

Notwithstanding the development of automobiles the prices of horses in the West are rising.

The latest methods of raising church funds, is that practiced by an English vicar who makes and sells walking sticks in order to get a new organ.

There are many signs of improved conditions in Spain, and increasing reason to believe that the country will before long enter upon an era of comparative prosperity.

Judge Ferris of Cincinnati has ruled that the costs incurred in contesting a will cannot be ordered paid out of the inheritance. This is likely to make some of the Cincinnati lawyers weary and wary.

Salvation Army folks are forbidden to use trumpet, drum, or tambourine in the streets of Philadelphia, and speech only is left to them in their public worship. They feel much aggrieved by the action of the police.

It usually holds good that when a man says he has been hampered and kept down by his wife and children, he is indulging in that pitiful passion for self-excuse which makes so many human animals unjustly proud of themselves and justly ridiculous to their fellows.

The supreme court of Massachusetts has sustained the action of a lower court in awarding \$10,000 to a little girl against the Boston Ice company for the loss of one of her feet as the result of a cake of ice falling upon it from a cart as she was crossing a street in company with her five-year-old sister, the injured child at the time lacking two months of being three years old.

Electricity is now employed for the purpose of removing the wool from sheep which have been slaughtered. Hitherto the skin has by means of chemicals been put in such a condition that the wool can be pulled off by hand. With the new process the wool is removed by pushing a knife heated red-hot by electricity along the surface of the skin. By this means it is estimated that a girl with a few hours' practice can shear from eight to a dozen skins per hour, the saving in cost of removing the wool being obvious.

It may or may not be true, as a great physician has said, that "disease is dirt." But it is clearly demonstrated now that yellow fever and cholera have dirt alone for their progenitor. The existence of such diseases in epidemic form is always and everywhere a disgrace to the community that suffers from them. The same thing is true of bubonic plague and typhus and every other form of dirt disease. Modern science has changed the reading of the prophet's injunction "Wash and be clean" into "Wash and be healthy."

The disease called the yellows has been known to peach-growers for 100 years, first appearing in this country in Pennsylvania, and then traveling southward. "It has only traveled 100 miles in as many years," said a well known peach-grower. "The only proper way to deal with the trees affected by it is to take them up and burn them root and branch. This all enterprising and intelligent farmers do as soon as the disease develops. By using this method many farmers have not lost more than one or two trees to the 1000 in ten years. In addition to being damaged by the yellows, the crop has been diminished by the multiplication of the curculio. The farmers, since peach-raising has been less profitable, have been turning their attention more to pear-raising and to smaller fruits. In a few years pears will largely supersede peaches."

Naval Constructor Neudeck of the German navy had opportunities for seeing things while on a visit to this country. Speaking of our ships he said: "As a result of my visits to all your great shipyards, I can say that the new ships now building for the navy are among the finest in the world, if they are not superior to all others, as I am sometimes inclined to think. The reason for the excellence of these ships, and others that are ready, I seek in the intelligence of your workmen, and in the mechanical genius of the whole nation. Work is expensive here, but the result is better work, and a greater feeling of responsibility on the part of the workmen, who draw high wages. A secondary result of these conditions is that the workman has both incentive and opportunity to obtain a better education." Testimony of this sort, coming from such a quarter, ought to reassure even the most critical that we are getting good value for our money.

**A MIGHTY HOT TIME.**

It's a mighty hot time in the country, but somehow there's room for a song. For in spite of the blaze of the weather the old world is rollin' along! It's hot on the tops o' the mountains—it's hot on the slopes o' the sea, An', take it all round, weather covers the ground, for it's too hot for you an' for me.

It's a mighty hot time in the cities; but what is the use to complain? The streets and the highways, I reckon, will some day be dimpled by rain! An' the craps to the harvest air climb in, an' the violet sheds its perfume; The plum's lookin' red in the orchard, an' a mookin' bird sings in the blooms!

**MR. NUBBINS' PROPOSAL.**

I lacked five minutes of the time for the departure of the Montreal express from the Grand Central station, and the cars were rapidly filling up. Nathaniel Nubbins, a well-dressed, meek-looking little gentleman, had just got comfortably settled down in a corner seat of the car next to the smoker when he heard a familiar voice addressing him:

"Why, hello, Nubbins; how are you? I'm right in luck today. I was just looking for some one to take charge of Aunt Abigail's bundles and assist her off the train with them when she reaches Troy. You're going through, of course?"

"Y—yes," answered Nubbins, faintly, as he glanced up and recognized his friend Travers with his arms full of bundles of all shapes and sizes and "Aunt Abigail" grimly looming up in an aisle behind him like one of Napoleon's grenadiers.

Now, Nathaniel Nubbins was of a decidedly shy and retiring disposition, besides being a dyed-in-the-wool old bachelor (Nubbins was 50, still single, and not only willing but anxious to remain so), and if he could have had his choice he would sooner lead a bayonet charge, face a gang of mutineers or a midnight burglar, or encounter most any other trifle in that line rather than take charge of a woman and her luggage for a 150-mile railroad journey. Therefore the reader will kindly imagine the remarks (they will hardly do for print) that Nubbins made under his breath as he got up and, with forced politeness, bowed the waiting female to the seat next to the window.

"Thank you," said Travers, as he began piling bundles on Nubbins' feet and into his lap, whichever came the handiest; "I knew you'd just as soon do me the favor to take charge of Aunt Abigail as not, and I'm glad I happened to run across you. She is a trifle hard of hearing, and—er—a little eccentric in some respects, but you'll find her first-rate company when you get acquainted with her. By the way, I came near forgetting to introduce you to each other. Mr. Nubbins, this is my aunt, Miss Abigail Doolittle." Then, raising his voice, he shouted: "Aunt Abigail, allow me to present my bachelor friend, Mr. Nubbins, who will look after you and see you safely off the train with your baggage when you reach Troy."

"So good of him, I'm sure. Happy to meet you, Mr. Nubbins," responded Miss Doolittle, with what was meant to be a winsome smile in Nubbins' direction.

At this moment the starter's bell rang, the train began slowly moving out of the station, and with a hurried "goodby" Travers dashed out of the car, leaving Nubbins alone to face the responsibility of delivering Miss Doolittle and her collection of baggage safely at the Troy station—a responsibility which even the bravest of Nubbins' sex might well have hesitated to face.

Now, Nubbins, as I have previously intimated, was not cast in a heroic mold. He was a timid little gentleman, measuring probably 5 feet 2 in his patent leathers, and his great aim in life, so far as the so-called gentler sex was concerned, was to leave them severely alone and quietly flock by himself, as Lord Dundreary used to express it.

Miss Abigail Doolittle, on the contrary, though she had chiefly flocked by herself through five-and-forty summers and the same number of dreary winters, had done so unwillingly and under protest, as it were.

For a full quarter of a century the tall and stately Miss Doolittle (who loomed nearly a foot above Nubbins and looked every inch a grenadier, as I believe I have before hinted) had been on the matrimonial bargain counter—she had a snug little fortune in her own right—waiting patiently for some enterprising and appreciative gentleman to appear on the scene and take possession of her willing heart and other personal property. But alas! Thus far her waiting had been in vain. Among her list of acquaintances other maidens, young and old, attractive or otherwise, some with fortunes and some without, had been taken, and she alone had been left to mourn over the perverseness of mankind.

Much brooding on the subject, coupled with her infirmity of hearing, had at last resulted in the harmless delusion that every man who treated her at all politely was desperately in love with her, and as Nubbins had not been warned of this fact, it can readily be surmised that his present position was one of extreme peril—that is, so far as his peace of mind was concerned, at least.

After the forty-second street tunnel had been passed and the train had emerged once more into daylight, Nubbins transferred the most of the bundles from his lap to the rack overhead, and presently ventured upon the remark that it was a fine day.

"Beg pardon, sir!" said the female grenadier, suddenly straightening up

and glancing inquiringly at Nubbins. "I said it's a fine day," explained Nubbins, raising his voice to a shout. "Gay? Oh, well, I try to be, but it's rather hard sometimes for a lone female to keep up her spirits."

A clammy perspiration broke out on Nubbins. "Excuse me," he interrupted, hastily, "I said a fine day; not gay, but any, d-a-y, day!"

"Say? Let 'em say what they're a mind to. I guess Abigail Doolittle has got money enough so she don't ask any odds of anybody—present company excepted. Of course it is different with you. The minute my nephew introduced us to each other I felt that we were going to be friends—intimate friends, as I may say."

Nubbins' face was now the color of an Italian sunset, and he was earnestly longing for the bottom to drop out of the car and let him through, or for some other catastrophe to come to his rescue, but as usual in such cases his longings were in vain, and amid the subdued snickerings of the more thoughtless of the passengers his companion calmly went on:

"Yes, Mr. Nubbins, the very instant I set my eyes on you I said to myself, here is a congenial soul, a man that I can trust; and I hope we shall have no secrets from each other. I am rich but wealth is not all that is worth living for. You may be poor, Mr. Nubbins."

"My name is Nubbins, madam, not Nubbins," shouted the embarrassed bachelor, "and if you will change the subject to something less personal I shall be greatly obliged to you."

"Obliged to me? Not at all, Mr. Nubbins. No obligation whatever. I am only too happy."

"Great Peters!" groaned Nubbins; "what on earth is the old lady driving at, anyhow?" And then raising his voice he fairly howled: "Madam, your nephew expects me to see you safely off the train at Troy, and I'll do it, but in the meantime I propose—"

"To adjourn to the smoking car and stay there until we reach your station," Nubbins was about to say, but Miss Doolittle was too quick for him. Her ear caught the word propose, and that was enough for her. The supreme moment of her life had arrived at last—or at least she thought it had—and with a cry of joy she flopped over on Nubbins' shoulder, knocking his hat off and sending it spinning across the aisle, and nearly smothering his ribs against the side of the seat.

"Oh, you dear, good man, I felt sure right from the start that you were going to propose! I knew the symptoms right off, and—What's the matter, love? Hain't been taken sick all of a sudden, have you?"

But Nubbins, who had wriggled out of the seat and (without waiting to secure his hat) was frantically sprinting down the aisle in the direction of the smoker, answered not.

Dashing out of the door and slamming it shut behind him, he scooted across the platform and disappeared into the car ahead, and as he dropped into a corner seat next to the coal box he gasped:

"By George! That was a pretty narrow escape for me. If I hadn't got away just as I did she'd have hunted up a minister, in case there was one to be had on the train, and married me in spite of myself!"

Half an hour later, when his courage had begun to return (but not sufficiently to induce him to again enter the car containing Miss Doolittle), Nubbins called a brakeman to him and said:

"Would you like to earn \$5?"

"Just try me and see," responded the brakeman with a wink.

"All right; go back in the next car and tell the six-foot female in the last seat that I'm dead and that the corpse would like his hat."

"Yes, sir."

"And then, after you bring me my hat, if you will stand guard and see that she doesn't get in here to slobber over my remains between here and Troy, and when the train reaches there help her off with her bundles, and see that she stays off, I'll see that you get the \$5 and another on top of it."

"Yes, sir; just leave it to me and I'll fix it all right, sir."

And five minutes later Nubbins had his rescued hat, now somewhat the worse for wear, pulled down over his eyes, and was peacefully dozing in his seat, while the vigilant brakeman, with one \$5 fee in his pocket, and a second in view for forty miles away, was doing picket duty at the door.—New York Mail and Express.

**A Fowl That Won a Battle.**

A singular story is told of a gallant cock whose moral influence at a critical moment during the battle of St. Vincent helped to save a British man-of-war from the hands of the enemy. The fowl in question formed part of the live stock of the Marlborough—a vessel which had suffered so severely that her captain was considering the advisability of striking his flag. The ship was entirely dismantled, while the chief officers had been carried below severely wounded, and the crew, without anybody to cheer them up, were beginning to grow sullen under the heavy fire of the enemy, to which they were hardly able to respond.

At this emergency a shot struck the coop in which the fowls were confined. The only surviving occupant, a cock, fluting himself at liberty, fluttered up and perched himself on the stump of the mainmast and surveyed the scene of carnage around him. Then, flapping his wings in defiance, he began to crow vociferously. He was answered by three hearty and exhilarating cheers from the crew, who all had a good laugh, and with spirits thus renewed continued the action with a vigor that lasted until a turn in the battle rescued them from their tight position.—London Mail.

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

**NEW YORK CITY (Special).**—Very long wraps are the most prominent among fall models. The peplum cloak, fastening in a drapery on the left shoulder, is the latest novelty. It



CLARK SUITABLE FOR LATE FALL.

certainly will be a success, as it is exceedingly stylish. Though it is of considerable length, it does not reach the foot of the skirt, but terminates

is most useful for autumn wear. This style is especially adaptable in blue cloth. Blue is a shade that always is serviceable, and seldom looks shabby even after a season's hard wear. The model is a blue cloth, with white facings, and is lined throughout with white satin, which, by the way, is one of the best linings ever employed. Crystal buttons add considerably to the effect. The jacket flaps and a narrow band at the waist are of white. The other jacket shown in the large engraving is an open one, and simulates a double coat. This has a shaped edge inserted between the cloth and the lining. This inner coat is fitted with revers which turn outward over the other revers, and both are faced with white cloth. A vest of ivory satin or silk, with jabot of antique lace, adds much to its utility when something out of the ordinary is needed for afternoon or evening smart functions.

**Gray Leads For Tailor Gowns.**  
The new tailor-made gowns, or rather the stuffs from which they are to be made, greet one as true and tried old friends, for they are chiefly the ever-popular gray shades.

**Those Light-Sleeved Gowns!**  
The shoulders and the tops of the arms are so closely defined in the newest gowns that the woman with "wooden" shoulders, thin arms or a bad carriage is looking wistfully for ingenious ways of concealing her defects. The smart dressmakers say they will not attempt to clothe young girls or too slender women in these severely simple bodies. A fold or two or a suspension of a fringe of lace or chiffon covers deficiencies and does not interrupt the line which fashion ordains. A becoming pinafore dress is produced by wearing over a lace bodice a second half bodice of foulard or fine cloth, and inserting panels of the lace in the skirt, narrowing from the waist downward. The open part



SHORT DOUBLE-BREASTED JACKET FOR FALL; ONE COAT MADE TO LOOK AS IF IT WERE TWO.

ten or twelve inches above it. A very elegant redingote has a triple pelerine covering the shoulders, while in front shaped revers run the entire length.

Shown in the accompanying illustration is a new-model cloak suitable for late fall of white cloth, fitting closely over the shoulders, and from thence downward, flaring slightly and opening in the centre of the back over a double fold of white velvet. Garniture is of chinchilla; collar lined with the same fur. Lining is maize surah, slightly wadded. The design is from the Dry Goods Economist.

It appears now very distinctly indicated that wraps, cloaks and redingotes will be far more fashionable than jackets as the season advances, not, however, to their entire exclusion, as they are far too convenient and pretty for that to be possible.

Another stylish redingote, also sloped off in front, has three very narrow shaped flounces surrounding it, and continuing up the front, diminishing as they ascend, they are repeated on a sort of small pelerine covering the shoulders.

**Smart Autumn Jackets.**

This season's jackets are fascinating with their wonderful curves and tailor finish. It is a mistake to suppose an outside garment can be made at home. It is the one thing that must have the stamp of the tailor, and an exceedingly "smart" one at that. Stitching is generally used on the new fall coats; and, although it is a finish, it must be kept thoroughly brushed, or the dust which settles on its threads will give even a new coat the appearance of having been worn a long time. The short double-breasted type of jacket shown in the large engraving

of the overdress may be connected by bands of velvet or stitched straps of cloth or silk, and similar bands can be adapted as shoulder-straps. Ever



DAINTY COTTON MORNING FROCK.

these lines render the closely fitted lace bodice less trying.

**THE MARKETS.**

**PITTSBURGH.**

Grain, Flour and Feed.	
WHEAT—No. 2 red.....	66 1/2 67
WHEAT—No. 1 red.....	61 1/2 62
CORN—No. 2 yellow.....	40 1/2 41
No. 2 yellow, shellad.....	37 3/8
Mixed ear.....	37 3/8
OATS—No. 2 white.....	28 29
No. 3 white.....	27
FLLOUR—Wheat.....	3 70 3 80
Fancy straight winter.....	8 40 8 50
Bye—No. 2.....	65 66
HAY—No. 1 timothy.....	15 00 15 50
Clover, No. 1.....	10 00 10 50
FERT.—No. 1 white mid., ton.....	18 50 19 50
Brown middlings.....	15 75 16 00
Straw, bulk.....	14 25 14 50
STRAW—Wheat.....	6 00 6 25
Oat.....	5 00 5 25
SEEDS—Fancy Blue Grass.....	1 25 1 50
Timothy, prime.....	1 29 1 40

**Dairy Products.**

BUTTER—Ely creamery.....	25 1/2 26
Ohio creamery.....	25 1/2 26
Fancy country roll.....	15 17
CHEESE—Ohio, new.....	11 12
New York, new.....	12 13

**Fruits and Vegetables.**

BEANS—Green @ bu.....	50 75
POTATOES—Fancy White @ bu.....	25 67
SWEET POTATOES—Per barrel.....	90 1 00
ONIONS—per lb.....	47 50

**Poultry, Etc.**

HENS—per pair.....	70 75
CHICKENS—dressed.....	13 14
TURKEYS—dressed.....	15 16
EGGS—Pa. and Ohio, fresh.....	18 17

**BALTIMORE.**

FLOUR.....	3 75 4 00
WHEAT—No. 2 red.....	75 78
CORN—Mixed.....	38 39
OATS.....	28 29
EGGS.....	23 24
BUTTER—Ohio creamery.....	17 18

**PHILADELPHIA.**

FLOUR.....	3 55 3 80
WHEAT—No. 2 red.....	71 74
CORN—No. 2 mixed.....	37 38
OATS—No. 2 white.....	29 30
BUTTER—Creamery, extra.....	22 23
EGGS—Pennsylvania firsts.....	17 18

**NEW YORK.**

FLOUR—Patents.....	3 00 3 25
WHEAT—No. 2 red.....	75 78
CORN—No. 2.....	40
OATS—White Western.....	27
BUTTER—Creamery.....	18 23
EGGS—State of Penn.....	14 18

**LIVE STOCK.**

**Central Stock Yards, East Liberty, Pa.**

**CATTLE.**

Prime, 1500 to 1600 lbs.....	5 50 5 70
Good, 1200 to 1300 lbs.....	5 30 5 55
Tidy, 1000 to 1100 lbs.....	5 00 5 10
Fair light steers, 900 to 1000 lbs.....	4 15 4 30
Common, 700 to 800 lbs.....	3 49 4 05

**HOGS.**

Medium.....	4 60 4 95
Heavy.....	4 69 4 75
Roughs and stags.....	3 75 4 00

**SHEEP.**

Prime, 95 to 105 lbs.....	4 65 4 75
Good, 85 to 90 lbs.....	4 35 4 50
Fair, 70 to 80 lbs.....	4 75 5 50
Common.....	4 00 4 50
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 75 5 00
Good to choice yearlings.....	4 50 4 75
Medium.....	4 00 4 25
Common.....	3 00 4 00

**REVIEW OF TRADE.**

**The Increased Purchasing Power is Greater Than the Advance in Prices of Commodities.**

R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review of trade reports as follows for last week: The reaction in the stock market is not a sign of anything outside that market, but has set many to look for signs elsewhere. Such signs have been hard to find. It has been for months a wonder that the demand for products was sustained at rates exceeding just consumption in any year, notwithstanding the general rise in prices. But the demand does not appear to abate, and the rise in prices continues.

A partial explanation is that scarcely any class of products directly consumed by individuals has advanced as much as the wages and employment of labor. With more hands at work, more hours, and at 10 to 15 per cent higher wages, the gain in purchasing power has been quite beyond the rise of 1 per cent in boots and shoes this year, or 8 per cent in leather, 5.2 per cent in woolen goods, or 12.9 per cent in wool, and even beyond the rise of 17 per cent in cotton goods, mainly due to the rise of 13 per cent in cotton. But products used in manufacturing and transporting have advanced much more, because of the enormous increase in the volume of business done and in anticipated business for the future. Higher prices cause shrinking demand, other things being equal, but this year other things are not equal.

Wheat exports fall a little below last year's, but in three weeks, flour included, have been 8,691,877 bushels from the Atlantic ports, against 9,293,281 last year, and 1,621,298 from Pacific ports, against 9,756,1 last year. But western receipts have been 21,757,852 bushels, against 23,629,579 last year, and even more in prospective. The receipts of 18,511,392 bushels of corn, against 11,177,483 last year, and the exports of 9,201,427 bushels, against 5,949,916 last year. Prices moved rather way until Friday, when a sharp advance made the week's gain 1 1/2 c. Further government reports have been so far credited abroad that cotton has risen 6.62c, but it comes forward more freely than in years of maximum crops.

When men pay \$4 to \$5 per ton more than the latest quoted prices for iron products in order to get early delivery it is because delay is threatened on works or railroads or bridges, vessels or machinery, promising a net profit many times the cost of a small fraction of the material. In such circumstances, as in much of the reconstruction and expansion now going on, the present cost counts for little compared with the earning power of the finished product in a time like this. Bessemer and anthracite pig are unchanged, gray iron at Pittsburgh and Chicago and southern iron are higher, bars 42 per ton higher and plates \$3 per ton, and rails \$1 per ton. Most of the business is for next year with premiums paid for speedy delivery.

Negotiations for the consolidation of the Fall River cotton mills have developed a contest between those favoring a local or non-local management, with a new selling arrangement announced for other plain goods, as well as for cloths. The American Woolen Company has announced that the whole production of all its worsted mills have been sold, which may give unexpected opportunities for other mills. Its contracts for a great quantity of new machinery indicate a belief that within its field the demand for goods will much exceed the capacity of its works.

Failures for the week have been 154 in the United States, against 173 last year, and 19 in Canada, against 16 last year.

**Serious Strikes in Havana.**  
The strike idea has assumed serious proportions in Havana. It is now estimated that there are 12,000 striking masons, painters, carpenters, cartmen and laundry workers, and if, as is threatened, the hackmen, stevedores and cigarmakers strike within the next few days, there will be another 4,000. The cartmen went out Thursday thereby paralyzing the wholesale business houses.