

## ON DISTANT SHORES.

On distant shores I fix mine eyes:  
My heart's desire anear them lies.  
Waste, worthless, are the things at  
hand;  
For in that distant other land  
Are better; 'tis beyond surmise.

I strive, I strain, I sacrifice  
My life, my love, to gain the prize,  
Until, behold, at length I stand  
On distant shores.

Ah, sorry, sickening surprise!  
In vain I strive to realize  
That now I tread the long-sought  
strand;  
And, looking back, Heart doth de-  
mand,  
"Why left ye that fair Paradise  
On distant shores."  
—Truman Roberts Andrews in Life.

## A LUCKY MISTAKE.

BY ALVAH MILTON KERR.

I taught Tommy Sands the art of telegraphy, and obtained for him his first position, that of night operator at Sturgess. He held the position just twelve hours, then came back to me discharged, but happy. The reason for this was that Tommy, like some other people, valued his life more than he did a working position.

Viewed as an individual, Tommy was fairly capable. Considered as a beginner in railroad station work, he was competent enough, but, as sometimes happens, the duties of his position apparently doubled the very hour that saw him attempt the work of the office. When he left his home station to take charge at Sturgess, I particularly admonished him to keep cool, for much in railroading depends on normal presence of mind; but, of course, a lad of eighteen cannot reasonably be expected to remain quite so much a master of himself as an older man, and Tommy, upon his introduction to the office at Sturgess really met troubles enough to try a veteran.

In the first place, he had everything to do at the station. All the items included in the comprehensive term "everything" cannot be specified here, but some of them may be mentioned. He had to watch the wires and take orders and telegrams, sell tickets and check baggage, throw the mail-pouch into the doorway of the mail-car when the passenger-train arrived, unload and load express and answer questions. This latter is a very disconcerting task when a man is new to a station and really doesn't know what he is talking about.

Of course Sturgess was not a large place, and ordinarily the Sturgess night operator, particularly when accustomed to the work, did not find his duties very exacting. But with Tommy that night it was different; he unfortunately struck a rush of business and through it a very odd experience.

When Tommy arrived to begin his work it was raining in the Elk River valley, softly at times, then again so generously that it roared on the tin station-roof and made the lamp-lighted platform look like an expanse of boiling glass. In these moments of exuberant downpour, thunder rolled up and down the valley, and the telegraph armatures jumped and spluttered senselessly. Even when the sluice-gates of the sky seemed no more than fine drizzling sieves, far-off lightning sent its snapping sighs along the wires, interfering with the transmission of orders and messages.

But of course no operator who realizes the responsibility of his position cuts out his instrument on account of lightning unless the play of celestial fire is absolutely dangerous. Tommy could not well cut out his during the time of most danger that night, for the dispatcher called him three-quarters of an hour before the Eastern Mail was due, at ten o'clock, and cautioned him to watch close and be on hand, as he might be needed for orders.

After that things went lively with Tommy. The omnibus from the principal hotel brought a load of passengers. Among them were three "drummers," two of whom were of the exacting, hectoring sort, with a large quantity of excess baggage. Tommy weighed the trunks, which were huge and heavy, in order to determine the excess, and the drummers protested and tormented him with abuse while he made out the excess-slips.

Then in rushed a rain-wet wedding party, laughing and screaming and throwing rice, and filling the waiting-room to suffocation.

The bridegroom was so excited he could hardly tell where he was going, and was a long time fumbling about his clothes in quest of money with which to pay for the tickets, while the bride clung to his arm and laughed and squeaked, as she vainly tried to ward off the flying rice. During the uproar a gray old farmer and his wife pushed through the crowd to the ticket window. They were going to Duluth, and Tommy found it quite impossible to allay their nervousness with sufficient information.

The confusion and the perplexing demands upon him augmented his natural anxiety until his scalp prickled and his cheeks flushed with excitement. Tommy was half-conscious that his mind was not working normally in the general confusion, and the near approach of the moment when the Eastern Mail was due quickened both the general clamor and his own nervousness. On account of the rain, the baggage, which filled two trucks, had necessarily to be left under cover until the last moment, and the young operator was wondering with alarm if he should be able to get it out of the

baggage-room and to the train in time.

The Eastern Mail proved to be twelve minutes late and the waiting crowd plied Tommy with all sorts of annoying questions. At the moment when the Mail was due by schedule, the dispatcher called Tommy, and he flew to the key. The pay-car was coming up the valley with the directors' car attached; they were in a hurry, and the dispatcher wished to change their meeting point with the Mail from Sumner, the first station east, to Sturgess.

Tommy's heart throbbed as he copied the instructions to hold the Mail for orders. The noise in the waiting-room was so great that he could hardly read the clicking instrument, and a dizzying sort of fear rose in his mind lest he should not receive the order correctly; besides, as there was so much else that needed his immediate attention, it seemed he could not wait. When he had repeated the order to the dispatcher, the official "O. K." seemed to spurt from the sounder, it came so quick, and the dispatcher began giving the pay-car at Sumner orders to run to Sturgess.

Tommy indorsed the "O. K." on the hold order, two belated passengers began beating on the ticket-window, demanding tickets and checks for their trunks. In the insistent rush of the moment, Tommy did the fatal thing; he forgot to turn the hold-signal for the Mail.

He was exceedingly busy throughout the next ten minutes with tickets and baggage, and when the Mail rounded a curve with screaming whistle, and brought her string of glowing coaches creaking and hissing to the platform, his head was swimming in a sort of dizzy panic. There was hurried loading and unloading of baggage, the showing of express packages from a car door into Tommy's arms, the throwing of a mail-sack upon the wet platform, and the flinging of another into the mail-car, the laughter and scramble aboard of passengers, a rumble of thunder up in the black sky; then the train creaked and hissed and drew away—prospectively to crash into the pay-car some two miles east of Sturgess.

Tommy, wet with perspiration and the falling rain, began picking up some fallen packages. As he rose his eye caught sight of the green light burning on the signal-box. It should have been red!

Like a blinding flash the forgotten order rushed upon his memory. It staggered him like a blow, and for an instant all the blood in his veins seemed to rise and boil and roar in his ears.

He whirled about, and express-bills and packages dropped from his hands as if they had stung him. The rear lights of the train were perhaps 100 feet from the platform. Like a creature suddenly smitten with madness, he rushed after them, shouting shrilly. If he could only catch hold of the hand-rail and swing himself up and pull the bell-cord!

"O Father in Heaven! Father in Heaven, help me!" came gasping from his white lips as he ran.

But the train was running faster than he. Still, onward he tore along the ties, shouting and pleading. He tripped and fell prone upon his face, rose and slipped and staggered; but at that moment the world was suddenly wrapped in fire, and a shattering peal split downward, as if the earth had opened to its core. The Eastern Mail lurching wildly, there came a battering crash of draw-heads, and the long string of coaches stopped.

Tommy scrambled to his feet, for he had fallen with the electric shock. His hair seemed to crackle as with fire; there was an odd singing in his ears. Despite the strange happening, however, his mind did not loosen its grip on the paramount idea—the mad necessity of holding the train. Onward, as fast as his feet could carry him, he flew, leaped up the rear steps and rushed through the coaches shouting for the conductor. He found the blue-coated official by the locomotive.

"The pay-car's coming from Sumner! I got orders for you! Get back on the siding quick!" Tommy cried.

Jim Dwyer, the engineer, was getting up from the fuel deck, looking dazed and strange. The fireman hung pale and soot-streaked against the banked-up coal in the tender. The conductor himself seized the throttle-lever and put the drivers on the back turn.

Dwyer crept weakly back upon his high seat and rubbed his forehead like one just waking from sleep.

"What happened, Andy?" he said.

"Where are we?"

"Lightning struck the wire and hit the engine somehow, too! We are wanted for orders back at the depot," said the conductor. "I'll run her back; guess you're hurt."

"I feel kind of queer all over. Something seemed to hit me here at the back of my head. But I'll be all right in a minute, I guess," said Dwyer.

Tommy jumped off with them at the station and ran into the office. The telegraph table was splintered and thrown away from the wall. The instruments were torn apart and portions of them were fused and melted. A glance revealed what the boy had escaped. Had he been at the table getting the train's order, or reporting it, he would have met instant death. His error, strangely, had proved a marvel of good fortune.

The conductor looked at Tommy's white face with a softening light in his own. "I guess God must be taking care of blundering children like you," he said. He turned to the engineer. "Jim, how did you come to shut off steam?" he asked.

"I don't know," replied the engineer, still rubbing his head. "I had hold of the throttle-lever, and I suppose the shock must have made me grip and

jerk the lever, and that shut her off. The blow, or whatever it was, knocked me off the seat."

Eight telegraph-poles were found to have been split and broken by the electricity seeking the ground where the great bolt fell upon the wire. Dwyer's engine had been almost opposite the point of greatest wreckage, and obviously the iron of the engine had attracted the electric force.

Tommy brought the day operator to the station, and by patching a wire and attaching an old relay, they got the Mail and pay-car out without much delay, but, of course, Tommy went home discharged.

Afterward he went into his father's store, and ultimately became a partner in the business. Twelve hours of rail-roading, he often averred, were quite sufficient for him.—Youth's Companion.

## THE NEWLY MARRIED.

### A Quarrel That Pegan in an Unexpected Manner.

They had been married three weeks and had just commenced house-keeping. He was starting to town one morning and she followed him to the door. They had their arms wrapped round each other, and she was saying: "Oh, Clarence, do you think it possible that the day can ever come when we shall part in anger?"

"Why, no, little puss," he said. "Of course not. What put that foolish idea into my little birdie's head, eh?"

"Oh, nothing, dearest. I was only thinking how perfectly dreadful it would be if one of us should speak harshly to the other."

"Well, don't think of such wicked, utterly impossible things any more," he said. "We can never, never quarrel."

"I know it, darling. Good-by, you dear, dear old precious, good-by. Oh, wait a second, Clarence, I've written a note to mamma. 'Can't you run round to the house and leave it for her some time to-day?'"

"Why, yes, dearie; if I have time."

"If you have time! Oh, Clarence!"

"What is it, little girlie?"

"Oh, to say if you 'have time' to do the very first errand your little wife asks you to do."

"Well, well, dearie, I'm awfully busy just now."

"Too busy to please me? Oh, Clarence, you hurt my feelings so."

"Why, child, I—"

"I'm not a child, Clarence; I'm a married woman, and I—"

"There, there, my pet, I—"

"No, no, Clarence; if I was your p-p-et, you'd t-try to—to—"

"But, Mabel, do be reasonable."

"Oh, Clarence, don't speak to me so."

"Mabel, be sensible, and—"

"Go on, Clarence, go on; break my heart."

"Stuff and nonsense!"

"Oh, o-o-oh!"

"What have I said or done?"

"As if you need to ask! But go. Hate me if you will, Clarence, I—"

"This is rank nonsense—"

"I'll go back to mamma if you want me to. She loves me, if you don't."

"You must be crazy!"

"Oh, yes, sneer at me, ridicule me. Perhaps you had better strike me!"

He bangs the door, goes down the steps with a jump, and races off, muttering something about women being the "queerest creatures."

Of course they'll make it up at night, and they'll have many such a little tiff in the years to come, and when they are old they'll say: "We've lived together forty-five years, and never—no, never—spoken a cross word to each other in all that time."—Tit-Bits.

## Artificial Asbestos.

Although asbestos is not scarce, its occurrence is limited, its application very large, and good materials are sufficiently expensive to justify attempts at artificial asbestos and asbestos substitutes. The fine fibre which makes Canadian asbestos so valuable for textures cannot be imitated. But there are many cases where the fibrous texture is dispensable. Asbestos is practically silicate of magnesia, its production, in some shape or other, ought not to be difficult. The first experiments were made with soluble soda silicate and sulphate of magnesia. The latter is too expensive, however. But the natural sulphate, which can be obtained at low cost at Strassfurt, the kieselit, will do very well. Borntreger dissolves this mineral in hot water and precipitates it with soda silicate, washes the gelatinous precipitate and brings it into filter presses. It is then calcined, which process lasts about 12 hours, in a furnace yielding two hundredweight of dry silicate. This product is ground until it forms a very light, very fine white powder. Two parts of this powder are mixed with one part of coarse paper pulp of peat pulp, and the mass is dried under compression. The resulting product is a good substitute for asbestos, and can be prepared at a remunerative rate, in some countries in any case.

## The American Duchesses' Way.

At one of the big bazaars which have been such a feature of the past season an ill-bred young man was heard to express his admiration of a certain charming lady serving at an adjoining stall. "What do you bet I don't go 'and ask her name?" he demanded of his companion. Apparently the bet was taken up, for the bouncer went staggering up and said with a smirk, "What might your name be, my pretty maid?" The fair unknown dropped a curtsy, and "The Duchess of Marlborough, sir," she said, was the un-expected reply, to the extreme discomfiture of the questioner, who slunk off precipitately. An Englishwoman would probably have accorded him silence and a freezing stare, with not a quarter of the crushing effect which attended the American Duchesses' smile.—London Outlook.

## EXCITING CAMEL TRAINING.

### The Animal of the Desert Has More Vices Than the Mule.

An officer who has been residing some time in Egypt, where camel-riding has been obligatory, sends the following graphic description of his experiences with that amiable and useful animal: "You can well imagine that there's a circus around here while the usual riding instruction is going on. When the untamed camels first arrived at our camp I heard a tremendous growling in front of the door, and on going out I saw one of these amiable beasts being led by his keeper, but walking along with every expression of disgust both in his countenance and voice. The man stopped (ditto camel) and attempted to tie the beast's fore-legs together, when it reared, and, striking out with its forefeet, landed on the keeper's stomach and head, sending him flying through space as if shot out of a cannon. The man picked himself out of the ditch with a hand on each bruised part, and the camel, which had never ceased roaring, was taken in charge by two other and more robust natives and led to the tents, or rather induced to go by energetic assistance of a very sharp iron rod applied in a most vigorous and miscellaneous manner. Similar exhibitions are being conducted here daily, and we are now ready to lead the recently broken camels. Within three or four days they become tractable. I first formed my opinion of a camel some years ago, when I rode across the Arabian deserts, and I see no reason to alter it in any way. The creature has so many talents and so many ways of exhibiting them. And, to begin with, it can kick harder, higher, swifter and oftener than a mule, and can use all four feet at one time in a kicking match. Then it can bite worse than a vicious horse, and buck in a way to make a broncho blush with absolute shame. No rider ever lived who can stay on that perch seven feet from the ground during a camel's exhibition of gymnastics. Then he can run away when he feels like it, and is often seized with a desire to slope. Upon an occasion of this kind his rider experiences a sensation between being blown up with dynamite or struggling against the throes of an earthquake until all his joints are dislocated, and he drops, a limp, inert mass, to the ground. Then this sweet creature has a way of evincing his displeasure that is at least effectual and convincing. He twists his snakelike neck into a circle, and, poking his ugly nose into the face of the rider, opens his cavernous mouth and lets out a roar of disgust in such a fetid breath that the elevated human victim is fairly blown into the middle of the coming month (a week being too short a distance). And yet, with all these high recommendations, which some people might consider objectionable, these are the dear animals I am constantly brought in contact with and for which I am even beginning to form an affection."—The Road.

## Of Course She Was Pretty.

Not every man cares to have another read his newspaper while he is himself perusing it, but this middle-aged man seemed not to mind it a bit. Perhaps that was because the girl who sat beside him in a Broadway car and looked over his shoulder to read the news was handsome and well dressed. Her eyes caught the headlines of an article which evidently interested her, for she continued on from the headlines to the reading matter and finished the article, while the man patiently held the paper until she got through.

The girl forgot apparently that she was in a public conveyance and was reading a strange man's newspaper. He didn't. He noticed what she was doing, and how she was interested, and after he had finished the article he was reading continued to hold the paper in the same position, glancing occasionally at the girl out of the corner of his eye. Several other passengers also noticed back when the owner of the paper winked broadly at them.

Finally she finished the article that had attracted her interest and looked up with a sigh. Then she became conscious of what she had been doing. She blushed and looked confused, but was sensible enough to know that her absent-minded act did not call for her to leave the car. Instead, she said to the owner of the paper:

"I beg your pardon, sir. I guess I forgot what I was doing."

He raised his hat in acknowledgment of the apology, and after turning the page resumed his reading. The girl sat still until she reached her destination and got off the car with no symptom of embarrassment and without being noticed by the passengers who had smiled while she was reading the paper.—New York Times.

## Serpent in the Church.

This snake lived in the church of G.'s first parish in Australia. Its hole was visible to the congregation, and it used to show its head to them at service time (during the sermon, probably) and make them nervous. So it was sought to entice it to its destruction with saucers of milk. The parson used to lay the bait over night and go to look for results in the morning. Always the saucer was found empty, but for a long time the snake was not found. At last he saw it coiled asleep upon the white cloth laid over the chancel carpet, where the sun from the east window poured warmly down upon it. So he hewed it in pieces before the altar, as Samuel hewed Agag.—The Empire Review.

The pedestrian used to have at least the satisfaction of stopping a bicycle rider and making him take equal chances in the mix-up. But he has no chance whatever with an automobile.

## LATEST HAPPENINGS

### ALL OVER THE STATE.

#### Condensed Special Dispatches Boiled Down for Rapid Reading.

#### NEW LIST OF PENSIONS GRANTED.

##### Pittsburg Prisoner's Death Sentence Commuted—Pardon Granted a Lackawanna County Convict—Another Street Car at Scranton Badly Damaged by Dynamite—Forty Laborers Aroused From Sleep by Flames.

These pensions were granted Pennsylvanians: Godfrey K. Biber, Allegheny, \$8; Theodore J. Ballantine, Pittsburg, \$12; John K. Kelsey, Allegheny, \$12; John C. Mark, New Alexander, \$12; Maurice Dunbar, Phoenixburg, \$10; Caroline Foy, Homestead, \$8; Martha McFarland, Tateville, \$8; Catherine I. Ferris, Rochester, \$8; Elizabeth J. Cherry, Bellwood, \$8; Elizabeth Crim, Shay, \$8; Mary Reddick, Allegheny, \$8; Gergetta Shotts, Irwin, \$8.

Pennsylvania—Winfield S. Birch, Pittsburg, \$12; Norman G. Bundy, Daguer Mines, \$5; Michael Fitzer, Runville, \$10; Charles Richardson, Pittsburg, \$8; Sarah E. Miller, Pittsburg, \$8; Amanda E. Crable, Uniontown, \$12; Emeline Pierce, East Smithfield, \$12.

Judge Edwards of Scranton, specially presiding, decided that the school board of Norristown has power to raise \$5000 annually by taxation to maintain a Carnegie library. Several citizens of the town had instituted equity proceedings to prevent the acceptance of Carnegie's gift.

Michael Nash was arrested in Scranton charged with trying to wreck the Buffalo express on the Lackawanna Railroad by placing an obstruction in a frog. A switchman discovered the attempt.

Mrs. Carrie Cox, of Franklin Township, Lycoming County, was arrested charged with attempting to poison two children of William McFadden.

A piece of dynamite fastened to the car track on Capouse avenue, Scranton, was run over and exploded by a car at 6 o'clock the other evening. No one was injured, but the car was badly damaged. Several similar attempts to wreck cars have been made since the strike of the traction employees was commenced. Select Council has passed a resolution directing the City Recorder to offer a reward of \$500 for information that will lead to the arrest of a perpetrator of these outrages.

The Board of Pardons commuted to life imprisonment the death sentence of George W. McMurray, of Pittsburg, whose case has been pending before the board since April. A pardon was granted to Joseph Boshino, of Lackawanna county, serving a life sentence for murder. Application for the commutation of the death sentence of John Lutz, of Luzerne county, and William Allen, of Fayette county, were refused.

A large building tenanted by over forty Hungarian laborers, at Annyville, was destroyed by fire. The foreigners, roused from their sleep by the flames, rushed panic-stricken to the outside, leaving clothing and money to be consumed. It is estimated that \$1,500, the savings of the men for several years, was destroyed.

Yielding to the request of their attorney, Governor Stone decided that the two Biddle brothers, who murdered a grocer near Pittsburg, should be hanged on different days. John Biddle will be hanged on January 14, and Edward Biddle on January 6.

Three tramps who are believed to have robbed a hotel in Catasauqua were captured after a long chase by Detectives Johnson and Doran. The officers recovered clothing, jewelry and other goods.

Thomas C. Hoopes' butcher wagon was struck by a train on the Downingtown & Lancaster Railroad at the Washington avenue crossing. The wagon was wrecked and Hoopes was badly injured.

Negotiations are pending for the purchase of the Deuise estate in Eddystone borough, comprising about forty acres, by Philadelphia capitalists, to be utilized for a large mill.

Isabella, the three-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Barney McCafferty, of Allentown, died from burns sustained while playing at a brush fire.

The Lancaster branch of the Woman's Needlework Guild of America distributed 2107 garments among the Poor of that city.

Annie Pareiska, aged 4 years, was playing about a bonfire in Pottstown, when her clothing became ignited and she was burned to death.

Three rural delivery routes will be established in Spring City and vicinity on January 1.

The stables at Lindenthorpe race track were destroyed by fire, a lighted cigarette, it is thought, causing the flame.

The Chester Board of Trade appointed a committee to aid in the endeavor to secure action in Congress in favor of a deeper channel for the Delaware river.

Three negroes accused of many robberies in Lancaster county were arrested in Atglen, Chester county, after a fight with the constables.

Plans submitted by A. A. Richter, a Lebanon architect, were accepted for the new Memorial Reformed Church to be erected in Washington for the congregation with which President Roosevelt worshipped.

The General Missionary Committee of the Methodist Episcopal Church concluded its sessions in Pittsburg. The committee refused to recede from its position in making an 8 per cent. reduction in appropriations to missions.

Aged John Waterson was found dead in bed at his home in Chester, the discovery being made by his daughter-in-law, who went to his room to call him. Death was due to apoplexy.

Charters were issued by the State Department to the following corporations: Keystone Stable and Storage Co., Pittsburg, capital \$5,000; Eastern Warehouse Co., Philadelphia, capital \$10,000; The Lloyd Manufacturing Co., Pittsburg, capital \$1,000; The Umbrella Specialty Co., Philadelphia, capital \$10,000; The South Sharon Furniture and Supply Co., South Sharon, capital \$10,000.

## COMMERCIAL REVIEW.

### General Trade Conditions.

R. J. Dun & Co.'s weekly review of trade says: Never before in the history of the United States was there such great reason for a day of national thanksgiving. This country has made unprecedented strides toward a position of international supremacy, not only in commerce but also in finance. To a marked degree business enterprises have proved successful. An idle wheel in mills or factories is the exception, while labor is so well employed at high wages that consumptive demands sustain market values of all staple commodities.

Cotton relapsed into dullness with barely steady quotations, in marked contrast to the exceptional activity and strength of the same week in 1900, when prices were \$11.25 a bale higher. Foreign markets are held down by Mr. Neill's large estimate of the domestic crop, which is not likely to prove as near the fact as his excessively low prediction last year.

Strength is the rule in the markets for farm products. Favorable weather during the closing days of corn harvesting failed to bring any reaction from the highest price level in many years, and the market was equally oblivious to Atlantic exports for the week of only 450,424 bushels, as against 3,838,666 a year ago. After some weeks of gradual decline toward a normal position, pork products suddenly bounded upwards, regardless of weakness in live hogs.

### LATEST QUOTATIONS.

Flour—Best Patent, \$4.60; High Grade Extra, \$4.10; Minnesota Bakers, \$3.00a3.25.

Wheat—New York No. 2, 80 1/2c; Philadelphia No. 2 red, 76 1/2a77c; Baltimore No. 2, 76c.

Corn—New York No. 2, 68c; Philadelphia No. 2, 67 1/2a70c; Baltimore No. 2, 62 1/2c.

Oats—New York No. 2, 46c; Philadelphia No. 2, 40 1/2c; Baltimore No. 2, 40a40 1/2c.

Fruits and Vegetables—Apples—Maryland and Virginia, fancy, per bbl, \$2.00a2.25; do Maryland and Pennsylvania, packed, per bbl, \$2.00a2.75. Cranberries—Cape Cod, per bbl, \$5.00a5.50.

Pears—Eastern Shore, Maryland, Keifers, per basket, 15a20c; do New York Keifers, per bbl, \$2.00a2.75. Quinces—New York, per bbl, \$3.50a4.00. Yams—Rappahannock, per bbl, \$1.00a1.25.

Beets—Native, per 100 bunches, \$1.00a1.50. Carrots—Native, per bunch, 1a 1 1/2c. Cabbages—New York, per ton \$9.00a10.00. Celery—New York, per dozen 20a25c; do native, per bunch 2 1/2a 3 1/2c. Cauliflower—Long Island, per bbl, or crate, \$1.50a2.00. Eggplants—Florida, per crate \$3.00a4.00. Lima Beans—Native, per bushel 75a90c. Lettuce—Native, per box 15a20c. Peas—Yellow, per bushel \$1.00a1.10; do white, per bushel \$1.25a1.30. Peppers—Native, per bushel box 25a30c. Pumpkins, each 4a5c. Parsnips—Native, per box 25a 30c. Turnips—Native, per box 10a 12 1/2c. Tomatoes—Eastern Shore, Maryland, per basket 30a35c.

Potatoes—White—Maryland and Pennsylvania, per bu, No. 1, 70a75c; do, seconds, 50a60c; do, New York, per bu, best stock, 75a80c; do, common, 50a60c; do, Western, per bu, prime, 75a80c.

Sweets—Eastern Shore, Virginia, per 30c barrel, \$1.50a1.65; do, per flour 30c, \$1.75a1.80; do, per bbl, culls, \$1.00a 1.25; do, native, per bbl, No. 1, \$1.70a 1.80. Yams—Virginia, per bbl, smooth, \$1.00a1.25.

Provisions and Hog Products—Bulk rib sides, 10 1/2c; shoulders, 9 1/2c; bacon, lead rib sides, 11c; California, 9 1/2c; yams, 10 lbs, 13 to 13 1/2c; do skinned, 13 1/2c; do, beef, Western, canvased and uncanvased sets, 14 1/2c; mess pork, \$17.50; ham pork, \$17.50; lard, refined, 50lb cans, 11 1/2c; do, do, half barrels and new tubs, 11 1/2c. Lard, refined, 11c. Dairy Products—Butter—Elgin, 23a 24c; separator, extras, 25a26c; do, 1sts, 20a 21c; do, gathered cream, 20a 21c; do imitation, 17a18c; Maryland, Virginia and Pennsylvania 21a22c; do vills, 2-lb, do, 17a18c.

Eggs—Western Maryland and Pennsylvania, per dozen, —a26c; Eastern Shore (Maryland and Virginia) do, —a26c; Virginia, do, 25a26c; West Virginia, —a25c; Western do, 25a26c; Southern do, 23a24c; guinea, —a—; ice-cream, choice at mark, 18a18 1/2c; do, 10a10 1/2c. Jobbing prices 1/2 to 1c higher.

Cheese—New cheese, large 60 lbs., 10 1/2 to 10 3/4c; do, flats, 37 lbs., 10 1/2 to 10 3/4c; picnics, 23 lbs., 11 to 11 1/2c.

Live Poultry—Turkeys—Old, 8 1/2a9c; do, young fat, —a9c; do, small and poor —a8c. Chickens—Hens, 7 1/2a8c; do, old roosters, each, 25a30c; do, young, large, —a8 1/2c; do, small, 9a9 1/2c; do, rough and poor, —a8. Ducks—Spring, 3 lbs and over, —a10c; do, poor and small, 9c; do, fancy, large, old, 10c; do, small 8a9c; do, mucovey and mongrel, 9a10c. Geese—Western, each, 60a65c. Guinea fowl, each, 15a20c. Pigeons—Old strong flyers, per pair, 20a25c; do, young, do, 20a—.

### Live Stock.

Chicago.—Cattle—Good to prime, 6.20a6.85; poor to medium, \$3.75a5.00; stockers and feeders, \$2.00a4.00; cows \$1.25a4.75; heifers \$1.50a5.00; canners \$1.25a2.25; bulls \$2.00a4.50; calves \$2.00a5.25; Western steers \$3.50a5.25. Hogs—Receipts today 45,000 head, tomorrow 40,000, left over 7,500; sc to 10c higher; mixed and butchers \$5.50a5.95; good to choice, heavy, \$5.70a6.10; rough to fair, heavy, \$5.45a5.65; light \$5.25a5.75; bulk of sales \$5.65a5.85.

East Liberty.—C