

FATE AND LIFE.  
To her Fate gave a stone in place of bread,  
And yet she made no moan,  
But took her gift and smiling brightly said,  
"It is a noble stone."  
Through weary days her skillful hands were turned  
Unto the sculptor's arts;  
Within her fine eyes, glowing there  
burned,  
Hope's fire within her heart.  
And lo! one morn the sunrise did disclose,  
Commanding, gracious, grand,  
A marble statue perfect in its pose,  
Carved by her steadfast hand.  
—Maude Andrews Ohl.

### IN A SQUALL.

In the piazza of Thompson's Hotel, at the Highlands of Navesink, a short distance away, sat two young girls, just bursting into the first bloom of womanhood. One was a blonde of the most refined type. Silken hair, of a soft, flaxen color, was combed back plainly from her pure and white brow. The arched eyebrows of faint brown sat calmly above two of the serene blue eyes in the world.  
Her companion, Nellie Brown, was a brunette of the type commonly called dashing. Her hair was coal black, and in some lights looked bluish. Her eyes were almost black. Nellie's lips were full and ripe, but just a trifle compressed, telling at once of a strong, passionate nature and determined will. Her complexion was of that clear, warm hue that shows the slightest movement of the rich blood beneath it. Her cheeks were never without a sparkle, and her lips seldom without a smile.  
When Harry Wilson's clear, manly voice rolled up from the river brink, her eyes danced and her lips quivered. Blanche Hastings was not blind, and just the slightest spasm of fear shot through her heart as she thought that her friend might become her rival in love.  
Just inside the window, behind the two young ladies and out of sight of both, stood a young man with his hands thrust deep down in his pockets, and apparently wrapped in deep thought. He was not a handsome man. But George Courtney bore in his face, with his frank blue eyes and its corona of light hair, an expression of marvelous sincerity. No one ever heard him speak without being convinced at once of his truthfulness.  
Hestood gazing, with a peculiar expression, out through the half closed blinds upon Nellie Brown. He had heard Harry's song and had smiled as he remembered how often he had heard the same tones ringing out in the University Glee Club, when they had been classmates at Harvard five years before. Harry was his oldest friend; and they always managed to spend the summer together. This year Harry had brought his yacht, the Mystic, down to the Highlands, and he and George were living at Thompson's, where they made the acquaintance of the two young ladies. Six weeks had rolled by very speedily, and George Courtney, hearing his friend sing, and seeing the effect the song had upon a certain young lady with deep brown eyes, was brought very suddenly and painfully face to face with the fact that he was head and ears in love with Nellie Brown.  
And giving vent to his feelings by a long whistle, he strode away. At that moment a splendid-looking old gentleman stepped out on the piazza and greeted the young ladies.  
"Good-morning, my beauties; how are you to-day?"  
"Oh, uncle," cried Blanche Hastings, "how you startled us. We are both splendid, and enjoying Mr. Wilson's singing on the sky."  
"A brilliant boy, but no depth, I fear. Now, if I were a young lady, George Courtney would—"  
"Oh, pshaw!" cried Nellie, impetuously; "he's too quiet, too lazy. A man to win my admiration, Mr. Hastings, must be a man, not a statue. Now, Mr. Harry Wilson is full of life and dash. He has vim. That is what I admire. I want some one who can conquer me."  
"Well, well," said Mr. Hastings, smiling, "such a man would be hard to find; but I'll wager that Courtney will come nearer to your ideal than Wilson."  
"Nonsense!" exclaimed Nellie, and turned away in pretended disgust.  
Harry Wilson came laughing up the walk in front of the house. He was tall, slender and active looking; and in his blue flannels looked the picture of manly health and grace. Both girls arose to greet him.  
"Good-morning, laggards," he cried; "I've been up these two hours fondling my beauty down there in the river. I wait for nothing now but my fair weight, and here you sit, not ready to move yet."  
"There, sir," said Nellie, "you are out of your course—that's nautical, isn't it?—for we have breakfasted and will be ready to start in ten minutes."  
"But where's my super-cargo? my crew? Hello, aloft there! George, where are you?"  
"Here I am," said Courtney, coming out of the door, looking plain, but strong, in his jockey suit. "I am all ready, and on deck—not aloft."  
In a few minutes they were all aboard the yacht, and in another the water was foaming up around her cutter, and two long, ever-widening ripples swept away from her bows.  
"Oh, isn't this glorious!" cried Nellie. "It is delightful," said Blanche.  
"By Jove, though, we are going outside to-day," said Harry. "Do you think either of you will be sea-sick?"  
"Sea-sick! Pshaw! I never was sea-sick in my life, and I'm not going to begin now," replied Nellie.  
"Then," cried Harry, "we shall have a glorious day. Just look at those little clouds over there in the west. They are massing themselves in one spot; we shall have a splendid westerly wind before eight, and can beat back from Rockaway

in two tacks, one to the Scotland light-ship, and thence to the hospital ship; another tack brings the wind on our beam, and gives us a straight run home."  
"How do you love the water," said Nellie, showing her admiration a little more openly than was pleasing to George.  
"Yes, Miss Brown," replied Harry, "I adore the sea."  
George smiled at Harry's enthusiasm, and Blanche, observing him said:  
"Mr. Courtney, I don't believe you feel like that, do you?"  
"Well," replied George, slowly, as a man weighing his words, "I don't know that I can talk like Harry, but I should hate to see harm come to the Mystic's timbers. I've known her from keel to weather-vane ever since Harry bought her, and she's a faithful craft."  
"There," cried Harry, "you see my boat has two lovers, and she's shown equal favor to both, and betrayed the trust of neither."  
"There's many a woman," replied Nellie, with great audacity, "that does the same."  
"How can that be?" asked Courtney.  
"Many a woman has two or more lovers who have never breathed their minds to her, and by showing equal favor to all, she betrays the trust of none."  
"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Harry. George, will you go below and see where the lunch things are and set the table?"  
As George started to carry out Harry's suggestion, Blanche arose and said:  
"Let me go, too; I'm sure I can be of assistance to you, Mr. Courtney."  
"Well," replied George, smiling, "we usually get along very well without the aid of women on board the Mystic; but I am sure that your skill will be of great assistance to me, and I gratefully accept your generous offer."  
That little complimentary speech was not lost on Nellie; she was not in love with George Courtney; but she knew that he was with her; and she brooked no rival, not even in the presence of her nearest friend.  
"Why, you have a genuine feast prepared; Nellie will be charmed."  
"Will she?" asked George, a little eagerly; "I arranged this lunch myself."  
"Yes, she will," replied Blanche, looking straight into his eyes; "you take great delight in pleasing Nellie, don't you?"  
"Why, certainly," said George, looking a little embarrassed.  
"I fear you are too anxious to please her," Blanche said, her eyes becoming serious. "Pardon my speaking so plainly, but I fear you would better think less of her."  
"What do you mean?"  
Blanche did not speak, but simply bent her head toward the cabin door, through which Harry could be plainly seen bending over Nellie in earnest conversation, while her eyes were fixed on the seams in the deck.  
"I am sorry I said anything," said Blanche, laying her hand gently on his shoulder.  
George took the little hand in his, and smiling gently, said:  
"It is better that you told me."  
As he turned from her he glanced through the cabin door again, and saw Nellie looking at him with a peculiar expression in her eyes. He dropped Blanche's hand hastily, and busied himself about the dishes.  
"All hands on deck to reef!" shouted Harry, half an hour later.  
George bounded up the steps, and, throwing a keen glance around the horizon, saw at once the cause of Harry's call.  
The southerly wind was still blowing, and the boat was dancing merrily through the water. Sandy Hook was only a gray line behind her, and away to the northeast, dimly visible above the blue water, was Rockaway Beach. About two miles to the south the light-ship was rolling lazily on the swells, and a few coasting schooners were taking in their topsails. In the west the clouds which Harry had mentioned before starting were massed into a dense blue volume. The lower part of this mass was heavy and bluish. Along its upper edge was a line of dark gray, and in front of that ragged patches of vapor, ashen in tint, were slowly creeping eastward.  
"George," said Harry, "that looks as if we should soon have a squall. Take the helm, while I put a double reef in the mainsail."  
"Will it be dangerous?" asked Nellie.  
George looked at her before answering. Her eyes were full of light and her face a little pale, except where two glowing red spots appeared in her cheeks. He looked at Blanche. Her face was white, but her lips were compressed, and she looked calm.  
"I do not wish to frighten you," said George, "but a squall is always dangerous, and this looks like a bad one. Still, I think we shall get through this one all right."  
The young ladies made no reply, but somehow this man's calm, deliberate manner of speaking, and his firm, fearless attitude inspired them with something like confidence.  
"So there is something strong somewhere in him," thought Nellie, as she looked into his quiet face.  
The blue-black cloud in the west was rising with terrible rapidity. A low, humming sound was heard in the west. Suddenly the water a mile behind them became wrinkled and gray, and patches of foam appeared.  
In another instant the gaff, with all the yards of canvas beneath it, came rumbling down upon the deck. The next moment the wind struck them. Harry whirled the wheel around like lightning. The boat spun about upon her keel, the force of the wind upon her bare rigging heeling her over and giving her storage way. Unfortunately, they had to receive the squall over the bow's stern, and so had to go clear around in order to come up head to it. The boom, which had dropped on the decks, had fallen a little to the starboard, and that was the side which was toward the wind as the boat went about.  
The wind caught the loose canvas of the mainsail, and swung the boom across

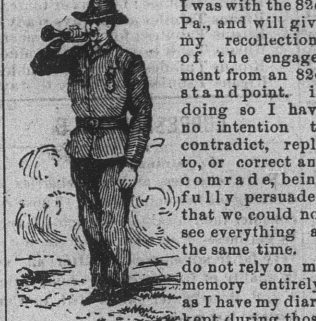
the deck with great force. Harry turned at George's shout, saw it coming, and attempted to drop flat upon the deck. He was not quick enough, and in an instant the heavy spar struck him on the side of the head and knocked him senseless over the side of the boat.  
The girls screamed and sprang to their feet; the boat careened and came sharply up into the wind. Harry sank out of sight, and the next instant George's form stood with ghastly faces, locked in each other's arms, and speechless with fear.  
They thought only of the two men beneath the waves, buried out of sight under the storm-driven spume. To Nellie's eyes was visible a powerful frame, instinct with every pulse of noble manhood, and a calm, quiet face, that had plunged into the waves to save the man who had been a friend, but a rival in love.  
And then there came to her eyes a sight that she never forgot. Less than twenty-five yards from the boat, the foam-covered waters parted, and the face she was waiting for arose; then the powerful shoulders and the shaven arms, one thrown around the motionless form of Harry Wilson, the other cleaving the water with giant strokes. The calm gaze was turned toward her; her eyes knew that in that supreme moment she had saved him, and she felt that she loved him.  
"A rope sheet was coiled on the deck. Nellie seized one end, turned it a couple of times around her waist, and then with all her strength hurled the coil toward George. It reached him, and with a smile on his face he grasped it.  
"Pull!" he gasped.  
Nellie needed no further instruction. She tugged away at the rope in sheer desperation.  
In a few seconds George had his burden at the gunwale.  
He passed the end of the rope which he held under Harry's shoulders, and gazed to Nellie.  
"Hold that till I get in," he said.  
She obeyed, and, climbing over the gunwale, he took the rope from her. In another moment he had Harry in the boat, and was pouring brandy down his throat. Blanche had fainted on the deck.  
The shades of evening had gathered around the Highlands, and Nellie Brown was sitting on the piazza thinking something of her escape of the morning, but more of him who had played a hero's part.  
"Miss Brown, I have come to say good-bye. I go away to-morrow."  
It was George who spoke.  
"Go away to-morrow," said Nellie, slowly repeating his words, while a strange feeling of fear crept into her breast.  
"Yes," he said, "my mother has telegraphed me to join her at Saratoga. Good-bye. I have spent a very pleasant summer, and I owe much of it to you."  
He clasped her hand, held it a moment, and then silently moved toward the door.  
Did his ears deceive him, or did she sigh? He could not leave her thus. He turned sharply and went and stood before her.  
"Miss Brown, I am going away, but before I go I cannot help telling you that I am mad enough to love you blindly. I have no right to, but I—"  
"George!"  
She was standing up, holding out both hands to him, and even in the darkness he could see the light in her eyes.  
"I told you he was worth something," said Mr. Hastings the next morning.  
But Blanche remained true to her first impressions, and is now Mrs. Harry Wilson.—New York News.



KEYSTONE GULLINGS  
J. P. LOCKE, a farmer of East-Moravia, while driving to town dropped dead in his wagon. While on his life was extinct. Heart disease was the cause.  
A SETTLEMENT was arrived at in the Hugh C. C. case at Washington, whereby Hugh agrees to pay his brother Marion all the damage done by the fires and the cost of prosecution.  
JAMES MAMMILL, aged 70 years, of North Beaver, while crossing a field was attacked by a large savage bull and gored to death.  
MRS. SOLOMON HAGEN, wife of a farmer living near Lock Haven, was killed by being thrown from a buggy in a runaway accident. Her daughter was with her, but escaped unhurt.  
The water main broke at Monongahela City, caused by the heavy rains of yesterday, and undermined the foundation of the Presbyterian church. The steeple and the building are considered unsafe, so much that the families living nearby had to vacate their homes. The Wainwright family were seen this morning clinging to a tree above all safety.  
G. W. MELLITT'S house at Jeannette was struck and badly damaged by lightning. Mrs. Mellitt was hurled to the floor and stunned.  
LEWIS SCHMIDT has been returned for keeping a wholesale liquor house without a license at Jeannette. His claim that he simply keeps beer in cold storage for people who order it from Pittsburg.  
A MISS DEYORE was probably fatally injured at Monongahela City by being thrown from a buggy.  
At Tyrone, Sunday night, a child of Jacob Biehl fell into the Juniata river, which had overflowed its banks, and was drowned.  
MAJOR LEBENWOOD'S barn near Birdsview was struck by lightning and burned Sunday night. Loss, \$2,000. The Major is 98 years old.  
WHILE the people of New Silverbrook, Schuylkill county, were holding anniversary in the three-story schoolhouse at that place, lightning struck the building, badly shattering it and shocking six persons. Three men named Gardner, Raisens and Miller are probably fatally injured. An eyewitness says a ball of fire descended through the building.  
NOTHING less than a cloud-burst in the mountains above Uniontown could have sent down the terrible flood of waters that drove fully 50 families to higher places. Numerous bridges were washed out or damaged between Connellysburg and Lemont. Great damage was done to the large trestle at Lemont.  
EDWARD MCKEESLEY fell from a building at the Cambria Iron Works, Johnstown, and was fatally injured.  
W. W. FRISCH, of Kittanning, was the successful candidate at the West Point cadetship examination held in Greensburg.  
EDWARD MCMILLIN, the wife murderer, was killed at Wilkesbarre. His neck was broken. He killed his wife while drunk, February 20, 1891.  
The first fatal accident on the McKeesport and Reynolds electric railway happened Sunday afternoon when Mary Herz, a 16-year-old Polish girl, was struck and horribly mangled. The child was running down a hill and was going at such a speed that she could not stop and ran right on the track in front of the car.  
The farmers living along the Juniata river and the Raystown branch have sustained an immense loss to growing crops and fences by the floods of the other day. Crops and fences were transformed suddenly into torrents and many families were imprisoned in their houses. To the south and east these people were rescued by being washed here, rendering the roads impassable.  
While driving home from church Alfred Smicker and family of near Mill creek were caught in the flooded stream, their wagon was overturned and Mary, the five-year-old daughter, was drowned. At Mill creek village people were removed from their houses in boats and the people at Alexandria, near the source of the Juniata, sustained great loss.  
The damage by flood along Ten Mile Creek, Washington county, will run into thousands. Besides the six bridges belonging to the Washington & Waynesburg Railroad Company which were swept away, miles of track, the property of the same company, were flooded away and destroyed. The damage will fall most heavily on the farmers, many fields of grain being flooded.  
A LITTLE child of Mrs. Woodie, at Boliver, ate a quantity of concentrated lye and will die.  
AN Austrian, an employe of the Turtle Creek Valley road, was drowned at Nolansburg.  
A boy named Joseph Holloway was riding in a passenger car on the Reading railway near Boyersford, he tripped the branch of a tree from the car window. He was immediately drawn through the window and dashed on the track. His injuries are serious.  
A REPORT of the State Board of Charities has exonerated the Huntingdon reformatories authorities in the charges made by Senator Osborn.  
The Jury in the "General Siegel" Miller-Hochstetler murder case at Somerset Saturday morning rendered a verdict of murder in the second degree.  
WILLIAM J. BARKER, of McClellandtown, fatally shot his wife, mistaking her for a burglar.  
A negro highwayman held up the Rev. Mr. Subert and his wife at Jeannette. Mr. Subert had no money, but his wife had and she gave it up.  
An incendiary fire at Huntingdon destroyed several outbuildings on A. Ellis's farm together with two horses, three mules and eight head of cattle. Loss, \$4,500.  
Some one has sown buckwheat in Grove City College campus, which was recently sown with grass and planted with evergreens to make a beautiful lawn. The buckwheat is up and growing nicely. It will strangle the grass and spoil the appearance of the plot. The senior class at college this year numbers 42.  
DURING the storm in Lackawanna county Thursday night three boys and a girl were struck by lightning. Two boys and the girl were killed.  
A DEAD baby in a four sack was fished out of the river at Monongahela City.  
SOME colored men were shooting at a mark with a Robert rifle at Uniontown, when a bullet entered the window of Charles F. Austin's residence and struck Mr. Austin. It severed an artery near the heart and Mr. Austin let a great deal of blood before he was closed by physicians. He will live.  
The 9-year-old son of Archie Fowler of Pine Run, Indiana county, was drowned while bathing.  
A ROBBER entered the residence of H. B. Jarrett, a Scotch coal merchant, threw salt into the servant girl's eyes, bound and gagged her, and then ransacked the house. Many people started in pursuit of the bold fellow.

### RECOLLECTIONS OF THE WAR.

MARY'S HEIGHTS.  
The Charge as seen and Experienced by a Comrade of the 82d Pa.



I was with the 82d Pa., and will give my recollections of the engagement from an 82d standpoint. In doing so I have no intention to contradict, reply to, or correct any comrade, being fully persuaded that we could not see everything at the same time. I do not rely on my memory entirely, as I have my diary kept during those times; besides, my wife kept all my letters written during my three years' service, which I prize very highly now.  
At daybreak, Sunday May 3, 1863, we entered Fredericksburg, passing along a street running parallel with the river, until we reached the northern end of the town. Glancing up to or at the Heights, we saw there were the forts sure enough, but to all appearances not a rebel in them, there being but one solitary head peering out of one of the loopholes. Our boys began to say the forts were deserted. Finally we deployed a line of skirmishers. The ground in front was swampy and marshy, terminating further down to the left in a pond which was crossed by a plank bridge. As our skirmishers advanced the solitary head disappeared, and in its stead horses were discerned, driving up and wheeling around, and cannon thrust their ugly noses out, and soon shells whistled over us. The boys then said "Ah! there's our there."  
Our skirmishers were withdrawn and a battery with us exchanged shots, for a while, then all became quiet again. Our regiment was then moved to the left a square or so, in the shelter of the houses. Presently we received orders to unslung knapsacks, and take the caps off of our pieces. The boys looked at each other with serious faces; there was a deathlike stillness, an ominous silence; everything was as quiet as a Sunday school day.  
The 61st Pa. was on our right in the next block. They received the order, "Forward, by the right flank, double-quick," which they did, left in front. The 82d closed in behind and followed, and the 43d N. Y. was to follow us. Everything was quiet; not a shot was fired out of the rebel forts until the head of column (61st) was well on the bridge. Then they opened with shell, shot and bullet, causing tremendous slaughter. Our regiment being yet behind, and on higher ground, I saw it all. The head of the column crumpled and melted; the boys fell on the bridge, and off the bridge into the water on both sides. I distinctly saw Col. Spear fall at the head of his regiment. How did I see all of this? The first wavered for a moment—a moment only, but in that moment, with the column pressing behind, there came a jam on the bridge.  
"Oh! carnage and slaughter. A writhing, shrieking mass, shell and shot poured in, mowing down the brave boys. A shell mowed down a rank of four in front of me. Striking a stone foundation it exploded, and a piece flew back and mowed down others. 'Twas a terrible momentary struggle, then the way was opened, the column began to move, bullets striking the water like hail. Over the bridge we rushed and up the hill, scrambling and chasing into the forts. Hard to tell indeed who was the first man, but I can safely say the first were the first men, while the 82d was with them shoulder to shoulder.  
The rebels went flying in all directions, though some made a brief stand at a house in rear of the fort. My diary says two cannon were captured. I will remember one, on which the First Lieutenant of Company H, 82d Pa. (Owen Tompkins), placed a driver and started it to the rear. I saw a rebel (an officer I judge) mount and ride off with two horses right from our very midst. When called on to halt he coolly took off his hat, waved it defiantly, and galloped off. Truly it was a daring deed, and all done in a flash. Our commanding officer was shouting, "Rally on the colors," which was quickly done, and when reforming we heard cheering. About an eighth of a mile to our left other regiments were reforming. The 6th Me. and 5th Wis. had a hand to hand encounter, in which bayonets and clubbed muskets were freely used in driving the rebels out from behind the stone wall at the bottom and the artillerymen out of the big fort at the top of the hill. The success of that column and ours compelled the rebels to evacuate the other works along the line.  
As we began to advance in line, crack, whiz, bang! a shell came over our heads, right along the line from the right, causing the boys to make their bows.  
On our right, one or two fields distant, was a rebel regiment retreating. Their line was exactly on line with ours. With them was a battery, which was loading, wheeling, and firing at us. They gave us several shots, but did no harm, and the nature of the ground soon caused a separation.  
We advanced a few miles and found the rebels again at Salem Heights. Our troops were advancing to take position, and a bloody fight was kept up until after dark. Before dark some rebel prisoners passed us. One big red head sang out: "Jackson will tend to you-ens pretty soon." We lay down that night in line of battle, our knapsacks being in Fredericksburg. In the

course of the night, feeling cold, a comrade and myself ventured out in front, hoping we could find a piece of tent or a blanket, but "nary" a blanket could we find.  
We came to a little house on the road. All was dark and silent. We entered and, feeling around in the dark, found, oh, joy! a pile of jackets and clothing. Quickly gathering up each an armful, we found our way back to the line, shared with the boys, and everybody was happy, for a while, at least. But, alas! at daylight our joy turned into mourning, for the enemy had stolen a march on us. He was inside, outside, down our neck, up our pants, up our sleeves, everywhere, and all over us. In brief, it was a pile of rebel clothing we had found, and was literally swarming with "graybacks." Well, you may just bet the boys gave us a blessing.  
All the next day the boys maneuvered from place to place. Hooker having been whipped at Chancellorsville, the rebels fell back and bestowed their attentions on the Sixth Corps. They flanked us, got in our rear, and had taken the Heights, Fredericksburg, and our knapsacks.  
Not to make my sketch too long, I will only say, further, that our line of battle eventually became somewhat (it seemed to me) at the shape of a balloon, and we got out at the little end of it, crossing the river on a pontoon bridge three or four miles north of Fredericksburg before day in the morning of the 5th. ALONZO JOHNSON, in National Tribune.  
An Evidence of Popularity.  
"Is this one of the popular songs of the day?" inquired the customer in a music store yesterday. "I guess so," said the clerk; "I saw a man hit with a brick this morning for singing it."—Detroit Free Press.  
Charity.  
"Tramp (begging at the bar)—"Can I get a drink here?" Barkeeper (kindly)—"Of course you can, you poor fellow. There's the hydrant over in the corner."—Detroit Free Press.

### MARKETS.

THE WHOLESALE PRICES ARE GIVEN BELOW.

GRAIN, FLOUR AND FEED.	
WHEAT—No. 2 Red.....	94 @ 95
No. 3 Red.....	90 93
CORN—No. 2 Yellow ear.....	54 55
High Mixed ear, here.....	52 53
Mixed ear.....	47 49
Shelled Mixed.....	53 54
OATS—No. 1 White.....	38 39
No. 2 White.....	35 36
Mixed.....	33 35
RYE—No. 1 Pa. & Ohio.....	83 84
No. 2 Western.....	83 84
FLOUR—Fancy winter pat.....	
Fancy Spring patents.....	4 85 5 10
XXS Straight winter.....	4 33 5 10
XXS Bakers.....	4 25 4 50
Rye Flour.....	4 75 5 00
HAY—Baled No. 1 Tim' y.....	13 50 14 25
Baled No. 2 Timothy.....	12 00 12 50
Mixed Clover.....	11 00 12 00
Timothy from country.....	15 00 18 00
STRAW—Wheat.....	6 50 8 00
OATS—No. 1 W. Mid.....	18 00 18 50
Brown Middlings.....	15 50 16 50
Bran.....	15 50 19 00
Chop.....	14 50 18 00
BUTTER AND VEGETABLES.	
BUTTER—Elgin Creamery.....	22 24
Fancy Creamery.....	22 24
Fancy country roll.....	15 18
Choice country roll.....	13 15
Low grade & cooking.....	6 10
CHEESE—O'Flen' m. mild.....	11 12
New York Goshen.....	12 13
Wisconsin Swiss.....	14 15
Wisconsin Switzer.....	14 15
Limburger.....	12 13
FRUIT AND VEGETABLES.	
APPLES—Fancy, 3 bbl.....	3 00 4 00
Fair to choice, 3 bbl.....	3 00 3 50
BEANS—Select, 3 bbl.....	1 85 2 00
Pa. & O. Beans, 3 bbl.....	1 80 1 70
Lima Beans, 3 bbl.....	3 4
ONIONS.	
Yellow danvers 3 bbl.....	2 50 2 75
Yellow onion, 3 bbl.....	1 50 2 00
Spanish, 3 bbl.....	1 25 1 50
California—New 3 bbl.....	2 50 3 00
POTATOES.	
Choice from store, 3 bu.....	45 50
Irish on track 3 bu.....	40 45
POULTRY ETC.	
DRESSED CHICKENS.....	15 15
Dressed ducks 3 b.....	15 15
Dressed turkeys 3 b.....	17 18
LIVE CHICKENS.	
Live chickens 3 b.....	80 85
Live Ducks 3 b.....	70 80
Live Geese 3 b.....	1 00 1 15
Live Turkeys 3 b.....	13 14
EGGS—Pa. & Ohio fresh.....	15 15
FEATHERS.	
Extra live Geese 3 b.....	50 60
No. 1 Extra live Geese 3 b.....	45 50
Mixed.....	25 35
MISCELLANEOUS.	
TALLOW—Country, 3 b.....	4
City.....	5
SEEDS—West Med' m. clo'er.....	7 90
Mammoth Clover.....	1 85
Timothy prime.....	1 65
Timothy choice.....	1 60
Blue grass.....	2 65 2 80
Orchard grass.....	1 00 1 15
Millet.....	1 00 1 15
Buckwheat.....	1 40 1 50
RAGS—Country mixed.....	15 17
HONEY—White clover.....	12 15
Buckwheat.....	12 15
CINCINNATI.	
FLOUR.....	\$3 20 @ \$4 10
WHEAT—No. 2 Red.....	86 88
RYE—No. 2.....	49 52
CORN—Mixed.....	49 51
OATS.....	33 34
EGGS.....	12 14
BUTTER.....	18 21
PHILADELPHIA.	
FLOUR.....	\$4 15 @ \$4 90
WHEAT—New No. 2 Red.....	92 95
CORN—No. 2 Mixed.....	54 56
OATS—No. 2 White.....	39 40
BUTTER—Creamery Extra.....	22 23
EGGS—Pa. Firsts.....	13 16
NEW YORK.	
FLOUR—Patents.....	5 00 6 00
WHEAT—No. 2 Red.....	97 98
RYE—Western.....	80 85
CORN—Ungraded Mixed.....	45 59
OATS—Mixed Western.....	35 38
BUTTER—Creamery.....	15 21
EGGS—State and Penn.....	15 17
LIVE-STOCK REPORT.	
EAST LIBERTY, PITTSBURG STOCK YARDS.	
CATTLE.	
Prime Steers.....	4 65 to 4 75
Fair to Good.....	4 00 to 4 50
Common.....	3 80 to 3 75
Bulls and dry cows.....	1 50 to 3 50
Veal Calves.....	5 25 to 5 00
Heavy rough cuts.....	2 50 to 3 50
Fresh cows, per head.....	20 00 to 50 00
SHEEP.	
Prime 95 to 100-lb sheep.....	5 00 to 5 40
Common 70 to 75 lb sheep.....	4 50 to 4 75
Yearlings.....	5 25 to 5 75
Spring lambs.....	5 80 to 5 50
HOGS.	
Philadelphia hogs.....	5 00 to 5 10
Corn Yorkers.....	4 90 to 5 00
Roughs.....	4 40 to 4 50