimulated by seasonable weather, but
the same influence affected other ad-
versely.

Although manufacturers of steel have
stubbornly resisted inflation of prices,
the urgency of consumers has attracted
more importations. Distant deliveries
are undertaken by domestic producers,
but, where immediate shipment is re-
quired, it is often impossible to prevent
foreign markets securing the business.
Textile mills are well occupied and the
lack of accumulations in first hands
gives a strong tone to the market,
though there is much evidence of con-
servatism among buyers. While the size
of the cotton crop remains uncertain it
must exert a quieting influence on
goods. "Bradstreet's" says: Wheat,
including flour, exports for the week
aggregate 3,702,368 bushels, as against
3,639,679 bushels last week and 3,770,000
bushels in this week last year. Wheat
exports July 1, 1901, to date (31 weeks)
aggregate 165,346,520 bushels, as against
114,778,372 bushels last year. Corn
exports aggregate 427,477 bushels, as
against 319,344 bushels last week and
4,477,432 bushels last year. July 1, 1901,
to date, corn exports are 21,862,355
bushels, against 11,447,3 bushels last
year.

Business failures in the United States
for the week number 303, as against 292
last week, 238 in this week last year, 171
in 1900, 207 in 1899 and 295 in 1898.

LATEST QUOTATIONS.

Flour—Best Patent, \$4.90; High Grade
Extra, \$4.40; Minnesota Bakers, \$3.25-
3.45.
Wheat—New York No. 2, 87½¢; Philadel-
phia No. 2, 85a85½¢; Baltimore
No. 2, 85½¢.
Corn—New York No. 2, 68½¢; Philadel-
phia No. 2, 65a85½¢; Baltimore
No. 2, 65½¢.
Oats—New York No. 2, 48¢; Philadel-
phia No. 2, 51¢; Baltimore No. 2, 50a
50½¢.
Hay—No. 1 timothy, large bales, \$16-
20; No. 2 timothy, \$14.50a15.00; No. 3
timothy, \$13.00a13.50.
Fruits and Vegetables—Apples—West-
ern Maryland and Pennsylvania, packed,
per brl., \$3.00a3.50; do, New York, as-
sorted per brl., \$3.50a4.50. Cabbage—
New York State, per ton, domestic, \$11-
12a12.00; do, Danish, per ton, \$13.00a
14.00. Carrots—Native, per bushel box,
10c; do, per bunch, 1½a2c. Celery
—Native, per bunch, 33½¢. Cranber-
ries—Cape Cod, per brl., \$3.00a7.50; do,
Jerseys, per brl., \$5.50a6.50; do, Cape
and Jerseys, per box, \$1.75a2.00.
Potatoes—White Maryland and Penn-
sylvania, per bushel, No. 1, 75a80¢; do,
seconds, 65a70¢; do, New York, best
No. 1, 80¢; do, seconds, 65a70¢; do,
Western, prime, 80¢. Sweet, Eastern
Shore, Virginia, kiln-dried, per brl.,
\$2.50a3.50; do, per four brl., \$2.50a3.50;
do, Maryland, per brl., fancy, \$2.50
a3.75.
Provisions and Hog Products—Bulk
clear ribs sides, 9½¢; bulk clear sides,
9½¢; hams, shoulders, 9½¢; bulk clear
backs, 9½¢; bulk fat backs, 14 lbs and
under, 9½¢; bulk fat backs, 18 lbs and
under, 9½¢; bulk bellies, 10½¢; bulk
man butts, 9½¢; bacon, shoulders, 10c;
sugar-cured breasts, small, 11c; sugar-
cured breasts, 12 lbs and over, 10½¢;
sugar-cured shoulders, blade cuts, 9½¢;
sugar-cured shoulders, narrow, 9½¢;
sugar-cured shoulders, extra broad,
10½¢; sugar-cured California hams,
1¼¢; hams, canvased or uncanvased, 12
lbs and over, 12c; hams, canvased or un-
canvased, 10 lbs and over, 12½¢; hams,
canvased or uncanvased, 15 lbs and over,
12c; hams, skinned, 12c.
Dressed Poultry—Turkeys—Hens,
good to choice, 15a16c; do, hens and
young toms, mixed, good to choice, 14a
15c; do, young toms, good to choice, 10a
11c; do, old do, do, do, do, 10a11c;
ducks, good to choice, 12a12½c; chickens,
young, good to choice, 10a11c; chickens,
mixed, old and young, 10a11½c. Geese,
good to choice 10a12c.
Butter—Separator, 25a26c; gathered
cream, 23a24c; imitation, 19a20c; prints,
1 lb, 27a28c; rolls, 2 lb, 26a27c; dairy
prints, Md., Pa. and Va., 25a26c.
Cheese—Western Maryland and Penn-
sylvania, per dozen, 25a26c; Eastern
Shore, Maryland and Virginia, —a26c;
Virginia, 26c; West Virginia, 25a26c;
Western, 26c; Southern, 23a24c; cold-
storage, choice, at mark, 20a21c; do, do,
loss off, 22a23c.
Eggs—Western Maryland and Penn-
sylvania, per dozen, 29a30c; Eastern
Shore, Maryland and Virginia, 29a30c;
Virginia, 29c; West Virginia, 28a29c;
cold-storage, choice, at mark, 22a23c.
Live Stock.
Chicago—Cattle—Good to prime
steers, \$6.50a7.25; poor to medium, \$4.00
a5.00; stockers and feeders, \$2.25a4.50;
cows, \$1.00a3.00; heifers, \$2.50a5.50;
canners, \$1.00a2.00; bulls, \$2.25a4.50;
calves, \$2.50a7.10; Texas-fed steers, \$4.00
a5.35. Hogs—Mixed and butchers, \$5.90
a6.25; good to choice heavy, \$6.20a6.50;
rough heavy, \$5.95a6.20; light, \$5.80a
5.10; bulk of sales, \$5.00a5.25. Sheep—
Steady to strong; lambs steady to too
higher; good to choice wethers, \$4.20
a5.20; Western sheep, \$4.00a4.75; native
lambs, \$3.00a5.00; Western lambs, \$3.00
a5.00.
East Liberty—Cattle steady; choice,
\$6.50a7.00; prime, \$5.90a5.25; good,
\$5.50a6.75. Hogs higher; prime heavies,
\$6.25a6.30; light do, \$6.00a6.15; pigs,
5.70a5.85; roughs, \$5.00a6.10. Sheep
steady; best wethers, \$4.60a4.75; culls
and common, \$1.50a2.25; yearlings, \$4.00
a5.00; val calves, \$7.00a8.50.

LABOR AND INDUSTRY.

Chicago police will organize.
Of the 3,500 voters in Alton, Ill., 2,500
are trade unionists.

Thomas Atkinson, of England, has
celebrated his seventieth year as a trade
unionist.

Boston building laborers have de-
manded 30 cents per hour for an eight-
hour day.

In Japan 1,000 hands are required for
a spinning mill of 10,000 spindles. In
America about 200 men do the same
work.

Ninety per cent. of the printers of
Germany are organized, making the
strongest union in that country. The
total membership is 28,838. The receipts
for 1900 were \$403,062, the expenditures
\$301,866, and the organization now has
in the bank \$948,124.

An overwhelming majority of the
Amalgamated Society of Carpenters
and Joiners voted to assess themselves
and create funds to elect their own
members to political offices; to work
with other labor bodies to gain political
power, and to establish co-operative
works. The "Mails" number nearly 70,000
and have close to \$1,250,000 in their
treasury.



NEW IDEAS IN TOILETTES.

New York City.—Blouse waists make
the accepted models for all simple
towns and odd bodies. This satis-
factory May Manton model includes



Blouse Waist.

The new deep pleats at the shoulders
and is rendered peculiarly effective by
the shield and collar of contrasting
material. The design is suited to all
silks and soft wools, but in the original
is made of pastel blue peau de soie
with bands of taffeta in the same
shade, attached with corticelli silk and
shield and collar of tucked white mous-
seline.

The lining is closely fitted and closes
at the center front. On it are arranged
the various parts of the waist. The
shield is attached to the right side
and hooked over onto the left, but the
deep fronts close separately at the left
side. Deep pleats are laid at the should-
ers that extend to the waistline where
the extra fullness is arranged in gather-
ers.

To cut this blouse for a woman of
medium size, three and seven-eighths
yards of material twenty-one inches
wide, three and one-half yards twenty-
seven inches wide or two yards forty-
four inches wide will be required, with
one-half yard for shield and collar.

Two Attractive Waists.

No single article of dress is more
fashionable than the odd waist of
white. The smart May Manton model
shown in the large drawing is made
of taffeta, mousseline combined with
cream lace, the edges of fronts, collar



FANCY BLOUSE.

and cuffs being stitched with many
rows of corticelli silk. Buttons of
crystal are placed on the fronts in
groups of three.

The foundation lining is snugly fitted
and closes at the center front. The
waist proper is plain at the back,
slightly drawn down in gathers at the
front by a yoke of lace and full vest
portion of silk that falls in soft folds
and pouches slightly, but the main
portions are smooth at the shoulders
and full only at the waist line. The
big square collar is attached to the
back of the neck and the fronts, while
a regulation stock is worn at the
throat. The novel sleeves are in bishop
style with deep cuffs pointed at the
upper edge and are arranged over
fitted linings.

To cut this blouse for a woman of
medium size, three and three-fourths
yards of material twenty-one inches
wide, two and seven-eighths yards
twenty-seven inches wide, one and
one-half yards forty-four inches wide
will be required, with one and three-
eighths yards of all-over lace to make as
illustrated.

Shirt waists with deep tucks stitched
from shoulders to bust make a con-
spicuous feature of the season's style.
The pretty model given in the large
drawing is made of white silk cha-
bray and is exceedingly dainty and
charming.

The fronts of the waist are closed
through the regulation box pleat and
three tucks are laid in each that are
tightly stitched with corticelli silk from
neck and shoulder edges to the bust
line, where the fullness falls free to be
gathered at the waist, or left loose to
be arranged as desired. The sleeves
are in bishop style with cuffs of the
latest width, having rounded ends but-
toned over. At the neck is a turn-over
collar of linen, but which can be cut
of the material when preferred.

To cut this waist for a woman of
medium size, three and seven-eighths
yards of material twenty-one inches
wide, three and one-fourth yards twen-
ty-seven inches wide, two and three-
fourths yards thirty-two inches wide
or two yards forty-four inches wide
will be required.

Rope-Like Folds.

All those who have been in mourning
well know how hard it is to think up
effective trimmings "out of whole
cloth." One woman has gotten around
it in this wise. The dress is of soft,
rich black goods, the bodice being
tucked, save at the front, where a vest
of crepe, in panel effect, is introduced.
This is criss-crossed with folds of the
crepe, the crepe waste giving a rope-

like appearance. Five of these folds
are down each side of the vest. This
idea might be carried out entire, with
fine results, the panel running down
the front of the skirt and also heading
the flounce. Folds of crepe are a most
effective trimming, anyway.

Shoes of Satin.

Satin shoes or slippers to match all
gowns for dressy occasions are almost
de rigueur now, and another luxury
are gloves of