

TANDEM LOVE.

When Lydia on tandem rides, then I
Find sunshine brightening all my sky.
E'en birds grow mute as fast I fly,
With Lydia on the wheel.

As gayly as the milles I lag,
All the swift moments play at tag,
And never do my sprits flag,
With Lydia on the wheel.

I care not what ill luck may bring
In Summer, Autumn, Winter, Spring;
All of life's troubles off my wing,
With Lydia on the wheel!

And now that we are pledged to go
On Hymen's tandem, well I know,
More happy moments shall I know,
With Lydia on the wheel!

—HANS YORKEL.

A DOG NAMED DIMPLE.

If ever there was a case in which the intentions of nature were quite set at naught, it was when my cousin Eugenia began to bring herself up after her own pattern without the slightest regard to the cutting of the cloth. Nature had meant her for a kitten-girl, or a dove-girl, anything that was made up of curves or softness, while she preferred to be a composition of angles.

Therefore, in place of dancing, flirting and enjoying life after the manner of a girl with big blue, confiding eyes, whose dimples and freckles seemed made for kissing, she propped up a book to read as she swallowed herasty meals, apart from the family if possible, studied from morning till night, frightened the men by her erudition, despised pets, played tennis simply for exercise, rode a bicycle so as to get quickly from one place to another, and made all girlish feel themselves mere puppets and dolls.

But now had the mighty fallen. Eugenia had purchased a dog and given it the name of Dimple. No wonder that, not daring to jeer, we were silent.

However, when the dog arrived, we were obliged to admit that he justified his name. Of all the dear roly-poly little dog-babies that ever I saw, Dimple was the most fascinating, and the very first wag of his tail excused Eugenia's backsliding. Not that she realized her lapses from the intellectual; she held and petted and caressed the small object as if it had been her daily occupation ever since the day of her leaving school—that time at which girls are apt to develop their weaknesses—and was sublimely unconscious of our smiles and jibes. Eugenia, flushed and intent, her pretty, yellow hair twisting itself into thousands of tiny rings, her brows knitted, one hand smoothing the fur of the four-footed baby, the other busily engaged in writing on her paper on medieval political economy, was a sight for the gods.

"When Dimple grows up," auntie had foolishly said one day, apropos of nothing, and Eugenia had turned upon her with lofty scorn and informed her that the engaging morsel, at that moment busy in the demolition of one of my newest and longest evening gloves, "would never grow any more," the man from whom she bought him having assured her that he had quite completed that part of his education. Which doubting, we were nevertheless silent.

Two or three days after this mistake of auntie's, Dan came out to dinner and deeply annoyed Eugenia by picking up the soft mass of fur by his neck and remarking:

"When this fellow gets over being a puppy, he'll be quite a dog, Eugenia."
"He is not a puppy, Dan, he is full grown," our cousin responded, kingly, and then added with some asperity, "I have no sort of tolerance for puppies—of any kind."

My brother threw back his handsome head and laughed low but heartily.

"May I inquire the age of your full-grown dog, my cousin?"
"He was six months old when I bought him, two months ago."

"Eight months old? You dear little goose, if he is one-half that, I shall be astonished. He was probably just weaned when you got him, and these mastiffs!"
"He isn't a mastiff."
"Indeed, and what is he?"
"A Sicilian poodle."
"O-o-oh!"

The peal of laughter which greeted this dignified response was quite too much for Eugenia. She picked up her dog and departed, red with indignation, leaving Dan, the only person in the world who ever dared to tease her, to apologize to auntie, to be by her forgiven, and I fear, encouraged to repeat his offence.

From that time, we noticed that Eugenia was more or less uneasy. Once I caught her holding auntie's yard measure suspiciously near Dimple, but she dropped it at once upon my approach. After a few weeks there was no use disguising the fact; that full-grown dog was rapidly increasing in size, indeed he seemed to enlarge during his slumbers, and wake up a full size bigger than when he went to sleep.

It began with his legs, which so extended themselves that, had you seen him in a collection of freaks, you would have suspected him of being on stilts; then the little round body, so absurdly mounted on its thin supports, began to swell out.

Eugenia grew very grave. She would sit for hours over her books, glancing furtively from time to time at Dimple, dozing by her side—for he had grown much too large for her lap—as if they had never been introduced. One day she forgot to go to her lecture at the proper hour, so busy was she

trying to induce Dimple to crowd himself into a sumptuous basket which had been purchased for his babyhood. No careworn did she become, indeed, but we never alluded to the dog's growth; he was fed—and how he did at!—he was watered, to the extent of several gallons a day, he was housed at night—in a kennel, alas! for he scorned the larger basket that had been quietly provided—but no one ever spoke of his size.

As the months rolled on, the singular inaptness of Dimple's name became positively embarrassing, for though auntie and I could have laughed over it, and made it a perfect godsend in the way of a spur to languishing conversation, Eugenia, feeling that she had been duped, regarded it as so teen a mortification that we avoided the subject with terror.

"What has become of your pretty little puppy, Miss Eugenia?" asked one unwary swain, and, as if in answer, the door was pushed open and in stalked a great, lean, long-legged, big-bodied, solemn dog, wagging his tail slowly. He walked up to Eugenia, laid his head on her knee, then turned and winked at the questioner. Oh, yes, he did, he winked deliberately, then raised one huge paw and put it down on Eugenia's shoulder with an aid of patronizing proprietorship that was positively maddening, it was too much for my cousin; she fled precipitately, but not in time to avoid the astonishing exclamation:

"You don't mean to say that—monster—is Dimple?"

That moment settled Eugenia's fate. The masculine nature had asserted itself, and Dimple—that absurd name!—had practically said, mildly, but firmly, "Come, Eugenia, I have had enough of this nonsense. You bought me, you took me, for better, for worse; if you meant to have a plaything and have found a master, so much the better—or worse—for you. One thing you may understand, I do not mean to be ignored any longer." And he wasn't; from that public claiming of her intention dated her subjugation.

Eugenia would shut herself up in her room to study. Dimple would come to the door and knock with his tail; Eugenia would take no notice of him. Then Dimple would scratch, not a gentle, pleading little scratch, but a deep, determined gouging of auntie's pretty woodwork. Then Dimple would howl, such a howl—long and loud and oft repeated, and Eugenia would fly to let him in, in a tragic expression in her pretty, despairing face.

After a week of these proceedings, on one of the daily walks, on which her keeper conducted her, she bought a whip, which she smuggled home, hid among her laces and produced next morning when her door was being torn to pieces. From my room I saw her plunge desperately out, seize the dog's collar and lift the whip, but it never descended. Dimple lifted his head, caught the weapon in his powerful jaws, closed them upon it, dropped the pieces to the ground, smiled indulgently up into Eugenia's face, took her dress in his teeth and led her down the stairs to make ready for a walk—which they took.

When Dan came home from Europe, auntie and I met him at the steamer, and on the way home we told him the story of Eugenia's fall. How she had been obliged to give up her college work—to the great improvement of her health and temper—how she had grown brown and rosy from long, aimless walks with her guide, philosopher and friend. How we had sold him, sent him off to board, given him away, and how, after each banishment, he returned so promptly and unflinchingly that Eugenia had accepted the inevitable and begged us not to interfere again between them. Dan laughed till there were tears in his eyes, and exclaimed, "Poor little girl!" more than once; but he readily promised that he would not tease Eugenia about her Old Man of the Sea, as he at once dubbed the dog.

Dan and Dimple were friends at once. When the dog first appeared, Eugenia paled and flushed and paled again, glancing rather apprehensively at my brother; but he seemed quite oblivious, spoke cheerily to the big fellow, patted his head, looked deep into the intelligent brown eyes, and man and beast understood each other perfectly. Such good times as we had that summer—Eugenia, Eugenia, Dimple, Dan and I! In previous years we had been obliged to count my cousin out of everything, for the resting time of summer had for her been full of work; but now she lounged and played and joined in all sports, as she never had before in all her sweet, self-willed young life, was among us, and of us, for the first time.

There had been three days of steady rain, and tired of seclusion, on the afternoon of the third day, I wrapped myself in my mackintosh and went out for a walk, leaving Eugenia, housed with a slight cold, to look after Dan, auntie having gone into town for the day. As I came home, the sun broke through scattering clouds, lighting up the world with rosy glory. The storm was at an end, the fair promise of the morrow was in the soft air, in the twitter of the birds, in the fresh perfume of leaf and flower, in the golden beauty of sunset.

Eugenia and Dan had come out of doors to enjoy the loveliness of earth and sky, and stood with Dimple on the veranda. Suddenly the dog stretched himself to twice his natural length, took my cousin's skirt in his teeth and nodded to her that she was to come with him.

"No, Dimple, no dear," she coaxed, bending over him. "Don't make me come out to-night. I've had a cold, you know, I really ought not to go; you will have to wait, doggie dear." But Doggie Dear did not intend to wait. He shook his head and her dress and growled softly. I walked

slowly toward the house and watched the conflict. Dimple ordering, Eugenia pleading for mercy, my brother smiling at the two beneath his mustache. At last Dan spoke.

"Dimple!" the dog raised his eyes but kept the skirt between his teeth. "Let that go, go you hear me, sir?" Then as Eugenia put her hand out quickly: "No, I am not going to hurt him; he will understand in a moment; he has plenty of sense. Your mistress is not going with you, Dimple, she is not going now or at any other time, with you or any one else, unless I give her permission. She is going to be my slave now, old dog, you've had your day."

Eugenia had lifted an astonished, startled glance to his face as he spoke, but dropped her head low over the dog as he went on without break or pause: "She loves you very much, Dimple, we all do; you have trained her well, and we are very much obliged to you, but you needn't worry yourself about her any more—I'll take the engagement. You don't believe me, sir? See here," and right there, in the face of me and all the world—if it had been there to see—nursle always said he was "a bold one" when we were children—Dan drew my cousin to him, lifted and kissed her sweet, blushing face.

There was a long pause. Then Dimple loosen the skirt, rose to his feet, and with a reproachful glance at Eugenia and a submissive wag of his tail toward Dan, walked slowly away, while Dan led Eugenia into the house. "Oh, dear," she murmured, "her bright face lovely with blushes, 'from one slavery to another! Am I never to be free again?'"

"Never," calmly answered my brother.—New York Tribune.

BIRD-CATCHING FISH.

Voracious Shark and Hike that Feed on Unwary Fishers.

It is a common saying that birds go a-fishing, but it is not generally known that very often the case is reversed and the birds supposed to be the enemies of the fishes are caught in the toils.

Several years ago, when fishing off the Maine coast, the writer observed what the fishermen call the running of the dogfish. One day the fishing for cod, hake and haddock was excellent; the following morning it had stopped as suddenly as though a command to all the fishing tribe had been issued by Neptune.

The explanation was that an army of small sharks, swimming in from the unknown depths of the sea, had driven away all the edible fish. This horde was so starved and ravenous that they were a menace to life. If anything was thrown into the water they rushed to the spot, bit at the ears and sails that dragged overboard and devoured every thing edible that appeared. The gulls and other birds which were in the habit of alighting on the water now became victims. Several were seen to suddenly disappear, jerked down from below, to be torn to pieces by these hounds of the sea. In some instances the birds would escape with the loss of a leg, doubtless numbers were caught by the voracious fish.

The most voracious bird catcher is the pike or pickerel—a sly fellow who lurks beneath overhanging limbs or rocks and watches for some duckling or birdling that strays from the brood. The pike attains a large size, and has been known to attack large sized birds, even loons, though whether it could successfully carry away so large a bird is doubtful.

A naturalist was once watching a pool that was surrounded by willows whose graceful foliage fell over the water, casting deep shadows. Dragon flies and other insects were darting about on the surface and coursing back and forth, and following them, in turn, were a number of swallows, which now and then touched the water as they darted at some insect. Suddenly, without warning, from the dark pool the hidden observer saw a huge pike leap at one of the birds, the latter barely escaping by a quick movement, while the fish fell heavily into the water. Again it tried to catch one of the swallows, then gave up the attempt.

Another observer was fishing in a small lake when he noticed not far away three young sand martins, sitting on a limb just over the water, the mother fluttering about them, endeavoring to induce them to fly. All at once an enormous pike dashed out of the water and seized one of the birdlings from the limb, the poor mother darting about in the greatest alarm. Soon came another leap, and in less than half an hour this voracious fish had carried off the three young birds.

Feathers Changing Color.

Witmer Stone refuses to accept the idea of Gatte that feathers can actually change their color without molting, unless they are bleached or worn off. He also concludes that the annual molting at the end of the breeding season is a physiological necessity and is common to all birds; whereas the spring moult and striking changes of plumage effected by abrasion are not physiological necessities, but depend in extent upon the height of development of coloration in the adult plumage, and do not necessarily bear any relation to the systematic position of the species.

Home Weaving.

The good old fashion of home weaving threatens to become a fair since the Princess of Wales and her daughters have turned their attention that way. Woollen home spun, cotton and silk are not only more durable, but more satisfactory from an aesthetic point of view, when hand woven.

BURNING HOMES.

Gen. Weyler's Merciless Campaign of Fire.

MANY PEOPLE HOMELESS.

Horrible Agonies Suffered by the Victims—Five Thousand Houses Destroyed Last Week—Fifty Thousand Persons Have Left Cuba.

The situation in Cuba is growing worse. According to advices received in Key West, Fla., the insurgents are daily destroying trains by dynamite and burning sugar estates, while Spaniards continue to burn the homes of Cuban peasants.

According to official reports the Spaniards burned nearly 5000 homes last week. In many cases these homes were occupied only by women, the men being in the insurgent army. Where women were found alone they were insulted by the soldiers.

This campaign of the torch which Weyler has inaugurated is forcing the country people into the cities, where they are dying by scores of hunger and disease. Many of the refugees die by exhaustion before they reach the cities.

The Fernandez family, consisting of father, mother and six little children, were driven from their home by Spaniards last week, and the house was burned. The family started for Matanzas on foot. They were five days on the way, and for three days were without food. Four of the children died of hunger and exhaustion, and the parents carried the little corpses in their arms. On the fifth day, when about six miles from Matanzas, the father, mother and other two children succumbed and dropped by the roadside.

There they were found a few hours later all dead save the father, who lived only long enough to tell the story. At the parched breast of the mother was a babe only a few weeks old.

Many similar stories reach Havana, but the above is sufficient to show what horrors result from Weyler's policy of burning the homes of the Cubans. Driven to the cities, the men are compelled to enter the Spanish army, while the women become the sport of the troops.

Weakened by lack of food, these refugees become easy victims of yellow fever in the hospitals of Matanzas, Havana and Santiago. It is estimated that there are 11,000 yellow fever and small pox patients, of these about 7000 are Spanish soldiers.

The exodus from the island continues, every steamer being crowded. Official reports show that nearly 50,000 persons have left Cuba since Weyler arrived. But these figures do not cover the exodus for hundreds, too poor to pay passage, have taken refuge on the little keys adjoining Cuba where they are subsiding on fruit and fish. Jose Gato, a Cuban boy, only 11 years old, has been condemned to death at Puerto Principe, for killing a Spanish officer who insulted the boy's sister. The Spaniard forced his way into the girl's room and seized her. The girl's screams brought her little brother. The boy had a gun, and when he saw his sister's peril, he placed the weapon against the officer's head and blew out his brains. The girl, to save her brother, claimed at the trial that she herself shot the officer, but her plea did not avail.

KILLED AT A DANCE.

Six Men Shot Dead and Eight Wounded at a Florida Festival.

A terrible battle between white and colored men occurred at Haggard's turpentine still, which is located about fifteen miles northeast of Jasper, in Florida. It is stated that six men were killed outright and that eight were wounded, some of whom will die. Three of the men killed are white and three are colored. All of the wounded are colored men.

Those reported killed are: Henry Jackson, Albert Sullivan, Howard Johnson, all white; Jim Solomon, Amos Campbell, Ike Mitchell, colored. The names of the wounded have not been learned, but it is said two of them are women. There are many colored men employed at Haggard's still, and nearly every Saturday night they engage in what they call a "festival," at which many watermelons and much whisky are consumed and dancing is kept up for hours. The usual "festival" was in progress, when about a dozen white men appeared and began to take part in the proceedings.

The whites were drinking and soon made themselves obnoxious to the colored men. The white men interfered with the dancing, tried to take the partners of the colored men away from them, and then began to trip the dancers. This was kept up for some time, the colored men continually warning the whites to desist. Ike Solomon was especially threatening in his warnings, and he told the whites that when they tripped him there would be trouble.

The next time that Solomon and his partner came by in the dance they were tripped. Solomon rose from the floor, pistol in hand, and immediately opened fire, shooting Henry Jackson through the heart. The white men drew their weapons, and then the firing became general. The lights were quickly shot out, but the men continued to fire in the dark. The white men were better armed than the colored men, and when the latter had exhausted their weapons they fled. Lights were then struck, and it was found that the three white men and three colored were dead and that eight colored men were wounded.

The Turkish government has made formal complaint to Greece about the shipment of arms to Crete and the appearance of armed bands in Macedonia. It is said the powers will send a collective note to Greece on these subjects.

LEVERING IS NOTIFIED.

The Prohibitionist View of the Issues of the Coming Campaign.

Joshua Levering, of Baltimore, was officially notified of his nomination for the Presidency of the United States by the Prohibition Party. Prior to the notification, the Maryland Prohibitionists held their State Convention, and nominated electors in the various Maryland districts. They also paraded the streets of the city with banners and music, the line of march terminating at the Lyceum Theater, where the notification meeting was held.

The theater was prettily decorated with national flags, the State colors and banners illustrative of the principles of the Prohibitionists. The body of the house was well filled, and on the stage were men prominent in all walks of life.

The meeting was called to order by Hon. William Daniel, of Baltimore, after which Rev. Dr. J. E. Smith, also of Baltimore offered prayer. Sumnerfield Baldwin, the permanent chairman, then assumed the gavel, and introduced W. O. Stewart, who as chairman on the committee of notification, delivered the address informing Mr. Levering of his nomination.

Mr. Levering read from manuscript his letter of acceptance, which in part is as follows:

The products of the soil—the mainstay of the nation's prosperity and wealth—are so low in value in many instances as not to pay the cost of production, leaving nothing for the labor of the toiler or for the capital invested. Many persons hold the opinion that the cause of this trouble is over-production. But on such an explanation be true? Is not the thought an impious one? Can any one who believes in a beneficent Creator believe that He bestows bountiful harvests to be a curse rather than a blessing to mankind? No, No. Perish the thought. The reason of all the prevalent trouble in our fair land today is not overproduction, but underconsumption. That being so, where is there a cause which prevents the consumption of the necessaries, to say nothing of the luxuries of life, comparable to the liquor traffic?

We are told by the advocates of one of the political parties that a high tariff is the panacea of all our ills, and yet the average annual receipts from the customs for the three years ending June 30, 1894, when the McKinley tariff bill was in operation, were \$171,000,000, less than \$2.50 per capita of our population. Others tell us that the free and unlimited coinage of silver will be the cure-all of the evils afflicting our people. It is strange such an idea should be entertained when the fact is recalled that the total output of silver in this country for last year was only \$60,933,690, a sum much less than the annual product of the familiar barn yard fowl. How utterly insignificant are either of these figures as compared to the \$1,200,000,000 which it is reliably estimated is the direct yearly tribute the people of this country pay to the support of the liquor traffic. A stupendous sum and so large as to be difficult of realization. It is nearly twice as large as the aggregated capital of all our national banks, or, to state it more plainly, it is equal to about 75 per cent. of the entire money, gold, silver, and paper currency of the United States.

Addresses were also delivered by T. A. Stevens, of Pennsylvania; B. J. White, of New Jersey; Judge H. R. Moulton, of Washington, and Samuel Dickie, of Michigan, chairman of the Prohibition National Committee.

NEUTRALITY TOWARD CUBA.

President Cleveland Issues Another Proclamation of Warning.

The President has issued a proclamation bearing date of July 27, again commanding citizens to observe neutrality toward Cuba. The proclamation refers to the original proclamation of June 12, 1895, demanding an observance of the neutrality laws in respect of the Cuban insurrection, and gives notice that all violations will be vigorously prosecuted.

The proclamation in full is as follows: By the President of the United States of America, a proclamation.

Whereas, by a proclamation dated the 12th day of June, A. D. 1895, attention was called to the serious civil disturbances accompanied by armed resistance to the established government of Spain then prevailing in the island of Cuba, and citizens of the United States and all other persons were admonished to abstain from taking part in such disturbances in contravention of the neutrality laws of the United States; and

Whereas, said civil disturbances and armed resistance to the authority of Spain, a power with which the United States are on terms of peace and amity, continue to prevail in said island of Cuba; and

Whereas, since the date of said proclamation said neutrality laws of the United States have been the subject of authoritative exposition by the judicial tribunal of last resort, and it has thus been declared that any combination of persons organized in the United States for the purpose of proceeding to and making war upon a foreign country, with which the United States are at peace, and provided with arms to be used for such purpose constitutes a "military expedition or enterprise" within the meaning of said neutrality laws, and that we do hereby solemnly warn all citizens of the United States and all others within their jurisdiction against violations of the said laws interpreted as hereinbefore explained, and give notice that all such violations will be vigorously prosecuted. And I do hereby invoke the co-operation of all good citizens in the enforcement of said laws, and in the detection and apprehension of any offenders against the same, and do hereby enjoin upon all the executive officers of the United States the utmost diligence in preventing, prosecuting, and punishing any infractions thereof.

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed. Done at the city of Washington, this twenty-seventh day of July, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-six, and of the independence of the United States the one hundred and twenty-first.

(Seal) GROVER CLEVELAND
By the President:
RICHARD OLNEY,
Secretary of State.

CABLE SPARKS.

The greater part of the Montreal Exhibition buildings was destroyed by fire. The loss will be about \$150,000.

The Russian loan of 1,000,000,000 francs, (\$200,000,000) issued by the Rothschilds, has been covered twenty-five times over in Paris. The business portion of Iffracombe, the well-known bathing place on the north coast of Devonshire, Eng., was burned, involving a loss of \$500,000.

Advices received from Majunga, Madagascar, report that a caravan of two Frenchmen and three Englishmen has been massacred by the Mahavals near Amboliliana.

Dr. Grenfell writes from Labrador to St. John's N. F., that hundreds of people are perishing of starvation and are appealing for food and clothing to relieve their distress.

A revolt on the Isle of Pines, a penal settlement off the Coast of Cuba, was discovered in time to prevent the murder of the governor and the seizure of the garrisons by the convicts.

The party of Philadelphia manufacturers who went to South America seeking enlarged markets for their wares has arrived in Rio de Janeiro.

The Westminster Gazette says that during the debate on the home-office vote on Friday next Home Secretary Ridley will probably announce a mitigation of the Irish political prisoners.

The catch of 25 Canadian vessels engaged in catching seals in Japanese waters for the season just over was 18,000, while the catch of American and other vessels in those waters swelled the total to 25,524.

The House of Commons has adopted the motion to appoint a select committee to inquire into the administration of the British Chartered South Africa Company and the origin and circumstances of the raid of Dr. Jameson into the Transvaal.

MANIA'S AWFUL DEED.

Cute Father's and Mother's and His Own Throat.

Frank Pierson, in a fit of insanity, cut the throats of his aged father and mother and then stabbed his own neck, at their home in Iowa Falls, Ia. Before beginning his work, the maniac had started a fire in a trunk filled with combustibles in his room upstairs, with the evident intention of cremating the bodies of his intended victims.

The weapon was a razor with which he first stabbed his father, but only succeeded in inflicting a slight flesh wound. He then caught his mother with his left hand and drew the razor across her neck, cutting a deep gash.

The lunatic then cut his own throat from ear to ear, partially severing the windpipe, but strange to say, is still living, though the surgeon considers his recovery doubtful. The mother is in a precarious condition, through loss of blood and nervous prostration, but hopes are entertained of her recovery.

MARKETS.

BALTIMORE.		
GRAIN ETC.		
WHEAT—No. 2 Red.....	55 1/2	62 1/2
CORN—No. 2 White.....	32	32 1/2
Oats—Southern & Penn.....	22	23 1/2
RYE—No. 2.....	34 1/2	35 1/2
HAY—Choice Timothy.....	16 00	16 50
Good to Prime.....	15 00	15 50
STRAW—Rye in car lots.....	14 00	15 00
Wheat Blocks.....	7 00	8 00
Oat Blocks.....	8 50	9 00
CANNED GOODS.		
TOMATOES—Std. No. 3 & 4.....	65	65
No. 2.....	59	59
PEAS—Standards.....	60	125
SWEETS.....	85	85
CORN—Dry Pack.....	70	70
Molasses.....	50	50
HIDES.		
CITY STEERS.....	7	7 1/2
City Cows.....	6	6 1/2
Southern No. 2.....	4 1/2	5
POTATOES AND VEGETABLES.		
POTATOES—Burbanks.....	1 25	1 50
ONIONS.....	1 60	1 15
PROVISIONS.		
HOGS PRODUCTS—shls.....	6 00	6 1/2
Clean ribides.....	6	6 1/2
HAMS.....	10 1/2	12
New Pork, per bar.....	9 50	9 50
LARD—Crate.....	4	4
Best refined.....	5 1/2	5 1/2
BUTTER.		
BUTTER—Fine Crmly.....	16	17
Under Fine.....	15	16
Creamery Rolls.....	16	17
CHEESE.		
CHEESE—N. Y. Fancy.....	7 1/2	8
N. Y. First.....	5 1/2	5 1/2
Skim Cheese.....	5	5
EGGS.		
EGGS—State.....	9	10 1/2
North Carolina.....	9	9 1/2
LIVE POULTRY.		
CHICKENS—Hens.....	9	9 1/2
Ducks, per B.....	10	11
TOBACCO.		
TOBACCO—Md. Infer'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 Doovers.....	4 30	4 50
SHEEP.....	2 01	3 50
Hogs.....	3 70	3 80
FURS AND SKINS.		
MUSKRAT.....	10	11
Hareoon.....	40	45
Bad Fox.....	—	1 00
Skunk Black.....	—	80