

R. G. Dunn & Co's Weekly Review of Trade says: It is most fortunate that the vagaries of speculation are not always deleterious to legitimate business.

LATEST QUOTATIONS.

Flour.—Best Patent, \$4.90; High Grade Extra, \$4.40; Minnesota Bakers, \$3.003.50.

GREEN FRUITS AND VEGETABLES.—Apples.—Western Maryland and Pennsylvania, packed, per bbl. \$3.00

Potatoes.—White.—Maryland and Pennsylvania, per bu. No. 1, \$2.50; do, second, 60c; New York, per bu. best stock, \$2.50; do, common, 60c; Western, per bu. prime, \$2.50; do, Eastern Shore, Virginia, per truck

Butter, Creamery.—Separator, 26c; gathered cream, 22c; imitation, 19c; Md. Va. and Pa. Dairy points, 21c; small creamery blocks, (2-lb.), 25c

Cheese.—New cheese, large 60 lbs. 10c to 11c; do, flats, 37 lbs. 11c to 11c; picnics, 23 lbs. 11c to 11c.

Live Poultry.—Turkeys.—Old, \$5.00; young, fat, 2c; do, small and poor, —3c; Chickens.—Hens, —3c; do old roosters, each 25c; do, young good to choice, 8c; do, rough and poor, —2c; Ducks.—Fancy, large, 9c; do, small, —8c; do, muscovy and mongrels, 8c; Geese, Western, each 50c.

Chicago, Cattle.—Good to prime, \$6.00; 4780; poor to medium, \$4.00; stockers and feeders, \$2.00; cows, \$1.00; heifers, \$1.50; canners, \$1.00; Texas fed steers, \$4.50; East Liberty.—Cattle.—Choice, \$5.00

Hogs slow and lower; prime heavies, \$6.00; heavy mediums, \$6.00; light do, \$5.00; heavy Yorkers, \$5.85

Light do, \$5.00; pigs, as to weight and quality, \$3.00; wethers, \$3.00; sheep active, \$3.00; culls and common, \$1.00

LABOR AND INDUSTRY The Marine Engineers' Association takes in the engineers on the trans-Atlantic liners which are manned in this country, and the present wages, based on these demands, are as follows: Vessels of the first-class—that is, vessels of the largest tonnage—chief engineers, \$150 a month; first assistant engineers, \$100 a month; second assistants, \$80; third assistants, \$70. Vessels of the second class, chief engineers, \$145 a month; first assistants, \$95; second assistants, \$70; third assistants, \$60.

JOKERS' REBUTTAL

NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND.

There was a maid in our town As wise as she was fair, She went to a peroxide shop And bleached her raven hair.

MENTAL INSOLENCY.

"Do you believe in natural selection and the survival of the fittest?" "I do," answered the candid man.

PREFERABLE.

"Doesn't it make you nervous to hear your husband constantly complaining about the way political affairs are managed?"

SECURING HIMSELF.

"That man says he wants all the advice he can get on the way he is to conduct the office to which he has just been elected."

THE LAWYER'S ADVICE.

Young Lady—A friend of mine is engaged to a man, and now he refuses to marry her. What would you advise her to do?

WHY HE IS GLAD.

"Here's a queer announcement on the bottom of the bill of fare: 'The proprietor will be glad to receive complaints against the waiters.'"

A PRISONER.

"I thought you guaranteed that suit of underwear you sold me not to shrink?" said the customer, who entered the store and stood in a somewhat cramped attitude.

THE MISSION OF DIALECT LITERATURE.

"There are numerous dialects in the Chinese language, and the inhabitants of one locality may have difficulty in understanding those of another," remarked the professor.

A HAPPY IDEA.

Smearer—You know that grand old patriotic sentence which begins this way: "Eternal vigilance?"

THE MODERN LITERARY MARKET.

"Yes," said the fair girl, "Adolphus is perfectly devoted to literature."

A HORRIBLE EXAMPLE AT HOME.

"Why is it, Mr. Blinkenham," the jolly little match-maker asked, "that you have never married?"

A Kansas Champion.

Atchison has a man who can give more good advice, and act the fool more times in a day, than any other man in America.—Atchison Globe.

Gifts

By E. S. Martin

THE imperial child to whom the wise men brought Their gifts, and worshipped in His lowly nest, Gave no gift back.

—From Harper's Weekly.

The Colonel's Christmas Gift

By Margaret Seymour Hall

WHEN the original John Pemberton came to Massachusetts to fight Indians and to enable his descendants to become Dames and Daughters and Sons of all manner of things, it was in a way that little be-tokened such future glory.

But with King Philip and the Nar-ragansetts waging war it was impossible to spare one who was both a fearless and a skillful warrior; and besides (so say the ancient annals) his sins troubled their own punishment; so brought a one that the most ortho-dox stood aghast, for his eldest son—his heir and his pride—married a re-headed witch, the daughter of a Dutch emigrant, who had died just as his vessel touched port.

But one thing more went with it—namely, the old man's sword; for the son, though uninvited, came to the funeral and took it down from its hook on the wall, declaring that of all the sons he alone, as eldest, had the right to wear it.

And then came the deluge. John's father, old Pemberton, nearly went off his head with rage when John informed him of the engagement.

"What," fumed the Colonel, "my only son wed the daughter of that wrong-headed lawyer! Let them begin, in common honesty, by restoring their unjust gain and I'll consent to hear more of them; but until this is done, never!"

So that is how matters stood with John Pemberton when Christmas-time—the season of peace and good-will—came around.

maris was a sight to see. By a strange run of fate every girl in that line is born with a red head, but in Damaris, when the sun shone upon it, it was a halo of glory.

The father, with the beads held in one limp hand, gazed with down-hung jaw at his son, who in turn gazed with like astonishment at his father.

The old warrior knew when he was conquered. He was not one given to half-way measures. He looked up at his son.

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So that is how matters stood with John Pemberton when Christmas-time—the season of peace and good-will—came around.

The Christmas dinner could hardly be called a cheerful meal, nor did things brighten later when the young man stood gazing silently out of the window.

In the gathering dusk John thought he saw a slender form run past the casement window. Then just as he had decided it was imagination there came a tap at the front door—a sudden rising and falling of the old brass knock-er—so slight a noise that it failed to call the butler.

After waiting a moment John Pemberton himself strolled down the hall and opened the door. No one was there, though the mark of a small foot was clearly visible in the snow on the door-step.

"Eh, what's that?" said the old man, when John returned to the library. "Left on the door-step? Perhaps it's some sort of a practical joke, though who would think of playing it I don't know.

The father, with the beads held in one limp hand, gazed with down-hung jaw at his son, who in turn gazed with like astonishment at his father.

"John," said he, "will you order the carriage out?" John did, asking no questions.

John's father, old Pemberton, nearly went off his head with rage when John informed him of the engagement.

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ed; and she took them. "And also I beg that you will honor me by consenting to accept my only son, and that you will come to my old house as its beloved mistress."

John moved up to her and possessed himself of her hands. "Father gave you the beads, and you took them," he said, softly. "And he also gave you me. Am I taken, too, dear?"

Damaris raised her eyes, and crept closer; and John drew her into his arms.

And so the old Pemberton feud came to an end on Christmas night.—Woman's Home Companion.



GOING HOME FOR CHRISTMAS

By A C WHEELER

I wonder how many old women there were who baked and basted and then sat waiting in their black silk frocks for the broods to come back on Christmas—the broods that never came.

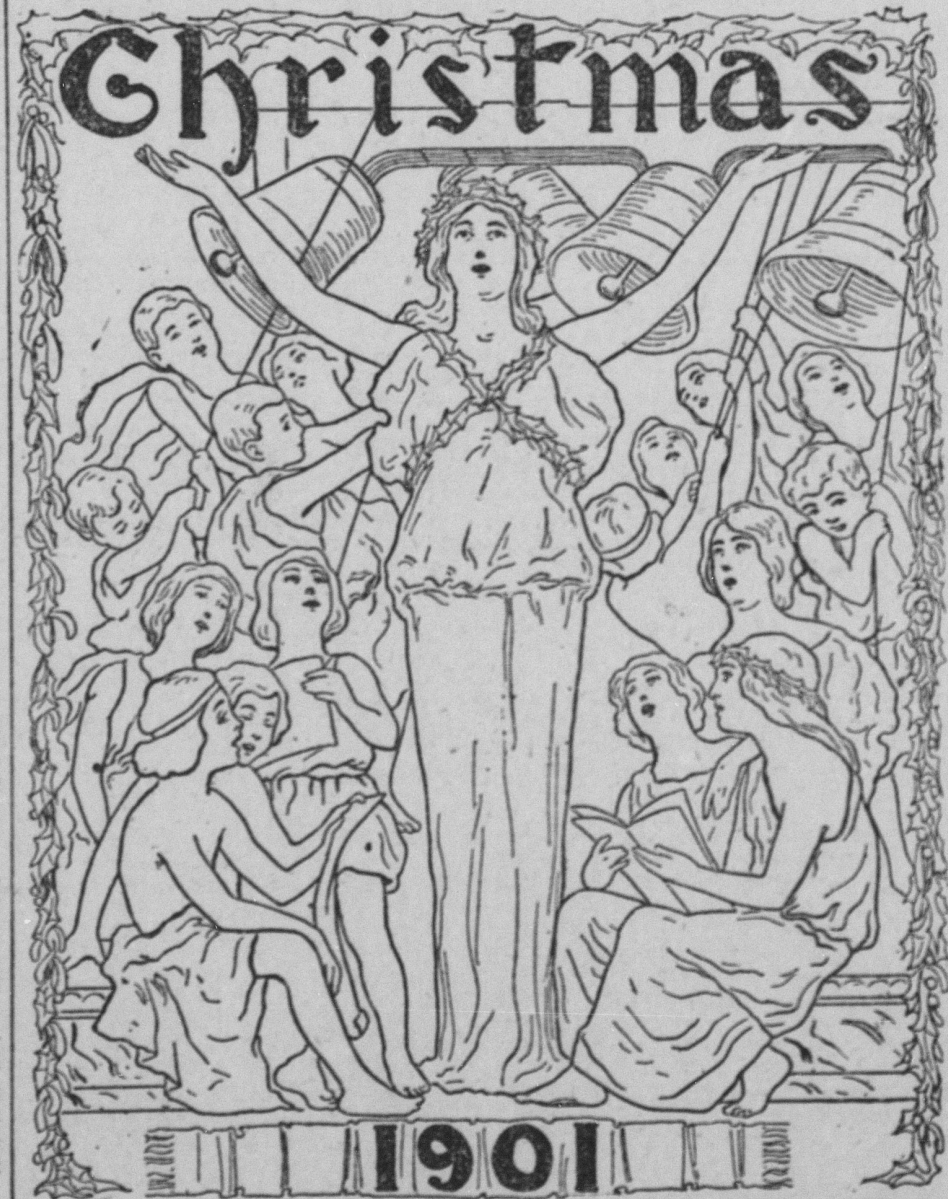
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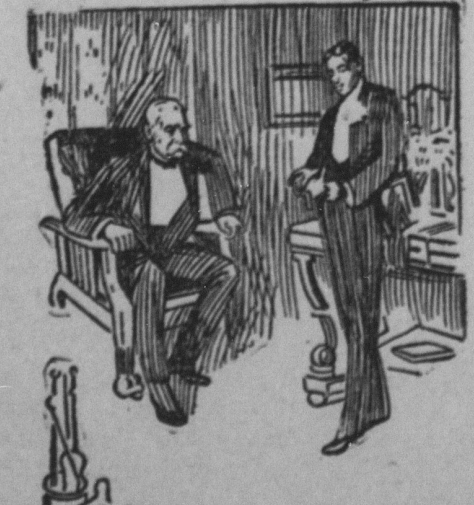
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—Harper's Bazar.



"AS HE PUT HIS FINGER ON THE SPRING THE LID FLEW BACK."



"MY DEAR LADY," HE SAID, WITH STARELY DIGNITY.



Mr. Mouse—"I'll bet anything that fellow stole a horse, or he wouldn't be hanging on that tree."—Judge.