

CHOOSING THEIR OWN CASSETS.

People Often Express Their Preference In the Matter of Style.

"I never actually know anybody who kept his coffin in his house," said an undertaker, "but I have read of such things, and I have no doubt they are true, just as I believe the stories of some women keeping in the bottom of bureau drawers their own grave clothes, which they made themselves. But men sometimes choose, if not the particular casket in which they want to be buried, the style of coffin that they prefer, and I know of one man who drew the plans for the casket in which he was buried.

"He had his own ideas of what was most suitable, and we made a casket in accordance with the drawings which he furnished and then boxed it up and stored it for him. He was a man advanced in years. It is interesting to note that the casket so planned had square ends and perfectly straight sides and ends. In fact, in shape it was precisely the same as the present most advanced style of modern burial casket, which was not introduced until some years afterward.

"It is not at all unusual for men to look at caskets, express admiration of some of them and say that they would like to be buried in such or such a style. These men might be simply friends who had come to see me, or they might be here on business, but not with regard to a funeral. Some of the modern burial caskets are very costly and beautiful and as unlike the old fashioned coffin as could be imagined. It is no wonder that men should admire them, but it doesn't follow at all that they expect soon to need one.

"A few months ago there came in a man and his wife, people of perhaps 50 years, and I should say well to do, who wanted to look at the caskets, or rather he did. They came to a very beautiful casket of mahogany, one of modern style, with square ends and straight sides and ends and carved a little, but not overelaborately. Evidently he had heard of such a casket before or had seen one, and so was familiar with it, and he admired it greatly.

"There," he said to his wife, calling her by her name, "that is the kind of casket that I would like to be buried in," and it was clear that it seemed to him very beautiful, as it certainly was. But, bless us, he is like everybody else almost. I have no doubt he expects to live for a hundred years. I saw him at the theater the other night with his wife. They had dined comfortably, and they were in the fullest enjoyment of life, and I fancy that it will be many years before either of them comes to the end of life, but I venture to say that if he dies first his wife will faithfully see that he is buried in a mahogany casket such as he admired."—New York Sun.

The Wedding Ring.

The ring was considered a badge of servitude by some and was for that reason given by the father to the bride, like our forefathers, who were accustomed to give the future son-in-law one of the bride's shoes as a sign of authority over her. It was regarded by the bride with the said shoe by the husband in order to assert his prerogative. The ring was used in ancient times as a sign of contract, and from that fact, according to the antiquary Brand, it was nearly abolished by the Puritans of Cromwell on account of its heathenish origin. Butler, in his "Hudibras," refers to it:

Others were for abolishing That tool of matrimony, a ring, With which the unsanctified bridegroom Is married only to a thumb, As wise as ringing off a pig. That used to break up ground and dig. The circle of love without the assents of the sanctified Roundheads, and Cupid's yoke did and does still have sway. An old Latin writer thus describes the ring: "(1) It is circular, because its form imparts that mutual love and hearty affection should always exist between the giver and wearer. (2) Its roundness exemplifies that the loving joys of courtship and matrimony should be forever, their continuity remaining as unbroken as the circle itself."—Chambers' Journal.

The Ruling Passion.

The ruling passion gets away with woman every time. At the theater the other night a lady appeared suddenly at the box office and asked the manager for an admission ticket.

"Don't you wish a seat?" the ticket seller asked. "We have a few good seats in the balcony."

"I haven't time to sit down," said the lady. "My husband is waiting for me outside, and besides I have seen the play already."

The ticket seller didn't know what to say to this.

"I only want to go in for a few minutes," the fair visitor continued. "I saw a lady pass in a few moments ago, and she was so elegantly dressed that I wanted to have a good look at her and see exactly what she had on. That's all."

The manager, to whom this explanation was made, escorted the dress fascinated woman into the auditorium, and she went around to a side aisle and made a thorough observation of what the ultra fashionable dame "had on."

"Oh, it was perfectly lovely!" she exclaimed as she joined her husband at the door.—Boston Globe.

The Editor in an Ironic Mood. The following is taken verbatim from a woman's journal: "After you have bathed put on sufficient underclothing and do not arrange your stays too tight; then select a dress out of which the dust has been shaken and go to your breakfast." Such advice might not be out of place in an asylum for feeble minded people, but it would hardly seem fit advice to give the public in general, for a woman under ordinary circumstances ought to know enough to put on her underclothing and dress and go to the table without being told. In another place it says: "A corset cover is simply a matter of taste. Very many women wear it, and very many do not." This will no doubt be startling news to most people. The current supposition would be that women are born in corset covers and never take them off.—Nokomis Free Press-Gazette.

A Photographic Lack.

It is a curious fact that, while you can buy photographs of any place in Europe in nearly all the bookshops of New York, it is almost impossible to find views of the buildings in that city. I went up and down Broadway and Fifth avenue for miles the other day trying to find pictures of the prominent clubs and the palaces that have been built on Fifth avenue during the last two years, but nobody has them for sale, and nobody knew where I could get them, so I was compelled to hire a photographer and have them taken.—New York Letter in Chicago Record.

Ben Johnson's wife went to the luncheon home if he held too long and brought him home, tongue lashing him all the way.

THE MONGOLIAN BUILD.

As a Rule, Chinamen Are Muscular and Athletic Specimens of Humanity.

One of the surprises encountered by the traveler when he is first among Mongolians is their physical development. Americans are wont to judge their bodily structure by the specimens in the laundry shops of Sam Lee or W. P. Ping, and the loose clothing of the Chinaman conceals his lithe and wiry arms and legs when he has them. Stocky Tibetans in the Himalayas—strong chunks of men, with an abnormal muscular development—had not brushed away my idea that the Chinaman was rather a slim, unmasculine oriental, something like the willow Hindoo, but when I landed in Singapore and first saw numbers of coolies stripped to their work I was thunderstruck at their massive proportions.

The Chinese are commonly said to be a diseased race, a people permeated with blood poisons, but one does not see it in the orange specimen, and one does see it in every street corner men with limbs and torsos like Sandow, men who would be marked down for football players in any American college. Not but that disease is always an accompaniment of so crowded a population, not that its manifestations fail to impress you, but the Chinaman, far from being a taper fingered mortal, is a tough, sturdy fellow, with those and shoulders like an athlete and plenty of ambition and courage—within his racial lines. Nor have I found any exception to the rule.

The Mongol from the borders of India, where, going east, you first strike his homely coarseness, to the confines of Japan, where you say goodbye to his lovely cherry blossoms and his smiling boys, is everywhere, in physique, the same strong, enduring man. The Chinaman is fifty in mind, body and estate, the Japanese is equally clean, but in more physical quality they are very much alike. That the Mongol's nervous structure is less fine than the Aryans is evidenced by the fact that the average Chinaman will endure unblinded the pain of a surgical operation which would seriously compromise the reactionary power of most white men, and this, if anything, adds to his value as a mere human animal.—T. A. Dodge in Forum.

BEEF POWDER.

Nourishing and Appetizing and Can Be Easily Made at Home.

Some of the beef powders in the market smell and taste of the chemist's shop and are not readily taken by an invalid whose palate requires to be coaxed. A happy idea struck the writer several months ago that beef powder might without difficulty be prepared fresh and on a small scale by any ordinary cook. The experiment was made, and the result was satisfactory beyond expectation. Beef powder made at home is appetizing, has a delicate aroma and flavor and can be taken with pleasure by invalids who turn with aversion from ordinary food. If a little pepain be taken at the same time, it is digested even when the ordinary peptonized foods are not retained.

The mode of preparation is simple. Lean beef is cut into small pieces. These are put into boiling fat drippings or butter for a couple of minutes until the surface is browned. They are then removed from the fat and placed on a strainer for a few moments. Afterward they are placed in a mincing machine. The resulting mince is placed in a slow oven and dried. The drying process may take from 5 to 24 hours, or even longer, according to the heat employed. When thoroughly dried, the meat is quite crisp and can be ground in a coffee mill that has not been used for any other purpose.

In the drying process the meat loses a trifle more than four-fifths of its weight. This beef powder can be taken in various ways—with hot water or soup, with mashed potatoes, with bread and butter in a sandwich or with a little pepain in a starch wafer. The writer has given this homemade beef powder with such excellent effect in several cases where there was much difficulty with food that he thinks others may find it useful.—Dr. W. R. Huggard in British Medical Journal.

The Runaway Star.

The greatest velocity that has been recognized among the stars is found in the motion of a star known as 1890 Groombridge, or the "runaway star," as it is sometimes called, which is believed to be rushing through space at the rate of 200 miles per second. This star appears to be moving in a perfectly straight line through the sky, and it may be visiting our star system for the first time, but whence it came or whether it is going no one can tell, and it is a great enigma to astronomers.

Its wonderful velocity cannot be explained, as it is far greater than could be produced by the influence of all known orbs in the universe, and, on the other hand, the combined attraction of all the stars cannot stop this wanderer in its solitary flight through space until it has rushed on to the remotest distances, beyond which the largest telescopes have never penetrated.

It has been mathematically demonstrated that a body approaching the center of our system from an infinite distance cannot move with a greater velocity than 25 miles a second if influenced by the attraction of the masses in our universe alone, but here we have been considering a star moving with eight times that velocity, and still, notwithstanding the fact that it has the greatest motion known among the stars, it would require 136,000 years for this remarkable star to complete an entire circuit around the heavens.—All the Year Round.

A Delicate Insultation.

The dudo drummer from the metropolitan city of New York was making his first trip west, and out in Missouri he began to get quite tipsy. He had a fair chance on a train to take the seat next a bright faced Missouri girl, and of course he took it, and it wasn't long before he was doing his best to be entertaining to the young woman. She couldn't help herself very well and took it good naturedly.

"Did you know," he said after some time, "that this is my first trip, and I am fresh from the east?"

"Well, no," she replied, so the people around could hear. "I didn't know it, that is to say, didn't know you were from the east."—Detroit Free Press.

Turned the Tables.

While a Bowdoin college professor was holding a recitation some mischievous student induced a hand organ man to come up to the hall near the professor's door and play "Sweet Marie," the boys all joining in the chorus. The professor came out in the hall, and passed it to every one of the students outside, exhorting them to be generous. Taking the money collected, he gave it to the hand organ man and told him in German to leave the campus, which he did without delay, while it slowly dawned on a dozen crestfallen students that a practical joke had been perpetrated.—Lewiston Journal.

LAKE BURRITS ITS BOUNDS.

A Destructive Flood Rushes Down Medicine Valley, Neb.

McCook, Neb., June 3.—As a result of heavy rain Curtis lake burst its banks at a place where the Burlington railroad tracks cross the embankment of the lake, and a heavy body of water rushed down the Medicine valley toward the Republican river. A row of freight cars on the track were precipitated into the Medicine valley below, and the fine Curtis roller mill was damaged. The loss to stock above and below the dam is large. It rained all day yesterday, and the water has been rising in the lake, and much apprehension is still felt, not only for the mill, but for other property. With the continued rain and the immense volume of water now rushing down the Medicine valley the dam and the Burlington road bridge at Cambridge are sure to go out.

The fine alfalfa meadows just below the city of Curtis are ruined, and homes all along the valley are destroyed. News from above and below is coming in, and only one story is told, of dire destruction and loss of property and live stock swept away.

The Medicine valley is densely populated, and fears are entertained that the loss of life will be heavy. The wall of water is five feet high and several hundred yards wide. A work train which left to clear up the Burlington road east of here is reported to have run into a washout between Oxford and Edison. It is rumored that several men are injured. A wrecking train has been made up and sent to their assistance.

EMILY FAITHFUL DEAD.

She Was Active In Woman's Cause Long Before the "New Woman."

LEXINGTON, June 3.—The Times announces the death of Emily Faithfull.

Miss Emily Faithfull was born in 1836. She was presented at the English court in her twenty-first year. Becoming interested in the condition of women, she collected a band of female compositors, and in 1860 founded a typographical establishment in which women as compositors were employed and for which she obtained the approval of Queen Victoria, who appointed Miss Faithfull printer and publisher in ordinary to her majesty. In May, 1868, Miss Faithfull started a monthly publication called The Victoria Magazine, in which for 18 years the claims of women to remunerative employment were earnestly set forth. In 1868 she published a novel entitled "Change Upon Change." She achieved a marked success as a lecturer.

In 1873-4 Miss Faithfull visited the United States. After a third tour in America in 1889-3 she published a book entitled "Three Visits to America," containing vivid descriptions of various female industries and life as she found it among the Mormons in Salt Lake City, Colorado, California, etc. She was also a frequent contributor to the leading English newspapers and magazines.

In commemoration of 30 years dedicated to the interests of her sex, Miss Faithfull received a civil service pension.

Poor George Gould Gets Time.

TRENTON, June 3.—Justice Lippincott of the supreme court has granted an order extending to July 1 the time for George J. Gould's pleading to the bill brought against him for \$40,000 by Rosella (Nicolaus) Ruhman, who claims that Gould wrongfully obtained from her and withheld a certificate of that value. The postponement was made on strength of affidavits setting forth Mr. Gould's absence from the country.

Commercial Travelers Meet.

SAN ANTONIO, Tex., June 3.—The Travelers' Protective association of America, which was organized at Denver in June, 1896, is holding its sixth annual convention to celebrate the close of the fifth year of its existence. It has had a remarkably rapid growth in the last two years, with a membership of 9,945 June 1, 1898, reaching 7,052 June 1, 1894, and closing with 10,000 June 1, 1895.

An Incredible Crime.

SOUTH BEND, Ind., June 3.—A man named Serby and his wife live three miles north of Bristol, over the Michigan line. With them lived his sister's orphan daughter, aged 7. This child was outraged by the brute Serby and then beaten into insensibility and by husband and wife thrown into a deep ditch to die. The child recovered consciousness and was rescued.

Is Marti Alive?

TAMPA, Fla., June 3.—The steamer arriving from Cuba brought no news. Colonel Fernando Figueroa has received a telegram from Benjamin Goerra, treasurer of the revolutionary party in New York, stating: "Marti lives. Cuba will be free." Figueroa made it public, and in a few minutes several hundred Cubans were rejoicing.

An Octogenarian Found Dead.

MIDDLETOWN, N. Y., June 3.—News reaches here that the decomposed remains of 80-year-old John Stevenson of Washington were found under a pile of bushes on Moffatt Hill by a searching party, which has been hunting for Stevenson for a week. It is believed that the old man crawled where he was found and awaited death.

Postmasters Appointed.

WASHINGTON, June 3.—The fourth class postmasters appointed today were: Massachusetts—West Sterling, C. F. Flint.

New York—West Fort Ann, L. G. Winger.

Pennsylvania—Brookport, E. E. Waite; Saxbury, H. C. Lonsper.

The Washington Invalids.

WASHINGTON, June 3.—Miss Mary A. Dodge's condition remains about the same. She has not gained any strength since her recent relapse. General Pleasanton is much better than he has been for some time. Representative Hitt is fairly well. The warm weather does not seem to affect him generally.

Hendershott and Welter Must Die.

ST. THOMAS, Ont., June 3.—The government has refused a new trial for Hendershott and Welter, sentenced to be hanged June 18 for the murder of young Hendershott. An application for commutation of the sentence to life imprisonment will be made, but is not likely to be granted.

Professor Leyden Summoned.

BERLIN, June 3.—The dowerer emissary of Russia has summoned Professor Leyden, the eminent specialist in pulmonary complaints, to examine his son, Grand Duke George, the czarowitz.

In France, if a structural defect in a bicycle causes an injury to the person using it, the manufacturer is legally accountable for damages.

THEY WERE JUST TOO MEAN.

This Was the Trouble About Jim and Myra and the Gloomy Girl in Red.

"The world is hollow," remarked the girl in red.

"It is," gloomily assented the girl whose new gown does not fit, "but I don't see how you ever found it out."

"By accident," declared it happened the day after the cards were sent out. I had a note from Dan saying that he must see me once more before I was Jim's wife. Of course I didn't really care for Dan, but it is soothing to one's vanity to know that the best man is dying of envy of the bridegroom, who has no idea of it."

"So you said you would see him?"

"I did. I felt that it would do Jim no harm if Dan did tell me once more that life was a blank without me, and it was really my last chance too. Still I didn't dare to let him come to the house."

"But where else could you see him?"

"At Myra's. She is to be maid of honor, you know, and Jim used to be quite devoted to her, so I knew she'd never dare to tell on me lest people would think her jealous."

"When I went there, I shall know where to come for it."

"Very well, do. Well, I didn't send her word that I was coming, for I didn't want anything down on paper. As luck would have it, just as I was starting Jim sent up a box of roses and a melancholy note saying that a business engagement he couldn't shirk would prevent him from coming up that evening."

"You were in luck. I just threw myself on Myra's mercy. She wasn't a bit pleased, as I could see, but she submitted with the best grace she could. She said she would keep everybody out of the library so we could have a long, quiet evening, and not to worry about her, as she would probably have company."

"That was nice of her."

"Oh, very nice. Dan came early, and we had a perfectly lovely time. He begged me to slope the day before the wedding, recited two poems about his despair and hinted at suicide. Oh, it was splendid! I cried myself almost to a jelly. At about half past 10 I really couldn't stand it any longer, so I told Dan that we must go in and speak to Myra, for the front parlor was so quiet that her caller had evidently failed to come. So, after another eternal farewell, we went in."

"Well?"

"It wasn't well—it was ill! Myra's caller was there. He was Jim. He was holding her hand and bidding her goodbye forever! Oh, was ever a poor girl so cruelly deceived as I?"—Chicago Tribune.

AN UNPLEASANT SOUND.

Short Story of the Civil War Told by an Old Soldier.

"I was certainly more or less scared a number of times when I was in the army," said an old soldier—"in fact, I think soldiering in time of war is a more or less harassing occupation anyway, but I never was any more scared than I was once for a minute by something that had nothing to do with fighting whatever. This happened once when I was on picket in Virginia. The post was in a piece of woods. It was bad enough in the daytime, but at night, when you couldn't see anything at all, it was worse. It seemed as though it got darker and darker and stiller and stiller, and it seemed as though it would never end."

"Suddenly it was busted wide open by the awfulest sound I ever heard. Scared! Well!

"If you've ever felt the feeling that a man has before he actually gets under fire, when he's lying back somewhere in reserve and pretty safe, but hearing the crackle up ahead, and seeing the wounded brought back, and thinking that pretty soon he's got to go in himself, why, you know what it is to have one of the most unpleasant feelings a man ever had, but there you know what's coming. This came with a shock. I think it was the worst scare I ever had. It came right out of the air square overhead and close, too, where I hadn't been looking for anything, the frightful, most unearthly sound I ever heard, and all I could do was to stand there in the black dark and wait. A minute later it came again. What a tremendous relief! A screech owl I'd never heard one before, but I know now what it was."—New York Sun.

Some Notable Buttons.

Button collecting would seem to be a childish taste, but there is one collection of this sort which justifies its existence. Many years ago a lady in Portland began the collection of buttons on a wager. At the end of the year the bet was won by her attaining a string of 999, no two of which were duplicates. From this beginning she continued the collection of such as had historical value. At the present time her button museum contains no less than 29,000 specimens. Among them is a large button worn by a soldier in the Revolutionary war and a number that saw service in the war of 1812, in the Crimean war and in various sanguinary engagements not only on this continent but in Europe and Asia. One is notable as having been worn by one of Napoleon's guard on the retreat from Moscow, and several figured among the three branches of the Confederate service. Here are seen half-buttons of the palmetto of South Carolina and the motto "Sic Semper Tyrannis" of Virginia.—Lewiston Journal.

Wounded 48 Times in One Battle.

One of the most remarkable characters in the United States is an old soldier known to the G. A. R. men of the east as Comrade Chase. Chase served in a Maine battery during the war and carries other scars of nearly 100 wounds, 48 of which were received in the single battle of Gettysburg. During the "period of conflict" he is said to have received more wounds than any other man who fought on either side and lived to tell of his marvelous escapes and exhibit his numerous scars in proof of his wonderful story.—St. Louis Republic.

Chocolate Soup. Chocolate soup is prepared by putting into a saucepan about a quarter of a pound of grated chocolate with 3 pints of milk. These quantities can, of course, be proportionately altered to suit the occasion. The milk must be boiling. Put in a lump of sugar and let the whole boil for an hour. Before serving stir the yolks of four eggs, previously beaten up in a little milk. Pour this over fried dice of rolls and serve very hot.—Kansas City Times.

THE HARRINGTON MURDER.

Ex-Senator Buck's Physicians Declare That He Cannot Live.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 3.—Ex-Senator Buck's physicians say his death is only a matter of a few hours. He was taken into custody yesterday on suspicion, it is said, of having killed Miss Nellie Harrington, who was found murdered in her home on Ellis street Saturday. Buck was driving to jail with an officer after his arrest yesterday, when the horse ran away, and he was thrown out, fracturing his skull.

While the police will not say definitely that they suspect Senator Buck of the murder, their actions lead to the belief that they think he knows something about it. Buck was a constant caller on Miss Harrington and is known to have taken her driving and to several resorts. The police say the murder was committed by some one intimately acquainted with Miss Harrington and her habits. Whoever committed the murder let himself in at the front door with a key. If Miss Harrington was with the man, it was undoubtedly some one with whom she was on intimate terms. She was only partly dressed when the murder was committed. The police searched through the papers found in the room in the hope of finding some clue. When asked what the result of the search had been, Captain Less said he had found certain evidence which he could not make public at this time.

Owing to Buck's prominence and the tragic nature of the case, many people had an opportunity to clear himself of suspicion which has grown up against him, or explain his connection with Miss Harrington, the murder has created a sensation only exceeded by the Emanuel church murders.

Working on the Defender.

BRISTOL, R. I., June 3.—The work up on the cup defender has not been pushed during the past week with the same activity as heretofore. On the interior of the boat the workmen are busy putting on the bilge braces, which are of steel and very close together near the chain plates, where they are most needed. During the past week the waterways, which are of aluminum and run along the top of the boat at its sides, have been put in.

A Larger State Committee.

NEW YORK, June 3.—Executive Chairman Hackett of the Republican state committee is at the Fifth avenue as a sort of central point between business and the masses. He says that sentiment regarding the proposed changes in the organization of the state committee has not crystallized, although it is admitted that a larger committee is needed.

A Spanish Desertion In Cuba.

KEY WEST, June 3.—A dispatch received here from Havana says that a lieutenant of the civil guard, who was acting chief of police at Puerto Principe, has deserted. He succeeded in getting on board a pilotboat, from which he was transported to a steamer bound for Liverpool.

Both Girls Drowned.

LAWRENCE, Mass., June 3.—Nellie Reardon and Alice Rowan, each about 18 years old, were drowned while rowing on the Merrimac river in company with John Guilford. One of the young women attempted to change her seat and the boat was overturned.

Spain and Her Revolution.

MADRID, June 3.—The cabinet at a meeting today discussed the situation of affairs in Cuba and decided to await the decision of the captain general, Marshal Martinez de Campos, before sending any further reinforcements.

Cooler In Wisconsin.

MILWAUKEE, June 3.—A sudden fall of temperature was experienced in this city, the thermometer dropping 20 degrees in a few hours. The heat was intense during the day, 90 degrees being registered at 5 o'clock.

Wages Raised Ten Per Cent.

HIDEPORT, Me., June 3.—An increase of 10 per cent in the wages of the operatives of the Peppercell and Laconia mills went into effect today.

The Weather.

Fair, followed by cloudy weather, and probably local showers; slightly cooler; westerly winds.

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

Closing Quotations of the New York Stock Exchange.

NEW YORK, June 3.—Money on call easy at 1 1/2 per cent. Prime mercantile paper 2 1/2 per cent. Sterling exchange strong and higher, with actual business in bankers' bills at \$4.89 1/2, \$4.89 for demand and at \$4.75 1/2 for 60 days. Posted rates, \$4.88 1/2 to \$4.89 1/2. Commercial bills, \$4.90 1/2 to \$4.91 1/2. Mexican dollars, 60. Government bonds firm. Closing prices: Railroad bonds eastern and south.

Atchafalpa 99 1/2, New England 100 3/4, Bar & Quincy 92, N. J. Central 101 1/2, C. C. & St. L. 44 1/2, North American 93, Chesapeake & O. 23 1/2, Northern Pacific 35, Chicago Gas 74, Do. pref. 115, 126, Collieries 96 1/2, N. Y. Central 101 1/2, Cotton Oils 28 1/2, Omaha 82 1/2, Del. & Hudson 120, Ontario & West. 116 1/2, Distillers' Trust 21, Pacific Mail 100 1/2, Erie 109 1/2, Reading 100 1/2, Gen. Electric 39 1/2, Rock Island 91 1/2, Hoeking Valley 23 1/2, Silver Bullion 175 1/2, Lackawanna 102, St. Paul 107 1/2, Lake Shore 146 1/2, Sugar Refining 117 1/2, Lead 100 1/2, Texas Pacific 100 1/2, Louisville & Nash 109 1/2, Union Pacific 101 1/2, Missouri Pacific 28 1/2, Wash. pref. 30 1/2, Northwestern 99 1/2, Western Union 92 1/2.

General Markets.

NEW YORK, June 3.—FLOUR—State and western quiet and weaker to sell; city mills patents, \$4.80 to \$4.85; winter patents, \$4.94 to \$4.95 1/2; city mills clear, \$4.10 to \$4.15; winter straight, \$3.70 to \$3.75.

WHEAT—No. 2 red opened quiet and declined all the morning under liquidation and predictions of rain; July, 60 1/2 to 61 1/2; September, 60 1/2 to 61 1/2.

CORN—No. 2 ruled weaker on rumors of rain and sympathy with wheat; July, 60 1/2 to 61 1/2; September, 59 1/2 to 60 1/2.

Wool—No. 2 quiet but fairly steady; July, 24 1/2 to 25 1/2; September, 24 1/2 to 25 1/2.

PORE—Dull; white state, \$13.50 to \$14.00; family, \$12.50 to \$13.00.

LARD—Quiet; prime western steam, 60.50, nominal.

BUTTER—Firm; state dairy, 11 1/2 to 12 1/2; state creamery, 13 1/2 to 14 1/2.

CHEESE—Quiet; large, 62 1/2; small, 64 1/2.

EGGS—Firm; state and Pennsylvania, 10 1/2 to 11; western, 10 1/2 to 11.

Wool—Raw domestic, fair; refining, 2 1/2 to 3; centrifugal, 90 to 95; refined wool, crushed, \$1.60 to \$1.65; washed, 1 1/2 to 2.

TULIPINE—Steady at 29 1/2 to 30 and 30 1/2.

MOLASSES—Firm; New Orleans, 82 to 83; Cuba, 84 to 85; Porto Rico, 86 to 87; Wash. pref., 88 to 89.

TALLOW—Steady; city, 6 1/2; country, 6 1/2.

HAY—Quiet; shipping, 60 to 65; good to choice, 60 to 65.

IMPORTANT DECISION.