

HEREAFTER
When all life's storms are still
And all life's noises into calm have passed,
When rest and quiet comes to us at last,
What matters good or ill?
What matters love or hate?
Calm hands are folded o'er a quiet breast,
The weary head is pillow'd in sweet rest,
And sorrow comes too late!
What matters wealth or fame?
The narrow grave is all that earth can give;
The deathless soul in other worlds shall live,
And men forget our name.
What matters aught of earth?
The passing pictures of a snowdusted dream,
The changing eddies of a turbid stream,
Sure these are nothing worth.
Why, then, despond, my friend?
The one thou lovest has but found at last
Sweet peace and calm and rest when toil
Is past,
And death is no: the end!
—Minnie Quinn, in Independent.

A Double Valentine

BY S. A. WEISS.

SCHOOL was over and the scholars dismissed—all save the two "worst boys," whose "keeping in" was depriving the teacher of half an hour of her own precious time.
She sat at her desk, clasping her aching temples with her slim white fingers—a young woman of perhaps two-and-twenty, with a fair, oval face which seemed to have been made for smiling, but was now wearing an expression of weariness and despondency.
The day had been a trying one. Though only the middle of February, the weather was close and sultry, and she had sat all day in the stove-heated room, not daring to open the doors and windows lest the children should take cold.
These latter—girls as well as boys—had shown themselves unusually restless, inattentive and provoking, with an amount of giggling and whispering going on which had sorely tried the nerves and temper of the usually patient teacher.
As she now sat, resting her aching temples in her hands, she almost concluded that it would be better to give up her situation at the end of this first session, and seek some less wearying if less "genteel" means of support. And she would be glad to get away from Lynnville.
At first she had liked it, and fancied that the people liked her; but since the new minister, the Reverend Frank Deane, had begun to show her some little kind attention when they chanced to meet at the various church societies, sewing societies and other similar entertainments gotten up after his arrival, Miss Kate Morrison could not but become aware of the great diminution of her popularity among the female portion of her acquaintance.
It had even come to her ears that she was generally accused of "setting her cap" for the minister, and that Miss Peachy Perkins, who, when Mr. Deane was suffering from a cold, had sent him a pair of embroidered slippers and no end of cake and jolly "of her own making," had publicly declared her conviction that "that Kate Morrison was a sly, designing mix," while Patty Merriman had pronounced it "downright impudent" in a school teacher to force herself upon Mr. Deane's attention, as she did that night when she went to church without an umbrella, and it rained, and he was compelled to see her home.
And so poor Kate, in mingled pride and mortification, had since felt herself obliged, in self defense, to treat Mr. Deane with a coldness and reserve which had evidently put an end to his attentions.
And the faint, sweet dream of a dawn happiness, which had for a brief moment cheered her lonely life, had vanished, leaving only a shadow behind.
She was thinking of these things now as she sat at her desk, until thought became a torture; and to escape from it she arose and left the school-room, and stood for awhile resting in the shade of the big elm tree which grew behind the house.
The two bad boys looked after her, and then moved cautiously toward each other and commenced whispering and grinning.
"Say, Dick, did yer give that Voluntee to Liz Miller?"
"Yer bet! An' she was so pleased she 'most jumped out o' her skin!"
"Guess Hattie Smith warden pleased a bit. She tore up her Voluntee, and 'lowed she'd ramscake the whole school but she'd find out who called her a splay-foot, snagle-tooth pollywog. He, he! 'Twas fun!"
"What yer think? Tom Neal didn't send them Voluntees to Mamie and Sally? He was sort o' afraid. Here they are in his desk. Ain't they stunning? He, he!"
He held up two coarse sheets of paper, on which were emblazoned wreaths of vermilion roses, and bleeding hearts sketched with arrows roasting before gamboge flames. Beneath each heart were some printed lines.
"Hush, Dick; the teacher 'll hear yer!"
"Wonder if she'll git 'em Voluntees?"
"Dunno. Heerd brother Ben say the minister was spongy on her. Say"—his freckled face became suddenly radiant—"s'pose we send her one o' these Voluntees—from him!"
"An' t'other one to him—from her?"
They chuckled in fustianish glee. But there was no time for indulging in merriment. So while Dick hastily scrawled a name beneath the verses on the Voluntees, Tim directed a couple of envelopes.

that old yaller horse; and he'll leave the Voluntee at the minister's as he goes by."
The two Voluntees were hastily shuffled into the envelopes, and Dick, sneaking out of the front door, met Lem as he reached the door.
"Say, Lem, please just leave this here letter at the minister's for the teacher, won't yer? I don't want to go down there just to carry it."
"All right," Lem answered, as he dropped the letter into his coat pocket. And as he rode off he called back: "You better get home soon's yer can. It's goin' to rain."
The last words reached the teacher's ear when she stood under the elm, and she turned to re-enter the school-room.
Dick had just time to regain his seat, tossing the second letter on her desk as he skipped past, for there was no time to place it inside, where she would have found it before leaving school.
Unfortunately he missed his aim and the envelope fell to the floor behind the teacher's seat, where it attracted her attention as she entered.
She picked it up, read the address, and holding it up said quietly:
"Boys, do you know anything about this letter? It is addressed to the minister, Mr. Deane."
A quick glance of dismay was exchanged between the two. They had given Lem the wrong letter.
Both answered, boldly:
"No'm."
She placed the missive on her desk. No doubt it had been entrusted to one of the children, who had forgotten it, but she would see that it reached Mr. Deane that evening.
Then she called the two boys before her.
"I hope that you know your lessons now," she said, "and will be able to answer promptly. Dick, I will begin with you. Who surrendered at Yorktown, in Virginia?"
"General Wash'ton," responded Dick, boldly.
The teacher's smooth brow contracted, but she made no comment, and gave him one more chance.
"To whom was the surrender made?"
"There was a momentary puzzled consideration, and then came the triumphant reply:
"Napoleon Bonapart!"
Miss Kate closed the book and turned to her other pupil.
"Timothy, what are the three largest cities in the United States?"
"New York, Lunnun and—Brazil!"
Again the book was closed; but before a word could be spoken the eyes of both teacher and pupils were turned toward the open door.
A gig had stopped at the gate, and a good-looking young man, in clerical dress, was walking briskly toward the school house.
Miss Kate arose and went slowly to learn his errand at the door, for she had no idea of inviting him to enter. It was only when she saw big drops of rain pattering upon his shoulders that she said, reluctantly:
"Will you come in, Mr. Deane, out of the rain?"
He stepped within and drew a letter from his breast pocket.
"I had no intention of intruding," he said, pleasantly, "but merely desired to deliver this letter, which was handed me a few moments since by Lemuel Miller, whom I met on the road. There seems to have been some mistake, as it is addressed to Miss Kate Morrison."
"Strange!" Kate said. "And here is one which I just now found directed to yourself."
The two boys, unnoticed by the teacher, began sidling toward the door.
She hastily opened the letter just given her, and the minister did the same with his. As their sight was greeted by the gorgeous illuminations of hearts and roses, each glanced up, and their eyes meeting, both laughed. The laugh seemed to take away from the stiffness between them.
"I had forgotten," said the minister, "that this is St. Valentine's Day. But it seems that boys never forget tea occasion."
And he looked toward the two culprits near the door.
Kate glanced at the name scrawled beneath the printed lines on the paper. He cheek flushed and she said, hastily:
"Mr. Deane, is my name inscribed upon that work of art in your hand?"
"Yes. And I presume that you ask because you find my own name upon yours? You can see this, if you like. You will find the poetry worthy of the artistic design."
She took it, and read:
"If you will be my Valentine,
Our lives with happiness will shine
Like June-bugs on a pumpkin vine!
—MISS KATE MORRISON."
"How absurd!" said Kate, with a mixture of indignation and amusement. Mr. Deane smiled.
"I should like to know with what poetic sentiment they have credited me. May I see?"
"I haven't read it," she answered, as she handed him the paper.
He read aloud:
"If you love me as I love thee,
Your faithful lover I will be.
And long as this year's stars do shine,
Will claim you for my Valentine!
—REVERENT MISTER FRANK DEANE."
"What a wretched joke!" Kate exclaimed. "Oh, those boys!"
She turned to where she supposed the two guilty one to be, but they had vanished, though the rain was still falling in a torrent.
Her eyes filled with tears of vexation, and that the minister might not see them she turned to the window, and stood looking out on the deserted road and the horse and gig standing beneath the shelter of the big oak tree near the gate.
But Mr. Deane had seen the tears, and he drew a step nearer, as he said gently:
"Let them have their little fun. It has done no harm, and has afforded us some amusement as well."
"They deserve to be well punished."
"No, don't punish them. I feel it in my heart to forgive them," he urged.

"Why?"
"Why? Shall I tell you?" He came and stood by her side at the window, and his voice took a lower and softer tone. "Because it has afforded me an opportunity of saying to you what I have long been wishing to do—almost ever since I first saw you."
She made no reply, but stood still with her hands clasped on the window sill before her.
There was silence for a moment, and the tears which had moistened her brown eyes brimmed over and fell upon the white hands.
The next moment a firm and gentle clasp was laid upon them, and a voice said:
"Not for a year only, Kate, but for a lifetime—for all time."
Still she was silent, but he looked in her face and was satisfied.
"I think it is going to rain all the evening," she said, presently, with a new tone in her voice—shy and sweet. "I had better get home as soon as possible."
"And will let me take you, of course?" said Mr. Deane.
"It is not necessary; I often go home through the rain. I have an umbrella."
But he would not hear of it, and he assisted her into his gig and gathered the lap-robe about her.
The dim, rain-obscured landscapes seemed to her fairer than ever she had beheld it in its sunshiny summer beauty.
Miss Peachy Perkins, from her usual lookout at her front window, beheld them driving past.
"Well, I do declare!" she exclaimed. "There's the minister taking Kate Morrison home in his gig! What shall we hear of next, I wonder?"
What she next heard in regard to Mr. Deane and Kate Morrison surprised her still more. But since the minister's wife would be a person of much more importance than the school teacher, she wisely decided to make the best of it, and kept to herself her thoughts upon the subject of Kate Morrison's artfulness.
As to Tim and Dick, they could never understand why it was that Miss Kate never alluded to those Valentines, and that the minister seemed to take a particular interest in them at Sunday-school.—Saturday Night.

The Mystery of Plant Sex.

It was demonstrated by American botanists several years ago that whether flowers were male or female was wholly a matter of nutrition. Where the reproductive cells at the time of fertilization were so situated as to be able to avail themselves of abundant nutrition female flowers result. Where these cells are not advantageously situated in this respect, the result is male flowers. One of the strongest demonstrations of this fact is furnished by coniferous trees. The female, or cone-bearing, flowers are borne on the strong and vigorous branches, fully exposed to the light, and the most advantageously situated on the upper portion of the tree. These continue to bear, year after year, female flowers. But when these branches come in time to be weak, as they do by shading, or the weakening of their power to obtain full nutrition, they produce male flowers only. Under this law there ought to be cases on the boundary line, where the balance of nutritive power should be so even, that a tendency to hermaphroditism, or at least a closer relation between the separate sexes should exist than is usually the case in coniferous and related plants. This closer relation is often seen in the Indian corn, where some of the male flowers produce pistils as well as stamens, and then grains of corn occur in the tassel or spike of male flowers. But it is not often that coniferous trees themselves furnish the illustration. But a Japan botanical magazine has come across an instance which it figures. The pine cone is formed as usual, but from the apex of the cone proceeds a spike of male flowers giving the pine cone somewhat the appearance of a pineapple with the tuft of green leaves at the apex. These occasional departures from normal types are eagerly looked for by modern biologists as furnishing the material by which various hypotheses are tested.—New York Independent.

American Morocco Leather.

Very little morocco leather is now imported into this country. Up to about the year 1880 nine-tenths of the morocco used was imported, and the amount manufactured here was quite small. The proportions have been about reversed the last twelve years, and now the output of Philadelphia, Wilmington, Boston and Lynn is far greater than the total consumption was at the time named. There is absolutely no reason why any of this article should be imported at all, and the home-made grades are really better on the average than any that can be imported. One American house now turns out 40,000 or 50,000 skins a day, and the slaughter of goats for the purpose is quite extensive. It is estimated that as many as 30,000 goats are slaughtered for their skins every year, and this is probably true, although most people would be apt to doubt whether there are as many of these interesting animals in existence.—Detroit Free Press.

How Soil is Made.

The process of conversion of granite into soil is thus summarized by Professor A. Johnston, of Edinburgh: Oxidation of iron is the first change perceptible; then creation and multiplication of weather joints and carbonization follows; next, humus is formed by lichens, and then higher plants; following this, fungoid germs, capable of assimilating aerial nitrogen, become abundant; finally all the three processes, mechanical chemical and organic, go merrily on together and contribute all in their proper share to the formation of an ever-deepening soil, capable of supporting the luxuriant life of the highest plants.—New York Times.

The military prisoner makes his escape in an unguarded moment.

THREE BAD R. R. ACCIDENTS.

SEVEN KILLED AND MANY INJURED.
The Pennsylvania System Has a Series of Mishaps.

The Northbound Southern express on the Pennsylvania railroad collided on Wednesday with the Morton Accommodation, near South street station, West Philadelphia, Pa. Three cars of the accommodation train were wrecked.
The following were killed: Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Minzer, of Media. Maria Read, of Media. The Rev. James Walker, of Lenni. Ten people were injured, but not seriously. Mr. and Mrs. Minzer were sitting together and both were decapitated. A number of prominent persons were passengers on the express, among them Congressman Dingley and Belnap, ex-postmaster General Frank Hutton, Senator Washburn, Major John M. Carson, and U. H. Painter, well known Washington correspondents.
The accident occurred at a crossing. The accommodation had the right of way, the express being behind it. The engine of the express was unable to control his train, and the locomotive crashed into the third car of the accommodation.
ONE KILLED AND TWENTY INJURED.
The eastbound mail and express train No. 20, on the Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne & Chicago railroad, was wrecked on Wednesday night two miles east of Columbia City, Ind., by a trolley car. The last two cars on the train were precipitated down an embankment 20 feet high, the cars turning completely over, and being badly wrecked. J. J. Meyer, of Hebron, was killed and 20 persons injured.

THREE MEN KILLED.
A coal train and extra freight collided on the Pennsylvania & Schuylkill Valley railroad, near Pottsville and Spring City, Pa., Wednesday night and Watson Wheeler, John Dennis and Walter Brunner, all employes of the company, were killed.

PENNSYLVANIA ELECTIONS.
OUR BUILDING AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.
HARRISBURG.—The Pennsylvania World's Fair executive committee has decided to dedicate the State building at Chicago on Saturday, April 29. Executive Commissioner Parkership will present the building, and it will be formally received by Governor Pattison. The governor will hold a reception in the edifice after the ceremonies. The commission now claims that it will be possible to complete the exhibit without further appropriation, and they will ask the legislature for an additional \$100,000.

COMBINATION OF TRAGEDIES.
GUTHRIEVILLE.—Postmaster Jesse Rogers of this place, Chester County, drove to a nearby village with Frank Elston, an old friend. He had been there but a few minutes when he dropped dead. On his way home Elston was fatally injured by a runaway horse. The accident occurred on the mind of Thomas Kirk, a friend of the two, that he hanged himself in a barn.

ROADS BLOCKED BY SNOW.
EASTON.—The Pennsylvania along the Pennsylvania and Reading systems received notice not to sell tickets for points on the Lehigh and Hudson road, which is completely blocked by snow. The Pennsylvania and Poughkeepsie and Boston road which is dependent by the Reading to carry its New England business, has five engines in a snow block at Lansdale. It will take several days to open the road.

A MAN FROZEN TO DEATH.
CONNELETTVILLE.—The report arrived here of the freezing of John Dawson in the mountains five miles from here. In the heavy windstorm of Saturday night, Dawson was blown off a bluff skirting the road he was traversing. Dawson tried to walk to this place, but became lost in the mountain roads, and wandered about until he died down from exhaustion and froze to death.

DEATH OF A VETERAN SOLDIER.
LANCASTER.—Maj. N. Hambright, United States army, retired, died here of a cancerous affection, aged seventy-four years. Maj. Hambright served through the Mexican war, and also through the civil war, at the close of which he had become a brigadier general. He then entered the regular army, from which he retired several years ago.

BETHLEHEM SNOWBOUND.
It will take a week to open the snow-bound country roads near Bethlehem. The Lehigh Lackawanna Railroad has snow-bound near Chapmanville and no trains are running. A funeral cortege from Bethlehem to Nazareth got snow-bound, and a party of 100 farmers, with shoals and teams rescued it. The storm was the worst for 50 years.

CRUSADE AGAINST GAMING.
WILKESBARRE.—Acting under instructions from Bishop O'Hara, the priests of Scranton have begun a crusade against all kinds of gaming houses or the instruction of the young are particularly condemned. It is held in the order that dancing and dance halls are but the stepping stones to sin.

PAXSON'S RESIGNATION ACCEPTED.
HARRISBURG.—The resignation of Chief Justice Paxson of the supreme court, who is now one of the Reading receivers, was accepted by the Governor. Judge Heydrick is mentioned as his possible successor.

A MOTHER'S SAD LOSS.
NEW CASTLE.—Mrs. Samuel Norris rocked her baby to sleep the other night, and put him in a crib. An hour later she had occasion to go to the crib and found the child dead.

FOUR BORN AT ONE TIME.
ALLENTOWN.—Mrs. Thomas Schlicher, wife of a motorman on the electric street railway, gave birth to four children, one boy and three girls. All died shortly after birth.

The Farmers Bank, of Harrisburg, the capital stock of which is \$100,000, closed its doors pending an examination by State Banking Superintendent Krumbhaar.

At Philadelphia John F. Miller, the defaulting cashier of the First National bank of Columbia, was sentenced to five years' imprisonment. He got away with \$8,000.

It is estimated that the maple sugar camps of the State will produce 500 barrels of syrup this season.

At Brookville, Peter Antenbaugh, aged 60, was instantly killed by an Allegheny Valley train.

JENNIE FARR, of Mt. Braddock, while driving near Uniontown, was thrown out of her vehicle by the horses frighening, and fell in front of a street car. She was struck by the car and possibly fatally injured.

The farmers of Fayette and Somerset counties are being worked by a swindler who represents himself as the agent of a co-operative store which sells goods to farmers at wholesale prices, but to secure the benefit of the system the farmer has to pay 60 cents per annum or \$1 for two years. A good many dollars have been gathered in by this smooth-tongued sharper.

The blizzard of Sunday night blew out two large plate glass fronts of W. J. Hartzell's grocery store at New Castle.

KEYSTONE STATE CULLINGS

A DISTRESSING ACCIDENT.
TWO CHILDREN OF A GREENSBURG PASTOR RUN DOWN BY A TRAIN.
GREENSBURG.—A sad accident occurred at the Greensburg railroad station Friday evening. Two little children of the Rev. V. R. Funk pastor of the United Brethren Church, were crossing the track when a train, owned by E. J. Vinton, who had been living when picked up, but the little ones were on an errand of charity, having been sent by their mother to an old member of the church who is lying sick, with a basket containing a few necessities.

STATE COLLEGE'S GLORY.
THE FINE NEW ENGINEERING BUILDING APPROPRIATELY DEDICATED.
BELLEFONTE.—The new engineering building of the Pennsylvania State college was dedicated Wednesday. Governor Pattison, ex-Governor Beaver and many others of State and national prominence took part in the exercises, and the program which was published in Sunday's issue, was carried out as printed. At noon a banquet was served, at which General Beaver, the better speaker, and many brief speeches were made. In the evening a ball was held in the Army building, and in addition to the guests from afar the local elite attended in great numbers.

A \$25,000 FIRE AT JEANETTE.
JEANETTE.—For the third time within the last eight months this place was visited by a disastrous fire. It started in a Chinese laundry in the basement of James Boehne's building. The pool room and lodge owned by E. J. Vinton, two buildings owned by Joseph Diebold and one owned by D. W. Kappenberg were consumed. Vinton's loss is \$3,000, with no insurance. Diebold's loss is \$10,000, with but \$1,000 insurance. W. Meyers' losses on plumbing, show and residence \$3,000, and insurance \$1,000. Knappenberg's loss is \$3,500, with \$1,500 insurance. Gomp Bros., dry goods, loss \$6,000; insurance, \$4,800. Edward Peters, barber, loss \$300.

OUR BUILDING AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.
HARRISBURG.—The Pennsylvania World's Fair executive committee has decided to dedicate the State building at Chicago on Saturday, April 29. Executive Commissioner Parkership will present the building, and it will be formally received by Governor Pattison. The governor will hold a reception in the edifice after the ceremonies. The commission now claims that it will be possible to complete the exhibit without further appropriation, and they will ask the legislature for an additional \$100,000.

COMBINATION OF TRAGEDIES.
GUTHRIEVILLE.—Postmaster Jesse Rogers of this place, Chester County, drove to a nearby village with Frank Elston, an old friend. He had been there but a few minutes when he dropped dead. On his way home Elston was fatally injured by a runaway horse. The accident occurred on the mind of Thomas Kirk, a friend of the two, that he hanged himself in a barn.

ROADS BLOCKED BY SNOW.
EASTON.—The Pennsylvania along the Pennsylvania and Reading systems received notice not to sell tickets for points on the Lehigh and Hudson road, which is completely blocked by snow. The Pennsylvania and Poughkeepsie and Boston road which is dependent by the Reading to carry its New England business, has five engines in a snow block at Lansdale. It will take several days to open the road.

A MAN FROZEN TO DEATH.
CONNELETTVILLE.—The report arrived here of the freezing of John Dawson in the mountains five miles from here. In the heavy windstorm of Saturday night, Dawson was blown off a bluff skirting the road he was traversing. Dawson tried to walk to this place, but became lost in the mountain roads, and wandered about until he died down from exhaustion and froze to death.

DEATH OF A VETERAN SOLDIER.
LANCASTER.—Maj. N. Hambright, United States army, retired, died here of a cancerous affection, aged seventy-four years. Maj. Hambright served through the Mexican war, and also through the civil war, at the close of which he had become a brigadier general. He then entered the regular army, from which he retired several years ago.

BETHLEHEM SNOWBOUND.
It will take a week to open the snow-bound country roads near Bethlehem. The Lehigh Lackawanna Railroad has snow-bound near Chapmanville and no trains are running. A funeral cortege from Bethlehem to Nazareth got snow-bound, and a party of 100 farmers, with shoals and teams rescued it. The storm was the worst for 50 years.

CRUSADE AGAINST GAMING.
WILKESBARRE.—Acting under instructions from Bishop O'Hara, the priests of Scranton have begun a crusade against all kinds of gaming houses or the instruction of the young are particularly condemned. It is held in the order that dancing and dance halls are but the stepping stones to sin.

GENERAL TRADE IS GOOD.

While the Reading Transaction Caused a Furry in Speculation, Other Lines are in Fine Condition.
R. G. Dun & Co.'s Weekly Review of Trade says:
The collapse of the coal combination, formed a year ago by the Reading Railway, and sharp depressions in Sugar stocks, and a few railway stocks have made the week one of unusual excitement in speculative circles. While \$3,000,000 gold has gone abroad this week, and half a million more is expected to go today, there is no increase of apprehension about the monetary future, and the business world pays little attention to Congress, though the chances of an extra session are regarded with some interest.

Speculation in produce has not been very heavy. Wheat is a cent lower with sales of only 10,000,000 bushels; corn and pork produce scarcely unchanged. Cotton is higher, but recedes are small and the probable failure of the Anti-Option bill affects the trade more than conditions of supply and demand. Cattle are active at Chicago. Business in bar iron is unsatisfactory; plates are very weak and while structural works are full of orders, competition is so sharp that prices have little chance to improve. Copper and tin remain quiet and lead is dull. In the boot and shoe trade the higher cost of leather causes manufacturers to urge better prices for their products. Cotton manufacturing is healthy, dividends at Fall River being the largest for four years, and some advances are noted in prices of goods, while print cloths are very firm.

Business failures throughout the country the past seven days number for the United States 193 and for Canada, 37, a total of 230, as compared with 253 last week and 266 the week previous. For the corresponding week of last year the figures were 270.

BUSINESS BAROMETER.

The bank clearing totals for the week ended February 23, 1893, with comparisons, as telegraphed to Bradstreet, are:		
New York	\$74,840,053	I 13.6
Boston	103,762,758	I 2.3
Chicago	86,128,098	I 3.8
Philadelphia	76,061,163	I 5.8
St. Louis	21,114,380	I 1.1
Cincinnati	13,762,750	I 5.6
Baltimore	13,331,241	D 1.2
Pittsburgh	12,412,752	D 5.9
San Francisco	12,226,007	I 3.5
Cleveland	5,334,611	I 22.5

(I indicates increase, D decrease.)

The clearings of 78 cities aggregate \$1,215,388,073, an increase of 12.2 per cent. Exclusive of New York the clearings amount to \$474,089,017, an increase of 10.2 per cent.

MARKETS.

PITTSBURGH.	
THE WHOLESALE PRICES ARE GIVEN BELOW.	
GRAIN, FLOUR AND FEED.	
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	75 @ 76
No. 3 Red	74 75
CORN—New mixed	51 42
High mixed ear	49 50
Mixed ear	45 46
Shelled mixed	48 49
OATS—No. 1 White	40 41
No. 2 White	39 40
No. 3 White	38 39
Mixed	37 38
RYE—No. 1	67 68
No. 2 Western, New	64 65
FLOUR—Fancy winter pat	4 50 4 75
Fancy Spring patents	4 65 4 85
Fancy straight winter	4 00 4 25
XXX Bakers	3 50 3 77
Rye Flour	3 50 4 00
HAY—No. 1 Timothy	14 50 15 00
Baled No. 2 Timothy	13 00 14 00
Mixed Clover	13 00 14 00
Timothy from country	17 00 20 00
STRAW—Wheat	6 00 6 75
Oats	8 00 8 25
FEED—No. 1 W M d	19 50 20 00
Brown Middlings	17 00 18 00
Brand	17 50 18 00
Chop	15 00 17 00
DAIRY PRODUCTS.	
BUTTER—Elgin Creamery	32 33
Fancy Creamery	28 30
Fancy country roll	11 12
Choice country roll	12 14
Low grade & cooking	8 12
CHEESE—O N ew m mild	11 12
New York Goshen	11 13
Wisconsin Swiss bricks	15 16
Wisconsin Switzer	13 14
Limbinger	10 11
FRUIT AND VEGETABLES.	
APPLES—Fancy, 3 bbl.	3 50 3 75
Fair to choice, 3 bbl.	3 00 3 25
Beans—Select, 3 bbl.	2 00 2 10
Pa. & O Beans, 3 bbl.	1 50 1 75
Lim Demans	1 50 1 75
ONIONS.	
Yellow danvers 3 bbl.	1 40 1 50
Yellow onion, 3 bbl.	1 50 1 75
Spanish, 3 bbl.	1 20 1 40
CABBAGE—New 3 bbl.	2 25 2 75
POTATOES.	
Fancy White per bu.	85 90
Choice Red per bu.	65 70
POULTRY ETC.	
3 bbl.	12 14
Dressed ducks 3 bbl.	16 17
Dressed turkeys 3 bbl.	19 20
LIVE CHICKENS.	
Live chickens 3 pr.	85 90
Live Ducks 3 pr.	90 1 00
Live Geese 3 pr.	1 10 1 40
Live Turkeys 3 bbl.	14 15
EGGS—Pa. & Ohio fresh.	24 26
FEATHERS.	
Extra Live Geese 3 bbl.	55 60
No 1 Extra live geese 3 bbl.	48 50
Mixed.	25 35
MISCELLANEOUS.	
TALLOW—Country, 3 bbl.	4 5 5
City	7 6 7
SEEDS—Fancy, 3 bbl.	10 20
Mammoth Clover	10 50
Timothy prime	2 25
Timothy choice	2 20
Blue grass	1 50 1 75
Orchard grass	1 75 1 80
Millet	1 00
Buckwheat	1 40 1 50
R.G.S.—Country mixed	1 40
HONEY—White clover	16 20
Buckwheat	12 15
CINCINNATI.	
FLOUR—No. 2 Red	\$2 50 @ \$3 85
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	71 72
RYE—No. 2	57 58
CORN—Mixed	43 44
OATS	34 35
EGGS	20 25
BUTTER	20 25
PHILADELPHIA.	
FLOUR—No. 2 Red	\$3 40 @ \$4 90
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	76 78
CORN—No. 2 Mixed	48 52
OATS—No. 2 White	40 41
BUTTER—Creamery Extra	24 35
EGGS—Pa. FRESH	23 27
NEW YORK.	
FLOUR—Patents	4 50 5 00
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	79 79
RYE—Western	69 62
CORN—Ungraded Mixed	49 42
OATS—Mixed Western	37 39
BUTTER—Creamery	18 21
EGGS—State and Penna.	25 26
LIVESTOCK REPORT.	
EAST RIVER, PITTSBURGH STOCK YARDS.	
CATTLE.	
Prime Steers	5 50 to 5 75
Fair to Good	4 75 to 5 25
Common	4 00 to 5 50
Bulls and dry cows	2 00 to 4 00
Veal Calves	6 50 to 7 00
Heavy rough calves	3 00 to 4 00
Fresh cows per head	30 00 to 45 00
SHEEP.	
Prime 95 to 100-lb sheep	5 25 to 5 35
Common 70 to 75 lb sheep	3 50 to 4 00
Lambs	5 00 to 6 10
HOGS.	
Philadelphia hogs	8 50 to 8 80
Corn Yorkers	7 50 to 7 75
Roughs	6 50 to 7 00