

Speculation in Iron.

The following from 'The Iron Age' reads like a prophecy of the coming of a time when iron stocks and futures puts and calls, will be a familiar feature of Wall street transactions

The excitement in the iron markets is growing and is spreading. A very large tonnage of pig iron is being placed for 1900 delivery at advancing prices. The bulk of the sales are for the first six months, but a number of important orders have been placed for delivery far into the second half of 1900, the southern furnaces leading in these transactions. Evidence is accumulating that a very large tonnage of unfilled orders will be carried over into next year, not alone in steel rails, but also in structural material, plates and other forms of finished iron and steel. In other words, the impetus of the current enormous demand will surely carry us over the usually slack winter period.

There is a visible possibility that an "iron boom," the equivalent of the old "gold boom" of the civil war days, will shortly be opened in connection with the New York Stock Exchange, where "iron" in its various states will be daily bought, sold and quoted precisely like stocks, cotton, wheat and oil. Whenever any substance, product, commodity or security begins to have a shifting value it becomes a fit matter for gambling, particularly if the value shifts in disregard of all known laws of nature and business and promises to yield readily to the influence of manipulators. The rapid and large increase in the price of iron during the last six months has awakened speculative interest in that great staple, and we may look to see it soon made the subject of exchange gambling operations. When iron gets fairly into the speculative game, the abundance or shortage of the actual metal will not long be the basis for fixing the prices, as is the case of other products which have become the prey of the speculators. They will doubtless subdue iron to their machinations as readily as they now do wheat. The rumor mongers may be depended upon to circulate all sorts of stories to "bull" or "bear" the market, as suits their fancy. We may expect to hear that tornadoes have scooped out the ore ranges of Michigan and Minnesota to the bedrock, distributing their treasure over the surface of Lake Superior or conversely, that vast deposits of iron ore have been discovered under the Hackensack meadows in New Jersey and in the Disrael swamp of Virginia.

Poor Cyrano de Bergerac! Perhaps if he had been able to peer into the future and foresee the fate in store for him he would have refrained from doing many of the things with which more or less mythical authorities have credited him. Cyrano was a pretty wild sort of chap, and it is suspected that he would have undergone untold torture for the sake of having himself talked about, but in his wildest dreams he could never have believed it possible that some day he would be the central figure of a comic opera. That is bad enough, but when the doughty duellist is to be impersonated by diminutive Francis Wilson the limit is almost reached, and when we are further informed that Mr. Wilson will play many passages seriously the limit is actually reached.

Few people, even those most interested, are aware of the inroads made by oleomargarine upon the butter trade. The pure food department of Pennsylvania reports that during the past year there has been sold in the United States 87,000,000 pounds of oleomargarine, over four times as much as was sold in 1888. As a result of the large increase in the manufacture of this product it is also stated that there may be a falling off in the cows numbering 4,309,000, worth in the aggregate \$12,927,000.

At an exhibition in Toronto recently an attempt was made to pump milk into some cows in order to make them appear unusually productive. The experiment was a total failure and resulted fatally to the cows. There is nothing so reliable for increasing the milk supply as the old fashioned well pump or the new fashioned hydrant.

The Mexican government offered to give President Diaz \$100,000 with which to have a good time, and he refused it. Diaz evidently would not be a fit man to put on an American legislative junketing committee.

The University of Texas owns something over 3,000 square miles of land. As that state is developing quite an oil field the university may yet become as richly endowed as Rockefeller's Chicago college.

THE NIGHT HE CAME HOME.

"Unconscious of the picture she made, she stood in the doorway of a little reception room that led into the drawing room, her eyes fixed thoughtfully on a man's face in the crowded room beyond. Melane had been watching her for some time. In the past two years he had heard much of her social triumphs and charms. "Give me a welcome home," he pleaded, crossing the room to where she stood. "Of course I will." She lifted her eyes to his. They were very beautiful eyes. A fresh, unsullied nobility of character shone in them. "It is a surprise to see you tonight. I thought you were on the other side."

"So it seems the home folk think," he answered ruefully. "I've had a beastly cold welcome. Got home an hour ago to find every soul gone. The lights and the music were so cheery over here I ventured without an invite and in this garb," looking down at his traveling suit; "but Mrs. Brown is an old friend."

"I see," the girl laughed; "your mother doesn't expect you home until next week."

"You were perfectly oblivious to the fact that I have been watching you for ten minutes and wondering why you were alone and so quiet."

"I was indulging in a little introspection. I'm hardly responsible," with a shrug of the fair shoulders. "It's a fault of the age—this picking to pieces of emotions, laying one's heart on a dissecting table and analyzing the why and the wherefore of each beat."

"And was the tall young fellow in there," glancing toward the drawing room, "responsible for it all?"

She laughed outright. "Isn't it delicious to have you for my mentor again? I might as well confess. All winter he has paid me marked attention. Flowers, candies and all the rest, you know, and I have liked him. Two weeks ago the tall, dark girl in there with him came here to visit Lena Wells, and I have been coolly dropped. I was trying to find out if I cared, or if it was only wounded pride."

"Why don't you be perfectly indifferent to him and flirt with some one else? I'm dying for a flirtation now. I have not made love to a girl since I left the dark eyed señoritas."

"If it would make you feel more at home you may make love to me," she said with sweet graciousness.

He drew her into a little curtained cozy corner beyond the door. "Now, brace yourself. I'm going to begin."

"Once upon a time, there was a little lover who brought his sweetheart the biggest plums and ripest peaches and always carried home her books and slate. Did you ever hear of him, Caro?" He leaned toward her.

But she was turning the rings on her slim fingers, the faintest suggestion of a smile at the corners of her lips. "One day in class he missed a word, not that it was unusual, and she refused to go above, because she lisped, 'I love you.' Then he gave her a pansy, with some boyish words of affection, and she flushed and asked, 'Am I your little heartease?' Caro, don't you remember?"

"I don't remember to have given you any right to ask such questions."

"But you remember," he persisted. She laughed softly. "How they hated me, those other little girls. They called me a mean, stuckup, snubnosed thing."

A little gleam of triumph shone in his eyes. She remembered. "Then the mountain party years afterward. You were 16. I was leading your horse, the saddle turned and you fell right into my arms, Caro, and I kissed you."

The long lashes had curtained her eyes. "Have you forgotten?" he whispered. "However did you make such love to the señoritas?" she asked demurely. "You had no reminiscences and youthful follies in common."

"Don't interrupt, please. I promised to do it all. Then the night I left. I can feel your little fingers soft and warm in mine yet and see the wistfulness in your eyes. You cared then. You don't deny it. Your trembling lips and sweet wet eyes kept me straight over there among so many wild fellows. You told me to make a man of myself and I have worked three hard, honest years for you, dear. I have never loved any other woman."

He leaned toward her, his heart in his face. They were quite hidden by the drapery. A voice cut softly across the low humming that filled the rooms. A woman's voice as she passed with her attendant to the refreshment room. "The pretty blond who stood against these curtains—she was looking at you with her heart in her eyes," the voice said. "She is young, is petite, she will learn to shrug her shoulders and laugh as the years go on."

The girl leaned forward to catch the reply. Her blue eyes black, her cheeks white, the little teeth set relentlessly in the soft redness of her under lip. The answer came lightly, after a moment. "A man will pass a sweet wild rose if a lily glows and dazzles beyond."

The voices were lost in the hum. She leaned back, the small hands clinched. He watched her anxiously. Then sensuous, softly swelling waltz melody throbbed in his brain. "Would she never speak? He dared not. Then with a long breath of relief she moved toward him. The delicate beauty of her face shone like a flower in the shadowed nook.

"Rob," she said softly, "I'm so glad I know."

little fingers as if she had been a child. "Know that it was wounded pride, of course. What did you think I meant? I would have got over it. No woman with any spirit would have cared for a man after that. But it is such a relief not to care." And she laughed a little light hearted childish laugh.

"Caro, are you sure?" His voice was full of entreaty. "Will you let me teach you to care for me?"

"It would be useless"—the words had no sting; the voice was soft and low—"perfectly useless, for I have discovered new and unsuspected territory in my being tonight. Rob, you dear, stupid, don't you understand?" She slipped her fingers into his, just as in the old childish days. "I've loved you straight through, but—you were gone so long."

There was an ecstatic movement of the curtain, then silence; because understanding is enough when people are in love.—Exchange.

The wonderful progress made in the facilities for the dissemination of information during the past half century is amply illustrated by the international yacht races. When the yacht America, in August, 1851, beat 17 British yachts off the Isle of Wight, the news was 18 days in reaching the United States. No New York or Boston paper had from its own correspondent over 500 words describing the contest. Most of the American newspapers covered the race with brief clippings from the London journals. Instead of taking 18 days, it now takes only about 18 minutes to spread the news of a yacht race or any other important event all over this country and Europe. Within five hours after the race is sailed or the referee has declared that there is no race papers thousands of miles distant have editions on the streets giving column after column of special dispatches about it.

If any of the people of Kansas shall remain illiterate and unenlightened, they can blame no one but themselves for their deplorable condition. The Chief, published at Troy, in that state, makes this liberal offer: "Any man or woman who will call at The Chief office and say that they are a head of a family and are not able to take a county paper, we will send them The Chief one year free. A home where children are growing up without a paper in it is indeed a place to help. There is no reason for ignorant children growing up in a country where there are free schools and papers as cheap as they are in Kansas. And, strange as it may seem, there are a number of families in the county that do not take a paper."

The popularity of golf in England is proving a blessing to the farmers and landholders in the near vicinity of large towns. In many places almost fabulous sums have been paid for club grounds, and lands which had hitherto been considered worthless for agricultural purposes have acquired a particular value and are being sold or leased for sums of which their owners scarcely dreamed before the general introduction of the game. Perhaps it may in time work the same way here, and that some of the goat pastures in the outskirts of our larger cities may be transformed into golf links. If so, golf may have its redeeming points.

A Cleveland woman who has been suing for divorce has been ordered to pay \$4 a week alimony to her husband pending the decision of the court. This is a case that clearly demands the attention of the reformers. Things are coming to a fine pass in this country when the courts expect a man to live on \$4 a week.

Not infrequently there are prairie fires within the corporate limits of Chicago, and some of the children in Greater New York have to walk four miles to the nearest schoolhouse. Those great cities might get valuable points by sending commissions to see how things are done in small villages.

An Italian archaeologist has made an interesting suggestion for one of the attractions of the Paris exposition. He would reconstruct and repopulate the ruined city of Pompeii, having the forum, theater, temples and characteristic buildings represented as they were before the eruption of Vesuvius.

It will be recalled that the Boers were not represented in The Hague peace conference. They will probably now remind the world that they never promised not to use the dum-dum bullets.

According to the Frenchman's code of ethics, as amply illustrated by recent events in France, he may do any kind of a dishonorable thing to "preserve his honor."

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SUPREME COURT, ONONDAGA COUNTY
Homer Dunham and Grace Dunham, co-defendants of the estate of Mosley Dunham, deceased, vs. William Redhead.
By virtue of an execution against the property of William Redhead issued out of the Supreme Court in the above entitled case directed and delivered, I, Stephen Thorton, Sheriff of Onondaga County, shall sell a portion on the 25th day of July, 1890, o'clock in the forenoon, at the front door of the Court House, in the City of Syracuse, N. Y. the right, title and interest which William Redhead had on May 18, 1889, following described property:

Being part of lot No. 79, beginning northwest corner of said lot, thence east north line of said lot, 18 chains and 7 links, thence south and parallel with the west side of said lot 14 chains, thence west to the west side of said lot, thence north on the west side of said lot, containing 75 acres, more or less. Also that other piece of land being in the center of the bear road, so called, from the town of Clecro to the Village of I pool, at a distance of 18 chains and 75 links, thence north and parallel with the west side of said lot 6 chains and 65 links, thence north 18 chains and 10 links, thence west 6 chains and 65 links, thence north 18 chains and 10 links, containing 12.65 acres of land more or less. Also a part of lot No. 64, beginning in the center of a ditch running 12 feet west from the east line of said lot at a point 38.18 chains east of the N. E. corner of said lot on the line of the N. E. corner of said lot, thence north 12 degrees east, 6 chains and 65 links, thence north 4 chains and 83 links to a stake, thence at the southwest corner of A. B. Stearns' land, thence east 11 chains and 88 links to the north west corner of William R. Adams' land, thence south 1 degree west, along the west line of said Adams' land 12 chains and 4 links to the center of the bear road, thence south 80 degrees, 15 minutes west 2 chains and 2 1/2 links, thence south 81 degrees and 80 minutes west, 9 chains and 61 links to place of beginning, containing 15.02 acres more or less.

Also a part of lot No. 78, beginning in the center of the highway, 38 links north, 81 degrees 15 minutes east of a stake standing in the west line of Peter Smith's, running thence north 10 chains and 90 links, thence east 10 links, thence north 4 chains and 83 links to a stake, thence at the southwest corner of A. B. Stearns' land, thence east 11 chains and 88 links to the north west corner of William R. Adams' land, thence south 1 degree west, along the west line of said Adams' land 12 chains and 4 links to the center of the bear road, thence south 80 degrees, 15 minutes west 2 chains and 2 1/2 links, thence south 81 degrees and 80 minutes west, 9 chains and 61 links to place of beginning, containing 15.02 acres more or less.

Also a part of lot No. 65, beginning at the center of the highway called the bear road, at a point 12 rods westerly from the lands of William Redhead and running northerly parallel with the west line of said lot to land owned by Abramus Baum, thence westerly on the north line of said Woodward's land a distance of 10 rods, so that a line from that point drawn parallel with the west line of said lot to the center of said bear road will contain six acres of land, thence southerly parallel with the west line of said lot to the center of said bear road, thence easterly along the center of said bear road to the place of beginning, to contain six acres of land.

Also a part of lot No. 65, beginning at the center of the highway called the bear road, at a point 12 rods westerly from the lands of William Redhead and running northerly parallel with the west line of said lot to land owned by Abramus Baum, thence westerly on the north line of said Woodward's land a distance of 10 rods, so that a line from that point drawn parallel with the west line of said lot to the center of said bear road will contain six acres of land, thence southerly parallel with the west line of said lot to the center of said bear road, thence easterly along the center of said bear road to the place of beginning, to contain six acres of land.

The Sale above described is hereby adjourned to August 1st, 1890, at same hour and place. Syracuse, N. Y., July 25, 1890.

STEPHEN THORTON
Sheriff of Onondaga County
By P. F. CAHILL, Deputy

F. N. BURLEIGH,
Plaintiff's Attorney,
502 Kirk Block, Syracuse, N. Y.

The Sale of the premises above described is duly adjourned to December 1st, 1890, at the same time and place. Syracuse, August 1st, 1890.

STEPHEN THORNTON
Sheriff of Onondaga County by
P. F. CAHILL, Deputy

F. N. BURLEIGH,
Plaintiff's Attorney,
502 Kirk Block, Syracuse, N. Y.

IN PURSUANCE of an order of Edgar P. Gless, Surrogate of the County of Onondaga, New York, notice is hereby given according to law, to all persons having claims against George Brown, late of the town of Manlius, in said County, deceased, that they are required to exhibit the same with the vouchers therefor, to the subscriber at his store at Kirkville in the town of Manlius, in the County of Onondaga, N. Y. on or before the 20th day of March, 1890. Dated Sept. 8th., 1889.

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