

a little tone
ke to talk of
ich are hard
y, 24c. to
akes, 23c.
re quoted at
were about
ntity, above

ese probably
per lb., al-
ping, and al-
ed again dur-
y auction at
for No. 2
for No. 3.

Western oats
per bushel,
feed, at 1c.
rn., at 37c.
at 1c. lower;
o. 4 yet a
barley, 49c.
3 American

0 to \$23 per
5. Ontario
\$24 to \$25;
mixed, \$25
oted at \$37

o \$12 per
rack; No. 2
ary, \$9 to
to \$8, and

on timothy,
\$8 to \$10
Red clover
like \$6 to

exceptionally
per lb. for
calf skins,
lamb skins.
each. Tal-
per lb. for
ough.

8.80; Texas
s, \$4.60 to
\$3.80 to
to \$5.70;

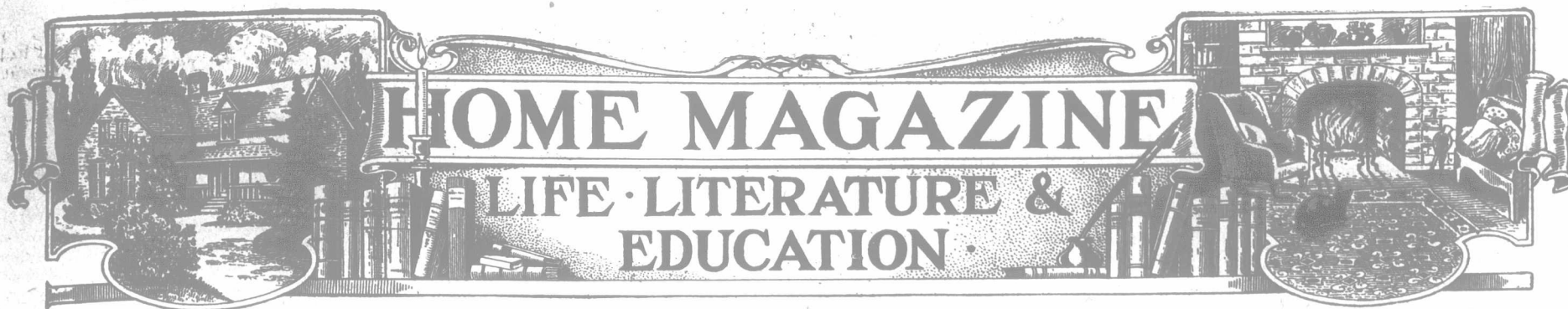
45; mixed,
to \$7.20;
choice hogs,
60.

\$3.10 to
yearlings,
ive, \$5 to

\$6.75.

40; mixed,
e \$8; pigs,
to \$6.60;
5 to \$8.
abs, \$5 to
5.25; year-
\$4.30 to
eep, mixed,

te A. D.
at North
comprise
most de-
farr Roan
wer, Non-
nny, etc.,
l bulls as
l Archer,
ption, The
ave Prim-
Count, to
cluded in
well-bred,
a son of
Clara (a
used at 8
lythesome
nd tracing
ning and
1 find a
herd, be-
good top
oth, and
ale horses
at should
ns should
ood bar-



Little Trips Among Eminent Writers.

Charles Dudley Warner.

Charles Dudley Warner, already referred to in a previous sketch, in connection with Mark Twain, spent his life as editor and writer in the New England States. He was particularly noted as an essayist of charming and often delicately humorous style, and keen insight into life. In the words of Hamilton W. Mabie, "He shared with Lowell, Longfellow and Curtis a harmony of nature and art, a unity of ideal and achievement, which made him a welcome figure, not only for what he said, but for what he was. . . . He saw clearly, he felt deeply, and he thought straight, hence the rectitude of his mind, the sanity of his spirit, the justice of his dealings with the things which make for life and art. He used the essay as Addison used it, not for sermonic effect, but as a form of art which permitted a man to deal with serious things in a spirit of gaiety, and with that lightness of touch which conveys influence without employing force. He was as deeply enamored as George William Curtis with the highest ideals of life for America, and, like Curtis, his expression caught the grace and distinction of those ideals."

This high ideal for life is the leading note in all of his more serious works, and is nowhere more striking or more earnest than the last, "Fashions in Literature," a volume of essays and addresses treating of literature, government, and the ideals and conduct of life, collected not long before Mr. Warner ceased to move among the men who had found him so delightful a companion and so able a monitor.

His best-known work, although one of those least intended to be philosophical, is "My Summer in a Garden," a humorous ramble, in which he begins with the premise that the chief use of a garden is one almost universally overlooked; that its best purpose is "not to give the possessor vegetables and fruit (that can be better and cheaper done by the market-gardeners), but to teach him patience and philosophy and the higher virtues—hope deferred, and expectations blighted, leading directly to resignation, and sometimes to alienation. The garden thus becomes a moral agent, a test of character, as it was in the beginning."

Other works by this delightful writer are: The People for Whom Shakespeare Wrote, As We Go, As We Were Saying, The Gilded Age (in collaboration with Mark Twain), Their Pilgrimage, A Little Journey in the World, The Golden House, That Fortune (a novel), The Relation of Literature to Life, The Work of Washington Irving, Studies in the South and West, Fashions in Literature.

From "Fashions in Literature."
(By C. D. Warner.)

But poverty is not commonly a nurse of virtue; long continued, it is a degeneration. It is almost as difficult for the very poor man to be virtuous as for the very rich man; and very good and very rich at the same time, says Socrates, a man cannot be. It is a great people that can withstand great prosperity. The condition of comfort, without extremes, is that which makes a happy life. I know a village of old-fashioned houses and broad, elm-shaded streets in New England, in-

deed more than one, where no one is inordinately rich, and no one is very poor; where the homes are centers of intelligence, of interest in books, in the news of the world, in the church, in the school, in politics; whence go young men and women to the colleges, teachers to the illiterate parts of the land, missionaries to the city slums. Multiply such villages all over the country, and we have one of the chief requisites for an ideal republic.

This has been the longing of humanity. Poets have sung of it; prophets have had visions of it; statesmen have striven for it; patriots have died for it. There must be somewhere, some time, a fruition of so much suffering, so much sacrifice, a land of equal laws and equal opportunities, a government of all the people for the benefit of all the people; where the conditions of living will be so adjusted that everyone can make the most out of his life, neither waste it in hopeless slavery nor in selfish tyranny; where poverty and crime will not be hereditary generation after generation, where great fortunes will not be for vulgar ostentation, but for the service of humanity, and the glory of the state, where the privileges of freemen will be so valued that no one will be mean enough to sell his vote, nor corrupt enough to attempt to buy a vote; where the truth will at last be recognized that society is not prosperous when half its members are lucky and half are miserable; and that that nation can only be truly great that takes its orders from the Great Teacher of Humanity.

And, lo! at last here is a great continent, virgin, fertile, a land of sun and shower and bloom, discovered, organized into a great nation, with a government flexible in a distributed home rule, stiff as steel in a central power, already rich, already powerful. It is a land of promise. The materials are all here. Will you repeat the old experiment of a material success and a moral and spiritual failure? Or will you make it what humanity has passionately longed for? Only good, individual lives can do that.

Charles Dudley Warner on "Weeds"
(From "My Summer in a Garden.")

I have pretty much come to the conclusion that you have to put your foot down in gardening. If I had actually taken counsel of my friends, I should not have had a thing growing in the garden to-day but weeds. And, besides, while you are waiting, Nature does not wait. Her mind is made up. She knows just what she will raise; and she has an infinite variety of early and late. The most humiliating thing to me about a garden is the lesson it teaches of the inferiority of man. Nature is prompt, decided, inexhaustible. She thrusts up her plants with a vigor and freedom that I admire; and the more worthless the plant, the more rapid and splendid its growth. She is at it early and late, and all night; never tiring, nor showing the least sign of exhaustion.

"Eternal gardening is the price of liberty," is a motto that I should put over the gateway of my garden if I had a gate. And yet it is not wholly true; for there is no liberty in gardening. The man who undertakes to garden is relentlessly pursued. He felicitates himself that, when he gets it once planted, he will have a season of rest and enjoyment in the sprouting and growing of his

seeds. It is a green anticipation. He has planted a seed that will keep him awake nights; drive rest from his bones and sleep from his pillow! Hardly is the garden planted, when he must begin to hoe it. The weeds have sprung up all over it in the night. They shine and wave in redundant life. The docks have almost gone to seed, and their roots go deeper than conscience. Talk about the London Docks!—the roots of these are like the sources of the Aryan race. And the weeds are not all. I awake in the morning (and a thriving garden will wake a person up two hours before he ought to be out of bed), and think of the tomato plants—the leaves like fine lace-work, owing to black bugs that skip around, and can't be caught. Somebody ought to get up before the dew is off (why doesn't the dew stay on till after a reasonable breakfast?), and sprinkle soot on the leaves. I wonder if it is I. Soot is so much blacker than the bugs that they are disgusted, and go away. You can't get up too early if you have a garden. You must be early due yourself, if you get ahead of the bugs. I think that, on the whole, it would be best to sit up all night and sleep daytimes. Things appear to go on in the night in the garden uncommonly. It would be less trouble to stay up than it would be to get up so early.

But, jubilate! I have got my garden all hoed the first time. I feel as if I had put down the rebellion. Only there are guerillas left here and there, about the borders and in the corners, unsubdued—Forest docks, and Quantrell grass, and Beauregard pig-weeds. The first hoeing is a gigantic task; it is your first trial of strength with the never-sleeping forces of Nature. Several times, in its progress, I was tempted to do as Adam did, who abandoned his garden on account of the weeds. (How much my mind seems to run upon Adam, as if there had been only two really moral gardens—Adam's and mine!) The only drawback to my rejoicing over the finishing of the first hoeing is that the garden now wants hoeing the second time. I suppose, if my garden were planted in a perfect circle, and I started round it with a hoe, I should never see an opportunity to rest. The fact is, that gardening is the old fable of perpetual labor; and I, for one, can never forgive Adam, Sisyphus, or whoever it was, who let in the roots of discord. I had pictured myself sitting at eve, with my family, in the shade of twilight, contemplating a garden hoed. Alas! it is a dream not to be realized in the world.

The sort of weed which I most hate (if I can be said to hate anything which grows in my own garden) is the "pusley," a fat, ground-clinging, spreading, greasy thing, and the most propagacious (it is not my fault if the word is not in the dictionary) plant I know. I saw a Chinaman who came over with a returned missionary, and pretended to be converted, boil a lot of it in a pot, stir in eggs, and mix, and eat it with relish—"Me likee he." It will be a good thing to keep the Chinaman on when they come to do our gardening. I only fear they will cultivate it at the expense of the strawberries and melons. Who can say that other weeds which we despise may not be the favorite fruit of some remote tribe or people? We ought to abate our conceit.

I am satisfied that it is use-

less to try to cultivate "pusley." I set a little of it 't one side, and gave it some extra care. It did not thrive as well as that which I was fighting. The fact is, there is a spirit of moral perversity in the plant, which makes it grow the more, the more it is interfered with. I am satisfied of that. I doubt if anyone has raised more "pusley" this year than I have; and my warfare with it has been continual. Neither of us has slept much.

But another enemy had come into the strawberries, which, after all that has been said in these papers, I am almost ashamed to mention. But does the preacher in the pulpit, Sunday after Sunday, year after year, shrink from speaking of sin? I refer, of course, to the greatest enemy of mankind, "p-s-l-y." The ground was carpeted with it. I should think that this was the tenth crop of the season; and it was as good as the first. I see no reason why our northern soil is not as prolific as that of the tropics, and will not produce as many crops in the year. The mistake we make is in trying to force things that are not natural to it. I have no doubt that, if we turn our attention to "pusley," we can beat the world.

I had no idea until recently how generally this simple and thrifty plant is feared and hated. Far beyond what I had regarded as the bounds of civilization, it is held as one of the mysteries of a fallen world; accompanying the home missionary on his wanderings, and preceding the footsteps of the Tract Society. I was not long ago in the Adirondacks. We had built a camp for the night in the heart of the woods, high up on John's Brook, and near the foot of Mount Marcy; I can see the lovely spot now. It was on the bank of the crystal, rocky stream, at the foot of the high and slender falls, which poured into a broad, amber basin. Out of this basin we had just taken trout enough for our supper, which had been killed and roasted over the fire on sharp sticks, and eaten before they had an opportunity to feel the chill of this deceitful world. We were lying under the hut of spruce-bark, on fragrant hemlock boughs, talking, after supper. In front of us was a huge fire of birch-logs; and over it we could see the top of the falls glistening in the moonlight; and the roar of the falls and the brawling of the stream near us, filled all the ancient woods. It was a scene upon which one would think no thought of sin could enter. We were talking with old Phelps, the guide. Old Phelps is at once guide, philosopher, and friend. He knows the woods and streams and mountains, and their savage inhabitants, as well as we know all our rich relations and what they are doing; and in lonely bear-hunts and sable-trappings he has thought out and solved most of the problems of life. As he stands in his wood-gear, he is as grizzly as an old cedar tree; and he speaks in a high, falsetto voice which would be invaluable to a boatswain in a storm at sea.

We had been talking of all subjects about which rational men are interested—bears, panthers, trapping, the habits of trout, the tariff, the internal revenue (to wit, the injustice of laying such a tax on tobacco and none on dogs: "There ain't no dog in the United States," says the guide at the top of his voice, "that earns his living"), the Adventists, the Gorner Grat, Horace Greeley, re-