

If you are enthusiastic over the automobile you are automad; if an enthusiast, an automanic; if you own or desire to own a motor car, you are a victim of automania. These are the latest additions to the English language.

The State of Kansas now has 100 cities and towns with over 1,000 inhabitants each. Kansas City leads with a population of 46,219, and Topeka comes next with 35,365, Wichita is third, with 22,026, and Leavenworth fourth with 20,893. No other exceeds 17,000.

The discovery in Alaska by a scientific party of a lot of new bays and glaciers and uncatalogued plants and birds shows what a many interesting and possibly useful things a man may overlook when he is in a hurry to reach the gold fields and has no eye for scenery.

John Bull is slow to follow a good example, but the showing made by our gunners in the late war has stimulated the British admiralty to double the target practice on all English men-of-war. This will greatly improve British gunnery, but it is doubtful if it will ever equal the American, as in the Revolution and the war of 1812 it was clearly proved in many sea fights that our gunners were the superiors.

Chief of police Johnston of Jamestown, N. S., said the other day that he could think of no case where a tramp had been a troublesome prisoner—that they are usually too indolent to care about making a disturbance. The real danger from them, he said, lies in their taking possession of barns or unoccupied houses in the country where, by the careless use of their pipes, "which they keep working in some wonderful manner," they sometimes contrive to start a fire which destroys the building.

Lady Georgina Vernon, daughter of the tenth Earl of Haddington, is well known as an authority on dairying as an occupation for women. She spent some time in Normandy studying into French methods in cheese-making. She strongly urges the practicability of dairying for women as a self-supporting industry, but says that cheese would be the most profitable branch of the work. Most of the bad butter, she claims, comes from small dairies with only two or three cows. It is to be hoped, remarks Harper's Bazar, that many women of this country may be induced to follow some of her suggestions, going into the manufacture of some of the more delicate cheeses.

During the Paris Exposition there will be over a hundred congresses of all sorts, kinds, tongues and conditions, comprehending everything from a bacillus to the universe itself. There will be a great hall, two-thirds on land and one-third on water, with vast galleries and such arrangements that thousands can be meeting at once. For instance, the 7000 members of the Congress of Medicine will be divided into 23 sections, and not only will each be taken care of, but the members will all be entertained and will have special opportunities for visiting the Paris schools and hospitals. This illustrates the whole proposition. It shows that Paris is doing everything to get the world to visit her, and that she will exhibit all her varied interests to the millions that attend her end-of-the-century show. The attendance promises to be enormous.

Unexpected success has followed the opening in Philadelphia of a children's branch of the public library. It is the first library of the kind in the city, and the children have availed themselves eagerly of the opportunities it offers. Although it has been in existence only three months, there are about 2,400 names registered on its books as regular readers. "With clean hands and a clean face" is the only rule of the place, besides that of orderly silence. During the whole time of its existence no child has had to be sent out of the library for misconduct. Even on rainy days, when the place is crowded, order and silence always prevail. The little folk come in and are allowed to go straight to the shelves in search of reading matter. Each child is allowed to take out two books at a time, one of their fiction and the other instructive. On the average, the child readers are about 14 years old, and the boys outnumber the girls nearly four to one. History is the favorite literature for the boys, while the girls revel in fiction. It is said by the library people, to the credit of the children and the shame of their elders, that the proportion of instructive books taken out by the little ones is far in advance of those perused by older card holders.

HER TRIUMPH.
She was not the brightest maiden in her class;
Every other always stood above her there,
And they wondered how she ever came to pass,
Not remembering, perhaps, that she was fair.

Here was not the finest essay that was read;
She had borrowed her ideas here and there,
But they cheered unto the echo what she said—
She had precious little wit, but she was fair.

They described the dainty costume that she wore,
Nor mentioned what the others had to wear,
She was dull, as has been mentioned here-
before;
But what of that, as long as she was fair?
Chicago Times-Herald.

A LOCAL PARAGRAPH.
BY EDGAR T. FIELD.

"The time has come for the American people to act. Shall fifty million patriots sit supinely by and let conscienceless rascals tear the stars of glory from the flag they love and trample its proud folds of crimson and white into the mire of national dishonor? Not while the deeds of '76 still shine through the mists of years in unexampled splendor. Not while"—Joel Snively, editor of the Meloege Monitor, laid down his pen with a sigh.

Outside the dusty little window the green waters of the bay were sparkling in the sunshine. A keen north breeze was driving great huddling masses of white-shouldered clouds over a field of dazzling azure, and only a man who loved the sport with the whole-souled earnestness that filled his entire being could know how the fish must be biting on such a morning! Oh, to be out on that gleaming expanse, armed with rod and line, with only the sun and clouds for company and a thousand pounds or so of gamy finned vertebrates playing about within reach of his cunning hook.

But also, it was Friday morning. On Saturday some two hundred impatient subscribers would expect the weekly dish of personal, political and intellectual pabulum which his facile pen had long served up to them on that day, with more or less punctuality, according to the season. His duty clearly held him to his post at such a time, however much his inclinations might have led him elsewhere.

So, with another lingering glance at the scene without, Mr. Snively took up his pen and resumed the stirring appeal which was to awaken fifty million patriots to action and incidentally convince the freemen of Meloege that it was their duty to vote for Joe Gridley for poundmaster.

So engrossed did the editor become in this pleasing task that he did not hear a step upon the creaking stair a little later. If he had he would have known at once that it was a woman and a lady who was approaching, for long and often painful experience had enabled Mr. Snively to determine with unerring accuracy what sort of person was climbing the somewhat perilous ascent to the editorial sanctum almost as soon as his foot touched the first step.

But for once the editor did not hear the soft footfall on the stair, so he was very much surprised and not a little disconcerted when a fresh, sweet voice, almost at his elbow said "Good morning Mr. Snively," and looking up he beheld his neighbor, Mrs. Tracy, her plump figure tightly buttoned into the trimmest of blue serge yachting suits, her smiling face shaded by a wide-brimmed hat and in her hand a fish pole, jointed, brass-tipped, elegant—the very perfection of dainty uselessness.

Without waiting for a response to her greeting she briefly made known her errand. She was anxious for a day's fishing and had been told of an Elysian spot, where the fish were so plentiful they were actually to be had for the asking. Unluckily, however, her own boat had not come, so she ventured to ask if, in case he was not using it, Mr. Snively would be so kind as to lend her his yawl, it being impossible to hire one in the village.

Mr. Snively was delighted. Mrs. Tracy was a pretty widow of uncertain age but no uncertain charm, who had taken the cottage next to the editor's own some six months before. In the course of a rather desultory acquaintance the genial bachelor, whose ideas of the fair sex were those common to his kind, had discovered that his fair neighbor was a cheery little body of sound political views and excellent tastes (from the first she had been a prompt and paying subscriber to The Monitor), but beyond that his imagination had not soared. Now, however, behold the pretty widow invested with a wholly new interest. She was fond of fishing!

Eagerly Mr. Snively assured his visitor of his pleasure in putting his boat at her disposal and gave her exhaustive directions as to the means of obtaining it. A delightful half-hour of conversation followed. As though it were a magician's wand the dainty fish pole had placed the editor and his guest at once on terms of the most charming intimacy and the former didn't remember ever to have enjoyed a conversation so much in his life, albeit the talk was wholly of reels and rods and spoon-hooks and other instruments of slaughter.

"Where is this wonderful place you are going to?" he asked.
"Ah, that's a secret," she replied, gayly. "I promised I'd never, never tell."
"Oh, well, then I suppose it's a crime to even guess." And once more the editor sighed as he glanced out at the sparkling waters.
"But you have been so kind," exclaimed the widow, noting the sigh and immediately filled with compunction. "It seems ungracious of me to keep it from you who love so to fish." And then as she saw him give another wistful glance toward the water she burst out impulsively: "Promise me not to betray me and I'll tell you—it's Patchang lake!" "Patchang!" cried Mr. Snively in surprise. "Why, I never heard of a fish down there in my life."

"That's the charm of it," she rejoined, gleefully, "and the man who told me about it (such a dear, dirty, old fisherman he was) was fearfully afraid some one else would find it out; so don't betray me." And she hurried away with a parting smile that made the dusty office seem duller than ever when he got back to it and reluctantly commenced setting up his editorial for Mr. Snively constituted the whole working force of The Monitor.

And his task seemed harder than ever after the interruption. Thoughts of his pretty visitor kept intruding themselves into the midst of his most impassioned appeals to the voters of Meloege.

How blue her eyes were and what bewitching little rings of hair had blown up under the big hat.
And then the fishing.
The editor of The Monitor shook his head. Could it be possible any man living could have a soul so lost to honor as to play a joke on a woman who looked like that? It seemed impossible, and yet Mr. Snively was as sure there wasn't a fish within a mile of Patchang as he was that there wasn't a free silver man in Meloege.

Perhaps even then Mrs. Tracy was sitting in that yawl vainly waiting for the bite he felt certain she wouldn't get if she sat there till the United States got an honest government. And he was actually staying at home and deliberately abandoning a friend to such a fate!

As this agonizing thought occurred to Mr. Snively he dropped his type and started for the door. But once there he paused and slowly returned to his form, only to find it more and more impossible to keep his mind on his work.

At last he gave up in despair. Taking a hasty survey of what he'd already accomplished he found his column tolerably full, with the exception of perhaps a single paragraph on the local page. By hard work the following morning he might hope to set up his pages and would trust to luck for the missing paragraph.

Like all fishermen, Mr. Snively was a firm believer in luck. He was also a man of action when he chose, and within five minutes of this calculation he had looked up the editorial department and was on his way to Patchang lake.

When he reached that shallow sheet of water a little lady in blue serge sat in a boat in the center thereof, with an expression of virtuous indignation on her suburban features.
"What luck?" called the editor from the shore.

"Luck!" cried the fair sportswoman dolefully. "There's not enough water in this lake to catch cold in, much less a fish. All I've got for my trouble is a mighty poor opinion of fishermen in general and one dirty one in particular."

"Come over here," said Snively. "I know a pond not a thousand miles away where the fish bite like mosquitoes. If you'll try it I think I can raise your opinion of fishermen before I'm a day older."

"I can't," confessed the widow, blushing with anger and mortification. "I'm stuck in the mud."

One moment the man of letters hesitated on the bank and then, with an inward prayer that he might at least be spared to get out that week's paper, he waded boldly into the expanse of treacherous mud that rolled between him and the beauty in distress.

The next morning the editor walked into the Monitor office clad in his Sunday clothes. With his accustomed methodical neatness he pulled off his coat, hung it behind the door, and carefully drew on his linen sleeves a pair of black alpaca ones. Then he lighted his pipe and took his place at the form.

There, just as he had left it, was the vacant space at the end of the local column still yawning for the missing paragraph.
Mr. Snively regarded it for a few minutes reflectively—then he took up his pen, as a smile gradually spread itself over his face until it reached his eyes. It still lingered there when a little later he finished and paused to glance over his work.
What he read was this:
"The editor of The Monitor, after many years of bachelorhood, has had the good fortune to incur the risks and responsibilities of matrimony. He was married this morning to Mrs. Gertrude Tracy of Elm cottage and asks the congratulations and good wishes of his subscribers in this the happiest hour of his life."—Edgar Temple Field.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.
Designs For Costumes That Have Become Popular in the Metropolis.

New York City (Special).—A superb house toilet or morning gown suitable for any time of the year is a successful creation of a New York



SIMPLE MORNING GOWN.
(It is made of white pique or duck, with bands of black or dark blue linen duck. From Harper's Bazar.)

house. The material is a brilliant iridescent Persian chiffon, of the softest, richest coloring. The whole dress is applied over with black-thread lace in graceful conventionalized flower-like figures, the lace in turn being outlined with rucked baby velvet ribbon the shade of Parma violets. There is a V from the throat to the point of the bust of heavy cut white lace over satin, a white satin belt and very long



BOYS' BOX REEFER FOR A SCHOOL BOY.

slightly shirred sleeves. As will be noted, the skirt trails all around and is very clinging, falling below the rich satin underslip on which it is mounted.

The popular school coat for a boy is the box reefer of a style similar to the one shown in the large engraving. After twelve or thirteen years of age, boys more frequently wear trousers than knickerbockers, except, of course, when cycling. In England they give up the form earlier, or, at any rate, the knickers are worn with stockings. A boy of from eight to ten years of age, clad in short knickers and socks, such as one continually sees here, would be the laughing stock of his comrades on the other side of the channel.

A sailor costume with long trousers and Jersey may at a pinch form part of the wardrobe of a boy from thirteen to fourteen years of age, especially in the country or at the seaside. But the dress just described, short jacket and knickers of drab or gray, are generally preferred here for boys up to thirteen or fourteen.

May Tie the Bonnet Under the Chin.
Are strings to hats and bonnets really coming again? It seems like it, at any rate, for tulle strings are seen on all the new hats. They are becoming as a rule—they are worn twisted round the throat—and the effect is soft and pretty.

Pretty Neckwear.
The white or cream marine neckties that have been fastened in a bow at the throat are now brought twice around the high, straight stock, fastened half way between throat and belt with a pretty pin, and tied in a bow there.

Another pretty fancy is to bring a satin ribbon twice around the stock, put its ends through a small buckle of rhicestones or paste jewels, which is

pushed close to the throat, leaving the ends of the ribbon to hang in two long scarflike ends.

Wide winged bows of white silk muslin edged with imitation Mechlin lace are becoming to every one and smarten up a very plain waist.

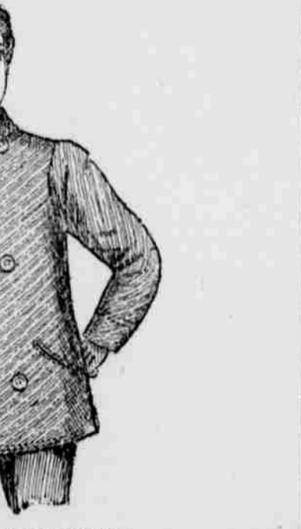
A New Set of Colors.
Paris is inaugurating a new set of colors, and judging from the titles given the various shades considerable attention is being given the question by the experts. A deep cream is called "Cream of the Meadow," as its shade is exactly that of the wild flower of that name. "Eventide" describes a new gray, and really the color is deep, mysterious and misty. A shade of pink is described as "poppy bud," as it gives one the idea of the silvery sheen seen on the poppy bud.

Black Dinner and Reception Gowns.
For dinner and reception gowns black velvet will assume the precedence, over even the black spangled net affairs of the past season.

Strings on All Headwear.
Strings are appearing, both on hats and bonnets.

A Lounging Robe.
The woman who likes a kimono, but who feels how impossible it is out of her bed-room, can make something very similar, so far as comfort and coolness are concerned, and yet have a gown she will not mind wearing about the house, in the morning, at any rate.

To fashion it, take two pieces of some pretty cotton material that is at least a yard wide (crape cloth is good), having first cut them about ten inches longer than the distance measured from your neck to the floor, and make a round hole four inches in diameter in the middle of each piece about four inches from its end; this is to be the arm-hole. A gore as large as seems necessary should then be added to each piece, and the resulting diagonal edges stitched together to form the back seam, while the opposite or front edges are neatly closed up to near the waist-line, and



TYPE OF LOUING ROBE.

from there left open to the neck. The neck itself should be gathered with more fulness at back and front than at the shoulder, and then bound, wide lace or embroidery being sewed in to form a collar and jabot. For the sleeves a shirt-waist sleeve is the best guide as it has but one seam; they may be shaped precisely like it at the top, but allowed to hang straight to the wrists instead of having the fulness gathered into a cuff, and then faced and turned back, which gives a Japanese look to the gown. Its owner ought to ask some one else to turn up the hem around the bottom while she stands properly belted, and it is complete. Worn with the belt white she is visible, and without when she wishes



TYPE OF LOUING ROBE.

THE MARKETS.

PITTSBURGH.	
Grain, Flour and Feed.	
WHEAT—No. 1 red.....	84 1/2 @ 85
WHEAT—No. 1 new.....	87 1/2 @ 88
CORN—No. 2 yellow, ear.....	39 1/2 @ 40
No. 2 yellow, shelled.....	38 1/2 @ 39
Mixed ear.....	37 1/2 @ 38
OATS—No. 2 white.....	26 1/2 @ 27
No. 3.....	25 1/2 @ 26
No. 4.....	24 1/2 @ 25
No. 5.....	23 1/2 @ 24
No. 6.....	22 1/2 @ 23
No. 7.....	21 1/2 @ 22
No. 8.....	20 1/2 @ 21
No. 9.....	19 1/2 @ 20
No. 10.....	18 1/2 @ 19
No. 11.....	17 1/2 @ 18
No. 12.....	16 1/2 @ 17
No. 13.....	15 1/2 @ 16
No. 14.....	14 1/2 @ 15
No. 15.....	13 1/2 @ 14
No. 16.....	12 1/2 @ 13
No. 17.....	11 1/2 @ 12
No. 18.....	10 1/2 @ 11
No. 19.....	9 1/2 @ 10
No. 20.....	8 1/2 @ 9
No. 21.....	7 1/2 @ 8
No. 22.....	6 1/2 @ 7
No. 23.....	5 1/2 @ 6
No. 24.....	4 1/2 @ 5
No. 25.....	3 1/2 @ 4
No. 26.....	2 1/2 @ 3
No. 27.....	1 1/2 @ 2
No. 28.....	1/2 @ 1
No. 29.....	0 1/2 @ 1
No. 30.....	0 @ 0

BALTIMORE.	
FLOUR.	
WHEAT—No. 1 red.....	84 1/2 @ 85
WHEAT—No. 2 red.....	83 1/2 @ 84
CORN—Mixed.....	37 1/2 @ 38
OATS.....	26 1/2 @ 27
EGGS.....	17 1/2 @ 18
BUTTER—Ohio creamery.....	22 1/2 @ 23

PHILADELPHIA.	
FLOUR.	
WHEAT—No. 1 red.....	84 1/2 @ 85
WHEAT—No. 2 red.....	83 1/2 @ 84
CORN—Mixed.....	37 1/2 @ 38
OATS.....	26 1/2 @ 27
EGGS.....	17 1/2 @ 18
BUTTER—Creamery, extra.....	22 1/2 @ 23
EGGS—Pennsylvania firsts.....	17 1/2 @ 18

NEW YORK.	
FLOUR.	
WHEAT—No. 1 red.....	84 1/2 @ 85
WHEAT—No. 2 red.....	83 1/2 @ 84
CORN—Mixed.....	37 1/2 @ 38
OATS.....	26 1/2 @ 27
EGGS.....	17 1/2 @ 18
BUTTER—Creamery, extra.....	22 1/2 @ 23
EGGS—Pennsylvania firsts.....	17 1/2 @ 18

LIVE STOCK.	
CATTLE.	
Prime, 1800 to 1400 lbs.....	5 50 @ 5 70
Good, 1200 to 1800 lbs.....	5 30 @ 5 50
Tidy, 1000 to 1100 lbs.....	5 00 @ 5 15
Fair light steers, 800 to 1000 lbs.....	4 15 @ 4 85
Common, 700 to 900 lbs.....	3 40 @ 4 00
HOGS.	
Medium.....	4 60 @ 4 95
Heavy.....	4 80 @ 4 75
Roughs and stags.....	3 75 @ 4 00
SHEEP.	
Prime, 85 to 105 lbs.....	4 65 @ 4 75
Good, 85 to 90 lbs.....	4 50 @ 4 60
Fair, 70 to 80 lbs.....	3 75 @ 4 25
Common.....	4 00 @ 4 35
Veal Calves.....	5 00 @ 7 25
LAMBS.	
Springer, extra.....	5 50 @ 5 75
Springer, good to choice.....	5 00 @ 5 10
Common to fair.....	4 35 @ 4 50
Extra yearlings, light.....	4 35 @ 4 50
Good to choice yearlings.....	4 00 @ 4 35
Medium.....	3 90 @ 4 00
Common.....	3 00 @ 3 90

TRADE REVIEW.

The Volume of Business Now in Progress Has Never Been Rivalled.

R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review of trade reports as follows for last week: Better than all other news, the record of August commerce shows the relation of United States business to that of other countries. Exports were \$20,382,575 larger than ever before in August and exceeded imports by \$37,929,699, partly because exports of staples were \$2,369,375 larger than last year, but also because exports of other products, mainly manufacturing, were \$10,349,000 larger than last year and larger than in any other month of any year. Fears that great changes in prices might shut off exports of manufactured products have not been unnatural, and it is most gratifying to find that such exports still continue and expand. The excess of exports over imports gives fair promise of as large a balance in foreign trade to the benefit of this country during the winter as has ever been seen. That manufactured exports do not fall off, but are larger than ever, is both surprising and gratifying. The volume of business now in progress has never been rivalled.

The great movement of grain, in wheat and flour, a little larger than last year in August, and in two weeks of September, is 925,000 bushels. Government reports from Atlantic ports, against 5,423,676 last year and from Pacific 755,559 bushels against 361,144 last year is far more effective in preventing a decline in prices than any official or unofficial estimate of prices. Government reports indicate a wheat crop of only 516,000,000 bushels, but last year September report indicated 555,000,000 bushels, and afterwards the official report made it 675,000,000 bushels, and none would be surprised to see a similar revision this year. The price, in spite of good exports has fallen one-quarter of a cent, for western receipts have been 13,669,455 bushels in two weeks, against 14,625,000 bushels in the same period last year, and corn exports, 6,083,212 bushels, against 4,551,331. The feeling is not unreasonable that foreign needs are just now well indicated by the corn movement. At this season cotton shipments are always small, and prices are feared to be depressed during the week a sixteenth, with a little less buying on foreign account.

Extraordinary efforts to increase the iron output failed in August partly because stoppage of a few large furnaces for repairs more than balanced the addition of 13 small furnaces to the producing force and partly because hot weather prevented full production. The reported output, 267,535 tons, against 277,532 August last with decrease of 22,247 tons in unsold stock indicates a consumption of 1,209,012 tons during the month. Purchases of 60,000 tons lessener and 20,000 tons other iron are reported with advance of business to \$23 25 at Pittsburgh, but quotations are wild because of premiums paid for early delivery. Plates at the East and common bars at Pittsburgh are \$1 per ton higher, and wire nails have again been advanced 23 per ton. Orders for plates include several for export and one for a vessel in the Delaware river, with one for Venezuela at Pittsburgh, but many for all forms are refused because works are unable to fill them on time, and some orders of much importance have been withdrawn at the West on account of the delay unavoidable and the high prices charged.

The heavy sales of wool, 12,658,900 pounds for the week and 21,282,100 for two weeks, against 36,829,400 in 1897, are largely due to heavy manufacturing purchases in Boston. Prices here are stiff and the demand for woolen goods of all sorts is strong.

Failures for the week have been 149 in the United States, against 174 last year, and 32 in Canada against 23 last year.