

T. H. HARTER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. MIDDLEBURGH, PA., JAN. 30, 1900.

According to the statistics of the Interstate Commerce Commission a railway passenger stands one chance in 10,823 to be killed while traveling.

Miss Ella Knowles will not be Attorney-General of Montana, after all, announces the St. Louis Star-Sayings, but the horrid man who opposed her will not be able to boast of much of a plurality.

"Electric railways will safely convey passengers at the rate of 150 miles an hour at an early day," said Professor William D. Marks, Superintendent of the Edison Electric Light Company, and it now seems, to the Boston Transcript, that his prediction is about to materialize, both in this country and abroad.

Says the Chicago Herald: "Among the provisions of Jay Gould's will is one directing the payment of \$5,000,000 to his eldest son, George J. Gould, for services of the latter in connection with the management of the testator's business, extending through a period of twelve years, during five years of which time the son was in entire charge of his father's vast and difficult interests. The testator refers with pride to the fact that, in his opinion, his 'beloved son' has 'developed a remarkable business ability,' and proceeds to 'fix the value of his services at \$5,000,000.' This amount for twelve years' services is equal to a salary of \$416,666 per year.

Evidently the London Statist appreciates us. "The American people," it says, "are descended from economically the most effective race in the world. They settled in the States, taking with them a highly developed civilization and habits of law and order confirmed through many generations. They have half a continent at their command, there is even yet a vast amount of unoccupied soil, there is a diversified climate, there are resources almost limitless, and there is absolutely no enemy they have cause to fear. Except to maintain internal order they are free at this moment to disband their army and their navy, certain that no foreign foe will attack them. The world has never seen such a people so happily circumstanced, with such marvellous opportunities for progress and improvement."

Liverpool merchant lately gave the university in that city a clock fitted with all the modern improvements, including a chime that strikes the quarters. The generosity of the gift is seen to be less worthy of admiration when it is known that the workhouse hospital, where there are generally a thousand patients, is immediately beneath the clock. An Alderman has found it such a nuisance on his own account (he says nothing about the poor wretches in the workhouse) that he has made a formal complaint to the vestry of the persecution which the gift has brought upon him. He would go to bed at ten o'clock, and he would hear the machine in the tower toll out eleven, twelve, one, two, three, four, and so on, and besides that every quarter of an hour would come the ding-dong of chimes. The Alderman, to say nothing of the workhouse victims, seems to have a case, and the Boston Transcript hopes that he will win.

George Gould, at twenty-eight, is the youngest American who has inherited an estate that gives employment to 100,000 men, declares the New York Press. The three successive Astors have each been over forty before they inherited their father's fortunes. William H. Vanderbilt was nearly fifty, and his sons were forty-two and thirty-six when he died. The Rothschilds are all a long-lived race, and no one of them has ever reached the family control at so youthful an age. The second Rothschild was thirty-nine when he became head of the house. Though Mayer Rothschild, the founder of the English banking house, made his greatest coup at thirty-three, he was succeeded by his son at the age of twenty-eight, the only one of the family who has had great responsibilities before he reached thirty. Under the system of allied branches, however, begun by the founder of the house, the Rothschild policy has always been under the control of men near fifty, and this has been the rule in the two or three English deal fortunes which turn \$50,000,000. Ten years under Jay Gould and the control of \$100,000,000 are, however, enough to sober any man and make him old before his time, and no one looks on George Gould as youthful. His instincts are conservative. He will probably leave to Jay Gould, Jr., some time a much greater fortune than he now inherits from Jay Gould the first.

THERE COMES A DAY.

There comes a day when I shall smile no more, A-wandering through earth's byways all alone, Ob, how these quivering lips will long to kiss thee, My own! My own! Oh, night of darkness, where no bird is singing, Shall I, like Hagar, sit where blessings fall? Hark! far amid the shadows, hope upspringing, Like nightingale, Warbles of stars, which o'er us brightly gleaming Shine on the path or toiled on earth have met? Long as creation's spheres are softly beaming, We'll not forget! Perhaps 'tis I who shall be quiet sleeping, Nor wake at tender touch or word of thine— Almost thy tears would set my soul a-weeping, Oh, love of mine! The world's well lost, I cry, may I but greet thee, Heaven's light, itself, were dimmed were I alone; Somewhere, somehow, I know that I shall meet thee, My own! My own!

Vincent Dilkley's Pride.

BARBARA DILKEY had walked with her brother to the gate of their neat little garden. There seemed to be something on her mind. As he was about to lay his hand on the latch, she detained him with a touch on the arm and raised her eyes to his. Vincent Dilkley's was a handsome face. All the Dilkleys had been handsome. Miss Barbara herself, in her youth, had been well nigh a beauty. And even now she had a fair, nobly womanly presence, upon which years of physical suffering had set a peculiar stamp of renunciation, even of spiritual exaltation. "Vincent," she said, and with the delicacy of a reticent woman and one who respects the reticence of others, a sensitive color mounted to her pale cheeks, "is—anything the matter?" Vincent Dilkley started from abstraction. He changed color also, though very slowly, under the loving scrutiny of these clear blue eyes. "No, Barbara, nothing," he said, a little hastily, but there was a wealth of affection in the glance that rested on her for a moment. Then he was gone and Miss Dilkley stood there a instant, looking after him, her idol, her boy, the strong staff of her always ailing mother. He had denied that ought was amiss with him. Well, that was his right. But Miss Barbara's heart was heavy as she walked back to the little cottage. "Of course, he knows the Wiltons are coming out in a few days," she mused. "They are getting the house in order." The cottage was smothered in clambering roses at this time of year. It was a pretty place "for a wretch of a poor man," Vincent had sometimes said, with a bitter laugh. "Why were you not vouchsafed a man for a brother, Bab, who could make his mark in the world and give you all you should have? Instead of a good-for-nothing dreamer, a poor drawing master, an impotent manufacturer of unsalable pictures, who will be a pauper and keep you one to his dying day?" Then noticing the pain on Barbara's sweet face he would stop abruptly and laugh. "Never mind me, Bab. You see I'm a good-for-nothing—as I say." But it was unlike Vincent to be bitter—it was only recently—only recently that he had changed. And meantime Vincent Dilkley was plodding through the various stages of his day's drudgery in the heat and dust of the city. The schools were about to close and the drain upon his attention and time, patience and nerves was heavier now than ever. It was toward the middle of the afternoon when he ascended the steps of a large house on the upper part of Madison avenue. It had temporarily a partially dismantled appearance, as though in anticipation of an early vacancy. Lowered awnings tempered the light. There was a cool fragrance of flowers in the rooms which Dilkley entered, somewhat dazzled by the glare outside. A girl had been standing near one of the windows. She wore a soft, pale blue dress drawn in by a satin ribbon that bound her round young waist. Her golden hair made a nimbus about her head. "You are late," she said, half appealingly. She had put out a slim, high-bred little hand, but Vincent Dilkley had not seemed to see it. "I was detained," he said briefly. He began settling her drawing board and pencils. "Are you quite ready to begin, Miss Wilton?" he asked ceremoniously. "I had glanced about the room." "Ah, Miss Hersy is not chaperoning me to-day," said the young girl petulantly. She sat down and took up her pencils with the wakefulness of a child. The drawing lesson began in silence. To the invisible third looking on it would have made in itself a pretty picture. The girl with her delicate dress and her still more delicate fairness; the dark man standing over her with that refined look on his face; the beautiful room with its rare pictures, its great bowls of roses, its soft, rich darkened coolness. The sounds from the street came in vaguely through the open win-

dows robbed of their harshness. They did not seem to wreck the stillness which wrapped the man and girl in a magic mental. Vincent Dilkley felt the perilous sweetness of this nearness falling over him like a spell. He moved angrily. Be cold and rough to her, indeed! Heavens! How else was he to keep his own control? Suddenly, as he bent forward to make a correction, he saw the little hand holding the pencil stop unsteadily. The next instant Miss Wilton had turned her head away and he was aware that she was crying. "Miss Wilton!" he exclaimed, started out of his own reserve. The girl had started to her feet and stood facing him with flashing eyes, in a burst of childish passion. "How dare you treat me so!" she cried, in a trembling voice. "What are you afraid of? You act as though you were afraid of something! Haven't I always been nice to you? Haven't papa and mamma always been friendly? We've all liked you so much—your and your sister. And you take it upon yourself to treat me as though—as though—What have I done to you?" she broke off, all her girlish young beauty shaken by this storm of words. "I sent Miss Hersy away to-day particularly that I might ask you. And now I suppose you think I don't know what you think—because you are good-looking and girls have fallen in love with you, perhaps you think the same thing of me!" She was insulting him ruthlessly in her passion, that confessed so infinitely more than she herself was conscious of. "But you need have no such fear," she cried contemptuously. Then, at the door, turning once more, she added, with the sudden pitifulness of a scolded child, "I liked you so much, and I thought we would be such good friends!" Vincent Dilkley had not spoken a word. He had controlled himself thus far. And now, somehow, he got out into the street. That evening when he reached home, there was such a look upon his face that Barbara, with irrefragable nervousness, said: "Vincent, are you sure you are well?" "Yes," he replied. And for the first time in his life he spoke to his sister sharply. A few days later at the breakfast table Barbara said: "The Wiltons got to their place last night, it seems. That will make it more convenient for you, Vincent, giving Miss Hersy lessons. You won't have to go into town. I suppose she will go on taking the lessons just the same this summer?" Vincent Dilkley pushed his chair back and rose. "I don't think I can quite manage the time for those lessons, Bab. I—I've made other arrangements. I wrote to Mrs. Wilton yesterday." He came slowly round to his sister's side and laid his hand gently on her shoulder. "I'm afraid, too, Bab, as—that source of income will have to stop that—unless I can find something to take its place, you will have to give up that little trip of yours this summer. I am very sorry," he added. He said it as simply as a boy. But when Barbara looked into his face it was worn and gray and almost old. "Oh, Vincent!" It was a mother's yearning cry. "Don't think of me! Not think of her! He had thought of her for his always. It was to obtain for her the comforts of an income which, however meagre and poor, was yet, at least comparatively secure, that he gave these lessons which his soul loathed, spending his talent and his vitality in a hated drudgery of every day. If it had not been for her, he would have lived the artist's free life and painted pictures and won fame perhaps, and been at liberty to woo the girl he loved. For no need to try and conceal the secret longer, Barbara knew it and when her brother had gone, burst into tears. She was still sitting in the little homely parlor, her busy hands for once idle, when a light step upon the porch reached her ear. It was Miss Wilton. The young girl came straight in, took off her broad shade hat and tossed it upon a chair. "Miss Barbara," she said, "your brother won't give me any more drawing lessons. Why won't he?" Miss Dilkley was not astonished at the visit or the question or the manner of either. Miss Wilton—Mina. Petted, idolized, as utterly ignorant of the world as she was beautiful, the only daughter of otherwise childless parents, Mina, at eighteen, was no older than the little girl she had been at eight. "I am sure I don't know, dear," stammered poor Miss Barbara. "That is not possible—you must know," insisted the girl mercilessly. "It is very unkind," her delicate lip quivered. "I liked him so much." In her childish, reckless unconsciousness she was showing her love to Vincent's sister as undisguisedly as she had confessed it to himself. "Mamma asked me this morning if I didn't want to go to Europe," Mina went on. "If Mr. Dilkley won't give me any more lessons and I am to be bored to death here all summer, I shall say 'yes.' And we shall sail in a week." Barbara looked at her. How lovely she was, how pure, and sweet, and good in her impulsive innocence! Must Vincent, who loved her so, who was so noble and so manly, so fit to make any woman happy, give her up because she was rich with untold wealth and he abjectly poor? Was there a necessity for this sacrifice? Oh, the bitterness of fate! Something in Miss Barbara's face struck Mina with a new meaning. "Why is it that your brother won't come?" she reiterated, but with less assurance than before. Then, as there was no answer, she rose and went to Miss Barbara's side. "Is—it—is—" and her voice grew faint and charged with a consciousness of

which it had never vibrated before. "Is it—because he is poor—and I am rich?" "I think so, dear—yes." The color mounted in a deep wave over Mina's delicate neck and cheeks. "Tell him," said the poor child, still lower than before, "tell him that I don't mind." And, seizing her hat, Mina fled from the room. A few minutes later she came back. "Would Miss Barbara," it said, "tell Mr. Dilkley that Mina's mother, Mrs. Wilton, would be glad to see him at dinner the following evening?" Poor little Mina! Well did Barbara Dilkley understand the meaning of this rash yet pitiful little missive. If Vincent would go and if he would speak—then all might be well with them. If not, there was that voyage Mina had spoken of. Barbara instinctively felt that this was the turning point in Vincent Dilkley's life. "Vincent," she said that night, after a long silence, during which he had stood staring motionless out into the serene beauty of the summer moonlight, "she loves you, you love her. Oh, I know you do! Why can't you be happy! What is wealth or poverty that it should stand between you? It is your pride." He turned from the window almost fiercely. "Barbara, Barbara, don't tempt me so! Don't make it any harder! It's bad enough. Pride? I think I need all the pride I have. What right have I to take that young girl's love? What have I to offer her? Can I drag her down to my level? Can I live on her money?" "You will be famous some day, perhaps," said Miss Barbara. Her brother laughed. There was no mirth in the sound. "You may say so, Bab, to keep me from sinking too low in my own eyes. But you know, and I know, that a mediocrity I am and will remain to the end. Such fellows as I have no right to think of such creatures as Mina Wilton. She is young, she is beautiful, she has all that life can bestow. I was not made for such as she, bless her! And her voice had dropped very low. "No, I shall not go there to-morrow." Nor was fate to give him the opportunity of changing his decision. The next morning a dread report reached the village and like wild fire spread in an hour through all the country round. Mr. Abel Wilton, millionaire, owner of town house and country house and yacht and blooded horses, had been found dead in his library—dead and with a small vial in his tight clenched hand. The reason for the deed? People asked each other with horror stricken faces. It was unheard of, incomprehensible. Not so unheard of, not so incomprehensible as the day wore on. The first vague rumor of business troubles had grown and now the truth could no longer be concealed. Search had been made, papers found. Mr. Abel Wilton, millionaire by no rightful title, had been such now these many months. The town house and country house, the yacht and the blooded horses—frauds, hollow mockeries. Flowers twined over the top of a precipice, hiding the yawning depths beneath, even perhaps from the man himself, who still wildly hoped for some impossible chance to avert the blow of fate. It was a rainy, dreary afternoon, and Vincent Dilkley had gone up to the beautiful country house, now inexpressibly dismal and soon to be the Wiltons no longer. It was the first time he had seen Mina since her father's death. She came toward him across the long room in silence, coldly and with downcast lids. Her black dress made her seem very frail and young, but her eyes had become a woman's. She gave him her hand distantly. Then, under his strong pressure, she at last looked up, and all her new reserve, her fresh born shame and consciousness of the love she had shown him, melted away of a sudden, with a little cry, and she was fast locked in his arms. "Oh, Vincent," she sobbed like a fired child, "I thought you did not care for me!" "Mina—Mina! Had I the right to care or to show it then?" "It was your pride. I—I was not so proud," she blushed and hung her head. "I am not so proud now." "Mina!" The pressure grew tighter still. "Poor papa!" lower, with her face buried in his shoulder. "Is it very wrong, Vincent? I can't grieve as I should, because—a little squeeze—I have you now."—New York Mercury.

Pennsylvania Legislature.

FOURTH DAY.—In the house this afternoon Quay received 132 votes for Senator, Ross 69. Dailed 1 cast by Moore of Chester, and Secretary Harry I. Lennon of Lehigh voting for the latter. In the Senate Quay received 38 votes. Ross 14 and Congressman Mutchler 1, given by Raphael of Carbon, Boyer, Lytle, Marshall, Wherry and Skinner having in an appointment committee on rules in the house. To-morrow the house meet in joint session to verify and ratify the vote cast to-day and to certify the election of Senator Quay. In the senate to-day bills were introduced as follows: Mr. Neeb, Allegheny—Providing for police pension boards in cities and boroughs authorizing the payment of the proceeds of the sale of unclaimed goods to disabled policemen requiring murderers to be hanged in penitentiaries, requiring catheterics to be introduced in schools of the cities of the first and second classes; empowering county commissioners to erect morgues; prohibiting members of boards of control in cities of the second class from holding any office of emolument under them. Mr. McCarrell, Dauphin—Providing for the appointment of female notaries public, authorizing the formation of wholesale grocery and other merchandise companies and prohibiting the capital stock exceeding \$200,000 amending the act providing for specially empower horse car companies to enter into contracts and leases with traction and motor power companies; providing for the payment of jurors out of the State Treasury. Mr. Landis, Lancaster—Authorizing the election of road supervisors for three years. Mr. Baker, Delaware—To extend powers of notaries public beyond their present jurisdiction. Mr. Lloyd, Cumberland—For payment of checks or demand drafts or depositories when the drawer shall have died before the presentation; providing for the election of Burgess and Assistant Burgess for three years in towns not enjoying the right by special statute, and making the officers eligible to Council; repealing an act providing for appointment of viewers to assess damages where streets and alleys are changed in grade or location in boroughs providing for assessment of damages when streets or alleys are changed in grade or location. The corrected journal showing that Higby had been returned as elected, was read in the House to-day, but no other steps were taken in the Crawford county contest. The memorial election consumed the balance of the day. FIFTH DAY.—Among the measures introduced in the Senate to-day was a bill repealing the married persons' property act, entered by General Gobin. It confers the same right upon wives to which unmarried women are entitled, only that they may not mortgage or sell real estate, except as now provided by law. They are not allowed to become indorsors or sureties for others. A married woman may sue or be sued, but may not sue her husband except for divorce or to protect and recover her separate property in case of desertion. In such proceedings each shall be a competent witness, but neither shall testify as to confidential communications. Unless by mutual agreement property may be disposed of by will, the same as if unmarried. Senator Fruit introduced a bill for a \$500,000 Home for Feeble-Minded Children in Western Pennsylvania (the Governor to appoint a commission to select the site. Senator Neeb introduced a bill making the election days in November and February legal holidays. In the House a concurrent resolution was adopted directing the flag on the Capitol to be placed at half mast until after the funeral of ex-President Hayes. Appropriations—Marshall, Chairman, Toole, Lytle, Lemon, James, Hershey, Burdick, Stewart (W. F.), Cochran, Miller (E. D.), Patterson, Strayer, Wheeler, Jeffrey, Burritt, Branson, McClintock, Smith (W. H.), Wherry, Foy, Hess, Quigley, Seely, Zeigler and Burkell. Judiciary, General—Walton, Chairman, McDonald, Boyer, Cenna, Hewitt, Niles, Burdick, Butterfield, Cottoc, Lytle, Ritter, Stewart (S. E.), Talbot, Scott, Mattox, Mapes, Kunkle, Penneville, Fow, Ritter, Skinner, Wherry, Woodring, Foy, Kapp. Ways and Means—Boyer, Chairman, Polz, Cenna, Hewitt, Lawrence, Niles, Burdick, Andrews, James, Keyser, Cochran, Stewart (W. F.), Ritter, Wheeler, Eby, Murphy, McDonald, Reed, Skinner, Wherry, Ritter, Lohr, Criste, Kearns, Woodring. Elections—Talbot, Chairman, Mapes, Lytle, Stewart (S. E.), Butterfield, Mattox, Merriek, Patterson, Reese, Strayer, Tool Verelien, Buckwalter, Coyne, Mast, Miller (W. H.), McDonald, Raven, Skinner, Quigley, Geringer, Crawford, Woodring, Metzger, Lull. Municipal Corporations—LaFetry, Chairman; Coyne, Muehlbauer, Kidd, Richmond, Stewart (S. E.), Bliss, Criste, North, Raven, Reinhold, Hiebel, Taxis, Vane, Weaver, Vertheimer, Harvey, Mattox, Kearns, Bernhart, Fretz, Seigler, Moyles, Crawford, Goodhart. The two Houses met in joint convention at noon. Lieutenant Governor Waters presiding. The journals of the preceding day were read and Mr. Waters declared M. S. Quay duly elected senator, signed the certificates of election, and the joint convention adjourned. SIXTH DAY.—In the senate to-day a resolution was offered by Mr. Baker of Delaware asking for the appointment of a committee to investigate the Reading "combine" in accordance with the suggestions of the governor in his recent message to the legislature. A communication was received from the governor calling attention to a letter received from State Printer Myers, criticizing the statements made by him in his annual message relative to the delay in the public printing. The governor asks for an investigation of his charges, and a resolution was passed providing for the appointment of a committee to act with a similar committee of the house to make an investigation. Senator Neeb's bill abolishing capital punishment was also favorably reported. Among the bills introduced in the senate were: Neeb—Declaring election days half holidays; and McDonald's bill abolishing capital punishment. Bannan—The judicial appointment bill, vetoed by Governor Pattison two years ago. Adjourned until Monday night. HOUSE.—Nearly the entire session of the house to-day was taken up in reading the titles of bills, which numbered 187. Many of them were duplicates of those which failed to become laws at the last session and nearly half involved appropriations to institutions that regularly appear to secure the State's bounty. Three anti-Pinkerton bills were among the number. The rural members were fortified with a number of bills to compel railroads to fence their tracks. Both these subjects will excite much discussion in the legislature. Another bill provides for an appropriation of \$300,000 annually for two years for the maintenance of the national guard. The board of health gave \$120,000 for sanitary and laboratory control of epidemics and laboratory of George W. Lawrence of Washington introduced a bill providing for a division of counties having over 500,000 inhabitants. The purpose of the bill is to form a new county out of Allegheny, Fayette, Washington and probably Westmoreland, Monongahela, city, home to be the county seat. Mr. Kearns of Allegheny, who read one of the anti-Pinkerton bills also read two others. Conflicting judges in their instructions to the jury strictly to the law; repealing the oleomargarine law. Other important bills introduced were as follows: Foy—To change the law of 1914 so as to allow the sale and delivery of newspapers on Sunday and sale of ice cream, milk and cigars, and permitting bathing, bathing and the running of street cars on Sunday. Tewksbury, Columbia—Prohibiting the employment of children under 16 years old, unless they have received six months' school in the year, and requiring employers to supply women working for them with seats when they are not at work. Kunkle, Dauphin—Making the maximum imprisonment for murder in the second degree 20 years in

stead of 12 as now. Martin—Prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquors on Decoration day. Zeigler, Adams—Authorizing the placing of Small's Hand Book in each school in the State by the Superintendent of Education. Mackler—For the appointment of female notaries public. The appropriations demanded in the proposed legislative bill to-day aggregate between \$3,000,000 and \$4,000,000. The House adjourned on Monday night. IRON AND STEEL IN THE SOUTH. A Bulletin from the Census Bureau Shows Increase in Output, Capital Invested and Wages. The iron and steel industries of the Southern States are covered by a bulletin issued by the Census Office. There are 12 States now engaged in developing their mineral resources by the establishment of rolling mills and steel works—Alabama, Delaware, Georgia, Kentucky, Maryland, North Carolina, Tennessee, Texas, Virginia and West Virginia. The capital invested in blast furnaces in these States increased from about \$17,000,000 in 1880, to over \$33,000,000 in 1890, in rolling mills and steel works, from over \$11,000,000 in 1880 to over \$25,000,000 in 1890. The products of these works increased from 285,000 tons to 515,000 tons, the increase being exclusively in steel. There has been a marked decrease in the forge and bloom branch of the iron industry, resulting from the improved process in rolling mills and extensive transportation facilities. Hence the manufacture of bar iron from the ore, by the direct process, has become practically an extinct industry in the South. The total number of establishments has diminished, as the result of concentration, but there has been an increase in the output. The total number of hands employed has diminished from 20,285 in 1880 to 18,688, but the aggregate wages have increased from \$6,391,000 to \$7,628,000. Death came in awful form to two persons on the Southside, Pittsburg, Sunday morning. Both were cremated alive. One was a 6-year-old boy, who was awakened from his slumber by the consuming flames, the other his aunt, a young widow, who perished in endeavoring to save him. The boy's grandparents and another aunt were also seriously burned in their efforts to affect his rescue. His mother, nearly dying with typhoid fever, lay in another house 25 feet distant, and it was with great difficulty that it and her life were saved. She is not likely to withstand the shock. Four dwellings and their household contents were completely devoured by the fiery element. MARKETS. PITTSBURGH. THE WHOLESALE PRICES ARE GIVEN BELOW. WHEAT—No. 2 Red..... 74 3/4 75 No. 3 Red..... 73 3/4 74 CORN—No. 2 Yellow ear..... 52 50 High Mixed ear..... 47 45 Mixed ear..... 47 45 Shelled Mixed..... 46 41 OATS—No. 2 White..... 33 33 No. 2 White..... 37 33 No. 3 White..... 35 37 Mixed..... 35 37 RYE—No. 1 Pa & Ohio..... 62 67 No. 2 Western, New..... 60 60 FLOUR—Fancy winter pat..... 4 50 4 75 Fancy Spring..... 4 50 4 75 Fancy straight winter..... 4 00 4 25 XXX Bakers..... 3 50 3 77 Rye Flour..... 3 50 3 74 HAY—Baled No. 1 Tim'y..... 13 75 14 00 Baled No. 2 Timothy..... 12 00 13 00 MIXED—No. 1..... 16 00 18 00 Timothy from country..... 16 00 18 00 STRAW—Wheat..... 6 00 6 50 Oats..... 6 50 7 00 FEED—No. 1 W. H. M. D. T..... 18 00 19 00 Brown Middlings..... 15 00 17 00 Bran..... 13 00 15 00 Chop..... 14 50 17 00 DAIRY PRODUCTS. BUTTER—Elgin Creamery..... 39 25 Fancy Creamery..... 31 31 Fancy country roll..... 32 33 Choice country roll..... 12 14 Lard—No. 1..... 12 12 CHEESE—No. 1 Goshen..... 11 12 New York Goshen..... 11 12 Wisconsin Swiss bricks..... 14 15 Wisconsin Switzer..... 13 14 Limburger..... 10 11 FRUIT AND VEGETABLES. APPLES—Fancy, @ bbl..... 3 50 3 75 Fair choice, @ bbl..... 2 75 3 00 BEANS—Select, @ bu..... 1 05 2 00 Pa & O Beans, @ bbl..... 1 50 1 75 Lima Beans..... 1 75 ONIONS—Yellow danvers @ bu..... 1 00 Yellow onion, @ bbl..... 1 50 1 75 Spanish, @ bbl..... 1 20 1 25 CABBAGE—New @ bbl..... 2 25 2 50 POTATOES—Fancy White per bu..... 70 75 Choice Red per bu..... 65 70 POULTRY ETC. DRESSED CHICKENS—@ lb..... 10 12 Dressed ducks @ lb..... 14 15 Dressed turkeys @ lb..... 15 16 LIVE CHICKENS—Live Spring chickens @ pr..... 60 65 Live Ducks @ pr..... 60 65 Live Geese @ pr..... 1 00 1 25 Live Turkeys @ lb..... 10 11 EGGS—Pa. Ohio fresh..... 4 25 FEATHERS—Extra live geese @ lb..... 50 60 No. 1 Extra live geese @ lb..... 48 50 Mixed..... 25 35 TALLOW—Country, @ lb..... 4 5 City..... 5 75 SERGED—West Med in clo'er..... 8 50 Manmoth Clover..... 8 75 Timothy prime..... 2 25 Timothy choice..... 2 35 Blue grass..... 1 50 1 75 Orchard grass..... 1 75 Millet..... 1 00 1 50 Buckwheat..... 1 40 1 50 RAISINS—Country..... 16 17 HONEY—White clover..... 12 17 Buckwheat..... 16 17 CINCINNATI. FLOUR—No. 2 Red..... \$2 50 @ \$3 55 WHEAT—No. 2 Red..... 70 70 RYE—No. 2 Mixed..... 43 54 CORN—Mixed..... 34 35 EGGS..... 24 25 BUTTER..... 20 33 PHILADELPHIA. FLOUR—No. 2 Red..... \$3 40 @ \$4 60 WHEAT—No. 2 Red..... 76 77 RYE—No. 2 Mixed..... 48 50 OATS—No. 2 White..... 40 41 BUTTER—Creamery Extra..... 44 31 EGGS—Pa. Firsts..... 21 31 NEW YORK. FLOUR—Patents..... 4 50 5 00 WHEAT—No. 2 Red..... 79 80 RYE—Western..... 58 61 CORN—Mixed Western..... 36 38 OATS—Mixed Western..... 36 38 BUTTER—Creamery..... 20 31 EGGS—State and Penn..... 22 31 LIVE-STOCK REPORT. EAST LIBERTY, PITTSBURGH STOCK YARDS. CATTLE. Prime Steers..... 4 30 to 5 00 Fair to good..... 3 75 to 4 50 Common..... 3 00 to 3 50 Bulls and dry cows..... 1 50 to 3 00 Veal calves..... 5 50 to 6 75 Heavy rough calves..... 2 50 to 4 00 Fresh cows, per head..... 30 00 to 45 00 SHEEP. Prime 95 to 100-lb sheep..... 4 75 to 5 25 Common 70 to 75-lb sheep..... 3 00 to 3 50 Lambs..... 5 00 to 6 10 HOGS. Philadelphia hogs..... 6 40 to 6 90 Corn Yorkers..... 6 00 to 6 50 Roughs..... 5 00 to 5 50