

HELD UP.

Going home! The feeling which it is thought carries with it is uppermost and always present; every jolt of the heavy stage echoes it. Eight years of hard work in the little mining village of Spriggs' Pocket have been rewarded by a sufficient amount of the yellow metal Nature had concealed in these mountains to comfortably keep me until I am stowed away in the same earth whose bosom I so often have desecrated with the pickax.

There are four passengers beside myself, and Dick, the driver, to wit: a young lady of about twenty, who, I believe, is a schoolmistress; a fiery, little red-headed Irishman; a tall Hercules with an immense black mustache and long hair who had fought Indians, slain road agents, and been generally a dangerous man by common report. I understand he runs a saloon at Bilbury's Luck; and last, a short, stout man dressed very much like a clergyman. He has a round, florid face whose good-humored expression is heightened by a pleasant pair of eyes overlooking gold-rimmed spectacles.

A stone on one side of the road and a rut on the other swayed the stage so sharply that I am landed in the old gentleman's lap. I fall full force upon a small black leather grip which he has been nursing ever since we left the Pocket.

"Hope I've done no harm," I apologize. "The road is somewhat uneven on this route."

"Not at all—not at all!" he answers, with a smile. "You may have to catch me next time. Being tumbled about is excellent for the appetite. Going far?"

"Vermont."

"Ah! A grand old State. Born there myself."

He of the formidable mustache turns and looks down at the speaker as if just discovering his presence, and then elevating his nose looks away again.

"I have been in nearly every considerable country on the globe," he continues, "but know of no spot combining so many happy influences."

"I suppose you have had some strange experiences."

"You are right. I have. I've been captured and held for ransom by Italian banditti; almost torn asunder by a Chinese mob; an Indian thug made a pass at me with a club the size of a base ball bat, and I am still alive and in other people's way. Indeed I have become so accustomed to meeting danger that it seems almost dull to travel through a country where there is no chance of molestation." And he laughs good naturedly.

The saloon proprietor favors him with another glance, and says in decided accents:

"Stranger, I don't reckon you was ever held up by agents?"

"Agents! Do you allude to agents of creditors? I have met several of that kind."

Evidently the westerner hardly knows what the other means, but does not care to acknowledge his ignorance.

"Stranger, I mean road agents."

Seeing the old gentleman as is mystified as ever, I explain that road agents are neither more nor less than highwaymen.

"They are getting scarce in this section. It has been over a year since the sheriff and his posse exterminated Reddy Hoogly's band. Since then they have left this neighborhood very much alone."

"Yaas, they did for the gang, but Reddy give 'em the slip, an' I happen to know that him an' a pard has begun to operate hereabouts again," the Westerner interposed.

This is disagreeable news to me, and my face very probably shows it. He proceeds to unfold still more, causing much concern among the stage occupants.

"It's a heap likelier than not that they'll hold up this very identical wagon. That's why I'm here. There is a reward for Reddy Hoogly, dead or alive, and if he shows up to-day—"

Here he taps the handle of the heavy revolver at his side in a significant manner.

It is obvious that the young woman is alarmed. The Irishman looks moody, and the little man with the high hat interested.

The prospect of being robbed is to me most unwelcome. All I possess in the world is secreted on my person; the product of years of hard, cheerless, unaccompanied labor among rough, uncompanionable men. But after all we may not be disturbed; Western bragadoocio is no new thing to me, and I doubt not but that the saloon keeper would be as terrified in the event of an encounter as any one present.

"Bedad, av the spalpeens wud fight wid sticks loike white men, it's short work I'd be makin' av them, the murderin' blackguards!" declares the Irishman.

This sensible remark does not afford much comfort. Suddenly an idea strikes me. I request the loan of a revolver from the sombrero owner. He looks me over in a superior manner and says with great decision:

"Well, I guess not! I reckon I can make use of these backers. I allow you never saw me in a fight, now?"

I am about to bargain with him for a weapon when the stage is brought to a stand with such abruptness as to almost pitch me from the seat. Loud voices are heard in front and the next moment two armed horsemen ride alongside and order us to alight.

The schoolmistress utters an exclamation of alarm and the Indian slayer a groan, while I am partly stunned at having my worst fears realized.

We file out one at a time, with hands raised, the muzzles of two rifles following upon us.

"Now, then, no foolishness. Every mother's son who has a shooter lay it down on that flat stone," one of the men says gruffly.

Our valiant protector obeys with alacrity, making great efforts to show

that he is entirely innocent of any harmful intentions.

"Toss that 'ere box down here, Dick. Look sharp."

Dick complies. Will this satisfy them? "Sorry, gentlemen, but we must take up a collection. Pass the wallets this way."

Again the long haired poltroon is the first to respond.

"Be in a hurry, gentlemen! We can't wait."

I am growing desperate, and have a half-formed resolve to spring upon one of them with the almost certain result of being killed. The little old gentleman, who has held on to his black bag, now moves slowly up to one of the men, and, shutting one eye, deliberately squints into the barrel of his gun.

We all stare speechless with amazement at such audacity. Few men would care to do a trick like that with a friend at the other end of the weapon, to say nothing of one who respects no law but his own will.

"Well, pop, do you see the bullet?" the outlaw asks jocularly.

"Oh, no! it is rather too dark in there for that; but I have no doubt it is there," he answers, smiling pleasantly.

"Right you are, daddy, right you are; and it weighs a good-ounce too."

"I see the bore is filled," taking another squint; "this gives the projectile a rotary movement, which keeps it from turning lengthwise, and thus reduces the resistance attending its passage through the air to a minimum."

"That 'ere may be good preachin', but it won't stop me from shootin' your head off if you don't be careful."

"I have made a study of gunnery and explosives," he continued, without heeding the interruption. "Now here we have a sphere," opening the grip and taking out a ball about the size of an apple wrapped in tissue paper.

"This ball, being dynamite, thrown or even dropped on the ground, would blow us all into atoms, stage, horses, men, everything, tearing a hole in the earth, while its effect would be felt for quite a distance."

During this speech, delivered with the air of a professor addressing a class, the two road agents grow more and more uneasy, exchanging glances betokening their dismay. Paddy's mouth stands open, and the bad man of our party begins to edge away.

"From your occupation, gentlemen, I judge you are not happy and contented, and your manner of gaining a livelihood is such as to render others equally unhappy. In a case of this kind, what is to be done? Common sense tells me the best and indeed the only remedy is to put an end to the lives that are a burden to you and a misfortune to others, even if it should be at a sacrifice. For my part I have always wished to die in a good cause, which I am sure this is, and am confident that all present will agree to the arrangement. Let us prepare for eternity."

The last words uttered with great solemnity, he bares his head and raises the dreaded bomb as if to dash it to the earth.

Instead of preparing for eternity, however, the fellows utter yells of terror, and digging their heels into the horses' sides, urge them with all possible speed away from the neighborhood of what they believe to be a lunatic possessed of dangerous explosives.

One bound and I secure the revolvers, determined not to submit to being robbed without a struggle. But there is little cause for apprehending another attack. The robbers never drew rein until they reach the ridge of the hill beyond rifle shot, and then our champion has only to draw back his arm as if to cast the yellowish ball in that direction, to cause them to disappear on the other side.

Replacing his hat and stowing the curious weapon away in the black bag, he turns and smiles amiably upon us. I wring his hand and endeavor to express my gratitude.

"Tut, tut, man, that was nothing. You would, no doubt, have done the same had you been situated as I was. Let us rather think of getting on toward our destination."

"Arrah, now, but you're the boy for me entirely! Shure I don't know how ye did it at all, but it's meself believes ye have Irish blood in your veins."

A consultation is held, and it is decided that Pat shall ride beside the driver and keep guard with the rifle Dick always carries with him. Then we re-enter the coach and soon are bowling merrily along.

Presently the saloon proprietor, who has been quite crestfallen since the exposure of his cowardice, begins to twist about uneasily, and finally asks in some trepidation:

"Say, stranger, is there any chance of that 'ere thing goin' off?"

"Oh, not the least, not the least! Rest assured it is entirely harmless."

"But you said if it was dropped on the ground it would bust and blow us all to smithereens."

"I perceive that you, too, are laboring under a delusion induced by the peculiar grammatical construction of the sentence used. I did not say the ball would explode, but 'being dynamite, and thrown,' it would, which I believe is correct. But as it was not that high explosive such a result could not, of course, be expected to follow. To put your mind at ease I will place it out of harm's way."

Saying this, he takes it out and calmly removes the tissue paper, when lo! a smooth yellow orange meets our astonished gaze. After enjoying a hearty laugh at the absurdity of the affair I eat half of the bomb, which he has forced me to take. I have the seeds yet. An hour later we enter Bilbury's Luck, chattering in a lively manner.—Waverly.

Paris has a canine clothing shop.

The Columbian Liberty Bell.

TO BE CAST JUNE 8 FROM METAL CONTRIBUTED BY PERSONS ALL OVER THE WORLD.

The Columbian Liberty Bell, which will be cast June 8 from bits of metal contributed by thousands of people all over the world, is attracting its share of interest. The bell will be hung in the World's exposition at Chicago and from there it will be taken to Bunker Hill or Liberty Island, to the battlefield of New Orleans, to San Francisco, to the place where the great patriotic celebration will be held until the year 1900, when it will go if permitted first to Jerusalem, then to the next world's exposition, which takes place at Paris. After this last exhibition the bell will pass from place to place throughout the world as a missionary of freedom.

The bell will ring at sunset; at nine o'clock in the morning on the anniversaries of the days on which great events have occurred marking the world's progress toward liberty; at twelve o'clock on the birthdays of the "creators of liberty;" and at four o'clock it will toll on the anniversaries of their death. By this means the bell will keep continually in the minds of those within reach of its sound, the memories of the men and women who have led in the work for liberty and peace, and the anniversaries of the great events resulting from their efforts.

The production and direction of this bell's use has been placed in the hands of a committee of women, representing each state and territory, one representative from each republic of the world and representatives from the patriotic societies—Daughters and Sons of the American Revolution, the Lyceum League of America, the Society of German Patriots, the Human Freedom League and kindred organizations.

The co-operation of every citizen is solicited in making the undertaking successful. In creating the bell it is the desire of the committee to have the largest number of persons possible to take part in it. The contributions are to be material that can be made a part of the bell; articles of historic interest will be particularly appreciated—gold, silver, bronze, copper, tin and nickel can be used.

It is directed that in forwarding material to be melted into the bell that the fullest historical description be sent with it. This will be entered in a book which will accompany the bell wherever it goes. Contributions of money should be sent to the Liberty National Bank, corner Liberty and West streets, New York, and a duplicate letter written as a notification of the same, to Miss Minnie F. Mickle, secretary of the committee, Mickle's, Penna. Contributions of material should be packed in packages not exceeding ten pounds and marked "Clinton H. Menely bell company, for Columbian bell, Troy, N. Y." The same will be carried free by the express companies.

If afflicted with scalp diseases, hair falling out, and premature baldness, do not use grease or alcoholic preparation, but apply Hall's Hair Renewer.

Nervous Passenger (on New Haven steamer)—"There's a very peculiar noise in the water-to-night. Do you notice it Captain?" Captain—"Yes, madam; that's the reg'lar Long Island Sound."—New York Mercury.

Nervous Passenger—"Are you sure there is no danger?" Officer—"Not a bit. The Captain's just gone to take a nap, because it's too foggy to see anything."—P. & S. Bulletin.

Electric Bitters.

This remedy is becoming so well known and so popular as to need no special mention. All who have used Electric Bitters sing the same song of praise.—A purer medicine does not exist and it is guaranteed to do all that is claimed. Electric Bitters will cure all diseases of the Liver and Kidneys, will remove Pimples, Boils, Salt Rheum and other affections caused by impure blood.—Will drive Malaria from the system and prevent as well as cure all Malarial fevers.—For cure of Headache, Constipation and Indigestion try Electric Bitters.—Entire satisfaction guaranteed, or money refunded.—Price 50 cts. and \$1.00 per bottle at C. A. Kleim's Drug Store.

Strongly Endorsed.

The advertising of Hood's Sarsaparilla appeals to the sober, common sense of thinking people, because it is true; and it is always fully substantiated by endorsements which in the financial world would be accepted without a moment's hesitation. They tell the story—HOOD'S CURES.

HOOD'S PILLS cure liver ills, jaundice, biliousness, sick headache, constipation.

Don't offer to bet with an elevator boy unless you mean business. He has a way of taking you up.—Buffalo Courier.

Pills of people have piles, but DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve will cure them. W. S. Rishton, Drug-gist. 10-14-17.

\$20, \$15 and \$12 Suits for \$8.50. New York clothing maker was hard up for cash. We bought all his Men's Suits (made to sell for \$20, \$15 and \$12) at a price that enables us to offer them at \$8.50 per Suit. We are selling Boys' \$5.00 Knee Pant Suits for \$2.50. Hundreds to pick from. This was another clean-out. BROWNING, KING & CO. 910-912 Chestnut Street. WARREN A. REED. Opposite Post Office, Philadelphia.

Blaine's Handy Manual of Useful Information. There has just been published in Chicago a most valuable book with the above title, compiled by Prof. Wm. H. Blaine, of Lancaster University. Its 500 pages are full of just what its name implies—useful information—and we fully advise all our readers to send for a copy of it. It is a compendium of things worth knowing, things difficult to remember, and tables of reference of great value to everybody, that it has never before been our good fortune to possess in such compact shape. Our wonder is how it can be published at so low a price as is asked for it. It is handsomely bound in flexible cloth covers, and will be sent to any address, postpaid, on receipt of 25 cents in postage stamps, by the publishers. G. W. OGLIVIE & Co., 276 & 278 Franklin St., Chicago, Ill.

The shooting at Cluny Castle, Scotland, which Andrew Carnegie has rented from Cluny Macpherson, extended over 12,000 acres and afford excellent sport. The old castle, in which Sir Robert Peel lived at the beginning of the century, has been altered and enlarged during the last two years.

If you desire a beautiful complexion, absolutely free from pimples and blotches, purify your blood by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Probably the first cooking school product on record is the famous pie whose four and twenty black birds were so done that they began to sing as soon as it was opened.—Washington Star.

There is more Cattarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven cattarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Cattarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address, F. J. CHENEY & Co. Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c. 6-2-4t.

"I will now write something in a light and airy vein," said the clerk who makes out gas bills.—Washington Star.

Burleigh—"It's my opinion that Brown hasn't half the brains he thinks he has." Wagleigh—"Probably not; but did you ever think how nicely he could get along with even less than that?"—Detroit Tribune.

Bogus! Bogus white lead would have no sale did it not afford makers a larger profit than Strictly Pure White Lead. The wise man is never persuaded to buy paint that is said to be "just as good" or "better" than Strictly Pure White Lead. The market is flooded with spurious white leads. The following analyses, made by eminent chemists, of two of these misleading brands show the exact proportion of genuine white lead they contain: Standard Lead Co., Strictly Pure White Lead, St. Louis. Materials Analyzed by Barytes 69.96 per cent. Regie Chauvenet & Bro., St. Louis. Oxide of Zinc 34.18 per cent. White Lead 6.46 per cent. Less than 7 per cent. white lead. Pacific Warranted Pure (A) White Lead. Materials Analyzed by Sulphate of Lead 4.18 per cent. Ledoux & Co., New York. Oxide of Zinc 45.94 per cent. Barytes 50.88 per cent. No white lead in it. You can avoid bogus lead by purchasing the John T. Lewis & Bros. brand. It is manufactured by the "Old Dutch" process, and is the standard. For sale by the most reliable dealers in paints everywhere. If you are going to paint, it will pay you to send to us for a book containing information that may save you many a dollar; it will only cost you a postal card to do so. JOHN T. LEWIS & BROS. CO., Philadelphia.

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CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. CURE SICK HEADACHE. Achey would be almost insupportable to those who suffer from this distressing complaint, but fortunately their goodness does not hinder, and those who can't try them will find these little pills available in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after attack lead CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York. SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

Erath's Patent Hitching Post. Built of wrought and malleable iron. Cannot be moved by force nor heavy load by frost. Variety in style and weight to suit purpose. Best in the market. CHEAPER than Stone, Wood or cast-iron posts. Send for descriptive Catalogue and price list to C. W. ERATH, 93 South Main Street, Wilkes-Barre, Penna. 5-5-6months

ELY'S CATARRH CREAM BALM. Cleans the Nasal Passages, Allays Pain and Inflammation, Heals the Sores, Restores the Sense of Taste and smell. TRY THE CURE. A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at Druggists; by mail registered, 60 cts. ELY BROTHERS, 54 Warren St., N. Y.

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THE MISSISSIPPI AGAIN RISING. More Destruction Threatened Along the Bottom Lands. St. Louis, May 31.—High water is again threatening destructive work in the Prairie Point district, in the vicinity of East Carondelet, Ill. The rise of the Mississippi river is remarkable, and a large section of the low land lying between Fish Lake and the river is submerged. The farmers fear that their crops will be ruined. They planted just after the recent overflow, and now they are again faced with the prospects of a wash-out. On the Missouri side the water has gained considerable height.

Called on by Masked Burglars. A Wealthy Farmer's Struggle with "Night Agents." NEWBURG, N. Y., May 29.—While William Knapp, a wealthy farmer of North Highlands, Putnam county, N. Y., was dozing in a chair at his home he was aroused by a loud knocking at the door. Mr. Knapp inquired who was there. The answer was, "Sammy D." He was asked what was wanted and the reply was "Nothing much." Mr. Knapp opened the door. A masked man confronted him and placed a revolver at his breast. The farmer called for assistance and grappled with the intruder. During the struggle which followed Knapp was knocked senseless by a blow on his head. As he fell to the floor his son, who had been aroused from sleep by the cry for help, reached the room, and after a desperate struggle ejected the masked man and locked the door. A second masked man had been standing behind the first, but he fled at the beginning of the struggle. Mr. Knapp is supposed to keep large sums of money about his person and the men evidently meant robbery.

THE ANTI-TRUST CONVENTION. Governor Altgeld Receives Hundreds of Responses. CHICAGO, May 29.—Governor Altgeld has received hundreds of responses to his proposal for an anti-trust convention here June 5. The governors of nearly all the western states have appointed delegates to be present. The object of this convention is to secure laws to throttle all trusts. E. O. Brown, the Minnesota delegate says: "I am in favor of removing causes that make trusts, and I wish the protective tariff destroyed, not promoted. Another thing I would like to see, and that is I would like the government to control the railroads, and I believe that the application of the single-tax theory would entirely destroy such monopoly of national opportunities as alone make trusts possible. But I am not in favor of any direct restrictive legislation against trust contracts."

Married Her Father's Coachman. WAUKESHA, Ill., May 30.—Miss Augusta Legnard has married her father's coachman, Charles Vassar. The ceremony took place secretly several days ago and the news has only just leaked out. It is stated that the couple have obtained parental forgiveness and that young Vassar has been made superintendent of Legnard's brick yard in Chicago.

Prepared to Open the Fair To-Morrow. CHICAGO, May 27.—Notwithstanding the shadow of an injunction is hanging over the Sunday opening matter, arrangements have been perfected for the opening of the gates to-morrow and the usual arrangements for the accommodation of the visitors have been made.

Paying the Second Dividend. HOLLIDAYSBURG, May 31.—A. A. Stevens, assignee of the Tyrone bank, of Tyrone, that closed its doors one year ago, is paying the creditors of the concern a second dividend of 15 per cent. The creditors have so far received 40 per cent. of their claims.

A Young Lad Accidentally Killed. YORK, May 31.—Clayton Eisenhart, a 13-year-old boy, was accidentally killed last night by John H. Foss. Foss gave himself up to the authorities, and is now in jail to await the verdict of the coroner's jury.

Another Bank Goes Down. FUNDAY, O., May 27.—The People's bank of South Baltimore closed its doors this morning as a result of the assignment of ex-Secretary Foster yesterday. It held the Foster company's paper for a large amount.

Three Children Cremated. CONROUSE, Mo., May 30.—The dwelling of Samuel Skiles, in Chartiers township, was burned yesterday and three of his children perished in the flames.

THE MARKET REPORT. Philadelphia Stock Market. PHILADELPHIA, May 29.—During the afternoon trading was slightly firmer. After closing 10 1/2% rallied to 1 3/4% on the covering of shorts but fell back to 1% at the close. Closing prices: Lehigh Valley 47 H. & B. T. 51 1/2 Northern Pacific 14 Do prof. 51 1/2 Do prof. 38 1/2 Reading G. M.'s 72 Pennsylvania 51 1/2 Do 1st pd 57 1/2 Do 2d pd 57 1/2 Reading 10 1/2 Do 1st pd 58 1/2 Lehigh Nav. 51 1/2 Do 1st pd 58 1/2 St. Paul 49 W. N. Y. & Pa. 18 Market unsettled.

Philadelphia Produce Market. PHILADELPHIA, May 29.—Cotton was dull and easy at 8 1/2c per pound for middling uplands. Bran was quiet and steady at \$18 1/2 per ton for winter. Flour there was scarcely any doing and prices were weak. We quote Winter clear and straight at \$1.02 1/2; do. patent at \$1.15 1/2; Rye Flour, \$3.10 per barrel. Grain—On call Wheat had 72 1/2c bid for May; 72c June; 72 1/2c July; 74 1/2c Aug. 1st; 75c 2d; 75 1/2c 3d; 75 1/2c 4th; 75 1/2c 5th; 75 1/2c 6th; 75 1/2c 7th; 75 1/2c 8th; 75 1/2c 9th; 75 1/2c 10th; 75 1/2c 11th; 75 1/2c 12th. Corn—47 1/2c bid for May; 47 1/2c June; 47 1/2c July; 48c August. Oats—41c bid for May; 39 1/2c June; 40c July.

New York Stock Market. NEW YORK, May 29. A. T. & S. F. 92 1/2 Missouri Pac. 37 1/2 C. R. R. of N. Y. 102 1/2 N. Y. & N. E. 52 C. & N. W. 72 1/2 N. Y. O. & W. 15 C. R. I. & P. 72 1/2 Northern Pac. 47 C. M. & St. P. 68 1/2 Do prof. 35 1/2 C. & N. W. 107 1/2 Omaha 22 1/2 Chicago Gas. 44 Pacific Mail 37 C. R. & G. 82 1/2 P. & W. 17 C. C. & St. L. 41 R. & W. P. Term 37 D. & W. 135 1/2 Sugar Trust 22 Do. & Hudson 123 1/2 Term Copd. 2 from Lake Shore 123 1/2 Union Copd. 27 Do. & Hudson 123 1/2 Western Union 83 Manhattan 123 1/2

New York Produce Market. NEW YORK, May 29.—Wheat—14c 1/2 lower and quiet, with 48,000 bus for export. No. 2 red, 75 1/2c; elevator, 75 in store; 76 1/2c delivered; No. 1 Nor. spring, 76c delivered ungraded. 76 1/2c. Corn—Market 1 1/2c lower, with 88,000 bu. for export. No. 2, 48c; elevator, 48c; 49c delivered; No. 3, 47c; elevator, ungraded, 47 1/2c. Oats—Market 1 1/2c and lower. No. 2, 28c; elevator, 28c; 29c delivered; No. 3, 27c; elevator, 27 1/2c; 28c delivered; No. 4, 27c; elevator, 27 1/2c; 28c delivered; No. 5, 26c; elevator, 26 1/2c; 27c delivered; No. 6, 25c; elevator, 25 1/2c; 26c delivered; No. 7, 24c; elevator, 24 1/2c; 25c delivered; No. 8, 23c; elevator, 23 1/2c; 24c delivered; No. 9, 22c; elevator, 22 1/2c; 23c delivered; No. 10, 21c; elevator, 21 1/2c; 22c delivered; No. 11, 20c; elevator, 20 1/2c; 21c delivered; No. 12, 19c; elevator, 19 1/2c; 20c delivered.