WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 2, 1893.

Trade journals are noting the fact that the price of wool is the lowest in its history.

From recent revelations made after the disaster to H. M. S. Victoria, it would seem to the Chicago Record that the British navy is considerably more powerful in picture books than on the briny see.

There is one place where a weman get's a man's pay for doing a man's work. It is the Township of Marshfield, Maine, and any woman who wishes to work out her road tax can do Bo and have her day's work count for as much as a man's

'As an instance of the wonderful growth of the English language, it may be noted, observes the Detroit Free Press, that, whereas Nosh Webster could not find 80,000 words to put in his compilation, the recent Century Dictionary comprises more than 200,-

At the beginning of this year there were 1168 submarine cables in existence, of which 880 belonged to different dominions, and 288 to private companies. The former possessed a length of 16,652 miles and the latter had a length of 144,743 miles, thus the total length was 161,395 miles.

The Terra Haute (Ind.) Gazette exclaims: "Take all the noted cathedrals and public buildings and monuments and colossal statuary of the ancient and modern world and group them in the Elysian fields and one might see the equal in beauty and radient splendor of the magical White City as viewed from the top of the Manufactures and Liberal Arts Building. But until that is done the White lity will stand alone a peerless gen in the diadem of the centuries."

Vice-Admiral Colomb, of the British Navy, who is regarded as one of the leading naval authorities of the world, has expressed an opinion regarding the most available types of war ships, particularly for the United States. He says that we should build battle ships, armored cruisers and torpedo boats, because they will be what we shall need in case of any war we are likely to have. He says that if he had control of the Navy Department of the United States he would look at the Nations with whom this country might go to war, and would then provide enough battle ships to be superior to the battle ships of any one of these possible enemies, and continually keep up this superiority. He would also build fast cruisers, many of which should be armored—vessels like the New York for example—and then, in addition, fast torpedo boats as a means of coast defense.

The President of a life insurance company has recently made public some interesting facts concerning suicide. It said that in 1877, of the people whose lives were insured, 1.28 per cent, died by their own hands. Since then the life insurance companies have practically discontinued the policy of refusing to pay in case of suicide, and the result is that the ratio of suicides to the insured population has increased alarmingly. The President whose alarmingly. The President whose statements we have quoted says: "It is passing strange that men will deliberately contrive the means of their own destruction in order to get the best of a life insurance company and leave money to those who come after them. Perhaps there is nothing very strange in it, comments the Atlanta Constitution. In this country there are plenty of men who are afraid of nothing in this world or in the next. The only good thing about them is the natural affection they feel for their smilies. They halo hopeless and desperate class. They see no chance of providing for the immediate wants of their loved ones unless they insure their lives and step out of the world. Free-thinking in religion and our social conditions are largely responsible for this state of affairs. The life insurance companies will have to change their regulations when they find that a very large persentege of their customers do not sider life worth living.

BETRAYED:

A DARK MARRIAGE MORN.

A Romance of Love, Intrigue and Crime.

BY MRS. ALICE P. CARRISTON.

CHAPTER XXXIII. - Continued

CHAPTER XXXIII. (Continued.)

He did not imagine for a moment that Cora would charge berself personally with the infliction of her vengeance; but she had said, he then remembered, that the hand would be found. She was rich enough to find it, and this hand might now be her.

"Flo," he said, "let us walk a little faster, I beg of you! I am cold."

He quickened his steps, and resolved to return to the house by the public road. When he reached the edge of the woods, slithough he still thought he heard at intervals the sound which had alarmed him, he reasseured himself and assumed his flow of spirits as if a little ashamed even of his panic.

He detained Flora to look at the pretext of their walk. This was a small wall of rock over a high excavation. Two trunks of trees had been thrown across the narrowest part of the excavation forming a species of bridge—laways giving those who ventured upon it the most complete and picturesque view of a most wonderfel and romantic spectacle.

Flo had never before seen this species of bridge, which her brother had recently placed there. After some minutes of contemplation, as he was showing her with his hands the two trunks of the trees:

"Must we pass these?" sha asked, in a

"Must we pass these?" she asked, in a oken voice.

"Must we pass these?" she asked, in a broken voice.
"If you are not afraid," said Eugene: and, after all, 4 shall be with rou."
He saw she hesitated, and her face, under the moonlight, seemed to him to become so strangely pale that he could not refrain from saying:
"I thought you were braver."
She hesitated no longer, but put her foot on the perilous bridge against her wish, always cautiously advancing.
She half turned her head, and her steps became unsteady.
All at once she staggered.
Eugene rushed to catch her, and in the trouble of the moment his hand struck her with some force.

trouble of the moment his hand struck her with some force.

The unfortunate woman uttered a shriek, made a gesture as if to push him off, and, repulsing him, rushed wildly over the bridge and ran into the woods. Engenc, repulsed and frightened, not knowing her thoughts, followed her in great haste.

He found her near the bridge, with her back against a tree, her face turned toward him, terrifed yet menacing "Cownrd!" she exclaimed.

He looked at her with real bewilderment, when he heard the sound of rapidly approaching footseteps, and a shadow

ment, when he heard the sound of rapidly approaching footsteps, and a shadow passed out of the depths of the woods. He recognized Mrs. Leland.
She ran towar! them, palpitating, excited, seized the hand of her child, and turned to him.
"Both here!" she cried.
Now he nnderstood all.
A strangled cry rattled in his throat; he pressed his forehead convolsively between his two hands, and let fall his arms despoiringly; then he said in a hoarse voice.
"You take me for a mandation."

boarse voice:
"You take me for a murderer?" and
stamped in the wild agony of his rage.
"Well, what are you doing here? Save
yourselves then!"
Terrified, they obeyed him—they fled—
the mother dragging her daughter with
long strides; and he saw them disappear
in the night.
He remained there, in this wild place

in the night.

He remained there, in this wild place. The hours passed on without his numbering them. Sometimes he went up and down in the narrow space which separated the bridge from the abyss; sometimes stopping suddenly, his eyes lowered and fixed, he scemed as immovable and senseless as the trunk of the tree sgainst which he leaned.

If there is, as we hope, a divine hand which weighs in a just balance our griefs against our faults, these moments ought to have been counted for this man.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

RESTORED MEMORY, AND SORROW.
Warren Leland's journey to Roxbury resulted in a disappointment.

salted in a disappointment.

An interview with Clara's father revealed—what he had half expected to vealed—what he had half expected to hear—that the remittances for the sup-port of Mildred had all been made

hear—that the remittances for the capport of Mildred had all been made anonymously.

This knowledge filled him with a strange and undefined fest.

The liberal amounts supplied, and the regularity with which they were remitted indicated that Mildred's brother must be a wealthy man, yet the fact that his address was not known nor even that of his banker or agent in New York, lentan sir of decided mystery to the whole transaction.

action.

Without waiting even to see his mother, the perplexed and anxious young man hastened to catch a New York train.

Once seated in the rapidly moving

Once seated in the ranially moving coach, he gave way to serious reflection.

"There's something back of all this," he decided, after he had run over in his mind all that was known to him of the history of his affiancel bride. "I should have thought of this before. I'll he surprised if I don't run against something in the way of villainy before I fathom it, as I surely shall."

The love which Warren Lelend had entertained for Clara Deuton had been pure and sincere, but it had been but a prelude to that which he now felt for her beautiful proteges, Midred Lester.

Clara had done much to remove that which was gross from his nature, but his

rhich was gross from his nature, but his ove for Mildred had purified him as with

Her gentle influence had operated upon tim in a manner exactly opposite to the ray Eugens had been affected by the seautiful siren whose baneful love had

wrecked his life.

It was nearly evening when he reached the Grand Central Depot.

Calling a carriage, he was driven rap.

idly to the house of his friends, whom he had not seen since parting with them the preceding evening. Clara and Mildred were there to receive

him. "Where's Edith?" he "sked, when he had briefly informed Mrs. Denton of the uselessness of his journey.
"She went this afternoon to call on her new-made friend. Miss Fielding, and has not yet returned," was the response.
"Hasn's she, though?"
This query was attended by the closing of a door, and followed by the tinkling of little feet, and a moment later the little maden in question danced into the taxing-room.

Tim always at the very place I'm expected to be, laughed Edith, merrily. That you are, daughter, replied Clars, greeting her with a kiss.

"And what did you find out?" asked

Warren, eagerly.

"I found Miss Fielding out."

"How did that happen?"

"A misunderstanding as to the hour.
They said she would be home at five o'clock."

"And you didn't wait?" interrupted her mother.

mother.
"How could I? Why, the wedding day
is almost here, and I've lots and lots of
things to buy for Mildred, yet."
The sprightly girl here opened her reticule, and disclosed a number of small packages.
"But I didn't forget my errand," she

"But I didn't rorget my stream, andded, checking Warren, who was about to speak. "I left a note for Miss Fielding, inviting her to tea, and promising that von should escort her home."

"But I was out of the city. You knew that I was to leave for the East on a morning train."

"True, but trains run West, as well as East, and there was an attraction here." She laughed and pointed to the sow blushing Mildred.

ushing Mildred.

"By the way," she rattled on, "I saw the totor, and told him about it. He said might turn out to be the cure of Mildred.

At that instant there was a tingling of

the door-bell.
"Miss Fielding," announced the ser-

All rose, and an instant later Meta pre-

vant.
All rose, and an instant later Meta presented herself.
"Mr. Leland——"said Edith, beginning the introduction of Warren.
She was interrupted by a sharp cry of seemingly mingled surprise and pain.
All eyes were upon Mildred, who, with applitted hands, was swaying to end fro. Warren Leland presented his strong arms none too quickly to prevent her from falling to the floor.
In an instant Clara was using restoratives to recall her from the swoon into which she had fallen.
"Stand a little back, please, Miss Fielding," said the young man as he saw signs of returning consciensness in the fair, young face. "It will be hetter for her not to see you at first "Metal Metal" cijed Mildred, upon pening her eyes "Im cautain I saw har."
"Metal Metal" cijed Mildred, upon pening her eyes "Im cautain I saw har."
An instant later and the two old-time

An instant later and the two old-time friends were clasped in each other's arms.

"You are better, darling?" queried Warren, as he half-jerlously with-trew his sffianced wife from the embrace of Meta. You remember the past now?"

"Remember the nast?" she repeated, as if not understanding the question.

"Yes. You knew Miss Fielding long soo?"

ago:

ago?"

"And my brother Rav?" added Meta.
"Yes, yes!" shricked Mildred. "Oh, God!
Better death than this!"
"Her mind wanders," said Warren,
anxiously. "Come. rouse yourself. darling; my little wife that is soon to be."
"Your wife? Oh, God! What do you
say?. I am a wife already."
She grently disengaged herself from
the yielding arms of her bewildered lover,
and tepped toward Meta.
"She raves," said Cla:a. "This shock,
instead of restoring, has overthrown her
mind."

mind."
But Meta shook ber head sadly.
"Mildred is right," said she. "She was
married some years ago."
"To whom?" demanded Leland, fran-

ticall

nry. To Eugene Cleveland!" cried Mildred,

"To Eugene Cleveland!" cried Mildred, answering for her-elf.
"My sister's husband?" shouted Warren Leland. "The scoundrel!"
"My husband married ag in?"
With a moan of anguish the deeply wronged and suffering woman fell senseless to the floor.

CHAPTER XXXV.

A HOUSE OF SORHOWS.
Unhappy, distracted, Eugene Cleveland had no doubt that he knew who had dogged the footsteps of himself and wife in their strange ramble through the woods.
The appearance of Mrs. Leland and the varies in the contraction of the stranger of the contraction of the stranger of the contraction of the stranger of the contraction of the con

in their stranger amble through the woods.

The appearance of Mrs. Leland and the vague expression of suspicion on her part had convinced him that she had been the spy.

In this he was mistaken. Becoming slarmed at the long absence of her daughter, and filled with a vague fear that the warning of Phebe Craven might contain an element of truth, the mother had has stend to find Flora, that she might protect her, if necessary, from the murderous hand of her husband.

She had arrived upon the scene at the moment calculated to confirm her suspicious fears.

But it was a man who had followed the pair before the unfortunate, almost fital, episode at the rustic bridge, which had convinced Flora that at hear! her beloved, idolized husband, the father of her child, was a murdere.

This man was the degraded, revengeful Oscir Slyme.

Rendered desperate by the failure of his diabolical schemes, and burning with a desire for vengeance, he had persistently dogged the movements of young Cleveland.

He had seen Eugene emerge from the Elliston mansion and had followed him to the Grand Central Depot, and taken

to the Grand Central D

dies, the wretch whose name was truthful an index to his character, wat ed the distracted young man for so time.

time.

He had come to Rorbury bent on taking his enemy's life, and now saw an opportunity to accomplish has end with out danger of being suspected of the destraily crime.

"It'll be reckoned a case of suicide," mutered he at length, ase of suicide," revolver and started forward.

But almost instantly he checked here. antly he checked him-of triumph swept his seif, and a smile of trage-distorted features.

Returning the weapon to his pocket, he glided swiftly from the spot.

With the good fortune which seems sometimes to favor the evil-minded, he caught a train, and was, not long afterwards, entering a cab at Forty-second street, New York.

Alighting after-a short drive, he boldly

street, New York.
Alighting afters short drive, he boldly ascended the marble steps leading to the Bilkston mansion. The hour was late for calling upon a lady, yet Slyme lost no time in ringing the bell, and in notifying its sleepy footman who answered it that he desired to see his mistress upon business of urgent importance.

see his mistress upon succession her importance.

Cora Elliston, looking peerless in her widow's weeds, received him in the library.

At first she had resolved not to see the ex-secretary, but upon reflection had changed her mind, deciding that he must know something of a startling nature to communicate.

communicate.

"What brings you here?" she asked abruptly, without taking a seat.

"Your interests......"
"Isah!" interrupted the siren, looking more beautiful than ever, in acorn.
"And my own," added the man, diplomatically.

matically. "That's more to the point. State your errand, and that briefly, "You despise me, and, perhaps, rightly; yet we have one interest in common." I can't imagine what." "You love and would possess for your very own Eugene Cleveland." Flora smiled bitterly, but made no reply.

reply.
*While I have but one object left in

"While I have life." "Revenge on him?"
"No. I love Flora Cleveland, his wife.
She must be mine."
"I still fail to understand what interest
"I still fail to understand what ands, we

"I still fail to understand what interest we have in common."

To accomplish our several ends, we must separate the two, and that in a way that will leave no lingering trace of affection between them."

"I'm becoming interested," smilled the siren, as she threw herself languidly upon a sofa, and waved her caller to a char.

upon a sora, and waved her caller to a char.

Then, in hurried tones, Slyme related how Flora believed her husband gnilty of her intended murder.

"A bold move new," said he, in conclusion, "and the thing will be accomplished."

"I till this war is the market."

ded. I will join you in the enterprive, "....

I will join you in the enterprise. Over a Slyme noted the changed expression upon the beautiful woman's face, and inscribed it to the inward promptings of her insane and guilty love. With all his abrowdings, he was wrong; indeed he could not have been farther from the ruth.

With all his sbrowdness, he was wrong; indeed he could not have been farther from the truth.

Love for Eugene ('leveland had forever departed from the heart of tora Elliston, or rather it had turned to hate, and that of the kind which the poet placed a degree below that engendered in the infernal regions, when he wrote: "Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned."

This change of sentiment on her part was favorable to Eugene Cleveland, for the love of such a scann is more blighting end destroying than her litterest most implacable hate.

It was a full how before Slyme withdrew, and when ha did so a plan had been agreed upon.

But let us return to Roxbury, toward which all indications point as the scene of a coming traged.

which all indications point as the scene of a coming traced.

How Eugene Cleveland passed that dreadful night, he never fully realized. The wickedness of his past lite rose before him like a veritable phantom.

He realized now that what he had thought to be love for Cora had been passion only. Even in his despair and black remorse, he could not comprehend how he had been so long enslaved, and had been led into such guilty courses.

As he thought of his loving, trusting wife and innocent child, a full sense of what he had lost, or rather cost aside, chawned up on him, and he burst into bitter tears.

dawned u on him, and he, burst into bitter tears.

"I never loved another," moaned he.

Then, with a feeling akin to guilt, he thought of his lost Midred.

She was pure and good," said he, "and had she lived we might have been happy together, and this frightful nightmare, from which I have just awakened, been avoided; but I now know that I never entertained for her the love I do for Flora. Leave trified away my life, my earthly happiness, and my hope of heaven."

Thus tortured by bitter reflections, he had wandered away from the rocky chasm and approached the highway, near the house.

and approached the highway, near the house.

The night had long since passed, and the sun was mounting high into the heavens.

With a start he raised his eyes and realized his position.

A second shock ran through his nerves as he saw two persons approaching the house.

One he recognized as Warran Leland. His companion, a closely veiled lady Eugene did not recognize, though he though he detected something familiar

to get no detected something tamillar is her carriage.

Another moment and they had entered

in her carriage.

Another moment and they had entered the mansion.

With the privilege of a story-teller, let us follow them.

As the reader hes no doubt surmised, the valied lady was Mildred, the wife, the lawful wife of En ene Cleveland.

The scene which ensued was too painful and to describe in detail.

Flora had been crushed before. She was overwhelmed now.

To be widowed without having been ever legally a wife, was a thought too terrible for her to hear, and for a time her reason seemed likely to be overthrown.

As for Mrs. Leland, Warren, and Mildred, their condition was but little better.

"I have regained my memory, came back to my old life, only to encounter misery," mo ned Mildred. "I loved Engen once, but that is now a thing of the past; I am bound to him by the law, while my heart is bestowed upon another."

At this juncture the door-bell rang, and to clap the climar, to add, if possible, to the anguish that possessed the quaratette, Oscar Slyme and Cora Elliston were ushered into the parlor.

CHAPTER XXXVL

CHAPTER XXXVI.

CONCLUSION.

Cora Elliston took a backward step, as ber eyes fell npon Warren Leland, whose presence there she had not calculated upon, while her companion started in dismay se he recognized the fair girl he had claimed as his sister and whom he had so deeply wronged.

"You here?" cried Flora, indignation-momentarity surpressing but print.

, "And why no!?" returned the other self-possession which had always charge acterized her, "Why not indeed? I outh the will have a sket that question of one like her who deres anything. What is Job Before renlying the

who deres anything. What is properly to the pleasure? The pleasure? Before replying, the wicked woming the coat a quies glazen user hat companion the look was a revelation to was quick—witted, as the look was a revelation to the pale, the she intuitively knew that the pale, the she intuitively knew that the pale, the shing girl upon whose face the eyest shing girl upon whose face the eyest than the one whom she had so creatly separated from her newly wedded had the could be no doubt of meloused them. The two wives of Eugene Cleveland had met; the secret had been disclosed the could be no doubt of inclosed; then the plan which she and her guilty a sociate had agreed upon was destroyed. But Cor. was a woman of great tempod disconfit her.

Thave no pleasure, "replied she, with a callur dignity." We beginned.

sources, and a surprise like this could not discomft her.

I have no pleasure, "replied she, with a calm dignity. "My business here is of most painful nature."

"Have done with preliminaries," spots up Warren impatiently. "To the business which brings you here."

"very well, sir. I will speak, and without reserve. I have come here to make public a fearful and long hidden wrong.

"You might better have left that that it to others," said Flora, sconfully, "Save your reproaches, I will not affect to misunderstand you. I learned last night that vile slanderers have been try ng to sully my fur fame. Such charges are false, infamously false!"

"I ought not to have expected a confession," replied Flora. "What lidden wrong do you seek to make public, then?"

When Eugene Cleveland married you he had a wife already."

"I know ut. There she stands."

Cora looked in the direction indicated uttered an exclamation of weil-feigned surprises.

"Is it possible?" she cried.

utterest an exclamation of well-feigad surprise.

'Is it possible?" she cried.

She started forward, ont a repellant gosture, and a look of disguston the part of Mildred, repressed her.

"You know very well that she was alite all the time." said Warren, rather warnly.
"Was it not your tool, Siyme, there, she presented to be her brother and presented proof of her death?"

'Yes, but not with my knowledge, far less at my inst gation."

"At whose, then?"

'Oscar Slyme was working under the ordors of Engene Cleveland. Ten manutes after he was mirried he received a letter from my husband notifying his that as a bridal present he would make him a partner in the publishing hoss where he was employed. This chaged his ideas at once. He saw that he could look higher. Excusing himself, he sought Slyme and set a plot in notion which sent Mildred fly ng from the city that very night. Is not that true, Mr. Slyme?

They beautiful woman passed laid her

that very night. Is not took that, and Slyme?"
The/beautiful woman raused, laid her white hand upon her heaving boson and turned her dark eye; so full of wicher and fascination, upon the face of the ersecretary.
Slyme besitated a moment. That he had lost all chance of gaining the lors of Flora Cleveland he fully realized. He wavered for a moment. The eyes of the wavered for a moment. The eyes of the wavered for a moment of their way into his

Flora Cleveland he fully realized. He wavered for a moment. The eyes of the stren seemed burning their way into his very soul. An instant later his resolution was taken.

"The lady is right," he faltered. "I hate to acknowledge it, but I acted for Cleveland in the matter. He held a whip-over my head, an old folly of which had gained knowledge, and I was forced to perform the dastardly patt."

"And you were the catch he had in his mind," added Mrs. Elliston, speaking to Flora, and I estowing a glowing look of gratitude upon Slyme.

"It is false!" cried Flora. "Your wiles have led Eugene to wrong me, but he was never capable of such periody, such internation."

never capacie of any."

"Thank God!"

These words in fervent tones, caused every one present a start of surprise.

At that instant Eugene Cleveland bounded through the window that opened on the versands and stood in the midst of the astonished company.

the astonished company.

He had seen Slyme and Core enter
the house, and from a place of espionage
had seen and heard all that had transpired.

The knowledge that Mildred still lived pired.
The knowledge that Mildred still lived had been a shock, but its effect had lost much of its weight, so great was the mental excitement under which he was laboring.

boring.
"I know all," he went on, speaking rapidly, almo-t incoherently. "I have sinned beyond all thought, all hope of pardon, but I am not the cold-blooded, heartless wretch that woman would make

heartless wetch that woman would make me appear to be.

This man Slyme acted for her, and I have written evidence to prove it. Convinced that my Mildred was no more, I fell a victim to her wiles, and have until lately continued in her toils. I ungo it not in mitigation of my gracous of face by the standard of the sta

It is you who have brought as you she raved, turning upon Flora. You came between us took from me all that I ever valued in this life, his love; but you shall not live to enjoy your triumph.

As she finished speaking she drew from the folds of her dress a small gold-plated revolver, which she leveled at her fair and innocent rival.

No one was near agongh to arrest her No one was near agongh to arrest her layeland's

gh to arrest her

fair and innoc-nt rival.

No one was near enough to arrest het murderous hand, and Flora Cleveland's doom seemed sealed.

But with the quickness of a cat Engene sprang forward and covered with his own body that at the woman whom he now lovel better than his own life.

There was a report, a wreath of smoke, and the two fell to the flor together.

Without an instant's delay the despentate woman recoked the resulter and placed it over her treacherous, guiletinear.

A second report, a fall, a brief straggie.

and the

heart.
A second report, a fall, a brief struggle
a parting grean, and she had entered the
precincts of another world.
A sceneof indescribeble dismay ensued.
Flora was found unharmed, but her
husband had received the bullet in his
breast and was apparently in a dying
condition. condition.

Before losing con seemed to believe that hand, and begged and pardon of the wife l

wronged.

Good by, said he to where your affections a ise me that you will I

ise me that you will r
be happy."
I promise," was the
The unexpected ofte
life, and why not in fice
Eugene Cleveland d
long time his life was
the careful watching a
brought nim back to
health and strength.
The existing comple
and trying one, but it
remedy.

remedy. Mildred felt that a midred tell that a upon the busband fron ful siren had parted in devotedly attached to \(\frac{1}{2}\) procured a legal separ-and shortly afterward band of her choice:

s for the truly rep faithful Flors, th

As for the truly rep
his faithful Flora, it
and constitute a nappy
not all the sirens on eder.

Warren never agein
rag-picker, who disa
country with his daugl
dren, but he learned
was an uncle of the wine
best Brownell.

Mr. Metcalf is hay
vears, and Clara Der
lovo and that of her ci
sing danghter, Edith.
Oscar Slyme escap
the lands of the law,
wards prospered, and
miserably in a New Y
Thus after a stor
wrong-doing has come
happiness.

Thank God that for
oven in this lower we
pentance and reformat
Thank God that vir
crist to counterect an

exist to counteract an the follies and sins bridled passions. [THE E CROP PROSPI

They Have in Their l Banks None to Lend

Corn and Wheat Fu

Yea

CHICAGO, July 31.situation shows that the through trying weather just closed. At this st season and with everyt in doubt it is simply what extent of injury

what extent of injury sustained.

Iowa reports that covanced as in an aver time. The prosperts, soon, are good for a fuvith last year. A free ord during August looked for and to a holding cribbed corn wers are absorbing a green the country which we materially. Oats are ipoorly filled and run rupened them.

Nebraska reports the

poorly filled and ruripened them.

Nebraska reports th
out generally at an a
more good rain and th
an average yield.

Missouri has not suf
at any time during th
the general prospects
as good as last year,
the outlook for corn i
corn is just beginning the outlook for corn is corn is just beginning need rain all through crop. In Eastern Kai der, some of the early the recent hot winds. almost impossible to wheat on at this date per cent. below last; trail Tennessee thresh the yield to the acre is less than last season. the yield to the acre is less than last season. corn in some districts others good. Kentu up her threshing, hav fair average crop. Cand at present is in a In Southern Kansa wheat has been stack

to hold wheat until la to hold wheat until ladealers find great money to move the chas any money puts i leaves the banks nothern Kansas reports to out worse than was Missouri reports tha slow progress thres. The yield of the crop breshels to the acte.

The yield of the crop bushels to the acr.
In Central Michig done in a few places inclined to sell at pr the average is 20 p year, but the quali are talking of reduc per cent. This fail. Sports wheat nearly treshing done yet, Ohio reports but il The price is so eximajority of farmer wheat. The quality ly good, and the yie of any of the winter ern Indiana reports markeded. Souther progress in threshing and from millers.

Train Wrec

Train Wrec
CONEY ISLAND, 1
8:81 train from Bay
Beach railroad to Co
being wrecked yeates
passangers had a nat
Or injury. Three B
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