

FOR FUN'S SAKE.

Of all the gifts that bring content,
With which mankind is blessed,
Sure, never a mortal should deny
The sense of humor's best;
A kindly eye for comedy,
A wise respect for fun—
Oh, he that doth possess these things,
His soul's a lucky one!

Ye grave reformers of the world,
We pray you in your might,
Mold your humanity as you will,
But slay not humor quite;
There is so much worth laughing at—
Even, solemn ones, in you—
Oh, though you lift us to the skies,
Leave us a laugh or two!
—Ripley D. Saunders, in *St. Louis Republic*.

A DIAMOND RING.

BY IRENE BREYER ROBERTS.

Max felt decidedly pleased with himself as he walked up the steps of a palace belonging to one of New York's millionaires. This millionaire and all his belongings were of special interest to the public just at that time because his daughter was shortly to be married to a titled foreigner and the wedding in the magnitude of its splendor was to eclipse all previous weddings.

A well known photographer had received an order from a magazine for photographs of the important rooms in the home of the bride-elect, and Max, who was the photographer's right-hand man, was now on his way to take the pictures.

Arrived at the house, Max began with the drawing-room. He then proceeded to the library. This room, though large and impressive because of the number of books it contained, looked more homelike and less awe-inspiring than the other rooms.

When he had the light and his camera arranged to his satisfaction Max sent away the servants who were helping him and prepared to take the picture. As he was about to remove the cap he heard the rustle of a gown, and a woman's face appeared between the curtains that hung in a doorway directly in range of the camera.

The face belonged to a tall, slender creature, half girl, half woman. When she saw Max she seemed startled, but at sight of his camera she recovered her composure.

"May I come in?" She asked the question in a hesitating way.

Max smiled at her. "I would rather you waited a few minutes," he returned, uneasily, "unless you want to be in the picture. Just step back out of sight and I will call you in a moment."

The girl's astonished face as she obeyed him made Max realize that he had been a trifle dictatorial to someone who had more right there than he. She evidently lived in the house and he found himself wondering, as he timed his exposure, in what capacity.

He came to the conclusion that she was probably companion or secretary to one of the family. Her dress, as well as her way of carrying herself and her manner of speaking, told him she was not a servant, and he knew that the millionaire and his family were out of town. They were supposed to have slipped away to give the bride-elect a few days' rest and shelter from publicity before the wedding.

"You may come in now," Max called. As the girl entered the room he noticed that she was very pretty. She walked over to his camera, which she examined with interest.

"Do you like this work?" she asked. "Why, yes," Max answered carelessly, and he smiled. He was a good-looking young man, with a peculiar charm in his smile which made it difficult to refuse him anything he chose to ask.

The girl seated herself before the fire and began listlessly to turn the pages of a magazine, meanwhile asking questions about his work until Max found himself growing communicative. He told her how busy they were at the studio and that he preferred photographic interiors to taking portraits of actresses and celebrities; interior work was harder, but portraits became monotonous.

"This house is a beauty, isn't it?" he remarked. The girl looked surprised, then she smiled.

"Yes; it is a nice house," she said. "You don't say that very enthusiastically," observed Max, turning to look at her, "but I suppose you're too used to it to have it impress you as it does me. There'll be a fine time here when that wedding comes off," he went on. "It's going to cost something, I tell you, but I like to see rich people spend their money. It seems queer, though, making such a fuss over a slip of a girl not out of her teens. Do you know her?" he asked suddenly.

"Yes, I know her." "Do you like her?" I have always heard she had a very lovely disposition, sweet and gentle, you know, and all that."

"Oh, I suppose under all her moods she has a fairly good heart," said the girl, rising and going over to look out from one of the windows.

"Well, she'll need it if she keeps her prince in order," said Max in a matter-of-fact tone. "Of all the—I wonder if that girl knows what a poor sort of man he is?"

Max's companion made no reply to this speech, but chancing to look at her, he saw that her cheeks had flushed and that her lips were tightly pressed together.

"I beg your pardon," he said contritely. "That wasn't nice of me, was it—to try and get you to discuss the affairs of the people you work for?"

The girl's face relaxed, and she smiled as she answered: "Oh, it does not mat-

ter. People who have money must expect to be discussed, I suppose."

A silence followed which was broken only by the faint splashing of the fountain in the hall. Max was intent on his exposures and his companion, who had exposed to her chair, appeared to be absorbed in a book.

"I wish Maisie could see this house!" Max cried suddenly.

The girl looked up quickly. "Who is Maisie?" she asked.

Max's face grew red under his fair skin; he had spoken without stopping to think. "Maisie is—" he began in a blundering way; "she is the girl I am engaged to," he ended bravely. The shyness in his manner, in such contrast to his former easy assurance, seemed to amuse and please his companion.

"So you are going to be married, too?" she said, smiling at him.

"No, I am not going to be married for a long while yet," Max answered, ruefully. "I only wish I were. But there's no such luck."

"Doesn't she want to be married yet?" "Yes, but we've got to wait."

"Why?" The girl's voice was full of interest.

"Too poor," Max answered, laconically. "We must wait till I get my salary raised and save up something for a rainy day. Can't live on love, you know."

The girl's face grew wistful. "Sometimes I think I should like to try," she said.

Max laughed. "It wouldn't work. You can't enjoy life when you're worrying about money all the time. But, after all," he continued, going back to his own affairs, "it does not really cost such a lot to keep house, and Maisie is a first-rate manager. If I only had more saved up, we would not be actually obliged to wait for the 'raise.' It makes me mad when I think of all the money I wasted before I knew Maisie. I tell you, it takes a girl like her to take the nonsense out of a fellow. Now, just to show you the kind of a girl she is," he went on, "she is crazy about diamonds. So I made up my mind not to propose to her until I had saved enough to buy her a solitaire ring. When I had fifty dollars (you can get a very fair stone for that nowadays, you know) I asked her to marry me, and after she said 'Yes,' we went together to get the ring. And what do you think that girl did? Picked out a plain moonstone and flatterly refused to have any diamond. She said diamonds were a foolish extravagance for people like us, and I must put the money away toward furnishing our flat. Now, what do you think of that?" Max looked at his companion as if challenging her to cite an instance of greater heroism.

"I think Maisie is a girl worth having."

"Well, she has made a man of me," declared Max, "and I'll wager that's more than the girl who lives here can do with her prince. In fact, I don't believe she'll even try. All girls are not like Maisie."

Max's companion had risen and was staring into the fireplace, where the flames of the gas log leapt and curled. "You are right," she said; "all girls are not like Maisie. But perhaps she will try," she added, softly, and then went away without waiting to say good-bye.

Max looked after her retreating figure with a perplexed face. "Well!" he ejaculated, "she did go off in a hurry. I wonder if I hurt her feelings? She seems to be touchy on the subject of that wedding. It isn't often I talk to any one about Maisie, but that girl was different, somehow, from the general run of people. I suppose that comes from watching the swells. If she comes back I'm going to ask her who she is. I wanted to before, but didn't dare. It's funny what there is about some people that won't let you ask them questions."

But his companion of the morning did not appear again.

At the door, as Max was going out, a pompous servant handed him an envelope and a small package. "I was desirous to give you these," he said.

"What?" began Max.

"You were not to ask any questions, sir," interrupted the man gently, as, without giving Max time to speak, he swung open the massive door, letting in a flood of light and a dim roar of mingled noises.

Bewildered, Max went out into the sunshine and down the marble steps, opening the envelope as he walked. There was a letter inside, written on heavy, monogrammed paper:

"I want Maisie to have what I send within this letter. Tell her to wear it, not because it is the gift of one who will soon bear a title, but because it comes from a woman she has helped. And tell her, too, that all the diamonds in the world could not weigh against being loved as she is."

The letter bore the signature of the bride-elect whose marriage would make a princess. With a grave face Max took the wrapping from the package and touched the spring of the jewel case it contained. The cover flew up, disclosing a ring set with a single radiant diamond, a priceless stone that caught the sun's rays and flashed and sparkled, blazing with light and fairy colors.—*The Ladies' World*.

Jaunt Taken by Wyoming's Governor.

The great State of Wyoming is crossed by only one railroad, and that is in the southern portion. Not long ago, when the Governor of the State wanted to go up to the Big Horn Basin, where there is the most wonderful climate and healing springs in all the world, he had to go from Cheyenne to Grand Island, Neb., then to Billings, Mont., and sixty miles south to Red Lodge, then by wagon and stage coaches to his destination. This is a pretty long journey for a Governor to make to reach the northern part of his own State, and that, too, when the section not reached by railroads contains a marvelous amount of mineral and agricultural wealth.—*Washington Star*.

TOP OR BOTTOM.

Answering the Question of Which Moves the Faster in a Wheel.

Among the many questions which originated in cycling and have now done automobile garb and proclaimed themselves as something brand new is the time-honored hoary-headed alleged problem as to whether the top of a wheel moves faster than the part which rests on the ground. The problem never was intended to be anything but a catch, and is peculiarly meritorious on account of the semblance of science with which it is clothed. The fact that the part of the wheel which is in contact with the earth has come to a standstill on what might be termed a dead center point is so apparent that any child can see without going into any explanation, and yet there are those who will argue the question seriously, as if that feature of the problem was not apparent to every one.

The question is as to what is the relative speed between the top and the bottom of a wheel, say, when the wheel is twenty-eight inches in diameter and is going over a frozen lake, to eliminate all unevenness of the road. The rim or tire travels faster than the hub, having to make a much longer revolution or circuit in the same time it takes the hub to revolve, but the part of the tire that is on the ground is necessarily traveling at the same rate around its own axis as that part which is furthest from the ground. If the center of the earth be regarded as the axis that part of the wheel which rests upon the ground, being nearer the central axis, would be slower than the top part, which is further from the central axis. The computation of the difference would depend upon the size of the wheel.

This is not responsive to the question, and yet, despite the fact that it reads as if intended to convey a wrong impression, by a happy fortuitousness is absolutely correct. The question as to whether the top or bottom of a wheel goes the farther was originally intended as a "fake" question pure and simple. The top of a wheel is always the top and never moves around the axis. The bottom of a wheel is always below and ceases to be the bottom the moment it changes its position the millionth part of an inch.

If the discussion was on a chalk mark on the rim of a wheel there would be room for discussion, but the top of a wheel is always the top, and the top, hub and bottom of a rolling wheel advance with a speed which is so nearly equal that the wheel would have to make a complete circuit of the earth to make the top of the wheel go three times the diameter of the wheel farther than the bottom.—*The Motor World*.

SCOTTISH PAGANS.

Queer Rites Practiced in the Neighborhood of Ross.

The Land o' Cakes may be the home of popular education; it certainly is the home of many curious superstitions. A startling proof of this has been given by the parish ministry of Corridon, in the northern county of Ross, who has just discovered that "shocking pagan rites" are being followed in the neighborhood of the town.

The story of these practices is weird, but interesting. It appears that many years ago a woman committed suicide by drowning herself in the Belgie River, near Torridon. The inhabitants refused to consent to the body being buried in the Annan Church yard on the plea that if the body was buried in view of Loch Torridon the fish would forsake the interred in unconsecrated ground about one hundred yards from the cemetery, and there they now lie.

What this woman's grave has to do with "pagan rites" is still to be told, however. There is a local belief that epileptics will be cured of their trouble by drinking water from a certain pool out of the skull of a suicide. Such a skull has been kept hidden for many years under the surface of the soil of this grave, but whether it is the skull of the woman herself is not clear. Those suffering from epilepsy go to the grave in the dead of night, unearth the mouldering skull and drink out of it water of the pool already mentioned.

This practice has been going on for a long time, but has only now come under the knowledge of the parish minister. Some nine years ago the skull had a curious adventure. A number of men from the neighboring village of Applecross removed the skull from its resting place and kept it for some time near the parish manse in order to have the benefit of its mysterious curative qualities. The people who are looked upon as the proper custodians of the relic had great difficulty in recovering it, but ultimately did so, and replaced it in its sepulchre.

This is the story of the skull to date, but the sequel remains to be told, as it is not unlikely that there may be a struggle between the minister and his parishioners for possession of the grewsome bowl.—*London Express*.

No Danger From Parasites.

There seems to be little danger from importations of parasites. With parasitic and predatory insects the food habits are definite and fixed. They can live on nothing but their natural food, and in its absence they die. The Australian ladybird originally imported, for example, will feed upon nothing but scale insects of a particular genus, and, as a matter of fact, as soon as the fluted scales became scarce the California officials had the greatest difficulty in keeping the little beetles alive, and were actually obliged to cultivate for food the very insects which they were formerly so anxious to wipe out of existence! With the Scutellaria parasite the same fact holds. The fly itself does not feed, and its young feed only upon certain scale insects, and so with all the rest.—*Everybody's Magazine*.

LIVES UNDER A BUSH.

Census Takers in Ireland Discover an Eccentric Irishman.

The census takers have made a remarkable discovery in Epping Forest, where an old man has been living under a bush for nearly forty years and has now for the first time been reckoned among the population of England.

A census taker said he could find somebody of whose existence England had never heard. On the strength of this invitation people accompanied him to the borders of the forest, where a wreath of smoke issuing from a holly bush gave the first indication of this modern Robin Hood's whereabouts. Under the bush was found a wizened old man, gnarled and crabbed as the bush itself.

A layer of leaves a foot deep formed the bed on which this wild man of the woods reposed. A few sticks placed upright formed the shell of his habitation and the leaves of the holly bush served for the walls of his cave. The inhabitant was a taciturn old Irishman, whom even the offer of a whiskey flask failed to thaw out. While munching a thick slice of bread he grunted out chapters of his life history in reply to questions.

He had been ten years before the mast in the royal navy, afterward for fourteen years in the merchant marine. Then he sought out his relatives in the vicinity of Epping Forest, who received him kindly. But, unwilling to trouble them as boarder, he decided to find his own quarters. The forest offered the most suitable refuge and therefore he had camped out under the bush for more than thirty years.

He was born in Cork in 1828, and is still a virulent patriot. His name is William Birk. For food he relies on the charity of the people of the neighboring villages, where he usually goes for his Sunday dinners. He has a small income, a government pension, which provides the necessities of life. For water he relies on the pools of the forest, which he declares are far superior to the water supplied in towns.

He has a vivid recollection of the events of forty years ago, but of modern happenings he knows nothing. Speaking of France he talked of the Emperor Napoleon as still reigning.

Ethics of the Bad Man.

The bad man is not necessarily bad at all, says E. C. Little, in *Everybody's Magazine*. He is often a very good fellow. Bad is merely a synonym of dangerous. The "bad" man was formerly the "good" man. He is simply the frontiersman whose evolution has kept pace with that of the firearm—product of the border and the six-shooter. Keen of eye, quick of hand, and strong of will, he has that supremacy which always comes to the man of cool and clear-headed personal valor everywhere, except in society's latest and most refined development. The term was used rather to express the feeling that he was, in the vernacular of the border, "a bad man to monkey with." To govern and control communities in which vicious men were not infrequent, where all were restless and the majority turbulent, the ordinary forms and servants of justice were inadequate. Law and order required the assistance of officers who, though enlisted to keep the peace, did not hesitate to be a law unto themselves. If civilization was afraid to endorse their actions, it was at least proud of the results of the labors of the peace officer of the border. Hickok, Tom Smith, Patrick Shurgue, Michael Shurgue, William Tighlam, Hector Thomas and a score of other men as marshals, sheriffs and deputies enforced the law, made life safe and property secure, and brought order out of chaos by their ready courage and good sense. As Wild Bill Hickok was the original, so was he the first of the class.

Relative Length of the Seasons.

If the year be divided into two seasons, the warm and cold (the warm season including the time when the daily temperature is above the annual average), it is found that the warm season is longer than the cold for nearly all parts of the United States. The exceptions are in the Rocky Mountains region and in certain small areas in the lower Lake region and the middle Atlantic States. The longest warm season is in the Northwest, and on the middle California coast, where it exceeds the cold season by thirty to fifty days.

The longest cold season is found in the Rocky Mountain region where it exceeds the warm by about ten days. The warm season in Texas and the lower Missouri Valley opens about ten days earlier than in the region near the middle Atlantic coast and from twenty to twenty-five days earlier than on the southern coast of California. In the Northwest the warm season opens from twenty to twenty-five days earlier in the Lake region and from fifteen to twenty days earlier than in the north Pacific coast region.—*New York Sun*.

Looked Into Three States.

Passengers on the City of Chicago, which arrived at St. Joseph, Mich., the other day, reported that on the trip across the lake they were able to see three States from the pilot house—Illinois, Indiana and Michigan.

The principal buildings of Chicago were recognizable, Montgomery Ward & Co.'s tower and the Masonic Temple standing out in bold relief. Spires in Michigan City, Ind., also were plainly seen, as was the smoke issuing from factory chimneys. At the same time the passengers could see the clay banks just south of St. Joseph, in Michigan, and several times caught glimpses of the higher buildings of St. Joseph.—*New York Times*.

There is many an untied knot in a cord of wood.

PENNSYLVANIA NEWS.

The Latest Happenings Gleaned From All Over the State.

JUSTED EMPLOYEES SUE FOR SALARIES

Stephen Connors Killed at Clark's Summit—Fourth Fatality at Frick's Pittsburg Office Building—Court Versus Assembly—Second Brigade—May Camp at Buffalo—Killed by His Train—Other Live News.

The Delaware County Prohibitionists held their annual convention at Media and placed in nomination the following officers, to be voted for next November: Recorder of Deeds, Charles Palmer, of Chester; Register of Wills, Joseph Pennell, of Middletown; Coroner, C. C. Ferguson, of Prospect Park; director of the poor, Thomas Kirk, of Newtown; delegates to the State convention, George S. Yarnall, of Media; Charles Palmer, of Chester; C. W. R. Smith, of Lansdowne; Lewis B. Disbrow, of Colwyn; Rev. C. H. Burnley, of Swarthmore; Arthur Shrigley, of Lansdowne; alternates, Rev. C. W. Burns, Lansdowne; C. C. Ferguson, Prospect Park; W. W. Johnson, Media. The Committee on Resolutions presented resolutions predicting a victory for the cause before the end of the present century, pledging a continuance of their determined warfare against licensed liquor; advocating woman suffrage, and advocating arbitration instead of war to settle disputes between nations.

The political sensation of the hour at Pottsville is the suit brought by fourteen of the ousted employees of the Schuylkill County Almshouse against the county and the poor directors for pay amounting to nearly \$600, which they allege is due them for the month of April, judgment being given in their favor.

The trouble grows out of a deal which was made between Edward Kester, Republican, with his colleague on the poor board, John F. Horgan, Democrat, by which a set of appointments were made at the almshouse. The employees took their positions on April 1, with the understanding that they were good for a year. Shortly afterwards the first deal was broken and Kester made a deal with Henry Becker, another Democratic member of the poor board, the upshot of which was the turning out of the first appointees and the naming of others who took their places on May 1. The old employees brought this action as the first of a series of monthly suits which they will bring all year. The suit was brought before Alderman H. B. McCool. One of the witnesses, E. B. Hunter, cashier of the Merchants Bank of Shenandoah, testified that an agreement had been made wherein it was stipulated that Becker and Kester would not break the last deal, and with it a forfeit of \$2000 had been deposited at his bank. A check for the cash and the agreement were produced at the hearing.

If General Wiley can make satisfactory arrangements with the officials of the Pan-American Exposition the Second Brigade encampment will be held at Buffalo, said General Charles Miller. "The matter is now entirely in his hands and the completion of the plans depends upon his ability to perfect a satisfactory arrangement with the Exposition management. The matter of securing consent of the Legislature to take the troops out of the State is merely a formality," said General Miller. "This can be done without difficulty. The officers of the Second Brigade seem a unit in favor of the idea and the prospects are decidedly favorable for carrying out the plans."

The thirty-first annual commencement of the Allegheney College for Women was held in Lyric Theatre, Allentown. Prof. Knappenberger, president of the college, delivered the address. The William H. Deshler gold medal for drawing or painting was presented to Miss Maggie V. Hartzell, of Church Hill, Pa.; the Samuel A. Butz gold medal to Miss Ada L. Sowers, of Shamokin, and the Alumnae Association gold medal to Miss Mamie Schaffer, of Allentown. Following the exercises, at the theatre a reception to the graduating class was held at the college, after which a dinner was given in honor of the alumnae.

The result of the final examinations of the classes of the West Chester State Normal School shows that all the seniors and post-graduates, with those who had been recommended for State certificates, passed. Of the juniors, all except twelve will complete the old course next year. The seniors numbered 157; post-graduates, 15, and the applicants for State certificates, 4. Prof. Delp, of the school, to-day took the members of the Examining Board over the battlefield of the Brandywine and pointed out to them the many points of historical interest.

The forty-ninth yearly meeting of Progressive Friends opened a three days' session at Longwood Meeting-house, east of Kennett Square. Frederick A. Himeley, of Philadelphia, presided and made the address of welcome. Elizabeth B. Passmore, of Oxford, is clerk. In the morning "Imperialism" was discussed by George G. Mercer and Herbert Welsh, of Philadelphia. In the afternoon Rev. Charles F. Dele, of Massachusetts, and Prof. Edward Magill, of Swarthmore, spoke on "Peace—the Best Method to Prevent the Growth of the Military Spirit."

Judge Johnson at Media quashed the indictment against E. E. and U. G. Smedley, of Chester, who were charged with buying plumbing materials from persons without license to sell it, thus violating the provisions of the Act of April 11, 1899. The court declared the Act unconstitutional, as the Constitution prohibits the General Assembly from enacting any local or special law regulating trade.

The annual commencement of the College Grammar School at Haverford was held in the gymnasium. The headmaster, Charles S. Crozman, addressed the graduates, and announced the following awards of prizes: For the highest average in the lower school, Charles Beyer; in the middle school, Arthur J. White; in the upper school, Roderick Scott, and the "all-round" prize to John Hastings Thomas.

Amos K. Brown, a conductor in the employ of the Pennsylvania Railroad, was decapitated in the west yards at Columbia while his train was being made up. He was struck by a draught of cars and was thrown under the wheels. Brown was in his 63d year and was the second oldest conductor on the Philadelphia division.

COMMERCIAL REVIEW.

General Trade Conditions.

New York (Special).—R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review of trade says: "The labor situation in many parts of the country is still seriously unsettled and constitutes a reason for hesitation in some industries, discouraging new operations which satisfactory conditions would otherwise stimulate. But quick decision is to be expected in some of these labor controversies, and in the meantime trade is encouraged by reports of a satisfactory condition of winter wheat over a large portion of the country. As for spring wheat the crop was put in under very favorable conditions and there have been few unsatisfactory reports."

"Railroad earnings for May, 96 per cent, in excess of 1900, and 232 per cent, over 1899, reflect a continued activity in the country, while at New York bank clearings gain for the week 86.8 per cent, over 1900 and 59.1 per cent, over 1899, with gains at the leading cities outside New York of 27.1 per cent, over 1900 and 27.5 per cent, over 1899.

"The cessation of manipulation in corn contributed to a decline of 2.1 per cent, in breadstuffs.

"Efforts to secure advances in grain by exaggerated reports of damage to the growing crop have given place to more rational statements, and the outlook is generally conceded to be full of promise. Speculative operations for a decline, however, are far from aggressive, the severe losses of the short interest thus far this season making traders extremely cautious. Abundant production in the United States does not necessarily mean weak prices, for European crops are falling below expectations, and foreign purchases continue heavy, Atlantic exports for the week, flour included, amounting to 4,520,144 bushels, against 2,855,261 last year. Pacific exports also show good gains, reaching 854,515 bushels, against 591,015 a year ago. Including exports at Duluth and Portland, Me., the total outward movement for the week, exclusive of Canadian ports, was 5,369,597 bushels, against 3,838,364 last year."

Bradstreet's says: "Failures in the United States for the week number 163, against 144 last week and 184 in this week a year ago."

LATEST QUOTATIONS.

Flour.—Best Patent, \$4.504.75; High Grade, Extra, \$4.004.25; Minnesota bakers, \$2.904.15.

Wheat.—New York, No. 2, red, 81 1/2; Philadelphia, No. 2, red, 76 1/2; 77 1/2; Baltimore, 75 1/2.

Corn.—New York, No. 2, 48 1/2; Philadelphia, No. 2, 46 1/2; Baltimore, No. 2, 46 1/2.

Oats.—New York, No. 2, 33; Philadelphia, No. 2, white, 33 1/2; Baltimore, No. 2, white, 33 1/2.

Rye.—New York, No. 2, 61c; Philadelphia, No. 2, 60c; Baltimore, No. 2, 58 1/2c.

Hay.—The market is easy. We quote: No. 1 timothy, \$16.004.15; No. 2 timothy, \$15.50; No. 3 timothy, \$14.504.15.

Green Fruits and Vegetables.—Onions, spring, per 100 bunches, 50c; do, new, Bermuda, per crate, \$1.404.15; do, Egyptian, per sack, \$2.00. Asparagus, Eastern Shore, Maryland, per 100, \$1.254.15; do, do, do, \$1.254.15; Cabbage, Charleston and North Carolina, per crate, 60c; do, Norfolk, per bbl, 50c; do, Celery, Florida, per crate, \$1.504.15; Apples, \$2.004.25; Green peas, Anne Arundel, per bushel, 80c; do, do, Eastern Shore Maryland, 80c; do, Lettuce, native, per bushel box, 20c; do, String beans, Savannah, per basket, green, 75c; do, do, do, Savanah, per basket, wax, 75c; do, do, do, Strawberries, per quart, 25c.

Potatoes.—We quote: White, Maryland and Pennsylvania, prime, per bus, 75c; do, New York prime, per bus, 80c; do, Michigan and Ohio, per bus, 75c; do, new, Savannah, per bbl, No. 1, \$1.004.15; do, do, do, No. 2, \$1.004.15; do, do, do, No. 3, \$1.004.15; do, do, do, No. 4, \$1.004.15; do, do, do, No. 5, \$1.004.15; do, do, do, No. 6, \$1.004.15; do, do, do, No. 7, \$1.004.15; do, do, do, No. 8, \$1.004.15; do, do, do, No. 9, \$1.004.15; do, do, do, No. 10, \$1.004.15; do, do, do, No. 11, \$1.004.15; do, do, do, No. 12, \$1.004.15; do, do, do, No. 13, \$1.004.15; do, do, do, No. 14, \$1.004.15; do, do, do, No. 15, \$1.004.15; do, do, do, No. 16, \$1.004.15; do, do, do, No. 17, \$1.004.15; do, do, do, No. 18, \$1.004.15; do, do, do, No. 19, \$1.004.15; do, do, do, No. 20, \$1.004.15; do, do, do, No. 21, \$1.004.15; do, do, do, No. 22, \$1.004.15; do, do, do, No. 23, \$1.004.15; do, do, do, No. 24, \$1.004.15; do, do, do, No. 25, \$1.004.15; do, do, do, No. 26, \$1.004.15; do, do, do, No. 27, \$1.004.15; do, do, do, No. 28, \$1.004.15; do, do, do, No. 29, \$1.004.15; do, do, do, No. 30, \$1.004.15; do, do, do, No. 31, \$1.004.15; do, do, do, No. 32, \$1.004.15; do, do, do, No. 33, \$1.004.15; do, do, do, No. 34, \$1.004.15; do, do, do, No. 35, \$1.004.15; do, do, do, No. 36, \$1.004.15; do, do, do, No. 37, \$1.004.15; do, do, do, No. 38, \$1.004.15; do, do, do, No. 39, \$1.004.15; do, do, do, No. 40, \$1.004.15; do, do, do, No. 41, \$1.004.15; do, do, do, No. 42, \$1.004.15; do, do, do, No. 43, \$1.004.15; do, do, do, No. 44, \$1.004.15; do, do, do, No. 45, \$1.004.15; do, do, do, No. 46, \$1.004.15; do, do, do, No. 47, \$1.004.15; do, do, do, No. 48, \$1.004.15; do, do, do, No. 49, \$1.004.15; do, do, do,