REFORMATION OF THE BRUTE

Prize Story in Minnesota-Nebraska Universities' Contest—"Etienne Girard" (W. J. Fairchild), Nebraska, the Author.

Up on the top landing of tenement No. 74 there was trouble—which was nothing unusual; for No. 74 is in the French quarter, and there is always trouble in the French quarter, as every one knows. This time it was a woman's voice, from the top of the rear landing—coming high, shrill, angry—sometimes breaking into sobs, sometimes rising into a shriek—but always angry. Now and then it stopped, broken into by a man's rougher tones, but for the most part it ran on steadily, merely a slight variant in the droning undertone of the life of the tenement.

Down on the next landing Pierre Morre was listening intently; Pierre always listened to these family troubles—they were so amusing, surely. He was a small, dark little Frenchman with a rounded oval face and sharp black eyes like a terrier's; just now these eyes were fixed on the floor of the landing above, whence the sounds seemed to proceed. At length he shook his head as if satisfied.

"E-e-eh!" he said slowly, as though he had solved a knotty problem, "ze Brute."

Then he nodded his head again as if vastly pleased with his solution. He straightened up and began speaking to himself.

"How fortunate that I—I, Pierre Morre," and he tapped his swelling chest slowly with his finger, "that I, Pierre Morre, nevair take zat damn w'isky. No, no; you nevair read in zose damn papers, zat tell so much, 'Pierre Morre, drunk;' you nevair hear me raise devil racket like zat," and he waved his hand upward suggestively. "It is indeed well zat I am so firm—I re-zist it," and he tapped himself again, "I zat——"

"Pierre!" came a voice from within. It was neither very loud nor harsh, yet it seemed to have a crushing effect on Pierre. The pomposity of the little man vanished with ridiculous swiftness, and he began to edge silently toward the stairway leading downward.

"You, Pierre!" came the voice again.

"Yes, my deares'," answered Pierre, still edging away.

He had hardly answered when a tall, dark-faced Frenchwoman appeared in the doorway. There was a certain air of stateliness about her which not even her soiled dress could hide, and her face was strong and even handsome. When she spoke it was noticeable that her accent was but slightly broken.

"O-o-oh, yes!" she cried, mockingly pointing a long finger at Pierre, who had stopped uneasily in his tracks, "my dearest, eh? O-o-oh, yes, I hear you."

Her dark eyes flashed.

"Yes, you stand—listen, listen, listen—talk, talk, talk—a-l-l day. But who does ze work, eh?" Pierre shrugged his shoulders and threw out his hands deprecatingly.

"Now," she went on, reaching out with her hand, "we will see if you can work. You will take zat money and buy bread—bread, you hear, and nothing else—nothing to drink. But I forgot—you would get nothing to drink—you are 'so-o firm,'" and she wagged her finger scornfully.

Pierre stopped with one foot on the stairway and looked at her doubtfully. Her lips curled into a scornful smile; suddenly she stamped one foot and her eyes flashed again.

"A-a-ah!" she exclaimed, "I heard it all, little man. Stupid! Run!"

She watched him for a moment as he flew down the long flight of stairs. Then she turned away with a short laugh and a toss of her head.

"It is indeed well," she said, "that he is 'so-o firm.'" And she laughed again.

As she turned to go into the room her attention was attracted by the voices above, which were still in full swing. For a moment she listened, then nodded her head as Pierre had done.

"So-o," she said, "the Brute again," and she disappeared within.

Every one called him "the Brute." It was the name by which these bright little French people had known him ever since he had come to live on the top landing with his little French wife, Celeste. They knew no other name for him and needed no other. Undoubtedly a brute he was and "the Brute" he was called. Regularly about once a week he came reeling up the narrow stairs of the tenement, his voice thick with drunken curses and his pockets emptied of their last coin. Then there would be a scene on the top landing. If Celeste let him in he beat her and took her hard earned savings. Usually he beat her again before leaving because there was not enough to satisfy him. Once even, when Celeste was sick in bed, the Brute had come in at the open door and threatened her into showing him where the money was hidden. And then, having drunk all the brandy and water which the doctor had left for the sick woman and pocketed the money with trembling fingers, he had lurched out again, leaving her in a dead faint. Sometimes Celeste refused him admittance, and at such times the Brute would make profuse promises in a thick voice never to do it again. Then if she weakened and opened the door he beat her more cruelly than ever for revenge and took all the money just the same.

There was not much sympathy for Celeste among her neighbors. What business had she, anyway, to marry a big American pig who was never sober? Thus they reasoned, shrugging their shoulders. She might have known, they said, and besides how foolish she was, always believing his tipsy promises which he didn't even mean when he made them. Poor little woman, the truth was, strange as it may seem, that she had never quite lost her love and admiration, in her emotional French way, for what this big and once manly American might have been. It was always with fluttering hope that she heard his maudlin promises, which a child would not have believed, and her disappointment at their non-fulfillment never lost its keeness. Even if she had the heart to withstand him during one visit, she was sure to repent during the week and be ready to receive him again; the Brute had learned this with instinctive cunning, and always returned to the charge.

This afternoon the Brute had come home more drunk than usual, and Celeste's anger was aroused far beyond its ordinary bounds. She was standing just inside the door, ready to shut and lock it if he made a move to come in. She was a little woman, with a white, tired-looking face. Under other circumstances she might have been beautiful, even lovable; but just now her thin face was flushed with excitement and her eyes flashed angrily. The Brute was standing before her on the edge of the landing, uneasily shifting the weight of his bulky body from one foot to the other. The very helplessness of his attitude seemed to anger Celeste the more.

"Oh, yes," she cried, "you say you will no more drink; you say le' you in zis once. Feeg! Anima-a-l zat you are! I know you I le' you in once, twice—Mon Dieu! how many time?—an' always you w'ip me an' take ze money to buy zat w'isky. No-o, you go!" She went on, beginning to sob hysterically as the Brute made a motion to speak, "I—am—done wiz you—now! It e-es too much; you go!—don' evan le' me see zat face again—go!—don' come back any more—go!" and she shut the door with a bang.

The Brute looked at the door in sullen silence as the key hasped in the lock; he was big enough and brute enough to leap at and annihilate it, but experience had taught him better. It was not well to arouse too much public interest, he knew; so, with muttered curses, he turned and slouched down the rickety stairway. At the foot he passed Pierre, who had stayed his hasty departure to hear the last of the altercation above, and the look which he gave that little man out of his bloodshot eyes sent him scurrying out of reach. The Frenchman watched the heavy shambling figure from a safe distance, a look of fear on his brown face. Only when the Brute was fairly started down the stret did he move toward the stairway again, shaking his head the while.

"A-a-ah," he said with a shiver, "Brute!"

Then he stopped and tapped himself.

"Behold," he said slowly, "ze differ-unce. Behold, I zat am—"

"Pierre!" came from above.

"Ze devi-il!" he cried under his breath, "zat woman—"

"You, Pierre! You there yet?"

"Oh, damn! Yes, my deares'," and he started for the street.

Some half block ahead of him the Brute was proceeding on his way at his usual shambling gait, his big flabby body rolling uncertainly, the tails of his old coat flapping helplessly in the breeze. He looked neither to right nor left, and his muttered cursing had ceased.

The drunkard walked thus for a couple of blocks; then his steps began to slacken, and he looked about as though in quest of something. Finally he stopped before a yellow building with the word "Saloon" printed in big black letters across its front. There were dirty lawn curtains at the windows, and a gaudy picture of an Americanized Bacchus over the door. For a moment he stopped uncertainly, rubbing his hand over his stomach. Then he began to move toward the door, as though drawn by a loadstone.

Pierre, who had been watching these movements form the rear, began to chuckle.

"A-ah," he said to himself, "he we-el get nozing zere; no-o, he e-ez—eh—busted," and he chuckled again.

The little Frenchman was right. The door of the yellow building had been shut upon the Brute hardly a moment when it suddenly opened again, and his bulky form appeared, propelled violently outward by the toe of a boot, and followed by a hoarse roar of laughter from within. The inevitable had happened; being penniless, and likewise abusive, the Brute had ceased to be a source of revenue to those within—hence his ignominious expulsion.

From the sidewalk where he had fallen the Brute picked himself up and looked at the door in a dazed manner. Then he began to swear, furnishing vast amusement for Pierre and for a small newsboy standing by, with a very freckled face and a very pudgy nose, who began to mock him expressively.

The Brute swore at the building until he was tired. Then he began to swear at the boy, who was still aping him. At this recognition of his efforts, the gamin delightedly increased them.

"Ya-a!" he shouted, "look at de drunk. Ya-a, kicked out!" He shook his foot insultingly.

This was too much for even the Brute's stolid nature. A new anger flared into his bloodshot eyes, and he made an ineffectual attempt to grasp his small tormentor, who easily eluded him.

"Sh-damn it!" he cried between his thick lips, "I-sh fixsh you!"

The boy danced out into the middle of the street in high glee, with the Brute following heavily and swearing under his breath. Suddenly Pierre, who had been watching the scene with his usual appreciation, raised a warning cry. In the excitement of the moment the little street Arab had stepped directly in front of an approaching grip car. The boy heard the cry and turned, but the sudden danger seemed to unnerve him. In the critical moment he stopped uncertainly, amid warning outcries. The car was almost upon him—the warning cries dwindled into a scared silence. Then suddenly a mighty shout was wrested from every throat. In the brief second of time a bulky, ragged figure had leaped upon the track and seized the boy. An instant the seeming rescuer hesitated strangely; then with a vicious blow he sent the small body rolling into the street. Before he could turn the car was upon him, striking his body with frightful force and hurling him headlong in the street.

Pierre was the first to reach the prostrate form. It was the Brute! A dark stream of blood flowed from his head, and he was striving weakly to rise.

"Sh'—damn it," he said, looking sullenly at Pierre, who had knelt beside him; "where ish he? I-sh fix-sh him."

Before Pierre could answer the wounded man uttered a groan and sank back on the pavement. The Frenchman rose and looked at the gathered crowd with a shrug of his shoulders.

"Well," he said, "ze devil!"

Up the narrow stairway of Tenement No. 74 four men were carrying a body. Behind them came an eager, chattering, gesticulating crowd of Frenchmen, kept well in the rear by the efforts of the inevitable policeman. It was the Brute being brought home. Celeste was hanging over the railing, her eyes wide with terror.

"E-e-eh," she said, "what e-ez it?"

The young doctor who had headed the procession looked up at her quickly.

"He was hurt on the street," he replied, "and one of the neighbors was by so we knew where to bring him. This way, you men; we must put him on the bed."

The crowd of noisy, irresponsible Frenchmen pushed into the little room after him, talking all at once. Among them a reporter, cool and businesslike, was taking down the story, here a little and there a little.

"E-e-eh, yes," a little Frenchman was saying, "he e-ez a hero—yes, a hero. I a-see heem myself. He jump in front of zat car an' save zat boy—so-o, an' then it come an' knock heem ovair," and he waved his hands.

This was the signal for a fresh outburst of praise and admiration for the Brute, each man striving to tell his neighbor of the daring rescue; how the boy had stood upon the track, too scared to move, and how the Brute had rushed forward and nobly sacrificed himself. It was true that Pierre smiled sardonically and even attempted to make some preposterous statements as to the Brute's real motives. But he was not listened to—he was laughed to scorn. The Brute was a hero—yes, a grand hero. So they sang his praises.

But Celeste, with her eyes fixed imploringly upon the doctor, heard none of this. She remembered with remorse how she had sent the Brute away that afternoon.

"He—he eez not hurt—bad?" she asked, fearfully.

The doctor started.

"Hurt!" he cried; "hurt! Why, my God, woman; don't you understand? He can't live. He is—"

He stopped awkwardly; he had never thought that any one would care much whether this man lived or not. Celeste began to cry, terrified by his manner.

Suddenly the Brute, who had been quite still, half rose in bed. There was quite a sober look in his eyes. Evidently he thought that he was just recovering from a spree.

"Dammit," he cried, putting his hand to his head—then he caught sight of Celeste crying. He looked at her a moment.

"There, old girl," he said, "don't carry on. I swear I'll——"

A sudden weakness seized him and he sank back on the bed. For a time he lay quite still; then his mind began to wander, and strange, incoherent expressions came from his lips. The doctor turned to the policeman who was standing near.

"Clear the room, will you," he said in a low tone, "he's going now."

The crowd was shoved out into the hall with as little noise as possible, all except the reporter, who stood in one corner. The injured man began to roll his head from side to side, his eyes wide open and very bright. From his mutterings he seemed to be arguing with some one. Suddenly he sat up, looking straight before him.

"Celeste," he said pleadingly, "Celeste, old girl; just le' me in this once. I swear I'll never do it again."

For a moment he sat upright, then slowly sank back.

The doctor stepped up and closed his eyes.

"That's all," he said quietly.

* * * * * *

The next day Pierre Morre was reading his paper, sitting on the top step which led to his landing. Suddenly he dropped the paper impatiently.

"So-o," he said, "a hero, e-eh, a hero? H-e-e-m?"—he laughed scornfully. "Yes, so zat damn paper say, so every one say. An' he reform on he-es death bed—eh? We-ell, may-be-e. But tell me zis, suppose he had live, e-e-h? W'at then? So-o-o, w'a then?" and he nodded his head slowly and thoughtfully.

"I think," he went on, after a pause, "it eez vairy good thing—for ze Brute—he eeez dead."

HOW BISMARCK WON OUT

Some Reminiscences of the Territorial Capital Fight---Debt of the Dakotas to General Harrison.

One of the most interesting chapters in the early history of Dakota was enacted in 1883 when the famous capital commission, after a swing around the circle, located the capital at Bismarck. The inside history of the deals made at the time, when the commission came under the hypnotic influence of one Alex McKenzie, has never been written and probably never will be until some of the participants in that transaction have been removed to a brighter and better world. There are two well-known northwestern newspaper men who could undertake this task and pen a story that would be full of interest. Ralph W. Wheeler, who was secretary of the commission, is one, and Colonel E. T. Cressey, who had a daily paper at Huron while he was yet a tenderfoot, is another. Wheelock's relation to the committee gave him opportunity to learn about all that was going on, both above and below the surface. Cressey was the only independent newspaper man who boarded the train at Sioux City, and never skipped a meal or lost a free lunch until the grand finale was pulled off in Fargo some four weeks or more later. What a tale either could tell were he so disposed!

Events crowd each other so rapidly in a new country that few remember the personnel of this commission or the towns actually in the race for the capital of the big territory. Some of the members have dropped out of sight and others have little more than a local reputation. Alex McKenzie is, of course, the best known of the nine. Two, B. F. Spalding of Fargo and George A. Mathews of Brookings, have been in congress and are generally credited with having good prospects of going back again some time. The chairman of the commission was Alex Hughes, then of Elk Point, but since 1883 of Bismarck and other cities in North Dakota. C. H. Myers of Redfield, but now of Watertown, was public examiner in South Dakota for several years and is well known in the eastern part of the state. Other members were M. D. Thompson of Vermillion, H. H. DeLong of Canton. Major J. M. Belding of Deadwood and Dr. Scott, the treasurer, then of Grand Forks. What is now South Dakota had six members of this commission, while North Dakota had but three. It seemd a cinch that the capital would never be located within 200 miles of the Northern Pacific railroad. To be sure, Alex McKenzie was on the board, but he was not so well known then as now and was supposed to control no more than his own vote. If McKenzie had been better known it is probable the South Dakota boomers would have felt safer in letting him operate on the outside instead of being the "main guy" of the commission itself. It is barely possible that even under these disadvantages, the influence of him magnetic personality would still have been felt.

Towns in the Race.

The towns actually in the contest, those which offered sites and were visited by the commission, were Canton, Mitchell, Huron, Pierre, Frankfort, Redfield, Ordway, Fargo, Devils Lake and Bismarck. No offer was considered that was not made on official blanks and accompanied with a certified check for $25,000. The commissioners had free special trains to visit all these towns and were banqueted in each and feted as veritable kings of men. The trains were stocked with the "best stuff" that the marts of the world afforded, and everything was free to all on board. The nine members took their wives with them and the train went from southern to northern localities by way of Minneapolis and St. Paul, and both going and coming spent several days in these cities. The business in hand could wait and bodies of such prestige and importance were too rare to move hastily. The party had by this time swelled to several times its original proportions. The boomers and promoters who hoped to profit by the location of the capital piled upon the train, and as there was no law to keep them off, they remained and fared on equal terms with the commissioners. All the cars were sleepers and all became crowded and finally could not hold all who clamored for a place.

Something like four weeks was consumed in visiting the towns. All the members of the commission were good fellows and until the capital was actually located the jaunt was a veritable triumph. Royalty could not have been better cared for, for there was a constant surfeit of attention and courtesies and good things. The spread given by Bismarck still lingers in memory. The lieutenants of McKenzie had neglected nothing and the future capital, reserved for the last, was the best. Nearly all the countries of the globe contributed something to this magnificent feast, remote and insignificant as Bismarck seemed to be in those early days. Strawberries were brought in by the bushel, and champagne flowed almost as freely as the waters of the Big Muddy. An army band from Fort Keogh, Mont., brought to Bismarck at an expense of nearly $500, "furnished the music," as the country reporter for the Pleasant Hour club would say. McKenzie had reserved his trump card for this occasion and he played it with a full assurance that the rich stakes were already as good as in his possession. The lavishness of the display and the cordiality of the welcome surprised even the commissioners who for weeks had been living on the fat of the land and taking no heed of where the next ration was to come from, satisfied that providence or a capital aspirant would see that every temporal want was supplied. Bismarck's reception was a fitting climax of a series of magnificent receptions and made a palpable impression upon every visitor.

Grand Rush to Bismarck.

The final vote of the commission was taken at Fargo. On the show-down McKenzie's hand was all supreme and those who were not with him were found to be hopelessly divided. Bismarck had five of the nine votes, the rest being scattered among South Dakota towns. Ordway, which by the original plan was to have had the capital, did not receive a vote and several others of the aspirants were in a like boat. The rush to Bismarck set in the same night. Thousands of boomers were prepared to start the moment a choice was tipped off, each proposing to get it on the ground floor and clean up a fortune. Some of them are there yet—they haven't been able to get away. Others who put in their money are still whistling for it and moralizing on the things which a capital does not do for a town on a sparsely settled frontier. No get-rich-quick concern was sooner exploded than was the popular impression that the mere location of a capital ensures a metropolis of commanding importance. Pierre, since Bismarck has served to dispel many illusions in this respect, though speculators would probably not fail to again jump at a like bait.

The South Dakota commissioners returned home and were kept busy for some time trying to explain. No fatted calf was killed, for there was no joy in the southern half of the territory. Those who remained loyal to their communities had a comparatively easy time of it; those who did not, never recovered their popularity and are even now spoken of harshly.

Where Pierce Figured.

The late ex-Governor Pierce once preserved what McKenzie wrested by native shrewdness from a predominance of numbers. Hot for revenge, the South Dakota members of the first territorial council to meet in Bismarck rushed a bill through, to take the capital from northern Dakota and restore it to the southern half. Governor Pierce vetoed the bill, and the southern forces led by Pettigrew, Gamble and others could not muster the necessary two-thirds to pass it over his objection. They might have done so, perhaps, had not McKenzie, the silent man, kept guard day and night and prevented the break of a single man to the opposing forces. Friends of removal had a large majority, but were baffled by the Pierce veto and by the cunning of the little Scotchman.

Southern Half Came to Admire.

A writer in the Washington Post says the feeling against Governor Pierce in South Dakota at this time was intense and that he was cordially hated. This may have been true in spots, but a variety of events intervened to bring about a radical change in sentiment. The governor was always respected and when on state occasions he came to visit the southern half to get in touch with the people he gained the regard and admiration of nearly everybody. His visit to Aberdeen in '86 or '87, when the national guard was encamped, was made noteworthy by the kindly feeling exhibited toward the executive by the masses of the people. Division was even then talked and was recognized by some as inevitable.

A little later, when an ex-governor, he was the principal speaker at a press club banquet in the same city and was given every attention that a warm-hearted, generous people could show. It was then almost a foregone conclusion that the two sections of the big territory had fought their last desperate battle, that division on the forty-sixth parallel was as ceratin as was admission to the union. The theme assigned to the governor was "Dakota: Her Future More Brilliant Than Her Past." In the course of his remarks he said he looked for division and predicted that when he should again visit the Hub City it would not be part of the commonwealth from which he came. This would not be his fault, but because the surveyors had run the forty-sixth parallel thirty-five miles too far north. The ex-governor was cheered to the echo and the cordial sentiment of past years was cemented.

South Dakotans were pleased when the ex-governor went to the senate and they were correspondingly depressed when the politicians of North Dakota encompassed his defeat for re-election. They knew with him at Washington they had another friend at court. Passing years wiped out any trace of bitterness that may have lingered. When the news of the ex-senator's death was received at Pierre resolutions of regret and respect were passed by the legislature and adjournment taken as a further mark of the unanimous feeling that a great and good man had joined the silent majority.

What Harrison Did for Dakota.

The Dakotas had no more loyal friend in the senate in those days than General Harrison. Quick to see the justice of the claims of the big territory, he gave his voice and influence in its behalf and became its champion in congress. With the same sturdy zeal and persistence that characterized all his undertakings he blazed the way for the admission of the territory as two states, and though Dakota had no voice in his election to the presidency, the rights of citizenship being withheld by the democrats, it was not long after his election that he had the satisfaction of seeing the movement which he had personally conducted on the floor of the senate brought to fruition. The Dakotas never had a better friend at Washington, measured by actual deeds and accomplishments, than General Harrison.

—E. C. Torrey.

FAVORABLE TRADE CONDITION

Bradstreet's Weekly Review of the Business Situation.

New York, March 16.—Bradstreet's says:

The general situation is without any important change, the events of the week appearing to accentuate heretofore prevailing conditions. Distributive trade and speculation in securities continue large in volume, with prices rising in the more favored industries or drooping in those suffering from depression. As types of these movements, the iron and cotton goods industries are pre-eminent, and these two seem like opposite poles, so marked is the difference in trade feeling and conditions. In most other industries the reports are quite favorable, notable in this direction being lumber, leather, hardware and implement trades.

Western and southern distributive trade reports are quite favorable and the reports of active demand for dry goods and clothing at the west contrasts sharply with the reports of dull business and the receding prices of print cloths, bleached linens and other fabrics at first hands. Railway returns continue highly favorable, confirming reports heretofore published of activity in general shipping, and reports of a shortage of cars, a strange condition at this time of year, come from Chicago and other large centers. Clearings are of heavy volume, and in this, as in nearly all other measures of trade improvement, present records surpass all previously recorded for this season of the year.

Conditions of the iron and steel industry recall the boom of 1899, and it becomes more and more evident that an enormous consumptive demand, discouraged by the high prices of a year ago, is now coming freely into the market. Prices rise as furnace stocks fall, and there are some who fear another runaway market. Lest they should make a mistake similar to that of two years ago, the ore producers are holding back and have not yet announced prices, while the rise of pig iron makes their positions stronger. Bars and structural material are firm, and heavy hardware is active and advancing. Foreign reports are as blue as domestic advices are bright, but it is worth noting that an enormous order for pipes is reported captured by Americans, despite strenuous efforts by foreigners.

Cotton goods are dull and droopy at first hands, partly because of the steady decline in raw cotton, ⅛c on spot for the week and 2⅛c from the highest price reached on the present boom, but still 1½c over the low price of 1900 and 3c above the low price of 1899, previous to that year's rise. Print cloths are ⅛c off for the week and ⅝c off from a year ago, and talk of curtailment grows louder. Low prices are, however, stimulating export inquiry and some business is being done for China. Wool is in larger sale and foreign markets are quite strong. Eastern stocks are said to be small and declining, and the situation is gradually readjusting itself. In the goods markets, plain dress goods are moving steadily, while fancies are neglected. Fall sales of men's goods have been disappointing.

The government report of wheat in farmers' hands, pointing to 30,000,000 bu less than a year ago, was regarded as a bullish feature, and, coupled with light northwestern receipts, caused a rise, which was, however, taken advantage of to realize, and the net change for the week is slight. Corn was bullishly inclined early, in sympathy with wheat, but weakened and lost most of the advance.

There is less activity in leather at Boston and the larger buyers are out of the market. While union sole is a little easier, some cheaper grades are half a cent firmer.

Wheat, including flour, shipments for the week aggregate 4,693,939 bu, against 4,229,528 bu last week, 2,727,450 bu in the corresponding week of 1900, 4,114,046 bu in 1899 and 3,679,056 bu in 1898. From July 1 to date this season wheat exports were 143,371,456 bu, against 141,316,806 bu last season and 177,228,741 bu in 1898-99.

Corn exports for the week aggregate 3,246,575 bu, against 3,956,137 bu last week, 3,729,291 bu in this week a year ago, 4,211,326 bu in 1899 and 3,941,374 bu in 1898. From July 1 to date this season corn exports are 139,360,135 bu, against 149,534,129 bu last season and 121,453,947 bu in 1898-99.

Business failures in the United States for the week number 217, as against 208 last week, 190 in this week a year ago, 205 in 1899, 233 in 1898 and 231 in 1897. Canadian failures for the week number 28, against 33 last week, 28 in this week a year ago and 21 in 1899.

The Weekly Bank Clearings.

New York, March 16.—The following table, compiled by Bradstreet's, shows the bank clearings at the principal cities for the week ended March 15, with the percentage of increase or decrease as compared with the corresponding week last year:

Cities—	Amount.	—Per Cent— Inc.	Dec.
New York	$1,426,586,761	41.1	....
Boston	139,645,971	24.0	....
Chicago	132,299,756	3.0	....
Philadelphia	85,210,883	2.9	....
St. Louis	40,239,933	32.4	....
Pittsburg	35,886,780	37.3	....
Baltimore	22,808,606	9.4	....
San Francisco	22,044,033	14.3	....
Cincinnati	17,313,650	8.1	....
Kansas City	15,491,886	28.7	....
New Orleans	12,708,495	16.6	....
MINNEAPOLIS	9,493,802	....	3.2
Detroit	9,083,459	20.1	....
Cleveland	12,404,505	14.4	....
Louisville	8,821,262	11.3	....
Providence	6,229,800	8.1	....
Milwaukee	5,659,005	5.9	....
St. Paul	4,228,696	3.1	....
Buffalo	5,028,045	9.0	....
Omaha	6,739,433	16.9	....
Indianapolis	6,294,205	17.2	....
Columbus, Ohio	4,995,200	15.8	....
Washington	3,373,756	29.5	....
Portland, Oregon	2,127,021	37.6	....
Des Moines	2,005,638	35.4	....
Seattle	2,621,553	44.8	....
Tacoma	1,221,450	5.3	....
Spokane	899,355	....	15.1
Sioux City	1,294,566	14.8	....
Fargo	281,219	7.2	....
Sioux Falls	219,394	32.7	....
Helena	648,181	19.1	....
Totals U. S.	$2,105,217,109	30.7	....
Totals outside N. Y.	678,630,348	21.0	....
Dominion of Canada	$31,707,541	20.8	....

GALL STONES.

Their Treatment, Relief and Cure With Cascarine.

"There is no other remedy so sure of action, so reliable in its effects and so permanent in its results in the cure of gall stones as Cascarine. Rea Bros. & Co., Manufacturing Chemists and Associate physicians to some of the principal hospitals throughout the United States, have spent years of practice in the treatment and cure of these afflictions and other special diseases of the liver, kidneys, stomach and bowels. This treatment, or remedy, which has proven so valuable in their large and long continued practice is offered to you as the best remedy, without a doubt, that has ever been employed in these diseases. Cascarine is a formulated prescription used by the most noted specialists throughout this and foreign countries. It is made from roots, barks, herbs and plants, nature's true remedies. It is pleasing in action, pleasant to the taste and will not injure the most delicate stomach. Cascarine cures catarrh of the stomach, flatulency, dropsy of the abdomen, nervous dyspesia and the many ills dependent on a weak and inactive digestive system. If your urine is highly colored, your bowels constipated, or if you have bad blood, take Cascarine. It will cure you. There is only one genuine, made by Rea Bros. & Co., and sold by druggists for 50 cents per bottle. Therefore, when you buy be sure that you get the genuine. If you will write to Rea Bros. & Co., Minneapolis, they will send you by mail, free of charge, a valuable book on diseases of the digestive organs and one week's sample treatment for 10 cents in stamps to cover postage."

GEORGE G. MOORE, M. D.,
In American Health Journal.

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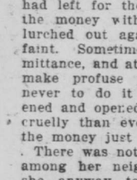

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We Will Guarantee Them in every manner, shape and form; we do not ask for any loop hole; if they do not work perfectly we will take them back and refund purchase price. Hotel Ranges a Specialty.

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No. 134—6-hole Range, oven 20x20, plain top 19.75
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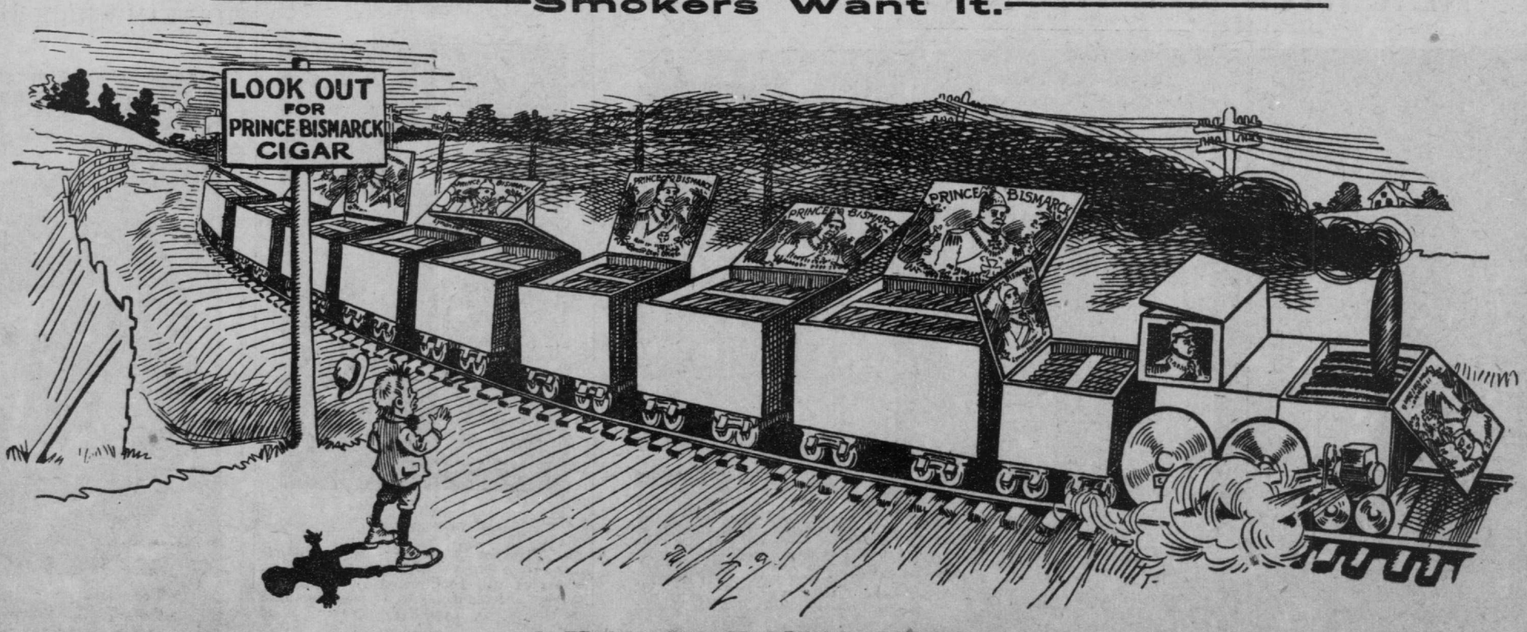

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