The Embarrassing Truth.

"The vindication of Dr. Harvey W. Wiley is a great triumph," said a Washington diplomat, "for pure food. Dr. Wiley tells the truth, and the truth is painful to certain types of food producers."

The diplomat laughed.

"Dr. Wiley was talking the other day about the painfulness of the truth," he resumed. "He said it reminded him of a morning call that he once made on a young lady in his youth. In answer to his ring a tiny tot of a girl opened the door, and Dr. Wiley said to her, as he walked into the hall:

"'Where is your auntie, Mabel?'

"'Upstairs in her nightie,' chirped the tot, 'a-lookin' over the balustrade.'"

BURDENS LIFTED FROM BENT BACKS.

A bad back is a heavy handicap to those of us who work every day. Nine times out of ten, it is due to sick kidneys. The only way to find relief is to cure the kidneys. Doan's Kidney Pills have given sound, strong backs to thousands of men and women.

Mrs. L. Spicer 304 S. Seventh St. De Kalb, Ill., says: "There was a severe dull pain in the right side and back that troubled me a great deal and I had frequent headaches and dizzy spells. Doan's Kidney Pills relieved me at once, however, and have made me better in every way."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

No Serious Consequences.

"Yes," said Mrs. Lapsling, "Johnny's all right now. When he was bitten by that strange dog I took him to a doctor's and had the wound ostracized right away."

WESTON, OCEAN-TO-OCEAN WALKER,

Said recently: "When you feel down and out, feel there is no use living, just take your bad thoughts with you and walk them off. Before you have walked a mile things will look rosier. Just try it." Have you noticed the increase in walking of late in every community? Many attribute it to the comfort which Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic powder to be shaken into the shoes, gives to the millions now using it. As Weston has said, "It has real merit." It cures tired, aching feet while you walk. 30,000 testimonials. Order a 25c. package *to-day* of any Druggist and be ready to forget you have feet. A trial package of Allen's Foot-Ease sent FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

At the Night School.

Teacher—Give me an example of what is meant by "masterly inactivity!"

Boy with the prognathous face—A base ball pitcher delayin' a game so it'll have to be called on account o' darkness.

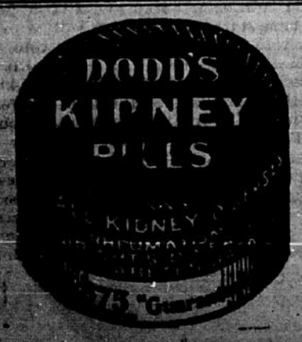
FASHION HINTS

A pretty design for a soft mull or summer silk. Has a bolero, and a banded overskirt. The sleeves are laced with ribbon same shade as the sash. The hat shown here is a "poke," with full blown pink roses 'round the crown. Fringed black velvet ribbon strings hang over on the right side.

Pedigree of the Shirt.

Why does the being we call a gentleman wear around his neck a band of spotless whiteness and unbearable stiffness, at his wrists similar instruments of torture, and before his chest a rigidly starched linen plate? asks the Atlantic Monthly. No one outside of a madhouse would call these articles of apparel agreeable. There is for the custom no reason at all known from comfort, hygiene, or usefulness. There is, however, the ghost of a dead reason. Once upon a time a "gentleman" was presumed to do no work, and he dressed to show this, by putting on these visible signs that he never soiled his hands, sweated his neck, or bent his noble back. It matters not that we no longer believe in this definition of a gentleman; we did believe it once; its ghost rules on. No man is bold enough to appear in society without this impossible harness. Only a professional humorist, like Mark Twain, or some one who wishes to pose as a mild lunatic, dares rebel. Addison said that the man who would clothe himself according to common sense would find himself in jail within a week.

A statue of King Henry VI is being placed outside of Salisbury cathedral, England, as a memorial to the late Dean Webb.



The Main Chance

BY

Meredith Nicholson

COPYRIGHT 1903
THE BOBBS-MERRILL COMPANY

CHAPTER V.—(Continued.)

A few days after Evelyn Porter came home, Wheaton followed Raridan to his room one evening after dinner. Raridan had set The Bachelors' an example of white flannels for the warm weather, and Wheaton also had abolished his evening clothes. Raridan's rooms had not yet lost their novelty for him. The pictures the statuettes, the books, the broad couch with its heap of vari-colored pillows, the table with its candelabra, by which Raridan always read certain of the poets—these still had their mystery for Wheaton.

"Going out to-night?" he asked with a show of indifference.

"Hadn't thought of it," answered Raridan, who was cutting the pages of a magazine.

"Don't let me interrupt if you're reading," said Wheaton. "But I thought some of dropping in at Mr. Porter's. Miss Porter's home now, I believe."

"That's a good idea," said Raridan, who saw what was wanted. He threw his magazine at the cat and got up and yawned. "Suppose we do go?"

The call had been successfully managed. Miss Porter was very pretty, and not so young as Wheaton expected to find her. Raridan left him talking to her and went across to the library, where Mr. Porter was reading his evening paper. Raridan had a way of wandering about in other people's houses, which Wheaton envied him. Miss Porter seemed to take his call as a matter of course, and when her father came out presently and greeted him casually as if he were a familiar of the house he left relieved and gratified.

CHAPTER VI.

Raridan was at the station to meet some guests of Evelyn's, as he had promised. He had established a claim upon their notice on the occasion of one of his visits to Evelyn at college, and he greeted them with an air of possession which would have been intolerable in another man. He pressed Miss Warren for news of the Connecticut nutmeg crop, and hoped that Miss Marshall had not lost her accent in crossing the Missouri.

Annie Warren was as reserved and quiet as Evelyn could be in her soberest moments; Belle Marshall was as frank and friendly as Evelyn became in her lightest moods. Evelyn had been the beauty of her class; her two friends were what is called, by people that wish to be kind, nice looking. Annie Warren had been the best scholar in her class; Belle Marshall had been amongst the poorest; and Evelyn had maintained a happy medium between the two. And so it fortunately happened that the trio mitigated one another's imperfections.

Evelyn had discussed with her father ways and means of entertaining her guests. He preferred large functions. He wished Evelyn to give a lawn party before the blight of fall came upon his flowers and shrubbery; but she persuaded him to wait until after a pending carnival. The ball of the carnival was near at hand and she proposed that they give a small dinner in the interval.

"I'll ask Warry anl Mr. Saxton. People were already coupling Saxton's name with Raridan's.

"Oh, yes, that's all right."

"I don't want very many; I'd like to ask the Whipples;" she went on, with the anxious, far-away look that comes into the eyes of a woman who is weighing dinner guests or matching fabrics.

"Can't you ask Wheaton?" ventured Mr. Porter cautiously, from behind his paper.

"If you say so," Evelyn assented. "He isn't exciting, but Belle Marshall can get on with anybody. I'm out of practice and won't try too many. Mrs. Whipple will help over the hard places."

Finally, however, her party numbered ten, but it seemed to Wheaton a large assemblage. He had never taken a lady in to dinner before, but he had studied a book of etiquette, and the chapter on "Dining Out" had given him a hint of what was expected. It had not, however, supplied him with a fund of talk, but he was glad to find, when he reached the table, that the company was so small that talk could be general, and he was thankful for the shelter made for him by the light banter which followed the settling of chairs. Saxton went in with Evelyn, who wished to make amends for his clumsy reception on the occasion of his first appearance in the house.

General Whipple persuaded Miss Marshall to tell a negro story, which she did delightfully, while the table listened. Southerners are, after all, the most natural talkers we have and the only ones who can talk freely of themselves without offense. Her speech was musical, and she told her story with a nice sense of its dramatic quality.

They had their coffee on the veranda, where the lights from within made a pleasant dusk about them. Porter's heart was warm with the joy of Evelyn's home-coming. She had been away from him so much that he was realizing for the first time the common experience of fathers, who find that their daughters have escaped suddenly and inexplicably from girlhood into womanhood; and yet the girl heart in her had not lost its freshness nor its thirst for pleasure. She had carried off her little company charmingly; Porter had enjoyed it himself, and he felt young again in the presence of youth.

General Whipple had attached himself to one of the couples of young people that were strolling here and there in the grounds. Porter and Mrs. Whipple held the veranda alone; both were unconsciously watching Evelyn and Saxton as they walked back and forth in front of the house, talking gally; and Porter smiled at the eagerness and quickness of her movements. Saxton's deliberateness contrasted oddly with the girl's light step. Such a girl must marry a man worthy of her; there could be no question of that; and for the first time the thought of losing her rose in his heart and numbed it.

Evelyn and Saxton had met the others, who were coming up from the walks, and there was a redistribution at the house; it was too beautiful to go in, they said, and the strolling abroad continued. A great flood of moonlight poured over the grounds. A breeze stole up from the valley and made a soothing rustle in the trees.

Evelyn and Wheaton heard the sound of the piano through the open windows, and a girl's voice broke gaily into song.

"It's Belle. She does sing those coon songs wonderfully. Let us wait here until she finishes this one." The sun-porch opened from the dining room. They could see beyond it, into the drawing-room; the singer was in plain view, sitting at the piano; Raridan stood facing her, keeping time with an imaginary baton.

A man came unobserved to the glass door of the porch and stood unsteadily peering in. He was very dirty and balanced himself in that abandon with which intoxicated men belie Newton's discovery. He had gained the top step with difficulty; the light from the window blinded him and for a moment he stood within the inclosure blinking. An ugly grin spread over his face as he made out the two figures by the window, and he began a laborious journey toward them. He tried to tiptoe, and this added further to his embarrassments; but the figures by the window were intent on the song and did not hear him. He drew slowly nearer; one more step and he would have concluded his journey. He poised on his toes before taking it, but the law of gravitation now asserted itself. He lunged forward heavily, casting himself upon Wheaton, and nearly knocking him from his feet.

"Jimmy," he blurted in a drunken voice. "Jim-my!"

Evelyn turned quickly and shrank back with a cry. Wheaton was slowly rallying from the shock of his surprise. He grabbed the man by the arms and began pushing him toward the door.

"Don't be alarmed," he said over his shoulder to Evelyn, who had shrunk back against the wall. "I'll manage him."

This, however, was not so easily done. The tramp, as Evelyn supposed him to be, had been sobered by Wheaton's attack. He clasped his fingers about Wheaton's throat and planted his feet firmly. He clearly intended to stand his ground, and he dug his fingers into Wheaton's neck with the intention of hurting.

"Father!" cried Evelyn once, but the song was growing noisier toward its end and the circle about the piano did not hear. She was about to call again when a heavy step sounded outside on the walk

RARIDAN STOOD FACING HER, KEEPING TIME.

and Bishop Delafield came swiftly into the porch. He had entered the grounds from the rear and was walking around the house to the front door.

"Quick! that man there—I'll call the others!" cried Evelyn, still shrinking against the wall. Wheaton had been forced to his knees and his assailant was choking him. But there was no need of other help. The bishop had already seized the tramp about the body with his great hands, tearing him from Wheaton's neck. He strode, with the squirming figure in his grasp, toward an open window at the back of the glass inclosure, and pushed the man out. There was a great snorting and threshing below. The hill dipped abruptly away from the side of the house and the man had fallen several feet, into a flower bed.

"Get away from here," the bishop said, in his deep voice, "and be quick about it." The man rose and ran swiftly down the slope toward the street.

The bishop walked back to the window. The others had now hurried out in response to Evelyn's peremptory calls, and she was telling of the tramp's visit, while Wheaton received their condolences, and readjusted his tie. His collar and shortfront showed signs of contact with dirt.

"It was a tramp," said Evelyn, as the others plied her with questions, "and he attacked Mr. Wheaton."

"Where's he gone?" demanded Porter, excitedly.

"There he goes," said the bishop, pointing toward the window. "I dropped him gently out of the window. The shock seems to have inspired his legs."

"I'll have the police——" began Porter.

"Oh, he's gone now, Mr. Porter," said Wheaton, coolly, as he restored his tie. "Bishop Delafield disposed of him so vigorously that he'll hardly come back."

"Yes, let him go," said the bishop, wiping his hands on his handkerchief. "I'm only afraid, Porter, that I've spoiled your best canna bed."

CHAPTER VII.

The following Sunday morning after church, as Wheaton reached his room he found an envelope lying on his table, much soiled, and addressed, in an uninformed hand, to himself. It contained a dirty scrap of paper bearing these words:

"Jim: I'll be at the Occidental Hotel to-night at 8 o'clock. Don't fail to come.
"BILLY."

Wheaton tore up the note with irritation and threw it into the waste paper basket. He called the Chinese servant, who explained that a boy had left it in the course of the morning and had said nothing about an answer.

The Bachelors' did not usually muster a full table at Sunday dinner. All Clarkson dined at noon on Sunday, and most of the bachelors were fortunate enough to be asked out. Wheaton was not frequently a diner out by reason of his more slender acquaintance; and to-day all were present, including Raridan, the most fickle of all in his attendance. It had pleased Wheaton to find that the others had been setting him apart more and more with Raridan for the daily discipline they dealt one another. They liked to poke fun at Raridan on the score of what they called his mad social whirl; there was no resentment about it; they were themselves of sterner stuff and had no patience with Raridan's frivolities; and they were within the fact when they assumed that, if they wished, they could go anywhere that he did. It touched Wheaton's vanity to find himself a time target with Raridan for the arrows which the other bachelors fired at folly.

Wheaton after dinner went to his room and made himself comfortable. He reread the Sunday papers through all their supplements, dwelling again on the events of the carnival. He had saved all the other papers that contained society news, and now brought them out and cut from them all references to himself. He resolved to open a kind of social scrap book in which to preserve a record of his social doings. He remembered a complaint often heard in Clarkson that there were no eligible men there; he was not sure just what constituted eligibility, but as he reviewed the men that went about he could not see that they possessed any advantages over himself. It occurred to him for the first time that he was the only unmarried bank cashier in town; and this in itself conferred a distinction. He was not so secure in his place as he should like to be; if Thompson died there would undoubtedly be a reorganization of the bank and the few shares that Porter had sold to him would not hold the cashiership for him. It might be that Porter's plan was to keep him in the place until Grant grew up. Again, he reflected, the man who married Evelyn Porter would become an element to reckon with; and yet if he were to be that man——

He slept and dreamed that he was king of a gream realm and that Evelyn Porter reigned with him as queen; then he awoke with a start to find that it was late. He sat up on the couch and gathered together the newspaper cuttings which had fallen about him. He remembered the imperative summons which had been left for him during the morning; it was already 6 o'clock. Before going out he changed his clothes to a rough business suit and took a car that bore him rapidly through the business district and beyond, into the older part of Clarkson. The locality was very shabby, and when he left the car presently it was to continue his journey in an ill-lighted street over board walks which yielded a precarious footing. The Occidental Hotel was in the old part of town, and had long ago ceased to be what it had once been, the first hostelry of Clarkson. It had descended to the level of a cheap boarding house, little patronized except by the rougher element of cattlemen and by railroad crews that found it convenient to the yards. Over the door a dim light blinked, and this, it was understood in the neighborhood, meant not merely an invitation to bed and board, but also to the Occidental bar, which was accessible at all hours of the day and night, and was open through all the spasms of virtue with which the city administration was seized from time to time. The door stood open and Wheaton stepped up to the counter on which a boy sat playing with a cat.

"Is William Snyder stopping here?" he asked.

The boy looked up lazily from his play.

"Are you the gent he's expecting?"

"Very likely. Is he in?"

"Yes, he's number eighteen." He dropped the cat and led Wheaton down a dark hall which was stale with the odors of cooked vegetables, up a steep flight of stairs to a landing from which he pointed to an oblong of light above a door.

"There you are," said the boy. He kicked the door and retreated down the stairs, leaving Wheaton to obey the summons to enter which was bawled from within. William Snyder unfolded his long figure and rose to greet his visitor.

(To be continued.)

TURNING NIGHT INTO DAY.

Is Sleep Only an Inherited Habit?—Burning Late Oil.

Old-time principles as well as prejudices seem destined to give place to the newer and broader and more truthful light of these latter days, says a writer in the Philadelphia Public Ledger. Sometimes there is a hitch in the newness of breadth or truth of the light, but that is no cause for ribald scorn. Let us be thankful for the truth when it comes and as it comes.

Here now is a college professor who tells his students that the old adage of "early to bed and early to rise" is out of date and untrue, so far at least as the last blessing it promises us, the acquisition of wisdom, is concerned.

His thesis is that the time-honored aphorism only applied to the elder days, when the shades of night were only to be dispelled by a farthing candle or an ill-smelling whale-oil lamp, but in these joyous latter days—or nights—of luminous kerosene and the incandescent mantle or the clever little electric bulb, the situation is altogether changed; that the night hours are the true time for study and mental effort; that the faculties are then more keen and wide awake, the soul more open to the inspiration of genius, in short, that the morning is no time for brain work at all, and that all the greatest thinkers do their best work in hours about midnight and later, when the mind is freed at last from the vapors and stupors of its slumbers the night before.

He tells us that in the morning, and, indeed, pretty much all day, the mind is sluggish from its effort to shake off sleep, and apparently it takes about a dozen hours fully to wake up. Therefore he tells his students studying should be done at night to be most effective.

It may be so, but what would be the result in the collegiate world if the doctrine were given practical effect? If the students are to begin their serious work about midnight and study for four or five hours, an evident readjustment of ordinary collegiate procedure becomes necessary. Sleep, unfortunately or not, is a need that cannot be set aside; men require it in variable quantity, according to the individual temperament. Franklin's dictum was "six hours for a man, seven for a woman and eight for a fool," although we may suspect him of occasionally himself taking ten on the sly.

It will be remembered that some years ago Thomas A. Edison prophesied that with the advent of electric lighting the necessity for sleep would gradually disappear; that it was simply an inherited habit—a bad habit, at that—brought about by the fact that in the dark ages, without adequate means of artificial lighting, men had to go to bed with the sun simply because they could no longer see. This theory goes much further than our college professor's; he still recognizes the need for sleep, but seems to find it far from a refreshing process. When he once is overcome by slumber it takes him until the next night to become fully awake again.

TAFT OPENS BIG FAIR WITH ALASKA GOLD KEY

President Sends Sparks Across Continent Starting Pacific Exposition.

JAMES J. HILL WARNS NATION

Magnate Sees Danger and Pleads for Law Enforcement Instead of Law Making.

President Taft, in the White House, at 3:15 o'clock Tuesday afternoon, pressed a telegraphy key of Alaska gold and sent a spark across the continent that put in motion the wheels of the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition in Seattle, loosed the waters of its fountains, unfurled its banners, started its bands playing, released showers of daylight fireworks, called upon the saluting guns of the American and Japanese fleets, set all the steamers in the harbor and all the locomotives in the railroad yards whistling and brought forth universal rejoicing from all Seattle.

Big Fair Is Complete.

The exercises at the world's fair grounds preceding the President's signal were carried out with military precision. The exposition gates were opened at 8:30 o'clock. At 9:30 troops from the United States army and navy, from the Japanese cruisers Aso and Soya and the State militia paraded through the grounds, under the command of Colonel T. C. Woodbury, U. S. A., and the column was reviewed from a stand at the head of the court of honor by exposition officials, visiting governors and Admirals H. Ijichi and Uriel Sebree.

The ceremonial exercises were held in a vast natural amphitheater sloping to Lake Washington. The program consisted of music, invocation by Catholic Bishop Onward J. O'Day, brief address by Director General I. A. Nadeau and President J. F. Chilberg, the long address by James J. Hill, chairman of the Great Northern board, and a benediction by Episcopal Bishop Frederick W. Keator.

Mr. Hill said: "There are four great words that should be written upon the four corner stones of every public building in this land, with the sacredness of a religious rite. These watch words of the republic are equality, simplicity, economy and justice. They are interwoven with every fiber of the national fabric. To forget or deny them will lead to every misfortune and every possibility of destruction that rises now threateningly in the path of our country's greatness.

"Frequent use of the phrase, 'our complex civilization,' creates a vague impression that simplicity has been banished necessarily from the modern world by a kind of natural evolution. Whereas it remains now, as always, the normal rule of a wholesome national life.

"We have complicated our lawmaking until, despite the high standards, the unimpaired traditions and the continual labors of the courts, the administration of justice is difficult and sometimes uncertain. The greatest service to the nation, to every State and city to-day, would be the substitution for a term of years of law enforcement for law-making."

Taft Sends Message.

The ceremony of pressing the gold key in the east room of the White House in Washington by which President Taft to-day formally opened the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition was simple. There was a delay of fifteen minutes at Seattle in completing the arrangements, and it was 3:15 p. m. (Washington time) when President Taft touched the golden telegraph instrument. Practically the entire diplomatic corps was present. The message which followed quickly after the current that put everything in motion was as follows:

"The White House, Washington, June 1, 1909.——Mr. J. E. Chilberg, President Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition, Seattle, Wash.

"I congratulate you and your associates on this auspicious opening of the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition, and I congratulate the people of the great Northwest on the courage and enterprise they have shown in bringing it forth. The exposition, designed as it is to exploit the natural resources and marvelous wealth of Alaska and the development of trade and commerce on the Pacific slope, should appeal not only to the people of the West but to the people of the country at large. I trust it will fully meet the expectations of those to whose untiring energies it owes its birth and that it will prove a source of instruction and education to its thousands of visitors. WILLIAM H. TAFT."

President Taft and Senator Piles then made brief addresses.

Finds "Fortune" Worthless; Insane.

When he learned that $22,000 in paper money, which he dug up two weeks ago in a field while plowing, was worthless, William Murphy, a farmer, living three miles east of Snyder, Okla., lost his mind. Murphy guarded his find carefully for a week before he learned that the bills were issued by the Confederate States of America during the Civil War.

Bloodthirsty Man Slashes Mother.

"I've got to murder some one to-day, and it might as well be you," Frank Daniels, a negro, said to his mother in Cleveland. Daniels quickly drew a razor across the woman's throat, causing what will probably be a fatal wound.

"Murdered" Boy Found Alive.

James Hines, the 16-year-old nephew of Mayor Hines of Abingdon, Va., whom Robert Moore, a negro, said he had murdered, has been located in Ohio.

COMMERCIAL AND FINANCIAL

CHICAGO.

A slight increase in trading defaults reported is unimportant in contrast with the substantial progress which appears in the volume of solvent payments through the banks. Weather conditions being more seasonable, there are now wider indications of activity in production and distribution. Ample moisture and higher temperatures advance the crops satisfactorily.

Farm reports generally carry much encouragement, there being healthy germination in late seeding, larger acreage of corn and spring wheat and sustained high prices for the breadstuffs.

Movements of commodities mainly reach more extended bulk, although flour and live stock have decreased. Retail trade now shows better, the buying entering broadly into lightweight apparel, footwear, food products and furniture. Sales are also improving in jewelery, art and music wares and sporting goods.

Wholesale operations make a stronger exhibit in dry goods, clothing, woolens and men's furnishings, bookings for summer and fall deliveries comparing well with this time last year.

Railroad activities stand out conspicuously in both freight and passenger branches, and earnings of the Chicago steam roads contribute sustained gains in gross. Furnace docks disclose meager stocks of ore and an early settlement of the lake workers' strike would stimulate the vessel interests.

Bank clearings, $273,601,361, exceed those of corresponding week in 1908 by 26.3 per cent, and compare with $196,517,104 for five days in 1907.

Failures reported in the Chicago district number 26, against 24 last week, 23 in 1908 and 17 in 1907. Those with liabilities over $5,000 number 8, against 10 last week, 8 in 1908 and 3 in 1907.—Dun's Weekly Review of Trade.

NEW YORK.

Improvement is more in evidence this week, but irregularities in weather and crop conditions and ebb and flow movements in trade and industry prevent definite general characterization of the situation as a whole. House trade with jobbers and wholesalers is not usually active at this season, and efforts to attract business by clearance sales and liberal advertising have not been altogether successful.

There is a further apparent gain in the optimism with which the outlook for the more distant future is viewed, contrasting rather sharply with some of the reports indicating backwardness of demand for immediate consumption.

Business failures in the United States for the week ending May 27 were 205, against 219 last week, 263 in the like week of 1908, 142 in 1907, 127 in 1906 and 154 in 1905.

Business failures this week in Canada number 22, which compares with 25 last week and 31 in the same week of 1908.—Bradstreet's.

MARKETS OF THE WEEK

Chicago—Cattle, common to prime, $4.00 to $7.25; hogs, prime heavy, $4.50 to $7.45; sheep, fair to choice, $4.25 to $7.00; wheat, No. 2, $1.50 to $1.53; corn, No. 2, 73c to 75c; oats, standard, 58c to 59c; rye, No. 2, 88c to 90c; hay, timothy, $8.00 to $16.50; prairie, $8.00 to $13.50; butter, choice creamery, 22c to 25c; eggs, fresh, 18c to 21c; potatoes, per bushel, 75c to 84c.

Indianapolis—Cattle, shipping, $3.00 to $7.40; hogs, good to choice heavy, $3.50 to $7.50; sheep, good to choice, $2.50 to $6.15; wheat, No. 2, $1.49 to $1.51; corn, No. 2 white, 73c to 74c; oats, No. 2 white, 54c to 55c.

St. Louis—Cattle, $4.00 to $7.00; hogs, $4.00 to $7.50; sheep, $3.00 to $6.50; wheat, No. 2, $1.60 to $1.62; corn, No. 2, 73c to 74c; oats, No. 2, 57c to 58c; rye, No. 2, 83c to 85c.

Cincinnati—Cattle, $4.00 to $6.60; hogs, $4.00 to $7.60; sheep, $3.00 to $5.25; wheat, No. 2, $1.55 to $1.57; corn, No. 2 mixed, 76c to 77c; oats, No. 2 mixed, 61c to 62c; rye, No. 2, 90c to 92c.

Detroit—Cattle, $4.00 to $6.50; hogs, $4.00 to $7.25; sheep, $2.50 to $5.50; wheat, No. 2, $1.51 to $1.52; corn, No. 3 yellow, 74c to 75c; oats, No. 3 white, 62c to 63c; rye, No. 2, 91c to 92c.

Milwaukee—Wheat, No. 2 northern, $1.33 to $1.34; corn, No. 3, 68c to 70c; oats, standard, 60c to 61c; rye, No. 1, 87c to 89c; barley, standard, 74c to 75c; pork, mess, $18.50.

Buffalo—Cattle, choice shipping steers, $4.00 to $7.00; hogs, fair to choice, $4.00 to $7.60; sheep, common to good mixed, $4.00 to $4.75; lambs, fair to choice, $5.00 to $8.00.

Toledo—Wheat, No. 2 mixed, $1.51 to $1.53; corn, No. 2 mixed, 74c to 76c; oats, No. 2 mixed, 61c to 63c; rye, No. 2, 89c to 91c; clover seed, $6.10.

New York—Cattle, $4.00 to $6.65; hogs, $3.50 to $7.65; sheep, $3.00 to $6.00; wheat, No. 2 red, $1.45 to $1.47; corn, No. 2, 83c to 84c; oats, natural white, 62c to 66c; butter, creamery, 22c to 26c; eggs, western, 17c to 22c.

A plan to construct a chain of warehouses in the grain producing territory to hold wheat for high prices was indorsed at the mass meeting of the grain growers and cattle drovers' branch of the national farmers' union, at Springfield, Mo.

The wheat crop in Washington State is reported backward. The ground is dry and in some sections high winds have uncovered the seed. Fruits of all kinds promise a good crop.

Don Morrison, a Chicago salesman, was arrested in New York on the complaint of a woman who gave her name as Mary Kenny. She said Morrison had sent her an insulting note on a New York Central train. Morrison denied he intended to insult the woman.

To Enjoy

the full confidence of the Well-Informed of the World and the Commendation of the most eminent physicians it was essential that the component parts of Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna should be known to and approved by them; therefore, the California Fig Syrup Co. publishes a full statement with every package. The perfect purity and uniformity of product, which they demand in a laxative remedy of an ethical character, are assured by the Company's original method of manufacture known to the Company only.

The figs of California are used in the production of Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna to promote the pleasant taste, but the medicinal principles are obtained from plants known to act most beneficially.

To get its beneficial effects always buy the genuine—manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, and for sale by all leading druggists.

MUSIC SOOTHES THE SICK.

Hospital Patients Greatly Benefited by a Kind-Hearted Player.

The gifts that some of us possess for doing good to others was strikingly shown a few days ago in an uptown hospital. A student who was an expert mandolin player had called on a friend who was a patient in the institution, and at the sick man's request he had brought his instrument. The patient's room was one of many that opened off a reception room. Among the patients on the same floor was a sufferer from the morphine habit, who at frequent intervals had to be given a potion to quiet his nerves. As the time approached for him to receive this he would become so nervous that he would almost rave. Not far away was a young woman suffering from a nervous breakdown. She was rarely at rest.

Suddenly the first notes of Mendelssohn's "Spring Song" broke the quiet of the hospital. Mellowed by distance, the music of the mandolin, played by a master hand, sounded like that of a violin. The effect on the patients was noticeable at once. The morphine user, who had been begging for his potion, paused to listen and forgot the craving for the drug. It was the same with the young woman. Instead of picking at the counterpane she lay perfectly still, fearful of missing a note from the sweet melody that floated in through her open door.

Then came "Home, Sweet Home," and as some of the patients lay with closed eyes from under many a lid there stole a tear as the sufferers thought of the homes to which some of them might never return. Again and again did the musician favor his eager audience with selections, classical or popular. Even the nurses and physicians felt soothed and benefited as the result of the efforts of the obliging student. The thanks of his score of hearers shone from their eyes as the young man left the room of his friend and took the elevator for the first floor.

"That did our patients more good than lots of the medicine they take," remarked one of the physicians. "It is a pity that some rich man does not provide enough money so that the sick and injured in our hospitals could be soothed at frequent intervals by as good music as that which we have just heard."—Philadelphia Press.

Entirely Trustworthy.

"Maria, I'm going to have Dr. Squillips treat me for my heart trouble."

"What do you know about Dr. Squillips, John?"

"All I know about him is that Mr. Gotsum recommends him to me."

"Who is Mr. Gotsum?"

"Mr. Gotsum is one of the stockholders of the life insurance company that is carrying a $20,000 risk on my life."—Chicago Tribune.

Standing Up for Him.

"Miriam, isn't that young Fergus coming to our house pretty often now?"

"I suppose he is, mamma."

"Do you know anything about him? What is he worth, for instance?"

"Well, he's worth any dozen of the ordinary young men of my acquaintance."

"Yes, but——"

"And he's worth $100 a week to the firm he works for—even if he does get only $25 now."—Chicago Tribune.

MAKING SUNSHINE.

It Is Often Found in Pure Food.

The improper selection of food drives many a healthy person into the depths of despairing illness. Indeed, most sickness comes from wrong food and just so surely as that is the case right food will make the sun shine once more.

An old veteran of Newburyport, Mass., says: "In October, I was taken sick and went to bed, losing 47 pounds in about 60 days. I had doctor after doctor, food hurt me and I had to live almost entirely on magnesia and soda. All solid food distressed me so that water would run out of my mouth in little streams.

"I had terrible night sweats and my doctor finally said I had consumption and must die. My good wife gave up all hope. We were at Old Orchard, Me., at that time and my wife saw Grape-Nuts in a grocery there. She bought some and persuaded me to try it.

"I had no faith in it but took it to please her. To my surprise it did not distress me as all other food had done and before I had taken the fifth package I was well on the mend. The pains left my head, my mind became clearer and I gained weight rapidly.

"I went back to my work again and now after six weeks' use of the food I am better and stronger than ever before in my life. Grape-Nuts surely saved my life and made me a strong hearty man, 15 pounds heavier than before I was taken sick.

"Both my good wife and I are willing to make affidavit to the truth of this."

Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.