

OLD TIME FAVORITES

WEARINESS.

O little feet, that such long years
Must wander on through hopes and fears,
Must ache and bleed beneath your load,
I nearer to the wayside inn
Where toll shall cease and rest begin,
Am weary, thinking of your road.

O little hands, that weak or strong,
Have still to serve or look so long,
Have still so long to give or ask,
I, who so much with look and pen
Have toiled among my fellow men,
Am weary, thinking of your task.

O little hearts, that throb and beat
With such impatient, feverish heat,
Such limitless and strong desires;
Mine that so long has glowed and burned,
With passion into ashes turned,
Now covers and conceals its fires.

O little souls, as pure and white
And crystalline as rays of light,
Direct from heaven their source divine;
Refracted through the mist of years,
How red my setting sun appears,
How lurid looks this soul of mine!
—Longfellow.

MRS. MANSFIELD'S STRATEGY.

I HAVE made a discovery," John," said Mrs. Mansfield, looking up from her knitting.

John Mansfield, retired merchant, Alderman and Mayor of Pimperne, looked up from his paper. "A discovery, my dear?" he said, assuming his best managerial manner. "Pray what is the nature of this remarkable occurrence?"

"I find that Miss Anson has a photograph of yourself, which she treasures in secret."

"What do you mean, my dear?" exclaimed Mr. Mansfield.

"This morning," explained Mrs. Mansfield, "I entered Miss Anson's room and found her absorbed in the contemplation of some object which she held. She had evidently not heard my knock, but the noise of my entrance started her, and as she hastily hid something in a drawer, a photograph fell to the floor. She snatched it up, but before I had recognized it as your photograph, I pretended not to have noticed the photo, preferring to have an explanation from you."

Mr. Mansfield was the picture of helpless amazement.

Miss Anson, it must be explained, was a bright and charming young lady, whom Mrs. Mansfield had recently engaged as a companion.

"I am quite at a loss to explain the affair," said Mr. Mansfield, in tones quite unlike those of the Mayor of Pimperne. "Possibly it was given to her by a mutual friend."

"Then why should she make a mystery of it, and gloat over it in private?" demanded Mrs. Mansfield, grimly.

"My dear," said Mr. Mansfield, with a return of dignity, "I do not understand you! If I mistake not it was something she hid in the drawer which she 'gloried' over, not the photograph."

"I am not sure," which it was," said Mrs. Mansfield, with strained calmness.

Now that the first shock of amazement was over, Mr. Mansfield's pomposity returned rapidly.

"Ah, very possible, my dear, Miss Anson, when I have every reason to think is a young lady of good discernment and sound judgment, has found something in my public life which she has been good enough to admire. Miss Anson has had every opportunity of studying my work for the past three months, and also the general course of municipal life in what, I think, may be regarded as a noble borough. What more natural, then, than that this young lady, seeing the portrait of a gentleman clad in the robes and insignia of the office of the chief magistrate of this borough, displayed in the photographer's window, and recognizing in that gentleman myself, should purchase that photograph?"

Mrs. Mansfield listened with irritable features.

"A very good explanation," she commented, "if it had been one of your official photographs. But the one in Miss Anson's possession is one of those you had taken about two years ago, before you were elected Mayor. We ordered only a few of them, I remember, and I thought we had disposed of them all. The question is—how did Miss Anson obtain one? I did not give it to her!"

"Then I can only say that you must be mistaken, my dear," said Mr. Mansfield, with asperity. "On your own confession you only saw it for an instant. How can you be certain that it was a photograph of myself?"

"If you think my eyes deceived me, perhaps you will believe your own! The photo is still in the drawer. Miss Anson has had no opportunity of removing it for I sent her on an errand. It is in the first drawer of her dressing table, if you wish to satisfy your curiosity."

"Mrs. Mansfield, do you think that I am going to steal into a lady's room and pry into her private affairs?" cried the Magistrate, rising. "You forget yourself, madam!"

Mr. Mansfield went upstairs in high indignation to make some alteration in his dress preparatory to going out.

He was forced to acknowledge himself quite at a loss to account for that photo being in Miss Anson's possession, which admission was rather extraordinary on his part.

He prided himself on his keen insight, his strict impartiality and his firmness in discharging his magisterial duties. But an exhibition of these qualities was not confined to the bench. Of the latter he had made a lavish display in his home, as Mrs. Mansfield found to her cost.

It was only twelve months ago that his unbending will had driven their only son, Jack, to South Africa.

Mr. Mansfield had determined that his son should marry rank and beauty in the person of a daughter of a local magnate.

But handsome Jack Mansfield elected to manage his own matrimonial affairs, and upset all his father's brilliant plans by falling in love with a pretty nobody, a governess in a house where he was visiting.

Finding all arguments, persuasions and commands alike useless, Mrs. Mansfield finally told his son he must either fall in with his wishes or leave his home forever and look for no further assistance from himself. Jack

chose the latter course, and within a week set sail for South Africa.

The loss of her only son was a source of great grief to Mrs. Mansfield. But all her tears, pleadings and reproaches could not prevail on her husband to relent and as time rolled on her importunities ceased.

Having dressed himself to his satisfaction, Mr. Mansfield left the room.

Suddenly his progress was checked by the sight of a wide-open door. What tempting field could have left the door of Miss Anson's room so invitingly open, displaying, as it did, the very drawer on which Mr. Mansfield had never even set eyes, in which the much discussed photograph was supposed to lie?

Mrs. Mansfield had, as she well knew, struck her husband's weak spot when she mentioned curiosity.

"It would be the work of a moment," he reflected, "to take just one glance into that drawer to satisfy myself of the truth of Jane's story."

With a cautious look round, he noiselessly entered the room, partially closing the door behind him. He opened the drawer boldly, and—yes, there it was—his own photograph.

It was, as his wife had stated, one of the few he had had taken about two years ago.

Horror! Somebody was coming. A light step on the stairs and a sweet voice humming the refrain of a song, heralded the approach of Miss Anson herself!

What was to be done? Could he allow her to find him in her room, prying about like a curious housemaid? He, Alderman Mansfield, Mayor of Pimperne! There was only one thing to be done.

Miss Anson entered and closed the door behind her. Mr. Mansfield could hear her moving about the room, still singing lightly to herself.

"She is talking of her hat and jacket," he thought. "In a few minutes she will leave the room. Then I can slip out unobserved."

Everything, no doubt, would have happened just as he wished, had Tiny—Mrs. Mansfield's darling pug—not followed Miss Anson into the room.

The spirit of investigation was strong in Tiny. In the course of his present explorations he naturally looked under the bed. He immediately sent up an ear-splitting series of barks and yelps, at the same time dancing about with every canine token of delight.

Mr. Mansfield responded to Tiny's joyful recognition with silent curses, and hearing Miss Anson's expressions of surprise, and that she was approaching the bed to learn the cause of Tiny's excitement he slowly emerged with a very red face and a very ruffled appearance.

"Don't be alarmed, Miss Anson, I beg," he cried, seeing that the lady looked dangerously like shrieking. "My unexpected appearance fills you with amazement, no doubt."

"Mr. Mansfield!" she ejaculated, in tones of incredulous astonishment.

"Er—I must, of course, explain, and humbly apologize for my despicable conduct."

His worship then proceeded, with abrupt and jerky sentences, quite devoid of their flowery trimmings, to explain his presence in her room.

Greatly to his relief, she did not look very angry when he had finished. She said nothing at first, but, opening the fatal drawer, produced some where from its depths two more photographs, which she put into his hands, saying:

"You see, I have photographs of other members of the family as well."

Mr. Mansfield gazed at them in astonishment. They were pictures of his wife and son.

"Why, who gave you these, Miss Anson?"

"Jack," she replied simply, with lowered eyelids and a pretty flush on her face.

"Jack!" he cried. "My son?"

"Yes," she whispered.

"But I—I don't understand! I was not aware that you had ever met him! He is in South Africa."

"It was for my sake he went there," she replied softly.

There was silence for a few minutes.

"Then you are the young—er—lady whom my son wished to marry in opposition to my wishes?" said Mr. Mansfield severely.

"Yes," she murmured.

Mr. Mansfield thought deeply for the next few minutes. After all he liked Miss Anson immensely; and if he still proved obstinate, she would, of course leave the house, and perhaps that morning's ridiculous adventure might be mentioned, and—yes, he would be merciful.

"Well, Miss Anson, I need hardly say that your story astonished me beyond measure. But I will not digress from you the fact that during the time you have been with us you have won my highest esteem and, in fact, I regard you with feelings of paternal affection. We must write to that young scamp and have him home. Meanwhile—"

With a cry of joy Miss Anson flung her arms around his neck and kissed him on his nose.

At that moment the door opened and

Mrs. Mansfield stood on the threshold, with hands uplifted in horror. She could not have timed her entrance with greater precision had she been waiting, with eye at the keyhole.

"John! Miss Anson!" she gasped.

Mr. Mansfield looked frightened.

"My dear," he cried nervously, "I am going to write and tell Jack to come home. This young lady has promised to be his wife. She is, in fact, the lady about whom we had that foolish quarrel."

It took Mr. Mansfield quite a quarter of an hour to make his wife understand clearly the facts of the case. But when she did understand she burst into tears and rapturously embraced Miss Anson, assuring her of undying affection.

Mr. Mansfield at length managed to slip away, congratulating himself upon the success with which he had extricated himself from an unpleasant position. After all, he was glad of an excuse to welcome his boy home again.

But perhaps if he had learned what passed between his wife and future daughter-in-law when they heard the door close behind him he would have realized that they had scored on all points.

"Dear, darling Mrs. Mansfield!" cried Miss Anson, embracing Mrs. Mansfield afresh. "How good of you to have me here as your companion, and then to devise this clever plot! Why, it was quite a drama!"

"In which you played your part very well, my dear," replied the old lady, patting the girl's cheek affectionately.—Baltimore World.

Wonderful Sense of Smell.

How infinitely minute must be the particles that emanate from the object which the dog is tracking? Yet matter is extremely divisible. The tenth part of a grain of musk will continue for years to fill a room with its odoriferous particles, and at the end of that time will not be appreciably diminished in weight by the finest balance. A cubic inch of air rising from the flame of a Bunsen burner has been found to contain no fewer than 489,000,000 dust particles. A drop of blood which might be suspended from the point of a needle contains about a million of red flattened corpuscles. Still, though matter is marvelously divisible, the olfactory nerves are infinitely more sensitive.

Much has yet to be investigated with regard to the differentiation of the points in these nerves so that they may discriminate with such apparent miraculous accuracy; yet even the results in the scent of dogs show how marvelously fine is their discriminating power. Our sense of smell, unless in the trained chemist, is not even so acute as that of the semi-savage. The aborigines of Peru can, in the darkest night and in the thickest woods, distinguish respectively a white man, a negro and one of their own race by the smell. Much we have gained by civilization; but not without some loss to our bodily energies and senses. Man's recuperative power after an injury is in the inverse ratio to his social advancement. Similarly he seems to become less acute and delicate in the sense of smell as he fares better and lives more comfortably. The faithful dog puts him to shame.—London Mail.

Pigmites in Europe.

A German scientist asserts that pigmy races have existed in Europe. This conclusion is arrived at from the examination of numerous skeletons which have been found in the region of Breslau, in Silesia. Their height is considerably below the ordinary average, being about four feet nine inches, which represents the mean figure for a whole group of skeletons. Similar remains have been found in other parts of Europe not far from the above region; thus Kollman, of Bale, describes the remains of pigmites which have been found in Switzerland. In this case the average height reached as low as four feet six inches. Gutman has also described the pigmy remains which were found in lower Alsace, near Colmar. These are still smaller, and the height of many of the specimens is but four feet. The pigmites of Silesia appear to have been contemporaries of the Romans and slave races and to have existed until the year 1000 A. D. At present no specimens are to be found in Europe.

Wood's Despatches.

Sir Evelyn Wood is distinguished by a williness in which he has very few equals. He gave a specimen of this during the operations following the Indian Mutiny. He volunteered to carry dispatches through the enemy's country, and disguised himself as an itinerant merchant, being familiar with Hindustan. Traveling by night and day, he got too close to a rebel camp, and was arrested and detained. After being somewhat carelessly examined he was allowed to spend the night in a tent. As he expected, during the darkness some natives crawled under the canvas and stealthily searched his saddle-bags and wallets, but found nothing except sundry light articles of commerce, the dispatches having been taken by Wood from a slit in his turban and buried underneath the spot where he slept. Next morning he was permitted to go, and reached the British camp in safety.—Men and Women.

Motor Exhibit in Peru.

An exhibition of alcohol motors, lamps and other appliances will soon be opened at Lima, Peru. It is believed that such machinery and appliances will meet with success in those parts of the country where alcohol can be obtained at a cheap rate. There is a fairly large output in Peru of alcohol as by-product of the sugar industry. The cost of the alcohol on the estates is about twenty cents per gallon. The Peruvian government also propose to apply to Congress for the abolition and reduction of Coes (an alcohol intended to be used as fuel).

The Late Professor Bain.

The late Emeritus Professor Bain, of Aberdeen University, like many notable men of humble origin, was not ashamed of proclaiming the fact. On one occasion he jokingly said to his students in the logic class: "Gentlemen, my wife may be connected with the Thanes of Cawdor, but I am descended from the tinkers of Braemar." Had he said "thinkers" the class might perhaps have taken him more seriously, than it did.

BETTY THINGS TO WEAR

New York City.—Blouse waists make the favorite models of the season and are worn both for indoor and street costume. This May Manton line



BLOUSE WAIST.

Le Bon Ton. Bogonia, fushia and clematis shades in cloth are used for evening gowns. White cloth and lace gowns, trimmed with black velvet, are especially charming.

With Double-Breasted Coats.

There are tight-fitting cloth and cheviot frocks made with double-breasted coats, buttoning invisibly, plain velvet collars and tight sleeves, which are for strictly tailor-made wear, says Le Bon Ton. Turn-down collars of white linen are worn with these, giving quite a mannish air. These collars are also worn with taffeta frocks.

Princess Gowns in Favor.

Princess gowns are quite in favor and will probably be much worn, says Le Bon Ton. One model of white cloth and lace was made absolutely tight-fitting with a pleated skirt part set on below the hips. A band of lace insertion was set in just above the pleated skirt part and the sleeves were of the lace, very full and flowing.

The Stole Collar.

A pretty accessory to a simple gown is a stole collar with two ends made of bands of colored embroidery. The collar is round and flat and lies close to the neck. It does not meet by about three inches. Worn over a lace cape or deep collar the effect is very good.

The Latest in Velvets.

Velvets in blues and browns, with a pin dot of white, lay; a pressed dot the size of a frame piece, which at first gives the effect of a button.

A Late Design by May Manton.



and turned back to form the narrow revers. The trimming is arranged round the neck at the back, to form points at the front. The sleeves are snug to the elbows, but fall above the narrow cuffs. At the neck is a collar that combines the two materials.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is three yards twenty-seven inches wide, one and three-quarter yards forty-four inches wide, or one and one-half yards fifty-five inches wide, with one and three-quarter yards of velvet to make as it illustrated.

Jackets Are Short.

Nearly all jackets are short, says Le Bon Ton, although a few, a very few, long coats are seen. The latter are more on the Russian blouse order. Browsers are the thing, but more than anything else one sees the entire dress of heavy cloths or velvets, corgas and skirt to be worn without a jacket, simply fur or short fur capes. These are to be quite the thing for street wear.

An Extra Wrap.

Little paleots, made in red, violet or puce cloth, are worn as an extra wrap over dress gowns, says Le Bon Ton. For dressy wear they are made of white cloth. Stiffening and gold buttons are all that is used for trimming. They are a smart little wrap. Of course the bolero effect is predominant in these gowns, and the high, tight-fitting giraffe is indispensable.

Old-Fashioned Brocades.

Brocades in quiet, old-fashioned designs are much used for evening gowns, trimmed with fine ruchings, says Le Bon Ton. One gown of brocade, on view at a leading modiste's, was made with a Watteau pleat in the back, the front opening over a petticoat of lace.

Ostrich Feathers in Two Colors.

Ostrich feathers are displayed, showing two colors, as, for instance, brown and green, royal purple and green. A handsome feather is a combination of ostrich and parrot—an extreme novelty and very expensive.

Crushed Pink Cloth.

For evening wear crushed pink cloth trimmed with lace is very handsome,

Charming Kimono.

Kimono, or negligees which owe their inspiration to the garment of Japan, have taken a permanent hold in Western favor and are constantly appearing in some new form. The graceful, yet perfectly simple May Manton model shown is among the latest and has much to commend it. The original, from which the drawing was made, is of fine soft flannel, with bands of plain India silk, but all the materials used for gowns of the sort are suitable. Charming ones show plain cotton crepe for the foundation, flowered silk for the bands and countless other suggestions might be made.

The kimono is made with fronts and backs and is shaped by means of shoulder, underarm and centre back seams. The sleeves are cut in deep points that are minutely graceful, and both their edges and those of the neck and front are faced to form the bands.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is nine yards twenty-



A SHIMING KIMONO.

seven or thirty-two inches wide, or four and one-half yards forty-four inches wide, with one and seven-eighths yards of silk for trimming.

Household Matters

Keep Tins Dry.

Pans, kettles and cake tins, etc., will last much longer if when washed they are placed before the fire for a few minutes to get quite dry inside before being put away. If left damp they soon become rusty, and in a short time are unfit for use.

Easily-Made Borax Soap.

Borax soap will remove all kinds of spots from floors, carpets, painted woodwork, etc. It is easily made by saving all the bits of soap which accumulate in the household, and boiling these down with a few teaspoonfuls of borax until it becomes a jellylike substance.

Washing Soft Ribbons.

Soft ribbons, such as liberty, satin taffeta and peau de soie, may be washed to look about as good as new. Prepare a basin of warm water and castile soap and soak the ribbons, without mixing colors, of course, for fifteen minutes. Spread them one at a time on a smooth surface and scrub gently with a soft nail brush. Rinse in clear water and press the water out between folds of cloth. Iron between two towels with a moderately hot iron. A few drops of vinegar in the rinsing water will keep the ribbons stiff.

The Art of Cooking Pumpkin and Squash.

Put a ripe winter squash in half lengthwise, take out the seeds, but do not pare. Place the halves in a baking pan with a little water, cover and bake in a moderate oven for an hour and a half. A quarter of an hour before the squash is done remove the cover and with a spoon take out the water in the pan. Sprinkle with plenty of salt and put a generous lump of butter in each half. Return to the oven to brown slightly. Pumpkin cooked in this way is even better than squash. Pumpkin requires long, slow cooking for several hours.

The Sulky Salt.

If there is one thing above another that is the cause of genuine mental profligacy at this season it is the refusal of that necessary condiment, salt, to part company with the shaker.

Many things have been suggested to remedy the trouble. One hotelkeeper at the shore, where dampness is always present, says that baking the salt thoroughly in the oven and then mixing it with one-third the quantity of corn starch, will obviate the difficulty.

Others suggest that the shakers be set in the oven for fifteen minutes every day, but the majority of advice proclaims that the only real way to get around the trouble is to put the shakers away during the dog days and use individual salt cellars.

Nevertheless one plan that has been found thoroughly successful is to bake the salt well and add corn starch as suggested. Then as the shakers are filled add to each one a small half teaspoon of rice.

This keeps it stirred up and prevents lumping; also serves, when violently shaken, to knock and loosen the salt from around the holes in the top.

For the Guest Room.

In other rooms in the house deviations from comfort are permissible, but the guest room must be perfect in its appointments. The following suggestions for fitting up this room, are given in a comprehensive article in *The Delineator*:

The ideal guest room is arranged with an adjoining bath and dressing room, but when plumbing connections are impossible a small room for bathing and dressing should be provided. The floor covering should be chosen from the Persian rugs in deep colors, or matting may be used if the conditions demand it. The wall covering should be a plain or two-toned hanging of some conventional design. For the bed, iron may be enameled to accord with the scheme of the furnishings, or brass or wood may be chosen, and the bed fittings should be the very best that one's means can afford. The pieces of furniture should comprise a lounge for day use, a bureau, a chiffonier, a night stand, a dressing mirror, a folding screen, an easy chair and foot stool, a slipper chair and rocker, with washing arrangements either stationary or movable. In supplying the necessary small articles of toilet, preference should be given to simple, substantial qualities. Book shelves and a writing desk or table are a necessity, and, of course, they must be provided with fresh volumes and magazines and adequate stationery.

Live Stock.

Chicago.—Good to prime steers, \$5.00@5.40; poor to medium, \$3.40@4.80; stockers and feeders, \$2.00@2.25; cows, \$1.00@3.50; heifers, \$2.00@4.75; sanners, \$70.00@80.00; bulls, \$2.00@4.00; calves, \$4.00@7.00; Texas steers, \$3.00@3.50; Western steers, \$2.00@2.25; Hogs—Mixed and butchers', \$4.70@5.25; good to choice heavy, \$4.00@5.20; rough heavy, \$4.40@4.80; light, \$4.70@5.25; bulk of sales, \$4.80@5.05. Sheep—Wool, \$2.00@2.25; mixed steady, \$1.00@1.25; choice wethers, \$3.00@3.60; fat to choice mixed, \$2.50@2.75; native lambs, \$3.50@5.50.

Pittsburg, Pa.—Cattle steady; choice \$5.20@5.30; prime, \$5.00@5.15; fair, \$3.10@3.30. Hogs active; prime heavy, \$5.25@5.75; medium, \$5.15@5.20; heavy Yorkers, \$5.10@5.15; light Yorkers, \$5.05@5.10; pigs, \$4.00@5.00; roughs, \$3.50@4.75. Sheep slow; prime wethers, \$3.60@3.80; culls and common, \$1.50@2.00; choice lambs, \$5.10@5.25; veal calves, \$7.00@7.75.

INDUSTRIAL AND SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

Alaska now supplies half the salmon of the world.

Over 400,000 people in London live in single room tenements.

The amount paid in pensions since the civil war is \$3,134,271,548.

It costs about \$6,235,000 to operate the Government Printing Office.

About one tenth of the voters in Boston and Chicago are Socialists.

Mexico Produced last year \$9,000,000 in gold and \$72,000,000 in silver.

The United States now produce more than any other country. Of the world's crop of 1,750,000 hundred weight, the United States furnishes 420,000 hundredweight.

The total expenditure for the navy for the next fiscal year is \$102,866,444.34.

Six million operatives in the United States annually sign pay-rolls aggregating \$5,000,000,000.

It cost \$200,000 to print the last annual report of the Secretary of Agriculture, which makes it the most costly governmental publication in the world.

The first railway built for steam cars, was the Charleston and New Hamburg Line, in South Carolina.

London has accident insurance 510 machines. The device insures fraud, and has the appearance of a clock.

In France trees are felled for lumber by means of a platinum wire heated by electricity and used like a saw.

Shoestrings are largely made from the skin of the bilaga or whale which is known as "shoep" leather.

An X-ray session for women is the subject of the subjects are now given in *Dar-*

COMMERCIAL REVIEW.

General Trade Conditions.

R. G. Dun & Company's Weekly Review of Trade says: Unseasonably mild weather is making it possible for farmers to secure much better grain and cotton that seemed doomed by early frost, but, on the other hand, trade is dull in heavy wearing apparel, fuel and many lines that should now be vigorous. While in the long run this business may be made up and the nation will be benefited by the increased crops, the immediate effect is unfavorable. Manufacturing activity has increased at cotton mills and several minor industries, but in iron and steel there are more idle furnaces and mills.

There were 246 failures this week in the United States, against 253 last week, 279 the preceding week and 288 the preceding week last year.

Bradstreet's says: Wheat, including flour, exports for the week aggregate 4,340,281 bushels, against 4,094,873 last week, 5,715,555 this week last year, 3,469,645 in 1901 and 3,553,507 in 1900. Corn exports for the week aggregate 1,459,936 bushels, against 1,392,214 last week, 1,308,847 a year ago, 708,284 in 1901 and 3,287,627 in 1900.

LATEST MARKET QUOTATIONS.

Flour—Spring clear, \$3.85@4.05; best Patent \$5.25; choice Family \$4.35.

Wheat—New York No. 2, 87c; Philadelphia No. 2, 83 1/4@83 1/2c; Baltimore No. 2, 82c.

Corn—New York, No. 2, 54c; Philadelphia No. 2, 50 1/2@50 1/4c; Baltimore No. 2, 54c.

Oats—New York No. 2, 41 1/4c; Philadelphia No. 2, 42 1/2@43; Baltimore No. 2, 40 1/2c.

Green Fruits and Vegetables—Apples—Maryland and Virginia, per bushel, \$1.00@1.25; do, fair to good, 75c@81c. Beets—Native, per bunch, 1 @1 1/2c. Cabbage—Native, per 100 lb. \$2.50; do, New York State, per ton \$12.00@13.00. Cauliflower—New York, per bushel or crate \$1.50@2.25. Cranberries—Cape Cod, per bushel \$2.50@3.50; do, per box \$1.75@2.00. Celery—New York State, per dozen 45@50c; do, native, per bunch 3 1/2@4c. Carrots—Native, per bushel 1 @1 1/2c. Grapes—Concord, per 5-lb basket 12@14c; do, Niagara, 30, 18@20c; do, Catawba, 10, 13@15c. Kale—Native, per bushel box 12 1/2@15c. Lettuce—Native, per bushel 1 @1.50. Onions—Maryland and Pennsylvania, yellow, per bushel 50@60c. Quinces—New York State, per bushel \$1.00@1.25; do, second, per bushel 50@55c; do, New York, prime, per bushel 60@62c. Sweets—Yellow, Maryland and Virginia, per bushel 75c@1.00; do, per four barrel 90c@1.00; do, Anne Arundel, per bushel \$1.15. Yams—Virginia, per bushel 75c@80c.

Provisions and Hog Products.—We quote: Bulk clear rib sides, 9c; bulk clear sides, 9 1/2c; bulk shoulders, 8; bulk backs, 18 lbs and under, 6 1/2c; bellies, 18 lbs and under, 7 1/2c; sugar-cured shoulders, narrow, 10c; sugar-cured shoulders, extra broad, 10; sugar-cured California hams, 8; canvased and uncanvased hams, 12 lbs and over, 14 1/2c; hams, canvased and uncanvased, 16 lbs and over, 13; refined lard, half-barrel and new tubs, 9 1/2c; tierces, lard, 9. Butter—Country—Butter—Young, 7 lbs and over, —@13c; old, 7 lbs and over, —@12c. Chickens—Hens, heavy 20 medium, —@10 1/2c; hens, small and poor, —@10; old roosters, each 25@30; young, large, —@12; do, small, 12 1/2@13; do, poor and staggly, —@11. Ducks—Hens, large, —@12; do, small, 11@12; any, large, old white, 11@12; do, small, —@10; Muscovy and mongrels, 11@12. Geese—Western and Southern, each, 35@50. Guinea fowl, each, 15@20.

Eggs.—Western Maryland and Pennsylvania, loss off, per dozen, —@18c; Eastern, loss off, per dozen, —@17c; Virginia, loss off, per dozen, —@17c; West Virginia, loss off, per dozen, —@16c; Western, loss off, per dozen, —@17c; Southern, 24@25.

Hides—Heavy steers, association and salters, 16 to 20 lbs and up, close selections, 84@94; cows and light steers 8@8 1/2c.

RECIPIES.

Saffron Cake or Bread.—Two quarts of flour, one tablespoonful of salt, one-half cup of butter, one tablespoonful of nutmeg, one-half cup of lard, one-half package of currants, two cups of yeast, one heaping tablespoonful of saffron, steeped.

Scalloped Eggs.—Chop four or five hard-boiled eggs quite fine; sprinkle the bottom of a baking dish with fine crumbs; sprinkle in half the eggs; pour over a little white sauce and a little chopped meat; when all is used cover with buttered crumbs and brown in the oven. Ham, chicken, veal or fish may be used.

West Indian Pepper Pot.—To a gallon of water put a gill of cassareep; salt to taste; a small salt bag of Spanish peppers or a dozen large ones, and every kind of fresh meat and fowl, raw. Cut all this meat up, put into a fruit kettle with the water and cassareep, and cook from six to eight hours. Put into a deep dish, and eat while warm, with potatoes.

Spanish Omelet.—Beat three eggs until light; add to them three tablespoonfuls of milk, a little salt and pepper; put in a frying pan one teaspoonful of butter; when hot add the egg mixture and let cook slowly until a delicate brown crust forms on the bottom; then add half a cupful of minced ham mixed with a little finely chopped parsley, or onion and green pepper; fold the omelet in half, turn out on a hot platter; sprinkle over chopped parsley.