

BETTER CROPS HELP BUSINESS

Commercial and Industrial Activity Knows No Let Up. (By Wire to the Morning Star.) New York, June 28.—R. G. Dagn & Co.'s Weekly Review of Trade tomorrow will say: Improvement has become more pronounced in distribution of seasonal merchandise and with the reduction of retail stocks there is a broadening of interest in jobbing and wholesale shipments of Fall and Winter lines. Weather conditions have again favored both trade and agriculture, rapid development of the crops being potent for good in commercial departments. Little machinery is idle in the leading industries, except where repairs or inventories interfere. Building operations are large, although less than contemplated owing to financial conditions.

Increased demand of finished steel shapes makes it more difficult for the mills to arrange for the customary seasonal shut down for repairs and inventories. Well filled order books and importunate customers seeking prompt deliveries will make the season of idleness more brief than ever before. It is possible, but not probable that pending labor disputes may reduce activity. Many wage scales have been signed and there is little controversy regarding those still under negotiation.

Textile plants continue to produce freely, much business being already under contract, but orders are light at this time owing to stock taking by jobbers. From reports thus far available it is evident that supplies in second hands are low, the last few weeks of warm weather having exerted a most salutary influence.

Variations of large size in the cost of raw material have no influence on cotton goods nor is the attitude of the buyer potent. The dominant factor is the extent to which the mills are sold ahead, supplemented by some curtailment of production because of the scarcity of labor. Better conditions in China give an improved tone to the export division, but there is little inquiry.

Progress is slow in the market for woollens, orders being confined to sample pieces in most lines that have been opened. Dress goods for next Spring attract little attention, sales being confined to sample pieces in most lines that have been opened. Dress goods for next Spring attract little attention, sales being confined to staples, and duplicate Fall orders are light.

FLURRY IN MONEY MARKET.

Call Rates Went Up to 12 Per Cent. Stocks Depressed. (By Wire to the Morning Star.) New York, June 28.—The call money market was further disturbed today by preparations for the July settlements. Loans made at the Stock Exchange today have to carry over until Monday. On Monday will begin the distribution of dividends and interest to an amount estimated at \$164,000,000. Such was the course of reasoning which prompted the pursuit of the early operations in stock today until the failure of New York City bond offering threw a damper on enthusiasm. It is said that much of this \$164,000,000 will find its way back into stocks for re-investment. It is said also that the money market will subside into easier conditions soon after the turn of the month.

Call loans touched 12 per cent. today. What may happen when the rate for call loans subsides again is an unsettled question. There were further gloomy reports on crop prospects from the same source as caused yesterday's jump in the wheat market and the late reaction in stocks, but both were comparatively indifferent to these forebodings today.

BASEBALL.

American League. New York, 5; Washington, 16. Boston, 4; Philadelphia, 3. St. Louis, 2; Chicago, 6. Detroit, 2; Cleveland, 0. National League. Chicago, 1; Pittsburg, 3. Philadelphia, 2; New York, 3. Cincinnati-St. Louis, bad weather. Brooklyn, 5; Boston, 3 (10 innings). Virginia League. Roanoke-Norfolk, rain. Richmond, 2; Danville, 3 (\$innings, rain). Portsmouth-Lynchburg, rain. Southern League. Birmingham, 4; Atlanta, 3. Shreveport, 3; Memphis, 2. Little Rock, 4; New Orleans, 7. Nashville, 1; Montgomery, 6. Second game: Nashville, 5; Montgomery, 2. South Atlantic League. Savannah, 1; Augusta, 2. Jacksonville, 0; Columbia, 2. Macon-Charleston, postponed, rain.

REBATE ON YELLOW PINE.

Southern Shippers Want \$2,000,000 Back From Railroads. (By Wire to the Morning Star.) Washington, June 28.—Scores of petitions were received today by the Inter-State Commerce Commission demanding reparatory damages from the railroad companies in the southeastern territory on shipments of yellow pine lumber heretofore made. The complainants in all of the cases are lumber associations and lumber dealers, both individuals and corporations, in various States of the South. The cases are practically identical with those already filed with the Commission, varying only in the amounts of reparation demanded. These amounts cover a period of years in shipments of yellow pine and vary greatly, but it is thought will aggregate nearly \$2,000,000. The clerical force of the Commission is swamped with the work of filing and docketing the complaints.

A Fortunate Texan. Mr. E. W. Gooden, of 107 St. Louis St., Dallas, Tex., says: "In the past year I have become acquainted with Dr. King's New Life Pills, and no laxative I ever before tried so effectually disposes of malaria and biliousness." They don't grind nor gripe. 25c at R. R. Bellamy's drug store.

NEW YORK WITHOUT ICE.

Drivers of Delivery Wagons on Strike for More Pay. (By Wire to the Morning Star.) New York, June 28.—Fifteen hundred to two thousand drivers of the Delivery Wagons of the American Ice Company went on a strike today to enforce a demand for extra pay for extra work. The depots of the company were stored with ice and its arrival was urgently awaited at thousands of hotels, restaurants, soda fountains and other places where cool drinks are usually dispensed, but hardly a wagon of the American Ice Company was moved. The wages of the drivers have lately been increased from \$14 to \$16 per week, but they declare that they are often required to work for hours without extra pay, and that the officials of the company refused to treat with the representatives of their union. President Olear, of the American Ice Company, said today that if the strikers do not return to work by tomorrow their places will be filled.

MARK TWAIN'S STOGIES.

The Effect They Produced on the After Dinner Festivities.

One night at the Hartford Monday Evening club meeting George, our colored butler, came to me when the supper was nearly over, and I noticed that he was pale. Normally his complexion was a clear black and very handsome, but now it had modified to old amber. He said:

"Mr. Clemens, what are we going to do? There is not a cigar in the house but those old Wheeling long nines. Can't nobody smoke them but you! They kill at thirty yards. It is too late to telephone—we couldn't get any cigars out from town—what can we do? Ain't it best to say nothing and let on that we didn't think?"

"No," I said, "that would not be honest. Fetch out the long nines," which he did. I had just come across those "long nines" a few days or a week before. I hadn't seen a long nine for years. When I was a cub pilot on the Mississippi in the late fifties I had had a great affection for them, because they were not only to my mind—perfect, but you could get a basketful of them for a cent—or a dime. They didn't use cents out there in those days. So when I saw them advertised in Hartford I sent for a thousand at once. They came out to me in badly battered and disreputable looking old square paste-board boxes, 200 in a box. George brought a box, which was caved in on all sides, looking the worst it could, and began to pass them around. The conversation had been brilliantly animated up to that moment, but now a frost fell upon the company—that is to say, not all of a sudden, but the frost fell upon each man as he took up a cigar and held it poised in the air—and there, in the middle, his sentence broke off. That kind of thing went on all around the table until when George had completed his crime the whole place was full of a thick solemnity and silence.

Those men began to light the cigars. Rev. Dr. Parker was the first man to light. He took three or four heroic whiffs, then gave it up. He got up with the remark that he had to go to the bedside of a sick parishioner. He started out. Rev. Dr. Burton was the next man. He took only one whiff and followed Parker. He furnished a pretext, and you could see by the sound of his voice that he didn't think much of the pretext and was vexed with Parker for getting in ahead with a fictitious ailing client. Rev. Mr. Twichell followed and said he had to go now because he must take the midnight train for Boston. Boston was the first place that occurred to him, I suppose.

It was only a quarter to 11 when they began to distribute pretexts. At ten minutes to 11 all those people were out of the house. When nobody was left but George and me, I was cheerful. I had no compunctions of conscience, no griefs of any kind. But George was beyond speech because he held the honor and credit of the family above his own, and he was ashamed to see this smirch had been put upon it. I told him to go to bed and try to sleep it off. I went to bed myself. At breakfast in the morning when George was passing a cup of coffee I saw it tremble in his hand. I knew by that sign that there was something on his mind. He brought the cup to me and asked impressively:

"Mr. Clemens, how far is it from the front door to the upper gate?" I said, "It is a hundred and twenty-five steps." He said, "Mr. Clemens, you can start at the front door, and you can go plumb to the upper gate and tread on one of them cigars every time." It wasn't true in detail, but in essentials it was.—Mark Twain's Autobiography in North American Review.

Peculiar Vienna Custom. The Viennese take their pleasures as regularly as they do their meals, but they do not neglect business or keep late hours. One thing perhaps which helps to keep the young Viennese of moderate means and economical mind regular in his evening hours is the fact that he must pay to get into his own rooms after 10 o'clock. Vienna is one vast system of apartment houses, and a house master is in charge of each one. At 10 o'clock he locks the front door, and any one desiring to get in after that hour must pay for admittance, and the old resident has no more right to a key than the ephemeral lodger.—London Graphic.

The X-Ray apparatus, electrical baths and other scientific devices for building up the run down system at the Greensboro Keeley Institute, are for the exclusive use of patients undergoing treatment. we fr su

ARGAND LAMPS.

A Swiss Doctor's Invention and What It Accomplished.

What did Argand do for the lamp? Examine an ordinary lamp in which coal oil is burned. The chimney protects the flame from sudden gusts of wind and also creates a draft of air, just as the fire chimney creates a draft. Argand's lamp was the first to have a chimney. Look below the chimney and you will see open passages through which air may pass upward and find its way to the wick. Notice further that as this draft of air passes upward it is so directed that when the lamp is burning an extra quantity of air plays directly upon the wick. Before Argand the wick received no supply of air. Now notice—and this is very important—that the wick of our modern lamp is flat or circular, but thin. The air in abundance plays upon both sides of the thin wick and burns it without making smoke. Smoke is simply half burned particles (soot) of a burning substance. The particles pass off half burned because enough air has not been supplied. Now Argand, by making the wick thin and by causing plenty of air to rush into the flame, thereby caused it to burn with a white flame.

After the invention of Argand the art of lamp making improved, by leaps and by bounds. More progress was made in twenty years after 1788 than had been made in twenty centuries before. New burners were invented, new and better oils were used and better lamps were patterned after the Argand.—S. E. Forman in St. Nicholas.

HIS RULING PASSION.

A Business Proposition That Just Failed of Success.

There lived in Detroit a man who was the champion letter writer to the newspapers and to the heads of all public enterprises. One of his fads was to write every day to President Ledyard of the Michigan Central railroad and tell Ledyard wherein he was falling in the conduct of his road.

There was a letter for Ledyard every morning. They annoyed him, and he sent for his general counsel one day and said: "Russell, I'm getting tired of these letters. I will give you \$3,000 more a year if you will find that man and stop him for twelve months." Three thousand dollars more a year appealed to Russell, and he went out to find the letter writer. He found him and made a business proposition. "Now, see here," he said, "I want you to stop writing letters to Mr. Ledyard. If you will quit for a year I will give you \$1,500."

The letter writer consented gladly. Things went along swimmingly for eleven months. Ledyard was happy, and Russell was happy. Then there was a wreck on the road. The letter writer could not resist the opportunity, and he wrote to Ledyard and told him what he thought about the road and its president and its management. Ledyard sent the letter to Russell with this indorsement: "This is where you lose \$3,000." And it was.—Saturday Evening Post.

Absinth Foretold.

A Paris paper publishes a letter from a correspondent who in the cause of temperance cites a great authority—St. John the Evangelist. It is claimed that the inspired writer proclaims absinth as a terrible scourge and foretells its baneful powers in the eighth chapter of the book of Revelation, where we read in verses 10 and 11: "The third angel sounded a trumpet, and a big star bright as a lamp fell from the sky on to the third part of the rivers and fountains and water. This star is called Wormwood, and the third part of the waters were changed, and many men died of thirst because they were bitter." Wormwood in the English authorized version is rendered "absinth" in the French translation of the New Testament.

I Was Mistaken.

A lively writer has said "I was mistaken" are the three hardest words to pronounce in the English language." Yet it seems but acknowledging that we are wiser than we were before to see our error and humbler than we were before to own it. But so it is, and Goldsmith observes that Frederick the Great did himself more honor by his letter to his senate stating that he had just lost a great battle by his own fault than by all the victories he had won. Perhaps our greatest perfection here is not to escape imperfections, but to see and acknowledge and lament and correct them.—Jay.

Do Not Stare at the Officers.

Army officers in uniform abound in foreign cities, and in Germany they resent being stared at by tourists, often assuming threatening attitudes in retaliation. As the law permits them to shoot civilians on provocation, it is wise not to excite them. It is well to remember that they do not feel obliged to turn out for pedestrians, even ladies.—Travel Magazine.

Learning the Rules.

Little Elsie—Let's play keeping house. I'll be the lady of the house. Little Margie—And what will I be? Little Elsie—Oh, you'll be another lady come to call on me, and I'll pretend to be glad to see you.—Chicago News.

The Drawback.

Mrs. Meeker (at the play)—I do wish you'd pay more attention to this play. George: it's as good as a sermon. Mr. Meeker (dosing)—It certainly is, my dear, but the darn orchestra wakes me up between acts.—Puck.

One's own thistle field is dearer to him than his neighbor's garden of roses.—German Proverb.

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