MIDDLEBURGH MARKET.

Butter	22	Wheat	72
Eggs	26	Rye	56
Onions	60	Corn	56
Lard	12	Oats	32
Tallow	3½	Potatoes	45
Chickens	8	Bran per 100	1.20
Side	10	Middlings "	1 20
Shoulder	12	Chop	1.25
Ham	15	Flour per bbl	4.00

Such Digging Is Harrowing.

Ye bores who nudge our ribs, forefend!
He's nothing but a prig
Who thinks to cultivate a friend
By giving him a dig.
—Philadelphia Press.

Wouldn't Stand for It.

"You want a divorce? Now on what charge?

"The charge is desertion. That man of mine he wants to desert three times a day."—Chicago American.

PRACTICAL KINDNESS.

Little Girl—Never mind, little calf. I'll lend you this so you can bellow as loud as your mother.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

A Hallucination.

"So you think you need a wife?"

"Yes."

"Well, nothing but marriage will dispel that illusion!"—Puck.

Frigid

"When I hear a man spoken of as having $40,000,000 or $50,000,000 in 'cold cash,'" remarked Uncle Allen Sparks, "I always wonder if he didn't get it by freezing out his competitors."—Chicago Tribune.

An Estimate of Art.

"Have you ever written anything that you were ashamed of?" inquired the severe relative.

"No," answered the author. "But I hope to some day. I need the money."—Washington Star.

Oh, Mamma!

"What, more money! See here, young man. What has become of that last five hundred I gave you? Horses, wine, clothes, what?"

"No, father, no. I've been playing bridge with mother."—Life.

Abreast of the Times.

Winks—Why do you keep setting your watch all the time?

Blinks—I'm trying to make it agree with the street clocks we see.—N. Y. Herald.

Everything in Its Own Place.

Ethel (coyly)—What a pretty mouth you have. It ought to be on a girl's face.

Jack—I seldom miss an opportunity.—Princeton Tiger.

A Cinch.

Wango—I don't understand how Brown manages to look so prosperous!

Gowan—That's easy—his family are vegetarians!—Brooklyn Life.

More Artistic Than Palatable.

"Does your wife fix up any fancy dishes?"

"Lots of 'em. But, hang it all, you can't eat painted violets and things."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Sprouted Again.

My sister had a baby tooth which needed pulling, and brother Charlie, aged five, said he would pull it for her, which he did. Several days afterward the new tooth, which had just pushed through the gum and could be plainly seen, was discovered by Charlie and he said:

"Why, that mean thing. I thought I pulled it clear out, and here it is sprouting up again."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Ignorant Nurse.

"Mater!" cried little Emerson Bosting, "may I not amuse myself with the viditequus?"

"Yes. You may permit him to do so, nurse."

"But, what is it he wants, ma'am?" inquired the new nurse.

"The saw-horse, I suppose you would call it," said Mrs. Bosting, admirably concealing her impatience at such ignorance.—Philadelphia Press.

The Modern Machiavelli.

"What is your opinion of oratory in modern politics?"

"It may be made very useful," answered Senator Sorghum. "Very frequently, for instance, a good strong speech against monopolies in general may divert suspicion from you and enable you to do a good turn for a corporation without risk or embarrassment."—Washington Star.

Political Economy.

Tramping Tom—There goes one of the fellers that's responsible for half our troubles.

Wayfaring William—Wot's he done?

Tramping Tom—He works every day in th' year, 'cept Sundays, an' earns people's money away from them. If it wasn't for such fellers as him, folks 'd have more money ter give us."—N. Y. Weekly.

Paying It Out.

Mrs. Ramshorn—Will you remember to give Mary a good scolding tomorrow morning before you go to town?

Mr. Ramshorn—A good scolding? What for? What has she done now?

Mrs. Ramshorn—Oh, nothing. But I am going to have the drawing-room carpet up, and she will have to beat it, and she hits ever so much harder when she's out of temper.—Ally Sloper.

She Got the Position.

"You see, if I engage you you will have to tell people sometimes that I am out when I am at home, do you understand?" said the lady about to engage a new maid.

"Perfectly," said the applicant; "I'm not opposed to lying occasionally."

"What references have you?"

"I have a brother in the weather bureau, ma'am."—Yonkers Statesman.

Her Little Joke.

He had sprung so many gags at her expense that she thought it time to get even.

"Henry," she exclaimed, as he came home to dinner, "I heard something this morning that opened my eyes."

"What was it?" he demanded, excitedly.

"Why, the alarm clock, goose."—Chicago Daily News.

Pity the Poor Neighbors.

Mrs. Doolan—Only think, Mrs. Grogan, that great Pianapounder has practised so har-rd at the pianny for the lasht six months that he has paraloysed two fingers.

Mrs. Grogan—Begorrah, that's nothing, Mrs. Doolan. Me daughter, Mary Ann, has practiced so hard for the lasht six months that she's paraloysed two piananies.—Tit-Bits.

"Doing It Proper."

The reporter was interviewing the western millionaire.

"Is it true that you are going to endow a chair in that university?"

"Endow a chair!" he thundered; "why, b'gosh, I can give a whole set o' furniture, an' I'll do it, too. Say that in yer paper. There ain't nothin' cheap about me."—Baltimore Herald.

Mere Matter of Curiosity.

"I dropped asleep in the hammock, and he came up and kissed me."

"Did he wake you up?"

"Of course; but I didn't let him know it."

"Why not?"

"Oh, a mere matter of curiosity. I wanted to see if he'd have nerve enough to do it again."—Chicago Post.

The Language of Money.

Yeast—If money did actually talk, what do you suppose it would say?"

Crimsonbeak — Good-by! — Yonkers Statesman.

His Mean Fling.

"He's such a young man to have gray hair," she commented.

"Yes," he answered, "and he isn't married, either."—Brooklyn Eagle.

Too Late.

"I'll teach you to make love to my daughter! ! ! !"

"What's the use? She has already taught me."—Life.

Days of Chivalry Gone.

Wife (drearily)—Ah, me! The days of chivalry are past.

Husband—What's the matter now?

"Sir Walter Raleigh laid his cloak on the ground for Queen Elizabeth to walk over, but you get mad simply because poor, dear mother sat down on your hat."—N. Y. Weekly.

When Hubby Has a Chance.

"About the only time some women ever give their husbands a chance to say anything," remarked the Observer of Events and Things," "is when they are in front of a soda water fountain. Then she is willing to let him say 'What'll you have?'"—Yonkers Statesman.

The Ruling Passion.

Doctor—The patient is in a fair way of recovery now, and she may have anything she likes.

Husband—What would you like, dear?

Patient—A looking-glass, please.—Ally Sloper.

Before and After.

"I'll regulate the trusts," he said
Ere he had won the race;
When he was in he shook his head
And with a solemn face
Said: "We must move with care, heaven knows
'Tis wrong to get up special laws,"
And then he dropped the case.
—Chicago Record-Herald.

DANGEROUS BUSINESS.

Convict—What are you doing here?

Clergyman—I'm taking notes.

Convict — Umph! That's what brought me here. — Philadelphia Press.

In Darkest Ireland.

The North American is publishing a series of letters by Hugh Sutherland on conditions social, industrial and political as they are in Ireland. The first article was printed December 8, and was followed by others which, for graphic description and masterly presentation of facts, have no parallel in recent newspaper writing. They will continue until the subject is fully exploited. Mr. Southerland is familiar to newspaper readers. As Commissioner for the North American to the Boer Republic in the concluding days of Kruger's Presidency, as a staff correspondent for the same paper in the mining districts of Pennsylvania, his work attracted widest popular interest as well as the closest consideration of the students of economics, political and otherwise. Mr. Sutherland is conservative and of the widest intelligence. His articles are of unique interest, as they are characterized by truth.

Carving the Turkey.

It is a real pleasure to follow the skillful carving of a fine, well-cooked turkey. Here is a hint from a chef as to just how it should be done. The carver should place the fork firmly in the breast, the neck end being to the left; then separate the two thigh joints from the body, remove the wings at the shoulder joint, and slice the breast down to the long wedge-shaped place in the "emporer's muscle." Next remove the back, divide the legs and thighs and serve. Remove the filling with a spoon.

Ribbons in all colors of the rainbow, for old as well as young, for maids, matrons and children, are seen in as bewildering quantity as in bewildering loveliness.