

HOPE AND EFFORT.

Hope is of the valley; Effort stands Upon the mountain top, facing the sun; Hope dreams of dreams made true and great deeds done; Effort goes forth, with toiling feet and hands, To attain the far-off sky-touched table-lands; Of great desire; and, till the end is won, Looks not below, where the long strife begets; In pleasant fields, met torrents, rocks and sands; Hope; but when Hope bids look within her glass, And shows the wondrous things which may befall, Wait not for destiny, wait not at all; This leads to failure's dark and dim morass; Sound thou to all thy powers a trumpet call, And, staff in hand, strive up the mountain pass.

—New York Tribune.

The Viceroy's Snuff-Box.

A Story of Favors Deftly Used.

In the days when his excellency the Conde de Villagigedo represented a Spanish king as viceroy of "Old New Spain," there existed in the City of Mexico a certain wee-begone, lean, and hungry-looking under-secretary who went by the euphonious cognomen of Don Bonifacio Ortiz de la Huerta y Legumbres. You may take exceptions to the word "existed." One, however, for young Bonifacio, or so brought a eighteen taken unto himself a wife, in spite of the fact that his salary as escribiente, or under-secretary, in the viceroy's palace brought in barely enough money to support him and buy a few clothes at rare intervals. Nor was this the least of his troubles, for every succeeding year, or so brought a young Bonifacio, or so brought a Jesuit, or Jesus Maria with it, until on the fifteenth anniversary of his marriage, Don Bonifacio found himself the father of twelve hungry, clamoring children, and, above all, the husband of a peevish, complaining wife, whose one cry was "Money, money, money!" with which to buy food and clothing and pay for the charcoal, and whose one wish was that she had died before marrying such a luckless one as Bonifacio Ortiz de la Huerta y Legumbres. This unfortunate family lived and moved and had their being in a humble tenement house on the Calle Ancha, not far from where the old Paseo formerly was. Many other families, equally unfortunate, lived in this dreary place, the monotony of which was broken only by the fighting and quarreling of children, or the wailing of beggars in the patio. So that, take it all in all, one is justified in saying that Don Bonifacio "existed," and that in a most miserable fashion.

It must have been a relief to the poor man to escape daily from such a home and repair instead to the palace where he acted as under-secretary. Here, at any rate, there was no scolding children, no scolding, recriminating wife. Here, seated at the same desk he had occupied for nearly eighteen years, he could at least dream of ways to the gaining of quick riches, and what he would do with them, once won. Perched on his high stool, and dressed in a rusty yet neat black suit, with clean collar and cuffs—for he had to wear decent clothes, while serving his excellency the viceroy—Ortiz de la Huerta y Legumbres would ponder by the hour on various schemes which would enable him to draw a prize in the grand lottery, five-cent tickets in which he had bought by the dozen, to no avail. For no one could have called the poor man lucky. Fortune, like the Levite of the Bible, seemed to pass him by, on the other side.

To be sure, one small prize of twenty dollars fell to Bonifacio's lot one fine fiesta day. He fingered it hungrily, and wanted to invest it all in a small "hacienda de beneficio" just opened up by some friends in the town of Pachuca, but too well did he know his duty. The twenty dollars found their way that night into the pocket, greedy hands of Señora Ortiz de la Huerta y Legumbres, whose only comment was grumble at its not being twice as much. Notwithstanding which, the dona proceeded to "blow in" the despised twenty in most approved style, buying with it several large gold breastpins for herself, and elaborate cuff-buttons for the boys. Alas, Dona Bonifacio purchased several pairs of high-heeled satin slippers, which, I grieve to say, she wore without the usual approved accompaniment of hose—a new lace mantilla or two, and rosaries for each member of the family. Attired in their new gewgaws, the thirteen then proceeded to feast upon a great deal of savory "mole de guajalote," with plenty of "pulque compuesto" and many other things too numerous and too wholesome to mention here. What did luckless Don Bonifacio get out of the meal? Nothing! He had to content himself with days of boring inactivity in the palace and fault-finding nights with his family, the wife bickering and the children complaining. There was nowhere any peace for him.

There came a morning, finally, when Bonifacio decided, as he frequently betook himself to the palace, that he could not and would not stand things any longer. His wife had quarreled with him for three days because he could not beg, borrow, or steal enough money to enable her and the children to go to a fiesta, at which they had intended to disport themselves in the new jewelry, bought with the twenty dollars. Don Bonifacio had drawn in the lottery. He did not know how or where to get the money, and so had informed his loudly scolding senora. Then, fleeing from the wrath, present and to come, he decided to think up another last plan for making money, as there was no writing for him to do that day. If he was successful, good; if not, a few cents' worth of lanarium from his friend the botica-man in the Calle de los Parjaros would end matters, so far as he was concerned. "And now," thought Bonifacio, grimly, as he seated himself on his high stool, "what shall I do?"

For hours the under-secretary sat motionless at his desk. His companion-ship did what work remained, chatted among themselves, and finally betook themselves to their various homes and occupations. Then, and not until then, did

Bonifacio bestir himself. His face flushed, and his eyes beamed with renewed hope, for a brilliant thought had had its inception during his several hours' seance. Don Bonifacio had, according to his own belief, at last struck oil. Now to prove it.

With the aid of paper, ink and his best quill, he set to work, and within half an hour his writing was completed. Drying the sheet and finishing it off with an impression of the government seal, Bonifacio inclosed the document in an imposing-looking envelope, and hastened to the office of the secretary of the viceroy and captain-general of New Spain. There the package, addressed to no less a person than the illustrious viceroy himself, was left, and Don Bonifacio, with renewed hope and courage, repaired homeward to his scolding wife and babies.

Two afternoons later you might have seen Don Bonifacio station himself, had you been there to note, at the corner of Plateros and Portal de Mercaderes. He looked strangely agitated, and his face was very white, while his hands shook so that he could barely light his cigarette. Not that any one noticed the poor, thinly clad clerk—far from it. People were as thick on the street as the fabled leaves in Vallombrosa, but their eyes were fixed upon the great palace of the viceroy across the square, and upon the magnificent entrance which would soon have the honor of allowing to pass the cortege of his excellency the viceroy himself, and the richly caparisoned and mounted nobles who daily accompanied him on his afternoon rides.

Soon there was a burst of music from the palace court-yard, hoarse shouts from the guards, and then there was a clattering of Andalusian horse-hoofs on the marble-paved court, showing that his honor the viceroy was now just issuing from his gates. People pressed nearer, in order to see the great man, but Don Bonifacio, cold and trembling from head to foot, and with a very sick feeling at the pit of his stomach, had not the nerve to even look up. In fact, had his feet not refused to carry him, he would have fled from the spot. As it was, he stood rooted to his place, unable to speak or move, while the company of richly-dressed horsemen rapidly approached the corner of the street where he stood. He heard the clattering of hoofs, the jingling of the great silver spurs worn by his excellency's escort, and the clanking of magnificent bits and saddle equipment—Dios de la Vida! they were upon him; they had stopped; some one was speaking, calling his name!

With his tongue cleaved to the roof of his mouth, Don Bonifacio forced himself to look up and into the face of the man who had reined his great black Andalusian within an arm's length. It was the viceroy! Steadily he gazed at the poorly clothed clerk facing him, and steadily did Don Bonifacio, trembling though he was at his own temerity, gaze his excellency in the face. And then, scarce, wondered the crowd, who stood by in gaping awe, his excellency, with a kind smile on his face, drew out a magnificent jeweled snuff-box, which he extended to the under-secretary, saying: "Señor Don Bonifacio Ortiz de la Huerta y Legumbres, will you do me the favor?"

"Un millón de gracias, your excellency; with a great deal of pleasure," answered Bonifacio, as he held the box in his hands and scooped therefrom a pinch of snuff.

Three minutes later the viceroy took leave of the clerk, after lavishing upon him many of the ornate courtesies in which the Spanish people delight, all of which were equally ornately returned by Don Bonifacio. You can imagine how the crowd, who were watching the scene, wondered and gossiped and talked had such a thing been seen before—such behavior upon the part of the viceroy to a poor, miserable clerk. There must be more behind it than could be seen with the naked eye. It would be well to cultivate this clerk—quien sabe, with influence he might or might not hold with the ruler of New Spain?

As the people began to run after Don Bonifacio as much as they had once run from him, entreating his favor, his influence with the viceroy—for a consideration, of course. And in the course of time these accumulated considerations amounted to such a great value that Don Bonifacio became a very rich man.

Meanwhile, during many intervening weeks, the viceroy daily stopped his horse at the same corner of Plateros, presenting there his snuff-box to Don Bonifacio, who, accepting a small pinch, would gracefully return the box to his excellency, while all the city stood by and thought "What a powerful man is this Don Bonifacio Ortiz de la Huerta y Legumbres!"

One day the viceroy sent privately for Don Bonifacio, who came this time in his own rich carriage, and in fine clothes. Said the viceroy to him, "You are a wise man, and deserve a reward for your wit. Rise up, Count Bonifacio!"

What had been contained in the poor clerk's document, sent to his excellency so long a time before? Merely the modest request that "when passing the corner of Plateros and Mercaderes, his excellency stop and offer a pinch of snuff to the poor, hungry man a pinch of snuff—no more."

As the viceroy stated, only a meek and stungy-spirited man would have refused such a reasonable request.—Translated from the Spanish for the Argonaut by G. Cunningham Terry.

Rare Old Bible Found. A wonderful old Bible has just been discovered in Venice, the fortunate finder being Leo S. Olshcki, a well known antiquarian of Florence. It is a five large volumes, and was printed in Rome, in the printing house of Dor Pietro Massimo, in 1471 and 1472. Soon after it came from the press it was purchased by a patrician family of Venice and it was in the archives of this family that Olshcki discovered it.

AN AMATEUR REFORMER.

HIS METHOD OF REBUKING A FELLOW PASSENGER.

Stirred to Wrath by a Commuter Who Sprawled His Bundles Over More Than a Proper Share of the Car Seat—Gets Called Down.

The man in the dark brown overcoat, a garment ornamented with several casual and random grease spots of a still darker brown, was accompanied by a load of bundles that covered his lap and sprawled out over that portion of the seat which another passenger, a lean six-footer from a north shore suburb, was trying to occupy.

"Moving?" pleasantly queried the latter, as one or two of the packages that had rolled off the other man's lap fell on his feet.

"No, sir," said the other.

"I didn't know. It's the first of May, and you have all the outward signs of a flat retractor making his annual change of base."

"When I move, sir, I don't use a passenger car for an express wagon."

"You are just a plain, ordinary suburbanite, with your normal load of bundles, are you?"

"I don't let that I'm any plainer or more ordinary than you are, sir."

"Now, what in the name of the late Julius Caesar was there in that remark to stir your gall-sack to action? If you can hold an overflow meeting of your traps and calamities on me without any protest on my part, why can't I venture on a harmless pleasantry to show that I don't entertain any grudge on account of the imposition?"

"If you don't like my bundles you don't have to sit here. There are plenty of other seats in this car."

"That's all right, only I was in this seat first, you know. If there isn't room for both of us it must be your fault."

"Well you were putting up such a loud wail over my packages that I thought I'd suggest a way by which you might relieve yourself."

"Now you touch a raw spot, my friend. As a commuter myself I am sensitive to any intimation that a commuter is not a gentleman, and a little more of a gentleman, other things being equal, than the downtowner."

"Who's intimating that you're not a gentleman?" blandly responded the lean six-footer. "Iferred to a suspicion you were arousing in my mind that you are not a gentleman yourself—which is something, as I said, that touches me."

"I don't know who you are, but it doesn't make any difference, that I know of."

"Whether I think you're a gentleman or not? No, I presume it doesn't. A man that will load himself down like a pack horse with department store goods and lug them fifteen or twenty miles to his home in the suburbs in order to save a few cents on each purchase isn't likely to care what anybody else thinks of him. Still—"

"I can tell you mighty quick what I think you!"

"You can after I have finished. I'm doing the talking now. You're the kind of man the suburbanite merchants loves and admires and prays for. You help to build up a suburb, don't you? You're the sort of chap that encourages men to go into business in the outside residence district and make property more valuable aren't you? At a rough guess I should say you have probably saved not less than 67 cents on that pile of dry goods, groceries and tinware—"

"And a man who will make a dray horse of himself to save 67 cents on his load is not likely to care how much he inconveniences other people in taking his truck home or what spectacle he makes of himself. Blister your leathery epidermis, you have upset a cherished conviction of mine, sir—"

"Say, you old—"

"Call me Mr. Gwilliams, if you have any thing to say to me, sir," called out the young man, insulting old—

had kept pace with the increase in population the interments last month, as compared with the same month twenty years ago, would have been 104 instead of forty-three. This is a wonderful health record, and we seriously doubt if any community can show a better one. The reason for it is patent to all who keep posted on home conditions. It is our magnificent artesian water and our splendid sanitary sewer system which have brought the great improvement. No money was ever better expended than that put in these two great health promoters.—Montgomery Advertiser.

FOSSILS OF 100-FOOT SNAKES.

Prehistoric Monsters With Enormous Heads, and Tails Like Rudders.

There is a small gulch near Florence, Col., which is filled with snakes—great stone snakes, whose wriggling days are over—prehistoric snakes with enormous heads and tails like rudders. The State Historical Society has become much interested in this discovery, and an effort will be made to secure some of the best of the strange specimens for preservation in the collection in the state capital. The fossil reptiles were found by McFie and Masters, of Florence, the first several months ago and others more recently. The first find was a head measuring 2x34 inches. It was so unmistakably the head of a fossil animal of some sort that McFie and Masters proceeded to search for the rest of the body. They found it in sections, part on one side of the gulch and part on the opposite side. The middle parts of the immense snake had been swept away, doubtless by floods, and the entire length of the snake must have been 100 feet, circumscribing the largest fragment measures 34 inches.

The eye sockets are placed in the back part of the head, and the position of the head when attached to the snake's body at the well-defined place of fracture indicates that the creature had its head lifted to look behind it, perhaps for its enemies. The line of the jaw is plainly marked. Its tail is shaped like a rudder and pitched downward, which leads the discoverer to the belief that it was a swimmer rather than a crawler. The shape of the body is much like that of a salmon, with the narrow edge downward. The marks on the fractured, stony edges of the body indicate that the serpent had no vertebrae, but only cartilage for holding its long mass together.

So interested were McFie and Masters in their find that they searched assiduously for other fossils. None was to be found anywhere, except in the little gulch, in a spot 150 feet square, where there seems to have been a congregation of the reptiles—perhaps the last stand of a vanishing species against the inroads of stronger animals or fire or water, or whatever it was. Many of the fossils are to be found in this spot. One that has been taken out has a head 33 1/2 inches long, the body and the head measure seven feet in length and weigh 700 pounds. There are fragments there much greater in size, one head weighing 200 pounds, and the discoverers of the fossil remains think there are even larger specimens there. Curator Ferrill of the State Historical Society is eager to get one or more of the snakes for the State collection and negotiations are now in progress for them.

The belief among scientists who have heard of these discoveries is that they are of great value.—Denver Post.

THREE SIMPLE QUESTIONS.

And the Librarian Could Not Answer a Single One of Them.

One day two well dressed young women approached the desk in the reading room of a big library. One of them took a memorandum from her pocket-book.

"Can you tell me how many yards—oh, that's the wrong list!" she said, hastily bringing forth another slip of paper. "Here it is. Will you please tell me who is Rudyard Kipling's favorite author?"

"I am unable to tell you, never having heard that he had one," admitted one of the librarians.

"Dear me!" said the young woman, irritably. "It is one of the questions for our next club meeting. Well, which one of Thackeray's books brought him the most income?"

"That you can probably find out by consulting a book the number of which I will give you," said the official.

"Oh, I can't stop to look it up," she said hurriedly; "I thought you could tell me at once. Well, there's one more thing. Bessie Cumock, my cousin in Manchester, had a splendid book when I was there last year, for anecdotes of famous people. I can't remember the name of it, or who wrote it, but it was about a big—illustrating with one finger on the desk—and it has a dark green cover. Now, can you tell me what it is? Some day when I have time I would like to get it out. Of course, you must have it in the library?"

For the third time the official was obliged to confess his inability to give her direct information. She looked at him with a piercing gaze and turned away, saying audibly to her companion: "That's just what shows what all this talk about their being examined for positions in libraries amounts to! Three simple questions, all on literary subjects, and he couldn't answer one of them!"—The Savings Journal.

Allen C. Thurman's Little Joke.

A few years before his death Allen C. Thurman, of Ohio, was engaged as counsel in a lawsuit which was tried before a county judge in one of the small towns in the central part of the State. Opposing Judge Thurman was a lawyer named Cassidy, who wore his hair pompadour, assumed an air of great dignity and was apparently greatly impressed with his own importance. Upon several occasions during the progress of the trial Thurman referred to his legal opponent as "Mr. Necessity." The young man arose whenever this occurred and with great gravity reminded the Court that his name was Cassidy. Finally, after the offence had been repeated about a dozen times, the pompous attorney exclaimed: "I must again remind counsel upon the other side that my name is Cassidy. I can't understand why he persists in maintaining that it is Necessity."

"I beg the gentleman's pardon," said Thurman. "The reason I keep getting him confused with Necessity is, I presume, due to the fact that the latter knows no law."—Chicago Times-Herald.

PENNSYLVANIA NEWS.

The Latest Happenings Gleaned From All Over the State.

SLEW HIS ENEMY ON THE STREET.

Henry Smith, a Brakeman, Ended a Feud by Murdering Thomas Kelly, a Mice Worker at Tamuque—Sixty Cases of Typhoid Fever in a Population of 200—Creek Ran Into a Mine—Governor Acts on Bills—Other News.

One of the most shocking crimes in the history of Carbon county occurred at Summit Hill, as a result of which Thomas Kelly, aged 23, lies dead, his body covered with knife wounds, and Henry Smith, aged 28, stands in the shadow of the gallows. Kelly worked at the mines and Smith was employed as a brakeman. The men had been enemies for years and quarrels were frequent. Friday night, with a number of companions, they engaged in a street fight, but were dispersed by the police. Smith, who was under the influence of liquor, entered his home, where his wife and child were sitting, and grabbing a butcher knife he dashed out on the street and attacked Kelly before the crowd could interfere. Kelly fell shrieking to the ground, dismembered and otherwise mutilated. He lived until 6 o'clock a. m. Smith was promptly arrested. Excitement ran high and several thousand people were soon on the street. Cries of "Lynch him" were heard on every side, but the murderer could not be found. The officers had spirited him away, and while the crowd was hunting for him Smith was being rapidly driven to the Mauch Chunk jail.

Governor Stone has signed these bills: Providing for the recording in certain instances of titles to real estate acquired by 21 years' adverse possession. Requiring persons temporarily employed by detectives or detective agencies to take out licenses. The bill providing for the extinguishment of any ground rent or annuity or other charge upon real estate after twenty-one years and making the same applicable to cases where the Commonwealth is a party claimant was vetoed.

One hundred and fifty miners employed in the mines of Mecla Coal and Coke Company, at Hecla, came within an ace of losing their lives. The Sewickley creek broke through the top of the mine. One entry runs directly beneath the creek and within eight feet of the bed of the stream the water in great volumes poured into all the workings. The great roaring of the flood alarmed the miners and they escaped by a close scratch.

The amount of money in the general fund of the State Treasury is nearing the \$10,000,000 mark, and were it not that the Treasurer will begin to pay for the school funds in a few days it would get far above that figure by the close of June. At the close of May business there was the sum of \$8,069,709.05 in the fund. The Treasurer has already paid \$325,991.20 to members and employees of the Legislature.

Lorenz Pfeigar, until recently the superintendent of the Jamison City tannery, and now a citizen of New Paltz, N. Y., committed suicide in his room at the Exchange Hotel, Bloomsburg, by shooting himself. No reason can be assigned for the deed. Just before killing himself he received a special delivery letter, which seemed to excite him, but in it there was apparently nothing to have caused him to kill himself.

Little May Shenk, of Pottstown, 4 years of age, was crushed to death by heavy cart wheels in the presence of her father and other workmen. The child was being drawn in a hand wagon by its elder brother of 7 years along the public road at Stowe, and when about to pass a horse and heavily-laden cart the child fell from its wagon in front of the wheels of the cart, which passed over it, crushing its life out.

Asux Bransk, of Pottsville, was held up by footpads on the outskirts of Pottsville, while returning from Minersville and robbed and beaten. The robbers held revolvers at his head and after securing about \$25 in cash they beat him and threw him insensible to one side of the road.

Five highwaymen attacked Albert Zeilfelder on his way home from Willow Grove. They missed the money he had in his coat pocket and sneered at his lack of cash. He roused the neighbors, who gave chase, but the marauders escaped.

Delegates representing 56 churches, with a membership of 306,000 in the United States and Canada, convened at Shamokin and formed a permanent organization to be known as the Little Russian Church Association. A bishop will be elected at a convention to be held in the near future, after which dioceses will be formed and the priests given regular stations.

George Seely, a 12-year-old boy, was caught by a revolving shaft in the planing mill of the Peck Company at Peckville. Before the machinery could be stopped he was whirled to death and his body frightfully mangled.

Jessie McQuaid, aged 84, is dead, the result of a gunshot wound. The old man was shooting crows near his home in Sugar Creek township, and while holding his gun behind him it was accidentally discharged, the shot tearing away a portion of his right foot.

While dynamiting a stump Edward Johnson, of Roaring Branch, was struck on the forehead by a piece of rock blown out by the explosion and probably fatally injured.

The epidemic of typhoid fever at Cross Forks is on the increase. Sixty cases have been reported. The population of the town is only about two hundred. The trouble was caused by impure water.

The strike at the Hammond colliery of the Philadelphia and Reading Coal and Iron Company has been settled.

The court at Pittsburg approved the sale of St. Paul's Roman Catholic Cathedral to H. C. Frick for \$1,325,000, declining to give weight to some objections which two members of the congregation had filed. A number of capitalists from Scranton and Jersey decided to turn the old company store of Watkins & Stein, at Swyersville, into a mill for the manufacture of silk ribbons. They expect to employ about 300 hands. Eldred Reynolds, aged 11 years, fell into the Lackawanna river near Honesdale and was drowned. Many men are searching for his body.

COMMERCIAL REVIEW.

General Trade Conditions.

New York (Special).—R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review of trade says: "While the weather in the East has hampered distributive trade to a considerable extent this week, rendering the season in some lines rather unsatisfactory, the West and South report unchanged conditions, with operations well up to the recent average. The labor situation is a little brighter. Many strikes have been settled and others are expected to terminate shortly."

"Railways are unable to secure sufficient freight cars and other supplies, while structural work proceeds briskly with little interruption from labor controversies."

"Extended holidays abroad and a short one in this country have tended to make the grain markets unusually quiet, while corn has had the added drawback of hesitation among traders who have not yet recovered from the effects of manipulation in the May option. Foreign purchasers were driven out of this market by inflated quotations, as shown by Atlantic exports in five weeks of only 0.436, 285 bushels, against 17,341,065 bushels last year."

"Misfortune has also overwhelmed cotton plantations, according to the pessimistic views circulated by traders and factors who are endeavoring to sustain prices in the face of heavy receipts and unsatisfactory conditions at New England mills, where print cloths have been sharply reduced to 2 1/2 cents in order to dispose of the accumulation, which is said to reach 2,000,000 pieces. Failures for the week numbered 148 in the United States, against 160 last year, and 27 in Canada, against 20 last year."

LATEST QUOTATIONS.

Flour.—Best Patent, \$4.50; High Grade Extra, \$4.00; Minnesota bakers, \$2.90. Wheat.—New York, No. 2, red, 83 1/2¢; Philadelphia, No. 2, red, 78 1/2¢; Baltimore, 78 1/2¢. Corn.—New York, No. 2, 50¢; Philadelphia, No. 2, 48 1/2¢; Baltimore, No. 2, 47 1/2¢. Oats.—New York, No. 2, 33¢; Philadelphia, No. 2 white, 34 1/2¢; Baltimore, No. 2 white, 33 1/2¢. Rye.—New York, No. 2, 61¢; Philadelphia, No. 2, 60¢; Baltimore, No. 2, 58 1/2¢.

Hay.—The market is easy. We quote: No. 1 timothy, \$16.00; No. 2 timothy, \$15.50; No. 3 timothy, \$14.50. Green Fruits and Vegetables.—Onions, spring, per 100 bunches, 50¢; do, new, Bermuda, per crate, \$1.00; Asparagus, Eastern Shore, per dozen, prime, \$1.50; do, second, 1.25; do, third, 1.00; do, Norfolk, per bbl., 60¢; Celery, Florida, per crate, \$1.50; Apples, \$2.00; do, Green peas, per bushel, 80¢; Lettuce, native, per bushel box, 20¢; String beans, Florida, per basket, green, \$1.00; do, Florida, per basket, wax, \$1.00; Strawberries, per quart, 30¢.

Potatoes.—White, Maryland and Virginia, prime, per bushel, 70¢; do, New York, prime, per bushel, 60¢; do, Michigan and Ohio, per bushel, 75¢; do, new, Savannah, per bbl., No. 1, \$3.50; do, do, do, per bbl., No. 2, \$2.00; do, do, do, Charleston, per bbl., No. 1, \$3.50; do, do, do, do, do, do, No. 2, \$2.00; do, do, do, do, do, do, North Carolina, per bbl., prime, \$2.50; do, fancy bright Jerseys, per bbl., \$2.75; do, Yams, choice, bright, North Carolina, per bbl., \$1.25.

Beans and Peas.—New York marrow, choice hand picked, \$2.00; Blackeye peas, per bushel, choice, new, \$1.75; do, Black peas, per bushel, choice, new, \$1.70; Green peas, per bushel, \$1.25. Nearby white beans, hand picked, per bushel, \$1.50. Butter.—Creamery, 17 1/2¢; factory, 12 1/2¢; imitation creamery, 14 1/2¢; State dairy, 15 1/2¢.

Cheese.—Fancy, large, colored, 10 1/2¢; fancy, large, white, 10 1/2¢; fancy, small, colored, 11 1/2¢; fancy, small, white, 11 1/2¢. Eggs.—State and Pennsylvania, 12 1/2¢; Southern, 11 1/2¢; Western storage, 13¢.

Provisions.—Bulk shoulders, 8 1/2¢; do, short ribs, 9 1/2¢; do, clear sides 9 1/2¢; do, bacon rib sides, 10¢; do, clear sides, 10 1/2¢; Bacon cured, 9¢. Fat backs, 8 1/2¢. Sugar cured, 11 1/2¢. Hams.—Small, 11 1/2¢; large, 11¢; smoked skinned hams, 12 1/2¢; picnic hams, 8 1/2¢. Lard.—Best refined, pure, in tierces, 9 1/2¢. Mess pork, per bbl., \$16.00.

Hides.—Quote: Green, salted, 6 1/2¢; do, do, damaged, 6¢; green, 6¢; do, damaged, 5 1/2¢. Bull hides, per lb, green, 5 1/2¢; do, do, per lb, green salted, 6¢. Goatskins, 15 1/2¢. Calfskins, green salted, 60¢. Sheepskins, 60¢.

Live poultry.—Hens, lot; old roosters, each, 25¢; spring chickens, 20¢; winter do, 2 to 2 1/2 lbs, 16 1/2¢. Ducks, 8¢. Spring ducks, 15 1/2¢. Geese, active, 30 1/2¢.

Live Stock. East Liberty.—Extra, \$5.85; prime, \$5.60; good, \$5.35. Hogs active; prime heavy, \$6.05; do, medium, \$6.00; best heavy Yorkers, \$5.95; do, sheep steady; best wethers, \$4.30; do, choice lambs, \$5.25; do, common to good, \$5.05; veal calves, \$5.00.

Chicago.—Good to prime steers, \$5.45; do, poor to medium, \$4.95; do, cows, \$2.85; do, heifers, \$2.90; do, bulls, \$3.00; do, calves, \$4.00; do, Hogs—mixed and butchers, \$5.70; do, good to choice heavy, \$5.85; do, sheep—Good to choice wethers, \$4.35; do, Western sheep, \$4.00; do, native lambs, \$4.00; do, Western lambs, \$5.00.

ARMY AND NAVY NOTES. A cablegram received at the Navy Department from Rear Admiral Kempf announced his arrival at Amoy, China, aboard his flagship, the Kentucky.

The Navy Department received a cablegram from Admiral Remy announcing his departure from Auckland for Wellington, New Zealand, aboard his flagship, the Brooklyn.

Col. Henry Jackson, commanding the Third Cavalry, was placed on the retired list on account of age. He is a native of England, and was appointed to the army from Illinois.