

HOW MANY?
What schemes of empire every day are planned,
Never to be;
What golden ships are every hour manned,
And lost at sea.
What brilliant hopes do every minute rise majestic,
To longed-for goals of fair and sunny skies,
From which they fall.
What bright new dreams are dreamed away in peace
That lasts not long,
What fond desires yearning for release,
Are breathed in song,
What songs are sung that vanish with the day,
In darkest night,
What daring spirits forever pass away,
In bitter flight.
—W. SYDNEY HILLYER.

The Separation Deed.

BY EDWARD F. SPENCE.

"It is usual, I believe," he said, "before dissolving partnership, to take accounts. Let us see what we each brought into the firm."
"You begin," she answered.
"I brought fair ability, energy, ambition, a decent position, means of comfortable life, an unblemished name; every one said I wasn't a 'bad sort,' and more than all, I brought deep, true, passionate love."
"Said the woman—
"I brought beauty"—her statement was splendidly true—"youth. Perhaps little else, for it was generous of you to marry the daughter of an undischarged bankrupt."
"What have we got out of our marriage?" continued the husband. "Let me speak. Of course the honeymoon was a failure; poets and novelists—he spoke bitterly—"told wicked, ridiculous lies about honeymoons; they are never wholly happy—unless, perhaps, when it is the wife's second honeymoon. After that, three months of exquisite, almost mad, joy; then four months of happiness, followed by three of contentment, ending in a year of gradually increasing misery."
"Of course the honeymoon was a failure," she answered. "The next three months were happy, the following four not bad, the subsequent three indifferent, and the year was intolerable. You got more out of the business than I, for you put more in. Alas! I had not the beautiful mad love as capital, and yet—"
"And yet," interrupted the man, misunderstanding, "you have wasted that capital, and the beautiful mad love is gone; and I, who once would have died for you, more than that, would have lived disgracefully for you—I do not believe in the 'loved I honor more'—am content to dissolve partnership, willing that we should part as friends."
"Content? Willing?" she asked. "Tell me, what do you regret most?"
"I regret my bankruptcy," he said. "I began our partnership with what I thought a splendid, inexhaustible fund of love. I look back to moments of happiness beyond description, and now I am insolvent in love. After all, I believe," he continued, with a pleasant, manly smile, "I believe that it is better to have loved and lost, even if it be the love and the sweetest heart that one has lost. Do you regret nothing? What clings in your mind?" She shook her head. "Come, you should tell me. There, on the table near you, is the deed of dissolution, the separation deed—it hasn't ever been entered on parchment, but it is printed on paper; at the end are two seals. We execute the dissolution deed by putting our fingers on the seals; the partnership was executed with our lips. In a quarter of an hour Mr. Hawkins, the lawyer, will be here to witness the execution. Tell me."
She shook her head again—her splendid head, regular in features, delightful in complexion, crowned with gorgeous auburn hair, illumined by deep, large, violet eyes.
"You regret nothing?"
"With a sigh she answered:
"I regret that you have cast your pearls before me. I regret that I have mislaid and lost your love, that I gave you little in return. I regret that my very inability to return your love truly has irritated me by making me feel your debt; that feeling of irritation has helped to make you miserable and me miserable, too."
"I did not use the word regret quite in that sense," he answered. "I meant, is there nothing you look back to of happiness that yet lives in your memory?"
She put down the fan that had fluttered in her tender hands, and, with half a smile, half a blush, answered:
"There is one thing, one moment, that I regret."
He rose and walked up and down the room, the daintily furnished room, everything in which was a note in a dead love song.
"A year ago, almost to the day, certainly tomorrow, we were at Etables, you recollect."
"It was for economy I went, because it was ridiculously cheap and very pretty, and I hated Boulogne."
"I remember how we wandered about; how, alas, we quarreled in the lovely pine woods—or, to be true, I quarreled and you suffered—and the splendid sea shore, where I said bitter things, because my friends were at Trouville and I at the quiet Paris Plage, and you were sad and silent."
"My dear," he interrupted, "I was greatly to blame."

"Hush! you must not interrupt. Then, one day, we took a boat, a clumsy boat, and sailed out, despite the warnings of the fishermen. I didn't care what happened; we had quarreled—or rather I, at lunch, said harsh things."
"My dear," he interrupted, "there were faults on both sides; they rendered life intolerable and love impossible, but—"
"Hush! We rode out; you had the sculls and I steered; at least, I lay in the stern and splashed the waves with my hands—the hands you used to kiss so often."
She paused, and looked at the hands—firm, plump and white, and decked with lovely rings of curious workmanship. He, too, looked at them, and sighed. She sighed.
"But out we went. Then the skies became dark, the water darkened, too, and grew rough, and you tried to turn; we were far, far away from shore; you must have been looking at me instead of the land, or you would have seen that we were floating fast in a current. With an effort you brought the boat round and pulled for safety. Oh! you looked splendid. Your thin jersey showed the lines of your strong, supple body, and the muscles of your arms and chest rose superbly, and your manly face, flushed and firm, fascinated me."
The man smiled half scornfully.
"You pulled hard, and I don't think I was frightened. I didn't care what happened. Then the rotten oar cracked, and you bound it round with your handkerchief; but it was still weak, so you tore off a long strip of my petticoat to bind it with, and we drifted, drifted out. When at last you tried again, it snapped, and the blade fell into the sea. Then you came to me, in the stern, and took the tiller from my hands. You put your arm round my waist, and said, 'Do not be afraid, dear wife!' I knew we were drifting out to the open sea, storm and death, and was aware that you knew it. 'Don't be afraid, little wife,' you said, and suddenly put your arms round my neck."
"I remember."
"Yes, I know; let me go on. You brought my face to yours, and laid your lips on mine. Oh, that kiss—that kiss! It still stings on my lips. In it I felt the depth of your love; I felt that I loved you—felt that we were man and wife, and the only beings alive on land and sea. That kiss is what I regret—that kiss, the one moment of rapture in my life."
She paused.
"I remember."
"Why did that foolish steamer save us? I could have died there, happy in your arms—quite happy."
"Yes, quite. To think that we quarreled within a week—at least, I did—and things went worse than ever afterward! What are we women made of? The old song is wrong—we are made of gall, and wormwood and marble. To think that we are here, and that paper lies there! You've acted very handsomely, allowing me more than half your income, and letting me keep the flat."
"Do you think I could live in it after you have gone?" he answered with a break in his voice. "There's nothing in it that does not speak of you—it's a graveyard of memories."
She looked at him over the fan and saw tears in his eyes. Then she rose and walked across the room.
"Herbert," she said, in a timid voice, after a long pause, "it is 4 o'clock. He will be here in five short minutes to see that gruesome deed executed."
The man bowed his head and hid his face in his hands.
She took out her handkerchief—a ridiculous bit of lawn and lace—and touched her eyes.
"Herbert, to-morrow is just a year after that day; the night train starts at 8 o'clock. If we went to Etapes, we might find that kiss again."
He jumped up, tears in his eyes and a smile on his lips.
"You mean to say—"
He caught her in his arms and pressed his lips long and passionately on her mouth.
"I don't think we really need go to Etapes," she said, with a smile, after a long pause, "but it will be a pleasant little—honeymoon."
He rang the bell, told the servant to tell Mr. Hawkins that no one was at home, and she bade the girl pack her things instantly. When the girl left the room, they both took hold of the deed, and slowly, gravely tore it into a great many small pieces.
"It is a new way," he observed, "of executing deeds of separation."—The Hearstone.

An Absent-minded Minister.

Some few weeks ago a noted minister went to one of the local railroad stations to meet a friend. Upon entering the station and looking around, he saw an elegantly dressed woman, who apparently was about to board a train. She was carrying a number of parcels in her arms, and, besides, had with her three or four children that with great difficulty she was trying to help along. The clergyman approached the lady and offered his assistance, which she accepted, afterward thanking him very graciously for the kindness.

THE AFRICAN TREK OX.
Its Use as a Transport and How its Best Work is Done.
At the present moment, when the efficiency of our army in South Africa largely depends on the stability of its transport, it may not be amiss to consider the capabilities of the trek, or transport ox, who, after all, despite mules and traction engines, is the mainstay of South African transport. The Imperial authorities in the Cape Colony and Natal are now busily engaged in buying all the available ox transports they can, as is testified by their numerous advertisements in colonial papers.
Oxen are less expensive than mules. They are slow, but sure, never doing more than three miles an hour, or twenty miles a day, which is considered a good trek. The Zulu ox is the best bred animal, but small and unserviceable when compared with the bastard Zulu, or Natal ox, which thrives on both the "sour" veldt, or coast grass, and the "sweet," or up-country veldt. Oxen, however, require very careful handling, and must on no account be overdriven; they must have at least six hours a day for grazing purposes. In the winter, which is coming on now, they can find a picking on the parched veldt, where a mule or horse would fall. They are, naturally, in poor condition till the green grass of the spring arrives in September. They are very liable to lung sickness and red water, and whole spans sometimes perish from these fell diseases. In the winter time they suffer terribly from the cold, and on no account should they be worked in the rain during that season, for, among other things, the yoke, when wet, gives them sore necks, thus rendering them useless.
The ox's best work is done at night time, and moonlight treks are the usual thing with "transport riders" after their teams have been grazing all day. They are never kept under the yoke for more than eight hours during the day, two stretches of four hours each. From 4 o'clock to 8 in the morning and from 6 o'clock to 10 at night are the favorite hours for trekking.
As to their haulage capacity, a "span" or team of eighteen oxen will easily draw a buck wagon (weighing a little over a ton), loaded to 6,000 pounds, over the South African roads, many of which are little better than tracks across the veldt. Twenty miles a day for a heavy baggage column in such a country as South Africa is really good going.
One of the great merits of the ox wagon is the simplicity of its harness. The two beasts nearest the wagon draw from a pole (disselboom), on which the yoke is fastened, and the couples in front are attached to a wire or hide rope, known as the trekrouw, to which the yokes are fastened by riems, or thongs of hide. Any breakage or deficiency in such tackle can easily be made good, as it is free from the complexities of a set of harness. Prudent transport riders invariably "outspan" their team at the approach of a thunderstorm, if their trekrouw be of wire or chain, as whole spans have been destroyed by lightning through neglecting this precaution.
In the convoys to the troops not more than fifty wagons are dispatched at one time, and, if the road permit, six and more are driven abreast. The second division usually starts in half an hour after the first. Nearly all the wagons in use in the present campaign are built locally, made of strong colonial woods and constructed without springs. Only two men are required to manage each wagon—a driver and a "voorlooper," or leader of the team—both of whom are nearly always trained Kaffirs.
At present large numbers of these wagons are being hired from colonists at the rate of \$15 to \$20 a day, the Imperial government making good any losses that may occur in the span.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Curious Effect of a Lightning Flash.

The following story, printed in the Electrical World, describes an unusually complicated case of cause and effect, and demonstrates the danger of keeping loaded firearms near telephone receivers: In the town of Bateyville, in southern Louisiana, A. Gautreaux conducts a store, dealing in diversified merchandise. Mr. Gautreaux has his store equipped with a double-barreled shotgun and a telephone. The combination seems to have worked well until the other day, when a thunderstorm passed over Bateyville, and a lightning bolt made its way into the store over the telephone wire. The electricity leaped from the transmitter to the shotgun and caused the discharge of both its barrels. Two heavy charges of buckshot betook themselves through the side of the building, narrowly escaped a group of men gathered for shelter to the leeward of the store, and proceeded in the landscape. The episode would ordinarily have ended here, but a Mr. P. Ayre, in a neighboring shed, much startled by the explosion of the gun, in his excitement and a arm grasped with a frantic clutch a rapidly revolving buzz saw near which he was working, and as a result lost several fingers and severely mangled both hands.

Electric Fans in the Orchard.

It is stated that electric power from the Niagara River is to play a part in agriculture in that region. A power company has contracted with several farmers to run transmission lines to their farms, and it is the intention of the farmers to place electric fans over their peach trees and run them at night. It is claimed a circulation of air will prevent frost attacking the trees.

PERFECTION IN WIGS.
Some Not to be Distinguished From Nature—Lifelike Beards Also.
"Wigs," said a wig maker, "are now made vastly more natural and lifelike in appearance than formerly. There was a time when a wig was plainly a wig; when if you met in the street a man wearing one, you would say: 'There goes a man with a wig.' But you couldn't say that now of the best wigs."
"More difficult still to make in a natural and lifelike manner is hair to be worn on the face, as beard and mustaches. Such an article might be necessary to cover a wound or the mark of a surgical operation. This is now done so perfectly that the presence of any false work would never be suspected, even on the closer inspection to which the face would naturally be subjected."
"Here, for instance, is a man who, to cover the mark of an operation on his upper lip, wears a mustache; but he is in these days provided with one that is in appearance so perfectly natural that nobody would ever take it for anything but the growth of nature. Here is a man, for instance, wearing a beard, who has burned one side of his face, say under the ear. Of course that place must be filled up, and there is made to be worn there a patch of false beard. Every morning, as regularly as he puts on his clothes, the wearer puts on that patch of beard, and it is so perfectly made and adjusted and matched that nobody would ever for a moment even suspect its presence. There are more cases of this sort—that is, of false hair worn on the face—than you would think."
"There have been stories of the men who owned a large number of wigs made up with the hair of different lengths, which were worn in succession so as to represent the natural growth of the hair. I imagine these stories to be fiction. I have never known of such a case at least. What a man who has to wear a wig commonly does is to have one made for him suitable to him and to his years as to its color, and cut and trimmed and fashioned generally in the manner in which he would commonly wear his hair."
"I knew of a case once in which a man who had for years worn a wig of dark hair had one made of gray hair dyed dark, all but a little of it, close to the scalp. His hair looked now as though he had been long accustomed to having it dyed, but had stopped that and was letting it come out of its natural color. His friends now made a discovery; or rather this touch of gray at the roots of the hair let them into a secret, and they said: 'Hello! So-and-so's hair was dyed!'"
"Now, that was a striking and unusual way of making a wig look natural, but it is not unusual for a man to wear wigs of changing colors with his own changing years; wearing wigs more and more gray as he grows older. Thus a man may start in his more youthful years with a brown wig, and then as he advances in years come to have his wig sprinkled with gray just as nature would have mixed his hair, his wigs growing grayer with years, just as his hair would have done."
"Gray hair is the most costly hair, and gray wigs the most costly wigs. The cost of wigs varies according to the color of the hair and the work that is one way or another put upon them. Of course there are cheaper wigs, but a life-like wig would cost perhaps \$25. The most expensive of wigs would run up perhaps to \$70. These prices would be for men's wigs. Fine wigs for women might cost as much as \$200."
"The life of a man's wig would ordinarily be about a year, though a man not in any way limited as to money and not stinting himself in spending it would buy two wigs a year."
"Of course, there are wig makers in other cities besides New York, but the most highly skilled workers are to be found here."—New York Sun.

A Poor Detective.

Great men very often have not only the quality of absent-mindedness, but a sort of simplicity of intelligence which might be called foolishness in people known to be less gifted than who was chancellor of the exchequer in the late Liberal ministry in England, and who is beyond question a highly gifted man and able statesman, tells a story of this kind of simplicity at his own expense.
He had suspected for some time that a man servant in his employ had been stealing money from him. At last he resolved to set a trap for the man. Taking a handful of gold coins, he laid them down on his writing-desk and went out. Presently he sent this servant to the room to fetch some article. When John had returned, he went promptly to his room to see if the coins had been touched.
On the table, in the place where he had left them, were gold coins. But were there as many as he had left? He did not know, for he had neglected to count them before he laid them down.
"By this incident you see," said Sir William, in telling the story, "that I was born to be chancellor of the exchequer!"

This is a humorous conclusion of the matter, more worthy the recital of an American than that of an Englishman.

Iron-barred windows in residences are no longer peculiar in Spain. They have appeared in American mansions since the kidnappers began operations.

PENNSYLVANIA NEWS.
The Latest Happenings Gleaned From All Over the State.
WOMAN FALLS DEAD FROM FRIGHT.
Drunken Manic Flourishing a Butcher Knife Dashes Into a Room With Fatal Results to a Witness—Panic at a Spelling Bee—Several Persons Were Injured in a Schoolhouse in Mercer County—Other Live News.
Several persons were injured, two seriously, by the collapse of the floor and a panic that followed in No. 4 Schoolhouse at Kile, Mercer county. A spelling bee was being held and the room was packed with scholars and spectators, about 200 being present. Twenty people standing around the stove when the floor collapsed were precipitated into the cellar, a distance of about 10 feet. The stove coming to pieces a large amount of burning coals were turned out on the floor, and it was with much difficulty the building was saved from destruction. Some one shouted "Fire" and all in the room made a wild rush for the single exit. The weaker ones were trampled under foot and several were nearly suffocated. When the excitement had subsided the injured were removed to nearby houses and surgeons summoned, who dress their injuries. Only one out of those who fell into the cellar was hurt.
John Hazlett, of Allegheny, went crazy and rushed into the house of John Roberts, at New Castle, and, whirling a large butcher knife menacingly over his head, frightened Miss Mary Roberts so badly that she died in a few minutes. There were several women in the house when Hazlett bounced into the room. He rushed at them with all the fury of a wild beast. Three fainting and the others ran screaming from the house. The police had followed him and took him into custody. Miss Roberts never revived from her fright. Hazlett will be placed in an asylum.
A window-smashing thief operating in the western part of the town of Chester has so far eluded the police, but nightly he is at work and up to date a dozen stores here have been robbed. After smashing the window of J. Rosenberg's store, the thief was shot at by the aroused proprietor. At the next corner the thief aroused Scott Grace, and escaped without any plunder. A square below, however, the store of Daniel Tooley was robbed and a small sum of money and several bottles of whiskey secured.
The general fund of the State Treasury contained \$4,527,184.98 at the close of business for February. Eastern banks held the following sums: Farmers' and Mechanics' National, Philadelphia, \$1,154,031.25; Chester National Bank, Chester, \$15,000; Chester National Bank, Media, \$10,000; Corn Exchange National Bank, Philadelphia, \$180,000; National Bank, Germantown, \$25,000; Quaker City National, Philadelphia, \$604,256.92.
Louis Sterling, of Titusville, came near losing his life by the hand of his son Amos, who, with a companion named Donahay, made an assault on the parent and two brothers. The old man was shot in the head and arm with a revolver in the hands of Amos, who at last accounts was still at large. The father may recover.
J. Kassin, of Corning, N. Y., a fireman of the New York Central Railroad, met death in a peculiar manner at Williamsport. While the train was running at high speed a fire on the engine burst, causing a blinding flash of flame to shoot up. Kassin became frightened by the explosion and flash and jumped from the engine, fracturing his skull.
The William A. Colliery at Duryea, owned by the Connell Coal Company, was sold to the Lehigh Valley Company. The price is said to be \$2,000,000. The president of the Connell Coal Company is Congressman William Connell.
Application will be made at Harrisburg on Monday, March 25, for a charter for the Sharon Coke Company. The incorporators are F. H. Buhl, John Stevenson, Jr., J. P. Whitla, Sharon; Senator William Flinn and George W. Darr, Pittsburg. The company will erect coke ovens at the Sharon Steel Works and will employ 200 hands.
As Charles Bangson was passing the residence of Mrs. Jessie Hughes, at Oriole he heard cries of distress coming from the house, of which she was the sole occupant. Upon an investigation the woman was found in a dying condition and almost stiff with cold. She died a few hours later.
The managers of the Hess and Goldsmith Silk Mills, Wilkes-Barre, shut down the mills and declare they will not reopen them until the strikers are ready to give in and go back to work. They say they have turned the strike into a lockout. The strike has been on for two months and the mill has been running with a small force.
Jacob Weber, a wealthy and well-known farmer of Eby's P. O., Salisbury Township, is missing and grave doubts as to his safety are entertained. Several days ago he went to Lancaster and sold his tobacco crop for \$200. A search is being instituted for the missing man.
Maud Smith, a 14-year-old daughter of Charles O. Smith, of Stowe, was fatally burned while kindling a fire in the kitchen stove. In her agony she ran to the yard and plunged into a barrel of water, from which her mother lifted her in an unconscious condition.
The Pottsville Board of Trade has succeeded in securing a satin mill, with a capital of \$50,000, for Pottsville. The board and five banking institutions of the town raised \$18,000 as the local contribution to the project.
An incendiary attempted to burn a row of frame houses between Kerlin and Ulrich streets, Chester, by setting fire to a quantity of paper piled against the framework. A boy discovered the blaze and notified the police.
John McMenamy, a contractor working on a new furnace for the Cambria Steel Company, Johnstown, fell fifty feet from a scaffold and was instantly killed.
Mrs. Sarah Patterson, wife of J. L. Patterson, cashier of the Burgettstown National Bank, was struck by a freight train and instantly killed.

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COMMERCIAL REVIEW.
General Trade Conditions.
New York (Special).—R. G. Dun & Co.'s "Weekly Review of Trade" says: "Jobbing trade in groceries, hardware and iron specialties has further gained in volume in the East and retail business has been good, except for a slow movement of some descriptions of dry goods, notably clothing, of which dealers fear they must carry over unusually large stocks. In the West and South-west, however, the season has been satisfactory."
"The greatest industrial combination ever arranged, that providing for the union of the leading steel interests, has not directly affected business as yet, and may not do so, otherwise than by removing some of the unnecessary competition from the industry."
"Nominal quotations of iron and steel are misleading. According to published lists it appears that, while pig iron has steadily advanced for many weeks, little change has occurred in finished products. This discrepancy is due to the figures fixed by the various pools and associations, but at which it is impossible to secure prompt deliveries. Actual business is done at extensive advances over these prices, billets selling at \$21 at Pittsburg, or more than a dollar above the nominal rate, while plates, bars and structural shapes are only available when special terms are offered."
"Even on distant deliveries mills are asking higher figures and every line of steel production at Pittsburg has already covered its fixed contracts for the next two months, while there is a general feeling that material advances will occur before May 1. Bessemer pig iron sold this week at \$15.25 and gray forge at \$14. Prices that have not been equaled since early in August."
"Coke production is enormous and Connellsville prices at last show a definite advance."
"Further increase appears in sales of wool at the three chief Eastern markets, 8,830,500 pounds; change hands for the week against 8,528,500 in the previous week. A year ago total transactions were less than half the present week's operations."
"Domestic crop conditions are encouraging and the best explanation of strength is found in Atlantic exports during February, wheat flour included, amounting to 10,348,204 bushels against 7,674,552 last year and 14,730,263 bushels of corn, against 12,724,645 in 1900."
LATEST QUOTATIONS.
Baltimore.
Flour—Baltimore Best Patent... 4.75
High Grade Extra... 4.25
Cornmeal, per 100 pounds... 1.10-1.20
Buckwheat Flour, per 100 lbs... 1.50-1.75
Hominy, per bbl... 2.60-2.70
Hominy Grits, per bbl... 2.60-2.70
Wheat—No. 2 red 77½; steamer No. 2 red, 75½; sample lots, 70-77. Western opened firmer; March 75½-77.
Corn—Quote white nominally at 47½ and yellow at 46-47. Cob corn 240 per bbl.
Oats—White No. 2, 32½; white, No. 3, 31-31½; No. 3, 28½-29½; mixed, No. 4, 27½-28½.
Rye—Quote; No. 2 rye in car lots, 54c nominal; No. 3, 52c; No. 2 Western rye, 56½c. Bag lots nearby quotable at from 50-53c per bushel.
Mill Feed—\$18.00 per ton; medium do, \$17.50.
Hay—Market quiet and about steady. No. 1 timothy, \$17.00; No. 2 timothy, \$16.50; No. 3 timothy, \$15.00-15.50; No. 1 clover mixed, \$15.00-16.00; No. 2 clover mixed, \$14.00-15.00; No. 1 clover, \$15.00-15.50; No. 2 clover, \$13.50-14.50.
Cloverseed—New Western clover, on spot, at 11c per lb, and choice do at 11½c.
Green Fruits and Vegetables.—Onions, per bushel, \$1.25. Cabbage, New York, per ton, \$12.00-15.00; do, home grown per 100, \$2.50-3.00. Celery, per dozen 40-60c. Apples, per bbl, \$2.00-2.00. Oranges, Florida, per box, \$2.00-3.00. Cranberries, Cape Cod, per bbl, \$8.00-10.00.
Potatoes—White Maryland and Pennsylvania prime, per bushel, 45a 50c; do, New York, primes, per bushel, 50-53c; do, Michigan and Ohio, per bushel, 50-53c. Sweets—Eastern Shore, kiln dried truck, per bbl, \$1.25-1.50.
Beans and Peas—New York, marrow, choice hand picked, \$2.00-2.25; do medium do do, \$2.00-2.25. Blackeye peas, per bushel, choice, new, \$1.65.
Provisions.—Bulk shoulders, 75c; do short ribs, 85c; clear sides, 84c; bacon shoulders, 84c. Sugar cured breasts, 104c; sugar cured shoulders, 84c. Hams—Small, 115c; large, 115c. Lard—Best refined, pure, in tierces, 8½c; in tubs, 8½c per lb. Mess pork, per bbl, \$15.00.
Live poultry—Winter chickens, 12 lbs. and under, 12-16c. Ducks, 10-13c. Turkeys, 9-13c. Geese, apple, 50-55c. Dressed Poultry.—Turkeys, 10-13c. Ducks, 12-13c. Chickens, 9-11c. Geese, 9-10c. Capons, 10-12c.
Butter.—The market is steady. Creamery Separator... 24-25½
Creamery Gated Cream... 21-22½
Creamery Imitation... 18-19
Eggs—Fresh laid eggs, 17-18c.
Dressed Hogs.—Choice lightweights, Western Maryland and Pennsylvania, per lb, 6½-6¾c; Southern Maryland and Virginia, per lb, 6½c.
Philadelphia.
Wheat steady; contract grade, February, 77-77½c. Corn firm, 3½c higher; No. 2 mixed, February, 17½-18½c. Oats, steady. No. 2 white clipped, 33c. Butter firm; prints, 3½c higher; fancy Western creamery, 24c; do do prints, 23½c; do nearby prints, 23c. Eggs firm 2c higher; fresh nearby, 18c; do Western, 18c; do Southwestern, 18c; do Southern, 16c. Cheese steady; New York full creameries, fancy, small, 11½-12c.
LABOR AND INDUSTRY.
Porto Rico has a cigar-makers' union. Grand Rapids, Mich., has a free skating rink.
The Patternmakers' Union, of Boston insures tools.
The New South Wales Parliament has passed an old-age pension law.
One woman to every ten men worked for wages fifty years ago. Now the ratio is one to four.
At Boston Alderman Tinkham offered a preamble and resolution that the city own and control all subways that may be built in the future.