

HUMOR OF THE WEEK

STORIES TOLD BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Odd, Curious and Laughable Phases of Human Nature Graphically Portrayed by Eminent Word Artists of Our Own Day—A Budget of Fun.

Maude—The gown Mrs. Uppson had on last Sunday is the very latest. Clara—How do you know? Maude—Because her arrival at church was.

Deep Cut. Reggy Sapp—Weally, Miss Wose, I feel as though I am cut out for your husband. Miss Rose—You certainly are cut out, Reggy. Dick is just ahead of you.

Changed His Mind. "I understand that theatrical company you sent out has been sidetracked," said the comedian. "Not at all," replied the manager; "they are walking home on the main line!"—Yonkers Statesman.



To Hear Something Else. Bacon—Aren't you glad your wife's coming home from the country? Egbert—Yes, indeed, I am! I'm tired listening to that photograph in the next flat!—Yonkers Statesman.

Engaged. "Miss, is there any one waiting on you?" Asked the clerk with the ribbon shears. And the maiden blushed, as maids will do. And said: "It's a secret, but I'll tell you." George has been waiting on me two years!—

The Result. "Did he make a name for himself?" "Yes. But he got ten years for it."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

In the Wrong Shop. Miss Saburb—Father wants something to prevent baldness. Drug Clerk—Why doesn't he get a divorce?—

Her Willingness. "You must have been dreaming of some one proposing to you last night, Laura." "How is that?" "Why, I heard you for a whole quarter of an hour crying out, "Yes!"—Fliegende Blaetter.

Both Fibbers. Jimmy—When you met your boss out to the baseball game did you offer him an apology? Billy—No, I offered him my sympathy. Jimmy—Sympathy? Billy—Sure! Sympathy for de grandmother he had lost de same afternoon.

Usual Bombardment. Sweet Singer—The heavy tragedian must have lived well on his last tour. Comedian—Why so? Sweet Singer—He says he had vegetables and eggs three times each day. Comedian—He means twice each day. Matinee and night.

Hard to Dodge. Wedderly—You say your friend Higgins left a widow? Singleton—Yes. Wedderly—He must have been a wise guy. I tried to leave one once, but she kept on my trail until she married me.

The Real Issue. Little Willie—Say, pa, what is the issue of the day? Pa—The daily papers, my son.

Power of Knowledge. Young Doctor—It is nothing serious, madam—only a slight attack of dyspepsia. Lady Patient—And what does that come from, doctor? Young Physician—It comes from the Greek, madam.

She Knew. "Aunt Julia," said small Tommy Toddlers, who was reading the political news, "what are letters of acceptance?" "Y, e, s," was the significant reply.

Pantheists. A French schooner went ashore at one of the fashionable resorts. When day dawned she was plainly in sight from the beach, the waves breaking over her decks, and the crew clinging to the shrouds. The summer residents flocked to the water's edge, where a life-saving crew was working.

He Was Lucky. Three long years had passed ere they met again. "By the way, young man," remarked the parson, "you never paid me for performing your marriage ceremony." "Don't mention it!" rejoined the young man. "You ought to be thankful that I didn't sue you for damages."

Sunburnt and Sultry. "Look here," complained the old farmer, "you said if I advertised for city boarders in your paper they would come like hot cakes. I haven't seen but six so far."

"Oh, that's all right," laughed the rural editor. "They came like hot cakes." "How do you make it?" "Why, by the time they rode ten miles from the station in the farm wagon, they were brown and staling, weren't they?"

Rash.

Eva—Gracious, Katherine, what a red spot on your right cheek! What caused it? Katherine—Oh, just a little rash. Eva—You fibber! Didn't I see that handsome young man kiss you there, although your father was only a few feet away? Katherine—Of course, my dear. Don't you call that a little rash? Wise Girl.

"When a young man proposes you should always be careful and test his love," cautioned the conservative chaperon. "But I go one better, auntie," hastened the pretty summer girl. "Do you see this tiny bottle?" "Yes. Does it contain perfume?" "No, it contains acid. I test the engagement ring."

Wouldn't Risk It. Kind Lady—Would you work if given a chance? The Hobo—No, ma'am. I ain't takin' no chances.

Walking Home. "I understand that theatrical company you sent out has been sidetracked," said the comedian. "Not at all," replied the manager; "they are walking home on the main line!"—Yonkers Statesman.

To Hear Something Else. Bacon—Aren't you glad your wife's coming home from the country? Egbert—Yes, indeed, I am! I'm tired listening to that photograph in the next flat!—Yonkers Statesman.

Engaged. "Miss, is there any one waiting on you?" Asked the clerk with the ribbon shears. And the maiden blushed, as maids will do. And said: "It's a secret, but I'll tell you." George has been waiting on me two years!—

The Result. "Did he make a name for himself?" "Yes. But he got ten years for it."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

In the Wrong Shop. Miss Saburb—Father wants something to prevent baldness. Drug Clerk—Why doesn't he get a divorce?—

Her Willingness. "You must have been dreaming of some one proposing to you last night, Laura." "How is that?" "Why, I heard you for a whole quarter of an hour crying out, "Yes!"—Fliegende Blaetter.

Both Fibbers. Jimmy—When you met your boss out to the baseball game did you offer him an apology? Billy—No, I offered him my sympathy. Jimmy—Sympathy? Billy—Sure! Sympathy for de grandmother he had lost de same afternoon.

Usual Bombardment. Sweet Singer—The heavy tragedian must have lived well on his last tour. Comedian—Why so? Sweet Singer—He says he had vegetables and eggs three times each day. Comedian—He means twice each day. Matinee and night.

Hard to Dodge. Wedderly—You say your friend Higgins left a widow? Singleton—Yes. Wedderly—He must have been a wise guy. I tried to leave one once, but she kept on my trail until she married me.

The Real Issue. Little Willie—Say, pa, what is the issue of the day? Pa—The daily papers, my son.

Power of Knowledge. Young Doctor—It is nothing serious, madam—only a slight attack of dyspepsia. Lady Patient—And what does that come from, doctor? Young Physician—It comes from the Greek, madam.

She Knew. "Aunt Julia," said small Tommy Toddlers, who was reading the political news, "what are letters of acceptance?" "Y, e, s," was the significant reply.

Pantheists. A French schooner went ashore at one of the fashionable resorts. When day dawned she was plainly in sight from the beach, the waves breaking over her decks, and the crew clinging to the shrouds. The summer residents flocked to the water's edge, where a life-saving crew was working.

He Was Lucky. Three long years had passed ere they met again. "By the way, young man," remarked the parson, "you never paid me for performing your marriage ceremony." "Don't mention it!" rejoined the young man. "You ought to be thankful that I didn't sue you for damages."

Sunburnt and Sultry. "Look here," complained the old farmer, "you said if I advertised for city boarders in your paper they would come like hot cakes. I haven't seen but six so far."

"Oh, that's all right," laughed the rural editor. "They came like hot cakes." "How do you make it?" "Why, by the time they rode ten miles from the station in the farm wagon, they were brown and staling, weren't they?"



Much has been said about the discipline and superb heroism displayed by William Anthony, an orderly of marines, on board of the Maine at the time she was blown up. It is related that when Captain Sigbee reached the deck after the explosion the first person he met was William Anthony. In the semi-darkness, lit by the flames of the bursting ship and pierced by shrieks and groans, he saw Orderly Anthony come to a "present arms" as calmly as if it were dress parade, and heard him say in the even tones of perfect discipline: "Sir, I have to inform you that the ship has been blown up and is sinking." When asked about this instance of cool courage and superb presence of mind, this specimen of American manhood said: "Oh, that's nothing, any Yankee marine would do that."

The American navy has many such examples of deeds of daring and discipline which should live in American history. An interesting incident is related of a brave boy who was on board the steam sloop Varuna, ten guns, Captain Charles S. Boggs, commander, during Admiral Farragut's fight at New Orleans in April, 1862. The lad, who answered to the name of Oscar, was but 12 years of age, but he had an old head on his shoulders and was alert and energetic. During the hottest of the fire with the Confederate fleet he was busily engaged in passing ammunition to the gunners, and narrowly escaped death when one of the terrific broadsides of the C. S. steamer Governor Moore, Commander Beverly Kennon, was poured in. Covered with dirt and begrimed with powder, Oscar was met by Captain Boggs, who asked where he was going in such a hurry. "To get a passing box, sir; the other one was smashed by a ball!" And so, throughout the fight the brave lad held his place and did his duty.

When the Varuna went down under the terrific fire of shot and shell and ramming of the Governor Moore, Captain Boggs missed his boy, and thought he was among the victims of the battle. But a few minutes afterward he saw the lad gallantly swimming toward the wreck. Clambering on board of Captain Boggs' boat, he threw his hand up to his forehead, giving the usual salute, and uttering only the words, "All right, sir; I report myself on board," passed coolly to his station.

Robert Cumming, a fair-haired boy of 14 years, good-looking and interesting, was the hero of the Harriet Lane when she was captured at Galveston, Texas, on January 1, 1863, and was as brave and cool in danger as Oscar. He was of Scottish parents, his father being a machinist, who died before the breaking out of the war in Paterson, N. J.; his mother, a poor washerwoman, residing in Philadelphia, where she was partly supported by half of her son's wages duly remitted to her, since he entered the United States service. Robert entered the service as a drummer boy in Colonel Moorhead's Twenty-Third Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, and remained in that position until his regiment was mustered out of service.

He then enlisted as "messenger boy" on board the Harriet Lane, and won good will of her officers by his pluck, good humor, and vivacity. When the attack occurred in front of Galveston, and the storm of bullets was pouring down on the overmanned crew from the cotton bulwarks of the Neptune and Bayou City, as the Federal wounded men were carried below, the lad picked up two of their fallen revolvers, and, taking his place upon the quarterdeck, blazed away at the invading Confederates, firing at them every charge of both weapons, and then hurling them overboard. As it is said the Confederates clustered thick as bees on the cotton bales, it is believed "every shot must have found." Robert was subsequently wounded in the hand by a musket ball, when momentarily his spirit gave way. Surrendering with the rest, he shared the fortunes of the paroled officers, naturally becoming a great favorite with them, and messing at their table during their journey through the interior of Texas to be conveyed to New Orleans via Red River. He was on board the Kensington at that city when he became acquainted with Commander Steude, and was afterward taken under his special care.

Another young hero was a lad named Moulton, on the greatest Queen of the West, at Gordon's Landing, near the mouth of the Red river. When the Confederate batteries opened on the Queen of the West, Moulton, a mere child, checked the confusion on board, where the shot and shell were hissing and screaming in dangerous proximity to the heads of the crew and two distinguished journalists—Finley Anderson, correspondent of the New York Herald, and Joseph McCullagh ("Mack") of the Cincinnati Commercial.

At this time no one thought of saving the boat. The steam chest was penetrated, and it needed all their exertions to save themselves. Some leaped overboard and were drowned. Others tumbled cotton bales into the river and attempted to float with the current. Mr. Anderson escaped on a cotton bale, McCullagh sought a cotton bale, and debated whether he should trust his poorly body upon it. While thus engaged the bale floated beyond his reach, and immediately thereafter a shell alighted upon it, and, exploding, blew it into a thousand fragments. "Mack" seized another bale, and reached the De Soto in safety. Colonel Elliot, the commander, escaped in like manner, and the crew remaining on board surrendered the vessel.

While the battle was raging, Moulton aptly known, among his companions as "Captain Webb," swam about in the cold water like a great Newfoundland dog, picking up the straggling officers and men and helping them to places of safety. When he jumped over the gunboat's side he struck a piece of timber, and disfigured his face so fearfully that Colonel Elliot could not recognize him. The lad, however, being asked how he came by his injuries, replied, with the usual salute that he had had "a whack on the head," and so went on helping his companions out of the water.—Chicago Chronicle.

Thinning Ranks of the G. A. R. It was a thin, blue line of heroes which paraded at Saratoga September 11, in the annual march of the national encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic.

Shoulder to shoulder the war veterans have stood, even as in war days, through forty-two years, meeting annually to renew old ties and testify to deathless patriotism. Year by year the parade of the veterans has been growing shorter in its line, until now, when its march past the colors numbered fewer than 15,000 men.

It was the least number that has ever paraded since the formation of the G. A. R.

Of the 202,000 members of the order it is estimated that there are between 45,000 and 50,000 in Saratoga, but of these fully two-thirds were unable to march the mile laid out for the parade.

What this means no one unacquainted with Grand Army men can realize. Heretofore nothing has been able to keep these plucky veterans from their places in the line of march when the drums rolled out the signal.

But age and infirmity break the strongest will, and on that September day from some vantage point along the way many a brave old soldier looked wistfully—and looked his last—upon his comrades as they toilsomely marched, a part of a pageant like which can not be seen anywhere in the round world except just there, at a G. A. R. parade.

The Grand Army represents about one-third of the surviving veterans of the Civil War. Its losses by death and the falling condition of strength of its members are an index of what is occurring among all the veterans of the war for the Union.

Possibly we have seen the last of the great historic marches of the G. A. R. in its national encampment. The strain upon the men is too great, and it has long been contemplated to drop this, the most picturesque and affecting feature of the meetings.

It is probable that very soon the annual encampment will be merely a meeting of delegates in Washington, for it is growing more and more hard for the veterans to travel and endure the chances of strange scenes and faces and circumstances.

There has been nothing more pathetic in history than the gradual disappearance of that army of more than a million citizen soldiers who sprang to the call to arms in the early sixties. The time is soon coming when there will be not one survivor of the fighting legions of those stirring days.

The army of blue is fast answering the last roll call. The long drawn notes of "taps" are blown over the newly made graves of thousands of that army every year.

Into the silence and the mystery the heroes go, leaving behind them a loving and grateful people. The "boys" Lincoln loved, the stern fighters of Grant and Sherman and Sheridan, on, on they go, to join their old commanders and their beloved chief.

Peace be with them all! And we who look on—we can only give "cheers for the livings, tears for the dead."—Ada C. Sweet in Chicago Journal.

WAR ON WESTERN FRAUD.

After a series of important conferences held with the Attorney General of the United States, M. C. Burch, special assistant attorney general in the field, has returned to the Far West, commissioned to go ahead with government land fraud suits, both civil and criminal, on a scale larger by far than anything yet undertaken in this line by the government.

The numerous indictments already returned for timber and coal land frauds all through the West are to be prosecuted without exception, and new indictments will be added to the list. The docket of practically every United States district court in the Mountain States is to be crowded with civil suits by which the government will seek to regain its title to the millions upon millions of acres of valuable timber and coal land obtained by fraudulent entry.

The indictments already include many of the most prominent and wealthy men in the West. Mr. Burch is instructed by the President and the Attorney General to inflict upon them the criminal penalty wherever possible.

By the civil suits it will be sought to take away from them such of their wealth as has been illegally obtained.

The scope of the machinery the government has set in motion against the land thieves is little comprehended, says a Washington correspondent. In addition to the force of district attorneys, Burch, a well-known Michigan lawyer, has been assigned by the Department of Justice to general charge of these prosecutions. Co-operating with him under the direction of L. G. Wheeler, who received his training in Washington, is the largest secret service staff in the country. Mr. Wheeler has more than 100 men. They are scattered over the immense area of the Mountain States, all burrowing for evidence against the men who have pilfered Uncle Sam out of his valuable coal and timber resources.

These men do not call themselves secret service employees, since the secret service is supposed solely to be engaged in ferreting out counterfeiters and protecting the person of the President. Mr. Wheeler and his staff are known as special agents of the Department of Justice. In fact, however, their business is that of a secret service, specially created by the President to camp on the trail of the railroad corporations and the mining and timber millionaires, who have been the chief misdoers in land thievery.

The prosecutions in charge of Mr. Burch are not to be confounded with the much-storied chapter of fraud in Oregon. The work of Mr. Burch and Mr. Wheeler lies chiefly in Idaho, Montana, Wyoming, Utah and Colorado. Though not so well known, the land fraud inquiry and prosecution in the latter States have been conducted on much wider lines and with more startling results than in Oregon. The government investigation has brought about the most startling of all the disclosures by its probing into the coal land frauds. It has been brought out conclusively that in Wyoming, in Colorado, in Utah and in Idaho, the Harriman railroad system, the Hill interests and the Gould lines, respectively, have secured a grip on the bulk of the coal deposits in the West—deposits now known to be large enough to furnish the nation with fuel for years when the Eastern coal mines shall have been exhausted.

The last batch of indictments for illegally obtaining coal land came out in Colorado and included seventy prominent men, some of them resident Westerners and others from Eastern and Middle Western cities, who thought they saw a good thing and ravenously joined in the wholesale grabbing for rich public lands.

An American girl ought to get a pretty good count for \$5,000,000. The quality of milk, and not the price of it, is what ought to go higher.

The Lusitania can keep on breaking records just so she doesn't break herself.

Lillian Russell says divorce is a blessing; and Lillian has tried it often enough to know.

Japan has established an emigration bureau, just as if anybody wanted to emigrate there.

The wireless telegraph company will never have to contend with a strike of its linemen.

A Pittsburg woman who refused \$100,000 for a divorce is certainly not an easy quitter.

Time for the country to take a good, strong tonic in preparation for the second Harry Thaw trial.

Newport society has adopted the "two dance" as the latest fad. This will be hard on the hoteliers.

A German chemist has invented paper clothing. But if paper keeps on going up in price, nobody can afford to wear it.

A San Francisco man has about \$75,000 worth of governing he picked up in Peking when the Express, Bowser was not looking.

On his airship voyage Count Zeppelin was up in the air for seven hours. Sometimes in this country men are "up in the air" for days.

A Washington writer says that chauffeurs once meant a sort of built-up one that held up travelers. Now the chauffeur is one who runs down.

It will be a pity if the American bridge got into their heads that idea of a bridge that lasts two years.

The dawn of wireless commercial telegraphy will be almost as welcome as the dawn of wireless politics.

Mrs. Cladwick has gone, but there are still a good many disciples left of the school of sick thouring.

WAR ON WESTERN FRAUD.

After a series of important conferences held with the Attorney General of the United States, M. C. Burch, special assistant attorney general in the field, has returned to the Far West, commissioned to go ahead with government land fraud suits, both civil and criminal, on a scale larger by far than anything yet undertaken in this line by the government.

The numerous indictments already returned for timber and coal land frauds all through the West are to be prosecuted without exception, and new indictments will be added to the list. The docket of practically every United States district court in the Mountain States is to be crowded with civil suits by which the government will seek to regain its title to the millions upon millions of acres of valuable timber and coal land obtained by fraudulent entry.

The indictments already include many of the most prominent and wealthy men in the West. Mr. Burch is instructed by the President and the Attorney General to inflict upon them the criminal penalty wherever possible.

By the civil suits it will be sought to take away from them such of their wealth as has been illegally obtained.

The scope of the machinery the government has set in motion against the land thieves is little comprehended, says a Washington correspondent. In addition to the force of district attorneys, Burch, a well-known Michigan lawyer, has been assigned by the Department of Justice to general charge of these prosecutions. Co-operating with him under the direction of L. G. Wheeler, who received his training in Washington, is the largest secret service staff in the country. Mr. Wheeler has more than 100 men. They are scattered over the immense area of the Mountain States, all burrowing for evidence against the men who have pilfered Uncle Sam out of his valuable coal and timber resources.

These men do not call themselves secret service employees, since the secret service is supposed solely to be engaged in ferreting out counterfeiters and protecting the person of the President. Mr. Wheeler and his staff are known as special agents of the Department of Justice. In fact, however, their business is that of a secret service, specially created by the President to camp on the trail of the railroad corporations and the mining and timber millionaires, who have been the chief misdoers in land thievery.

The prosecutions in charge of Mr. Burch are not to be confounded with the much-storied chapter of fraud in Oregon. The work of Mr. Burch and Mr. Wheeler lies chiefly in Idaho, Montana, Wyoming, Utah and Colorado. Though not so well known, the land fraud inquiry and prosecution in the latter States have been conducted on much wider lines and with more startling results than in Oregon. The government investigation has brought about the most startling of all the disclosures by its probing into the coal land frauds. It has been brought out conclusively that in Wyoming, in Colorado, in Utah and in Idaho, the Harriman railroad system, the Hill interests and the Gould lines, respectively, have secured a grip on the bulk of the coal deposits in the West—deposits now known to be large enough to furnish the nation with fuel for years when the Eastern coal mines shall have been exhausted.

The last batch of indictments for illegally obtaining coal land came out in Colorado and included seventy prominent men, some of them resident Westerners and others from Eastern and Middle Western cities, who thought they saw a good thing and ravenously joined in the wholesale grabbing for rich public lands.

An American girl ought to get a pretty good count for \$5,000,000. The quality of milk, and not the price of it, is what ought to go higher.

The Lusitania can keep on breaking records just so she doesn't break herself.

Lillian Russell says divorce is a blessing; and Lillian has tried it often enough to know.

Japan has established an emigration bureau, just as if anybody wanted to emigrate there.

The wireless telegraph company will never have to contend with a strike of its linemen.

A Pittsburg woman who refused \$100,000 for a divorce is certainly not an easy quitter.

Time for the country to take a good, strong tonic in preparation for the second Harry Thaw trial.

Newport society has adopted the "two dance" as the latest fad. This will be hard on the hoteliers.

A German chemist has invented paper clothing. But if paper keeps on going up in price, nobody can afford to wear it.

A San Francisco man has about \$75,000 worth of governing he picked up in Peking when the Express, Bowser was not looking.

On his airship voyage Count Zeppelin was up in the air for seven hours. Sometimes in this country men are "up in the air" for days.

A Washington writer says that chauffeurs once meant a sort of built-up one that held up travelers. Now the chauffeur is one who runs down.

It will be a pity if the American bridge got into their heads that idea of a bridge that lasts two years.

The dawn of wireless commercial telegraphy will be almost as welcome as the dawn of wireless politics.

Mrs. Cladwick has gone, but there are still a good many disciples left of the school of sick thouring.



COMMERCIAL AND FINANCIAL.

The effort to strengthen credit in this center makes satisfactory headway and with less difficulty than was feared. Protective measures enforced by the banks have won public co-operation, and it is clear that unprecedented gold importations pointed this way and substantial additions to circulation by most of the local national institutions must materially assist in relieving the stringency in money and permit an early resumption of normal conditions.

Considering the disadvantages which trade has experienced, it is not surprising to find recessions in new demands and some decline in prices in primary markets. That business is yet at a high level is evidenced by payments through the banks in excess of those in the same week last year, although under the total last week.

Iron and steel contracts keep the furnaces and mills busy, and heavy deliveries continue of furnace products, rails, structural shapes and factory outputs. Activity is well sustained in forge and foundry work, heavy hardware, machinery, furniture and footwear, and the absorption of raw material generally is unaffected, except lumber, which feels effect of lessened building demand.

Failures reported in the Chicago district number 27, against 28 last week and 22 a year ago.—Dun's Review of Trade.

NEW YORK. The country at large has this week felt the after effects of last week's financial disturbances at New York and other eastern cities. Naturally there has been some dislocation of the country's business, notably in the item of the domestic exchanges, which has reacted on the collecting and forwarding forces by for a time stopping the buying of wheat in the Northwest and of cotton at the South, and there has also been a sensible quieting down of jobbing trade-activities, some reduction of forces in railroad improvement work and in other industries, and some effect also upon retail trade, which, however, aided by fine fall weather, has given a good account of itself this week.

In the dry goods trade there is a greater disposition to concede that a lower level of values for several lines of cotton goods is likely. Business failures for the week ending Oct. 31 number 223, against 220 last week, 163 in the like week of 1906, 160 in 1905, 200 in 1904 and 216 in 1903. Canadian failures for the week number 25, as against 39 last week and 21 in this week a year ago.—Bradstreet's Commercial Report.

Chicago—Cattle, common to prime, \$4.00 to \$7.00; hogs, prime heavy, \$4.00 to \$6.50; sheep, fair to choice, \$3.00 to \$5.50; wheat, No. 2, 91c to 94c; corn, No. 2, 50c to 60c; oats, standard, 40c to 48c; rye, No. 2, 75c to 78c; hay, timothy, \$12.00 to \$18.50; prairie, \$10.00 to \$15.00; butter, choice creamery, 22c to 24c; eggs, fresh, 19c to 21c; potatoes, per bushel, 54c to 60c.

Indianapolis—Cattle, shipping, \$3.00 to \$6.75; hogs, good to choice heavy, \$3.00 to \$6.50; sheep, common to prime, \$2.00 to \$4.75; wheat, No. 2, 95c to 96c; corn, No. 2, 50c to 58c to 50c; oats, No. 2, 45c to 46c.

St. Louis—Cattle, \$4.50 to \$8.75; hogs, \$4.00 to \$6.50; sheep, \$3.00 to \$5.00; wheat, No. 2, 96c to 97c; corn, No. 2, 50c to 57c; oats, No. 2, 43c to 45c; rye, No. 2, 75c to 76c.

Cincinnati—Cattle, \$4.00 to \$5.50; hogs, \$4.00 to \$6.40; sheep, \$3.00 to \$5.00; wheat, No. 2, \$1.02 to \$1.03; corn, No. 2 mixed, 62c to 63c; oats, No. 2 mixed, 48c to 50c; rye, No. 2, 87c to 88c.

Detroit—Cattle, \$4.00 to \$5.50; hogs, \$4.00 to \$6.00; sheep, \$3.50 to \$5.00; wheat, No. 2, 97c to 98c; corn, No. 3 yellow, 64c to 65c; oats, No. 3 white, 50c to 51c; rye, No. 2, 79c to 80c.

Milwaukee—Wheat, No. 2 northern, \$1.00 to \$1.03; corn, No. 3, 50c to 60c; oats, standard, 50c to 51c; rye, No. 1, 74c to 75c; barley, standard, 90c to \$1.01; pork, mess, \$15.50.

Buffalo—Cattle, choice shipping steers, \$4.00 to \$6.25; hogs, fair to choice, \$4.00 to \$5.75; sheep, common to good mixed, \$4.00 to \$5.25; lambs, fair to choice, \$5.00 to \$7.25.

New York—Cattle, \$4.00 to \$6.40; hogs, \$4.00 to \$6.45; sheep, \$3.00 to \$4.75; wheat, No. 2 red, \$1.03 to \$1.05; corn, No. 2, 62c to 70c; oats, natural white, 54c to 56c; butter, creamery, 23c to 25c; eggs, western, 22c to 26c.

Toledo—Wheat, No. 2 mixed, 96c to \$1.00; corn, No. 2 mixed, 61c to 62c; oats, No. 2 mixed, 50c to 51c; rye, No. 2, 84c to 88c; clover seed, prime, \$10.00.

Total in New Lines. Strict enforcement of contract labor law will be most serious blow to South than at first appeared.

Speaker Cannon, addressing the Illinois Bankers' Association at Madison, opposed State ownership of railroads.

An average of 800 persons are killed in the United States each year by lightning. This means one in every 100,000.

Steel box cars have been built recently which will weigh about 3,000 pounds less than wooden cars of the same size and capacity.

Tral marriage among the Eskimos of Alaska is a complete success and family blessed in unknown, says V. Stenstrom, an explorer who arrived in Washington from the north.

On the occasion of the Austrian Emperor's jubilee next year a special jubilee coinage will be issued, including, particularly, silver five-crown pieces and gold hundred-crown pieces.

Twenty billion pins and five billion buttons were produced in American factories in 1905. The United States also produces in that year 200,000,000 needles, nearly 400,000,000 safety pins and 250,000,000 hairpins.

RESULTS OF ELECTIONS