WAKEMAN'S WANDERINGS.

Odd Incidents of Foreign Travel and Observation---XII.

There Is a Pathetic Side to Travel—A Ceremony of Leaving Port Bringing the Mists to Landward-Looking Eyes—Brutal Celerity of Spanish Military Vengeance—"Heart Sobs" from Erin—Early Moving Processions to the English Factories.

[Special Correspondence of the RECORD UNION. Copyright, 1893.]

LONDON, March 6, 1893.

There is always a deeply pathetic side to travel, free as one's heart may be from sighs and shadows. Many times as you may have witnessed it there is a little drama always performed as the great ocean steamers leave the port of New York, which brings the mist to your landward-looking eyes.

If you are a "first tripper" it will thrill you deeper still. You have, perhaps, wondered what that bronzed-faced man in citizen's clothing was doing up there among the bespangled officers upon the bridge. He seems the quietest fellow on board. His eyes are singling out the row of channel buoys, or, with a glass, rapidly scanning the lower Jersey shores and the gleaming lines of the Long Island sands; or, again, glancing at this point or that along the sea horizon. His is an anxious face. The lines in it unconsciously picture the human look that tells of something lost, or of great danger that there may be. I have seen men like him stand where he is with that same look, and the perspiration dropping from their faces in streams in the coldest of weather.

This man is not the ship's captain; but while he stands there, now and then giving a low-toned order, he is absolutely the commander of the ship. He is a New York pilot, detailed from the lower Wall-street Pilot Office, to take your ship to sea. In ordinary cases his fee would be based upon the ship's tonnage. With the larger ocean steamships a "lumped" price is made. He must remain aboard until Sandy Hook is passed, and as much further out as the steamer captain desires.

If it be pleasant weather when you are abreast of Sandy Hook you will notice a rowboat, yawl-built, manned by two men, putting out from the lightship anchored between your steamer and the Hook. This lightship is simply a New York harbor pilot-boat, by pilot regulations made to do her "turn" of a "month's stand" in this unsavory, though often exciting, berth. Her crew are pilots' apprentices getting their first lessons and experience at pilots' duties and hardships. The boat being rowed briskly toward your steamer in the channel is called a "pilot's punt," and the two oarsmen are knottily built apprentice lads of 18 or 20 years of age. At the same moment the punt heads for the steamer the latter's engines slow down. The punt and the steamer meet at the point of an exact right angle. Lines are cast, the punt made fast to float alongside the ship's port-side, and the rope-ladder is lowered.

Meantime the pilot has resigned his post on the bridge. The chief officer immediately takes his place. Stepping to the chart-room the pilot certifies in the log-book that the ship has duly cleared the port of New York, the ship's commander certifies to the pilot's fee, which pilotage is paid by the New York agents of the line, and in a moment more the pilot is "dropped" into the waiting punt. By the ship's rail stands the purser, or the mail-steward. A thousand addenda good-bys have been hastily written, sealed and stamped, and hundreds of telegrams indited between the docks and the Hook. These, the last slender thread between land and home and the unalterable finality of your voyage, are let down by line to the pilot, who takes them, as with unconsciousness tenderness, in his arms.

In another instant the ship's engines are again thundering. The pilot's punt shoots straight for the lightship. The officer on the bridge nods to the boatswain, whose shrill whistle "strikes the flags." The quartermasters bring down the ship's three flags—the "Blue Peter," or sailing-day flag, from the foremast, and the ensign from the gaff, as a dead-shot hunter will bring some gay bird of passage from its flight quiveringly to his feet. A farewell cheer rings out over the port-side after the departing pilot. Your voyage is now irrevocably begun.

"El desertar!" "El desertar!" were the low-toned ejaculations I heard all about me one April morning, in 1886, in the cabin of the ferryboat, "Edouard Fesser," as it left the Regla side for the two-mile trip across Havana Bay to the city. The cabin was well filled, and in a moment there came fussing and fuming through the narrow passage to the forward cabin a Spanish sergeant and a guard having in charge a man of most pitiable appearance. I made room quickly so that two seats were vacant near me, in which the guard and his prisoner sat, the latter next me, while the sergeant, bearing a paper with a dangling seal, strode forward a bit, pompous with the importance of his mission and charge.

These ferries carry the gayest of crowds between Havana and the beautiful suburbs to the east, but the entrance of the party hushed the laughter and pleasant sallies of men and women instantly. All present seemed painfully exerting themselves to ignore the presence of the little group, but every one from time to time stole glances at the deserter, and, well for humanity, not a hard look fell upon him. Some old priests near seemed to be moving their lips as if in prayer for him, and behind many a fan I could see the face of some beautiful senora or senorita in tears.

I knew well enough what it all meant, having once been a soldier. But I did not at once catch the full import of the brutal celerity of Spanish military revenge. Shortly the guard closed a flippant recital to a passenger near him, to the effect that the man had deserted from the forces at Moro Castle some weeks before, after a tremendous flogging for some slight infraction of discipline, and got so far as the Jaruco Mountains, where he baffled pursuit for some time, but finally had been run down by bloodhounds.

"Ah, yes," he airily concluded, "he will really not even need breakfast again. The consejo de guerra (court-martial) is already awaiting his arrival!"

The deserter was but a boy. He had a fair face, too, round, almost boyish, even through the hunted look that had made him an old man in terror and desperate effort during those few weeks in the chaparral. His clothing was in rags, and his bare flesh, scarred and bloody, showed through. His feet were partly bound with rags and bark thongs of the ribbon tree. He was bareheaded, his hair tangled and knotty, and in one place a saber cut was still open and bleeding. But he sat there with his hands clenched and his face like a piece of marble begrimed with mud.

Through the windows of the ferry the spars, rigging and flags of a thousand ships upon the peaceful bay gleamed and glowed as we passed. The sun that lighted the whole earth with such splendor kissed the mountain and made old Moro Castle even beautiful. The deserter looked at Moro as with an awful fascination. Then, as if beyond it and what he knew was waiting for him there, the poor fellow's eyes seemed strained to some point far, far away. Ah, his frantic soul vaulted the hated walls to old Castile, mayhap to his own peasant home, to the mother, the sisters, to a peasant girl's thatched roof home by the vineyards, and brave as he was trying to be, his whole frame writhed, his breast heaved and surged, and, though he clinched his hands tighter and looked old Moro squarely in the face, his blue eyes filled and filled again with tears that scalded their way through the chaparral filth on his face like torrents. A dozen schemes for rescue shot through my brain. The sights and thoughts sickened me. I could scarcely remain in that cabin for the pity this man roused in me.

Having recently suddenly graduated from the editorship of a high grade literary periodical of "Middle America," my sole helpful possessions in Cuba at that moment were a small piece of plug tobacco and a $2 Bank of Havana bill. I quickly had these made in a compact wad. I got my knee against his leg. He started and looked me full in the face. My hand was on the low iron division rail between the seats, and it touched his. God knows a soldier's human sympathy to a soldier in some subtle way swept from my heart to his in that touch. His clinched hand relaxed and turned. The palm was next mine. Our hands clasped, and there was a quick pressure. We were born thousands of miles apart, had never met until that instant, would never again meet unless in eternity, but we knew more of each other in that one moment than many lifetime acquaintances.

Soon the ferryboat had bumped against the Havana wharves.

Through the clatter and clamor and crowds, the deserter was shoved and saber-prodded to the Plaza de la Carlos, hurried into a victoria, alongside which were two mounted guards, and driven rapidly away. I could not work that day, and wandered along the walls of La Punta restless, heartsick, and with the white face of that desperate life ever before me. At 4 o'clock, just across the narrow entrance, were heard some ominous drum beats.

On the little plaza, just over the sea on the hights at Moro, there were movements of small squads of soldiery. We could see all this plainly from La Punta. I feared what it meant, could not bear it and hurried away. Just as I reached the old Boquete walls there was a sound of musketry at Moro. I looked across the channel and saw the smoke from their pieces well nigh enfolding them all. But I saw through and through that cloud one face sealed in eternal rest, when some old fish-wives on the Boquete walls near, crossing themselves as if it were an old habit and for like occasions, lazily muttered: "El desertar!" "El desertar!"

At every little station in Ireland, from Galway or Tralee eastward, from Dublin or Wexford westward, and along the lines converging at or toward Mallow, and thence to Cork, sad-eyed "convoying" parties may be seen waiting for the last embrace, hand pressure or glimpse of the departing emigrant for America; and if you were in Ireland and would ride in the "third-class" carriages as I do, and could see each little compartment packed with from twenty to thirty of these emigrants on their way to Cork and Queenstown, you would, for the first time in your life, realize the woe of those who go, to an extent that you would have more compassion for those who come.

And then, at Halfway, at Blackpool, at Blarney, on scramble the beggar crew who eke a livelihood from the hysterical, tender-hearted and simple folk who are found on every one of these trains departing. Legless pipers pipe most patriotic airs; blind fiddlers set all the breasts heaving and eyes weeping from their tender Irish melodies, while blind minstrels roar, "The Harp and Shamrock of Ould Ireland." Pennies rain into their cups and hats like "drop-ripe" wheat shaken by the wind. Through this lugubrious misery all are straining their tear-dimmed sight for a last look at the warm vales and nestling homes of Ireland's tender south.

Suddenly the din of the heroic minstrel music is almost drowned in the thunder of the train rushing through the long tunnel.. Ireland, beloved Ireland, is for the first time blotted out of sight. The minor chords of the pipes and fiddles are no match for the resistless wailings now. Sobs, moans, groans and pitiful exclamations of endearment swell into such a touching and grewsome *miserere* as your ears never before heard.

In a flash you are in the light again; and here, half-way up the noble hights of the beautiful city of Cork, in a pandemonium and hubbub infernal, the half a thousand tortured souls are shunted out of their vile pens, shunted into other vile pens, and whirled away to Queenstown amid merciless robbers and murderous "runners," to await packing and prodding into the great steamers'-holds, and embarking brutalities which are a cruel blight upon the civilization of our time.

There are two of the sounds of the early English morning which haunt me with persistent piteousness. So long have I heard them and brooded over their sad suggestiveness that in whatever country I happen to be wandering, and however leaden may be my slumber, I am certain to awaken at the hour to hear their grewsome echoes across the land or sea.

These are the clatter, clatter, clatter of the hobnailed shoes of thousands of factory hands on their way to their daily toil, and the hacking, whistling and coughing of hundreds among them. In all English towns and cities, when bidding at any public hostelry, you may hear the first of this at 4 o'clock in the morning. A quick, sharp ringing of the hobnails on the pavement by one, or two, or a group of half a dozen, of these toilers will form the prelude. Then for a few moments all will be still. Again increased clatter by larger squads and more pronounced coughing. Soon the beating of their feet will grow into almost a roar. By 5 o'clock the sound is deafening. An army in defeat, over a stone road, could make no greater din.

If you will listen now you may distinguish all the majors and minors. There is the screeching of the swinging pails; the halting and stumbling of the feeble; the popping sound of myriad pipe-puffings; the sodden salute and sententious rejoinders of acquaintances; the shrill blackguarding of vixens; the liquid tones of maidens and children; the shuffling wheezing of the old; the almost barking coughing of so many telling that the term of the slavish life is set; and in and through all the pitiful hubbub is the sure revelation of the propulsive force of dread and fear linked with the lagging of weakness and want. Out there in the dank dark or the misty gray of the early morning in these sounds a dreadful story is told. If you love America you will brood over these sounds as I have done, and fervently pray that our towns and cities are not to become like these—that the few may be rich and glad and the many slavish and sad.

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

[For the RECORD-UNION.]

GOOD-BY.

"Good-by!" It seems a little word
To mark the parting hour,
Yet, sometimes when this word is heard
Who can divine its power?

It may have power some heart to break,
Then of God's strength implore;
How many of us this parting take
On earth to meet no more.

"Good-by!" the husband says each day,
When from his wife he parts;
The same word do the children say
As off to school they start.

Sometimes this word by us is spoke
When our eyes are dim with tears,
As God's blessing on a friend we invoke
To guide through the coming years.

'Tis sad at best to say good-by
When friends to us are dear;
And what does this little word imply
But that the parting is near.

So when to earth we bid good-by,
With but little time or warning,
We will hope in a home beyond the sky
To bid you all "Good morning!"

KATIE CASEY.

A Curious Birthmark.

Joseph H. Rotherman, a carpenter of Connellsville, Penn., has a crescent-shaped birthmark on the back of his neck which is said to have aroused considerable curiosity among the thinking people of his neighborhood. When the moon is new Rotherman's mark is hardly noticeable, but as Luna rounds off the first quarter it begins to swell and turn red. By the time she is in the condition known as "full moon," Rotherman "has a moon of his own" about two inches in diameter. As the heavenly light begins to wane the mark decreases in size and loses its color until it again becomes a bluish, crescent-shaped mark, hardly distinguishable and scarcely raised above the skin.

Ices were unknown before the seventeenth century.

HORRORS OF HEATHEN LIFE.

A Graphic Account of Atrocities Practiced in China.

Deplorable Condition Revealed When the Veil of Exclusiveness is Lifted—Revolting Crimes Committed and Barbarous Punishment Inflicted in the Name of Justice.

There is said to be in a museum in Dresden, among other gems and treasures, a silver egg, which, when you touch a spring, opens and reveals a golden yolk, says the Tsun Hua (China) correspondent of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*. Within this is hid a chicken, whose wing being pressed, it also flies open, disclosing a splendid golden crown studded with jewels. Another spring being touched, hidden in the center is found a magnificent diamond ring. One in China will find, from day to-day, equally as great surprises, but of far less agreeable nature. The first sight one usually gets is the most favorable. One is astonished at seeing men do the work of beasts of burden; at the filth in the cities, and the abject poverty of the masses of the people. This is only the surface of things. Day by day the secret springs are touched and the true inwardness of paganism, with its unspeakable crimes hidden under the disguise of a system of philosophy, is seen. Under the cloak of Confucianism and in the name of civilization one at last finds China's millions a seething mass, revolting to behold, and is ready to cry out with a distinguished divine, "Not to save China from hell but to get it out. It is in hell now."

A few days ago a criminal was executed at a city a few miles from here. He was marched through the streets to the place of execution. The headsman, dressed in red, marched in front, followed by his attendants, who carried his sword. The friends followed the condemned man, urging him to "shout" on his way to the place of execution, and to "die like a man." He yielded to their entreaties and gave a hideous yell whenever urged, which was repeated by his friends. The execution was public. The hands and feet of the condemned man were bound. He was required to kneel beside a bench and let his body lay across it. Being securely tied to the bench a net was placed over his head and tied. To this net a rope was attached, and four men took hold of the rope, pulled with all their might, stretching the neck nearly twice its natural length, and while the men were pulling the head was severed from the body at one blow by the headsman.

This is only one execution. Such things are common. There is a story that Peng Yu-lin, the great Admiral of the Yangtse, made his boast that he would cut off ten thousand heads. He lost no time in getting to work, and got, in due season, to the nine thousand, nine hundred and seventy-eighth, when it came to his ears that he would die as soon as he had decapitated his ten thousand. He stayed his hand and executed few after that, and died before he reached the goal set before himself.

Every criminal is required to confess his sins. In order to compel criminals to do this several tortures have been invented. One of the most common is to make the criminal lie down upon a table on his back. He is bound, the knees are securely tied down to the table, then a brick is placed under each heel. This bends the limb the wrong way, and is very painful. If this does not make the criminal confess a second brick is put under the heel. The torture is then indescribable, and the criminal either confesses or faints. Another method is to bare the culprit's back and tie a bunch of incense to it just over the spine. The incense looks much like a rope and burns slowly. This is ignited and slowly burns a streak down the back, the flesh being cooked to the bone. These are some of the methods used. As a result every supposed criminal, whether guilty or not, is made to confess guilt.

There are many methods of punishing criminals. Decapitation and torturing by cutting off the various parts of the body until the victim is dead are common. It is said that the history of the late Mongolian rebellion if written would be one of bloody, wanton murder. The Chinese soldiers slew men, women and children without cause or provocation. Their pathway was strewn with dead bodies. The slaughter was so great that the wolves from the mountains far to the north were attracted to the hills and plains devastated by sword and by fire, and fed upon the bodies of the slain men, women and children for months after. The number of wolves attracted to the hills near this place became alarming, and, after they had devoured the slain they attacked the living. Over one hundred persons were killed by wolves near here during last summer.

The Chinese soldiers are a terror of the land, and are regarded by those who know them best as robbers. Speaking of robbers reminds me that the robbers of the land are banded together and form a powerful compact. If a bank in the city wishes to send a large amount of money to Peking, the banker sends a gift to the chief of the banditti infesting the territory through which the money is about to pass, telling him the time the silver will be sent, and requesting that it be not disturbed. When such a request is made, accompanied by a handsome present, it is usually honored. These banditti are not the only robbers. The Government is engaged in the same business. Taxes are very high, and every time one comes in contact with the rulers it costs something.

A woman recently came to the ladies' dispensary in this place for treatment. She had walked nearly two miles on her knees. This is her history: She was a slave, belonging to one of the city officials. Some years ago she saw her master's son commit some vile deed, the son, seeing she had witnessed the deed, took a meat ax and cut her feet off. She was then carried out of the city and thrown into the moat that surrounds the city wall, and left there to die. She was found, taken to a house, cared for, and finally recovered. This is only one instance of the many that could be excited of equally as vile a nature.

Be it said to the credit of the people, however, the official was removed, but the son was not punished.

The uppermost thought in the Chinaman's mind seems to be to cheat some one. It is a very sharp man, indeed, that they cannot beat in a trade.

A few days ago a friend of mine and I climbed to the top of a hill which is about 600 feet high. It was a beautiful day, and from the top of the hill we had a fine view of a valley twenty miles long and ten wide. The level and almost treeless plain spread out before us like a map. The land, though poor from centuries of cultivation, was cared for like a garden. In this plain we counted 108 cities and towns, one of them containing over 30,000 people. Imagine, if you can, a densely populated district like that living almost solely on the products of the soil, and almost all the labor being done by man, living under a cruel and oppressive Government, enslaved by social customs that will not permit husband or wife to see each other previous to their marriage, that requires the woman to bind her feet, thus becoming a cripple all the days of her life, enduring untold tortures, and finally to be a mere slave to her husband, whom he can sell to whom he pleases and when he pleases. Add to this the fact that the houses are poor, the food and clothing scant, and that thousands do not know what it is to be warm from the time the cold days of autumn come until the warm days of springtime, and to this add all the diseases resultant from vice, ignorance and superstition that flesh is heir to. When you have done this you have a glimpse of China. Such a state of affairs would make us Americans madmen. They take everything as coolly as if everything was just as it ought to be. In fact, they think it is.

Visitors sometimes say the converts to Christianity are few and unfaithful, and that their experience with them has been unsatisfactory. It is true, as a rule, that the average Chinese convert has not attained to a very high standard of piety, but when he is compared with what he was the wonder is that he is as good as he is. Even the most skeptical must confess that wherever Christian influences have exerted themselves the people have been benefited far beyond comparison. Surely the only thing that seems to be doing China any good is the Christian mission. LACLEDE BARROW.

WEIGHT OF THE HUMAN BRAIN.

Chinese Take the Lead With an Average of 50 1-2 Ounces.

According to Dr. Bischoff of Bonn, who has made extensive investigation on this subject, the average weight of the male brain is 48 ounces and the female 43 ounces. The maximum is fixed at 64 ounces and the minimum 31. In cases of idiocy it has been found weighing only 20 ounces. Broca places the lowest limit of brain weight compatible with human intelligence at 30 ounces. Bischoff also weighed the brains of ten cultivated and celebrated men, some of which he found to be below the average, while none reached the maximum. The brains of 119 ordinary offenders weighed 11 grammes more than the average. Broca compared 115 skulls taken from a vault closed up not later than the twelfth century with another series of 125 skulls taken from a cemetery belonging to the earlier years of the present century, and found the average capacity to be 1,426 and 1,462 grammes, showing considerable gain during seven centuries of progressive civilization.

As to the actual weight of the brains of eminent men, according to the Pittsburg *Dispatch*, full statistics are not obtainable. Taking individual cases, some twenty-three in number, Culver, the naturalist, heads the list with 64½ ounces, but if size or weight is an indication of greatness, it is difficult to account for the fact that the brain of Leon Gambetta, one of the greatest Frenchmen of the time, weighed a trifle less than 39 ounces. The brain of a mulatto who died at Cincinnati some years ago was found to weigh 61 ounces. The heaviest brain on record, which weighed 67 ounces, according to Dr. Morris, was that of a bricklayer, who "had a good memory and was fond of politics, but could neither read nor write, so that, whatever his potentialities, his actual acquirements were not great." It may occasion surprise to know that the statistics of Chinese brain-weights show them to exceed all other nations in this respect. The average braid-weight of the males reached 50½ ounces and that of the females 45½ ounces. This is an average not attained, so far as yet known, by any other nation, it being fully 6 ounces above that of the average negro and 1½ ounces above the European.

Oscar Wilde's Cynicisms.

Here are some of the remarks put by Oscar Wilde in the mouth of characters in "Lady Windermere's Fan:"

I can resist everything—except temptation.

Men become old, but they never become good.

A woman who moralizes is invariably plain.

Scandal is gossip made tedious by morality.

Nature's gentleman—the worst type of gentleman.

Whenever people agree with me I feel I must be wrong.

Relatives are a nuisance, but they make us very respectable.

I prefer women with a past. They have so much to talk about.

Experience is the name a man usually gives to his mistakes.

Many a woman has a past. This woman has at least a dozen.

Life is far too important a thing ever to talk seriously about it.

All men are monsters. The only thing to do is to feed the brutes well.

My own business always bores me to death. I prefer other people's.

I am the only person in the world I should like to know thoroughly.

Women like to find us irretrievably bad and leave us hopelessly good.

A cynic is a man who knows the price of everything and the value of nothing.

As soon as people are old enough to know better they don't know anything at all.

So many people pretend to be good that it is sweet and modest to pretend to be bad.

Wicked women bother one. Good women bore one. That's the only difference between them.

He thinks like a Tory and talks like a Radical, and that's so important nowadays.

Good people do a great deal of harm in this world. They make badness of such importance.

There are only two tragedies in life—not getting what you want and getting it. The last is the worst.

London is full of women who trust their husbands. One can always recognize them, they look so thoroughly unhappy.

A sentimentalist is a man who gives an absurd value to everything and does not know the market price of any single thing.

There is nothing in the world like the devotion of a married woman. It is a thing that no married man knows anything about.

Mrs. Logan's "Home Magazine" and the "Weekly Union."

Both only $1 75 per year. The *Home Magazine* of Washington, D. C., conducted by Mrs. John A. Logan, is the best and most popular low-priced periodical ever printed. The publishers of the WEEKLY UNION will furnish the magazine to its subscribers for a mere nominal sum above the price of subscription to the weekly.

Anti-Fat.

"Why did you break your engagement with poor Tom Hotchkiss?"

"Hush; don't tell any one, but he was growing so disgustingly fat. When grief has pulled him down a bit I shall take him on again."—Harper's Bazar.

Worth More.

Poet—How does it happen that you pay me $2 more for this poem than for my last?"

Editor—This is two stanzas shorter.—Judge.

PURITY and wholesomeness are the physicians' indorsement of Angostura Bitters, manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons. At all druggists.

BE CAREFUL.

Be careful of your manners, they indicate your breeding.

Be careful of your thoughts, for they form your life.

Be careful of your actions, for they reveal your character.

Be careful of your associates; you are judged by the company you keep.

Be careful of your family and your friends; they are the best gifts the Almighty can give you.

Be careful of your health; it is a blessing that can never be too highly valued; it is simply priceless.

Be careful of the first signs of a cough, cold, or weakness; they are the forerunners of disease.

Be careful in what way you counteract a cough or cold, and remember there is nothing which does it so well as a pure stimulant.

Be careful that you secure the right stimulant, and bear in mind that the best authorities agree that nothing equals a pure whisky.

Be careful that you secure the purest and the best, and remember that doctors and scientists agree that no whisky equals Duffy's Pure Malt.

Be careful that you take this great preparation promptly, and in a systematic manner. Remember that a "stitch in time saves nine," and that your health and happiness may depend upon it.

Be careful that you are not persuaded to take something else which may be called "just as good" by your druggist or grocer. Insist upon having Duffy's Pure Malt, which is the only pure medicinal whisky in the market.

COMMERCIAL.

The Wheat Market Weak at San Francisco.

Receipts of Poultry Light, With Good Demand—Fresh Fruits Dull.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 17th.

The Wheat market assumed a new phase this morning, with a general reluctance apparent to follow the lead of Chicago, which started on the up grade again. One of the peculiar features of the day was the close of business of New York at a decline of ⅜ of a cents, with Chicago closing strong at ⅜ of a cent advance. The situation in the latter market is considered entirely due to sentiment based on weather reports, which may or may not have a correct foundation. The Wheat market here was weak, with sales of 1700 tons—900 tons of May at from $1 27 to $1 27¼ and 800 tons December at from $1 33 to $1 33¼. There was no Barley sold to-day in either session of the morning board. The foreign markets are weak and dull. Spot Wheat is quiet under a light shipping demand. Feed Barley is fairly active.

The receipts of Poultry were lighter this morning and the market cleaned up well. Prices ruled steady. No further arrivals of Eastern stock are expected until next week. Game is in moderate supply and steady.

In Dairy Produce stocks of Butter are accumulating under heavier receipts. Eggs are unchanged at quotations, with liberal receipts of all kinds and a moderate demand. Cheese is active, with a good demand for new stock.

The Fresh Fruit market continues dull, with liberal receipts of Apples and Oranges. Prices are firm for good stock. There is an easier tone in California Lemons and supplies are more plentiful. Mexican Limes were easy under anticipated arrivals for to-day. Tropical Fruits are in fair supply and steady.

The Vegetable market was quiet this morning, with light trading. The Potato market held firm under a good demand. Onions were unchanged.

Produce Market.

FLOUR—Net cash prices for Family Extras, $3 90@4 ₱ bbl; Bakers' Extras, $3 80@4; Superfine, $2 60@3 10.

WHEAT—Quotable at $1 23¾ for No. 1 shipping and $1 25 ₱ ctl for good to choice. Milling descriptions sell at a range of $1 27½@1 32½ ₱ ctl.

BARLEY—We quote: Feed, 80@82½c ₱ ctl for good quality and 83¾c for choice; Brewing, 87½c@$1 ₱ ctl.

OATS—We quote: Milling, $1 45@1 55; fancy feed, $1 40; good to choice feed, $1 30@1 37½; off grades, $1 1b@1 30; black, $1 07½@1 17½; Gray, $1 25@1 30; Red, $1 10@1 15 ₱ ctl.

CORN—Quotable at $1 07½@1 10 for Large Yellow, $1 07½@1 10 for Small Yellow and $1 05@1 07½ ₱ ctl for White.

CRACKED CORN—Quotable at $25 50@26 50 ₱ ton.

OILCAKE MEAL—Quotable at $37 50@40 ₱ ton

CORNMEAL—Millers quote feed at $24 50@25 50 ₱ ton; fine kinds for the table, in large and small packages, 2¼@3½c ₱ lb.

CHOPPED FEED—Quotable at $17@17 50 ₱ ton.

SEEDS—We quote: Mustard, Brown, —@—c; Yellow, —@—c; Canary, imported, $5@5 50; do, California, —; Hemp, 4@4½c ₱ lb; Rape, $2 25@2 50; Timothy, —c ₱ lb; Alfalfa, 9@9½c ₱ lb for California, and 10@10½c for Utah; Flax, $3 ₱ ctl.

MIDDLINGS—Quotable at $19@22 ₱ ton.

HAY—We quote as follows: Wheat and Oat, $8@10 50; Barley, $7@8 50; Oat, $7@9; fair to choice Wheat, $8@12 50; compressed, $7@9; stock, $5 50@7; Alfalfa, $9 50@10 50; Clover, $7@8 ₱ ton.

STRAW—Quotable at 35@15c ₱ bale.

HOPS—Quiet market, with prices nominal at 16@19c ₱ lb. The Commercial News says: "Receipts at New York for the season to date show a shrinkage of about 7,000 bales, while exports for the same period are but 1,000 bales within the amount forwarded for the corresponding time of last year. Against this rather favorable showing must be placed the fact that 50,000 bales of Hops are said to be in growers' hands in the interior of that State, a good portion of which will remain in that position, should the needs of English consumers not become any more pronounced or extended than they have been recently."

MILLSTUFFS—We quote: Rye Flour, 3½c; Rye Meal, 3c; Graham Flour, 3c; Oatmeal, 4½c; Oat Groats, 5c; Cracked Wheat, 3½c; Buckwheat Flour, 5c; Pearl Barley, 4½@4½c ₱ lb.

BRAN—Market firm under good inquiry. Quotable at $13@13 50 per ton.

RYE—Quotable at $1 10@1 13½ ₱ ctl.

BUCKWHEAT—Nominal at $2@2 50 ₱ ctl.

GROUND BARLEY—Quotable at $19@20 ₱ ton.

POTATOES—We quote: New, 3@3½c ₱ lb; Early Rose, $1@1 10; River Reds, 75@85c; River Burbanks, 90c@$1 05; Petaluma and Tomales Burbanks, 90c@$1 15; Humboldt Burbanks, $1@1 20; Oregon Burbanks, $1 10@1 30; Oregon Garnet Chiles, $1 10@1 35; Sweet, 75c@$1 50 ₱ ctl.

ONIONS—Quotable at $1 25@2 ₱ ctl., something fancy perhaps realizing $2 ₱ ctl.

DRIED PEAS—We quote: Green, $1 65@$1 85, Blackeye, nominal; Niles, $1 50@1 65 ₱ ctl.

BEANS—We quote: Bayos, $2 70@2 75; Butter, $2 60@$2 75 for small and $3@3 25 for large; Pink, $2 70@2 75; Red, $2 75@3; Lima, $3 20; Pea, $2 75@2 90; Small White, $2 75@2 85; Large White, $2 70@2 80 ₱ ctl.

VEGETABLES—We quote as follows: String Beans, 15c to 18c ₱ lb; Cucumbers, $2 ₱ dozen; Los Angeles Tomatoes, —@— ₱ box; Green Peppers, 15@20c; Green Peas, 6@8c; Asparagus, 15@20c for No. 1 and 10@12½c ₱ lb for No. 2; Rhubarb, 6@8c ₱ lb; Turnips, 70@75c ₱ ctl; Beets, 75c ₱ sack; Carrots, feed, 40@50c; Parsnips, $1 25 ₱ ctl; Cabbage, 85c@$1; Garlic, ¾@1¼c ₱ lb; Cauliflower, 50@65c ₱ dozen; Dry Peppers, 5@7c ₱ lb; Dry Okra, 15c ₱ lb; Marrowfat Squash, $25 ₱ ton.

FRESH FRUIT—Apples, 50c@$1 for common, $1 25@1 50 for good to choice, and $1 50@2 ₱ box for fancy

CITRUS FRUIT—We quote: Mexican Limes, $5@6 ₱ box; California Limes, $1@1 25 ₱ box; Lemons, Sicily, $5@5 50; California Lemons, $1@2 for common and $2 50@3 for good to choice; Bananas, $1@2 ₱ bunch; Hawaiian Pineapples, $3@6; Mexican Pineapples, $5 50@6 ₱ dozen; Riverside Navels, $2@2 75; Riverside Seedlings, $1@1 50 ₱ box; San Bernardino Navels, $2 50@3 ₱ box; San Bernardino Seedlings, $1@1 75 ₱ box; Oroville Navels, —@— ₱ box; Oroville Seedlings, —@— ₱ box; Los Angeles Navels, $1 50@2; Los Angeles Seedlings, 55c@$1 25; San Gabriel Navels, $2@2 50; San Gabriel Seedlings, $1@1 25 ₱ box.

DRIED FRUIT—We quote: Dates, 4½@5c; Apples, sun-dried, quartered, 4½@5½c; do, sliced, 5½@6c; do, evaporated, in boxes, 9@10c ₱ lb; Pears, bleached, 5@6c for sliced, 3@5c for quartered and 8c for evaporated; Pears, unbleached, 3@4c for sliced and 2½@3c for quartered; Figs, 5@6c for pressed and 3@4c for unpressed; Prunes, 7@8c for small, 9½@9½c for the four sizes and 10c for the fifth size of 50@60s; Pitted Plums, 9½@10c; unpitted Plums, 2½@5c; bleached Peaches, 9@12c; sun-dried Peaches, 6@8½c ₱ lb; Apricots, 11@14c for Royals and 15@16c for Moorparks; Grapes, 2@2½c ₱ lb.

RAISINS—Quotable as follows: London Layers, $1 40@1 60; loose Muscatel, $1@1 25 in boxes and 3½@4½c ₱ lb in sacks.

NUTS—We quote as follows: Chestnuts, 6c to 8c ₱ lb; Walnuts, 7c to 9c for hard shell, 10c to 12½c for soft shell, and —c ₱ lb for paper shell; Chile Walnuts, 8@9c; California Almonds, 13½@14½c for soft shell, 7½@8½c for hard shell, and 15@16c for paper shells. Peanuts, 3@4c; Hickory Nuts, 7@8c; Filberts, 10@11c; Pecan, 8@10c for small and 14@16c for large; Brazil Nuts, 9½c to 11c; Pine Nuts, 12½@13c ₱ lb; Cocoanuts, $4@5 ₱ hundred.

HONEY—We quote: Comb, 12½@14c; amber extracted, 7@7½c; dark, 6@7c; water white extracted, 8@8½c ₱ lb.

BEESWAX—Quotable at 24@27c ₱ lb.

BUTTER—We quote: Fancy creamery, 22@22½c; fancy dairy, 20@21c; good to choice, 17@18c; common grades, 13@16c; pickled roll, 15@17c; keg, 15@16c ₱ lb.

CHEESE—We quote: Choice to fancy new, 11c to 12c; fair to good, 8@10c; Eastern, ordinary to fine, 11@13c; do, fancy creamery, 14@15c ₱ lb.

EGGS—California ranch, 17@18c; store lots, 15c@16c ₱ dozen.

POULTRY—We quote as follows: Live Turkeys—Gobblers, 19@20c; Hens, 19@20c; dressed, 21@23c ₱ lb; Roosters, $6@7 for old and $8@— for young; Fryers, $5 50@6 50; Broilers, $4 50@5 50 for small, and $6@6 50 for large; Hens, $7@8; Ducks, $8@9; Geese, $2@2 50 ₱ pair.

GAME—We quote as follows: Hare, 75c@$1 25; Rabbits, $1@1 25 ₱ doz; Gray Geese, $3@3 50; White Geese, $1 25@1 50; Brant, $1 50@2 ₱ doz.

PROVISIONS—Eastern Hams, 17@17½c; California Hams, 16@16½c; Eastern Breakfast Bacon, 16@16½c; California Bacon, heavy and medium, 13½@14½c; do, light, 14½@15c; do, extra light, 16@16½c; do, clear sides, 13@13½c ₱ lb; Pork, extra prime, $16@16 50; do, prime mess, $17@18; do, mess, $23@24; do clear, $25@26; do, extra clear, $26@27 ₱ bbl; Pigs' Feet, $12 50 ₱ bbl; Beef mess, bbls, $7 50@8; do, extra mess, bbls, $8 50@9; do, family, $11@12 ₱ bbl; extra do, $12 50@13 ₱ bbl; do, smoked, 10½@11c; Eastern Lard, compound, tierces, 12c; do, prime steam, 13½@14c; 10-lb pails, 15c; 5-lb, 15½c; 3-lb, 15¾c; California, tierces, 13@13½c; half-bbls, 14c; 10-lb tins, 14½c; do, 5-lb, 15c ₱ lb.

WOOL — Nominal. Spring clip arrives slowly.

HIDES AND SKINS—Quotable as follows:

	Sound.	Culls.
Heavy Steers, 57 lbs up, ₱ lb	7½@—	6 @6½c
Medium Steers, 46 to 56 lbs	6 @6½	4½@5
Light, 40 to 45 lbs	4½@5	3½@—
Cows	4 @5½	3 @4½
Stags	4 @—	3 @—
Kips, 17 to 30	4½@—	3 @3½c
Veal Skins, 10 to 17 lbs	5½@—	4 @4½
Calf Skins, 5 to 10 lbs	8 @—	5 @—

Dry Hides, usual selection, 9@9½c; Dry Kips, 9@9½c ₱ lb; Calf Skins, do, 9@9½c; Cull Hides, Kip and Calf, 6@6½c; Pelts, shearlings, 10@25c each; do, short, 40c to 70c each; do, medium, 70@90c each; do, long wool, 90c@$1 40 each; Deer Skins, summer, 37½c; do, good medium, 30@32½c; do, winter, 20@25c ₱ lb; Goat Skins, 30@50c apiece for prime to perfect, 10@25c for damaged, and 5@10c each for kids.

TALLOW—Refined, 5c; rendered, 7c; grease, 4@4½c ₱ lb.

TANBARK—We quote: Ground, $24 ₱ ton.

POSTS—Quotable at 10½c apiece.

WOOD—We quote: Redwood, $5 50; Oak, rough, $7 25@7 50; Peeled Oak, $8 75; Pine, $6 75 ₱ cord.

STAVE BOLTS—We quote: Spruce, first-class, $10@11; second-class, $9@10; Fir, first-class, $10@11; do, second-class, $8@9 ₱ cord.

RAILROAD TIES—Quotable at 37½c apiece for 6x8, 45@50c for 7x9, and 41c for 7x8.

Meat Market.

There is a good tone to the market, prices being steady all round, except for Hogs. Following are the rates for whole carcasses from slaughterers to dealers:

BEEF—First quality, 6@6½c; second quality, 5@5½c; third quality, 4½@5c ₱ lb.

CALVES—Quotable at 5@5c ₱ lb.

MUTTON—Quotable at 8½@9c ₱ lb.

LAMB—Spring, 15@17c.

PORK—Live Hogs, on foot, grain-fed, heavy and medium, 7¼@7½c; small fat Hogs, 7½@7¾c; stock Hogs, 6¼@6½c; dressed Hogs, 10@10¼c ₱ lb.

Eastern and Foreign.

NEW YORK, March 17th.