

Today's Market Quotations

(By wire from E. W. Wagner & Co., members of Chicago Board of Trade, grain, provisions, stocks, and cotton. Local offices at Rock Island house, Rock Island, Ill. Chicago office, 98-99-100, Board of Trade. Local telephone, No. west 130.)

BOARD OF TRADE TRANSACTIONS.

Wheat.
September, 94½, 95½, 94½, 95½.
December, 98½, 99½, 98½, 98½.
May, 104½, 105½, 104½, 104½.

Corn.
September, 68½, 68½, 68½, 68½.
December, 63½, 64½, 63½, 64.
May, 65½, 66, 65½, 65½.

Oats.
September, 45½, 45½, 45½, 45½.
December, 47½, 47½, 47½, 47½.
May, 49½, 50½, 49½, 49½.

Pork.
September, 14.75, 14.75, 14.75, 14.75.
January, 15.00, 15.00, 14.95, 14.97.

Lard.
September, 9.20, 9.20, 9.25, 9.27.
January, 8.87, 8.87, 8.82, 8.82.

Ribs.
September 8.55, 8.55, 8.55, 8.55.
January, 7.87, 7.90, 7.85, 7.87.

THE GRAIN MARKET.

Liverpool Grain.

Liverpool, Sept. 26.—The wheat market was influenced at the opening by the weakness in Winnipeg and the decline in America, and values were ¼ to ½ lower. Selling was further encouraged by the increasing Manitoba and Russian offers continued favorable on the advice from Argentina and the expected liberal increase in the visible supply. Following the opening there was a further decline of ¼ to ½ with the demand very slow and pressure to sell both cargoes and parcels. At 1:30 p. m. the undertone was easy, with prices ¼ to ½ lower than yesterday.

Corn at the opening unchanged, and showed a decline of ¼ to ½ with the undertone weak. Selling was due to cheaper American offers and weakness in Buenos Ayres. More favorable advice from Russia and Roumania and an absence of demand for spot.

Liverpool Cables.
Wheat opened ½ to ¾ lower; closed ½ to ¾ lower.

Corn opened unchanged; closed ½ to ¾ lower.

Chicago Receipts.
Today, Contract.

Wheat 64 21
Corn 566 152
Oats 227 132

Northwest Cars.
To: Last
Day, Week, Year

Minneapolis 475 371 278
Duluth 297 244 436
Oats 195

Chicago Estimates Tomorrow.
Wheat 40 40
Corn 324 324
Oats 505

Primary Movement.

Receipts, Shipments.
Wheat today 885,000 313,000
Year ago 943,000 722,000
Corn today 638,000 511,000
Year ago 702,000 867,000

Chicago Cash Grain.

Oats—No. 2 w 47½@48, No. 3 w 46½@47½, No. 4 w 46@47, standard 47½@47½.
Corn—No. 2 68½@69½, No. 2 w 68½@69, No. 2 y 68½@69, No. 3 67½@68½, No. 3 y 68@68½, No. 4 w 68@68½, No. 4 y 67½@67¾, say 66, 66m 68.

LIVE STOCK MARKET.

Opening of Market.
Hogs 15,000. Left over 3,708. Prospects weak at yesterday's average. Light 6.55@7.10, mixed 6.40@7.07½, heavy 6.30@7.00, rough 6.30@6.55.
Cattle 7,500. Weak at yesterday's decline.
Sheep, 46,000. Weak at yesterday's close.

Nine O'clock Market.

Hogs tomorrow 26,000. Quality fair, market dull to 10c lower than Monday's average. Light 6.45@7.00, bulk 6.55@6.85, mixed 6.35@7.00, pigs 3.75@6.30, heavy 6.25@6.95, good 6.45@6.95, rough 6.25@6.45, yorkers 6.85@7.00.
Cattle slow, weak. Beeves 4.75@8.00, stockers 3.00@5.65, Texans, 4.40@6.15, cows 2.10@6.20, westerns 4.15@7.00, calves 6.00@9.50.
Sheep steady at Monday's close. Native 2.50@4.10, lambs native 4.00@6.00, westerns 2.50@4.25, lambs western 4.05@6.15.

Close of Markets.

Hogs closed 10c to 15c lower than yesterday's average. Bulk 6.50@6.80, light 6.40@6.95, mixed 6.35@6.95, heavy 6.20@6.90, rough 6.20@6.45.
Cattle, good strong, others weak.
Sheep, weak, top 425.
Lambs 6.15.

Western Live Stock.

Hogs, Cattle, Sheep.
Kansas City 14,000 16,000 15,000
Omaha 6,500 9,000 52,000

Estimated Tomorrow.

Hogs, Cattle, Sheep.
Chicago 26,000 19,000 42,000

NEW YORK STOCKS.

New York, Sept. 26.—Following are the quotations on the market today:
Gas 131¼
Union Pacific 153
U. S. Steel preferred 107½
U. S. Steel common 56¾
Reading 137½
Rock Island preferred 45¼
Rock Island common 23¾
Southern Pacific 107½
New York Central 109¾
Missouri Pacific 36¼
Great Northern 122¼

Northern Pacific 114
Louisville & Nashville 138¼
Smelters 60¼
Colorado Fuel & Iron 25¾
Canadian Pacific 226½
Illinois Central 135¼
Pennsylvania 119½
Trie 31¼
Lead 44
Cheapeake & Ohio 70¾
Brooklyn Rapid Transit 73¾
Baltimore & Ohio 95¼
Atchafalpa 102
Locomotive 33¾
Sugar 113¼
St. Paul 109¼
Copper 47¾
Lehigh Valley 156¼
Republic Steel common 21¾

LOCAL MARKET CONDITIONS.

Sept. 26.—Following are the quotations on the local market today:
Eggs, 22¼c.
Butter—Diary, 27½c; creamery, 30c.
Lard, 12c.

Feed and Fuel.
Corn, per bushel, 70c.
Oats, 40c to 42c.
Forage—Timothy hay, \$20c.
Clover hay, \$15.
Wheat, 80c to 85c.
Wild hay, \$14 to \$17.
Straw, \$8.
Coal—Lump, per bushel, 15c; slack, 10c.
Potatoes, 65c.

Russian Marriage Laws

(Special Correspondence of The Argus.)
St. Petersburg, Sept. 23.—The marriage regulations governing the members of the imperial family have been changed in an important particular by a recent imperial decree. Hitherto the statute concerning the imperial family incorporated in the fundamental laws prohibited members of that family from marrying any but persons belonging to a ruling or sovereign house. The only escape from this rule was in having a recourse to a morganatic marriage, involving a permanent estrangement from the imperial court.

The emperor has now lowered the bars for the more remote issue of emperors. Grand dukes and grand duchesses only are henceforth prohibited from marrying outside reigning houses. As the grand ducal title appertains only to grandsons or granddaughters of emperors, in the male line, and to daughters only in the female line, and not beyond, princes of the imperial blood, as the more remote issue is called, gain liberty of marriage.

It is thought that the immediate occasion which led to this change was the case of Princess Tatiana Constantinovna, daughter of Grand Duke Constantinovich, and sister of Prince John, who recently married Princess Helene of Serbia.

Princess Tatiana fell in love with an officer of the Hussars, Prince Bagration-Mukhransky, an intimate friend of her brother. Prince Bagration, who is a son of a Lieutenant general, and bears a family name distinguished in Russian military annals, is highly thought of at court, and the persistence of the young princess was successful in overcoming the statutory obstacle to the romance. The two were married Sept. 6.

A form of polygamy frequent and officially tolerated in Russia has been read out of existence by a recent senate interpretation regarding the status of converts to the state church from among a dissident sect, the Old-believers, numbering millions of adherents. The senate rules that Old-believers, who are legally married according to the regulations of their sect, may not contract a new marriage upon embracing orthodox, until their first union is legally dissolved. Under these circumstances, declares the senate, marrying a new wife before the old one has been divorced, will be regarded as polygamy, and go prosecuted under the law.

The practice hitherto has been to allow a new marriage, under the circumstances, and consider the old marriage nonvalid for orthodox converts, though Old-believer marriages, as such, were sanctioned by the law of 1874. The effect of the practice was to encourage Old-believers to join the state church, with this particular end in view. In those cases, the old marriage was considered void, and all marital and paternal obligations annulled. Orthodox missionaries made use of this temptation. The flagrant injustice to thousands of dissident wives, leading in many cases to hardships and to suicide, at last forced the authorities to action.

River Stages.

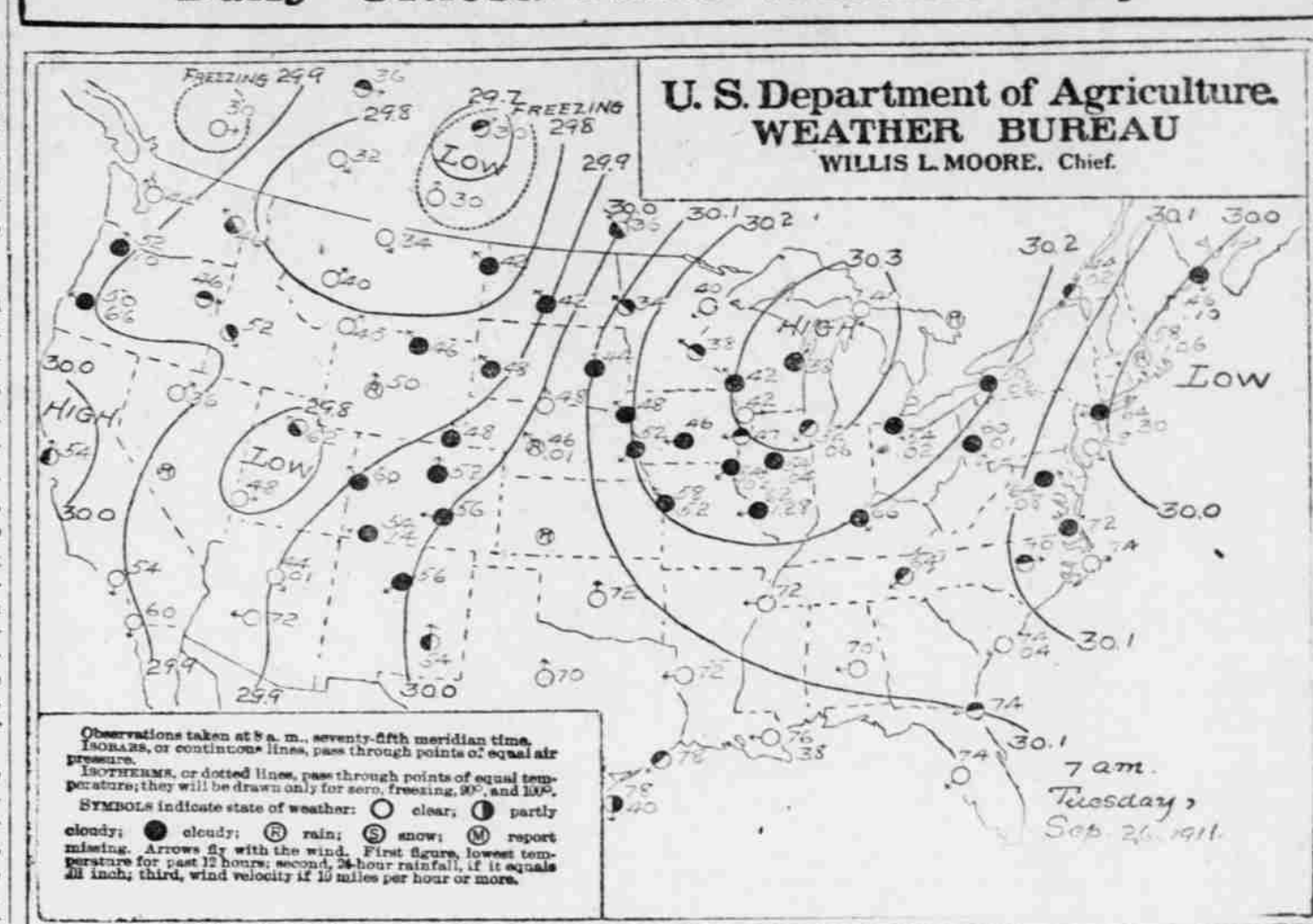
The U. S. steamer Ellen tied up at the foot of Nineteenth street last night to take on provisions, and left again this morning, to resume work between Hershey Chutes and Pine Creek. Work of blasting the rock in the channel there is now in full swing, and is progressing rapidly.

Because of the excursion which the Helen Blair is to take out to the new power dam at Keokuk Friday, Sept. 29, the Wenona is to substitute in the packet trade between Burlington and Muscatine temporarily.

A Dreadful Sight

to H. J. Barnum, of Freeville, N. Y., was the feverish state that had plagued his life for years in spite of many remedies he tried. At last he used Buckle's Arnica salve and wrote: "It has entirely healed with scarcely a scar left." Heals burns, boils, eczema, cuts, bruises, swellings, corns and piles like magic. Only 25 cents at all druggists.

Daily United States Weather Map



FORECAST FOR ROCK ISLAND, DAVENPORT, MOLINE AND VICINITY.

Generally cloudy with probably showers tonight or Wednesday. Rising temperature.

WEATHER CONDITIONS.

Showers in the Ohio and middle Mississippi valleys, the southern portion of the lake region and on the Atlantic coast have resulted from the barometric depression that was yesterday over the lower lakes but which has moved eastward to the coast of New England. Scattered showers on the north Pacific coast and in the Rocky mountain sections and the Missouri valley have attended the western low, which remains over the Rocky mountain plateau and another decided area of low pressure which has appeared in the British northwest. The area of high pressure and low temperature that was over the Missouri valley has drifted to the lake region and fronts are reported from Minnesota and upper Michigan. The continued eastward movement of the high and the approach of the western and northwestern lows will be attended by generally cloudy weather and rising temperature in this vicinity, with probably showers tonight or Wednesday.

OBSERVATIONS.

High Low Pr'p
yes- last 24 hrs.
tr'd'y. night inch.
Atlantic City 76 68 .00

Boston	84	58	1.06
Buffalo	66	50	.02
Rock Island	62	47	.00
Denver	70	52	.00
Jacksonville	90	74	.00
Kansas City	62	58	.52
New Orleans	88	76	.38
New York	82	64	.30
Norfolk	86	72	.00
Phoenix	90	72	.00
St. Louis	74	62	1.28
St. Paul	60	38	.00
San Diego	74	60	.00
San Francisco	62	54	.00
Seattle	62	44	.00
Washington, D. C.	88	64	.08
Winnipeg	54	36	.00
Yellowstone Park	40	20	.00

MISSISSIPPI RIVER.

St. Paul	Flood Hgt.	Chng.
St. Paul	stage, feet.	24 hrs.
St. Paul	13	1.2 0.0
Red Wing	14	0.7 -0.1
Reed's Landing	12	0.4 0.0
La Crosse	12	2.0 x0.1
Prairie du Chien	18	2.5 0.0
Dubuque	18	3.0 x0.1
Clinton	16	2.5 x0.3
La Claire	10	1.1 x0.1
Rock Island	15	2.6 0.0

RIVER FORECAST.

During the next 48 hours a slight

rising tendency in the Mississippi will prevail from Clinton to Muscatine.

J. M. SHERIER, Local Forecaster.

Forced to Leave Home.

Every year a large number of poor sufferers, whose lungs are sore and racked with coughs, are urged to go to another climate. But this is costly and not always sure. There's a better way. Let Dr. King's New Discovery cure you at home. "It cured me of lung trouble," writes W. H. Nelson, of Calamine, Ark. "When all else failed and I gained 47 pounds in weight. It's surely the king of all cough and lung cures." Thousands owe their lives and health to it. It's positively guaranteed for coughs, colds, lagrippe, asthma, croup—all throat and lung troubles. 50 cents and \$1.00. Trial bottle free at all druggists.

Chamberlain's colic, cholera and diarrhoea remedy is today the best known medicine in use for the relief and cure of bowel complaints. It cures griping, diarrhoea, dysentery, and should be taken at the first natural looseness of the bowels. It is equally valuable for children and adults. It always cures. Sold by all druggists.



BY WILL SEA.

HE path of Miss Judith's peaceful life had long since reached the beginning of the sunset route, but in spite of her gray hairs the spark of romance still burned brightly in her gentle soul.

She was not slow, therefore, to deduce from the demeanor of her niece that something had gone wrong between that vivacious young woman and Tom.

With a keen appreciation of the advantages of the psychological moment she summoned the girl to the far end of the long south veranda, well shut out from the silvery moonlight by a mass of Virginia creeper, and with sympathetic directness proceeded to extract the secret burden of the young woman's heart.

"Now, Margaret, tell your old auntie what's happened between you and Tom," she said, more by way of command than entreaty. "You've quarreled. You needn't say no. It simply won't do, my child, and it must be patched up this very night."

"Quarreled? Why, auntie," Margaret began, assuming the defensive, "you know—you—"

The girl hesitated, stammered helplessly and was lost. For a moment there was silence. Then she broke down and confessed the whole story of disappointment and wounded pride.

"Yes, something has happened," she continued half defiantly. "Tom—Mr. Ingram—hasn't written me a line in ten days. Think of it! And we're to be married in the early fall. I know that the surviving party is not so far away from civilization that he can't reach the mails and send me some sort of message. That quaint little postoffice he's always poking fun at can hardly have been swallowed up in the earth."

"It was his own proud boast that there never was to be a lover like him, but now that he's got me, I suppose the ardor of the pursuit is fast turning into cold indifference. I'll teach him a lesson." Her thrust was tipped with sharp irony.

"But you are judging him too quickly," Miss Judith protested, rallying warmly to the young engineer's defense. "There's certainly some good reason. Wait. Don't be foolish, child."

In good health and enjoying themselves, indeed! That's the unkindest cut of all. It's the injustice, the neglect that he— If Tom can communicate with the daily papers it looks as if he might at least send me a miserable post card. Love is everything to woman. I have thought it all over. I have written the young gentleman—breaking off—the engagement."

This emphatic pronouncement threw Miss Judith into a state of utter panic.

"What have you done, child?" she cried in dismay. "Ah, the marriage!"

When the first faint streaks of dawn began to dispel the shadows in the room a strong and sudden reaction of feeling set in. What if there should be some mistake? It was not like Tom to act thus. The traditions of his family and his training cried out against it. He was too faithful to be guilty of such cold-hearted indifference.

Had she not been childishly selfish? A sense of guilt swept over her with the force of conviction. But the letter? Ah, the letter would reach him in a few short hours. Soon his terrible mission would be fulfilled. It was too late.

Was it too late? There was a morning train at 7. It was now 6:30. Why not attempt to correct the blunder? The thought came to her like an inspiration. As she revolved the matter rapidly in mind the possibility of retrieving her error took on something of the rosy hue of hope.

Feverishly she wrote for a few minutes, thrust the letter into an envelope and marked it "Important! Rush!" Her brother was a newspaper correspondent, and she remembered having seen such symbols of the right of way stamped in big letters on the long envelopes.

"If he gets this at the same time he will read it first. All will be well then, for I have asked him not to open the other letter."

Hastily donning her riding habit she slipped out quietly to the barn. There a new difficulty arose. Her pony, she reflected, could never make the twelve miles in the bare hour she had left to reach the station. There was only one horse in the country that could make it over the rough roads. That was Billy, Tom's spirited sorrel.

But Tom and Aunt Judith had forbidden the girl to ever attempt to ride Billy. It would be too much like courting death. Tom explained

university. He was to her a real son, loyal and devoted, endowed with all the gifts of mind and heart and character that glorify manhood.

Margaret was a frequent visitor at the old-fashioned country house, and it was there that Miss Judith saw the first promise of fulfillment of her cherished dream.

With all his good qualities Tom was proud and high-strung, like all the Ingrams. Therein lay the danger in the present crisis. A breach between two young lovers would be hard to heal.

All that long night the girl's soul was in a state of bitter revolt against the injustice of the treatment she had received from Tom. She could not sleep. The clock in the hall downstairs tolled the hours at intervals of seeming ages. She hated the darkness. It accentuated her troubles. She longed for daylight and peace.

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MARGARET.

of my dear foster children has been the one great dream of my life, and now by a thoughtless act you have shattered it, ruined my happiness. You—did you say that you have written?"

"Yes, I have written," replied the girl with a tone of finality. "The letter went out in the morning mail. It is now beyond recall."

"It shall be recalled! It shall not be delivered!" protested Miss Judith with all the vehemence of an uncle Toby.

Miss Judith's mental energy was expended during the succeeding mo-

ANSWERED

gravely. And that very prohibition had always made her the more anxious to taste of the forbidden pleasure.

Necessity knows no law, respects no injunctions. This was not a case of choice or discretion. It was Billy or—fail. She chose Billy.

There was no one about the place as she cantered out into the sandy lane leading into the main road. She knew just how little urging was required to keep the sensitive animal at his best. Billy settled down into a steady, even gallop, covering the miles with the swift certainty and regularity of one true to his blood and training.

Margaret was a true horse woman. She could appreciate the experience of a good measure of keen enjoyment out of it in spite of her troubles. The fresh morning air, the fragrance of the plowed fields, was delightful, and to crown it all, Billy

when an automobile unexpectedly appeared, and before she realized any possibility of danger Billy shied in sudden fright, throwing her violently from the saddle. Fortunately the yielding limbs of a wild apple tree caught her body and broke the force of the fall.

When consciousness returned she looked up into the care-worn face of Tom, who knelt over her awaiting eagerly some sign of returning life. For a moment she could not comprehend what it all meant; then, as memory lifted the veil caused by the shock, a smile of peace overspread her countenance.

"Then you did write?" she asked, and the intonation of her voice anticipated the answer.

"Write? Of course I wrote. Better than that, I came."

The whole story of her suffering leaped before his mind's eye clear as the morning sun. "I'll explain it all

when you feel better; just one word now. Up to three days ago I got your letters. Then they stopped. Every third day we sent our letters by a negro boy to the office. I never dreamed that they were not promptly reaching you through the mails.

"Then something aroused my suspicions. I investigated. The boy on the last two trips had given the letters to that miserable puppet of a postmaster, Jupiter Shaw, out in the woods where he found him squirrel hunting. This faithful servant of Uncle Sam was on one of his periodical aprees, and he calmly stuck those letters in his breeches pocket and forgot all about them."

On the seventh day he locked the office and disappeared in the swamp. It was by mere chance that I ran across him and discovered my letters

in his pocket. Then I knew what you must have suffered. I hurried across the swamp and river and by a lucky chance got this automobile at Oakland. It's all the fault of Jupiter—course him! But come, we must be off. You need attention."

"O, I'm all right," Margaret smiled back at him as he assisted her to the waiting automobile. "I'm not hurt. There's nothing the matter with me except a pronounced attack of happiness."

Wonderful Beast.

The billposter came down the street and spread a flaring circus poster on the dead wall opposite. Then the oldest inhabitant grew reminiscent.

"When I see them things going up," he sighed, "I think of the circus days when I was a lad. The show came every spring and every boy in town—there was a hundred odd—carried water for the elephant and got in free."

"The grandson gave a low whistle. "Cricky, grandpa, how many elephants did they have?"

"Only one, Tommy. That's all they could afford in those days."

"Well, I was just thinking."

"Thinking of what, bub?"

"What an awful thirst that lone elephant must have had."

Souvenir of the South.

"And you are just from the South, my poor man?" asked the woman in the kitchen door.

"Yes, mum," responded the weary hobo, as he munched a biscuit, "just came in on de trough freight dis morning."

"You don't say? How I would love to see the southern soil one again."

"Just look on me mug, mum. It's on dere a quarter of an inch tick."

Dangerous Job.</