SUGAR MARKET IS

STAR ATTRACTION Many Changes This Week Mys-tify the Trade Which Has Become Wary.

DEMAND FOR WHEAT IS SHOWING AN INCREASE

Potatoes and Onlone Have Better Sale Eggs and Poultry Show a Rise.



COTTON IS ONE TO TWO POINTS HIGHER





MANY HOPS SALES AT LOWER PRICES

Union Pacific Shows Conspicuous Strength and Made Further Advances.

AMALGAMATED ACTIVE ON INCREASED DIVIDEND TALK

Better Conditions Ruling in Iron

and Steel—Bank Statement. Very Favorable.

Open High Low Com-

Chicago Wheat Market Closes at an Advance—Minneap—
an Advance—Minneap—
an Advance—Minneap—
a Quarter Down—Im—
Three Eighthe Higher—Sp
proved Later.

Prices Are Also Firmer.

ST. LOUIS REPORTS MORE WHEAT IS OFFERED

Oats Shows Improvement— Dull in Provisions.



TWENTY-FIVE CENTS IS THE RISE IN SHEEP

Corn Receipts Smaller—Tone in Cattle Market Very Firm But Fruit Shows Better Trad
Oats Shows Improvement— Receipts During Week Were tatoes and Onions Firm Some Larger.

WHEAT IN FRISCO IS HIGHER FOR FUTURE

Poultry Products Steady.

A RECORDED IMPRESSION

could sing. But all of these accomplishments, in her eyes, were of pallid insignificance compared with the one burning ambition that possessed her.

She would be a writer. Just what steps to take she did not yet know.

Kindly disposed friends save her varied advice. "Set about cultivating it, just as you would anything else," said one who honestly thought she knew. "Take notes on people and things about you. Carry a writing pad and pencil with you always to record impressions. Get into the literary sphere."

Which advice sounded alluring indeed to the listaner. Dorothy proceeded at once to lay in a stock of writing materials and invested also in a brand new dictionary. This she supplemented by a book of synonyms and a wonderful volume which bore the luminous title "How the Inexperienced Author May Succeed."

Miss Merrill congratulated herself that during the aproaching vacation she would have ample time to follow the wonderful instructions contained in this book. By winter she would be seeing her name in print as a charming new writer of fiction.

When she went abroad the steamer which was to carry her to the resort where she purposed to spend the summer she buoyantly took with her pencil and writing paper.

No doubt this trip would afford her a most excellent opportunity to record impressions.

"There will be all sorts of people and conditions to study," she reflected.

It happened, however, that she did not find assorted humanity quite so interesting as she saticipated. After a few milutes' survey of the blank-faced, weary individuals who lounged about the cabin, with parcels and lunch bags at their feet, she went outside, hopeful of improvement.

She found herself confronting pages is a their feet, she went outside, hopeful of improvement.

were waved, and she found her uncompleted wish gratified. The young man who stood there was handsome of face, well groomed and distinguished looking. He crossed to a seat not far from her and she could observe him without being observed, so she produced her pencil and psd and commenced to make jottings.

Now, it must be admitted that the young man in question, although most polite as to behavior, did not entirely conceal his interest in the girl who wrote. Not that the fact of her writing concerned him. He was only vaguely aware of what she was doing. The picture of the young woman herself was what engaged his thoughts.

More than once did he send a glance over his shoulder—a glance presumably at the green sea waves, but which nevertheless included the pretty girl with the piquant and dark blue eyes.

He was sorry when she left her place and went inside to listen to the music. Others followed, and soon the chairs near him were quite deserted.

There was no other reason why he should not follow, but somehow he wavered. A guilty soul is its own accuser, and he was afraid that she would divine his interest and hate him for his presumption, so he lingered outside still undetermined. Strolling absent mindedity about the chairs he picked up a magazine lying upon one of them.

The leaves opened at a definite place. Pages of penciled jottings met his eyes. "He was tunned and athletic, my hero, with the bluest of blue eyes, a strong, but tender mouth and a very stubborn jaw—which I like and"—

He looked up and flushed guiltily to behold the unknown divinity beside him. She reached quietly for the magazine with a cool frown and a murmured "Pardon me," which expressed worlds of mixed chagrin and contempt.

"Pardon me," he sald, quickly, with emphasis on the pronoun. "I am exceedingly sorry—I—

But she checked further words with a cool nod of disdain.

Her looks only faintly expressed the mortification and shame that burned within her. He had actually read it. Her lipa, drew closer, her face flamed a desert crimson.

When