LOVE'S VOICE FOUND.

A Quaker Idyl.

By MARK DOUGLAS,
Author of "Can Love Sin?"
(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.)

It was a bright Monday morning in November, and Hannah Lukens had taken her seat in the cars which were to convey her from Plymouth to Philadelphia, on a visit to her daughter, Elizabeth, who had married Thomas Price, a prosperous merchant of that city. Not quite 50, her well-rounded form, her placid countenance, her gentle blue eyes all told of a quiet, uneventful life, and her plain but rich drab silk dress showed that she belonged to the prosperous class of Friends. The blood and training of Quakers from the days of George Fox had imprinted upon her face an abiding serenity. Her bonnet was not what the world's people irreverently styled a "sugar scoop," but year by year as death removed her associates and she had come to occupy at meeting a seat on the second tier of benches facing the congregation, it had gradually been enlarged so that it concealed much of her face, but gave an added charm to what it allowed to be revealed. By her side stood her imposing-looking husband, in his second best suit, and sneer at it as the world may, I have never yet seen anything so graceful as the "shad-bellied" coat, the like of which he wore.

"Hannah, thee has all thy bundles, has thee? Tell Elizabeth that I hope she will soon be able with her child to pay us a visit, and that I am gratified that she has called it after me, for there has been a Jesse in every generation of our family. Farewell, Hannah, I had better leave thee now, for the starting of the train may frighten the horse. I will expect thee back on seventh-day."

"Farewell, Jesse. Yes, I will come back on seventh-day. Farewell; perhaps the train may startle the horse." A minute later, and she looked back, but Jesse had gone. Why, she knew not, but she felt dissatisfied and wanted to get one more view of him. Married over 25 years, and they had never spent a night apart. The city was but 15 miles distant, and she was to return on Saturday, yet "second-day, third-day, fourth-day, fifth-day, sixth-day"—it was a long time to be apart, and she wished she had seen him once more as she gazed back. She looked up:

"Is that thee, Jesse? I thought thee had started for home?"

"I had, but the train is delayed for a few minutes, and I thought thee might have something else to say."

"Nothing, I believe."

"Well, then, Hannah, I will bid thee farewell again. I will surely expect you on seventh-day. Farewell." One minute before and he had not thought of such a thing, but then he stooped over and kissed her. As a maiden blushes at the first kiss of her lover, the kiss so tenderly prized, so did the wife of more than a quarter of a century. An unwonted light illumined her eyes, and there were tears in her voice as she responded, "Farewell, Jesse; I will surely return on seventh-day," and he was gone.

He kissed her. She could not remember that he had ever kissed her before since that eleventh month, when together they were gathering the chestnuts. She recalled all that day. He had been clubbing down the nuts, and her apron was full of them, and he descended the ladder and put his arm about her, and looked long into her face. It was about three months before Elizabeth, her first child, was born, and the aureole, that mingled expression of the saint and the woman, which painters place about the brow of the Divine Mother, proclaimed her expectant motherhood, and he said: "Why, Hannah, thee does look so pret—so swe—so very well," and he kissed her.

A few minutes later and she saw him on the platform. She raised the car window and he said:

"There is a little delay about starting, and I thought I would see thee safely off. I guess the horse will stand quiet. This is second-day, and thee will not be back till seventh-day."

"No, Jesse."

"Well, I will come and meet thee."

"Jesse, thee will not get back from market in time to do that."

"I will let Joseph go to market alone on next seventh-day. He has to learn that part of a farmer's life. I think that is the last bell. Why, Hannah, thee does look so pret—so swe—," and here his Quaker training, which had taught him to conceal his emotions, led him to conclude with, "I am glad that Elizabeth will see thee looking so very well."

"Farewell, Jesse. I will surely return on seventh-day, and I will expect thee to meet me. Farewell."

Jesse did not at once start for home. He walked along the railroad track, and then crossed into the fields and strolled through the woods. It was a delicious, brisk November day. His bountiful crops were all safely housed in his ample stone barn; his winter wheat had set well, promising prosperity for the coming year; there had been frosts and the ground was crisp and springy. On the denuded field the cheerful sun shone, and the gentle breeze seemed to whisper to the provident farmer: "Well done, good and faithful servant." But, influenced as he doubtless was by his surroundings, he was thinking only of Hannah, and he would not see her until seventh-day. Perhaps not thinking, only musing, he said: "She did look pretty, she did look sweet," and he was glad that he kissed her, and he would not see her again until seventh-day.

He returned to the station and drove home. His chamber seemed very lonely that night. He had not noticed it before, but surely Hannah had a very clear complexion, and her face pressed upon the white pillow looked so pure. The next morning was yet more lonely, and though she was in Philadelphia, he found pleasure in saying, as he had done through long years: "I will call thee, Hannah, when I have made the fires." For the succeeding days, his stalwart hired man had never before found it so difficult to keep up with him at his work, and never before had found him irritable and unreasonable. Jesse Lukens was being revealed unto Jesse Lukens. "Yes," he said to himself, "I will kiss her when I meet her on seventh-day," and he would certainly have done so, if the whole yearly meeting had been looking on.

The spirit had not often moved him to read the Bible, but then he opened it, and read: "Husbands, love your wives, even as Christ loved the church," and he turned further over to where Paul groans for power to express his love for his master, and he regretted, not that he had been reared a Friend, but that his education had taught him to crush down his feelings and to conceal his emotions. Ever and anon, he would repeat: "I am glad that I kissed her," and as he recalled her timid blush and her shrinking joy, there were tears in the strong man's eyes that he had not oftener cheered her life with a husband's kiss. "Hannah, thee did look pretty; thee did look sweet." His soul was finding expression.

Jesse's life had been uniformly prosperous and uneventful. He had never been 20 miles away from home. All his children were yet living. No sorrow had come to expand his nature. He plowed so deep that seldom did his crops fail, and the beginning of every year found him with an additional sum to loan to less prosperous or more adventurous friends. At the death of his parents he had come into possession of the home farm, to which he quietly added adjoining acres. But for the new stone barn, it was really the farm of his ancestors. In the dreary "best room"—they never called it "the parlor"—used only on noted days, there were the same formal, uncomfortable, straight-backed chairs, the same deeply-cushioned settee, the same sideboard with the company glasses arranged thereon, the same absence of books and pictures. His library was confined to the Norristown *Herald*, the county paper, *The Friend's Review*, "Sewell's Defence of the Quakers," and "Job Scott's Works." From the hill, on the summit of which his house stood, the ground gently sloped each way, making it one of the most desirable locations in the county; but save a fugitive vine that trailed its living green up one side, nothing relieved its blank whiteness. To the south you could see over miles of fertile valleys, to the Chestnut Hills. Surely the rare sunsets he must have noticed had developed in him some love of the beautiful. With no one to understand him as to bring him out, because of his deep feelings, he became a very silent man, and never voiced his emotions.

He kissed her, and henceforth he was a different Jesse Lukens, and it seemed to him as if seventh-day never would come. Fondly he dwelt upon one event, when, a few months before his marriage, Hannah was lying back in the rocking-chair. Young Quaker women in those days were prone to wear their simple dresses with a modest "V" cut at the neck, and her pure, white throat looked so attractive that he bent over and kissed it. Perhaps she thought he was too free; perhaps he thought it was too much after the manner of the world's people, so he did not repeat it. Seventh-day morning came at last, and he helped Joseph to start on his first trip to market alone, and then, being hours before daybreak, he put on a fresh back log and laid down before the open fire on the settee, but not to sleep. That pure, white throat was before him, and he regretted he had kissed it but once. Hannah will be back to-day and henceforth she shall know that her husband loves her. During the days of her absence he had not been happy, but, as never before, he had studied the needs of the human heart, and he was so glad that he kissed her, and his refrain was: "Hannah will return to me to-day."

The hired man, though seeing no need thereof, yet obeyed him, and washed the carriage, which was only used on rare occasions, and Jesse scolded him, for he had not sufficiently groomed the horse, and when it was all ready for Hannah's return, the keenest Quaker eye could discern no speck of dirt upon horse or vehicle. He must put on his best coat and hat, which he had not worn before since they attended Horsham quarterly meeting together, and he was at the station full an hour before the train was due. He walked about enjoying the delicious Indian summer, and often consulted his solid watch, as if that would hasten the arrival of the train; and as if he had heard no words since then, he heard her pleasant voice: "Farewell, Jesse, I will surely return on seventh-day, and I will expect thee to meet me."

At the depot, at Ninth and Green streets, Philadelphia, Hannah's son-in-law met her, and drove her to his house. Elizabeth was quietly pleased at meeting her mother, but was somewhat disappointed that she could not put her babe in grandmother's arms, for Hannah was not willing that the child should be awakened. She took her mother to the room prepared for her, and when she had put aside her wrappings, she exclaimed: "Why, mother, what has come over thee? Thee looks ten years younger than when I saw thee last. Mother, thee is real pretty."

"Elizabeth! Elizabeth!"

"But thee surely is, mother, and thee must kiss me," and Elizabeth wept, for her memory could not recall a mother's kiss, and Hannah's eyes were moist.

"Well, Elizabeth, just turn down that white spread and I will lie down awhile." But when Elizabeth was gone, Hannah did not lie down. There was a large mirror in the room, and she readjusted her modest neckerchief; no worldly vanity was hers, but as she stood before the glass she saw that she was comely. Oh, no, she had never forgotten it, and she was pleased to notice that her throat was still white and pure, and then her husband was her lover, albeit she did not use such a worldly term. "Yes, he was about to say that I looked so pretty, so sweet. He did mean that; I know he did," and her blue eyes were tender and moist as she again recalled his parting kiss. Love, ever young, was bringing to her a youth she may have imagined, but had never experienced. Certainly Jesse appeared a very fine looking man as he bade her farewell, and on seventh-day he would not go to market, as he had ever done for 30 years, but would meet her at the station. "Jesse, thee did mean that I looked pretty."

The next day, at Townsend Sharpless' store, she purchased a new silk dress, and Elizabeth easily persuaded her to buy a brown one instead of a drab one. "Mother, brown makes thee look younger, and even Lucretia Mott wears a brown silk, and I know father would like the brown the best."

"Does thee really think so, Elizabeth?"

"I know it, mother. I am a wife now, and I know that every husband likes his wife to look well and pretty too." Her mother had kissed her, and the Quaker reserve of years was gone, and Elizabeth was surprised that she could talk to her so freely. "And here, mother, is a nice, plain collar that will just suit thy new dress."

"No, Elizabeth, I can not wear that."

"Now, mother, thee must, just to oblige me, and I am sure that father will like it, for mother thee has such a nice white throat. It is so round and pure; it is a young woman's throat, and I am really envious of it."

"Elizabeth, I am afraid that thy city life will bring thee into too much conformity with the world. Does thee think that the collar would be becoming to me? Perhaps thy father will not like it."

"Not like it! I feel sure that he will like it, and though, man-like, he may not mention it, yet it will please him, because it lightens up thy whole face so."

"Well, I will take the collar, and if it does not please him, I can lay it aside. What! is the price of it a dollar?"

Unconscious of the new experience of her mother, Elizabeth did not find it very difficult to get her to order a new bonnet, not quite so plain as her old one. Somehow the daughter had been fully apprised of her father's tastes, and her "Oh, how that will please father," led Hannah to assent to several modifications of her plain attire, for back of her daughter's voice she ever heard: "Why, Hannah, thee does look so pret—, so swe—, so very well." "Jesse, thee did mean that I looked pretty."

Only once did Hannah kiss the baby in its mother's presence, but Elizabeth knew not what to make of it, for several times she saw her caressing and kissing the child, not knowing that she was being observed, and the daughter said to herself: "I guess it is true that people love their grandchildren better than their own children." Wherever Elizabeth wanted her to go Hannah went, but the daughter thought she seemed listless and uninterested. The last day of the week had come, and as she rose early, she said: "This is seventh-day, and he will meet me at the depot." The new silk dress came in due time, and when she had tried it on, she was not sorry that she had not carried it home for Priscilla Evans to make. With some hesitation she put on the little collar, that peeped modestly above the brown silk, making her throat look yet purer and more youthful. It was quite an innovation upon Quaker simplicity, and she said: "Does thee feel quite sure, Elizabeth, that thy father will not object to this collar?"

"Object? Certainly not. Oh, mother, stand around. Thy dress fits thee to a charm, and that collar makes thy throat look sweet enough to kiss. I wonder if I will look so well at thy age; if I do Thomas will be much pleased. Just let me fix that fold in thy dress. There, now it is all right. I wish father could see thee now. Thy visit has made thee look so young, that he will soon spare thee to come and see me and little Jesse again."

"Elizabeth, thee talks very strangely; thy father will not be apt to notice such little things," and yet her daughter could not convince her that it would be better to put on her drab silk to travel in. And often, during her short railroad ride, she saw Jesse on the platform, and again and again she went over her last words to him: "Farewell, Jesse, I will surely return on seventh-day."

And on seventh-day she returned to him. The time had not come when railroads were operated by telegraph, and a breathless messenger rode to the station at Plymouth, announcing that, near Conshohocken, about three miles distant, trains had collided and that many were injured and some killed. "And Hannah?" whispered sedate, but white-faced Jesse to the messenger, whose averted gaze prepared him for the worse. The waiting and impatient horse had tightened his hitching strap, so that Jesse had to break it apart, even then reproaching himself for the waste, and reproaching himself still more that he then thought of waste. He was going to meet Hannah on seventh-day, yet it seemed cruel to drive his full-fleshed horse at such an unusual pace up the steep hill, and he could not understand why the next moment, with unwonted blows, he almost urged it into a run.

She returned to him on seventh day, and after a lingering illness was restored to health, except never more would her paralyzed ankles support her weight. But she was not unhappy. He had kissed her on that seventh day, and her quickened memory ever retained his words of endearment. The "best room" and the "sitting room" were thrown into one, and it seemed strange to them all that there had ever been a time when there was no such thing as "mother's room." Facing the south and the Chestnut Hills an ample piazza was built, and through the lengthened window Hannah could guide her invalid's chair, and inclement indeed was the day when Jesse, on reaching the summit of Walton's Hill, did not see the waiting and loved form that urged his horse more rapidly home. The milkhouse, embowered in a noble oak and a beautiful willow, more than ever was her favorite resting place. The scent of the milk and the rich odor of the butter had their charm, and the quiet rippling of the water against the polished tin pans soothed her, but because it was so central, Jesse, at his work, passed there often, and when unobserved his kiss of love and quiet words of endearment made very musical her voice as she uttered: "He doeth all things well."

"Yes, Jesse, thee must go to Yearly Meeting. Elizabeth will expect thee, and thee has never yet seen little Jesse. I know I will be lonely, but it will be a change for thee, and it will do thee good, so thee must surely go. That settles it, for since I got injured you have all so humored me that you have made me quite a tyrant who can not bear opposition." Thus pleasantly urged, and because he saw that she had set her heart upon it, Jesse went to Yearly Meeting at Philadelphia. At Elizabeth's house he saw a melodeon. He did not know exactly what it was, but because of its similarity to the pianos he had seen in store windows, he knew it was a musical instrument, and he was somewhat displeased at this appearance of conformity to the world, but with the reserve of the Quaker and the caution of the countryman he said nothing. One evening a few friends had gathered at his daughter's house, and a young married woman played the melodeon and sang a few hymns. He had been reared in an exclusively Quaker neighborhood, had never attended any place of worship but Friends' Meeting, and unless some stray notes of an election band had fallen upon his ears, had never before listened to any music, and for the first time in his life he then heard the human voice in song. What were his thoughts or emotions his impassive Quaker face refused to reveal. Presently, with one of those clear, tender voices, so much in demand in religious meetings, the lady sang "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," which so interested Jesse that he went to her, and in quiet, stately way, said: "Will thee be kind enough to sing that again for me?" and when with deeper pathos she concluded that marvelous hymn, Jesse was not the only one of the little company who did not dare to trust his voice to thank her.

Elizabeth was surprised at the almost imperious tone of her placid father, when, about noon of the following day, he said to her: "Next month will be the sixth month, and the country is then attractive to city folks, and then I will expect thee to visit us, bringing thy friend, Emma Lippincott."

"Why, father, of course I will be pleased to come home, but Emma has a husband and a young child, and it may not be convenient for her."

"Elizabeth, my daughter, thee can, thee must make it convenient for her. Thy mother will be glad to have Emma's child with thy child to visit us, and the country air will be good for the children. Elizabeth, thee will bring her, will thee not?"

Strangely moved by her father's pathetic earnestness, and not knowing whether she could fulfill her promise, the daughter yet responded:

"Father, I will bring Emma with me."

"Thanks, my daughter. Perhaps I may as well tell thee now or later. I have just bought one of those melodeons for $160."

"Father! why, father! is that so?"

"Yes," and fearing to expose his emotions, and also fearing that his daughter was inwardly reproaching him for wasting her patrimony, he hurriedly added, "for I thought it would comfort thy mother."

"But, father, mother does not know how to play on the melodeon."

"And that is just the reason why I want thee to bring Emma Lippincott with thee. Perhaps, she could teach thy mother to play, and she has so many lonely hours. At any rate, mother could hear her sing that hymn she sang last night."

Reading her father's heart for the first time, with tearful voice, Elizabeth said: "Father, kiss me; father, kiss thy daughter." He was with a woman, so he dared to weep, and there was something of wrath mingled with his sorrow over the education which, till then, had made him almost a stranger to that daughter.

At every unwonted expenditure, as was particularly the case when he bought so costly a melodeon, Quaker thrift would cover its protest; but "this is for Hannah" never failed to win the victory. And she learned to play, and Jesse thought that she could sing "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," almost as well as could Emma Lippincott. That Jesse Lukens, so strict a Friend, sitting on the upper tier of seats facing the congregation, the clerk to the monthly meeting, should so conform to the world bore heavily on the consciences of some of the Friends, but because he was a Lukens, and Jesse Lukens, they did not deem it wise to interfere.

Flowers and books and a larger life, a life in which love was not voiceless, came in the wake of music, and "mother's room" was not only the center of the house, but young Friends on first-day afternoons accompanied their parents there, finding in Aunt Hannah's sympathy and tenderness, which not unfrequently hallow confirmed affliction, something, they knew not what, which elevated them. The years rolled on, and his whitened locks showed that Jesse was no longer young, except in heart, and when Hannah died in his arms, murmuring: "Jesse, I will return to thee on seventh-day," he knew when to date the beginning of his real life. Later the large envelope enclosing his will was opened, but Elizabeth heeded not its provisions, for the executor had placed in her hands a small package, which, on opening, she found was the modest collar her mother had bought during her first visit to her at Philadelphia, with her father's simple injunction: "Daughter, preserve this."

Mining Stocks.

NEW YORK, August 31.—Belcher, 300; Best & Belcher, 415; Caledonia B. C., 500; Chollar, 230; Colorado Central, 100; Consolidated California and Virginia, 775; Commonwealth, 235; Deadwood, 135; Gould & Curry, 235; Hale & Norcross, 340; Homestake, 900; Horn Silver, 120; Iron Silver, 200; Mexican, 500; Mono, 100; Mt. Diablo, 175; Ontario, 3400; Ophir, 535; Savage, 270; Sierra Nevada, 325; Standard, 100; Union Consolidated, 400; Yellow Jacket, 340.

Boston Stocks.

Atch. & Top., 1st 7s.	111⅛	N. Y. & New Eng...	51½
A. & T. Land Gr'ts.	108	Old Colony.....	177
Atch. & Top. R. R...	40	Wis. Central, com...	26½
Boston & Albany...	218⅝	Wis. Central pf....	61
Boston & Maine.....	200	Allouez M. & Co (new).	⅛
C., B. & Q.....	106⅛	Franklin.....	9⅝
Chic. San. & Cleve.	24	Huron.....	⅝
Eastern R. R. 6s....	127	Osceola.....	10½
Flint & Pere M.....	28	Pewabic (new).....	2
Flint & Pere M. pfd.	91	Bell Telephone.....	234½
Mexican Cen. com..	15⅝	Boston Land.....	6
Mex. C. 1st mtg. bds.	67½	Water Power.....	5⅝

MILWAUKEE — Flour unchanged. Wheat steady; cash, 73¾c; September, 73⅞c. Corn lower; No. 3, 33c. Oats dull; No. 2 white, 22@22½c. Rye firm; No. 1, 42½c. Barley firm; September, 60c. Provisions easier. Pork—Cash, $10 32½; September, $10 32½. Lard—Cash, $6 10; September, $6 10. Cheese unchanged; cheddars, 8¼@8½c.

When baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria

apo-77-MWFSU

DOMESTIC MARKETS.

Irish and Sweet Potatoes Slow---Peaches in Over Supply.

GOOD BUTTER STEADY, EGGS FIRM.

Oats Are Lower and Weak---Hay Quiet---Corn Crop Improving.

SUGARS STEADY --- COFFEES STRONG

OFFICE OF THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH, SATURDAY, August 31, 1889.

Country Produce—Jobbing Prices.

The week's wind-up shows quietness all along produce lines. Potatoes, both sweet and Irish, are very slow. Apples are even more so, owing to the abundance of peaches and grapes. Choice watermelons are scarce and firm. Lower grades are plenty. Cheese was firmer at the beginning of the week, but has gravitated back to its old position. Choice eggs are scarce and firm at outside quotations. The butter situation is unchanged, but good goods are firm. The main difficulty of produce commission men is the largeness of offerings. Stuff in all lines is in supply beyond the wants of trade, with the one exception of hen fruit, and the general drift is toward a lower level of prices.

BUTTER—Creamery, Elgin, 22c; Ohio do, 20@21c; fresh dairy packed, 16@17c; country rolls, 14@16c.

BEANS—Navy hand-picked beans, $2 40@2 60; medium, $2 30@2 40.

BEEBWAX—28@30c ℔ ℔ for choice; low grade, 18@20c.

CIDER—Sand refined, $6 50@7 50; common, $3 50@4 00; crab cider, $8 00@8 50 ℔ barrel; cider vinegar, 10@12c ℔ gallon.

CHEESE—Ohio, 8@8½c; New York, 10c; Limburger, 8@9c; domestic Sweitzer, 9½@12½c; imported Sweitzer, 22½c.

CALIFORNIA FRUITS—Bartlett pears, $3 00@3 50 ℔ box; plums, $1 75@2 00 a 4-basket case.

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

FRUITS—Apples, $1 50@2 00 ℔ barrel; pineapples, $1 00@1 25 ℔ dozen; whortleberries, 75c@$1 00 ℔ pail; watermelons, $20 00@25 00 ℔ hundred; peaches, $1 50@2 25 ℔ bushel box.

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

POULTRY—Live spring chickens, 40@45c ℔ pair; old, 65@70c ℔ pair.

SEEDS—Clover, choice, 62 ℔s to bushel, $5 60 ℔ bushel; clover, large English, 62 ℔s, $6 00; clover, Alsike, $8 50; clover, white, $9 00; timothy, choice, 45 ℔s, $1 65; blue grass, extra clean, 14 ℔s, 90c; blue grass, fancy, 14 ℔s, $1 00; orchard grass, 14 ℔s, $1 65; red top, 14 ℔s, $1 25; millet, 50 ℔s, $1 00; German millet, 50 ℔s, $1 50; Hungarian grass, 60 ℔s, $1 00; lawn grass, mixture of fine grasses, $2 50 ℔ bushel of 14 ℔s.

TALLOW—Country, 4½c; city rendered, 4¾@5c.

TROPICAL FRUITS—Lemons, common, $4 50@5 00; fancy, $6 00@6 50; rodi oranges, $5 00@5 50; bananas, $1 75 firsts, $1 25 good seconds, ℔ bunch; cocoanuts, $4 00@4 50 ℔ hundred; figs, 8½@9c ℔ ℔; dates, 5½@6½c ℔ ℔.

VEGETABLES—Potatoes, $1 25@1 40 ℔ barrel; tomatoes, home-grown, $1 25@1 50 ℔ bushel; wax beans, $1 ℔ bushel; green beans, 60@75c ℔ bushel; cucumbers, home-raised, $1 50 ℔ bushel; radishes, 25@40c ℔ dozen; home-grown, cabbages, 50c ℔ bushel; new celery, home-grown, 40c ℔ dozen; Southern sweet potatoes, $2 75@3 00, Jerseys, $4 00@4 50.

Groceries.

The grocery situation is unchanged. The downward movement of sugars has been arrested, and prices are steady. Package coffee, though higher than at the beginning of the week, is relatively lower than the green article. Wholesale grocers report an active movement, but very close margins of profit. For a year past sugar has been the grocer's best card. Of late sugar is mighty uncertain, and only the greatest caution will prevent grocers from dropping former gains.

GREEN COFFEE—Fancy Rio, 21¼@22½c; choice Rio, 19@20½c; prime Rio, 19c; fair Rio, 18¼@18½c; old Government Java, 26c; Maracaibo, 22@23c; Mocha, 27@28c; Santos, 19@22½c; Caracas, 20@22c; peaberry, Rio, 22@24c; La Guayra, 21@22c.

ROASTED (in papers) — Standard brands, 23c; high grades, 25@26c; old Government Java, bulk, 31@31½c; Maracaibo, 26@27c; Santos, 20½@22½c; peaberry, 25½c; peaberry, choice Rio, 23½c; prime Rio, 21½c; good Rio, 21c; ordinary, 20½c.

SPICES (whole)—Cloves, 21@25c; allspice, 8c; cassia, 8c; pepper, 18c; nutmeg, 70@80c.

PETROLEUM (jobbers' prices)—110° test, 7c; Ohio, 120°, 8½c; headlight, 150°, 8½c; water white, 10c; globe, 12c; elaine, 15c; carnadine, 11½c; rosaline, 14c.

SYRUPS—Cane syrups, 26@29c; choice sugar syrups, 33@38c; prime sugar syrup, 30@33c; strictly prime, 33@35c; new maple syrup, 90c.

N. O. MOLASSES—Fancy, 48c; choice, 46c; medium, 43c; mixed, 40@42c.

SODA—Bi-carb in kegs, 3¼@4c; bi-carb in ¼s, 5½c; bi-carb, assorted packages, 5½@6c; salsoda in kegs, 1¾c; do granulated, 2c.

CANDLES—Star, full weight, 9c; stearine, ℔ set, 8½c; paraffine, 11@12c.

RICE—Head, Carolina, 7@7½c; choice, 6¼@7c; prime, 5½@6c; Louisiana, 6@6½c.

STARCH—Pearl, 3c; cornstarch, 5@6c; gloss starch, 5@7c.

FOREIGN FRUITS—Layer raisins, $2 65; London layers, $3 10; California London layers, $2 50; Muscatels, $2 25; California Muscatels, $1 85; Valencia, 7½c; Ondara Valencia, 9½@10c; sultana, 8½c; currants, 4¼@5c; Turkey prunes, 4¾@5c; French prunes, 8¼@13c; Salonica prunes, in 2-℔ packages, 8c; cocoanuts, ℔ 100, $6 00; almonds, Tan., per ℔, 20c; do Ivica, 19c; do shelled, 40c; walnuts, nap, 12½@15c; Sicily filberts, 12c; Smyrna figs, 12@16c; new dates, 5½@6c; Brazil nuts, 10c; pecans, 11@15c; citron, per ℔, 21@22c; lemon peel, ℔ ℔, 13@14c; orange peel, 12½c.

DRIED FRUITS—Apples, sliced, per ℔ 6c; apples, evaporated, 6½@6¾c; apricots, California, evaporated, 12½@15c; peaches, evaporated, pared, 22@23c; peaches, California evaporated, unpared, 10@12½c; cherries, pitted, 21@22c; cherries, unpitted, 5@6c; raspberries, evaporated, 24@27½c; blackberries, 7½@8c; huckleberries, 10@12c.

SUGARS—Cubes, 8¾c; powdered, 8¼c; granulated, 8⅛c; confectioners' A, 8⅛c; standard A, 8⅛c; soft whites, 8@8½c; yellow, choice, 7¾c; yellow, good, 7⅜@7½c; yellow, fair, 7¼c; yellow, darkish, 7c.

PICKLES—Medium, bbls (1,200), $4 50; medium, half bbls (600), $2 75.

SALT—No. 1, ℔ bbl, 95c; No. 1 ex, ℔ bbl, $1 05, dairy, ℔ bbl, $1 20; coarse crystal, ℔ bbl, $1 20; Higgins' fancy sacks, $2 80, Higgins' Eureka, 16-14 ℔ pockets, $3 00.

CANNED GOODS—Standard peaches $2 00@2 25; 2ds $1 50@1 65; extra peaches, $3 40@2 60; pie peaches, 95c; finest corn, $1@1 50; Hid. Co. corn, 70@90c; red cherries, 90c@$1; Lima beans, $1 10; soaked do 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 75, damson plums, 95c; greengages, $1 25; egg plums, $2; California pears, $2 50; do greengages, $2; do egg plums, $2; extra white cherries, $2 90; red cherries, 2 ℔s, 90c; raspberries, $1 40@1 50; strawberries, $1 10; gooseberries, $1 30@1 40; tomatoes, 82½@92c; salmon, 1-℔s, $ 75@2 10; blackberries, 80c; succotash, 2-℔s cans, soaked, 90c; do green, 2 ℔s, $1 25@1 50; corn beef, 2-℔s cans, $2 05; 14-℔s cans, $4 00; baked beans, $1 45@1 50; lobster, 1-℔s, $1 75@1 80; mackerel, 1-℔s cans, broiled, $1 50; sardines, domestic, ¼s, $4 50@4 60; sardines, domestic, ⅛s, $8 25@8 50; sardines, imported, ¼s, $11 50@12 50, sardines, imported, ⅛s, $18; sardines, mustard, $4 50; sardines, spiced, $4 50.

FISH—Extra No. 1 bloater mackerel, $38 ℔ bbl.; extra No. 1 do, mess, $40; extra No. 1 mackerel, shore, $32; extra No. 1 do, messed, $36; No. 2 shore mackerel, $24. Codfish—Whole pollock, 4½c ℔ ℔; 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 00 ℔ bbl; split, $7 00; lake, $2 00 ℔ 100-℔ half bbl. White fish, $7 00 ℔ 100-℔ half bbl. Lake trout, $5 50 ℔ half bbl. Finnan haddock, 10c ℔ ℔. Iceland halibut, 13c ℔ ℔. Pickerel, ½ barrel, $2 00; ¼ barrel, $1 10; Potomac herring, $5 00 ℔ barrel, $2 50 ℔ ½ barrel.

OATMEAL—$6 50@6 60 ℔ bbl.

MINERS' OIL—No. 1 winter strained, 55@57c ℔ gallon. Lard oil, 75c.

Grain, Flour and Feed.

Total receipts as bulletined at the Grain Exchange, 34 cars. By Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago, 2 cars of wheat, 1 of hay, 2 of oats, 2 of flour, 1 of middlings. By Baltimore and Ohio, 2 cars of oats. By Pittsburg, Cincinnati and St. Louis, 4 cars of hay, 8 of corn, 7 of oats, 2 of bran, 3 of flour. There was but one sale on call, viz: a car of No. 2 white oats 26c, free in elevator. Total receipts for the week 229 cars, against 231 last week and 241 for the week before. Oats are on the downward drift, and, as will be seen by our quotations, prices are again reduced. The prospects for a fair corn crop keep brightening, and unless Jack Frost comes unreasonably early a fair yield is now assured. The grain and hay situation is entirely in buyers' favor at this date, particularly as regards oats and hay.

WHEAT—New No. 2 red, 82c; No. 3, 77@79c.

CORN—No. 2 yellow, ear, 46½@46c; high mixed ear, 43@44c; No. 2 yellow, shelled, 46½@41c; high mixed, shelled, 40@40½c; mixed, shelled, 39½@40c.

OATS—No. 2 white, 26½@27c; extra No. 3, 24@25c; mixed, 21@22c.

RYE—No. 1 Pennsylvania and Ohio, 49@50c; No. 1 Western, 48@49c; new rye No. 2 Ohio, 45@46c.

FLOUR—Jobbing prices—Fancy winter and spring patents, $5 50@6 00; winter straight, $4 75@5 00; clear winter, $4 50@4 75; straight XXXX bakers', $4 00@4 25; Rye flour, $3 50@4 00.

MILLFEED—Middlings, fine white, $13 50@15 00 ℔ ton; brown middlings, $11 50@12 00; winter wheat bran, $11 00@11 25; chop feed, $15 50@16 00.

HAY—Baled timothy, choice, $13 00@13 50; No. 1 do, $12 50@13 00; No. 2 do, $11 00@12 00; loose from wagon, $10 00@12 00, according to quality; No. 1 upland prairie, $8 50@9 00; No. 2, $7 00@7 50; packing do, $6 75@7 00.

STRAW—Oats, $6 50; wheat and rye straw $5 50@6 00.

Provisions.

Sugar-cured hams, large, 11½c; sugar-cured hams, medium, 12c, sugar-cured hams, small, 12½c; sugar-cured breakfast bacon, 10½c; sugar-cured shoulders, 6c; sugar-cured boneless shoulders, 9c; sugar-cured California hams, 8c; sugar-cured dried beef flats, 10c; sugar-cured dried beef sets, 11c; sugar-cured dried beef rounds, 13c; bacon shoulders, 6½c; bacon clear sides, 7¾c; bacon clear bellies, 7¾c; dry salt shoulders, 5½c; dry salt clear sides, 7c. Mess pork, heavy, $12 50; mess pork, family, $13 00. Lard—Refined in tierces, 6½c; half-barrels, 6¾c; 60-℔ tubs, 6¾c; 20-℔ pails, 7c; 50-℔ tin cans, 6¾c; 3-℔ tin pails, 7½c; 5-℔ tin pails, 7c; 10-℔ tin pails, 6¾c; 5-℔ tin pails, 7c; 10-℔ tin pails, 7c. Smoked sausage, long, 5c; large, 5c. Fresh pork links, 8c. Boneless hams, 10c. Pigs feet, half barrel, $3 50; quarter barrel, $2 00.

Dressed Meat.

Armour & Co. furnished the following prices on dressed meats: Beef carcasses, 450 to 550 ℔s, 5½c; 550 to 650 ℔s, 6¼c; 650 to 750 ℔s, 6½@7c. Sheep, 6c ℔ ℔. Lambs, 9c ℔ ℔. Hogs, 6¼c. Fresh pork loins, 8c.

MARKETS BY WIRE.

Paralysis in the Wheat Pit Caused by Contradictory Estimates of the Russian Yield—English Labor Troubles Cause Better Prices in London.

CHICAGO, August 31.—Only a fair aggregate amount of speculative business was transacted in wheat to-day, and it was largely of a local scalping character. Not enough outside orders to either buy or sell were received to have any effect upon prices. The weather and commercial cables were bearish. *Bradstreet's* was out with some bear figures to the effect that exporting countries will have 20,000,000 bushels more wheat this year than the importing countries will require. All of these weakening influences, however, were fully offset by Dornbusch's report on the Russian crop, which places the yield for that country at 350 per cen against 105 per cent in 1888. Export clearances at the Atlantic seaboard were again fair. At 11 principal points total receipts to-day were 619,000 against shipments from the same points of 396,000 bushels. It is now figured that the forthcoming visible supply report will show little if any increase—possibly a decrease.

Outside domestic markets were stronger and the London cables showed an advance in the average price for the week in English country markets of 9d. This is probably due in part to the labor troubles over there. Fluctuations in prices for futures at this point were within moderate limits and closing quotations were ⅜@⅝c above yesterday's latest bids. May wheat is gradually coming into more favor with speculators, and considerable changing over of August and September to May was done to-day at the current differences. The cash trade was not very brisk on the regular market and prices averaged easier for the off grades. No. 2 red closed ⅝c higher at 77⅞c.

Corn was quite active at times with feeling weaker on near futures, while May was relatively firm. The influences on the market were much the same as noted for several days past, the weakening factors being heavy receipts and also the fine weather. A feature to-day was liberal purchases of yellow corn by a prominent local trader. The market opened at about yesterday's closing prices, was steady for a time, then declined ⅝c, reacted some and closed with near futures a shade lower and more distant months about ¼c higher. Cash grain was in good demand at ¼@⅜c lower than yesterday.

There was a good trade and a weaker feeling in oats, particularly in September, which was offered with increased freedom by longs and prices receded ½c. Fair buying at the decline caused a reaction to almost previous outside prices, but the market again weakened and closed quiet and easier.

Activity and irregularity in prices were the prominent features in the market for mess pork. The market opened strong at 25c advance and a further advance of 35@37½c followed. Later the offerings exceeded the requirements and prices receded again. A rally of 25@30c was again obtained, but near the close the market broke suddenly 90c with considerable excitement and rallied 10@15c and closed quiet. Trading was almost exclusively in September and October deliveries within about the same range of prices.

Only a moderate trade was reported in the lard market, and the feeling was steadier. Prices were advanced 2½@5c, and the market closed steady.

Quite a good business was transacted in the market for short rib sides. The feeling was stronger early and prices were advanced 2½@5c, but settled back again to about inside figures and closed steady.

The leading futures ranged as follows:

WHEAT— No. 2, September, 77@77¼@77⅜c; December, 78⅛@78⅜@78⅝c; year, 76⅞@77⅜@76¾@77⅜c; May, 82⅞@83⅛@82⅝@82⅞c.

CORN—No. 2, September, 33⅛@33⅜@33⅛c; October, 33⅝@33⅞@33⅝@33½c; December, 33½@33⅝@33@33⅛c; May, 35⅝@35⅞@35⅝@35½c.

OATS—No. 2, September, 19¾@19¾@19@