A Christmastide Crisis

By JUSTIN HUNTLY M'CARTHY, Author of "Doomed," "Lily Lass," "One Christmas

the place he had just quitted with the he was just deciding that it was a very ternals than Phile Ames. He stood for seconds irresolutely on the thresmirth, the comfort and the companion-



amile an approval tempered with irony and that one other might be added to the sum of enjoyable hours. But even while he hesitated, toying with temptation, he shrugged his shoulders at his vacillation and decided to face the night. The dinner had been very pleasant; that was so much to the good. Lancetot was a king of hosts; the company had been quite to his taste; the memory of some green curacoa still lingered, dreamiest of drowsy sirups, on his plate and in his mind. All had been well: it might not have proved felt sure that you would come; and yo better if he had loltered longer with the Lancelot fellowship. And, besides-besides, there was always that bit of paper, which might, after all, mean some-

He read it over again, in memory, as stood there, with his back to the face to the darkness and the discomfort of the embankment. It was a small slowly and earnestly, piece of paper, obviously the half of a note inside was written on letter paper of an attractive simplicity, and writing was in a woman's hand that had a distinction, that carried boldness of script almost to exaggeration. All it said was: "Can you be seen on the embankment at midnight on Christmas eve, near Cleopatra's dle?" That was all, but the few words with their large black strokes and bold curves filled the page from corner to corner. Philo Ames had smiled as he read it. had received some curious letters

n his time, but none, as it seemed to him, quite so curious as this in the cool icity of its peremptoriness, At first ofter smiling at it he was for tearing it in two and forgetting all about it. something-fascinating in the handwriting restrained his fingers. The leter could not be answered, so he might leave for later decision the temptation, which seemed suddenly almost a desire, to obey his unknown correspondent. He was dining with Lord Lancelot at the St. Stephens' club on that day. Did the writer know that, Philo wondered, in naming the embankment for the mysterious tryst? This possibility be a joke, might be a plot, might be earnest and urgent. Philo Ames had put the letter in his pocket, telling himself that he would think about it.

He crossed the road, and, pausing for a moment, looked up at the moon-face of the clock tower. It wanted three minutes to 12. He turned away, and, leaning over the parapet, looked into the blackness of the river below Its aspect chilled nim, it seemed o still and cold and desolate; .ngeed. spirit of desolation seemed to be over

His way was uneventful for the first few hundred yards. The highway seemed absolutely deserted, and the tpath, as far as he could see ahead him, was as idle as a desert. No afers seemed to be lounging on the enches; the night was too raw and cold even for wretchedness to seek repose in so unkind a place. No policeman med to own that weary way for his it, and Philo, as he noted this, sught that if mischief were indeed ot, he should have to face it by him-

off as best he might. He was now within a few yards of the great obelisk that had lasted through so many gaps of time to be his goal this night, and he could still discover

A WORD IN YOUR EAR





Dinner," Etc. [CopyriSht, 1895, by Bacheller, Johnson and Bacheller] Philo Ames shivered slightly as the | no sign of the presence of any human

club doors swung to behind him. The contrast between the warmth and of the monolith. "I suppose it was a brightness, the noise and laughter of joke, after all," he said to himself, and

cold, the darkness and the stillness of the scene he surveyed, had in it suffi- waste some better-spent time in its sowaste some better-spent time in its socient elements of depression to chill lution, when he became aware that even one less lightly susceptible to ex-A figure came towards him out of the

ws and the triune intoxications of must have waited close in the shadow

her clearly, and he looked at her closewith a pallor that was intensified by the living redness of the lips, and by the was the eyes especially that fixed and fascinated him. Philo Ames had looked nto the eyes of so many women and read many meanings in their depths, but it seemed to him in that moment strangely brilliant, so lit with somber | me. ire, so haunting in their expression, so commanding in their appeal. The face beauty, with its circle of black hair, with its warm, red mouth, but the harm of the eyes dominated all the est and put them out of mind.

You come most punctually upon ur honor," she said, gravely, and beore the surprise on Ames' face at this nexpected greeting had time to fade or hange she continued in the same strain with the fitting sequence; "For this relief much thanks, 'tis better cold and " and with the pronoun she paused, and the unexpected quotation drifted away into a sigh. Ames said the only thing he could very well say under the circumstances; he said: "Let me hope that you are not sick at heart."

The woman looked away for a moment, looked at the sullen river and the shining distant lights, then her great dark eyes fixed their gaze again upon Philo's face. "Perhaps I am." she answered. "It

was very good of you to come, and yet I see that I was right." Philo felt and appreciated the eccen-

tricity of the occasion,
"You sent for me," he said, with a manner of grave courtesy, "and I am here. Can I be of any service to you?" The woman replied, after the fashion rightness of the club hall, with his of women, to one question with another, "Do you care for life?" she asked,

would usually have made Philo laugh. But, though the position was incongruous, though the question was grotesque. Philo did not feel moved to laughter. The woman appeared to be in earnest, the woman certainly was beautiful, and her eyes seemed, in the fine phrase of Portla, to have overlooked her companion of a moment's time. He did not allow himself time to reflect upon the queerness of this eccentric encounter, upon the amazing abruptness of the interrogation, upon the sinister possibilities that might be associated with the adventure. Indeed, sinister possibilities never counted for much in Philo Ames' estimate of an interesting situation, and the present situation had at least the merit of being exceedingly interesting. So he gave back an earnest gage into the dark eyes of his companion while he thought of some appropriate reply to her question. But he could think of nothing on the spur of the moment more appropriate than the vague and uncommital formula of



"That depends," and so he said that, with an effort to make it seem informed with many meanings. It did not have a very satisfactory effect upon the woman. A look of disdain shadowed her eyes with a deeper darkness and tightened the tension of her red lips.

"You declared once." she said, "that man like yourself, a man with no special purpose in life, always ought to be ready to place h's life at the service to intrude. "To what star do we steer of a beautiful woman. Do you remem-

Philo shrugged his shoulders slightly. It was very likely, indeed, that he had said something of the kind, at some time or other, to some one or ndeed, it was probable that he had said those words, or words resembling them, many times to many persons But he could not recall any special oc-casion, and he said so. The woman

frowned at his explanation.
"You raid so once," she replied, "to
one who was then a dear friend of one who was then a dear friend of sold who happened to be a dear friend of mine, and who repeated your phrase life we are always losing illustons and to me. Never mind the name, you may very well have forgotten it; and at least you never knew my name, and never

"Yours is not a face," said Phio, "Yours is not a face," said Phio,
"that a man, once seeing it, is at all
likely to forget."
"Do you think I am beautiful?" she
asked him suddenly, shifting her position as she spoke, so that the light of
the lamp fell more fully upon her face.
Ames answered her with a quiet assur-

the woman's pale face lapsed into a ness that was broken every now and smile of satisfaction. Ames noted with then by the passing flash of a lamp, a pleasure that the transition did nothing to diminish the impression of loveliness that he had just praised so highly.

and to claim the fulfilment of your vow -even though it was not made over the

Perhaps there was a subtle sugges tion of hysteria in her fantastic speech | man's face that they had reached their which touched Ames, or perhaps it was the enchantment of her physical beauty as it showed under that gilmmering if it were in his power to be of any use in any way to her.

words. "Come with me," she said, and she said. "The cab is paid. Come in." as she spoke she clutched rather than Ames glanced round him. He knew took hold of Philo's arm, and seemed that he was in one of the little cluster of darkness of the shadow at the base of in her impatience to seek to drag him closely resembling streets that run in Should be think better of it, the pillar, came so suggestly that it along with her. Philo surrendered himroach of being a "quitter," one who moment he felt sure that this must be solved to see the thing out to its end. ine, tobacco and wit. He knew that of the stone until she saw him coming, hood of the next gas lamp. Then Ames ree minutes ago would welcome him join the woman who now stood, clear its two lamps gleaming in the dreary with enthusiasm, that Lancelot would and obvious, on the pathway in the darkness like the eyes of a belated owl. vivid circle of a lamp, evidently waiting | When they got close to it Philo saw that the cab driver was apparently en-Philo came up near to the woman and | gaged in an animated conversation with | halted. She did not move; he could see a policeman, who seemed to be questioning him sternly as to his unoccupied He saw a face that was very pale presence then and there. When the cabman saw Ames and his unknown friend come towards him out of the xceeding brightness of the eyes. It darkness he straightened himself from Ames followed her without a word, but the stooped attitude he had adopted in conference with the law and pointed

rlumphantly towards the woman. "There's my fare," he said, with a hourse exultation, "I told you I had a of those dimly lighted stone steps, on that he had never before seen eyes so fare all along, but you wouldn't believe

The policeman did not appear to be greatly reassured by the arrival of a vas very beautiful with its white pair when he had only heard of one,



upon the couple, though at the same time, seeing no cause for interference, drew back a few paces and surveyed the scene with watchful majesty. Philo's companion whispered to him to get into the cab. While he obeyed she said a few words to the cabman, then There was something absurd in the she got in in her turn and the cab drove sheet that had been torn carelessly off. utterance of such a question, at such a briskly off. Philo could hear his comand it came clumsily folded up in an time and under such conditions, which panion give a sigh of relief, and in the envelope of a size and shape destined would usually have made Phile levels next moment he felt his hand caught

very great sense of gratitude. It was only after the cab was in motion that Ames seemed to realize the peculiarity of his position and the whimsicality, to say the least, of the whole amazing expedition. With the rapidity that thought permits in moments of extremity he contrasted two pictures-the one of Philo Ames seated in the comfort of the St. Stephen's club, with a delicious memory of green curacoa stimulating his fancy and the atmosphere of Amber Pasha's wonderful cigarettes charming his mind; the other, of Philo Ames on this raw, windwhipped night, driving in a hansom cab along a course which seemed the very abomi-nation of desolation, by the side of a woman whom he had never seen five minutes before, and who, if she was certainly strangely beautiful, was no less strangely eccentric, and who opened a casual acquaintance by perplexing questions as to the price her companion set upon his life. Philo felt that it was his duty as a more of less sensible and more or less reputable citizen to come to some understanding with the divine enigma by his side. It was he assured himself, absurd, and worse than absurd, to be thus drifting about London in the society of a creature as lovely as a visous lunatic or a Lo less dangerous de-

His heated mood fired his tongue to a self that he had never seen so lovely a fantasy that seemed apt to the hour and he woman.

"Well, sweet minion of the moon," he said, with a laugh, "does your driver know the way to the Brocken? Your witchhood might at least have offered me a lift on a broomstick."

The woman had her face turned to eyes and her lips gave back his laugh- them uncommon in sincerity. ter, and that if she was lovely in austerity she was yet more lovely in mirth. "This common cab will serve our turn," she said, softly, and her voice now sounded sweeter with the assurance it seemed to derive from the de meanor of her companion. "We shall

not fare far tonight." "May I not at least know whither the at the door of the room which the wowind of your whim will waft our spirman had just left. She followed his intended to be wholly playful, but into help allowing a suggestion of anxiety

our course?" The woman shook her head

"Surely," she said, "so loyal a cavaller and so courageous a gentleman as you is content to follow unquestioning the lady who honors him with her com-Her voice suddenly changed, and was almost disdainful as she went on ."But if you are not, you have but to say the word and we can part here and now. Stop the cab if you wish.
I shall have lost an illusion, and you will have lost one of those opportunities of opportunities. Shall I set you down?"
Spurred by the sneer in her speech,
Philo's fancy galloped out of sight of
hesitancy, out of sound of the call of

of the moment, murmured wild words

in praise of her beauty, while the cal wheeled swiftly along through a blacktlash that showed him for the second more distinctly the mouth and eyes and the smile of his companion. It "Then I am tempted," she added, "to was like a drive in a dream, and Ameremind you of your old-time chivalry, was never afterwards able to piece together the threads of that bew conversation. Suddenly the cab swung

to the left and came to a stop. Ames destination

He leaped out of the cab and assisted gas lamp; perhaps an appreciation of rap up a short flight of steps and put a both possibilities led him to answer, key into a latch. As he turned from very gently and very decisively, that he should consider himself very fortunate the cab had left them, and was driving rapidly away up the narrow street in the direction of the Strand. Ames The woman caught eagerly at his looked up at the lady. "It is all right,"

esked himself, and return to the seemed almost as if it had detached it- self with impassive acquiescence to all the Strand, but he could not in the darkself from the solid monument to greet her actions. It was always his rule ness of the night and the confusion of ship he had just abandoned. His host him. It was the figure of a woman, whose he began a game to play it out to the moment recall the name of the the severest reproach that Lord Landon the severest reproach the t ever addressed to a guest, the re- could see at the first glance, and in a tainment he was now stubbornly re- what looked like a new and large building of flats, chambers and offices, and sultted too early the society of his fel- the creature he had come to meet. She His companion hurried him along the that it stood near to the embankment embankment as far as to the neighbor- on the right-hand side going towards the Strand. So much he gathered in a If he chose to return his comrades of and he slightly quickened his pace to saw that a hansom cab was in waiting. glance, then he followed his leader up the steps and through the door which she held half open into a large and somewhat dimly lighted hall, on both sides of which Ames saw the long catablack grounds which are, as it were, the

finger posts to these human hives. The woman closed the door. "Follow me." she said, and began to lead the way up a long flight of stone stairs. as he followed her he assured himself, almost mechanically, that he was not unarmed.

which the ascending footsteps seemed to echo gleomily. They passed several stories, each with its own faintly illuminated corridor radiating away into mysterious space, before they came to stop. His guide turned to the right and walked along a corridor that seemed to lead towards the front of the mansion. Presently she paused at a door and turned a handle: Ames still following her, found himself first in the small hall of a private flat and then in a drawing-room which seemed to fling upon his consciousness a sense of somewhat savage wealth as the electric light flooded it at the touch of the

"Take off your coat," she said, and then she disappeared through a further door and left him staring curiousaround him. The room suggested wealth, ease, even luxury, but there was a further suggestion of brutality. of the barbarous, in its oppulence, which asserted itself with significance. As Philo Ames turned to take off his coat and lay it across a remote chair, his plance was arrested by one among a line of photographs upon the chimney-It was the face of a woman that he had once known, the face of a woman that the people who talked of him, that the people who talked of her, declared him to have known very well. Seeing the photograph and remembering that friendship, Ames saw some meaning in his presence, in the adventure. He had said many extravagant things to her; she was a woman whose intimacy tempted to extravagance: it was very probable, indeed, that he had said some such words to her as had next moment he felt his hand caught been repeated to him by his mysterious by them now, if only for the old sake's sake, he said to himself, as he turned from the familiar face and followed the line of the little gallery of portraits. There were some of his hostess, which

failed, as photographs always fail, to renew the essence of her beauty; there were several, too, of a man, a big man, of black favor, strong, swarthy and, to Ames' eye, forbidding. But his study was interrupted by the sound of an opening door, and he swung around to salute a metamorphosis. The Lady of the Embankment had shed her street attire; in place of the long black cloak and the small black hat she wore now a clinging dress, white with the alluring whiteness of the roftest silk and the softest laces, foppish, refined provocatively negligent, seeming more like garment slipped on for laziness of som last hour before bed after a ball than for any more wideawake moment of the four-and-twenty hours. Philo felt an admiration of her in his heart which

must have betrayed itself in his eye, for she smiled upon him royally. "Well," she said, "do you still think that I am beautiful?" Philo Ames had only one answer to make, and made it. "Indeed I do," he said, with such absolute sincerity in his on, yet who might be either a danger- voice that the woman's pale face flushed with the unavoidable feminine pleasure in praise. Ames was thinking to him-

> God's creature. "Well," she said, after a pause, in which she stood before him, daintily defiant, "am I good enough to die for-at least, am I good enough to risk dying

Again Ames, in the honesty of his soul, had but one answer. "Indeed you him; he could see her quite plainly in are," he affirmed, and the way in which the lamplight cab, and he saw that her he uttered the common words made She gave a laugh, exultant in satis-

faction. "You will have your chance new" she said-"here and now." Even the coolness of Philo's temper. even the composure of his carriage, could not prevent him from a start of surprise at this menace of imminent, unseen danger. He looked watchfully

glance and shook her head. "Listen." she said. "Dd you hear a which, in spite of himself, he could not man's step in the street, a man's step on the stair; a horrid step that seems t fill the street with its footfall, to shake the air with its tread; a step that makes the listener's heart throb with fear and

> Moved by the passion in her voice. Philo obeying hed, listened. "No," he said, "I hear nothing." "You will soon," she cried-"the tread of the man I hate, the man to whom I am bound, the man from whom you will

Philo felt that if he were indeed dealing with a madwoman it were wisest to

"How can I serve you?" he saked. quietly, wondering what she was going to say next. She pointed to the clock. "He will be here in a minute or two." "He! Who?" Philo asked, with a composure which his pulses belied.
"The man, I tell you the man," she answered. "That man," and she pointed to the swartby face in the photo-

graph. "He is my lover, and I loathe him. He is a madman when he is jeal-ous. When he finds you here he will try to kill you." try to kill you."

"That is very thoughtful of him, and of you," Ames said, quietly. The woman might be mad or she might not, but, in any case, the adventure was

well rid of him. If you kill him, as I hope, then you have acted in self-de-fense, and are innocent—and so, too, I the American Tobacco company officam well rid of him."

"You seem to have thought things out very carefully," said Ames. "But why did you honor me with your choice

"Because of your reputation," she said, with a smile that was half a sneer; "perhaps because of your big boast. Women have done so much for you that it was time you should do something for women." for women." Philo shrugged his shoulders. "You

flatter me—" he began, but the woman interrupted him. "Hush," she said, "I hear a footfall Philo, straining his sense of hearing, seemed to catch the faint sound of a

distant ascending step on those dis-tant ascending stairs. He slipped his hand to his hip pocket and pulled out his pistol. The woman's eyes flashed at "Of course," he said, "I can only feel dattered at the honor you have done me. If your friend attacks me, as you seem to assume—well, as I believe I am considered to be a good shot, and as I be-

lieve that I justify the impression, should imagine that you will be relieved of your difficulty in about five minutes."

Even as he spoke the stells came nearer and nearer, and sounded louder and louder in the gaunt loneliness of the place. But Ames' blood, growing hot with the excitement of the mon suddenly cooled at the sight of the woman's face. It had grown curiously pale and drawn and wan, and its look of anxiety touched him with a quick pity. She seemed to be listening as curiously as he to the on-coming steps but with a very different interest. He thought to himself, trying to translate her expression, that the steps sounded

singularly light to be those of the blackvisaged savage whose face grinned on the chimney piece. The steps came close and stopped before the door. There was a moment's silence-and then a ring. The woman remained motionless for

a moment, like one under the influence of some ungovernable fear, some unnameable horror. Then, as if shaking off the lethargy of a dream, she walked to the door and went into the hall Philo followed her, with a revolver in his hand. She opened the hall door, and Ames mechancially lifted his pistol. but lowered it again as his gaze encountered nothing more alarming than a telegraph boy dimly visible in the faintly-lighted corridor. Before the boy had time to say a name, the woman had caught the message from him looked at its address and swung the door to. Philo Ames and she were again alone together. Philo could hear the boy whistling and stamping as he went away, but the woman stood still, holding the message in her hands. It was only for a minute, but it seemed an age; then she turned and walked into the drawing room, Ames making way for her. She tore the envelope open, read the message, gave a little cry, while she forced flercely into a

a flash. The four words were: the devil." Then she snatched the paper from his hands, and the pair stood in silence for a second, facing each ther vaguely. "Well," said Philo, slowly, "you seem to be rid of your difficulty."

laugh as she handed the slip of pink

paper to Ames. He read four words in

She gave a little shiver as she answered: "So It appears." Philo swung his fur coat on to his oulders, and slipped his revolver back into its place. As he stretched out his hand to his hat the woman touched

"You can stay if you like," she said, in a voice that was half a provocation, half an appeal. Philo looked at the woman's beautiful face, and his heart grew hot; then

he glanced round the room, and thought what shambles it might have become what had not been had been. He took "No, thank you," he said, and h walked slowly out of the room and out

behind him in the dimiy-lit corridor Then, and then only, he suddenly took



Phil Followed Her with a Revolver in His

stone stairs in the darkness as if for dear life. He never knew how he got the main door open; his next act of conscious consciousness was to find ilmself again upon the embankment with the cold, wet wind whipping his

tried to find the letter, but failed. "I wonder," he said to himself, "If the whole thing was due to the green curacoa or to the pasha's cigarettes.

or if it really happened." But he took no pains to find out, The Poster Maiden.

Her eyes are grayish, brownish, blueish ined with a phosphorescent sheen,

Attired in motley colors, red and white, All striped like a stick of peppermint, She sits upon a stream of liquid light, For of a boat there's not the slightest

Her reddish-yellow, Cleopatra hair, Glows like the sun above a greenish While all around the circumambient air ed with fearful purple clouds and Nay, reader, this is not a nightmare scene, Nor dream from the seductive poppy

This wild, prismatic maiden doth adorn.
—Washington Post. Oil Market.
Pittsburg, Pa., Dec. 7.—Oil opened at 51.39½ bid; highest, 51.30; lowest, 51.30; closed, 51.31½. Standard's price, 51.38.
Oil City, Pa., Dec. 7.—Oil opened and lowest, 51.39½c.; highest, 51.39½, closed, 57.59½

ticklish and a cool blood the only wis- THE WORLD OF BUSINESS

New York, Dec. 7.-The susp the American Tobacco company officials announced this morning was a big surprise and led to liquidation on a heavy scale and the price broke from 73 to 87%. The first leading to the latest the latest to the lates 79 to 67%. The first impulse of ho of the industrials was to get out of their stocks and a drop of 1/2 to 11/4 followed. Subsequently Sugar and Gas were bought freely and the former rose The general railway list was not ar-fected by the sensational break in Tobacco and ruled steady througnout. In the closing dealings when Tobacco sold at its lowest, Sugar ran off to 106½; Chicago Gas to 69 and Leather preferred to 62 Speculation left off irregu-Tobacco and 462 in other industrials. The railway list, with few exceptions, showed gains of 46% per cent. 'I'me total shares were 187,000 shares.

The range of today's prices for the active stocks of the New York stock market are given below. The quotations are furnished The Tribune by Will Linn, Allen & Co., stock brokers, 412 Spruce street,

I	Op'n-	Low- Clos-		
	Inc.	est.	est.	ing.
ı	Am. Tobacco Co 75	75	6714	6714
•	Am. Cotton Oil 1816			17%
•	Am. Sugar Re'g Co 106	108%	105%	105%
	Atch., To. & S. Fe., 16%	16%	16%	16%
ď	Canada Southern 544	5414	54%	
	Ches. & Ohio 17%	71%		17%
•	Chicago Gas 68%	69	65%	69
8	Chic. & N. W106%	109%	100%	10696
8	Chic., B. & O 82%	83%	823a	82%
	C. C. C. & St. L 41%	42	4114	41%
d	Chic., Mil. & St. P 74%	75%	7436	75%
9	Chic., R. I. & Pac., 73%	74%	73%	74
i	Del. & Hud129%	129%	129%	12934
ğ	Dist. & C. F 19%	19%	194	1914
8	General Electric 31	31%	31	31%
g	Louis, & Nash 52%	5314	42%	42%
g	Manhattan Ele10114	10114	10114	1011
B	Mich. Central 7	7	7	7
ş	Mo. Pac 29%	29%	29%	29%
Š	Nat. Lead 30%	30%	30%	30%
g	N. J. Central1061/2	10516	10614	100%
3	N. Y. Central100	100	100	100
H	N. Y., S. & W. Pr 31%	3174	3174	3774
8	Nor. Pac., Pr 15	15	05	15
1	Ont. & West 1514	15%	15%	15%
1	Pac. Mail 321/2	3214	3215	32%
d	Phil. & Read 10%	10%	931	976
Ц	Southern R. R 1 10%	10%	10%	103 _m
И	Tenn., C. & Iron 3214	3256	3216	325
1	Texas Pacific 9	9	9	9
1	Wabash, Pr 18	1854	18	18%
ı	Western Union 87%	8734	8734	873
íŧ	U. S. Leather 114	1112	111/6	1114
1	U. S. Leather, Pr 63%	637	62	6214
1	D. 10 Manual 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	44.4		20000
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	Open-	High-	Low-	Clos-
WHEAT.	ing.	est.	est.	ing.
May	6114	62	61%	6134
OATS.		1411144	72545	200
May	2014	20%	2014	20%
CORN.		3.3		0.000
January	263	27	20%	2694
May	29%	2914	29	29
LARD,	580377			
January	5,32	5.35	5.30	5.30
May		5.57	5,55	5.55
PORK.				
January	8.65	8.65	8.57	8,57
May		9.05	8.75	8.95

Scranton Board of Trade Exchange Ouctations-All Quotations Based on Par

of 100. Name. Nat. Boring & Drilling Co..... 650 Thuron Coal Land Co.... Beranton Jar & Stopper Co Lacka. Trust and Safe Dep. Co .. Weston Mill Co.....

Scranton Car Replacer Co..... ... Economy Steam Heat and BONDS. Scrapton Glass Co ... Economy Steam Heat &
Power Co cranton Pass. Railway first mortgage, due 1918...... 110 eranton Traction Co...... People's Street Railway, first mortgage, due 1918..... 110 eranton & Pittston Trac. Co. ... People's Street Railway, Sec-ond mortgage, due 1920...... Lacka. Valley Trac. Co., first mortgage, due 1925

n Manufacturing Co

New York Produce Market. New York, Dec. 7.—Flour-Dull, steady, Wheat-Firm; No. 2 red store and elevator, 701470%c.; affont, 72a72%c.; f. o. b., 70%a71%c.; ungraded red, Ga72c.; No. 1 January, 67%c.; options closed steady; January, 67%c.; March, 69%c.; May, 69%c.; June, 68%c.; July, 68%c.; December, 66%c. Corn Dull-Firmer; No. 2, 35%a25%c.; elevator, 38%a34%c. affoat; options dull, firmer; No. 2, 25%c.; January, 34%c.; May, 33½c. Oats—Quiet, stronger; options, dull, firmer; December, 27½c.; January, 23½c.; May, 25½c.; spot prices, No. 2, 23½c.; No. 2 white, 3½c.; No. 3 white, 23½c.; mixed No. 3, 21%c; No. 3 white, 23½c; mixed western, 23a24½c; white do., 24a27½c; white state, 24a23½c. Provisions—Steady, quiet, unchanged. Lard—Quiet, steady. Butter—Firm; state dairy, 12a22c; do. creamery, 18a25½c; western dairy, 10½a16c; do. factory, 9a17c; Elgins, 26a26½c; imitation creamery, 18a29bc. Cheese—Quiet, steady, unchanged. Eggs—Firm; state and Pennsylvania, 22a26c; southern, 21a22c; ice house, 16a20c; do. per case, \$3.50a 22c.; ice house, 16a20c.; do. per case, \$3,50a 4.50; western fresh, 21a2315c.; do. per case, \$3.50a4.25; limed, 161/2017c.; do. per case,

Buffalo, N. Y., Dec. 7.—Cattle—Receipts, 3.500 head; on sale, 90 head; market steady and firm; good butchers' steers, \$3.50a3.85; light to fair mixed butchers', \$2.75a3.25; bulls, 2.40a3.25. Hogs-Receipts, 11,000 head; bulis, 2.40a3.25. Hogs-Recelpts, 11,000 head; on sale, 9,00 head; market easy; Yorkers, \$3.65a3.70; mediums and heavy, \$3.65a3.70; light Yorkers, \$3.70a4; pigs, \$3.70a3.75; stags, \$2.75a3. Sheep and Lambs-Recelpts, 6,000 head; on sale, 10,000 head; steady; Canada lambs, \$4.20a4.50; prime native lambs, \$4.40a4.50; good to choice, \$4.10a4.30; light to fair, \$3.40a4; culls and common, \$2a3.50; mixed sheep good to prime, \$2.50a2.85; culls to fair, \$1a2.25; export sheep, \$3.25a3.70; light handy whethers, \$3a3.50.

Chicago Live Stock.

Chicago Dec. 7.—Cattle—Receipts, 10,000 head; market steady; common to extra steers, \$2,25a3.65; cows and bules, \$1,40a3.49; calves, \$2,25a3.65; cows and bulls, \$1,40a3.49; calves, \$2,50a5.50; Texans, \$2,55a3.65. Hogs—Receipts, 25,000 head; market weak and 5 and 10 cents lower: heavy packing and shipping lots, \$3,45a3.09; common to choice maked, \$3,25a3.57½c.; choice assorted, \$3,50a.50; light, \$3,35a3.57½c.; pigs, \$2,25a3.40, \$8eep.—Receipts, 1,500 head; market steady; inferior to choice, \$1,50a3.40; lambs, \$3a4.40.

Toledo Grain Market.

Toledo, O., Dec. 7.—Wheat—Receipts, 4,000 bushels; shipments, 5,700 bushels; firm; No. 2 red cash, 60%c.; May, 62%c.; No. 3 red cash, 64c. Corn—Recipts, 22,000 bushels; shipments, 22,000 bushels; quiet; No. 2 mixed cash, 27%c.; No. 3 do., 27%c.; No. 3 white, 27%c. Cats—Receipts, 600 bushels; shipments, none; dull; No. 2 nixed, May, 21%c. Cloverseed—Receipts, 5 bags; shipments, 300 bags; quiet, prime ash, 62.5; March, 34.5%. Toledo Grain Market.



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