

AN EPITAPH.

Vanished away to another world—
Afar, who knows, if a league or a
mile?
The pages which his patient life unfurled
Left scrolled about with a genial smile.
Off down the road, and without a sign,
If the dawn he met or a darkness
drear;
But the wind brings back—in pledge
divine—
His cheery step, and his whistle clear.
—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Battle With King-Cobras.

BY RAYMOND LEE DITMARS.

We wanted a pair of king-cobras for the reptile-house, but not a specimen was to be purchased anywhere. "Too dangerous, never import them," came the reply from numerous dealers. So the Zoological Park began to despair of procuring the creatures.

The *Ophiophagus elaps*, as the reptile is technically called, holds undisputed sway among the beasts of the jungle. With the exception of the mongoose, a plucky little animal which delights in killing the deadly snakes, the wild beasts fly in terror from the king-cobra, as it glides through swamp and thicket in search of other snakes, for it inclines toward cannibalism. Most snakes, no matter how venomous, are shy, but this terrible reptile which calmly kills and eats the dreaded cobra-de-capello, is very aggressive.

It was after long waiting for the king that the Zoo received tidings that three specimens were in New York. Two of them are now in the reptile-house, and the incidents of their installation will linger long in the memories of those who have charge of that building.

With Snyder, the head keeper of the reptile department, I started for the dealer's establishment to take the reptiles and bring them to the park—they were too formidable to be trusted to any express company. If one of them should break loose in transit, dire things might happen.

To take the cobras from their crate, place them in sacks, and finally in a telescope bag especially constructed for the purpose, we brought a simple apparatus—a "snake-stick," without which the handling of poisonous snakes is more risky than juggling with nitroglycerine.

To make a snake-stick is easy. Take a stout pole, a long, narrow strip of chamois and two staples; fasten the chamois strip tightly to the end of the pole by one of the staples on one side, where it runs through a staple but partially driven into the pole.

The operator holds the pole in one hand, and the end of the chamois strip in the other. When he starts to capture a snake he lets out the chamois strip until it forms a loop at the end of the pole. This loop is slipped over the snake's head and pulled tight.

Besides the snake-stick the big telescope bag and two gunny-sacks, we carried two vials of antitoxic serum and a hypodermic syringe, both of which would be needed in case the king's fangs should strike any of us.

At the dealer's we were met by his clerk, who looked worried. "I'm afraid you won't be able to get the snakes today," he said. "They have been pretty quiet lately, but last night there was trouble. Somehow the cobras managed to get out of their cage. What's more, a couple of big pythons got out, too."

"My friend," said one of us, "the enthusiasm of an animal man is not to be daunted by such incidents. Here is a written order for the snakes. Please hand me the key of the snake-room."

"What?" cried the clerk. "You're going into the room with those demons?"

"Two of those snakes belong to us," I replied, "and we won't go back without them."

"All right, all right! Here's the key," responded the clerk. "I guess I'll send for the ambulance while you're on the picnic up-stairs."

With these sarcastic remarks in our ears we started for the snake-room. Two of the dealer's men accompanied us to the door. One of them turned the key in the lock and departed. The other came into the room, taking his post by the door, in order that escape might be easy.

The room was about twenty feet long and fifteen wide. A number of large, glass-fronted snake-boxes lay here and there, but except a couple of boas piled quietly in the corner of one of the boxes, no snakes were visible. This was perplexing enough; and the fact that the two pythons, each about fifteen feet long, were somewhere at liberty, was especially discomfiting, for pythons are enthusiastic in biting and well fitted for it with teeth about half an inch long.

I carried the snake-stick. Snyder had opened the big telescope-bag and spread the gunny-sacks upon the floor. He had picked a blanket in one hand, and carried a heavy sash in the other. In a moment we saw a python coiled in a corner, seemingly sleepy and harmless.

"Look out!" shouted Snyder, and his warning came just in time. A pale green body had quickly risen from behind one of the boxes, and stood gracefully in the pose of the cobra. With its "hood" spread widely, its mouth partially open, and its little yellow eyes sparkling wickedly, the reptile looked majestic.

"King-cobra's a mighty good name for you, my snakey friend!" muttered Snyder as he glared at the reptile.

Then, true to its hostile reputation, the snake rose higher, with the whistling hiss peculiar to the Elapidae, and started to glide from behind the box. The situation was almost too interesting.

I had swung around at Snyder's warning and faced the snake, which had risen to my left. At the same time I made ready the snake-noon, but before it

could be used the king stood up higher, making the length of its reach almost as long as the snake-stick. To use this, under these conditions, would be more than dangerous, for these large colubrine snakes strike fully half their length; and as this particular reptile was fully thirteen feet long, it could lung nearly seven feet, a dangerous thrust to dodge or parry in close quarters. The reptile made for Snyder, who backed off slowly, flourishing his stick.

At the same time another shrill hiss sounded from behind, and another cobra rose into view. The snakes had given us no chance to ascertain their whereabouts before beginning hostilities.

Hearing the warning of the second snake in his ear, Snyder prepared to act at once. Taking deliberate aim, he hurled the blanket at number one, and faced about to engage number two. Struck squarely by the blanket, the reptile backed off with alacrity, lowering its body. This was my opportunity. I slipped the noose of the snake-stick over its head, making it a prisoner, although it thrashed the floor in a mad effort to escape. Hand over hand the snake was hauled, tail first, into one of the gunny-sacks, while its companion did nothing more, fortunately, than direct a glassy stare at the proceeding.

As the bag was being fastened, something occurred which might shake the nerves of even those long familiar with snakes. The box beside us rocked suddenly back and forth, a head which glittered and scintillated with prismatic colors shot past us, and with a sound like the sudden escaping of steam, the second big python disclosed his whereabouts, but missed his aim. I am not ashamed to acknowledge that cold shivers went up and down my back. From the expression on Snyder's face, I believe he had similar sensations. But he threw the blanket at the python, and it slunk back, as if quelled.

After the bagging of cobra number one we felt somewhat elated and relieved. Thoughts of what might have happened if things had gone wrong flashed across my mind. The king-cobra likes to kill. It does not merely stab with its poison-fangs and instantly draw back for another blow, like the rattlesnake or moccasin. Should the king-cobra's aim prove true, its fangs are ground savagely into the flesh, and retain their hold for a substantial part of a minute. All this time the venomous secretion is flowing. Drop by drop it is taken into the circulation. A fraction of a drop will kill a man, and this creature can eject about ten drops from either fang.

As we maneuvered to get the second cobra at a disadvantage, the big python again unlimbered on our flank and became so energetic that it again required attention. This time the blanket was thrown over it, reducing its demonstrations to a steady blowing, the huge body rising and falling as the air was inhaled through a dull roar, and exhaled with a sound like that of a distressed safety-valve. Meanwhile cobra number two showed plainly that it didn't intend to be noosed.

Now, much to our relief, we discovered the third cobra—in which, although we did not desire it for the Zoo, we were compelled to take an interest. It was peeping round the corner of a big crate, about eight feet from us, and its forked tongue danced and quivered at every movement that we made.

Number two was getting impatient, and slid forward a few feet. Without warning, it aimed a savage blow at Snyder, who executed a backward broad-jump of admirable energy. The momentum of the snake's blow brought the body forward, and as it reared once more, we found ourselves face to face with a king-cobra at close quarters. Moreover, it was between us and the door. And the third cobra was becoming impatient.

With a jump, I landed on the case beside the big python, which snorted loudly at such a liberty. Snyder, who was nearest cobra number two, backed off toward the window, holding a gunny-sack in front of him. There he was brought to a halt and could go no farther. Now I must act or never. A miscalculation must have consequences too disagreeable to contemplate.

Reaching the noose over the top of the case, I got it almost over the head of the nearest cobra, when it drew back like a flash and caught the end of the stick. On this it chewed until the yellow poison flowed freely, and actually spat the floor. A desperate plan suggested itself. This was to release the snake-stick, if the reptile continued to hold the same, seize the blanket that covered the big python and throw it over the cobra, which could then be captured by hand.

I dropped the stick and the cobra continued to bite it, as before. Suddenly I half-covered it with the blanket. From its movements I judged that it at once released the stick and tried to get into position to bite at me; but Snyder sprang forward, and doubling the blanket over the cobra's head, held the reptile firmly to the ground.

Anticipating that it would seize a fold of the blanket in its teeth, we pushed blanket, snake and all into the remaining gunny-sack, which we dragged past the third cobra with a stick.

Flushed with victory, we then executed a veritable war-dance before the third cobra, which backed off in astonishment and gave us an opportunity of reaching the door with our treasures. We had our two cobras, and were quite willing to let the third dispute possession of the room with the pythons.

Up to an elevated train, crowded with people returning from business, we carried our burden, which weighed fully seventy pounds. The bag looked most harmless, although to our apprehensive eyes its sides sometimes slowly bulged out, and then fell again, as the cobras shifted about.

We arrived at the reptile-house without further excitement, and easily placed the snakes in their big, glass-fronted cage.

At first the cobras would dash furiously at spectators, but in a few days they

quieted down, and now merely stare with hostility at visitors. Curious to relate, the keeper who has charge of the king-cobras not only takes the greatest pride in them, but entertains a real affection for them. The lover of animals admires courage and audacity among wild beasts and these bold, fierce monarchs of the jungle appeal to the sympathy we feel for the great, reduced to captivity.—*Youth's Companion.*

RED CLOUD'S WAYS.

Makes Bows and Arrows and Trinkets and Has an Original Sailing Method.

Red Cloud of the Cayugas is a unique character. He does not live in a tepee, however, and refuses to communicate in the language of the pale face, but answers the curious queries of visitors with great dignity and reserve, as well as with Spartan brevity. To the suggestion that he had "lived a good many years," the old Indian said, "83," but to the observation that he "didn't look as old as that," he declined to give any reply whatever. This interesting old Indian occupies the western log cabin in the Six Nations' exhibit at the Pan-American Exposition. He sits in a rocking chair and works away on various ornaments such as are to be seen about the walls of the cabin.

The old man wears a pair of blue jeans held up by a belt, and his flannel shirt is covered by a waistcoat, attached to which is a large leather chain that secures his watch.

When asked for his name or card, the old man indicates a picture of a brave in war paint and feathers underneath which is printed—RED CLOUD, CAYUGA.

An inquisitive visitor sometimes asks the Indian if he often appears in the dress of the picture—what the matinee young woman would doubtless refer to as "glad attire." "Humph!" says Red Cloud, "Spose I want to dress up in paint and feathers all the time, just 'cause I'm an Injun?"

Red Cloud's methods of sailing goods are peculiar. A small boy stood by him for some time watching him work, and making the comment that it was "slow working." "Boy," said the old man, "have you got ten cents?" The youth snickered. "Cause if yer got ten cents I'll sell you a little bow and arrows," added the chief. The rather suspicious maternal parent, reversing the proverb of one Simon, called Simple in nursery lore, suggested that he show them first his bow and arrows. They were immediately produced, and the youthful archer dove into his clothes for the required silver disc. The old salesman of original method then went back to his work—whittling the back of a picture frame.

The interior of the cabin is a very interesting place. One side is hung with war bonnets, and a bench is covered with beaded and carved work, pictures and many interesting trinkets. A large fire place occupies one end of the cabin. All about the walls are skins and furs, some of the skins showing fine work in burnt designs.

Colors and the Nerves.

French scientists have made some very interesting experiments in connection with the effects of certain colors on the nervous system. And people who have been somewhat scoffed at for calling red warm, and blue cold, and yellow invigorating may now regard themselves as forerunners of a great discovery. M. Henri de Parville, of Paris, asserts that the red end of a spectrum excites the nerves, while violet, green and blue are calming. Dr. Donza goes many steps further and attempts to cure nervous diseases by the use of certain colors. Melancholia he treats with red, violent mania with blue, and nervous prostration with violet. The very grave question arises as to how the woman already nervous will regard unbecoming color. Dr. Dor, another experimenter, has brought on vertigo in patients by the use of red lights, and relieved the symptoms by changing the ray from red to green. In the photographic establishment of Messrs. Lumier, in Lyons, France, sensitive plates are prepared always by green lights. Formerly when red lights were used, the workmen sang and gesticulated at work; now under the soothing influence of green they are quiet and serene. At the water cure at Versinet patients are put in a violet room to calm them and in a red room when they require to be stimulated. Divested of all exaggeration and enthusiasm the effect of color on human organism is an interesting study.—*Family Herald.*

Gas Heating.

A question of every-day interest is as to the quantity of gas required to be consumed in an ordinary gas stove to heat a given-sized room. On this subject the *English Journal of Gas Lighting* recently published some data based on an experience extending over eight or nine years and covering rooms of every description. According to this journal, to heat a room 14 by 14 by 10, requires on an average not more than 60 cubic feet per day per hour. This is on the basis of reasonable care being taken not to waste the gas and to light the heater only when it is required. At ten cents per hundred cubic feet, the local rate, this represents a cost of six cents per day. Rooms, of course, vary in the amount of heat required to keep them warm, depending on their exposure, the character of the walls, amount of glass, etc. The most difficult task encountered during the author's experience, was to heat a room 21 feet square and 17 feet 6 inches high, which had three outside walls and very large windows. In this case an annual consumption of 50,000 cubic feet was necessary.

Oh, That He Might Fly.

Mr. Dowie recently appeared before an audience with a pair of wings fastened to his shoulders. Dowie is a natural financier and proposes to be his own angel.—*Washington Star.*

VESSELS PROPELLED BY WAVES.

So Long as They Roll in a Sea They Will Keep Going Ahead.

An interesting test of the invention of a New Orleans man was witnessed at the Southern Yacht Club yesterday. The inventor is Capt. John S. Watters. His invention, which is fully covered by patents in this country and abroad, is a simple apparatus for utilizing the force of the waves to propel a vessel, and it proved yesterday that it is entirely feasible to take advantage of this power. The small boat built by the inventor to demonstrate his principle was driven in any desired direction without any other motive power whatever.

"It is the fact that a vessel equipped with this apparatus may be headed in any direction, irrespective of the direction of the wind, which makes it particularly advantageous," said Capt. Watters yesterday. "For a vessel so equipped will travel directly against the wind, and thus may be worked off a lee shore—where nine-tenths or more of all sailing ships come to grief. All nautical men will fully appreciate the value of such an invention, for a lee shore is a veritable sailor's nightmare. Not only this, but where a light head wind or a calm is encountered on the ocean, the ocean swell will enable a sailing vessel to continue on her course at a fair speed, instead of wasting time in tacking or laying dead in the water."

Capt. Watters says that the application of this invention to vessels is not at all complicated nor expensive. It is well known that many ships are now provided with bilge keels, the function of which is to steady the ship or retard the rolling. Capt. Watters' plan is to substitute for these solid bilge keels others which contain square apertures, and in each aperture firmly secure by its forward end a fin, made of laminated spring material, preferably steel on a steel ship and brass on a wooden or coppered vessel. These fins fill up the apertures almost completely, and when the ship is steady, offer very little, if any, more resistance to headway than such as is due to a plain bilge keel—merely skin friction.

As soon, however, as the vessel rolls, the pressure of the water itself, impinging upon the fins broadside or at right angles to their length, springs all of the fins out, and thus deflects the water aft, necessarily by reaction, forcing the vessel ahead. As she rolls one way, they all spring out with the water pressure to one side; as she rolls the other way, they spring out to the other side; returning to their midship position as soon as the roll ceases, which of course removes the pressure. "It is an application of the turbine principle virtually," said Capt. Watters yesterday, "and it may be best understood as being the exact manner in which a fish propels itself. In fact, it was from the tail of a fish that I conceived the idea."

Capt. Watters believes that the application of this apparatus to sailing vessels will increase their average speed not less than 20 per cent., and will give even better results if applied to barges on the Great Lakes. A tow of barges so equipped will virtually be a tow in which each barge has its own motive power, and at such times as the water is very rough, where now progress is particularly slow, the fins will be doing all the work. He also believes that if applied to lightships it will not only relieve the great strain upon their moorings occasioned now by the jerks upon the chains when the vessel is pitched in a heavy sea, but should the ship break away will afford a means of navigating her to port in safety.—*New Orleans Times-Democrat.*

Daring English Sparrows.

"English sparrows are the most daring little robbers in the world," said one of the guides who ushers visitors through the White House grounds and public buildings in the city. "I have often watched them steal the food of other birds, but until a few days ago I never thought they would be so bold. In the White House grounds are a large number of very large blackbirds. When the ground is wet these birds dig worms out of holes with their long bills. The sparrow cannot do this because of his short bill. The other day I saw one of the White House blackbirds industriously at work digging into the ground for a worm. Not far away from him and intently watching the operation was a saucy little sparrow. All at once the sparrow darted toward the blackbird, and the sparrow flew away with a long worm in its mouth. The little rascal had deliberately watched the blackbird pull the worm out of the hole and had then stolen it from the larger bird, which seemed too surprised afterward to know what to do. Since then I have watched the same thing on several occasions."—*Washington Star.*

The 'Historical Novel.'

Since life does not come to him, he goes rather dispiritedly in pursuit of life; instead of writing of what he has seen, he strains his eyes to see something that he may write about, no matter what. If we take, for example, the historical novel which for some years past has been so much in fashion, it would seem, judging of course from internal evidence, only, that the novelist begins by selecting his epoch; he then procures the best hundred and fifty books on the subject, and reads them carefully, notebook in hand; when he has learned the names of the principal personages of the time, and has jotted down turns of speech and specimens of costume appropriate to an archer or a highwayman or a damsel in distress, he adds a suitable proportion of scenery and dialogue and if possible a plot; and so the thing is done.—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

The Kind Who Mean Well.

It may be true that there is no such thing as luck, yet there are some folks who manage to succeed in spite of their very earnest efforts.—*Philadelphia Press.*

PENNSYLVANIA NEWS.

The Latest Happenings Gleaned From All Over the State.

SHOT HIS WIFE; KILLED HIMSELF.

Inane From Jealousy, Solomon Haas, of Wilburton, Committed a Double Crime—Madison City Girl Fell Out of Bed, Fractured Her Skull and Died—Husband Saved His Wife—Woman Halted an Officer—Other News.

Pennsylvanians received the following pensions during the week: Wood Durkin, McKees Rocks, \$8; James F. Westlake, Independence, \$6; Daniel Byers, Turtle Creek, \$6; Henry P. Moore, Allegheny, \$6; Franklin Ford, Pittsburgh, \$10; George Yocum, Lewistown, \$8; Perry Berndt, Sipresville, \$10; Daniel L. Colman, Dayton, \$10; Patterson Brubaker, Mercersburg, \$8; Murray D. Brubaker, Mifflinburg, \$8; Sarah A. May, Sheridanville, \$8; A. Murray, Washington, \$8; John Euseben, Ironva, \$12; Ira A. Easton, Connersport, \$24; Wm. Anderson, Erie, \$6; John Cowland, Philipsburg, \$6; Benjamin K. Taylor, Altoona, \$8; David H. Stevenson, Smethport, \$6; Jacob Mill, Manorville, \$6; Samuel J. Ream, Johnstown, \$14; Andrew R. Mark, Pittsburgh, \$10; John Sample, West Pleasant, \$10; Alexander Davenport, Mt. Pleasant, \$10; Michael Kline, Leetonia, \$8; John W. Means, Towanda, \$10; Wm. Gardner, Bellwood, \$12; Lewis W. Powell, Mt. Union, \$8; James M. Wiley, Blacklick Station, \$12; Cecilia Krieg, Johnstown, \$8; Sophia Bond, Allegheny, \$8; Elizabeth Staude, Pittsburgh, \$8; Ann Morley, Coshocton, \$8; Mary T. Garrison, West Alexander, \$8; Elizabeth Wisenberger, Pittsburgh, \$8; Frances E. Matthews, Erie, \$8.

While the young wife of Solomon Haas was bending over a wash tub in her home at Wilburton, a mining hamlet near Shamokin, her husband, insane from jealousy and drink, crept up behind her and without saying a word jammed a revolver against her back and fired. The bullet crashed through her spinal column and lodged in her stomach, causing a fatal wound. She screamed for help and he immediately shot himself near the heart. Haas told his wife he would retire to his room and die. With difficulty he reached his sleeping apartment, but hearing Mrs. Haas keeping up a constant cry for aid he suspected he had not shot her fatally. He revisited her and was about to bow out her brains when neighbors appeared. Haas pointed his weapon at them and retreated to his room, where before any one could reach him he sent two bullets through his heart and fell to the floor a corpse. Doctors soon arrived and said there was no hope for Mrs. Haas' recovery.

Agent J. N. Kidney, of the Humane Society, waded waist deep into the waters of the Allegheny river near Aspinwall pointing a revolver at Harry Tarr, who was fleeing before him. At the same time Tarr's aunt from the deck of a boat pointed a revolver at Agent Kidney and dared him to shoot at her swimming nephew. Kidney turned back and the fugitive disappeared in a clump of bushes on shore. Tarr was wanted for abandoning a decrepit horse.

Charters were issued by the State Department to these corporations: Hazlewood Bank, Pittsburgh; capital, \$50,000. Oakland Bank, Pittsburgh; capital, \$50,000. Rosengarten & Sons, incorporated for the manufacture of chemicals, Philadelphia; capital, \$27,500. The Connellsville Improvement Company, Connellsville; capital, \$40,000. Citizens' Title and Trust Company, Uniontown; capital, \$15,000.

Lightning struck the home of Henry Schwalm, at Hometown, and burned it to the ground, together with its contents. The bolt rendered Mr. Schwalm and his wife unconscious, but the former regained his senses just in the nick of time. He carried his wife's unconscious form into the yard just a few minutes before the building collapsed. Mr. Schwalm's loss is \$2500.

Landis M. Kendig, the 10-year-old son of Benjamin Kendig, of Manor Township, died at St. Joseph's Hospital from lockjaw. The boy was setting off fireworks from a tree on the Fourth, when he fell to the ground, cutting himself badly and breaking an arm. Poisoner got into his wounds and tetanus developed.

General Superintendent J. M. Wallis announced that the request of the freight engineers of the Pittsburgh division of the Pennsylvania Railroad for increased wages has been granted. The raise applies only to engineers on the large locomotives. The wages are raised from \$3.50 to \$3.70 for a low rate day and from \$4.10 to \$4.35 for a high rate day.

Farmers in Jersey Shore are complaining of a peculiar black worm which has made its appearance in great numbers and which is almost entirely destroying the potato crop. Paris green and various exterminators fail to have the slightest effect on the worms.

Agnes O'Conner, aged 17, is dead at her home in Mahanoy City, as a result of falling out of bed. The girl ate a considerable quantity of ice cream, which brought on an attack of vertigo. During the spell she fell out of bed and fractured her skull. Death followed.

A southbound passenger train on the New York Central Railroad collided with the caboose of a freight train at Ramsey's on the Fall Brook district. Passengers were hurled from their seats, but escaped serious injury. The engine and caboose were wrecked.

Two unsuccessful attempts were made to burn the Maloney Hotel at Westport. Prompt discovery of the flames saved the building from destruction.

The Duncannon Iron Company has notified the puddlers that commencing this week the price of puddle bar would be advanced from \$3.50 to \$3.75 per ton.

The Potsville board of Health reorganized for the ensuing year. William Cooper was elected, vice C. H. Wolsten, whose term expired. These officers were elected: President, A. H. Halderstadt; secretary, Frank Little; health officer, Abram McNeale.

While blasting on the site of a new siding for the Pennsylvania Railroad at Mt. Carbon Richard Davidson had both legs and his body badly cut by flying rocks.

The public school board of West Chester is said to be the author of the new anti-cigarette law.

COMMERCIAL REVIEW.

General Trade Conditions.

New York (Special).—R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review of trade says: "General business continues its even course with all the leading industries well employed and with confidence expressed on every hand. Bountiful crops of wheat seem assured and the damage to corn, while considerable in some directions, does not promise to be sufficiently general or serious to at all impede the progress of the country. Labor troubles are in process of settlement and speculators have been responsible for most of the unrest which has been reflected in the markets."

Textile lines have settled in a steady position that promises more lasting prosperity than if prices had been forced higher or sensational activity had followed the altered attitude of buyers.

Grain crops this season are occasioning much uneasiness among speculators owing to the extremely complicated situation. Owing to latest official and unofficial prognostications there is reason to anticipate the heaviest wheat yield ever harvested, and making the customary allowances for domestic consumption, even with the small supplies on hand when the year opened, there appear available for export about 50 per cent. more than went abroad in the year of greatest shipments. Yet prices are far above the low record and vigorous rallies follow each decline. Extensive needs abroad—continue, the movement from Atlantic ports for the week amounting to 3,208,634 bushels, against 2,198,443 a year ago, and Western receipts were 4,579,378 bushels, against 2,618,677 last year. Corn exhibited remarkable strength, drought and heat since July 1 giving reason to expect less than the official report, which indicated more than two billion bushels. This cereal is now at an exceptionally high point and estimates of 200,000,000 bushels for export are too high, as foreign buyers will not buy freely at the enhanced value.

Failures for the week numbered 208 in the United States, against 196 last year.

LATEST QUOTATIONS.

Flour.—Best Patent, \$4.4544.00; High Grade Extra, \$3.9544.00; Minnesota bakers, \$2.8043.00.

Wheat.—New York, No. 2 red, 72 3/4; Philadelphia, No. 2 red, 68 1/2; Baltimore, 65 1/2; 69 1/2.

Corn.—New York, No. 2, 53 1/2; Philadelphia, No. 2, 51 1/2; Baltimore, No. 2, 51 1/2.

Oats.—New York, No. 2, 36 3/4; Philadelphia, No. 2 white, 37 1/2; Baltimore, No. 2 white, 35 1/2.

Rye.—New York, No. 2, 57; Philadelphia, No. 2, 58; Baltimore, No. 2, 50.

Hay.—No. 1 timothy, \$15.0045.00; No. 2 timothy, \$14.0041.50; No. 3 timothy, \$12.5041.00.

Green Fruits and Vegetables.—Apples, early June, per bbl; choice, \$1.50 2.00; do small, 75c \$1.25. Beets, native, per bunch, 1 1/2 doz. Blackberries, Eastern Shore, per quart, Rochelle, 45c; do Wilsons, 40c. Cabbage, native, per 100, Wakefield, \$3.0040.00. Cantaloupes, Ga., per crate, \$1.0041.50; do, North Carolina, per crate, 75c \$1.25. Carrots, native, per bunch, 1 1/2 doz. Corn, per doz, 6a 10c. Cucumbers, Anne Arundel, per peach basket, 25c. Currants, New York, per 8-lb basket, 25c. Eggplants, Florida, per crate, \$1.7542.00. Lettuce, native, per bushel box, 20c. Onions, new, per half barrel basket, 65 2/3. Peaches, Florida, per 6-basket carrier, \$1.5042.25. Plums, Florida, per carrier, \$1.0041.50. Raspberries, red, per pint, 25c. String beans, per bus, green, 30c; do, per bus, wax, 35c. Squash, per basket, 20c. Tomatoes, Florida, per 6-basket carrier, \$1.75 22.25. Watermelons, Florida and Georgia, per 100, \$15.0040.00.

Potatoes.—New Norfolk, per bbl, No. 1, \$2.2542.50; do, York River, per bbl, No. 1, \$2.2542.50; do, Rappahannock, per bbl, \$2.0042.25; do, Eastern Shore Md., per bbl, \$2.0042.25; do, Virginia, per bbl, \$2.0042.25.

Provisions.—Bulk shoulders, 8 1/2; do short ribs, 9 1/2; do clear sides, 9 1/2; do bacon ribs, 10 1/2; do clear sides, 10 1/2; do bacon shoulders, 9 1/2; fat backs, 8 1/2; sugar cured hams, 12 1/2; sugar cured shoulders, 9 1/2; hams, small, 13 1/2; large, 13; smoked, skinned hams, 13; picnic hams, 9 1/2. Lard, best refined, pure, in tierces, 9 1/2; in tubs, 9 1/2 per lb. Mess pork, per bbl, \$16.00.

Hides.—Heavy steers, association and salters, late kill, 60 lbs and under, choice selection, 10 1/2; 41 1/2; cows and light steers 9 1/2.

Live Poultry.—Hens, 11 1/2; old roosters, each, 25c; spring chickens, 15c. Ducks, 7 1/2; spring ducks, 9 1/2.

Eggs.—Western Md. and Pa., per doz., 13 1/2; Eastern Shore Md. and Va., do, 13c; Virginia, 13c; Western and West Virginia, do, 13c; Southern 12 1/2; guinea, 7c.

Dairy Products.—Butter—Elgin, 21c; Western Western rolls, 14 1/2; fair choice good, 13 1/2; half pound creamery, Md., Va. and Pa., 21 1/2; do, rolls, 2-lb, do, 20c.

Cheese.—New cheese, large, 60 lbs, 9 1/2; do, flats, 37 lbs, 9 1/2; picnics, 23 lbs, 10 1/2.

Live Stock.

Chicago.—Good to prime steers, \$5 to 6.20; poor to medium, \$3.0045.00; cows, \$2.4544.50; heifers, \$2.5044.00. Hogs—top, \$6.30; mixed and butchers, \$5.85 6.25; bulk of sales, \$6.0046.15. Sheep—10c higher; lambs 15c to 25c higher; Colorado shorn lambs up to \$5.35; spring lambs up to \$6.00; good to choice wethers \$3.60 4.40; Western sheep \$3.60 4.40; yearlings, \$4.2544.60; Western lambs, \$3.5045.35.

East Liberty, Pa.—Cattle, \$5.8546.00; prime, \$5.5045.70. Hogs steady; prime heavies, \$6.2046.25; skips, \$5.0046.00; roughs, \$4.2545.75. Sheep higher; best wethers, \$4.1044.70; culls and common, \$1.5042.50; yearlings, \$2.5044.50; veal calves, \$7.0047.50.

LABOR AND INDUSTRY.

Pasteboard armor is talked of. Madagascar is importing Chinese. Chicago has a servant girls' union. Belfast is Ireland's richest and most populous city.

The law forbids the Christian Scientists to practice in Missouri for pay. St. Louis freight handlers' wages have been advanced 15 cents per day.

A recent rain in Southern California increased the Lompoc Valley mustard crop from three sacks an acre to thirty sacks.