

Cupid and Pegasus.

By Jean Meyers.

Helen Roberts had a charming room, in which white and pale green combined to soothe and delight the eye. There was a maiden hair fern in a silver stand near the window, and a mass of pink carnations sent forth a spicy fragrance. A "cosy corner," arranged of the latest design, invited the weary to repose. Everything about the room bore evidence to cultured taste and a purse of no "Micawber" dimensions. It was a room in which you might dream of your ships sailing in laden with all the treasure of a South African company—a room where a night-mare would be impossible. But the owner of all this white-and-green luxury was kneeling on the floor with her face buried in one of the "cosy corner" pillows that made the "cosy corner" a thing of delight; and, judging from the sobs that were making the afternoon unmelodious, Helen Roberts was in no happy frame of mind, and the pillow was on the lamp rack to destruction.

The gentle reader will rush to the conclusion that Miss Roberts' dressmaker had sent home a gown that would not be induced to go into a fit. The ungentle reader will at once think that Miss Roberts' lover had been behaving shabbily—that he had, in a fit of absent-mindedness, addressed a note to her beginning "My own Susie." But it was not a misfitting gown, it was an unrequited love that so distressed her on that bright October afternoon. The latest edition of the Stiletto was lying on the floor in company with a cream-bond volume of verse, and to these publications Helen Roberts owed all her sorrow.

Helen's father was a wealthy doctor who was determined that his only daughter should have every educational advantage. So she was sent to the best university in the State, where she graduated with high honors in the department of literature. At the commencement exercises she read a clever essay on "Late Discoveries in Electric Science." The week after the reading of this production she sailed for Europe, where for two years she improved her mind by visiting English cathedrals, German castles and Italian art galleries. As she had been endowed with a fair share of common sense these twenty-four months of foreign travel did not send her back to Claremont with a vocabulary of affected English and un-Parsian French. When she returned Dr. Roberts looked with fatherly pride on her perfectly healthy face, and could not help admiring the touch of graceful self-possession that intelligent travel seldom fails to give.

There were others to admire this finished young woman. Not many months had passed before Harvey Stuart, a young barrister of Claremont, showed a strong desire to win Miss Helen's carefully trained heart for his own. But Helen was not at all anxious to give up her lately acquired freedom. However, Harvey Stuart had fighting blood in his veins and the spirit of his Scottish "for-bears" awoke within him as he said: "You may have as many friends as you please, but you shall be my wife. It takes ten years and more to win you I will do it."

So he walked with firm tread down the stone steps, leaving Helen to murmur, with flushed cheeks, "What impertinence!" But she felt a secret misgiving.

For four months Harvey Stuart was devoted itself. He did not refer to his hapless love, but he studied Helen's tastes and comfort in every possible way. He talked well when he chose to exert himself, and Helen at last found herself depending upon his opinion, not only in matters of literature, but also in such personal affairs as gowns and gloves. Most of the young men of Claremont were dissipated society devotees, and in Harvey Stuart's keen ambition there was a welcome contrast to the inattentive of her other acquaintances. He had inherited more than a fighting spirit from his ancestors across the sea, and Helen saw that there was a rigid integrity about her lover that would never stoop to dishonor. So she was dismayed to discover that the evenings when Harvey did not call were the longest of the week. His manner was quite sure as he said: "got over it." But one evening, after he had taken occasion to differ from her on almost every question they discussed, just as he seemed to depart, Harvey gently drew Helen into his arms and asked, "When are you going to marry me, dear?"

Helen was amazed, and could only say "I never heard of such a thing."

"Well, I have thought more than once about it lately, and I intend that you shall hearabout it in future. I could not care for you more than I do, and I am almost sure that you love me."

Helen freed herself decidedly at this most uncalculated statement, and raising her flashing brown eyes and the cool gray ones, said, "I do not."

The negative adverb was never uttered, for the gray eyes suddenly caught fire, and Helen's lips trembled beneath a lover's passionate caress.

For fully ten minutes after that there was no sound heard in Dr. Roberts' drawing room except the stately ticking of the marble clock, while a bronze Hercules above it looked down with contempt on the poor mortals who had forgotten all about time and eternity.

So "they two" were betrothed, and Christmas Day was to see a gay wedding from the Roberts' homestead.

Had been filling a morocco-bound album with scraps of verse, which set forth in rhyme and unreason the various longings and grievings with which the heart of youth is supposed to be filled. There was a rondeau on violets, and (tell it not in Bohemia) there was one, only one, ode to spring. There was a heartbroken poem entitled "If Death Would Come," and there were various lyrics of the "Vanitas Vanitatum" order. It was all very well for a hapless monarch of Israel, burdened with the domestic worries of 700 Mrs. Solomons, to sit down some centuries ago and record his bias views in the first chapter of Ecclesiastes. But why a healthy girl, whose digestive organs had never known a pang, and who had seen only the brightest side of nineteenth century civilization, should sigh for a quiet tomb and in-voice against the hollowness of things in general, is a problem that no weak man will ever solve. Helen Roberts was a woman of liberal education and good literary taste. But she was neither born nor made a poet, and while her guardian angel had his back turned she sent her small collection of verse to New York and paid a substantial sum for having the said collection published. The book, in exterior, was all that could be desired. The cover was a delicate cream in hue, and a bunch of purple violets was scattered artistically in the right-hand corner, while in heavy letters of gold was the word "Reveries." The publication of this volume was a profound secret, and Helen intended to wait for the plaudits of the critics before she revealed herself as the "brilliant young author" whose impassioned and lofty verse has lifted her suddenly into fame.

On that afternoon in October she had recognized with many a flutter a short notice of her volume under "Book Notices" in the Stiletto. She had taken the review to her own room and there had read what seemed to her a most ruthless judgment. The critic, in two brief paragraphs, had mercilessly ridiculed the "Reveries," while he had insouciantly praised the paper, the type and the pretty cover, not forgetting to notice the realistic effect of the violets.

"The writer has screened herself behind the name 'Veritas.' We say 'herself' advisedly, because a woman, and one not far from the romantic friendships of school days, is evidently the writer of these touching stanzas. There is no real passion in the sonnet 'My Hero,' but the last four lines dwindle into sickly sentiment. The author is plainly a victim of the tender passion, but the object of her regard is to be pitied, if her conversation is after the loving manner of her verse."

Helen felt as if she could never take pleasure in life again, but when 5 o'clock struck she raised her head from the tear-stained pillow and remembered that Harvey was to take dinner with them.

After dinner Dr. Roberts hurried away, and Mrs. Roberts excused herself on the plea of a visit to a sick friend. So Helen and her lover had the library to themselves, and Harvey, as he settled himself in a large armchair, thought that he was indeed a fortunate man in having such a chair, such a grate fire and such a sweetheart. After they had been talking for some time he took up the Stiletto, which had been lying on the table. Helen had carried it down stairs before dinner, holding it at arm's length.

"Is there anything good in the Stiletto this month?"

"It is a magazine that I do not often read," said Helen, stiffly.

Harvey looked a little surprised at her chilly tone and said: "I thought it had usually some good articles. A friend of mine is managing editor, and I may as well confide to you a little secret. The man who usually writes the column of book reviews was sick this time and Jameson, the manager, asked me to take the work."

Helen's usually well controlled heart gave a bound, and after fluctuating for five seconds, settled in her throat.

"I consented, and have not seen the print yet. It was no stupendous work, and I rather enjoyed it. There was very little in the books which they sent me that was worth reviewing. What is the matter, Helen? You are looking very pale."

"Nothing," came very unsteadily; "won't you read that part of the magazine for me?"

"Certainly. But you are sure that you are well? You seemed very tired at dinner, but now you look like fainting."

Helen clenched her hands, and then fell back on the old pitiful complaint—that I am sure Mother Eve must have used in the bowers of Eden—the complaint that has covered so much mortified vanity and so many aching hearts: "I have a headache, but it is not bad. Please go on with the reading."

So Harvey opened the deadly Stiletto, and, all unknowing, began to read the pages of book notices. He read well. When he came to "Reveries" Helen gave a slight gasp, but she was holding a peacock fan before her face, and Harvey could not see how ghastly it had grown. The luckless youth rushed on to his doom, seeming to take pleasure in each sarcastic sentence, and almost chuckling when he came to the pity that was to be bestowed on the object of "Veritas" regard.

After he had finished he said, musily: "That last was a little hard, perhaps, but so many women have lately given the public trash of this kind, that it has become a stern duty to at least try to stop them."

comrades. I have heard you say many times that you believe in a fair field and no favor in literature, and that a woman has no right to expect consideration, as a woman, when she becomes a writer."

The peacock fan was flung on the table, and a white faced young fury confronted Harvey, who had risen in consternation. Was his bright, sunny natured Helen going mad?

"I consider every word of that criticism unmanly—and—yes—cowardly. By what right do you mock at that woman's love, and hold her most sacred feelings up to ridicule? A man who would do such a thing would prove nothing but a brutal husband—and there—there is your ring, Mr. Stuart!"

The diamonds flashed unheeded on the table, and Helen paused for breath.

A dark flush had mounted to Harvey's forehead at the utterance of the word "cowardly"; but he had great self-restraint, and believing that Helen could not be herself, he said, quietly: "I don't think that you realize what you are saying, Helen. Why should you resent, as an insult, a perfectly just criticism? To convince you of the absurdity of what you are saying, I shall lend you the poems I reviewed, and then you will see that I have not said a word too much, but that they were written by some little fool who wanted to see herself in print."

O cruel Fate! Why could not some kind power have stricken Harvey Stuart with dumbness before he made such an offer? The utter irony of the situation struck Helen, and she laughed bitterly. Harvey was so convinced that she must be ill that, at the sound of her hysterical merriment, he tried to draw her to him.

"My child, you are nervous and feverish. I had better leave, and then you must go upstairs and try to sleep. Shall I send you those ridiculous 'Reveries'?" They might have a soporific effect."

Helen flung off the hand he had placed on her arm, and exclaimed, in a voice hoarse with desperation: "Don't say one more insulting word. Can't you understand that I wrote that book, and that you are, or were, the object of my affection who is to be pitied?"

In a flash Harvey recollected several expressions that were certainly Helen's, and a realization of the cruelty of all he had said made him sink feebly back into his chair. Then, with the poor tact which distinguishes man, he rushed upon destruction.

"My poor girl! Why didn't you tell me about it? I did not dream that you ever wrote such stuff."

Helen quivered, but only said: "Be good enough to accept that ring and leave me. I am tired."

"Helen, surely you will not let such a trifle part us. My dear, I do not love you because I thought you could write poetry. My criticism was most unfortunate, but you are acting very unreasonably in treating me like this. But I see that you are tired, so I shall leave you. Perhaps in the morning you will be prepared to do me justice."

"My only wish is that I may never see your face again."

The next morning Helen found herself alone, but the diamond ring lay sparkling on the table. She took it up disdainfully and went upstairs. Mr. Stuart took a long walk and thought over the situation. He was a singularly just man and could realize the exquisite mortification that a girl like Helen would feel, and even the unpleasant adjectives she had flung at him were forgiven. Of course, it was utterly impossible for such a thing to part them, but he would give Helen two or three days to think over the trouble, and then such a sensible person would see that all the pain had been most innocently inflicted. So thought the wise Mr. Stuart, forgetting that Solomon himself could not find out the alphabet of woman's nature. When Harvey reached his rooms he took down the "Reveries" and surveyed the cover for a moment.

"It's just like her—dainty pertness, just like her—of the poems again and then turned to the only one he had praised—"My Hero." The first eight lines were truly poetic, and now he could read between them. His eyes grew misty and he muttered, "The poor child. What a brute she must think me!" As he laid down the book he caught sight of a parcel on the table. He tore off the wrapper and the Stiletto peered maliciously at him. With an exclamation unfit for publication in the books of the "Elsie" series he flung the ill-starred magazine into the fire and watched the leaves as they shriveled to ashes. Even so the last page the eyes of a leering elf seemed to be gleaming at him from the bars.

Two days after Helen received a manly, earnest letter from Mr. Stuart begging her to consider how utterly innocent he had been in his offense, and how truly sorry he was for any distress that she had suffered. In fact, the letter was almost too reasonable, too judicial in its tone. Helen needed petting, not logic.

So, when Harvey got home on Friday night, after a weary day in court, he found a white package on his study table. On opening it he discovered a bundle of letters, some prettily bound books, and a few jeweled trinkets. He opened a letter which lay on top of the books. From it dropped a ring, and he read: "Dear Mr. Stuart—After reading once more my unfortunate volume and the criticism in the Stiletto, I have come to the conclusion that you are right and that the object of my regard is deserving of pity. In compensation for your engagement at an end, you will please burn my letters, or, if you prefer, send a criticism of their 'sickly sentiment' to one of our high class magazines. I remain, your sincere friend."

"H. ROBERTS."

The letter dropped from Harvey's hand and he looked with a rigid face at the returned gift. He loved Helen in the silent, intense fashion known only to such a nature as his. That his earnest appeal to her affec-

tion and common sense (why on earth did he appeal to her common sense?) should elicit such a reply, cut him to the heart.

"That settles it," he said grimly, "and for the future may I be kept far from women. The best of them have precious little brains or heart."

On Saturday Helen told her parents that there would be no wedding in December and refused to give any reason for this change of plans except "Mr. Stuart and I could not agree."

"H-m. The disagreement must have been about grave subjects," said Dr. Roberts, with a keen glance at his daughter's face.

"We—did not think alike on literary subjects," said Helen, in a confused way. "Please don't say any more about it."

Dr. Roberts would have liked to question her further, but he saw that in spite of the girl's pride she was suffering keenly. So like an obedient American parent, he shrugged his shoulders and left her.

Helen was no believer in the Byronic doctrine, that, as for love, "Thy woman's whole existence." Therefore, she took long and vigorous walks, industriously translated the driest German she could find, and practiced Bach's fugues until she was exhausted. When she met Harvey, her smile was politeness itself; and Chesterfield might not have blushed to own the air with which Mr. Stuart raised his "deer stalker."

So a month went by, and on one particularly dreary November afternoon, Helen determined to take a long tramp. She walked until she reached Farmer Goodson's maple grove, two miles east of the city, and there she sat down to rest on a pile of yellow leaves. Helen had a sense of loneliness as she sat there, and after a few minutes, arose and tried to find her way back to the road. There was a large field to be crossed, and she had not gone far on the path through it before she realized that two dark eyes were gazing at her in what she considered a highly dangerous fashion. The eyes did not belong to a ragged tramp or an escaped lunatic. Ah, no! they belonged to that infinitely more perilous creature—a sprightly cow. Now Helen was possessed of an unusually strong mind and will. She had one weakness, however, that all her strength of mind and will could not overcome—a fear of the bovine race. No matter how mildly the cow might regard her, the glance of those brown eyes meant pursuit and a violent death. While Helen had been musing on the charms of autumn and the dreariness of life "Bess" had wandered from her corner, and now stood directly in the path. By some strange twist of Destiny, Farmer Goodson had been seized with a bad attack of asthma the night before, and Mr. Stuart had been summoned that afternoon to draw up the old man's will. He had done so, and was walking down the lane from the house when he caught sight of Helen seated in the woods. As she paused on her way through the field he was surprised, but the sight of Bess explained her hesitation; so he quietly climbed the fence and walked toward her. Helen heard nothing, but continued to gaze in fascination into the Juno-like orbs of the fearsome cow. Suddenly Bess, who was a playful creature, lowered her head. Helen gave a chill cry, flung her silk umbrella and silver purse at the cow's head, and turned to flee. She saw Harvey some distance off, and with utter disregard for reveries and reviews, she rushed forward and flung herself into his arms, exclaiming: "Oh, Harvey! forgive me and save me."

During the past month Mr. Stuart had been thinking hard things about women and their fickle ways. But when a trembling girl with fluttering heart casts herself upon a man's protection, he cannot, in all humanity, bid her stand alone. So Harvey Stuart only held the slight, gray clad form tightly, and said: "Don't be frightened. You won't be hurt."

Bess, after planting a foot on the umbrella and calmly surveying the purse, gave a snort and retreated to the grove. After a time, Helen raised her head.

"A man has a very small nature who wants a woman to say 'forgive me' twice," said Helen, with a pout.

"Helen, what do you mean?" and Miss Roberts' hands are held in a firm grasp.

"It means that it is getting cold, and you had better pick up my umbrella and purse, and—I think mother would like you to come home with me to dinner."

"Will you become Mrs. Stuart on Christmas day?"

"Will you promise never—never—even when we have our worst quarrels, to tease me about those hateful poems?"

"Helen, what do you think of me?"

Helen's reply to this question was incoherent.

When Dr. Roberts came home to dinner that evening he was surprised to find Harvey ensconced in his old chair in the library. He shook hands with him heartily, and said: "Why, how is this? Helen told me that she respected you highly, but that it was quite impossible for you to agree on some important matter—literature, I think it was."

Helen's cheeks grew crimson, but Harvey gravely said: "We have agreed not to talk upon literary topics, and Helen considers that she really is in need of my protection."

So the last state of these two lovers was better than the first. Helen burned her poetry, and Harvey sent a curt refusal when the managing editor of the Stiletto asked for a further contribution.



I cannot choose; I should have liked so much.

To sit at Jesus' feet,—to feel the touch of His kind, gentle hand upon my head. While drinking in the gracious words He said.

And yet—to serve Him! Oh, divine employ! To minister and give the Master joy! To bathe in coolest springs His weary feet. And wait upon Him while He sat at meat!

Worship or service—which? Ah, that is the best. To which He calls me—be it toil or rest; To labor for Him in life's busy stir, Or seek His feet a silent worshipper.

So let Him choose for us, We are not strong. To make the choice. Perhaps we should go wrong. Mistaking zeal for service—sinful sloth. For loving worship—and so fall of both. —Home Herald.

It is Hard to Be Rich and Good.

Why should material prosperity affect unfavorably the righteousness of the people? Is it not reasonable to expect that those on whom a beneficent Creator has showered His bounty in an unusual degree should be drawn nearer to Him and become more diligent in their obedience to His commandments? The bounty of His providence calls for larger gratitude, stronger faith, more constant obedience. What shall we think of a son who has been highly favored by his father and granted every wish turning away from that father to spend his substance in riotous living?

Yet is it not true as a rule that those who have received most are the most ungrateful? Do not the sons of indulgent parents often turn out badly? Have not the children of luxury generally made shipwreck of life?

The same is true of nations. Abundance brings luxury, luxury begets corruption and corruption leads to ruin. Mr. Wesley had hard work to persuade the people called Methodists to live as well in prosperity as they did in adversity. His doctrines made men upright and industrious. Industry and integrity were followed by prosperity, and prosperity almost certainly caused religious decline. Many of the followers of Mr. Wesley became prosperous, and prosperity exerted its natural effect on their lives. He found a remedy. He adopted and promulgated three rules: First, make all you can; second, save all you can; third, give all you can. Adhering strictly to these rules anyone may become prosperous without danger to his spiritual life.

The American people have reason to be on their guard against the ruin which has overtaken other nations. We hear much boasting of unparalleled prosperity. We see evidences of the increase of luxury which such conditions beget. We cannot help admiring the overwhelming corruption following upon the heels of great prosperity and national indulgence. What shall the end be? America is not a land of destiny in such a sense as to be exempt from the operation of the unalterable law that "whosoever a man soweth that shall he also reap. He that soweth to the flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption."

The times call for larger liberality, for deeper gratitude, for more complete consecration. We are not owners, but stewards. We have nothing which we have not received. For every talent we must all give account. Much will be received from those who have received much. If churches grow wealthy, preachers amass money, bishops lay up treasures upon the earth, Christians become sordid and covetous, while the world lieth in wickedness and ignorance, no dignity or sacredness of office will save anyone from that word which is so terrible in the parable: "Thou fool."—Christian Advocate.

When Rebelling Was Needed.

God knows just when specially severe affliction is needed, and He times its sending accordingly. We may not always feel that He has chosen the best time; but we may safely trust Him in this. The men who bore heavy responsibilities, and who had come to a time so critical that their proper discharge of those responsibilities meant the difference between failure and success for themselves and many others, were both confronted, long down, and with an overthrow, by entirely unforeseen and extraordinary affliction. Asking each other why God had been best to permit this added burden, when their efficiency in His service so plainly demanded that they should be at their best, the only reasonable conclusion they could arrive at was that God had probably done this in order to improve the quality of their work at a time when quality was most needed. And the outcome seemed to justify their belief. God plans nothing but blessings for us all; but unwavering confidence in His love is our only sure title to the blessing.—Sunday-School Times.

One Sin.

Never trifle with one sin. It is like a little cloud which, as a post has said, may hold a hurricane in its grasp. That which you commit may have a mighty effect in the brighting of your life. You do not know the streams that may flow from that fountain; for sin is a fountain—not a mere act, but a fountain of evil.—Andrew A. Bonar.

Piety a Means.

Piety is not an end, but a means of attaining the highest degree of culture by perfect peace of mind. Hence it is to be observed that those who make piety an end and aim in itself for the most part become hypocrites.—Goethe.

Cleaning Up.

A cleaning up should be a cleaning up, and not a moving around. It will not mean anything, as a whole, to shovel up a load of filth from one place and simply move it to another.



Putting White Clothes Away.

A housewife should be careful to have all the starch washed out of clothes before they are put away for the winter. They should be roughly, and, if possible, protected by sheets of dark blue paper.—New York Times.

A Practical Art Square.

To use under the dining table. Buy a good piece of oilcloth two yards square, table oilcloth, then a strip of bordered oilcloth to match; stitch in square piece with machine; mitre corners; choose a pretty pattern and you will have a pretty square.—Boston Post.

For Pantry Shelves.

Can of Turkish preserved rose leaves. Jars of small California fruits place. Quart jars of figs. Whole limes put up in syrup in jars. Sweet pickles of cantaloupe, homemade style, in jars.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Do It at Home.

It is not necessary to send a sponge frock to the cleaners. Natural pongee may be washed in warm soap water and ironed when dry. If it is ironed on the wrong side it will keep its new look. If the pongee is embroidered in colors, it may be washed with excellent result in gasoline. Be sure to do this where there is no flame.—Indianapolis News.

Fillings For Our Sofa Cushions.

There is nothing nicer in the way of pillow fillings than the dried heads of sweet clover, made doubly attractive when embroidered or outlined with clover blossoms. As these flowers retain their fragrance when dried, there is something soothing and restful about such a pillow. In this regard it bids fair to rival the already highly prized hop pillows.—Boston Post.

A Collar Case.

A novel collar case for holding the little turnover collars which every girl wears nowadays is made of buckram. It is about six inches wide and two feet long, and is bound all round by ribbon. Inside are two bands of silk elastic of the same color, and underneath these the collars are slipped. The advantage of this case is that it does not crush when thrown into drawers with other articles, the buckram being firm and unyielding. The case is rolled up and tied with a ribbon fastened to one end. The collars and cuffs inserted to its keeping are warranted to keep unwrinkled till ready for use, which is more than can be said for most such cases.—Boston Post.

Hint For Papering.

In papering any room it should be remembered that light is the first consideration, and that the paper must be chosen accordingly. Pure white is the best choice when a specially light room is wanted, as it absorbs only about fifteen per cent of the light thrown upon it. Dark green, on the other hand, is the greatest consumer of light, absorbing about eighty-five per cent.

Next to white as a light-producer are the soft pastel tints and light blues, which absorb from twenty to twenty-five per cent of the light; then comes orange, at thirty per cent; apple and gray greens, almost fifty per cent, and the popular brown is almost as bad as dark green, as it takes up about six-fifths to seventy per cent of the light it should throw out.—New York Press.



Milk-Mixed Mush.—To make mush add one-quarter of a cup of sweet milk to the water in which mush is to be made and it will brown much better.

Venison Steak.—Fry until almost done in a small piece of butter. Season with salt and pepper, and then add a cupful of sweet cream. Let boil until it thickens.

Potato Pancake.—Grate six raw potatoes; when grated add one egg, a tablespoonful of flour, and salt and pepper. Fry the same as any pancake. These are fine with fried ham.

Cheese Cakes.—Line little patty pans with pastry, then put in bottom one dessertspoonful of any kind of preserve—gooseberry is the best—then put in a spoonful of any kind of cake mixture. Feather cake is good.

Salmon Fritters.—Take the bits of salmon that are left and chop fine. Stir in two well beaten eggs, and drop this in hot butter and fry a golden brown. Cold meats and rice may be used in the same way, and it makes an excellent breakfast dish.

COMMERCIAL COLUMN.

Weekly Review of Trade and Latest Market Reports.

Brudstreet's says: "Trade is expanding slowly but steadily, wholesale and jobbing lines noting some good orders for immediate delivery and rather more confidence in placing orders for spring. Conservatism is, however, noted in many sections and some markets report a feeling of disappointment at the rate of progress making. In the leading industries the tendency is still toward gradual resumption, but in few cases is the output up to a good normal. Uncertainty as to tariff changes is still widely mentioned as a bar to fullest activities, this being notable especially in iron and steel, where present demand is below expectations, and in some lines of textiles. Reports from the railroads are of an increased merchandise traffic Northwest and Southwest, but this is to a certain extent offset by restricted movement of grain to market.

"Expansion of a conservative character seems most evident in the cotton goods line, domestic demand expanding somewhat, while export business is quieter.

"Business failures in the United States for the week ended with January 21 were 307, against 319 last week, 408 in the like week of 1908, 252 in 1907, 276 in 1906, and 238 in 1905."

Philadelphia.—Wheat—Firm, $\frac{1}{2}$ ¢ higher; contract grade January, 1.07 $\frac{3}{4}$ @ 1.08. Corn—Quiet, but steady; January, 65 $\frac{3}{4}$ @ 65 $\frac{1}{2}$. Oats—Steady, but demand light; No. 2 white natural, 56 @ 55 $\frac{1}{2}$. Butter—Dull and low; extra Western creamery, 33; do., near-by prints, 35. Eggs—Weak and 2¢ lower; Pennsylvania and other nearby farms, 1. c. 30¢; at market; do., current receipts, in returnable cases, 29¢; Western farms, 1. c. 30¢; do., current receipts, 1. c. 28¢ @ 29¢ at market.

Cheese—Firm, fair demand; New York full cream, choice, 14 $\frac{1}{2}$ @ 14 $\frac{3}{4}$ ¢; do., fair to good, 13 $\frac{3}{4}$ @ 14. Baltimore.—Wheat—Settling prices were: No. 2 red Western, 1.08 $\frac{1}{2}$ ¢; contract spot, 1.07 $\frac{3}{4}$ ¢; No. 3 red, 1.05 $\frac{1}{2}$ ¢; steamer No. 2 red, 1.04 $\frac{1}{2}$ ¢; steamer No. 2 red Western, 1.04 $\frac{1}{2}$ ¢. Corn—We quote: Track yellow corn, for domestic delivery, at 67 $\frac{3}{4}$ ¢ per bush, for car lots on spot, and steamer yellow corn for domestic delivery at 66 $\frac{3}{4}$ ¢ per bush, for car lots.

Oats—We quote, per bush: White—No. 2, 55 $\frac{3}{4}$ @ 56 $\frac{1}{2}$ ¢; No. 3, 54 @ 55 $\frac{1}{2}$ ¢; No. 4, 53 @ 54 $\frac{1}{2}$ ¢. Mixed, No. 2, 54 @ 54 $\frac{1}{2}$ ¢; No. 3, 53 @ 53 $\frac{1}{2}$ ¢. Hay—We quote, per ton: No. 1 timothy, large bales, \$15; do., small blocks, \$15; No. 2 timothy, as to location, \$13.50 @ 14; No. 3 timothy, \$11 @ 12; clover clover, mixed, \$12 @ 12.50; No. 1 clover, mixed, \$12; No. 2, do., \$10 @ 11; No. 1 clover, \$12.50 @ 13; No. 2 clover, \$10 @ 11.50.

Butter—We quote per lb: Fancy, 33 @ 33 $\frac{3}{4}$ ¢; choice, 30 @ 31; good, 23 @ 28; imitation, 21 @ 24.

Live Stock. New York.—Beef—No trading; feeling weak. Dressed beef slow, at 8 to 10¢, for ordinary to prime native sides. Calves—Veals, \$5 @ 10; yearlings and barynard calves, \$3 @ 4; dressed calves steady. City dressed veals, 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 10¢; country dressed, do., 8 to 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ ¢.

Sheep and Lambs—Market extremely dull and lower. Sheep were off 10 to 15¢; lambs, 15 to 25¢. Sheep sold at \$3.25 @ 5; culls, \$2.25 @ 2.50; lambs, \$6 @ 7.50. Chicago.—Market weak; steers \$4.00 @ 7.15; cows, \$3 @ 5.50; heifers, \$3 @ 5.75; bulls, \$3.40 @ 3.90; calves, \$3.50 @ 5.50; stockers and feeders, \$2.50 @ 5.15. Hogs—Market 10¢ lower. Choice heavy shipping, \$6.35 @ 6.45; butchers, \$6.30 @ 6.45; light mixed, \$6.85 @ 6.95; choice light, \$6 @ 6.15; packing, \$5.90 @ 6.25; pigs, \$4.75 @ 5.60; bulk of sales, \$5.90 @ 6.35.

Sheep—Market steady. Sheep, \$4.25 @ 5.50; lambs, \$5.25 @ 7.75; yearlings, \$5 @ 7. Pittsburgh, Pa.—Cattle—Supply light, slow. Choice, \$6.30 @ 6.50; prime, \$6.10 @ 6.25. Sheep—Supply light, slow. Prime wethers, \$5.25 @ 5.40; culls and common, \$3.50 @ 4.25; lambs, \$5 @ 7.40; veal calves, \$5 @ 9.50. Hogs—Receipts fair, lower. Prime heavies, \$6.45 @ 6.50; mediums, \$6.20; heavy Yorkers, 6.25 @ 6.30; light Yorkers,