

THE DOWN GRADE.

When the engine is a-puffin',
An' a-sorin' an' a-bluffin',
Like it mighty o'fen will;
When you hear the thing a-blowin',
Then you know it's hard a-goin',
For it's climbin' up a hill.

When it goes a-whizzin' by you
In a way that's like to try you
If you're just a bit afraid;
When it's runnin' fast an' faster,
Like it doesn't need a master,
Then it's on a down grade.

When you see a man a-workin',
An' his duty never shirkin',
An' a-sweatin' more or less;
When you see him climbin' higher,
An' he never seems to tire,
He's a-climbin' to success.

When you see one goin' easy,
In a manner light an' breezy,
Like for pleasure he was made,
Just remember he's a-showin'
That it's mighty easy goin'
When you're on the down grade.

HALLOWE'EN ADVENTURE.

BY MRS. M. L. RAYNE.

A man whose dress indicated that he was a clergyman boarded a street car in a western city, and at once found himself surrounded by friends. It was the eve of All-Souls' Day, and he was on his way to church, where he was to preach against superstition, and this bevy of good-looking girls and stalwart young men was composed of his own people. They were on their way to church also, being destined to a scolding for the sins of former years, when they had kept the eve of All-Souls' in the pagan spirit of Hallowe'en, rioting about with mirrors and lighted candles, melting lead and dropping it into a tub of water, ducking for apples, throwing a ball of yarn down some lonely staircase in some secluded building, all for the foolish purpose of finding out in advance of fate and by uncanny means if lovers were coming to woo. They were going to the little church of St. Winifred, and the pastor was the Rev. David Griffith, and he spoke with his parishioners in an unknown tongue, at least it was unknown to the only American passenger, a man who prided himself upon being almost a linguist.

"May I inquire?" he asked respectfully of a tall brunette, who stood next to him, "what countrywoman you are?"
"American," she answered in the purest English accents.
"But—but—you speak another tongue?"
"Oh, yes, I forgot," she said, laughing, "we are Welsh, and that is our native speech. But it is only when we come together, as on this occasion, that we use it."

It was very evident that they had no need of a Welsh vocabulary in which to express themselves, for they not only spoke English fluently, but with a musical intonation that was delightful to a cultivated ear.
But it was the wish of the pastor, the Rev. David Griffith, that they should not forget the language that was to him the most musical in the world, albeit its consonantal speech of Taffylan is as trying as it is fascinating to American tongues.

"Did you look for a sprig of ash?" asked a pretty young Cymru of the tall brunette.
"That did I not, Nell; I promised not to anger Mr. Griffith this year as I did last."

"Would he be very angry if you found an even-leaved sprig of ash, think you, Gladys? We would all know what to name it, in spite of St. David's objections."
"H-u-s-h," interposed Gladys, in a whisper, "we are nearing the church. I promised not to engage in any Hallowe'en games this year, so you will not expect me to-night, Nell, after church. I may spell out an apple-paring alone, for the sake of the dear old days."

"I think you are silly, Gladys, to let Mr. Griffith influence you. If amusements that the whole world engages in on this night do not please him, he denounces us all as sinners for participating in them. I think he oversteps his power."

But the car had stopped and minister and people were pouring out and soon had ascended the steps of the little church of St. Winifred.
The sermon was in Welsh, and the minister, a young, handsome man, listened to with close attention, both by the elders of the congregation and the younglings, for he had taken a determined stand against the custom of keeping this one special festival of the year, with particular reference to the ghosts and hobgoblins which have marked it for their own, as the Welsh people ardently believe, to invade Welsh literature to prove that such a being as a fairy never existed, and he substantiated the statement from his bible. He demanded a greater reverence for the holy office of matrimony than the practice of pulling stalks, big or little, crooked or straight, in order to determine the appearance of a future partner. He denounced the fallacy of eating an apple before a mirror, expecting the future husband would look over the shoulder.

"No man," he declared, "would be willing to wed a woman who would wind a ball of yarn, chanting doggerel manwhile, saying over words that are impious as defying fate, or challenging Providence. Hallowe'en is the Devil's Sunday. It is the Witches' night, and we may well believe that the evil one sends out his myrmidons on that night to do his bidding." It was only last year that on the following morning a witch-ridden sign "Beer Saloon" had been fastened over the door of the sacred edifice. These

were tricks of the devil, and he was there to exorcise him. Nut-cracking was used as an interpretation of the future, and other unholy rites were used in the fireside revelries of the evening. He hoped his parishioners would desist from this custom of pagan worship.

All were duly impressed with the earnestness of the pastor, but the Welsh people, as the Rev. David knew to his cost, were naturally stubborn, and they loved their traditions. Chloe and Cynthia and Phillips, with Lubin, their brother, might be influenced, being American-born, but the Llewellyns and Gomerils, of Welshland, merely shook their high-batted heads, and went home to prepare for a roaring farce in their own homes with such embellishments as they might deem proper—behind the pastor's back.

Nell Gwynne could not prevail on Gladys to accompany her home, so she went on without her, and David Griffith, waiting, as was his wont, offered to see Gladys safe to her own door. But the girl shook her head.
"I am not afraid," she made answer, "and I could not enjoy the walk after your sermon."

"Has it made such an impression on you?" he asked, forgetting his clerical intonation in a tender cadence.
"It has made me unhappy," said the young woman, regarding him with sorrowful, uplifted eyes.

"I am glad," he said with the fire of an enthusiast. "I am tired of preaching to deaf ears. I am glad that one soul is convinced."
"I am convinced in one way only—that you are fighting a great war against evil with straws."

Then she left him, riding home, that he might have no excuse to follow.

Rev. David Griffith had received such a blow straight between the eyes that he saw nothing but a firmament of stars, and leaving the old sexton to close the church, he, too, went home, a humbled and disappointed man, for he dearly loved this same Gladys Allyn and was set on having her for a wife if she would consent. He knew that the Welsh women make the most faithful wives in the world, but he had not found courage to declare himself, and there were several likely young Cornishmen in the field.

Gladys went home and found the house holding high carnival. Her younger brothers and sisters had not attended church, and instead were carrying out all the unholy rites, as David Griffith called them, of Hallowe'en. Bonfires were burning in the yard, and in the kitchen a twirling stick with a lighted candle on one end and an apple on the other amused the youngsters. Three dishes were on the hearth, one empty, one filled with soapy, and one with clear water. Bob, her brother, invited Gladys to try her luck.

"Dunno bout you moult get th' parson," he said with a grimace.

But the girl had no heart for the usual festivities since they had been denounced as sinful, and went up to her own little room and sat there alone until at last love and superstition got the better of her resolution.

"I'll try it just this once," she said to herself, "and never again."
Then she went to an old chest and took out one of the high chimney-pot hats, worn by the Cymru, and a short mother Hubbard cloak and attired in these slipped out and wended her way to the church.

Under her cloak she carried a candle and this she now lighted, and shielding it from the wind she began a circuit of the building. If there was anything in the stories she told she would see an appearance—the wraith of the man she desired to marry. She carried out this Hallowe'en ritual to the letter, and then in the gloom and shadow of the church Gladys saw a figure approaching and an immediate fear took possession of her.

It was a tall figure wrapped in the folds of a Llandudno shawl, the figure of a man, and a very resolute one, too, for he threw open a door which led to the basement and producing a round object from his pocket began an incantation of some sort.

"I wind, I wind, who holds?" he cried out excitedly, and Gladys recognized the voice, and a great joy effaced every vestige of her fear.

"I hold, I hold, I hold," she answered boldly.
But her voice had exactly the opposite effect of that which she anticipated. It was the young rector, as she knew, who was holding an end of the yarn, the ball of which he had dropped down the basement stairs. When she spoke in answer to his question he wheeled round and beholding, as he supposed, an ancient woman, he made no doubt that she was one of the goblins against whom he had been warning his people, and he started back with a cry, and fell prone to the earth at the bottom of the stairs.

It was now Gladys' turn to be frightened. Springing to the top of the stairway, she called in clear tones:
"Mr. Griffith."
"No answer."
"David," very softly.
A deep groan.
Her candle was still burning, and she slipped down the steep stairs and saw the helpless form lying at the foot. It took her hardly a second of time to make her cloak into a pillow and slip it under his head. As she lifted his shoulders he groaned again.

"David," she whispered, and then as no answer came she said in a fervent tone, "dear, dear David!"
With that he sat up and laughed—he the grave, dignified parson who had so recently rebuked his people for levity and superstition. Gladys left him indignantly and began to remount the stairs, but he called her back.
"Can I assist you, Mr. Griffith?"
"No, no, not Mr. Griffith, my sweet Gladys. I am your 'dear David' from now henceforth, or here I stay the

captive of the sweetest pain by which every man was slain. Take me or leave me, I am yours."

"And shall Trelawney die?"
"And shall Trelawney die?"
Then thirty thousand Cornishmen—
"Will know the reason why!"

But he didn't die. He came out of the hole into which superstition had led him, leaning on the merciful arm of Gladys, and though he walked with a limp he managed to go home with the happy girl, and made a slight sensation when he entered with her into the midst of the fun and frolic which was raging as furiously as ever. And the Cornishmen never asked the reason why. They merely looked at the pair with a quizzical regard and condensed all speculation into the dry remark:
"Parson munna seen a witch."

TAJ MAHAL.

The Wonderful Monument to an Indian Princess.

The central point of attraction at Agra must always be the wonderful building known as the Taj Mahal, at once the tomb and the monument of the empress of Shah Jehan. It is said that on the spot where the tomb now stands there was once a sort of summer palace, where the great Mogul and his family spent part at least of the year, as it was the favorite residence of his wife, to whom he was devotedly attached. Here, the story goes, she had asked him to build her the most beautiful palace ever yet constructed as a memorial of his affection for her and their happiness together. Before anything was done to carry out this design, however, the beloved empress died, leaving the emperor inconsolable for his loss. What he could not do for the living wife he determined still to do for her memory, and the result was the erection of the famous tomb, which remains still the most beautiful example of its class in the world. The building stands on the opposite bank of the Jumna from the palace and city of Agra, and its domes of white marble rising from among the luxuriant vegetation of the surrounding garden form the most dazzling object that can well be conceived as seen from almost any part of the city, but especially from the palace itself.

No estimate has ever been formed of the wealth lavished on the building, but that it must have been enormous no one who examines the almost incredible beauty and elaborateness of the workmanship, and the rare and, in some instances, almost priceless character of the material used in its construction, can possibly doubt. The actual execution of the work employed a host of the most skilled laborers obtained in the Eastern world for twenty-two years, and when it is remembered that the building is small compared with most of those on which emperors have lavished their treasures, some idea of the intricacy of its design and the beauty of its execution may be formed.

The gateway by which we entered the enclosure itself prepared us somewhat for the splendor of the building within. Like every part of the building and its surroundings, this gateway is constructed of the purest white marble polished to the highest perfection of which the stone is capable, while the carving and designs embossed on the surface are remarkable for the elegance and grace of their conception as well as for the perfection of their execution. It is no easy matter to accustom the mind to the idea that this work, hardly less perfect to-day than it was two hundred and fifty years ago can have stood exposed to the weather all those years. Something, no doubt, is due to the climate, and more, perhaps, to the exquisite polish of the surface, which has fitted it to resist the weather to the best advantage. It is, however, on the interior of the mausoleum that Eastern art, with all its wealth of patient industry, has lavished the best of all it had to offer. The whole interior blazes to-day exactly as it did when first erected, with the perfect reproduction in polished stone of every leaf and flower with which nature has adorned the Indian peninsula. And not one shade of all the exquisite color is produced by any pigment. If a single flower demanded a score of tints to reproduce its perfect beauty, the effect was obtained by the use of a score of different stones without regard to their rarity or value. Nor is the effect injured by marks of joining. Hardly anything short of a microscope would in most instances disclose the fact that art and not nature had produced the dazzling effect. But it is hopeless to attempt to give any adequate idea of this consummate work of art, which stands, and no doubt will stand, unrivaled as the highest example of unwearied and supported by unbounded resources.

Nosegays of the Past.

Most things move in cycles, and contemporaneously with the reappearance of our grandmothers' sleeves and petticoats the taste for old-fashioned gardens is revived. There is a fresh call for the perennials and annuals which enlivened the borders of long ago, and those who are fortunate enough to still possess these old-time gardens show with pride the long-treasured plants which have bloomed for so many years. We are apt to think that we know a good deal more about flowers than our progenitors, but the fact is there was, perhaps, more variety than there is to-day in many of their collections. Much time is given now to the development of perfect specimens and to the cultivation of new varieties, both in greenhouse and garden, but if we were to look over some of the venerable catalogues we should find that if we planted all that our grandfathers did we should have our hands and gardens full, without anything new. A garden guide printed in 1806 gives a list of 400 hardy perennials, with 120 annuals.

A CHILD PREACHER.

The little girl preacher, Claretta Norah Avery, of whom there has been so much talk in the up-country, is now in Charleston, and has during the last week been preaching at the Morris Street Baptist Church before large audiences. Yesterday the little girl preached morning, afternoon, and evening, and the crowds were larger than before. At the afternoon service the church was crowded and seats were placed in the aisles near the platform, and a large number of white ladies were present. The platform was occupied by the pastor, the Rev. J. L. Dart, the elders, Mrs. Avery, and Claretta Avery, the girl preacher. The child, for she is but ten years old, and looks younger, sat in a large chair to the right and scanned with interest the audience. She has large, pretty eyes, good features, and a dark olive complexion. Sitting in the chair, her heelless shoes were two inches from the floor. She was tastefully dressed in black and wore a soft felt hat. Mr. Dart, in introducing the little preacher, said that she had been suffering with a bad cold for several days, but was, nevertheless, anxious to essay this, her second service that day.

Claretta Avery then came to the improvised reading desk, (the regular one having been temporarily displaced on account of its height,) read a portion of the second chapter of Matthew, and made a prayer, simple yet complete—a prayer for strength and keener sight. "Oh, Lord," said this childish petitioner, in closing, "even what we fail to ask for do not fail to give us." Her voice was low and tremulous at first, but when, after a hymn by the congregation, she read out the subject of her discourse, it was strangely resonant and clear. Her gestures were good and her manner very earnest.

Claretta Avery was met by a reporter at the parsonage yesterday evening. She is accompanied by her mother, Mrs. Avery, and they have been staying with Mr. and Mrs. Dart while here. Mrs. Avery said that Claretta was her only child. Her husband died last spring. Their home is in Washington, D. C., but they have been in this State some time. When asked about the child's education or training, the mother said: "It is the gift of the Almighty God. Claretta has been preaching for nearly two years now and she is just ten years old. We had taught her to read, but beyond that she has had no advantages." Claretta is a perfectly artless child at home, has a lot of dolls, and is running in and out of the house all the time, singing, laughing, and playing with other children. Her command of language, knowledge of the Bible, and elocutionary powers are certainly remarkable.

Profit on Bicycles.

The bicycle dealers are making a big mistake when they announce that wheels will be little, if any, cheaper next year. The manufacturer who says that he cannot sell a good wheel at less than \$100 and make a fair profit is simply cutting his own throat, for there are men who can and will do it. A few days ago a boy employed in the factory of a big western firm was arrested for stealing parts of a bicycle from his employers and putting them together himself. The wheel is sold for \$100 all over the country, but the boy's attorney proved by the firm itself that the materials for a complete wheel stolen by the lad were worth but \$16.50, and the charge of grand larceny could not be sustained. The prices of good bicycles are altogether too high, and the dealers evidently count on the craze continuing for a long time. The great rush for wheels will soon subside, and the moment trade becomes dull the prices will drop, and machines which cost \$16.50 will not be sold for \$100. That the original cost of the best wheels is small can be shown by getting wholesale figures from the frame maker, the wheelmaker, the saddle maker and the pedal maker. It is found that a first-class wheel put together from parts bought at wholesale prices, will not cost over \$27. That there is an immense profit in bicycles is conclusively shown by the fact that country agents often cut prices away down and make money. One wheel made in Buffalo, and which bears its maker's name, is sold for \$125 at its local store, but in certain country places it can be had for \$75. What is a "fair profit," anyway? Something like \$75 on a \$100 wheel?

Escaped By a Spoon.

An uncommon case of perseverance, even among prisoners eager for escape is being told of. One of the strongest rooms at Basle, in Switzerland, is a room by the great clock, about six feet in height, into which the prisoner is let down through a trapdoor at top, by a ladder, which is then taken up, his vitals being put in through a wicket at the side. "When I was in this room and took notice of the uncommon strength of it," says a traveller, "the jailer told me a prisoner had lately made his escape from it. I could not by any possibility devise what method he had adopted, but learned that it was this: He had a spoon for his soup, which he sharpened to cut out a piece from the timbers of his room; then by practice he acquired the art of striking his door just when the great clock struck, to drown the noise; and in fifteen days he forced all the bolts and every other obstruction, and made good his escape."

Lilies and Hogs.

Talk about casting pearls before swine! In Louisiana the fair lilies that grow in the bayous, with hearts of gold breaking into freedom through the purity of snowy white petals, to be kissed by the sun, and which, when loosened from their moorings by passing boats, float idly down stream on restful green leaves, are gathered by farmers and fed to hogs! At Morgan City the lilies are taken from the bay in quantities and given to stock. One authority says the lily bulb is very fattening. Lilies have been given to the world to teach purity and make human hearts glad with their beauty and perfume. That is their mission in sentiment. Commercially the lilies—with their stems and broad leaves—are valuable because they fatten hogs.

DISASTERS AND CASUALTIES.

Four laborers were killed in a rear-end collision on the Southern road, near Amana, Alabama.

The business portion of the town of Hayneville, Lowndes county, Alabama, was wiped out by fire. The loss is estimated at \$90,000. A Swanson and James Black, coal miners, were suffocated by black damp in a shaft of the Consolidated Coal Company, three miles south of Oskaloosa, Iowa.

Mrs. Martha Kennedy, aged 70 years, of New York, fell down stairs and was killed, while attending the funeral of her brother, in Elizabeth, New Jersey.

A passenger train on the Ithaca division of the Lehigh Valley Railroad, ran into a landslide at Aurora, New York. The engineer, Charles True, was fatally injured.

By the collision of two sections of a freight train on the Cleveland, Loraine and Wheeling Railway, at Warwick, Ohio, Charles Ernest, conductor, and John Davis, flagman, were killed. There was a dense fog at the time.

By the falling of the walls of the new Hely glass works, now in progress of construction in Newark, Ohio, Samuel Cooper was buried in the debris and instantly killed. Albert Ross and William Brooks, of this city, were seriously injured.

While John Guerin and F. S. Collet, were wrestling in a friendly way in a saloon, in Columbus, Ohio, Guerin was thrown heavily to the floor. He did not rise, and an examination revealed the fact that he was dead. Collet was placed under arrest.

A passenger train and a freight train on the Louisville and Nashville Railroad were in collision near Franklin, Tennessee. Fireman Love, of the passenger train, was killed, and Ed. Corbett, the engineer, was fatally injured. The freight conductors disobeyed orders.

The rear end of a freight train broke loose and ran into a mail train at East Summit, New Jersey. Reuben Tyndall, the engineer on the mail train, reversed his engine and jumped down the embankment and was instantly killed. The fireman and a brakeman were seriously injured.

Advises received at Halifax from Jamaica state that much distress exists in St. Elizabeth District, and that 1000 persons are on the verge of starvation, several having already died from that cause. The distress is caused by drought and failure of crops and by a plague of caterpillars.

INDUSTRIAL ACTIVITY.

New Construction Company Organized in Charleston, S. C. with \$200,000 Capital.

A dispatch to the Manufacturer's Record reports the organization of a construction company in Charleston, S. C., with \$200,000 subscribed capital, to secure the building of a railroad from Charleston to Knoxville or some point where direct connections could be made with the West. The Richmond Traction Company has placed \$500,000 of bonds and will press the construction of its electric line in Richmond. A dispatch from Fort Payne, Ala., states the two furnaces at that place and the steel mill, constructed at a large cost several years ago, but which has since been idle, will be started up shortly. A new company has purchased an idle plant in Birmingham and will manufacture bolts and nuts.

Among other enterprises reported were a \$250,000 bushel grain elevator projected, acid chambers in connection with a fertilizer plant and an electric light plant in Alabama, \$200,000 cotton mill company at Atlanta; a \$300,000 mill company proposed at Rome, a knitting mill, fertilizer factory, &c. In other parts of the state a \$100,000 sugar refinery to handle 1,000 tons of sugar a day, a \$30,000 water company and a rice mill in Louisiana; a \$300,000 cotton mill, a \$100,000 gold mining company, railroad shops and a 5,000-spindle cotton mill in North Carolina; a 30,000 bushel grain elevator, a \$200,000 rope manufacturing company, coal mining and quarrying companies in Texas, large glass works, a \$100,000 oil company and an ice plant in West Virginia.

ALASKA'S GOLD YIELD.

Troops Likely to be Sent to a Yukon River Settlement.

Benjamin P. Moore, Collector of Customs at Sitka, Alaska, has forwarded to the Treasury Department a report from Deputy Collector McNair, at Circle City, Alaska, which is situated on the Yukon River about eighty miles above Birch Creek. McNair believes that the amount of gold dust and nuggets taken out this summer will reach \$400,000. The stock of whiskey is abundant, and as many of the claim owners and most of the laborers are aliens, he thinks a company of United States troops should be stationed at Circle City.

Another report from Deputy Collector Land, at Port of Kodiak, says that talks with returning miners confirm the report that extensive mines have been discovered at the head of Cook's Inlet. None of them have, however, so far proved very rich in mineral, but will run from \$10 to \$25 per day to the man. He recommends that a custom house be established at Tynok, and an inspector placed at Cook's Inlet.

Assistant Secretary Hamlin said that Congress would be asked to authorize the sending of troops as required by Deputy Collector Lana.

TWO RAILROAD WRECKS.

Trainmen Killed While Asleep at the Post of Duty in Ohio.

A wreck on the Cleveland, Lorain and Wheeling Railroad at Warwick at 3 o'clock in the morning, resulted in the death of two men. The engineer of a freight train stopping, whistled for a flagman to be sent out. The conductor, Charles Ernest, and Brakeman John Adams were asleep in the caboose and did not hear the signal. A second section ran into the first at twenty miles an hour. Both Ernest and Adams were killed. The money lost will be \$10,000.

Summit, N. J.—Four cars which were being drawn up a steep grade on the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railway, near Short Hills, broke away from the locomotive and ran back at great speed, crashing into the locomotive of a newspaper train which was moving forward at a good rate. Reuben Tindall, the engineer of the newspaper train, was killed, and Hiram Rush, his fireman, badly injured.

ABOUT NOTED PEOPLE.

President Faure, of France, is a very carefully dressed man, and, it is said, spends a large sum annually at his tailor's. He is somewhat fussy about his clothes, but there are those of the ancient regime who assert that he does not know how to dress becomingly.

General Joseph T. Terrence, a Chicago millionaire, has deserted the Windy City, where he made his money in I. roads, and will live in New York and in the East wherever his fancy flexes upon. His country house at Westbury, L. I., is to be a marvel of luxury.

Marion Butler, of North Carolina, youngest of the members of the new Senate, is tall and slender and much like a college professor in outward appearance. He has prominent features, dark brown hair, mustache and pointed beard. Mr. Butler is 32 years old.

C. J. Jones, a colored member of the Greensville, Miss., bar, has been admitted to practice in the Supreme Court of the United States. The number of Afro-American lawyers admitted are constantly on the increase. A great many of these men are now growing old in their practice, and are beginning to enjoy the financial benefits.

Minister Kurino, of Japan, has translated and sent to Secretary Morton an article published in one of the Japanese papers on the subject of Arbor Day. The article is long and the translation was accompanied by the original, which Mr. Morton has filed as a curiosity. The translation shows that the subject has been treated in a most careful and painstaking way, and Secretary Morton says that he has never seen in any English or American paper a better treatise on the subject of tree-planting.

Commodore Smith, of the New York Yacht Club, and of the Stock Exchange as well, is having a fine time these days, as his friends are determined to show him publicly how much they resent the Dunraven inuendoes. The other day he brought in a great bunch of chrysanthemums from his green-house as a reward for Mr. Halstead, who took a leading part in the anti-Dunraven demonstration. Mr. Halstead decorated the rostrum with the flowers, and the brokers cheered the giver and the gift.

Rev. F. de Sola Mendes did an extraordinary thing in New York the other day. He lectured on "Ghosts" at the West End Synagogue, entirely to women and girls. The lecture room was draped with black curtains. The gas was turned out and there was no light in the place save where the yellow circle of the magic lantern fell on a white sheet and displayed by stereopticon views the ghosts and spirits that have appeared to mankind in all ages of the world's history. Dr. Mendes spoke from behind the sheet in a sepulchral voice. His audience was thrilled as never before.

MARKETS.

BALTIMORE.	
GRAIN, ETC.	
FLOUR—Baltimore, Best Pat. 4	4 15
High Grade Extra.....	3 90
WHEAT—No. 2 Red.....	63 66
COIN—No. 2 White.....	36 37
Oats—Southern & Penna.....	22 1/2 22 1/2
RYE—No. 2.....	45 47
HAY—Choice Timothy.....	15 50 16 00
Good to Prime.....	15 00 15 50
STRAW—Eye in car lots.....	10 50 11 00
Wheat Blooms.....	6 00 6 50
Old Blooms.....	7 00 7 60
CANNED GOODS.	
TOMATOES—Stand. No. 3 1/2	65
No. 2.....	50
PEAS—Standards.....	95 1 00
Seconds.....	85
COIN—Dry Pack.....	60
Moist.....	50
HIDES.	
CITY STEERS.....	11 @ 12
City Cows.....	9 1/2 @ 9 3/4
Southern No. 2.....	7 1/2 @ 8 1/2
POTATOES AND VEGETABLES.	
POTATOES—Burbanks.....	25 @ 30
ONIONS.....	35 40
PROVISIONS.	
HOGS PRODUCTS—shls. 6	8
Clear rib sides.....	6 7
Hams.....	11 11 1/2
Mess Pork, per bar.....	10 7 1/2
LARD—Crude.....	5
Best refined.....	7 1/2
BUTTER.	
BUTTER—Fine Crmny.....	23 @ 24
Under Fine.....	19 21
Creamery Rolls.....	21 22
CHEESE.	
CHEESE—N. Y. Fancy.....	11 1/2 @ 11 3/4
N. Y. Flats.....	12 1/2 @ 12 3/4
Skin Cheese.....	6 8
EGGS.	
EGGS—State.....	19 @ 20
North Carolina.....	16 17
LIVE POULTRY.	
CHICKENS—Hens.....	8 @ 8 1/2
Ducks, per lb.....	8 5/8
Turkeys, per lb.....	7 1/2 @ 8
TOBACCO.	
TOBACCO—Md. Inter's.....	1 50 @ 2 50
Sound common.....	3 00 4 00
Middling.....	6 00 7 00
Fancy.....	10 00 12 00
LIVE STOCK.	
BEEF—Best Beeves.....	4 75 @ 5 00
SHEEP.....	1 50 2 75
Hogs.....	4 25 4 40
FURS AND SKINS.	
MUSKRAT.....	10 @ 11
Raccoon.....	40 45
Red Fox.....	— 1 00
Skunk Black.....	— 80
Opossum.....	— 23
Mink.....	— 80
Otter.....	— 6 00
NEW YORK.	
FLOUR—Southern.....	3 10 @ 4 20
WHEAT—No. 2 Red.....	67 1/2 @ 69 1/2
RYE—Western.....	48 49
COIN—No. 2.....	36 1/2 @ 37 1/2
OATS—No. 3.....	23 1/2 @ 24 1/2
BUTTER—State.....	15 21 1/2
EGGS—State.....	20 21
CHEESE—State.....	7 1/2 @ 10 1/2
PHILADELPHIA.	
FLOUR—Southern.....	3 00 @ 3 00
WHEAT—No. 2 Red.....	67 1/2 @ 67 1/2
COIN—No. 2.....	34 1/2 @ 35
OATS—No. 2.....	24 1/2 @ 25
BUTTER—State.....	23 25
EGGS—Penna. ft.....	21 22

The Portuguese troops in East Africa recently inflicted summary defeat upon the natives under Chief Gungunhana.