[NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.]

THE PENNYCOMEQUICKS

—Written for THE DISPATCH by—

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SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

CHAPTERS I. AND II.—Mrs. Sidebottom, whose maiden name was Pennycomequick, and her son Captain Pennycomequick, who had taken the name by special licence, are sitting together considering ways and means. With ambitious notions and extravagant tastes she finds it difficult to live on the £400 annually, which is her income. Both she and her son are reckoning upon the possible fortune that may be theirs on the death of a wealthy relative, Jeremiah Pennycomequick (half-brother to Mrs. Sidebottom), whom they have just entertained at dinner, but who is disgusted with their overdone professions of interest in his welfare. Living with him is a niece, Salome Cusworth, one of two sisters, the elder one having left his roof to marry a French manufacturer. Mr. Pennycomequick gradually becomes drawn toward the fatherless Salome, and something of a tenderer feeling springs within his breast. A casual joke from Captain Pennycomequick with reference to Salome and himself reveals to him his heart, and, as he meets her in his own home after the Sidebottom banquet, he dare not meet her eyes.

CHAPTER III.—A TRUST.

During dinner that evening the conversation had turned on modern music. Yorkshire folk are, with rare exceptions, musical, and those who are not musical are expected, at all events, to be able to take their part in a conversation about music. Someone had spoken about old English ballads, whereupon Captain Lambert had said, as an aside to his uncle:

"No one can doubt what is your favorite song."

"There you have the advantage of me," said Jeremiah, simply.

"'Sally in our Alley'—but I must say you take slow time in getting to the last verse."

Then he hummed the words:

And when my seven long years are out,
Oh, then I'll marry Sally!
And then how happily we'll live,
But not in our alley.

Then it was that the blood had rushed into the manufacturer's temples, a rush of blood occasioned partly by anger at being made the subject of a joke, and partly by the suggestion which startled him.

Never before that moment had the thought occurred to him that it was possible for him to bind Salome to him by the closest and surest of ties. No, never before had he imagined that this was possible.

How one word starts a train of ideas. As a spark falling on thatch may cause a conflagration, so may a word carelessly dropped set blood on fire and drive a man to madness. That little remark had produced in Jeremiah an effect greater than Lambert could have calculated, and his mother went very near the truth when she rebuked him for saying what he had. From thenceforth Jeremiah could no longer look at Salome in the old light; she was no more a child to him, and he no more an old man beyond the reach of that flame that sweeps round the world and scorches all men. In Wagner's great opera of the Valkyrie, Brunnhild is represented asleep, engirdled by a ring of fire, and Sigurd, who tries to reach her, can only do so by passing through the flame, and to render it innocuous he sings the wondrous fire-spell song, and the flame leaps and declines, and finally goes out to the cadences of the spell. But Jeremiah now found himself caught in the Waberlohe that enringed Salome, knowing no incantation by which to abate its ardor; while she sat unconscious of the peril to which she subjected others, of the magic that surrounded and streamed forth from her, guileless of the pain to which she occasioned him whom she beckoned to her. Jeremiah was caught by the flame, it curled round him, and he writhed in its embrace. He was an old—at all events an elderly man, his age 53, and Salome was but 20. He had passed the grand climateric when she was born. Could he, dare he, love her, except with the simple love of a parent for a child? But could he love her thus any longer now that his eyes were opened, and he had discovered the condition of his own heart? When Adam had tasted of the Tree of Knowledge his child-like simplicity was gone, and he made himself coverings to hide himself from himself and from others. So now, this man in the decline of life had tasted also, and at once was filled with shame at himself, and he sought out evasion of the truth, a disguise for his feelings, lest Salome should suspect what was passing within him.

"Salome, my child," he said, "Those Sidebottoms vex me beyond endurance. What do you think! They served up a really sumptuous dinner on a table covered with a sheet."

"A sheet—from a bed!"

"A sheet, not a table cloth. It was characteristic."

"Has that upset you?"

"No—not that. But, Salome, I have been considering how it would be, were this factory, after I am no more, to fall into such hands as those of the ninny captain."

"There is Mr. Philip," said the girl.

"Philip——!" the manufacturer paused. "Philip—I hardly consider him as one of the family. His father behaved outrageously."

"But for all that he is your nephew."

"Of course he is, by name and blood, but—I do not like him."

"You do not know him, uncle."

"That is true; but——"

"But he is your nearest relative."

Mr. Pennycomequick was silent. He returned to his chair and reseated himself; not now leaning back, with his arms folded on his breast, but bent forward, with his elbows on his knees and his head in his hands.

He looked into the fire. After full five minutes' silence he said, in a tone of self-justification: "I can never forgive my half-brother Nicholas."

"Yet he is dead," said the girl. There was no accent of reproach in her voice; nevertheless Jeremiah took her words as conveying a reproach.

"I do not mean," he said, apologetically, "that I allowed him to die unforgiven, but that his conduct was inexcusable. I have pardoned the man, but I cannot forgive his act."

"Philip, however," said Salome, "is the son of the man, and not of his mistake."

Jeremiah was touched, and winced; but he would not show it. "My brother Nicholas acted in such a manner as to produce an estrangement that has, and will have, lastingly influenced our relations. Philip I saw at his father's funeral, which I attended—which," he repeated the sentence, "which I attended."

The girl said no more. She knew that Jeremiah was not a man to brook interference, and she was well aware that this was a matter in which she had no right to interfere. But he was not satisfied with so slight a word of self-justification; he returned to the topic, with his face turned from her, looking into the fire.

"It was thoughtless, it was wicked. The mill was left between us, burdened with a certain charge for my half-sister; and Nicholas never took the smallest interest in the business. I did the work; he drew his share. He got into the hands of a swindling speculator, who fired his imagination with a scheme for converting the desert of Sahara into a vast inland sea, the company to have the monopoly of the trade around its shores. My brother's head was turned, and he insisted on withdrawing his share from the mill. He would sell his share—draw all his money out of the concern, and pitch it wherever Schofield—I mean wherever it was most likely to be engulfed and yield no return. I remonstrated. I pointed out to my brother the folly of the scheme, the danger to me. I had no wish to have some man, of whom I knew nothing, thrust into partnership with me. I must buy my brother out myself. I did this at a moment when money was dear, and also at a time when it was necessary to provide the mill with new machinery, or be left in the lurch in the manufacture of figured damasks. I had to borrow the money. Slackness set in, and—God knows!—I was as nearly brought to bankruptcy as a man can be without actually stopping. Your father came to my aid. But I had several years of terrible struggle, during which bitter resentment against my brother Nicholas grew in my heart. We never met again. We no longer corresponded. As for his son, I knew nothing of him. I had seen him as a boy. I did not see him again till he was a man, at his father's grave. If Nicholas had considered my prejudices, as I suppose he would call them, he would not have put Philip in a solicitor's office, knowing, as he must have known, my mistrust of lawyers. I will not say that I would not have given him a place with me had Nicholas asked for it, but he was either too proud to stoop to request a favor of me, or his old prejudice against trade survived his ruin."

"Philip may be good and sensible, and a nephew to be proud of. How can you tell, uncle, that he is not, when you do not know him?"

"He has chosen his profession now. He is a lawyer, and so his line of life leads away from mine."

Then ensued silence, broken at length by Salome.

"Uncle," she said, "I have had a letter from dear Janet, and what do you think? She is coming to England, and most likely to us. She does not say when; but those dreadful Prussians are making their way to Rouen, in spite of the wonderful stand made by General Faidherbe and the heroic conduct of his troops. Janet says that she wonders how any soldiers can stand against an army commanded by a man-devil, for that is what the Prussian General is named. She says that Albert Victor has felt it his duty to volunteer to fight for the country of his nativity and adoption, so dear Janet is alone, and Albert has advised her to take refuge in England till the tyranny be over. But Janet says she is in hourly expectation that the Prussians will be out-maneuvered, surrounded, and cut in pieces, and, much as she hates the enemies, her chief anxiety is that the French may not forget to act with humanity in the moment of victory. She says that the affair at Amiens was quite misrepresented by the English papers, that Faidherbe obtained a splendid victory, and only retired in pursuance of a masterly plan he had conceived of drawing the Prussians on, so as to envelop them and crush them at one blow. Moreover, Janet says that this blow is expected to fall at any moment, and to show how thorough a partisan she is—even to me she has begun to spell her name in the French way, Jeannette."

"Janet likely to come to us!" exclaimed Jeremiah.

"Only in the event, which she says is more than problematical, of the enemy occupying Rouen. She tells me that the spirit of the French is superb. The way in which every man has flown to arms at the call of his country is unparalleled. She says that the Emperor was the cause of the disasters that have occurred hitherto, but that France has found a man of almost superhuman genius, called Gambetta, who is already causing consternation among the Prussians. She says that she has seen it stated in the most trustworthy Paris papers that in Germany mothers still their children with the threat that if they cry, they will invoke Gambetta."

"Janet will certainly be here shortly," said Jeremiah. "The war can only go one way."

"I shall be delighted to see my darling sister, and yet sorry for the occasion of her visit. She tells me that the factories are all stopped. The hands are now engaged in the defense of their country. Oh, uncle! what would happen to Janet if anything befel Albert Victor? Do you think he was right to leave his wife and take up arms as a franc-tireur? He is not really a Frenchman, though born at Elbœuf."

To her surprise, Salome saw that her old friend was not attending to what she was saying. He was not thinking of her sister any more. He was thinking about her. When she asked what would happen to Janet were her husband to be carried off, the question forced itself upon his thought. What would become of Salome were he to fall sick, and be unable to defend himself against his half-sister. He was perfectly conscious of Mrs. Sidebottom's object in coming to Mergatroyd, and he was quite sure that in the event of paralysis, or any grievous sickness taking him, his half-sister would invade his house and assume authority therein. He saw that this would happen inevitably; and he was not at all certain how she would behave to Salome. Mrs. Cusworth was a feeble woman, unable to dispute the ground with one so pertinacious, and armed with so good a right, as Mrs. Sidebottom. What friends had Salome? She had none but himself. Her sister's house was about to be entered by the enemy, her sister to be a refugee in England. The factories at Elbœuf were stopped; it was uncertain how the war, when it rolled away, would leave the manufacturers, whether trade that had been stopped on the Seine would return thither. What if the Baynes family failed?

Would it not be advisable to secure to Salome a home and position by making her his wife? Then, whatever happened to him, she would be safe, in an impregnable situation.

"Salome!"

"Yes, uncle."

She looked up anxiously. She had not let him see that she was aware that he was in trouble of mind, and yet he knew it, though she did not guess its character. Hers was one of those sympathetic natures that feels a disturbance of equilibrium, as the needle in a magnetometer vibrates and reels when to the gross human eye there is naught to occasion it. She had watched Jeremiah's face while she spoke to him of her sister, and was surprised and pained to notice how little Janet's calamities and anxieties affected him.

What was the matter with him? What were the thoughts that preoccupied his mind? Not a shadow of a suspicion of their real nature entered her innocent soul.

"Dear uncle," she said, when she had waited for a remark, after he had called her attention, and had waited in vain. "What is it?"

"Nothing."

He had recoiled in time. On the very verge of speaking he had arrested himself.

"Uncle," she said, "I am sure you are not well, either in body or mind."

He stood up, went out of the room, without a word.

Salome looked after him in surprise and alarm. Was he going off his head. She heard him ascend the stairs to his study, and he returned from it almost immediately. He re-entered the room with a long blue-sealed envelope in his hand.

"Look at this, my child, and pay great attention to me. An accountable depression is weighing on me—no, not unaltogether unaccountable, for I can trace it back to the society in which I have been. It has left me with a mistrust of the honesty and sincerity of everyone in the world, of everyone, that is—but you; you"—he touched her copper-gold head lightly with a shaking hand, "you I cannot mistrust, you—it would kill me to mistrust. I hold to life, to my respect for humanity, through you as a golden chain. Salome, I have a great trust to confide to you, and I do it because I know no one else in whom I can place reliance. This is my will, and I desire you to take charge of it. I commit it to your custody. Put it where it may be safe, and where you may know where to lay hand on it when it shall be wanted."

"But, uncle, why not leave it with your lawyer?"

"I have no lawyer," he answered sharply. "I have never gone to law, and thrown good money after bad. You know my dislike for lawyers. I wrote my will with my own hand after your sister married, and I flatter myself that no wit of man or rascality of lawyers can pervert it. I can set down in plain English what my intentions are as to the disposal of my property, so that anyone can understand my purpose, and no one can upset its disposition."

"But, uncle—why should I have it who am so careless?"

"You are not careless. I trust you. I have perfect confidence that what is committed to you you will keep, whether it concerns you or not. I wish you to have it, and you will obey my wishes."

He put the paper into her reluctant hands, and waited for her to say something. Her cheeks were flushed with mingled concern for him and fear for herself. Such a valuable deed she thought ought to have been kept in his strong iron safe, and not confided to her trembling hands.

He put his hand on her shoulder.

"Thank you, Salome," he said. "You have relieved my mind of a great anxiety."

"And now, uncle, you will go to bed?"

He stood with his hand still on her shoulder, hesitatingly. "I don't know; I am not sleepy." He thought further. "Yes, I will go. Good-night, my child."

Then he left the room, ascended the stairs, passed through his study into his bedchamber beyond, where he turned down the clothes, and threw off his dresscoat and waistcoat, and then cast himself on the bed.

His brain was in a whirl. He could not retire to rest in that condition of excitement. He would toss on his bed, which would be one of nettles to him. He left it, stood up, drew on a knitted cardigan jersey, and then put his arms through his great coat.

About a quarter of an hour after he had mounted to his room he descended the stairs again, and then he encountered Salome once more, leaving the little parlor with the envelope that contained his will in her hand.

"What! You not gone to bed, Salome?"

"No, uncle, I have been dreaming over the fire. But, surely, you are not going out?"

"Yes, I am. There has been such a downpour of rain all day that I have not taken my customary constitutional. I cannot sleep. The night is fine, and I shall go for a stroll on the canal bank."

"But, uncle, it is past 12 o'clock."

"High time for you to be in bed. For me, it is another matter. My brain is on fire; I must take a composing draught of fresh night air."

"But, uncle——"

"Do not remain up longer. I have acted inconsiderately in keeping you from your bed so long. Go to sleep speedily, and do not trouble yourself about me. I have my latch-key, and will let myself in. The gas shall remain turned down in the hall. I am always upset unless I have a walk during the day, and the sheets of rain that poured down have kept me a prisoner. I shall not be out for long. I will cool my head and circulate my blood under the starry sky."

'But you will find the roads sloppy, after the rain."

"The tow-path will be dry. I am going there, by the canal. Good night."

She held up her innocent, sweet face for the kiss he had neglected to give her a quarter of an hour ago, when he left the room. He half stooped, then turned away without kissing her.

"Good night, dear Salome. Mind the will. It is a trust."

Then he went out.

CHAPTER IV.—ON THE TOW-PATH.

There are points, occasions on life's journey, when our guides fail us, and these points and occasions are neither few nor far between. The signposts that might instruct us are either illegible or have not been set up. The forming of a determination is of vital importance, but the material on which to form a determination is withdrawn from us, as the straw was taken from the Israelites when they were ordered to make bricks.

We buy a map and start on our journey, and come to branch roads which are not set down. The map is antiquated and no longer serviceable.

We buy a legal compendium which is to obviate having recourse to lawyers, and when we encounter a difficulty, turn to it for enlightenment, and find that precisely this question is passed over.

We purchase a manual of domestic medicine to cut off the necessity of calling in a doctor at every hitch, and when a hitch occurs we discover that precisely this one is unnoted in our book.

We are provided with moral vade-mecums which are to serve us in all contingencies, but are arrested at every hundred paces by some knot which the instructions in our vade-mecum do not assist us in untying.

Jeremiah now found himself in a predicament from which he did not know how to escape, at a fork in life's road, and he was unable to form a judgment whether to turn to the left hand or to the right.

By his own generosity he had rendered his position discouraging. He had behaved to Janet with so great liberality when she married, as to produce a deep and general impression that Salome would be treated with at least equal liberality in the event of her marriage. An admirer might hesitate to offer for a portionless girl, however charming in feature and perfect in mind, not because necessarily mercenary in his ideas, but because he would know that as a single life is impossible without means of supporting it, so double life, containing in itself the promise of development into a number of supplemental lives, is proportionately impossible.

Jeremiah might, accordingly, with almost certainty, reckon on being left to a solitary and barren decline of life, after he had come late to appreciate the warmth and amenities of domestic association; after he had enjoyed them a sufficient number of years to esteem them indispensable.

He recalled the dead and meager existence he had led before he received the little girls and their mother into his house, and he sickened at the prospect of recurring to it. He could not disguise from himself that if he lost Salome, everything that gave zest and interest to life would be taken away from him. He would be forced to revert to the hard uniformity of his previous existence; but that thought was repugnant to him. Most men look back on their childhood or to college days as a period of exuberant vitality and unspoiled delight. To but few is it not given to begin their Book of Genesis with Paradise, flowing with sparkling rivers whose beds are gold, rich with flowers, redolent with odors. Sooner or later all are cast out through the gates, and there is no return; only a reminiscence. To some more than to others the smell of the flowers clings through life. The youth and early manhood of Jeremiah had been joyless, spent among briars and thorns, and only late had he found the gates of Eden, and the cherub with a smile had withdrawn his sword, and allowed him a look in. What would be the end of life to him if Salome were taken away? As his health and powers of resistance failed, his house would be invaded by the Sidebottoms, perhaps also by the unknown Philip, and they would wrangle over his savings, and hold him a prisoner within his own walls. But—dare he suggest to Salome that she should be his wife? He did not shut his eyes to their disparity in age, to the fact that her regard for him was of a totally different texture from such as a man exacts of a wife. Would it be possible to change filial into marital love? Was it not as preposterous of him to expect it as was the infatuation of the alchemist to transmute one metal into another?

Then again, would not his proposal shake, if it did not shatter, her respect, forfeit that precious love she now tendered him with both hands without stint? By asking for what she could not give, would he not lose that which he had already, like the dog that dropped the meat snapping at a shadow, and so leave him in utter destitution. The harbor of the thought of a change of relations had affected the quality of his intercourse with her, had clouded its serenity, disturbed its simplicity. It had prevented him from meeting her frank eye, from receiving her embrace, admitting the touch of her lips. He shrank from her innocent endearments as though he had no right to receive them, tendered in one coinage and received in another value. Were he to communicate to her the thought that fermented within him, would not the yeasty microbe alter her and change her sweet affection for him into something that might be repugnance?

He drew a laboured breath.

"I am in a sore strait," he groaned; "I know not what to do. Would to heaven that my course were determined for me."

He had reached the towpath beside the canal.

"Good-night, sir."

He was startled. The night watch had met him, the man employed to walk around and through the factories at all hours of the night, on the look-out against fire, on guard against burglars.

"Good-night, sir. Just been on the bank to look at the river. Very full, and swelling instead of going down. Lot of rain fallen of late. Cold for the gold fish yonder."

"Good-night," answered the manufacturer; "I also want to see the river. There is more rain yonder."

He pointed to the western sky.

"The river is rising rapidly," said the man, "but there's no harm can take Pennyquick's—ligs too high." Jeremiah's factory went by his surname, but contracted by the people through the omission of a syllable.

Then the man passed on his way, rattling his keys. The gold-fish! What did he mean?

Outside the wall of Mr. Pennycomequick's factory was a pool, into which the waste steam and boiling water from the engine discharged, and this pool was always hot. It swarmed with gold fish. At some time or other, no one knew when or by whom, a few, perhaps only a pair, had been thrown in, and now the little patch of water was thronged with fish. They throve, they multiplied therein. The mill girls cast crumbs to them from their breakfasts and dinners, and were allowed to net some occasionally for their private keeping in glass globes, but not to make of them an article of traffic. There was not a cottage in Pennyquick's Fold that had not such a vessel in the window.

Jeremiah saw that the overflow from the river had reached this little pool and converted it into a lake, chilling the steamy waters at the same time. Mergatroyd town or village stood on the slope of the hill that formed the northern boundry of Keld-dale. The Keld rose in that range of limestone mountains that divides Lancashire from Yorkshire, and runs from Derbyshire to the Scottish border. After a tortuous course between high and broken hills, folding in on each other like the teeth of a rat trap, leaving in places scarce room in the bottom for road, rail and canal to run side by side, it burst forth into a broad basin, banked on north and south by low hills of yellow sandstone, overlying coal. Some way down this shallow trough, on the northern flank, built about the hill slope, and grouped about a church with an Italian spire perched on pillars, stood Mergatroyd. There the valley spread to the width of a mile, and formed a great bed of gravelly deposit of unreckoned depth. A couple of spade-grafts below the surface, water was reached; yet on this gravel stood most of the factories and their tall chimneys. The nature of the soil forbade sinking for foundations. Accordingly these were laid on the surface, the walls, and even the chimneys, being reared on slabs of sandstone laid on the ground. It might seem incredible that such fragile stone slates should support such superincumbent masses; nevertheless it was so. The pressure, however, did not always fall on gravel equally compact; this resulted in subsidences. Few walls had not cracked at some time, most were banded with iron, and not a chimney stood exactly perpendicular.

The canal and the river ran side by side, with a towpath along the former; but the high-road had deserted the valley and ran on the top of the hill. Neither canal nor river were of crystaline purity, or of ordinary cleanness; for into them the mills and dye works discharged their odorous and discolored refuse water, dense with oil and pigment, with impurities of every description and degree of nastiness. Fish had long ago deserted these waters, and if an occasional eel was caught it was inedible, so strongly did it taste of oil and dye.

The Yorkshire towns and rivers have their special "bouquet," which does not receive favorable appreciation by a stranger; it is not a fluctuating savor like that pervading the neighborhood of Crosse and Blackwell's in Oxford street, which is at one time redolent of raspberries and another pungent with mixed pickles; summer and winter, spring and fall alike, the same dyes, the same oil, and the same horrible detergents, are employed, and constitute a permanent, all pervading effluvium, that clings to the garment, the hair, the breath of the inhabitants, as the savor of petroleum belongs to Baku, and the spice of orange flowers and roses is appropriate to the Riviera.

Far away in the Northwest, above the boundary hill, the sky throbbed with light, from the iron furnaces seven miles distant, where coal and iron were dug out of the same beds, and the one served to fuse the other, as in the human breast various qualities are found which tend to temper, purify and turn to service the one the other. The flames that leaped up from the furnaces as thirsty rolling tongues were not visible from the Keld-dale bottom under Mergatroyd, but the reflection was spread over a wide tract of cloud, and shone with rhymetic flash, as an auroral display. High up the river, at right angles to the axis of the valley, stood a huge, gaunt, five-storied mill for cloth and serge, commonly known as "Mitchell's." Every window in Mitchell's mill was alight this night, for

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DOMESTIC MARKETS.

Butter and Eggs Still Rising, Apples, Potatoes, Onions

AND CABBAGE CONTINUE A DRUG.

Everything in Grain and Hay Lines Depressed and Slow,

WHEAT AND FLOUR ONLY EXCEPTED

OFFICE OF THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH, SATURDAY, February 9, 1889.

Country Produce—Jobbing Prices.

There is no let up to firmness in eggs and high grades of butter. The situation in both is a decided advance on last week. Eggs are in better demand at 17c than a week ago at 15c. A sure shot article of hen fruit would go at 18c. The fruit and vegetable situation is unchanged, certainly it is not changed for the better. Apples have only a nominal price. Not a half a hundred miles from Pittsburg, the best can be had at 10c a bushel. Transportation over present roads would very soon destroy hopes of profit even at this low price. Potatoes, onions and cabbage are as slow as ever. Prices have not advanced, a particle since fall. A year ago at this time prices of vegetables were more than treble what they are to-day. Cabbage, which is slow at $3@4 per 100, was fast at this time last year at $18, and commission men were bringing supplies from Germany. Last February Ireland was furnishing Pittsburg with potatoes, and retail prices were up to $1 25 a bushel. Now they go slow at 35@40c in wholesale ways.

BUTTER—Creamery, Elgin, 33@34c; Ohio do, 26@28c; fresh dairy packed, 20@23c; country rolls, 18@22c; Chartiers Creamery Co. butter, 33@34c.

BEANS—Choice medium, $2 00@2 10; choice peas, $2 05@2 15.

BEESWAX—23@25c ℔ lb for choice; low grade, 16@18c.

CIDER—Sand refined, $6 50@7 50; common, $5 50@4 00; crab cider, $8 00@8 50 ℔ barrel; cider vinegar, 10@12c ℔ gallon.

CHEESE—Ohio cheese, fall make, 12@12½c; New York, fall make, 12½@13c; Limburger, 11½@12½c; domestic Sweitzer cheese, 13@13½c.

DRIED PEAS—$1 45@1 50 ℔ bushel; split do, 2½@3½c ℔ lb.

EGGS—16@17c ℔ dozen for strictly fresh.

FRUITS—Apples, $1 00@1 50 ℔ barrel; evaporated raspberries, 25c ℔ lb; cranberries, $8 00 ℔ barrel; $2 40@2 50 per bushel.

FEATHERS—Extra live geese, 50@60c; No. 1 do, 40@45c; mixed lots, 30@35c ℔ lb.

HOMINY—$2 65@2 75 ℔ barrel.

HONEY—New Crop, 15@17c; buckwheat, 13@15c.

POTATOES—Potatoes, 35@40c ℔ bushel; $2 50@2 75 for Southern sweets; $3 25@3 50 for Jersey sweets.

POULTRY—Live chickens, 65@75c ℔ pair; dressed chickens, 13@15c ℔ pound; turkeys, 13@15c dressed ℔ pound; ducks, live, 80@85c ℔ pair; dressed, 13@14c ℔ pound; geese, 10@11c per pound.

SEEDS—Clover, choice, 62 lbs to bushel, $6 ℔ bushel; clover, large English, 62 lbs, $6 25; clover, Alsike, $8 50; clover, white, $9 00; timothy, choice, 45 lbs, $1 85; blue grass, extra clean, 14 lbs, $1 00; blue grass, fancy, 14 lbs, $1 20; orchard grass, 14 lbs, $2 00; red top, 14 lbs, $1 00; millet, 50 lbs, $1 25; German millet, 50 lbs, $2 00; Hungarian grass, 48 lbs, $2 00; lawn grass, mixture of fine grasses, 25c per ℔.

SHELLBARKS—$1 50@1 75.

TALLOW—Country, 4½@5c; city rendered, 5@5½c.

TROPICAL FRUITS—Lemons, fancy, $3 00@4 00 ℔ box; common lemons, $2 75 ℔ box; Messina oranges, $2 50@3 50 ℔ box; Florida oranges, $3 00@3 50 ℔ box; Jamaica oranges, fancy, $6 50@7 00 ℔ barrel; Malaga grapes, $5 50@7 00 ℔ keg; bananas, $2 50 flexis; $1 50@2 00 good seconds, ℔ bunch; cocoanuts, $4 00@4 50 ℔ hundred; new figs, 12@14c ℔ pound; dates, 5½@6½c ℔ pound.

VEGETABLES—Celery, 40@60c doz. bunches; cabbages, $3 00@4 00 ℔ 100; onions, 50c ℔ bushel; Spanish onions, 75@90c ℔ crate; turnips, 30@40c per bushel.

Groceries.

Sugars are easy. Package coffee is steady but unchanged. Since the first of the year coffee has advanced 1½c. Importers are still very firm in their ideas, holding their stock with a view to still further advances.

GREEN COFFEE—Fancy Rio, 20½@21½c; choice Rio, 19@20c; prime Rio, 19c; fair Rio, 17½@18½c; old Government Java, 26½c; Maracaibo, 21@22½c; Mocha, 30@31c; Santos, 18½@22c; Caracas coffee, 19½@21c; peaberry, Rio 20@21½c; Laguayra, 20½@21½c.

ROASTED (in papers)—Standard brands, 22½c; high grades, 24½@26½c; old Government Java, bulk, 31@32; Maracaibo, 26@27c; Santos, 21½@22½c; peaberry, 25½c; choice Rio, 24c; prime Rio, 21½c; good Rio, 21c; ordinary, 20c.

SPICES (whole)—Cloves, 21@25c; allspice, 9c; cassia, 8@9c; pepper, 19c; nutmeg, 70@80c.

PETROLEUM (jobbers' prices)—110° test, 7½c; Ohio, 120°, 8½c; headlight, 150°, 9c; water white, 10½c; globe, 12c; elaine, 15c; carnadine, 11½c; royaline, 14c.

SYRUPS—Corn syrups, 23@25c; choice sugar syrup, 35@36c; prime sugar syrup, 30@33c; strictly prime, 38@35c.

N. O. MOLASSES—Fancy, 50c; choice, 48; medium, 45; mixed, 40@42c.

SODA—Bi-carb in kegs, 3¼@4c; bi-carb in ¼s, 5½c; bi-carb, assorted packages, 5½@6c; sal-soda in kegs, 1¼c; do granulated, 2c.

CANDLES—Star, full weight, 10c; stearine, per set, 8½c; paraffine, 11½@12c.

RICE—Head, Carolina, 7@7½c; choice, 6¾@7c; prime, 6½@6¾c; Louisiana, 6@6½c.

STARCH—Pearl, 2¾c; cornstarch, 5½@7c; gloss starch, 5½@7c.

FOREIGN FRUITS—Layer raisins, $2 65; "London layers, $3 10; California London layers, $2 50; Muscatels, $2 25; California Muscatels, $2 35; Valencia, new, 6½@7c; Ondara Valencia, 7¼@7½c; sultana, 7½c; currants, new, 4½@5c; Turkey prunes, new, 4½@4¾c; French prunes, 8½@13c; Salonica prunes, in 2-lb packages, 8½c. cocoanuts, per 100, $6 00; almonds, Lan., per ℔; 29c; do Ivica, 18c; do shelled, 40c; walnuts, nap., 12½@15c; Sicily filberts, 12c; Smyrna figs, 12½@16c; new dates, 5½@6c; Brazil nuts, 10c; pecans, 11@15c; citron, per ℔, 21@22c; lemon peel, per ℔, 13@14c; orange peel, 12½c.

DRIED FRUITS—Apples, sliced, per ℔, 8 c.; apples, evaporated, 6¾@7½c; apricots, California, evaporated, 15@18c; peaches, evaporated, pared, 22@23c; peaches, California, evaporated, unpared, 12½@15½c; cherries, pitted, 21@22c; cherries, unpitted, 5@6c; raspberries, evaporated, 24@24½c; blackberries, 7½@8c; huckleberries, 10@12c.

SUGARS—Cubes, 7¾c; powdered, 7¼c; granulated, 7c; confectioners' A, 6¾c; standard A, 6¾c; soft whites, 6¼@6½c; yellow, choice, 6@6¼c; yellow, good, 5¾@6c; yellow, fair, 5½c; yellow, dark, 5¼c.

PICKLES—Medium, bbls (1,200), $4 75; mediums, half bbls (600), $2 85.

SALT—No. 1 ℔ bbl, 85c; No. 1 ex. ℔ bbl, $1 05; dairy, ℔ bbl, $1 20; coarse crystal, ℔ bbl, $1 20; Higgin's Eureka, 4 bu sack, $2 50; Higgin's Eureka, 16-14 ℔ pockets, $3 00.

CANNED GOODS—Standard peaches, $1 50@1 60; 2ds, $1 30@1 35; extra peaches, $1 35@1 90; pie peaches, 90c; finest corn, $1 30@1 50; Hfd. Co. corn, 70@90c; red cherries, 90c@1 00; lima beans, $1 10; soaked do, 85c; string do do, 75@85c; marrowfat peas, $1 10@1 15; soaked peas, 70@75c; pineapples, $1 40@1 50; Bahama do, $2 70; damson plums, 95c; green gages, $1 25; egg plums, $2 00; California pears, $2 50; do green gages, $2 00; do egg plums, $2 00; extra white cherries, $2 90; red cherries, 2lbs, 90c; raspberries, $1 15@1 40; strawberries, $1 10; gooseberries, $1 20@1 30; tomatoes, 92@95c; salmon, 1-lb, $1 75@2 10; blackberries, 80c; succotash, 2-lb cans, soaked, 90c; do green, 2lbs, $1 25@1 50; corn beef, 2-lb cans, $1 75; 14-lb cans, $13 50; baked beans, $1 40@1 45; lobster, 1 lb, $1 75@1 80; mackerel, 1-lb cans, broiled, $1 50; sardines, domestic, ¼s, $4 25@4 50; sardines, domestic, ½s, $8 25@8 50; sardines, imported, ¼s, $11 50@12 50; sardines, imported, ½s, $18 00; sardines, mustard, $4 00; sardines, spiced, $4 25.

FISH—Extra No. 1 blueberry mackerel, $36 ℔ bbl; extra No. 1 do, mess, $40; extra No. 1 mackerel, shore, $32; mackerel, No. 1 do, messed, $36; No. 2 shore mackerel, $24. Codfish—Whole pollock, 4½c ℔ lb; do medium George's cod, 6c; do large, 7c; boneless hake, in strips, 6c; do George's cod in blocks, 6½@7½c. Herring—Round shore, $5 50 ℔ bbl; split, $7; lake $3 25 ℔ 100-lb half bbl. White fish, $7 ℔ 100-lb half bbl. Lake trout, $5 50 ℔ half bbl. Finnan haddies, 10c ℔ lb. Iceland halibut, 13c ℔ lb.

BUCKWHEAT FLOUR—2½@2¾c per pound.

OATMEAL—$6 30@6 60 ℔ bbl.

MINERS' OIL—No. 1 winter strained, 59@62c ℔ gallon. Lard oil, 75c.

Grain, Flour and Feed.

Total receipts as bulletined at the Grain Exchange were 28 cars. By Pittsburg, Ft. Wayne and Chicago, 3 cars of hay, 1 of oats, 3 of flour, 1 of bran. By Pittsburg, Cincinnati and St. Louis, 5 cars of hay, 10 of corn, 2 of oats, 1 of mill feed. By Baltimore and Ohio, 1 car of oats, 1 of hay. Sales on call, 1 car extra, 3 oats, 31½c, 5 days; 12 of oats, 32½c, month. The receipts for the week have been 192 cars, against 185 cars for last week and 174 for the week previous. Everything in grain and hay lines show downward tendencies, except wheat.

Markets for corn, oats, hay and mill feed are in buyers' favor. The customer with cash would find holders ready to concede before permitting him to go away empty.

Flour grows firmer under the influence of the bull movement in wheat, but prices remain unchanged. All dealers complain that quality of stuff falls below the average. This has done as much to depress markets as the overdose of supplies.

WHEAT—Jobbing prices—No. 2 red, $1 06@1 07; No. 3 red, 95@97c.

CORN—No. 2 yellow, ear, 38@38½c; high mixed, ear, 36½@37c; No. 1 yellow, shelled, 38@40c; No. 2 yellow, shelled, 37½@38c; high mixed, shelled, 36@37c; mixed, shelled, 35@36c.

OATS—No. 2 white, 32½@33c; extra No. 3, 31½@32c; No. 3 white, 31@31½c; No. 2 mixed, 29@30c.

RYE—No. 1 rye, 55@56c; No. 2, 50@52c; No. 1 Western, 52@53c.

BARLEY—No. 1 Canada, 90@95c; No. 2 Canada, 83@85c; No. 3 Canada, 78@80c; No. 2 Western, 75@78c; No. 3 Western, 65@70c. Lake Shore, 75@80c.

FLOUR—Jobbing prices, winter patents, $6 50@6 75; spring patents, $6 50@6 75; fancy straight, winter and spring, $5 50@5 75; clear winter, $5 00@5 25, straight XXXX bakers', $5 00@5 25. Rye flour, $3 75.

CORNMEAL—In paper, 50c.

MILLFEED—Middlings, fine white, $18 00@20 00 ℔ ton; brown middlings, $14 50@15 00; winter wheat bran, $14 75@15 25; chop feed, $15 00@18 00.

HAY—Baled timothy, choice, $15 00@15 25; No. 1 do, $14 25@14 50; No. 2 do, $12 00@13 00; loose from wagon, $18 00@23 00; No. 1 upland prairie, $10 00@10 50; No. 2, $8 00@8 50; packing do, $5 50@6 00.

STRAW—Oats, $8 00@8 25; wheat and rye straw, $7 00@7 25.

Provisions.

Large hams, 18 lbs and upward, 10½c; medium hams, 14 to 18 lbs, 11c; small hams, 14 lbs and under, 11½c; picnic or California hams, 8¾c; boneless (in skins), 11¾c; sugar-cured shoulders, 8¾c; bacon, 8c; dry salt, 9c; breakfast bacon, 10c; rouletts (boneless s. c. shoulders), 10½c; regular smoked sides, 9c; bellies, smoked sides, 9c; regular dry salt sides, 8½c; bellies, dry salt sides, 8¼c; dried beef, sets 3 pieces, 10c; dried beef, flats, 8c; dried beef, rounds, 11c; dried beef, knuckles, 11c; pork, mess, $16 50; pork, family, $17 00; pig pork, half barrels, $9 00; long sausage, 5½c. Lard—Tierces, 325 lbs, 7¼c ℔ lb; half barrels, 120 lbs, 7½c ℔ lb; tubs, wooden, 60 lbs, 7¾c ℔ lb; buckets, wooden, 20 lbs, 7¾c ℔ lb; 3-lb tin pails, 60 lbs, 7¾c ℔ lb; 5-lb tin pails, 60 lbs, 8¼c ℔ lb; 10-lb tin pails, 60 lbs, 7¾c ℔ lb; 20-lb tin pails, 80 lbs, 8¾c; 50-lb tin pails, 100 lbs, 7¾c ℔ lb.

Dressed Meat.

Armour & Co. furnish the following prices on dressed meats: Beef carcasses, 450 to 550 lbs, 5@5½c; 600 to 650 lbs, 6@6½c; 700 to 750 lbs, 7@7½c. Sheep, 7c ℔ lb. Lambs, 8c ℔ lb.

MARKETS BY WIRE.

Shorts in Wheat Cover Freely and the Flurry Subsides—Corn Lower—Oats Steady—Pork Declines and Lard Closes Weak.

CHICAGO—Trading in wheat to-day was not as heavy as yesterday, still a