EVERY HAND A FULL HAND

EXTRAORDINARY STORY OF DRAW POKER ON THE COLUMBIA.

Three Men Drew Each a Card; Age Made 6 Full on Aces; No 2, Seven Full on Duces; No 3, 8 Full on Trays; No 4 had a 9 Full on Fours Pat, Dealer a Pat 10 Full on Fives.

A poker story, soberly authenticated, and, as all concerned admit, needin so to be, came into this port yesterday on the Hamberg-American steamship Columbia. It is attested to not only by the signatures of the five players themselves and that of a witness, but nearly a quarter of the men on the first cabin passenger list saw the hands and are willing to stake their reputations on the facts in the case,,and finally, Captain Vogelgesang thought the incident of such importance that he had a limited edition of the "declaration" of the players struck off on the ship's printing press, in order that the copies of it might be put among the archives of the company. He declares is as follows:

Am Bord des Schnelldampfers Columbia, Hamburg-Amerika Linie, 26, 7, '97.

We, the undersigned passengers on board the Columbia, while engaged in a game of draw poker, saw a new deck of cards passed to the dealer by the steward.

The stamp was intact, and after being shuffled, cut and dealt, the following remarkable fact occurred:

The first man opened the pot, the second, third, fourth and fifth raising in turn.

The cards were drawn, one each by the first, second and third men, the fourth and fifth standing pat.

On the call the completed hands were as follows:

First man, 6-full on aces.
Second man, 7-full on deuces.
Third man, 8-full on trays.
Fourth man, 9-full on fours.
Fifth man, 10-full on fives.

Respectfully submitted to the unbelieving public as a truthful poker story.

C. Seligman, Los Angeles, Cal.
J. De Witt Wilde, New York.
Alex. H. Meyer, Richmond, Va.
Charles Stepp, San Francisco, (the dealer.)

I was a witness to the game and certify to the truth of above. J. A. Filcher.
Publisher Placer Herald, Auburn, Cal.

This is the story of the game as told last evening by Mr. Muller, No. 4, who did not get the pot. The Columbia had bad weather almost from the time she left Southhampton, and poker was popular. Several groups of poker players formed, and one of them was composed of the men who had that wonderful deal. They played together every day, quarter limit.

It was about 4.30 on Monday afternoon that the big hands were dealt. It was raining and the smoking room was crowded. This particular game had been going on since luncheon, and as all the men were good players and the hands had been running high, their table was surrounded by a ring of idlers watching the play. The men sat in the order named in the declaration. Mr Muller had just dealt and Mr. Stepp was to follow. Between the deals a round of drinks had been ordered, and part of the liquor had been spilled on the discards. As he gathered up the cards Mr. Muller said:

"These cards are getting pretty gummy. Here, steward, bring us a new back."

The steward brought a new pack, still sealed, and handed them to Mr. Stepp. He broke the seal, and took out the joker, and tore it up, and then shuffled the cards seven or eight times. Then he handed them to Mr. Muller to cut. Between him and Mr. Muller sat J. A. Filcher, the secretary of the California state board of trade and publisher of the Placer Herald, of Auburn, California. He was able to see all that was going on. Mr. Muller cut the cards and Mr. Stepp dealt them out.

There was a small pot, so small as to be almost insignificant. It was a jack pot. Mr. Seligman, who had the say, opened it for a quarter and Mr. Wilde promptly raised him. Mr. Meyer stayed and Mr. Muller raised Wilde, and Mr. Stepp, the dealer, raised Muller. All made good and stayed. Messrs Seligman, Wilde and Myer each drew a card and Messrs Muller and Stepp stood pat.

Then the fun began. Each man thought he had a lead pipe cinch, and he bet accordingly. Everybody raised. Mr. Seligman smiled pityingly on the rest, and each of the others smiled in a like manner. Mr. Wilde laid his cards carelessly on the table and studied the carved ceiling of the smoking room as he raised every time the chance came.

At last, as no one gave in, the players began to regard each other with interest, and wondered what was going to happen. The idlers crowded around the table four deep. Things began to be very lively when Mr. Stepp interrupted the proceedings by asking, when it came around to him to raise, how much was in the pot.

"About twenty dollars," was the reply.

"Well," said Mr. Stepp, "this is only a friendly game, and we don't want to get too much money in the pot, so I'll call."

Mr. Seligman looked sorrowful, and said:

"We might have gone on a little longer."

He laid down his three sixes and two aces and put out his hands toward the pot.

"Hold on there!" said Mr. Wilde. "It has never been my custom to bet when I didn't hold a wining hand," and he threw down his three sevens and two deuces.

There was a grudge from Mr. Meyer. He slammed his eight full on the table, exclaiming:

"If this don't beat the devil I don't know what will! I've won two steamer pools and I've got this pot. Look at that hand!"

There was an exclamation of astonishment from the men that were crowded around the table.

"What have you got, Muller?" asked Mr. Stepp the dealer.

"I've got nines full on fours," Muller replied putting down the cards.

"And I," said Mr. Stepp, "have got tens full on fives."

There was an impressive silence in the saloon for a minute. All the eyes were turned on Mr. Stepp, who was very pale and agitated. Finally he spoke.

"Gentlemen, he said, "I wont take that pot. I protest that the deal was square. You saw me break the new pack of cards, shuffle them above board; you saw Mr. Muller cut them and me deal them. But such a lot of hands I've never seen in my life. I've never heard of anything like it. If I didn't see it with my own eyes I should call a man a liar who told me that such a thing had happened on a square deal. Therefore, in justice to me, we should have a new deal."

A storm of protests greeted this. None of the players would listen to any such proposition.

"It's worth $500 to any poker player," said Mr. Muller, "to be able to say that he sat in such a game."

Finally every man in the smoking room was called up to see the hands as they lay on the table, and Mr. Filcher said:

"I want you all to give me a statement in writing signed by each one of you, because if I go back to California and tell this story without such a statement I'll be called three hundred kinds of a liar, and, maybe, be run out of the state."

"I want to say right here," he added, "that I was seting at Mr. Sepp's elbow when he shuffled and dealt the cards, and it was absolutely on the square."

The statement printed above was then made. Each of the players and Mr. Filcher got a written copy, and the copies printed by order of Captain Vogelgesang were distributed among the men passengers. Some mathematical sharps tried to figure out the chances of getting another deal of that kind. They reported that there weren't enough figures to do it with. But they discovered that there are full hands enough in a pack to supply eight players at once.

Among those who saw the cards were John A. Sleicher, supervisor of the City Record, and W. J. Arkell. A noted professional gambler, who was on the ship and saw the hands, said that he did not believe the history of poker could produce a parallel case, even with the most skillful packing of the deck.

BETTER THAN A KLONDYKE.

TRANSMUTING SILVER INTO GOLD

Dr. Stephen H. Emmens Says that He Has Discovered the Secret the Alchemists Strove in Vain to Find.

Why should me face almost certain death by freezing and starvation in the Klondyke region, after a long and costly journey, when, if Dr. Stephen H. Emmens is correct, the precious metal which they seek can be manufactured down here in warm latitudes, in a comfortable factory or laboratory? And, after all, what is the use of making such sacrifices to obtain a substance that may prove to be worth only a trifle more than silver, or, say, about one-twenty-fifth as much as gold?

It is nearly or quite a year since this modern alchemist startled capitalists, economists, mine owners and metallurgists by declaring that he had found a way to convert silver into gold. By scientific men the announcement was received with calm scepticism or open derision, although Dr. Emmens was known to be an educated and experienced chemist, as well as a broker. At that time he was unable to meet the challenge to produce evidence as to the quality of the stuff which he said he had manufactured. Moreover, such prejudice as was thus created in the minds of well informed persons was strengthened rather than weakened by Dr. Emmens' audacious attack on Newton's theory of gravitation early in January last. But today he is in a somewhat better position to attract favorable attention, although it is too soon to pronounce final judgmen on his claims and theories.

DR. EMMENS' GOLD AT THE ASSAY OFFICE.

Since April 13, 1897, Dr. Emmens has depositod at Uncle Sam's assay office in New York seven ingots, each weighing from seven to seventeen ounces. These have been examined by experts of the highest standing. Official reports declare that the ingots consisted of a mixture of gild and silver, more than nine-tenths fine, and that from three-fifths to two-thirds of the precious metal in them was gold. For instance, of the ingot deposited on June 12th, 578 thousandths were gold, 340 were silver and 82 were baser metal. The whole lump, weighing 16.60 ounces, was valued at $200 21. The ingot deposited on July 26th was found to show 750 thousandths of gold, 209 of silver and only 40 of base metal. It weighed 14.38 ounces, and its value was placed at $222.79. Dr. Emmens declares that these ingots were all produced by his special process, and that the principal, in fact, it would almost be correct to say the exclusive, material employed in making them was a lot of Mexican dollars, in which there were nine parts silver to one of copper, but no gold. This alloy, curiously enough, is said to give better results than perfectly pure silver.

One important link in the chain of evidence is still lacking. No disinterested and competent witness has gone into the laboratory, sampled the materials, watched every step of the process and certified to the identity of the ingots sent to the assay office with the products of Dr. Emmens' art. Scientifically, therefore, the story is not yet entitled to full acceptance. It is interesting, nevertheless, to learn what Dr. Emmens himself says about the matter, and especially in regard to the mode of manufacture. The following statements are based on his assertions:

GREAT PRESSURE THE MEANS USED.

The essential agent in the alleged transmutation is enormous mechanical pressure. There is a little fluxing and granulation. Chemical treatment with a modified nitric acid is also resorted to. But a prolonged squeeze, enduring from a week to ten days, in a machine which the inventor calls a "force engine," and in which a pressure of 250 tons to a square inch is said to be exerted, is the main feature of the operation. Evantually Dr. Emmens expects to be able to apply a pressure of 800 tons to the inch. Some samples of metal which he exhibits to illustrate the gradual change in the substance while under treatment, show a faint flecking of the white surface with pale yellow spots and streaks after a certain time. These grow until finally the metal is of a uniformly yellowish tint. At a certain stage of proceedings, Dr. Emmens says, the metal has been changed into something which is disposed to regard as a new element, to which he gives the name "argentaurum." Subsequently, however, a large proportion (roughly speaking, about 60 per cent.) of the mass is "advanced" to the condition of pure gold, while the rest of the argentaurum "reverts," or goes bacg again, to the character of silver. The proportion varies slightly in a series of experiments, so that Dr. Emmens, like a housewife making bread, has a little better luck at one time than at another; yet thus far he has never succeeded in converting all of his silver into gold. He has an explanation for the fact, but it is not necessary to go into that at present. Part of he silver which remains is left in the ingot and sold as bullion, while part of it is separated at the refining stage of the process, and is added to the raw material used in the later undertakings. The copper which was alloyed with the silver at the Mexican mint remains unchanged in the mass all the time, and appears in the official assay of Dr. Emmens' ingots here.

THE OLD AND NEW PHILOSOPHER'S STONE.

The philosopher's stone, or "great elixir," which was sought so eagerly and at such appalling expense by learned men in the Middle ages, was conceived to be a distinct substance by itself, a solid which could be dissolved in water, and which had the double property of prolonging life and of converting any of the bases metals (with which it might be mixed mechanically) into gild. Dr. Emmens relies upon no such agent. But there is one point on which there is a striking agreement between the views of the old alchemists and a few of our modern scientists. Within the last fifteen or twenty years there has been a disposition among chemists to believe that after all the sixty-eight or seventy seperate elements are composed of the same idetical substanee, their constituent atoms differing only in the rate at which they vibrate to and fro, or in some other physical peculiarity. If this should be found to be true, and if one could only discover the trick of changing the combination, then he could transmute any one substance into auy other.

Thre are several reasons why Dr. Emmons has used silver, in preferance to the baser metals, in his experiments. The known elements have been arranged on account of similarity of properties, into eight principal groups, each of which has two sub-divisions. And Mendeleef discovered that when this clasification had been effected still another relationship existed between the members of a sub-division. There is a strange ratio between the figures which stand for their respective atomic weights. Now, sodium, copper, silver and gold belong to one of these minor classes, although there is a gap in the series. It comes between silver and gold. Dr. Emmons thinks it possible that his "argentaurum" may fill that gap, althogh he has not yet ascertained its atomic weight. However that may be, silver is very closely alied (in a sense that only a chemist can fully appreciate) to gold. Copper is also simlarly related, and is cheaper than silver. While Dr. Emmons has not attempted its conversion into gold, and does not deem it impracticable, yet he believes that such a transmutation would be more difficult than his present process. As for the metals outside of the sodium-to-gold group, he regards their conversion a still more complicated job.

THE OUTPUT SMALL.

At present Dr. Emmons treats only five or six ounces of metal at a time. He appears to entertain no hope that he can greatly increase the amount handled by one machine, or can make the operator a quicker one. On the other hand, he says, it may judicious to conduct it more slowly. If, however twenty or thirty "force engines" are put to work, a very decent output ought to be expected. As to the cost of the machines, and the expense of the process, it is too soon to give figures. When these are fully known, and the machine is perfected, a definite ratio between the values of silver and gold may be fixed. Whether the former would rise or the latter would fall is a question for political economists to determine.

In defence of that secrecy which makes it impossible for the public to obtain a complete demonstration of the correctness of Dr. Emmons's claims at present, that gentleman says that he has not yet taken out all the patents he desires. He has, nevertheless, excited the interest of some of the most distinguished foreign chemists. What may be their verdict time only can tell. If they can discover a fallacy or fraud in this remarkable scheme, of course that will put an end to the business. If, on the other hand, this end of the nineteenth century alchemist can satisfy logical people in regard to the genuineness of his transmutation process, a tremendous revolution will ensue.—New York Tribune.

THE MINER AND HIS PAST.

Criminal Records in New Gold Lands
(From The New York Sun.)

Washington.—"If within the next two years or so all of the detectives in the United States who have made unsuccessful searches for embezzlers, absconders, and other high-class fugitives of a similar sort," said an old Forty-niner down the river the other day, "were to make a run to the gold fields of Alaska, I'll wager they'd make a round-up that would astonish them. It was shown during the earliest years of the gold excitement in California that newly discovered mining regions have an indescribable fascination for men who, having stolen large sums of money in their own communities, have been compelled to make a run for it. If the fact had been sufficiently well known then, there would have been a whole lot of vacant claims of men who struck Califronia during the very best of it and took out of the ground, many of them, enough gold to repay their obligations ten times over—which some of them did, and some didn't. The Klodyke country will be filled with money takers from every corner of the Untied States, whose double purpose in going there will be to square themselves with the people they have stolen from, besides enriching themselves legitimately.

"There were not a great many apprehensions of embezzlers from the east in California during the gold days, but there were some. The most notable was the capture of the bank embezzler, John S. Desire, who had stolen in the course of years nearly $100,000 from a bank in Charleston, S. C., and who, when he saw that his discovery was drawing nigh, made a final haul and jumped around for California by way of Panama. He was caught at Sacramento in 1861 by a lawyer from Charleston, who had been armed with police powers by the governor of South Carolina, and Desire was certainly the hardest loser when it happened that ever came over the hills. It was not such a wonder, either, that he felt like a hard hit man when the lawyer from Charleston appeared with the warrant and requisition papers for his arrest, for Desire was one of the first men to strike it rich early in 1850 in the Shasta country. He had taken out something like $300,000 when his captor turned up, and he had hundreds of thousands more in sight. We all thought out there that Desire got rather the worst of it when every offer he made his lawyer captor for a compromise was rejected. It appears that the money he had stolen from the Charleston bank while he was its cashier had been the savings of a large number of small investors, and the bank was so done up by the theft that it had to quit when the discovery came after Desire's flight. This had so embittered the plundered depositors that when it was learned that Desire was in California under the name of Mathias, they sent the lawyer after him with instructions that at any cost Desire was to be brought back to South Carolina for heavy punishment. The lawyer was a stubborn and an incorruptible man.

"'See here," said Desire when the lawyer appeared at his place in Sacramento and showed his papers, 'I'm in the hole in Charleston to the extent of a little under $100,000. That's right, isn't it?'

The lawyer nodded.

"'Very well,' said Desire; 'here's a check for the amount. That squares it, doesn't it?'

"'No,' said the lawyer; 'I'm under instructions to take you back; I'm going to do it.'

"'But you are going to be a sensible man, I suppose? Now, here's a check for $150,000—it will be honored at that bank right across the way—in satisfaction of the money of the bank that I appropriated for cotton speculation; and here's another check—also to be cashed immediately across the way—for $50,000 for the indulgence with which you have or are going to treat my request.'

"'But I'm not; I'm going to take you back by the next steamer.'

"'Damnation, man, are you crazy, or what?" exclaimed Desire. 'But, once again. All of the money that I yet have beside the $200,000 I have already offered you is another $100,000. Take it all, go back to Charleston, and make a settlement of my affairs with the bank—and you need draw no more briefs.'

"'Desire, you must get ready to come back with me,' replied the lawyer.

"'Besides the $300,000, I'll give you half interest in my diggings,' persisted Desire.

"'The steamer sails in three days, and the coach leaves tomorrow morning for San Francisco, get ready, Desire.'

"'My friend, do you know that I could employe men to kill you before sunset, and that nothing would ever be done about it?' asked Desire in wrath.

"'Not very well, Desire, when there are deputies outside the door at this moment to see that you do no such thing; pack up.'

"And pack up the embezzler simply had to. His lawyer captor brought him safely to Charleston, where he got a long sentence in spite of the wealth and the deeds to his claim he brought with him, and he died in prison a few years later. The lawyer went to congress and died fighting for the confederacy.

"The detective who went from New Orleans in 1856 to get William B. Dalton, who had misappropriated somethink like $50,000 from a private banking firm of which he was a member, and then struck for California by way of the Horn on a sailing vessel, left his bones out there. Dalton killed him and then blew his own brains out. The absconder had made a pretty fair strike on his placer claim, and was easily within reach of $100,000 when the detective turned up. But Dalton's success had turned his head and carried him into a tide of dissapation, with the result that he got into the habit of spending more of his time carousing in San Francisco than he did on his claim, which he generaly left to the supervision of a friend with an adjoining claim while he was on these San Francisco visits. Dalton was in the midst of one of these San Francisco debauches when the New Orleans detective arrived on the Panama steamer in the fall of 1856, his headquarters being at the Golden Gate hotel. It did not take this detective, Charles McClintock, long after landing to find out Dalton's whereabouts and the shape he was in. He concluded that there was no particular hurry about completing his job, especially as there was no way for Dalton to get away except by the steamer, which did not go for two weeks, and so he decided to take in San Francisco a little himself. He was a man who drank pretty heavily when he got started, and a man of that sort had plenty of company in San Francisco in those days. So for five days he hauled around town pretty well loaded up all the time, meeting new drinking and gambling mates every day, and having rather too much fun with himself in general than was exactly right for a detective who was on so important a quest as his.

"On the night of the fifth day of McClintock's carouse he, with two men he had met in a barroom, walked into the saloon of the Golden Gate hotel. The detective had been at the brandy so long that his head was bad and he was a little ugly. But he walked up to the bar with the two men, and they ordered drinks. While they were drinking a fine looking man with a good deal of jewelry on his person strolled in with a couple of other well-groomed men. His companions recognized those with McClintock, the detective, and invitations to drink were exchanged. The fine looking man, who appeared to be the chief of the party, was about two parts drunk, and he ordered wine. Finally his eye lit on McClintock, whom he had not noticed before, and who seemed to be in the taciturn stage of drink.

"'Pardon,' he said with some politeness, addressing the detective, but I don't believe I caught your name?"

"'McClintock's my name," said the detective. What's yours, if I may inquire?"

"'Dalton, William B. Dalton, from up the gold country,' was the reply.

"'Oh, by God, is that so?' exclaimed McClintock with a sneer. Well, Dalton, William B. Dalton, from up the gold country, I've got a little package of papers in my pocket that ought to interest you; mean time, you're my prisoner; and why in hell didn't you have the sense to change your name when you come out here?'

"'Your prisoner, am I!' he shouted. 'The devil's prisoner, you mean, and you along with me to hell; for I've had enough of this game anyhow, and I want company on my trip.'

"Then Dalton, before McClintock or any of the others knew what he was about, snapped out a pistol, leaped dack half a dozen feet, and shot McClintock right through the heart; then he put the gun to his right temple and blazed away. Both men died instantly. They were buried side by side out in the old sand dune cemetery on the same day. Dalton's son came from New Orleans,worked his father's claim and got enough out of it to pay up the embezzled sum many times over."

Cures Kidney and Bladder Troubles.

Thousands of such cases have been cured by the use of Botanic Blood Balm (B. B. B.) If you doubt it, call or send to the Company whose advertisement appears in this paper, and they will, for a one cent stamp, send you a book of wonderful cures, not only of the above diseases, but of all manner of ailments arising from impure blood. It is the standard remedy of the age for the cure of all blood and skin diseases. $1.00 per large bottle.

CURED WITH TWO BOTTLES.

J. A. Maddox, Atlanta, Ga., writes: "I had great trouble in passing urine, which was filled with sediments. My back and loins gave me much pain, and I lost my appetite, strength, and flesh. I became nervous and unable to sleep. Two bottles of Botanic Blood Balm (B. B. B.) gave me entire relief."

S. M. Ellis, Atlanta, Ga., writes: "Botanic Blood Balm (B. B. B.) sured me of most stubborn eczema. I had doctored it without success for twelve years."

For sale by druggists.

Wonders of Wireless Telegraphy

The experiments in wireless telegraphy which Signor Marconi has been conducting at Rome and at Spezza, have been followed with the greatest interest in Italy by royalty, the government, the press, and the public. Generally speaking, Signor Marconi's discovery is calculated to produce surprising results. In addition to the possibility of exploding gunpowder magazines on board ship from a long distance off, Signor Marconi foresees that he will be able by means of the waves in the air to set automatically and simultaneously all the watches in the pockets of the inhabitants of a town by timing them from one central clock, with a daily electrical discharge at noon.—Westminster Gazette.

"Only nervous" is a sure indication that the blood is not pure. Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies the blood and cures nervousness.

There are now forty of the criminal insane in the penitentiary and two more are to follow.

WILMINGTON MARKETS.

COTTON REPORT.

Wilmington, N. C., August 14.

Receipts of cotton today—16 bales.

Receipts to same date last eyar—10 bales.

This season's receipts to date—234,527 bales.

Receipts to same date last year—271,126 bales.

The quotations posted at 4 o'clock today at the exchange.

Cotton quiet.

Ordinary	5¼
Good ordinary	6⅝
Low middling	7¼
Middling	7⅝
Good middling	8 3-16

Prices same day last year, 7⅝c.

NAVAL STORES.

Spirits turpentine—Machine barrels firm at 25¾c; country barrels firm at 25¼c.

Rosin quiet at $1.20 and $1.25.

Tar quiet at $1.15; sales at $1.10.

Crude turpentine quiet; hard $1.30; yellow dip $1.80; virgin $1.90.

Prices same day last year—Spirits turpentine 22¼c and 21¾c; rosin $1.32½ and $1.37½; tar $1.05; crude turpentine $1.20, $1.55 and $1.65.

Receipts today—187 casks spirits turpentine, 663 barrels rosin, 158 barrels tar, 38 barrels crude turpentine.

Receipts for same date last year—220 casks spirits turpentine, 486 barrels rosin, 16 barrels tar, 29 barrels crude turpentine.

MARKETS BY TELEGRAPH.

FINANCIAL.

New York, August 14.—Money on call firmly held at 1@2 per cent. Mercantile paper 3½@4¼ per cent. Sterling exchange weak with actual business in bankers bills at $4.83½@$4.83¾ for demand, and at $4.85¾@$4.85½ for sixty days. Posted rates $4.84@$4.85 and $4.86½@$4.87. Commercial bills at $4.82½. Silver certificates, ——. Bar silver 55. Mexican dollars 42. State bonds quiet; railroad bonds firm; government bonds firm.

STOCKS.

Atchison	15⅜	W. & L. E., pre.	10⅝
B. & O.	15½	Adams Ex.	153
Ches. & Ohio	22¼	American Ex.	115
Chic. Alton	160	United States	46
Chic., B & Q.	97⅞	Wells Far.	110
Del. Hudson	119	Am. Cot. Oil	19½
Del., L. & W.	162	Am Cot Oil,pre.	70
Fort Wayne	170	Am. Tobacco	92¼
Illinois Central	107	Am Tobac. pre.	112
L. & N.	60⅜	Chic. Gas	102¾
Manhattan L.	104⅜	Con. Gas	188½
Mobile & Ohio	29¼	Gen. Electric	36⅜
N. J. Central	96⅜	Lead	36
N. Y. Central	106½	Nat. Lin. Oil	20½
Pittsburg	167	Pullman Pal.	175
Reading	26⅝	Silver Cer.	55
Southern Ry.	11	Sugar	147⅞
South. Ry., pre.	35	T. C. & Iron	28⅞
W. & L. E.	2⅜	West. Union	92⅜

BONDS.

U. S. 2's reg.	97½	Missouri 6's	100
U. S. 4's reg.	111⅞	N. Caro. 6's	126
U. S. 4's cou.	112	N. Caro. 4's	103½
U. S. N. 4's reg.	125¼	S. Caro. non-fu.	½
U. S. N. 4's cou.	125¼	Tenn. N. Set 3's.	85
U. S. 5's reg.	113⅜	Tenn N Set 5's.	105
U. S. 5's cou.	113⅜	Tenn N Set 6's	——
Pa. 6's, of '95	102	Tenn. Old 6's	60
Ala. Class A.	107½	Va. Cen.	65¼
Ala. Class B.	104	Va. deferred	4
Ala. Class C.	98	L. & N. Un 4's	84⅜
Ala. Currency	98	N. J. C. Gen. 5's.	113½
La. N. cou 4's	96	South. Ry. 5's	94½

COTTON.

Liverpool, August 14.—1 p. m.—Cotton.—Spot, retail demand; prices lower; American middling fair 4 19-32d; good middling 4 11-32d; American middling 4 3-16d; low middling 4 11-16d; good ordinary 3 15-16d. The sales of the day were 5,000 bales, of which 500 were for speculation and export, and included 4,600 bales American. Receipts 3,000 bales, including 1,200 bales American. Futures opened quiet with a moderate demand and closed quiet at the decline.

American middling, low middling clause: August 4 6-64d, 4 7-64d sellers; August and September 4 1-64d, 4 2-64d sellers; September and October 3 58-64d, 3 59-64d sellers; October and November 3 52-64d, 3 53-64d values; November and December 3 50-64d sellers; December and January 3 48-64d, 3 49-64d sellers; January and February 3 48-64d, 3 49-64d sellers; February and March 3 49-64d sellers; March and April 3 49-64d, 3 50-64d values; April and May 3 50-64d, 3 51-64d sellers; May and June 3 51-64d, 3 52-64d sellers.

New York, August 14.—Cotton quiet; middling 8c; net receipts none; gross receipts none; forwarded none; sales 380, all spinners; stock 46,739.

Total today: Net receipts 2,642; exports to Great Britain 71; stock 81,207.

Total since September 1st: Net receipts 6,627,580; exports to Great Britain 3,005,168; to France 699,756; to the continent 2,144,658; to the channel 5,481.

Cotton futures closed barely steady; sales 81,100 bales: January 6.84; February 6.87; March 6.91; April 6.94; May 6.98; August 7.59; September 7.01; October 6.84; November 6.78; December 6.80.

Spot closed quiet; middling uplands 8c; middling gulf 8¼c; sales 380 bales.

GRAINS, PROVISIONS, ETC.

Chicago, August 14.—The leading futures were as follows:

	Open.	High.	Low.	Clos.
Wheat—				
August	——	——	——	84½
September	82	84⅜	81½	84
December	81	82¾	80⅝	82⅝
May	83	84⅜	82¾	84⅜
Corn—				
August	——	——	——	28
September	28	28½	27¾	28½
December	29¼	29⅜	29	29⅜
May	31⅞	32¼	31⅓	32¼
Oats—				
August	——	——	——	——
September	17⅝	17¾	17½	17⅝
October	17⅞	——	——	17⅞
December	18⅝	18¾	18⅜	18½
May	20⅝	20⅞	20⅝	20⅝
Mess pork—				
September	$8.00	$8.02½	$7.92½	$7.95
October	8.00	——	——	8.00
December	8.10	8.15	8.05	8.05
Lard, per 100 lbs.—				
September	$4.42½	$4.42½	$4.40	$4.40
October	4.47½	4.47½	4.42½	4.45
December	4.55	4.55	4.50	4.50
Short Ribs, per 100 lbs.—				
September	$4.90	$4.92½	$4.87½	$4.90
October	4.95	4.95	4.90	4.90

Cash quotations were as follows: Flour firm; winter patents $4.40@$4.60; bakers $3.75@$4.00; winter straights, $4.10@$4.20; spring patents, $5.15@$5.25; No. 2 spring wheat, 85@87c; No. 3 spring wheat, 80½@82c; No. 2 red, 87½@88½c; No. 2 corn, 28¾@28½c; No. 2 oats, 17½@17¾c; No. 2 white, 20@22c; No. 3 white, 18@21c; mess pork, per bbl., $7.95@$8.00; lard, per 100 lbs., $4.37½@$4.40; short ribs sides, loose, 5⅜@5½c; dry salted shoulders, boxed, 5@5¼c; short clear sides, boxed, 5⅛@5¼c; whiskey, distillers' finished goods, per gal., $1.19.

New York, August 14.—Flour quiet but firmly held. Winter patents $4.60@$4.65; winter straights $4.25@$4.50; Minnesota patents $4.85@$5.25; winter extras $3.25@$3.60; Minnesota bakers $3.90@$4.15; winter low grades $3.00@$3.30.

Wheat—Spot firm; No. 2 red, store and elevator 93¼c afloat; No. 1 northern, New York, 95⅝c afloat. Options opened stronger on steady cables and rains in the northwest, sold off sharply under realizing but recovered on rumored reduction of the French duty small offerings and local short demand, closing 1¼c net higher. August closed at 91¼c; September 88 7-16@89⅝c, closed at 89¼c.

Corn—Spot steady; No. 2, 33c. Options opened steady but advanced a little with wheat, closing ⅛c net higher. October closed at 33⅜c; December 35@35¼c, closed at 35¼c.

Oats—Spot steady; No. 2, 22c. Options were inactive and about steady, closing unchanged.

Lard—Steady; western steamed $4.75; refined steady.

Pork—Steady; old mess $8.00@$8.75; new mess $9.50@$10.00; short clear $9.50@$11.50; family $9.50@$10.00.

Eggs—Very firm; state and Pennsylvania 13@15c; western fresh 14c; held higher.

Cotton Seed Oil—Quiet; prime crude 26@27c.

Rice—Firm; fair to extra 4⅛@6¼c; Japan 4¼@4¾c.

Molasses—Firm; New Orleans, open kettle, good to choice 23@30c.

Coffee—Options opened steady at unchanged prices to 5 points decline, ruled moderately active, with rather weak undertone following unfavorable cables. Covering chief support of the market. Europe bought in a small way, closed steady, net unchanged to 10 points decline; sales 19,750 bags, including August $6.65; September $6.70@$6.75; December $6.90@$6.95. Spot Coffee—Rio quiet; No. 7, invoice 7⅛c; No. 7 jobbing 7⅝c; mild quiet; Cordova 10½@16½c.

Sugar—Firm; fair refined 3¾c; Centrifugal 96 test, 3⅝c; refined firm; mould A, 5⅛c; standard A, 4⅞c; confectioners A, 4⅞c; cut loaf 5⅝c; crushed 5⅝c; powdered 5⅛c; granulated 5c; cubes 5⅛c.

NAVAL STORES.

New York—Rosin quiet; strained, common to good $1.50@$1.55. Turpentine quiet at 28@28½c.

Charleston—Turpentine firm at 24c bid; sales none. Rosin firm; sales none; strained, common to good $1.20 to $1.25.

Savannah—Turpentine steady at 26c; sales 849; receipts 1,173. Rosin steady and unchanged; sales none; receipts 4,475.

The Chicago Markets.

Chicago, August 14.—The shorts in wheat had another shaking up today. September advanced 2⅝c from the lower point and retained an improvement of 2½ to 2⅝. Rumors that the French government would remove the import duty on wheat and predictions of frost in the northwest caused the upturn. Very little cash business was done and receipts were liberal. Corn was helped by predictions of frost and gained ½c. Oats were steady. Provisions were steady to a shade easier on dull speculation. Pork lost 5c and ribs 2½c. Lard closed unchanged.

G. Stanley Hall's Theory in Pedagogy

One aspect of the teaching at the Clark University Summer School just adjourned at Worcester is worthy of special note, namely, the new method of President Hall in the study of science, brought out during the last two sessions. Last year the subject of child study was presented, and this year nature study. The method of approaching science with children by first giving them the technique and the constructive facts, and from these building up in a logical, synthetic way the pieces until we get the complete whole, he says, is all wrong. It is at war with all the principles of biology, of history, and of the psychology of childhood. He wants this entire system stood on its head and insists that education demands that we should commence the subject in its largest possible aspect and work analytically, in a reverse direction to the details and technique.

Current methods have said that the child must commence with facts, the facts of observation in detail, and work upward until by gradual combining the grown child reaches the poetic, and religious, the sentimental aspects, and feelings for nature and the world about us. Dr. Hall says this should all be reversed. We should commence with these feelings first, for psychologically, these poetic, religious, and sentimental feelings are the child's first heritage. Out of them, and not the reverse, the knowledge and details of science grow. Hence his presentation of a mass of researches made by himself and his students, showing the child's wonderfully sentimental, poetic, and religious attitude toward the moon, the sun, and the stars. Children love the moon and the sun and the stars in a way we unthinkingly do not dreom of, though the facts are just under our noses every day. They have all sorts of quaint notions concerning them. A little girl wants to kiss the moon; another tells it all her secrets; another finds it always laughing and smiling to her, and she is sure it understands her when she confides to it. Dr. Hall reads scores of these evidences of the child's feelings for these heavenly bodies, and then jups to the anthropological field and pours in a perfect avalanche of facts showing that in the development of the race the same feelings have animated primitive peoples.

The pedagogical application of all this is that the basal pedagogy for art, science, and religion must be the fullest possible development of these primitive feelings and emotions for nature. From this latter these different fields of thought must differentiate and ramify, and the last thing to be reached will be the technique, the relations, and the exactness of details. First must come this myth of science, religion, and art, and the scientific aspects and intellectual forms later.—Boston Transcript.

A Georgia Ananias

They had stretched themselves under a wayside shade to rest and cool. Their wheels were sprawled upon the grass and they were breathing like tired dogs in summer time.

"Pretty good time that," said a short round man who was very warm in the face. "We hit it pretty lively."

"Fair," said the angular wheelman. "Only fair." The angular wheelman wore stockings with big checks in them and plenty of red. His bicycle suit could not be by any manner of mistake taken for any other sort of suit. It had big checks, too, and the trousers were baggy.

"But a fellow can surprise himself with the time he makes," went on the angular wheelman. "The other morning—it was last Sunday, come to think of it—I thought I'd spin down to West Point just to get up an appetite for breakfast. It was just fine that morning, good breeze and no dust. Well, I hit a good stiff pace. I sorter lost sight of time and distance, it was so fine, and I forgot to turn around after I'd been out a few minutes. I guess I must have surprised those farmers who saw me streaking along down the railroad track. It took a swift farmer to see me, I went so fast.

"Presently I came to myself and taking a new pull at my chewing gum, I stopped. I noticed I was on the outskirts of Jonesboro, I thought.

"'This is Jonesboro, ain't it?' I asked two young kids who were going along the road with some fishing tackle.

"'Jonesboro—nit,' said the smaller kid. 'Not much it ain't—I don't think—not very, like and not on your golf stockings. This is Macon.'

"Well, you wouldn't have believed it—I could hardly believe it myself. But I remembered the beer saloon on the corner, and there it was as big as life, but closed up. I went up to the drug store on the corner, where the long-distance telephone is, and thought I'd ring up my wife and tell her I'd be a little late to breakfast, but the line was busy. 'All right,' I said, 'here's a half-dollar, just ring up steen hundred when the line's open and tell Mrs. Wheeler that her husband may, be a few minutes late to breakfast.'

Well, the ride back was great. The preliminary ride down had just put me in trim for it. I had got my second breath. 'Breakfast. How about breakfast!' was the first thing I said to my wife. I'm hungry as a street car driver.' 'Be ready in a few minutes,' she said. 'Ah, there's that telephone. Wait a minute. John, what do you suppose? Here's Macon says you're down there and'll be a little late to breakfast.' "—Atlanta Constitution.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve

The best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per bottle. For sale by R. R. Bellamy.

Horse dealers of France are apparently no longer able to supply the demand for the flesh of that animal in Paris. An order from the French capital for five thousand barrels of horse meat has been received by a company of Portland, Ore.

A Massachusetts man who has just returned from the Klondyke says he was able to make only $2 per day up there. Nobody will supect him of exaggeration. —Washington Post.