

AN OPTIMIST.

Shall I, by Life's close commonplaces
hedged,
Misrate the casual sunbeam, or, austere,
Regard the wild flower pale, chance-
rooted here,
Scorning the song-bird this dull
thicket fledged?
Nay! Heart's ease, Fortune, I have
never pledged,
A hostage for thy favor all too dear,
Ah, Heaven's light downshineth
strangely near,
When outward view hath long been
casement-edged,
Though grim mischance with evil hour
conspire,
The balanced soul they shall not
oversway,
Nor circumstance abash, nor failure
bar,
They vex me not, the lamps of old de-
sire,
Unlighted in the bare room of To-day,
Somewhere the morning waits!
Meanwhile—a star.
—Lulu W. Mitchell, in Century.

A Goldfield Reminiscence.

"How long have you been in the colony?" "I arrived just a week ago."
The answer to my interrogation was given by my neighbor, a fresh, vigorous, handsome young fellow of five-and-twenty, or thereabouts, who had been my traveling companion on the top of Cobb and Co.'s coach during the transit between Melbourne and Castlemaine.

He was a Welshman—a farmer's son I inferred, and one of the last batch of recruits who had rushed out to the great battle-fields where the daily strife for gold was waged so passionately and bitterly.

Of course, he had all the energy and enthusiasm of a new hand, and, as I looked at his fair, deep chest, and bold blue eyes, I asked myself, sadly enough, how long it would be before, like many others, he would have become a disappointed failure or a reckless mining desperado.

I was in the first batch myself, not through any lack of industry or honesty; perhaps because of the presence of the latter quality, the "cute" ones might have told you.

It was not the prospect of an El Dorado that had lured me to the colonies. I had been set, there, and prospering, before the world-famed shepherd saw nuggets in the creek; but, bitten by the mania that turned peaceful citizens into ravening beasts, and left once happy homesteads desolate, I got rid of my stock and impediments at ruinous prices, and decamped for the mining districts.

Of course, I had the usual gleams of luck that make the race for wealth a passion here; but they were so few and brief, and the long nights of despondency that lay between were so toll-filled and bitter! It was the navy's existence without the navy's recompense. But, naturally, we sent home good accounts of the big nuggets as one and another turned them up, and, Briton-like, we kept our disasters to ourselves, and so the new recruits kept pouring in, and extortion, and rapacity, and dishonesty spread like a plague. I do not deny that noble things were done and cruel things borne, now and again, heroically. Even in its lowest depths, humanity retains some stamp of the divine; but I must reluctantly confess that these stirring memories are matter of tradition, and not of personal experience with me.

Any one who has ever thought about mining must understand that it cannot be carried on single-handed; that for the processes of digging and washing alone, not to speak of protecting, cooking for, and serving each other, at least four partners are almost a necessity, and so many work together harmoniously, each claim could run a gang of double that number. But these partnerships are the main difficulty of the miner's life, the scope for his choice of a kindred spirit being so limited, and the strong probability that the first gleam of prosperity will turn his mate into a swindler or a drunkard, so very disheartening.

For some time past we had been working in a gang of three, two old miners, far more experienced in the life than I was, having picked me up; but, our late washings having been more profitable than usual after the rainy season, I knew Rogers and Smith were on the lookout for a fourth hand. Not guessing that any but a man of their own selection would be unfavorably received by them, and feeling much drawn towards my young companion on the stage-coach, and friendships being rapidly cemented here, I made him acquainted with our circumstances as we bowled along over the uneven, dirty highway.

"I have nothing to offer you but the chance of gold and the certainty of hard work," I concluded; "but such as it is you are welcome to it, for the present, at any rate."
"I'm your man, and thank you heartily," he said, grasping my hand with British warmth; and then, as we neared Castlemaine, and the sun, like a red ball, dipped towards the east, I enumerated to him the tools he would require, and narrated as vividly as I could what our life would be together, for the present, at any rate.

The more I talked to Ramsey the more I liked him. His spirits were so good they seemed to rouse my own, and the drawbacks to our claim, that I rather suggested than described, were pooh-poohed in the cheeriest way.
"We were far from the creek."
"Well, he was strong enough to car-

ry the clay any distance."
"When we found any dust we had to watch it armed all night."
"Well, he could do with as little sleep as any man."
"On the whole, I had not very much confidence in Rogers and Smith."
"In that case how fortunate that we were now two and two!"
So, encouraged in spite of myself, we advanced to the claim together. But the surly reception my new acquaintance met with soon intimated to me that I had been considered over-bold in my arrangement, and the discomfort of the first evening did not diminish as days passed. Instinctively our little gang of four fell into two companies, Rogers and Smith keeping entirely to themselves, and leaving Ramsey and me to support each other.

We had been about a month together, and it was the autumn of 1852, in the rainy season, so that the manner of life I had bestowed on Ramsey would have been no boon in any eyes but those of a miner. Our clothes dried on our backs or remained wet, as the case might be, and our claim was generally flooded, while he and I worked on the night shift, keeping the shaft constantly baled, and digging as we could; and it would have required eight men to be of any service, for the ground was so heavy and the digging so deep. But the prospector's claim was not far off, and so we toiled like slaves, knowing that if we struck gold at all it would likely be in large quantities. But, in spite of hope and energy, Ramsey and I were dead beat on Saturday night, and so, for the first time, we urged our hitherto unthought-of right to a change of hours. Why should we rest at night and labor by day? Why should the others have this advantage exclusively? We made our proposal good-temperedly, but it was rejected in such surly fashion that I lost patience, and, thinking to reduce our opponents to terms, offered to sell our interest.

"For what price?" Smith asked.
"A hundred pounds each," I answered, feeling sure so much coin was not in the whole firm.
Without a word, Rogers opened a canvas bag and counted out the gold, and then I knew that we had been literally bought and sold.
"They have bottomed," Ramsey said, as we walked off with our few belongings.
"Of course they have, the infernal rascals!" I answered, viciously; "that is why they wished us to keep on digging while they washed."
On the following morning the rain had ceased, the day was fine, and the creeks were well filled with water, but I could not see beauty or promise in anything, because the scoundrels who had cheated me had netted two thousand pounds. And then we were the beaten men, and the rude laugh that greets failure was ringing over us.

For a couple of weeks we remained idle, chewing the end of bitter discontent, even Ramsey's hopefulness having been damped by this lesson on men and things. And then our chances of making a fresh start were poor, the ground being occupied for miles, and an abandoned claim that we might have taken possession of requiring at least eight men to work it. But we were sick of partnerships, and coldly rejected any outside advances towards comradeship. As a kind of forlorn hope we at last decided to move up the hillside to some unclaimed shallow ground which, on inspection, held out a vague kind of promise; but we were not rushing to it very hopefully now, having encountered facts, and the facts having conquered us. But action of any kind was likely to be less unprofitable than inaction, and so we were on our way to remove our tent and swag to the new settlement, when on the way we ran across two old Balarat acquaintances, who were packing up their belongings for a start to a new rush in the Gympic ranges. The claim they were forsaking had not been wholly unpromising, but better luck, like an ignis fatuus, lured them ahead, and so their forty-foot shaft was about to be abandoned.

"These brilliant things never turn out of much value," I said, warningly, from the depths of my past experience, "better stay where you are; but they shrugged their shoulders, declared they would risk the exchange, and so left us.
"Suppose we settle down here?" I suggested, thinking the deep shaft more promising than the shallow ground.
"I dare say it's much the same here or there," Ramsey acquiesced, dismally, and so, before sundown, our tent stood on the spot so recently vacated by our friends.
For five days we worked, and such work! One with pick and shovel at the bottom, the other with windlass-rope and bucket, hauling the earth to the surface, and still not a trace of the precious metal had met our hungry eyes, while every fellow-laborer who passed us thoughtlessly tantalized us with the success of our old chums, or told us how some new arrivals had struck gold on the very piece of shallow ground we had meant to peg out on the hillside.

"You had better leave me, Ramsey, bad luck sticks to me," I told him, despondently, on the sixth morning.
"Just as likely I have brought it with me," he answered, with a dash of his old cheerfulness; "at any rate, we'll have one other fling into the old hole on this last day of the week."
"Well, it must be the very last," I answered, taking up my pick listlessly, and descending.
There is a certain comfort in the thought that you are doing a hopeless thing for the very last time; there is a certain satisfaction in the knowledge that there are still other corners of the world open to you. Perhaps it was this that lent me new energy; at any

rate, I pounded away for a couple of hours with a will, and none the less energetically as I discovered that the character of the ground was changing. It was gravel I had laid bare, gravel which, before many hours, must prove to us of what value our labors had been.

"Now then, that decides it one way or another," I said, as I sent the first bucketful to the surface. "If there is no gold there I shake the mud of this claim off my feet for ever."
So determined was I in this resolution that I intimated my ascent after the bucket, and taking my pick and shovel with me, cast what I expected to be a last look into the depths as I mounted. And yet, in spite of myself, excitement, and a vague half hope were stirring at my heart.

"If there is nothing here, we'll shake hands and part," I told Ramsey, as, with our burden between us, we started for the creek. He nodded without answering, and then in silence we bent over the gravel, washing it as for dear life. Two—three—ten minutes passed, and then we stood erect and looked at each other. A thimbleful of a yellowish substance lay at the bottom of the pannikin.
"What is it?" Ramsey asked huskily.
"It's gold!" I answered, with white lips. I don't know what we did then. We dared not embrace each other, for there were neighbors close enough to observe any unusual demonstration. I think we stood gazing at our treasure, and interjecting brief comments hoarsely.

Then we gathered up our tools and returned to the claim, feeling all at once strong as Samson, and young with an eternal kind of youth. After all, these brief moments do compensate for many a month of toil and privation! Past experience had taught us the wisdom of keeping our own counsel now, but, in spite of our best efforts, it was soon understood along the line that we had bottomed and were washing off sand. A certain esprit de corps among miners necessitates the comparative value of a yield being made known, nevertheless we managed to secure most of the big nuggets from the bottom of the cradle before the final washing off.

Possession has its own pains and penalties. For a month, while tolling by day, we scarcely ventured to sleep at night, lest some one should descend our shaft and despoil us of our treasure, but after a time the vigilant watch on us abated. Some of our neighbors in adjoining claims had bottomed, and their proceeds scarcely giving them wages the value of our find was gravely questioned and finally forgotten.
Before we left that shaft we had sold eight thousand pounds worth of gold, while in no other claim on the creek had the treasure amounted to as many hundreds. The explanation was not far to seek. All the gold was large, and across our claim lay a ledge of rock that, in past ages, had formed a barrier to the descent of the nuggets as the current washed them from the reef above, and here, sought for to right and left, to front and rear, they had laid for centuries to enrich Ramsey and me, just when our worst moment had come, and when we were nearest to despair.

Of course, I know people would laugh if we asserted that that gold had been left there that we might find it then, but I know that miners and sailors and men whose fortunes are not exactly in their own hands, grow to believe more in luck, or chance—call it what you will—than others do, and somehow it affords us a kind of consolation, even when things are dead against us, to think that there is a plan in them somehow, and that they will right themselves for us sooner or later, here, or somewhere.—Waverley Magazine.

COLOR OF GOLD COINS.

Reasons For Differences in Tint of Coins
Some time ago a Frenchman placed together a number of gold coins of French mintage of the beginning, middle and end of the last century. He was much surprised to see that they differed in color. He set about finding out the reasons for this difference, and the results of his investigations have been published in La Nature.

There is a paleness about the yellow of the 10 and 20 franc pieces which bear the effigies of Napoleon I and Louis XVIII that is not observed in the gold pieces of later mintage. One admirer of these coins speaks of their color as a "beautiful paleness" and expresses regret that it is lacking in later coins. The explanation of it is very simple. The alloy that entered into the French gold coins of those days contained as much silver as copper, and it was the silver that gave the coins their interesting paleness.

The coins of the era of Napoleon III were more golden in hue. The silver had been taken out of the alloy. The gold coins of to-day have a still warmer and deeper tinge of yellow. This is because the Paris mint, as well as that in London, melts the gold and the copper alloy in hermetically sealed boxes, which prevents the copper from being somewhat bleached, as it always is when it is attacked by hot air. So the present coins have the full warmth of tint that a copper alloy can give.

If the coins of to-day are not so handsome in the opinion of amateur collectors as those issued by the first Napoleon, they are superior to those of either of the Napoleons in the fact that it costs less to make them. The double operation of the oxidation of the copper and cleaning it off the surface of the coin with acids is no longer employed, and the large elimination of copper from the surface of the coins formerly practiced made them less resistant under wear and tear than are the coins now in circulation.

A NEW TRANSPORT WAGON.

Can Carry Rations for Forty Men on Outpost Duty or Serve With a Battery.

The old idea of taking few measures for the comfort of the troops in the field, because they are usually compelled by the force of circumstances to do without any comforts, was exploded long ago and to-day every good officer tries to bring his men to the field of battle in as fresh a condition as possible.

One of the most arduous duties (other than actual fighting on the firing line) is outpost duty, and any means that will lighten this service in the field will be welcomed by the army. Wagon transportation will not always be available far to the front, and yet the South African campaign has shown that even at the outposts it can often come into play, and would be of inestimable value in sparing the men unnecessary labor.

A new military transport and shelter wagon is the direct outcome of the late experience in the Transvaal. It was designed by a volunteer artillery colonel of Sheffield, England. The wagon is built of wood and is mounted on springs and four wheels. The tires are eight inches wide, to facilitate travel over soft ground, and the rear wheels are on a broader gauge than those in front. It is arranged for horse or traction engine draft.

The top of the wagon box is surrounded by stout wire netting, inside of which is the platform. Under the platform floor is a water cistern of 46 gallons capacity. One each side of the wagon are hinged doors, closing recesses in which a canvas shelter is kept rolled up. This canvas can be run out in a very few minutes, and when held up by the wagon at one end and by posts planted out at the side of the wagon at the other, will form a rectangular tent for fifty men. Seats are also provided at the sides of the wagon in the form of hanging steps, so that the men can be carried on them when necessary. When not in use these seats can be folded up out of the way. Rifle or carbine racks are also part of the equipment. The wagon can carry four tons of stores and would thus provide a detachment of forty men with rations for 100 days. It is designed either for the supply of a detachment on outpost duty or as part of the equipment of a field battery, and with its tent shelter, will prove far more valuable, under circumstances where horse or traction engine draft is available at all, than the transport wagons now in use.—New York Sun.

The Dragon Flag of Wales.

"Quarterly azure, and gules, four lions passant gardant counter-charged." Welsh people desire the Welsh arms added to the standard, and London heralds say that if Wales has any arms, these are they. But are the heralds correct? The dragon of Britain figures in Gildas as well as in Tennyson, and the dragon was the flag of the Dux Britanniae of Roman days. The house of Cunedda appears to have kept the dragon flag and the title of King of Britain for a time. After Cadwallon's death, however, they become merely princes, and curiously adopt the lion as their emblem, while the dragon passes perhaps as part of the hegemony of the island to the Saxon Kings of Wessex. Hastings field made an end of the dragon as an English flag. The dragon, however, became the Welsh flag again when Owen Glendower, "by the grace of God Prince of Wales," rose in revolt against Henry IV., and it was also under the Red Dragon that Henry VII. (who claimed to be heir of Arthur and Cadwallon) marched to Bosworth. That dragon flag was subsequently hung up at Westminster. There is, however, some historical justification for adding the red dragon to the English standard to represent Wales. It would, however, be interesting to know the exact device on the flag of the Britons borne before Charles I., when as Prince of Wales he kept court at Ludlow Castle.—The Saturday Review.

Wealth of Western North America.

It is beyond the limit or any merely human descriptive powers to do justice to the timber wealth of the Pacific coast. It has been calculated with reference to British Columbia alone that at the present rate of consumption it would take 700 years to exhaust the more available supplies of timber; and as, under the husbandry of nature, forests will renew themselves in less time than 700 years, the calculation is merely a way of indicating that the timber resources of the Pacific coast are practically inexhaustible. It is not too much to say, then, that for all trade and commerce into which wood and the products of wood are consumed, the Pacific coast possesses resources incalculably greater than any other portion of the globe, civilized or uncivilized.

As regards the products of the mine, the territory under consideration already produces no inconsiderable proportion of the world's annual supply of gold, silver, copper and lead. It is besides infinitely rich in iron, coal and petroleum, of which its stores are hardly yet comprehended, much less utilized. And what is known of all its mineral resources is as nothing in comparison with what is not known.—David B. Bogle, in the Engineering Magazine.

Marconi has expressed skepticism concerning some of Tesla's theories. Even inventors must fall under the suspicion of professional jealousy.

THE KEYSTONE STATE.

News Happenings of Interest Gathered From All Sources.

BIG BATTLE WITH A GYPSY BAND.

One Man Killed, a Woman and Two Constables Shot in a Running Fight—Strange Melody Stirrs the Town of North Belle Vernon—While a Committee Waited to Greet a Pastor the Church was Set on Fire.

In a fusillade of bullets between a posse of constables and a gypsy band near Lilly, John Yachrumma, one of the gypsies, was instantly killed, his niece, Viola Yachrumma, was shot through the breast, H. P. Tiller, a deputy constable, was shot in the mouth, and Frank Coons, another deputy, was shot in the bowels. The latter will probably die. The gypsies were in the neighborhood of Duncansville, Blair county, last week, where, it is asserted, they committed many depredations. After they left Blair county and came over into Cambria, Constable Brown, of Duncansville, followed with a warrant for their arrest. He located his men near Summit and called Constables Forde and Wilt to his assistance. The two deputized P. S. Tiller, division foreman of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and Frank Coons, as assistants, and the party of alleged thieves was soon located. A running chase was kept up until the officers overtook the party. The latter immediately opened fire and Tiller fell, shot through the mouth. The volley was returned and Yachrumma was killed. At the second volley the woman dropped and an instant later Coons was struck. The loss of two men confused the posse to a certain extent, and the gypsies hurried away, carrying their dead and wounded with them.

The town of North Belle Vernon is stirred up over what appears to be an attempt at wholesale poisoning. One person is dead, another is dying and five others are seriously ill. N. H. Reeves, a prominent citizen and a school director, died suddenly in convulsions from a peculiar affection that has puzzled the physicians. A. C. Compton, principal of the public schools, and A. W. Phillips, assistant principal, are down with the same malady, but there is hope for the latter's recovery. It is possible that the water in a well from which School Director Reeves and the instructors drank was poisoned, for five others who used water from the well are seriously ill, and it is believed that none of them will recover. The public schools have been closed and the greatest uneasiness is felt. A chemist is on his way from Pittsburgh to analyze the water in the well.

A great sensation was caused at Lewisburg by the discovery of an attempt to burn the Beaver Memorial Methodist Episcopal Church. Joseph Poeth, a teamster, was passing the edifice and observed smoke issuing from the chapel in the rear. Investigation showed a brisk fire to be burning inside, but with assistance Poeth extinguished the flames. A bunch of oil-soaked rags was found just outside the building. The church is one of the finest edifices in this part of the State, costing \$50,000 and being the gift of Thomas Beaver, of Danville. At the time the fire was discovered a committee was at the railway station to meet the new pastor, Rev. R. H. Colburn, who came from Williamsport. The people are much alarmed over the fire, as there was a \$2500 blaze on Tuesday night, which seemed to be of incendiary origin.

Proceedings in equity were filed at Sharon by citizens of Grove City against that borough, A. E. Graham, borough treasurer, and Grove City College. The suit asks to have set aside the ordinance passed a year ago by Town Council accepting a gift of \$30,000 from Andrew Carnegie to establish a free library in that town with the condition that the borough pay \$1800 yearly for maintenance. Petitioners allege that to maintain the library the town would be forced to exceed the constitutional tax limit.

The American Steel and Wire Company has just brought in a gas well 1400 feet deep, with a rock pressure of 800 pounds, at its new blast furnace plant at Neville Island. The gauge showed a steady flow, but it is too soon to determine whether the flow will be permanent or not, but it is expected that it will maintain a flow of about 500 pounds at least for several years. Gas experts are of the opinion that the whole of the island is over a gas pocket and that it will furnish enough fuel to operate the manufacturing plants for an indefinite time.

For fishing with a fyke net in the Delaware river George Smith, of Shawnee was fined \$100 and costs. There was nothing but suckers in the fyke net, and Smith sold the catch for 50 cents. The arrest of Smith raises the same question at Stroudsburg that the court in Berks county is now wrestling with, viz: is the sucker a game fish?

John Short, a 12-year-old boy, was struck by a north-bound Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Ry. freight train at the Welsh street crossing, Chester, and fatally injured. Short was halted at Welsh street by an accommodation train, southbound, and as the rear car cleared the crossing he darted under the gates and ran into the freight train.

The coach works and blacksmith shop of L. M. Stoner, at Mountville, were destroyed by fire. The high wind drove the flames across the turnpike and set fire to the barn of John Kitner and it was also burned. The loss, which will reach \$7000, is partly covered by insurance.

Workmen passing through a gang way in the Evans colliery at Beaver Meadow stumbled over the dead bodies of John Falke and Andrew Bore. It is supposed that they were killed during the night by a blast which exploded prematurely. John Gabauer was killed by falling coal in the Laurel Hill mine.

The German Catholic Cemetery at Wilkesbarre was damaged by fire, several of the tombstones being cracked and many blackened. The grass and shrubbery caught fire and the fire department had to be called out.

While sitting in the presence of her eight children and invalid husband, Mrs. Leonard Strunk, of Ashland, Pa., stricken with paralysis and died almost instantly.

John Koinecko, a Hungarian who last November shot and killed Francis Shafter, a bartender at Northampton, was found guilty of murder in the second degree at Easton.

COMMERCIAL REVIEW.

General Trade Conditions.

New York (Special).—R. G. Dun's "Weekly Review of Trade" says. The one of general business has been better his week. Marked activity in the distribution of merchandise is reflected in the gains of 45 per cent. in bank clearings at New York, compared with 1920, and 40.8 per cent. over 1899, with gains of 13.5 and 10.8 for the same periods at leading cities outside New York. The government report of the condition of wheat on April 1 is the surest possible basis upon which expectation of continued commercial prosperity could be founded. Stringency of money is largely local in New York. Railroad earnings in March were 7.4 per cent. larger than last year, and 32.4 per cent. over 1899, according to practically complete returns.

Speculation has been unusually heavy in foodstuffs, the local market averaging over 2,000,000 bushels of wheat daily. Prices receded sharply from the top point of two weeks ago, wheat losing about 4 cents for spot. Realizing sales were accelerated by expectation of a high percentage of winter wheat condition in the official report. Two elements of strength appeared to check the decline. Insects were reported numerous in the southwestern section, and foreign buying was sufficient to make Atlantic exports, flour included, 6,732,000 bushels in two weeks, against 3,912,857 last year, and 3,890,380 in 1899. Corn received better support by manipulation and lighter interior receipts.

Textile fabrics are in better position. At Eastern wool markets manufacturers have taken sufficient new material of late to indicate better orders for goods, and news from the West suggests that ranch orders are going to hold for better prices than now prevail. In the cotton goods division there has been more buying for China.

Failures for the week numbered 203 in the United States against 193 last year, and 24 in Canada against 41 last year.

LATEST QUOTATIONS.

Baltimore.

Flour—Baltimore Best Patent... 4.75
High Grade Extra... 4.25
Cornmeal, per 100 pounds... 1.10-1.20
Hominy, per bbl... 2.60-2.70
Hominy Grits, per bbl... 2.60-2.70
Wheat—No. 2 red 78c; steamer No. 2 red, 75c; sample lots, 76-77c. Western opened firm; May 77-78c.
Corn—Quote white nominally at 48a 49, and yellow at 46a-47. Corn corn, 2.50 2.55 per bbl.
Mill Feed—\$21.00 per ton; medium, do, \$20.50.

Hay—Market firm and in healthy shape. We quote: No. 1 timothy 16.50; No. 2 timothy, \$16.00; No. 3 timothy, \$15.00-15.50; No. 1 clover mixed, \$15.00-15.50; No. 2 clover mixed, \$13.00-14.00; No. 1 clover, \$14.00-14.50; No. 2 clover, \$13.00-13.50; no grade hay, \$11.00-12.00.

Potatoes—White, New York primes, per bushel, 50-55c; do, Michigan and Ohio, per bushel, 50c; do, new, Bermuda, per bbl, \$2.00-2.50; do, new, Florida, per bbl, No. 1, \$2.00-2.50; do, Eastern Shore, kiln dried, per bbl, \$1.75 2.00; do, Eastern Shore, Maryland, kiln dried, per bbl, \$1.75-2.00; do, North Carolina, prime, per bbl, \$2.00 2.25; do, York River, per bbl, prime, \$1.60-1.75. Yams, choice bright, per bbl, \$1.25-1.40.

Green Fruits and Vegetables—Onions, per bushel, \$1.40-1.50. Cabbage, Danish, per ton, \$18.00-20.00; do, new, Florida, per crate, \$3.00-3.75; do, Charleston, per crate, \$1.25-1.60. Celery, home grown, per bunch, 45c; do, Florida, per crate, \$1.75-2.25. Apples, per bbl, Baldwin, \$3.50; Russets, \$3.00 3.25; Ben Davis, \$3.50-4.00; Willows, \$4.00. Oranges, California navel, \$2.50 3.50; do, med. sweets, \$2.50-3.00; do, seedlings, \$2.00-2.50.

Beans and Peas—New York, marrow, choice hand picked, \$2.30-2.35; do, 10, medium, do, do, \$2.10-2.15; do, pea, 10, do, \$2.02-2.10. Blackeye peas, per bushel, choice new, \$1.55-1.60. Black peas, per bushel, choice new, \$1.60. Green peas, per bushel, \$1.20-1.25. Nearby white beans, hand picked, per bushel, \$1.50-2.00.

Provisions—Market very steady. Jobbing prices are as follows: Bulk shoulders, 88-92c; do, short ribs, 95c; do, clear sides, 95c; do, bacon ribs, 105c; do, clear sides, 105c; do, bacon shoulders, 9c. Fat backs, 85c. Sugar cured breasts, 11-12c; sugar cured shoulders, 9c. Hams—Small, 11-12c; large, 11c; smoked skinned hams, 12-13c; picnic hams, 8-9c. Lard—Best refined, pure, in tiers, 9-10c; in tubs, 9-10c per lb. Mess pork, per bbl, \$16.00.

Live Poultry—Market firm; light receipts of hens. Quote: Hens, 10-10-15c; old roosters, each, 25-30c; young chicken, 11-12c; winter do, 2 and 3 weeks, 17-20c; spring, 1 to 1 1/2 lbs., 28-33c; Ducks, 10-12c; Turkeys, 9-12c. Geese, apiece, 35-40c.

Dressed Poultry.—Capons, 16-20c. Butter.—The market is steady. We quote: Creamery Separator... 23-24c Creamery Gathered Cream... 20-21c Creamery Imitation... 18-19c Eggs.—Fresh laid eggs, 13-14c. Dressed Hogs.—Western Maryland and Pennsylvania, light weights, per lb., 7-7 1/2c; Southern Maryland and Virginia, per lb., 6-6 1/2c. Calves—Strictly nice veal, per lb., 6 1/2c. Lambs and sheep.—Spring lambs, choice, 8-9c per lb.; poor, small 50c per lb.

Philadelphia.

Philadelphia.—Wheat firm, 3/4c higher; contract grade, April, 77 1/2-78c. Corn, firm, 3/4c higher; No. 2 mixed, April 48 1/2-49c. Oats steady; No. 2 white, 33-34c. Butter firm; fair demand; fancy Western creamery, 22-23c; do prints, 22-23c; do nearby prints, 23c. Eggs firm, good demand; fres nearby and Western, 14c; do South western, 13-14c; do Southern, 13c. Chicken quiet but steady.

Live Stock.

Chicago, Ill.—Cattle; choice cattle steady to strong; good to prime steers, \$2.00-2.00; poor to medium, \$3.80-4.00; stokers and feeders slow, \$2.75-2.75; cows, \$2.75-3.00. Hogs; mixed and butchers, \$5.80-6.07 1/2; good to choice heavy, \$5.00-6.12 1/2. East Liberty.—Cattle steady; extra, \$5.60-5.75; prime, \$5.25-5.50; common, \$3.25-4.00. Hogs steady; prime medium heavy Yorkers and heavy hogs, \$6.25; light Yorkers, \$6.10-6.20; pigs, \$5.00-6.00; skits, \$5.00-5.50.