

# The Elopement of Eileen Oge.

By Ned Newcome.

No other bird on wings could sing like the larks of Ardmore. But one day they heard Eileen Oge O'Ruark singing in the meadow, and they grew so jealous of her voice that ever since then, mind you, they fly so far up into the sky that it is only the angels can hear them.

As for the thrush, sure, he always stopped his song entirely when he heard Eileen, as much as to say: "Faith, I'm no fool to be comparin' me voice side by side wid Eileen Oge."

Ah, she was the sweet-spoken colleen! Whenever she'd go milking of an evening the cows would fight with one another to see which of them she'd milk first, for Eileen was a great favorite with man and beast, on account of her gentle ways and the friendly word she had for everything.

Even Thade Rafferty's awful dog, that swallowed the handcuffs the day the peeler tried to put them on his master at the pattern, would fawn at her feet as she went by, and was his tail that strong with joy at the sight of her that he'd lift his body off the ground, so he would. She could go past Thade's door any time in the day or night, although any one else in the village wouldn't come within a farm of the place, and even then they would walk tiptoe and have their hearts in their mouths for very fear of Thade's dog, who had what you might call a boycott of his own on the biggest half of Ardmore.

This made it mighty unhandy for Bryan Barry, whose blacksmith's shop was next to Thade Rafferty's farm, and more than once Bryan wished that Thade's dog was in a place hotter than the forge and where they say no bellows is needed to keep the blaze going.

Well, it happened in the dusk of a winter's evening that a poor, blind piper with hair as white as the driven snow, and a big green patch on his left eye, was coming down the boroen that led into the village and feeling his way slowly before him with a stick when Thade Rafferty's terrible dog spied him and ran at him with a mouthful of a roar that was enough to frighten a scarecrow out of a cornfield. The piper heard the beast, and stood stock still, not knowing what to do or which way to turn. Of course he could not see what was going on, but somehow he knew the dog's remarks were intended for him, and he took a fresh hold of his stick preparing to give the animal a clip if he could.

The dog came on tearing and raging as if he would eat a dozen pipers, and sure it looked every minute as if he'd make a rag of the poor man, as if luck would have it who'd come along but Eileen Oge. Just as the dog was going to make a jump at the poor blind piper she called out: "Botheration, lie down there!"

Botheration was the name of the dog, and at the sound of Eileen's voice all the devilment seemed to go out of him and he wagged his tail with joy at seeing her, and took no more notice of the piper, who went his way, glad enough that he had a whole skin instead of having a skin full of holes.

"Now, be a good dog, Botheration!" said Eileen, patting the beast on the head, and from a howling monster he grew as meek as a kitten.

It was no wonder that the boys of Ardmore adored Eileen Oge; neither was it any wonder that some of the boys of Drimbawn, just beyond Fochill's Gap, in the mountains, were under the spell of her beauty and gentleness. It was on the day of the great hurling match between the Drimbawn and Ardmore boys that Ulick Darcy first set eyes on Eileen. Ulick was the greatest hurler in the country since the time of the Danes, but when it became known that he had been smitten with Eileen's charms there was an end of the hurling matches between Drimbawn and Ardmore. The Ardmore boys vowed that no Darcy should ever wed Eileen. As for themselves, they were all in love with her, and she could make her choice of a husband among a score of them any day, but it would be sudden death to an outsider from across the mountain who would dare take a hand in the courtship of Eileen Oge.

All this attention annoyed Eileen greatly. If you were a girl, maybe you'd think it nice to have every boy in the village breaking his heart for your sake and ready to break the head of every other boy that would dare to look sweet at you; but Eileen didn't like it at all, and more betoken she had good reason for that same, because the more the boys liked her the more the girls didn't, and it grieved her to think that everybody couldn't be as friendly to her as Thade Rafferty's cross dog.

Well, that's the way things were in Ardmore the night the blind piper came to put frivolity into the feet of the people with his deluder ing music. The dance was in Bryan Barry's barn, and all the young people in Ardmore were there, some with shoes and some without. Every boy present, from sixteen to sixty, wanted to dance with Eileen, while all the other girls were hateful of vexation for partners.

It was as good as a hurling match, when the piper was setting sail to his pipes for a bagful of jigs and reels, to see the boys trying who'd be first to propose a dance with Eileen. They didn't want to let on that they were a bit eager, but bashful and all as

they were, everybody knew what was in everybody else's mind.

When Mickey Manus, thinking he was first, and feeling as proud as a new hat, said: "I dance with you, miss, if you please," he thought he had everybody else cut out; but you wouldn't give a farthing for the looks of him as Eileen, with her sweetest smile, replied: "I'm sorry, Mickey; but I'm already bespoken for this reel wid Tim Rogan."

It was then that Mickey whispered eagerly: "I wish you were twins, Eileen! But since you're not, how'd the next dance for me, won't you?"

The piper had a quick ear, even if he couldn't see. He heard what happened because Mickey was standing close beside him, and he says, so that no one else could hear, "Mickey, why don't you get another partner? Shure, there's more than one girl in the room."

"Ah, it's lucky for you that you're not bothered wid eyesight, piper," answered Mickey, "for if you could see you'd know well enough that while there's plenty of faymales in the room there's only one girl, after all, an' that's Eileen Oge."

"Misfortune is a consolation sometimes," says the piper, and then he played the merriest tune that ever made people tinkle the floor with fluttering feet, and the dance was on.

Under the enchanting spell of the piper's music Ardmore and all its cares were soon forgotten, and in imagination the barn became a palace with lords and ladies bright in it, instead of the boys and colleens of the village. Then, between the dances, the piper played "The Snow-Breasted Pearl," and to the surprise of everybody lifted his voice in melting accents to the words of the dear old song:

"There's a colleen fair as May,  
For a year and for a day  
I have tried in every way  
Her heart to gain;  
There's no trick of tongue or eye  
Fond youths with maiden try,  
But I've tried with ceaseless sigh  
And tried in vain."

After the piper's song the dance was renewed till you couldn't tell which was north or south by the stars in the sky. Then the delighted dancers, who were good and tired, took a rest, and the piper felt his way out into the cool air to limber his legs and his fingers for the rest of the program.

Eileen Oge was sitting beside Tim Rogan with a party of boys and girls praising the piper's fine singing, when a small boy came into the room and says: "I don't want to frighten you, Eileen, but your mother was taken sick of a suddint, an' there's a man on horse at the dure waitin' for you to go wid him to the priest."

Eileen rose up at once with a look of sorrow in her eyes, and pulling her shawl about her head, started to go. All the boys in the room wanted to keep her company; but the case was urgent, and, thanking them, while the tears stood in the beautiful eyes of her, she went and was helped to a seat behind the horseman, everybody thinking it must be some neighbor anxious to do a kindly service.

"Take a good howl," says the horseman in a whisper, and then they galloped away.

Eileen said nothing. You would think her heart was filled with grief for her mother, and that she only thought of being able to reach her in time, so that the faster the horse went the better she liked it.

When it was time for the next dance to begin the boys had taken their partners and were ready, there was no sign of the piper.

"Where is the piper, at all?" asked Tim Rogan.

"Maybe the poor man got lost in the dark outside," says Mickey Manus. "It's as much as a man with the use of his eyes can do to get around of a dark night like this, let alone a blind man. Let some o' ye look for him. There's his pipes by the chair he sat in. Sure, he can't be far off."

Search was made for the strange piper high and low, but neither hide nor hair of him could be found, and the dancers wondered until nearly dawn what in the world could come over him. Some said that maybe the "good people" carried him off, but Tim Rogan declared that it could not be, because the fairies never bothered their heads with old men, and would not have anything to do with the blind.

The mystery was deepened the next day when the neighbors called to see Eileen's mother, and found that she was not sick at all, and learned, moreover, that Eileen herself had not returned home since she went to the dance the night before.

Then you may be sure the village was disturbed in its mind; and there was many a sore heart among the boys who loved Eileen Oge.

The wise ones said she was surely gone with the "good people," who were ever on the lookout for the young, the beautiful, and the good, and whose own country was called Tir-na-nogue; because nobody ever grew old there.

Well, one evening soon after dark, when the village was wondering and sorrowing about Eileen, and bewailing the great beauty and sweetness that had caused the good people to take her away, a man and woman came riding down the boroen. They

were on a fine black horse, the woman seated behind the man, as was the custom in those days. Nobody took much notice of the couple, for nobody could tell who it was in the dark, until they were going past Thade Rafferty's house. Then Thade's dog let a roar out of him that startled the neighbors and made a jump at the horse as though he would eat him. At that the woman says: "Lie down, tere Botheration!" and, if you'll believe me, the dog threw himself on the ground and wagged himself all over with joy at sight of Eileen Oge, for it was she that said it.

All the neighbors knew at once by the actions of Thade's dog that it was Eileen he saw and that it was her voice he heard, for nobody else could command him. Soon there was a swarm of people out, for the way the wireless news of Ardmore went around was a wonder.

The couple on horseback stopped in front of the house where Eileen's people lived. They were astonished to see a crowd following after them, with all the people talking like mad, and Thade Rafferty's dog encouraging the noise with an occasional howl.

No sooner were Eileen and her companion indoors than the crowd came thundering.

"We'll have his life, so we will, whoever he is!" shouted Tim Rogan at the door.

"Let me get at him first!" bawled Mickey Manus, boiling with anger.

All this while Eileen was inside sobbing softly in her mother's arms, and making explanations, with her mother saying: "Don't cry, alanna!"

"Break down the dure, let ye!" roared Thade Rafferty in a gruff voice. That was followed by the barking of his awful dog.

In the middle of this wild clamor Eileen Oge appeared at the door, all of a sudden, and you could hear a pin falling. Even Thade's dog, although bursting with noise, grew still and fawned before her.

"It's Eileen herself!" the people cried.

"Yes, it's me," she said. "I am here, but my friends don't seem to be."

"They are! they are!" the crowd shouted.

"Then what's the cause of the trouble?" she asked.

"We want the life of the man inside the house there; the bodagh that stole you from us," they answered angrily.

"Ah! An' shure ye wouldn't hurt me poor husband on me," says Eileen, with a look in her face that went to the heart of the crowd.

"Yer husband, is it?" all exclaimed in astonishment, and with suddenly changed tone, for you see the name of husband or wife was sacred with them in Ardmore.

"Yes, me husband, Ulick Darcy of Drimbawn."

A big silence fell on the crowd at that, and in a minute Tim Rogan called out suddenly: "Well, he stole you from us, anyhow."

"Wid me own consent," replied Eileen sweetly, "an' that was no steallin'."

"Tis he who was the blind piper the night of the dance. Shure, didn't ye miss him at all?" she asked.

"An' was Ulick Darcy the blind piper?" asked Mickey Manus, in amazement.

"He was that," said Ulick himself, sticking his head through the door over Eileen's shoulder, seeing that the storm was quieting down. Then, taking more courage, he says: "Boys, there isn't a mother's son of ye that wouldn't do as I did. I knew ye'd never let me have Eileen by daylight, and so I took her by subterfuge, as Schoolmaster Grady would say. We rode from the dance through Fochill's Gap in the mountains, an' at peep o' day me friend Father Noon made us one, wid both our consent, an' now we ax your blessing instead of the cross words an' looks ye do be givin' us."

"That bein' the case, then, good luck to ye both, is what I say," said Tim Rogan, rushing up impulsively and grasping Ulick's hand in a hearty grip. His example was followed by every man present, and all united in saying that Ulick was a fine boy, "even if he came from the back of the mountain, beyant," and that he and Eileen were "as likely a couple as you'd find in a day's walk," for that was before the flying machines were invented.

When the wonderment and the words were over Ulick Darcy said: "Boys, what did ye do wid me bagpipes? If ye'll find them for me I'll play for ye once more tonight, an' we'll have the finest dance this side o' Dublin."

Well, the pipes were found and Ulick soon made them sing.

"Tare an' agen, thin, who'd think it was the old blind piper that was in it," said Tim, as Ulick, without his white wig or the green patch on his left eye, made the rafters ring with rollicking music, putting friendship in the hearts of the people and jigs in their heels. His laughing wife, Eileen Oge, joyous and happy, danced the first measure with Mickey Manus, who, at their former merrymaking, had asked her to "how'd the next dance for him, because she wasn't twins."

"An' to think," said Mickey, as he led his partner back to a seat near her smiling husband, "to think I tow'd the piper he was a lucky man for not to be bothered wid eyesight, for fear he'd fall in love wid Eileen Oge!"

—New York Times.

A Dream.  
"I found I have saved a thousand dollars without pinching myself."  
"Without pinching yourself?"  
"Without pinching myself."  
"Then how did you know you were awake?"—Puck.

# Why Women Are More Faithful Than Men

By Winifred Black



It is no trouble for even a weak woman to be true to the man she loves—while she loves him—but she will forget his name and the very way he parted his hair while he is still having sentimental thrills every time he sees the particular kind of posey she used to wear—and he used to pay for.

Not one woman in a thousand is capable of the deepest love. Neither is one man in a thousand. The average man or woman isn't capable of any particular deep feeling of any sort.

The average woman marries the average man because he lives near her and happened to be the man the other girls were all talking about as a good match. The average man marries the average woman because he happened to go home with her in the moonlight just at the time when his primitive emotional nature was wide awake.

Women love their husbands because they are faithful to them. If a man were shut up on an island with his wife he would love her twice as desperately. Why? Because she would represent to him all that was possible in the way of love and in loving love he would have to love her.

Women are shut up in the island of convention. As long as they are in love with love they have to be in love with their husbands.

The Mohammedan understands this little trick of nature and he sees to it that his wife's mind, he represents all that is masculine in the world. All this talk of faith and unfaith is mere sound and fury. A deep nature is faithful, be it man's or woman's. A light nature is faithless, be it masculine or feminine.

You can't measure the ocean in a pint cup, and you must not judge big, generous, deep-hearted human nature by the peccadillo of some pretty little person, who couldn't be true to a friend for a week, let alone a sweetheart for life.

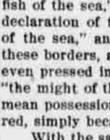
I know a man who loves his wife devotedly, yet he never sees a pretty woman without wanting to flirt with her. This man's wife is a sensible woman. She has looked the matter squarely in the face and made up her mind that she is happier in misery with him than in peace without him, and she says: "Joe doesn't mean a thing by all this. I can always tell when he's tired of the latest flame. He's always so desperately in love with me."

She's a bright little woman with a laughing mouth and the saddest eyes I ever saw. But for all the sad eyes, I think she is right in her philosophy. Her husband is worth suffering for. He is a great man in most ways, a very good man and he would cut off his right arm at the shoulder to save her a minute's pain—but he can't stop flirting.

Most men of that sort are not worth the bother. This one is. It is all a matter of personality, after all.—The American.

# The British Want the Whole Earth—And the Sea

By Andrew D. White



IN his argument Selden began, as was then usual, with the Bible. In order to refute Grotius's idea that the ocean cannot be made the property of any one nation he cites the twenty-eighth verse of the first chapter of Genesis, which declares that God said to Adam, "Have dominion over the fish of the sea." "Now," continued Selden, "the fish are the living revenue,—the use of the sea. If these be given, the property itself may be considered as given. Again God said to Noah and his descendants, 'Your fear shall be upon the fish of the sea.' (Genesis ix. 2.)" Selden then went on to lay stress upon the declaration of the Almighty to the Israelites, "Thy borders are in the midst of the seas," and he argued that of course dominion was given them within these borders, and therefore that this dominion extended over the ocean. He even pressed into his service the poetry of Isaiah who, as he says, called Tyre "the might of the seas," and Selden argues that "might" in this case can only mean possession. He declares that the Red Sea is called Edom, which means red, simply because it belonged to the descendants of Esau.

With the same pedantic fullness Selden ransacked the Talmud, the myriad writers of classical antiquity, the records of mythology, theology, and philology. Neptune, god of the seas, he insists is only a king who really existed and had the right to rule the sea; stress is laid upon Xerxes as binding the Hellespont, and following these examples are a multitude from modern history equally cogent.

Having thus gone through history, sacred and profane, to show that divine and human authority are on the side of British sovereignty over the seas, he turns to logic, and produces a series of arguments still more extraordinary. He argues that if nations can own land they can own water; that if they can own a little water they can own much; that it is as conformable to reason for a nation to control an ocean as a river.—The Atlantic.

# The Secret of Japanese Success in Farming

By Ada L. Murcott

ABOUT one-half of the entire population of Japan is engaged in cultivating the soil, and all this work is done by hand. The implements used are of the most primitive kind. The plows are made of rough wood, to which an iron point is attached, and are said to be the fac-simile of those used in the days of Pharaoh. They are frequently drawn by a bullock and both implement and beast are guided by a man or woman who walks patiently all day long through the slush and mire of the rice fields.

In cultivating, a hoe is used, the blade of which is set at an angle of nearly forty-five degrees, and is almost as long as the rough wooden handle. Japan produces crops of fine wheat, especially in the southern part of the country, and the method of heading it is the most primitive of all. An implement very much like a curry comb in appearance is used for this purpose. It is made sometimes of iron and sometimes of wood, and as it is drawn upward through the straw the heads are snapped off. Compare this with the American machine which cuts a swath twelve feet wide, removes the heads and elevates the wheat into a wagon of special construction.

Yet with these primitive tools it is astonishing to find the magnificent harvest that the Japanese farmer reaps. The rice crop occupies one-half of the land under cultivation, and it is said that the Japanese farmer produces better rice and a greater quantity per acre than any farmer in the world. As it is the staple article of diet there is a tremendous home consumption, and the foreign trade is rapidly increasing.

Such an influence has the rice crop on the commerce of Japan that sometimes business operations are almost suspended when it is feared it may fall owing to unpropitious weather. The failure would be a national calamity, for it would mean financial disaster to a great many persons and some of the largest commercial enterprises would be compelled to close their doors.

The secret of the success of the Japanese farming is certainly not attributable to the implements employed, but there are two other great factors in the cultivation of the soil, and they are fertilization and irrigation, and in these the farmer of Japan is certainly an adept.

Only one-twelfth of the area of the empire can be used for agricultural purposes, and by centuries of systematic irrigation and fertilization it has been brought to the highest state of cultivation.

The sides of the hills and mountains are terraced, as are also the rice fields. The rain water in many places is conserved on the top of the mountains; the rivers are all utilized, canals are cut, and hence the system of irrigation is made complete.—Pilgrim.

# AN EARLY RISER.

Uncle Eary Waters was a master hand to rise; Birds 'ud still be sleeping when he'd open up his eyes; Had th' stock all 'ed before the slightest streak o' dawn; Long before the sun was up he'd et his meal an' gone; He'd come home for dinner while most folks was snoozin' on.

"Nuthin' gained by sleepin'," Uncle Eary used t' say; 'N hour 'fore the sunrise's with the rest of any day."

So he kep' a risin' leetle sooner right along; Going out to labor with his lantern burnin' strong; Comin' back to dinner 'fore the lark began his song.

Gettin' old and childish, Uncle Eary, by Couldn't stand to stay in bed and let the moments fly; Used to clamor for his clothes 'rush at one or two;

Hustle out and milk the cows; rush the churin' through; Then he'd wait for sunup, an' he'd stew an' an' stew an' stew.

Uncle Eary's gone away to a better clime; He don't wait for sunup now; it stays up all the time; He was only sixty-five—killed himself, they said; Pined away for lack of sleep—crazy in his head; Eary got to gittin' up before he went to bed.

—Council Bluffs Nonpareil.

# JUST FOR FUN

"They say he lives like a lord," "Yes; he lives on his wife's relatives."—Judge.

Mrs. Bibman—When my husband came home last evening I saw that he'd been drinking, and I gave him a good scolding.

She—Did you love me the first time you saw me, Henry? He—I loved you before I saw you at all; I have loved you ever since I saw your father's rating in Bradstreet.

Kate—Did Fred ask you for a kiss? Nancy—No, indeed! He's too bashful for that. Kate—Too bad, wasn't it? Nancy—Oh, no. You see, he kissed me without asking.

Nellie—Harry is such an impulsive creature! He takes one's words right out of one's mouth. Aunt Jane—Oh that was what he was doing as I came through the hall last evening! I thought he was kissing you.

Fond Young Mother (with first born)—Now, which of us do you think he is like? Friend (judicially)—Well, of course, intelligence has not really dawned in his countenance yet, but he's wonderfully like both of you.—Punch.

"I understand," began the large, scrappy-looking ward politician, "dat youse had a piece in your paper callin' me a thief." "You have been misinformed, sir," said the editor, calmly. "This paper publishes only news."—Cleveland Leader.

"They say the reason why the inscription in the Egyptian tombs have been preserved so long is that no air has reached them." "Then I suppose that four thousands years from now the 'ads' in the subway will be as fresh as ever."—Life.

"I must say I enjoy a spice of danger," said the man who affects bravado. "Is that why you gave up your automobile?" asked the sarcastic friend. "No; that's why I go on foot in the streets, where other people run automobiles."—Washington Star.

Short—Hello, Long! Where are you going? Long—I'm on my way over to the postoffice to register a kick against the miserable delivery service.

Short—What's the trouble? Long—Why, that check you promised to mail me ten days ago hasn't reached me yet!—Chicago Daily News.

Irate Employer—See here, you young Rip Van Winkle, I only hired you yesterday, and I believe, on my soul, you've been asleep here ever since! Sleepy Joe—That's what I thought you wished, sir. Here's your advertisement: "Wanted—An office boy, not over sixteen; must sleep on the premises."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Judge—You are charged with marrying Miss Greene when you were already married to Miss Black. Have you anything to say in extenuation of your conduct? Defendant—Yes, your honor; I hadn't seen Miss Greene when I married Miss Black. Judge—In other words, you entered upon a contract upon insufficient information? Defendant—That's it, your honor. Judge—Next time remember to look around before you commit yourself. The man who takes the first thing that is offered, either in the matrimonial or the dry goods market, may make a fair husband, but he never can be commended for his business qualities.

Russian Ministers' Salaries. The salary attached to the post of minister of the interior in Russia is the same as that received by all the other Russian ministers—namely 18,000 roubles a year—a rouble being 44 cents—but a further sum of 200,000 roubles is annually put at the disposal of the minister of the interior, of which he is not called on to render any account. This is in addition to the ordinary secret service money, the amount of which is practically unlimited. Another minister who receives an addition to his salary is the minister of finance, who is paid a percentage, sometimes amounting to 50,000 roubles a year, on all unpaid taxes and debts to the Crown which he may succeed in recovering during his term of office. It is noteworthy that even if a minister should hold his portfolio only for a few months his salary is paid to him for life.—Waverley Magazine.

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Wheat—No. 2 yellow, ear.....	90	71
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Mixed corn.....	45	46
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No. 3 white.....	34	35
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Ohio creamery.....	31	32	
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BALTIMORE.

Flour—Winter Patent.....	5 53	5 60
Wheat—No. 2 red.....	1 14	1 22
Corn—Mixed.....	61	66
Butter—Creamery.....	30	32
Eggs—Ohio.....	35	36
Butter—Ohio creamery.....	35	34

PHILADELPHIA.

Flour—Winter Patent.....	5 50	5 75
Wheat—No. 2 red.....	1 14	1 24
Corn—No. 2 mixed.....	50	51
Oats—No. 2 white.....	36	37
Butter—Creamery.....	35	36
Eggs—Pennsylvania firsts.....	35	37

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