WAKEMAN'S WANDERINGS.

Description of English Villages and Their Folk.—I.

The Tremendous Object Lesson and Historic Reminders Which Each Tiny Bit of Old England's Face Affords—Panoramic Sweeps of Gray Old Nests Which the Centuries have Softened and Beautified Even in Age and Decay.

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LONDON, April 3, 1893.

It is no wonder that the cockles of a Briton's heart, be he Irishman, Scotchman or Englishman, thrill with fadeless affection as he recalls, in any foreign land, the immediate environment of the home-spot that gave him birth. Were he but cotter's child, and knew in his youth-tide hours only the fierce and hurtful stings of penury, there is still untellable charm in the backward vista centering in the lowliest British home.

It is because rural England—and it is almost equally true of rural Scotland and Ireland—in nearly every square acre is so endearing in its age, association and natural winsomeness, that those who possess it, or those who have left it, and, for the absence, hold it more intensely close and precious, will justly brook no belittlement, any more than you would let some smart stranger come into your home and sneer at your sweetest and most cherished, if simple, belongings—beautiful by effort, hallowed by time and use, even more tenderly loved for your own errors and shortcomings—without pitching both him and his airs incontinently into the highway.

It is such a beautiful country, such a well-kept and delicious old garden, such a smiling land in sunshine and snug and comfortable one in storm, and, withal, gives to the stranger within it such a sense of constant interest, coupled with close human companionship and sympathies, that cynic and prig and incapable of interest in any land but his own, though one be, he cannot now and then repress a kindling enthusiasm, be here and there pricked into secret admiration in this place, and that find tender and associative interest.

In less than a three hours' journey, on an English day in May-time, what innumerable scenes of interest, of stirring quality and of restfulness and repose flash upon you from your carriage window. Still more gratefully teastful are the things one will see and feel, as innumerable hamlets, steadings and halls are passed. Glorious old manor houses flash from parks and demesne forests. Thatched roofs of village homes, yellow with lichen, are varied here and there by red tiling. Avenues of ancient elms, beech and limes, giving tempting vistas above broad roads, tesselated with lights and shades, and as gray and smooth as some old cathedral floor. Cropped hedges with trim, tiny fields give place here and there to downs rolling away in billowy hills of heather, spangled with the golden asphode, or wide meadows, and tiny marshes where flames the yellow marigold, or where the forget-me-nots are so dense and blue that their surface seems like a breeze-rippled pool. Hawthorn lanes are white above and beneath as banks of driven snow. Great masses of honeysuckle trail from copse and hedge, and in, around and above all this May-time nature-heaven, thrushes and blackbirds, high above the roaring of your train, flood all the day with song.

In the tremendous object lesson and historic reminder which each tiny bit of the face of England affords, there is a no more impressive study than that of English villages and their folk. These villages are the most delightful of all objects in every panoramic rural scene. Closer study reveals the countless hidden beauties—for even age and decay here possess a mournful beauty and charm—to the artistic and vagrant mind. And their quaint, quiet folk, of whom I shall particularly speak in another article, though regarded as dumb and sodden by many, still provide one of the most interesting sociologic studies to be found in any land.

Although many characteristics of English villages differ in different shires, or in different parts of the same shire, they all leave the same typical picture in the memory, when considered as a part of the landscape. I never yet came to an English village, and I have visited hundreds on foot, that it had not the same general massing of picturesque effects as all others. This, too, whatever its relative topographical situation. It was just the same whether nestled in an Avon, Wharfe, Derwent, or Tamar vale, clumped upon a breezy southern down, half hidden in the shadows of a midland hill or peak, toppling along the edge of ragged chine or flowery burn, or wedged into the stony face of some dreary northern moor.

There it stood, ever a distinct and characteristic picture in itself. A rift of low outlying cottages, tiny splatches of white and gray and red, at either side, became lost toward the center in luxurious shrubbery. Then a few gables, quaint and old. Then another mass of foliage, denser and darker of hue. Then a jumbled mass of higher gray and red roofs and outjuttings of more pretentious structures. And, finally, the highest mass of foliage, dominated by, perhaps, a battlement roof, above which always rises a huge, square centuries-old tower that tells of the English parish church from Land's End to the misty Cheviot Hills.

I sometimes think, wonderful and compact a storehouse of historic relics of garnered art and of splendor in cathedral, castle, hall and monastic ruin, as old England truly is, that after all the sweetest part of one's wanderings is experienced away from the beaten lines of travel among these gray, old nests, which the centuries have softened and beautified even in their age and decay.

Come with me, then, vagrantly, into a few of these lovely old home-spots of rural England. Not far to the north of damp and grimy Liverpool is pretty Ormskirk. It is half village and half town, for the spindles are humming here, as almost everywhere in Lancashire and Yorkshire. Two huge white roads leading from green fields, which were impassable mosses in olden times, rising to a gentle eminence, intersect the place, and the verdure growth of four hundred years almost hides from view the nestling ancient homes, the quaint old shops, the sleepy, restful inns, and the historic church itself.

The old church looming above the red tiles of the cottage roofs is curiously surmounted by separate tower and steeple, the pile so gray, mellow and ivy-massed as to involuntarily suggest a gigantic tree lopped off in its lower trunk, where the huge battlemented tower stops, out of whose edge, where the steeple rises, has sprouted a second slender tree. The tradition goes that two capricious maiden sisters, desirous of raising some sacred memorial, agreed upon erecting upon Ormskirk a tower and steeple, yet, disagreeing as to uniting and connecting their work, they finally expended all their wealth and energy upon both, each independent of the other. The earliest of the renowned Derbys and Stanleys are buried here. Mossy, lichened, slumberous, grave, the entire place is a wondrous picture of tender repose, and is but one of scores of winsome Lancashire villages blending, low-lying and hushed, in the pleasant landscape between the thunderous towns of mills.

What precious old bits of gray and sunshine and green are the half-deserted villages of Cockermouth and Hawkshead up here in the English lake region, the former in Cumberland, and the latter just inside Lancashire where that county pushes a rugged arm among the scars, fells and pikes of the English Alps. Cockermouth itself, where Wordsworth was born, is but one of the many quaint old Cumbrian villages, which seem as ancient and mossy as the rocks out of which they were hewn. It is a sweet, dim, dreamful and songful old spot, for the Derwent River sweeps melodiously by, and the Cocker River, front which the village derives its name, is emptied into the Derwent at the village side.

Wordsworth's father, John Wordsworth, was an attorney here, and law agent to Sir James Lowther, afterwards the Earl of Lonsdale. The house where the poet was born is a long, two-storied, hipped-roof structure, standing at a corner of Main street and a recessed alley, and must have been regarded as a stately affair in its time. A tier of nine windows in the second and eight in the first story face the street, which is shut off by a massive stone wall with wide coping and monumental projections at regular intervals and at the corners. In the area between the street wall and the house are several pertly-trimmed shade trees, and the ample garden in the rear extends to the banks of the lovely Derwent.

Hawkshead lies midway between the queen of the English lakes, Windermere, nd Coniston Water, near which may be found the home of John Ruskin, and nestles prettily beside the beautiful Esthwaite Water. It is by far the most antique village in the lake country. The old schoolhouse is standing just as Wordsworth left it. It is no more than a tiny stone dungeon, with wide, low windows, a single, broad, low door, and a white-washed schoolroom interior, where a tall man would be in danger of bumping the ceiling beams with his head.

The schoolboy, Wordsworth, cut his name into his desk, and the scarred old plank is accordingly prized as a precious relic. Every one will remember the good old dame, Anne Tyson, with whom Wordsworth lived, and who was so much a mother to him during his boyhood's days at Hawkshead. Her cottage is still standing, and

"The snow-white church upon the hill,"

made famous in the "Prelude," stands as then in a near field. Around it the sheep and lambs are grazing. But the old life went out of Hawkshead with the handlooms; you will never find more than a score of worshipers at service within it; and the incumbency is so reduced that the village rector himself rings the chime of bells which calls the dim old folk that remain to this all but deserted shrine.

Here again are types of villages, one in the North and another in the West Riding of Yorkshire, neither like the scores of sunny hamlets in tender Yorkshire vales, but standing grimly and stoutly against the shuddering moors, defiant of change and the tempests of centuries. Come with me over dreary Stanemoor's wilds and look down there upon dead old Bowes.

There lies the sinuous shell of the ancient village—a winding, cobbled, grass-grown street of half a mile in length, flanked by ruined houses, half of whose thatched roofs have fallen in. Far to the east the eye catches a glimpse of the classic domain of Rokeby. To the north the delis and fells where flows the river Tees. To the south the Glen of Greta, where that river tumbles and sings. That huge stone structure, the first at Bowes from the Greta Bridge way, weird and ghostly under huge sycamores, was formerly another Dotheboys Hall. Richard Cobden once owned it and made it his home.

Then the Unicorn Inn, with its acres of outbuildings, empty and moss-grown. Opposite, another silent inn, the Rose and Crown. Then, facing westward, a little Norman church. Near it the ruins of a Norman castle. Behind these ruins, the ancient Roman station of Savatra, where are remains of baths and an aqueduct. Then, roofed and unroofed hovels on either side to the westward, where you will see, still standing just as Dickens described a veritable Dotheboys Hall in his Nicholas Nickleby, "a long, cold-looking house, one-story high, with a few straggling outbuildings behind, and a barn and stable adjoining."

The other is Haworth. Seen at a distance it seems a half-defined line of ragged gray, cut in another line of gray above which is the lofty, dreary Haworth moor. There is but a single street; closes sometimes extend for a house length to the right and left. The yard-wide pavements are series of stone stairs and platforms. Beneath the latter are shadowy shops and living rooms. All stand open. But few inhabitants are to be seen. Up, up, up, for a half mile you plod, and at last reach a tiny open space. The houses are set around it closely. Quaint shops and ancient inns crowd it at all sorts of curious angles. This is the head of the village, topographically, in habitations and in aristocracy.

Not for its attractiveness, but because it seems an outlet to somewhere, you pass into a little court behind the Black Bull Inn. It is a maze of angles and wynds. Suddenly another tiny open space confronts you. Here are an old, oblong, two-storied stone house, with a few yards of grassplot at its side; a little stone church, attached to, rather than extended with, a grim Norman tower; a graveyard clustered with crumbling stone, the whole barely covering an acre of ground. These were Haworth parsonage, church and churchyard; the earthly, and final, home of the Brontes, and their living eyes ever rested on Haworth moor, which rises immediately above the churchyard like a wall of rounded stone.

Come to such as these in the summer time only. Then fleecy clouds straggle over and between the hills as if shadowy hosts were marshaling behind the horizon. Here and there splatches of color lie against old walls and house fronts. The heather blushes from the undulant green of the moors. And one can then easily imagine bits of Apulian pastoral scenery here in the shepherds and their flocks, like cameo reliefs on beds of dazzling emerald, with a perspective of billowy lines and misty clouds.

Over here in Northamptonshire, just at the edge of the garden shire of Warwick, is ancient, moss-grown Crick, sleeping under its thatches beside Watling street, most famous of Roman roads. There are both rest and delight in old, old Crick; rest, because it is one of those English villages which stand just as it always stood, where the roar of the workaday world's activities never comes; where the old parish church, the graveyard, the decayed manor-house, the huge stone dovecotes which house 500 families of doves, the thatched farm laborers' cottages, the ivies and mossy walls, and the simple village folk, all invite to quiet and repose.

Not ten miles away you suddenly come upon the daintiest and most flower-spangled village in England. It is a tiny collection of dependencies upon the manor of Ashby St. Ledgers, but there can nowhere else be found such flower-embowered homes. Just at the northern edge of this, the whole forming a striking background to the side broidery of one of the finest, wide, high overarchings of ancient ash trees I have ever seen, first appears a huge wall, high, thick, ivy-hung and mossy. Surmounting this is a wonderfully-picturesque old gatehouse with two stories of chambers and an attic—the veritable meeting-room of the conspirators in the noted Guy Fawkes Gunpowder Plot of 1605—over a capacious archway, which formed the ancient sole entrance to the domain. Behind this are other venerable outbuildings half a thousand years old and in perfect maze. To the right, and higher, shows a grim, square Norman tower and the mossy roof of the parish church. Behind and above all are the many massive gables of the most splendidly fantastic manor-house within the England midland shires. How glorious an historic romance could be wrought within Ashby St. Ledgers' grim and ghostly old walls!

In the western and western midland shires of England are scores of ancient villages of restfulness and beauty, hidden coy from the globe-trotters' longnettes in the sunny hollows of the verdant hills. Old Broadway—"Bradweia" it once was, from the shepherds' "cottes on the mounted wolds down to the most fruitful vales of Evesham"—is a lovely type of them all. All its houses are picturesque. Indeed, here is one of the few ancient stone-built villages of olden England, left precisely as its makers built it, all the way from 300 to 500 years ago. On every side are high pitched gabled roofs, with wonderful stone and iron finials, mullioned windows and bays, leaded casements containing the original glass, and huge, tall, stone chimney stacks—all weathered to most beautiful colors.

Low stone walls in front inclose little old world gardens with clipped and fantifully-shaped yew trees. Its quaintest of hostelries abound in bits of detail, old oak doors and hinges, old glass and casement fastenings and most curious chimney preces, plaster ceilings and paneled rooms. Every house has flat-headed, mullioned windows, with massive wood lintels inside and huge balks of oak, roughly squared and molded, over the ingles and fireplaces. In these snug old inns and in half the huge stone farm-houses roundabout, tradition will tell you, Charles I. or Elizabeth passed a night. How wise of them to do so if they had the footing, time and will.

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

HE WENT BELOW.

St. Peter sat by the gates of pearl,
Where enter saint and sinner;
He smiled a cheerful, happy smile,
For he'd just come from dinner.

Moreover, 'twas a dinner fit
For gods, and e'en Ward Mac
On such a feast as Pete had had
Would scarce have turned his back.

Sate Peter, then, in cheerful mood,
Hard by the pearly gate,
And passed within, with scarce a glance,
Each anxious candidate.

A bright, bright day it was for them,
Those spirits who had ne'er,
For fear of Peter's catechism,
Tried them to enter there.

For each and every one he had
A smile, a pleasant word;
A day like this, on Peter's part,
Had ne'er before occurred.

And pleased were they, these spirits glad,
Each palpitating sinner,
To think that they, mayhap, some time
Might eat as good a dinner

As Peter just had risen from;
And now, assimilating,
Sat smiling o'er and holding back
Th' celestial, pearly grating.

Within they passed, both rich and poor,
Beggar and Prince and Lord,
And Peter, smiling, let them in,
And questioned not a word.

Swift by they walked, this eager throng,
And there, within the portals,
Came many spooks who once had been
Quite wicked, naughty mortals.

At last Saint Peter cast his eye
On one who onward pressed—
A holy-looking man, who seemed
Much better than the rest.

"Ho! Stay thy feet my seemly friend,
I would a word with thee;
Come, sit beside and answer, please,
Some questions small, for me."

The stranger paused, and turned to him
A calm, religious face,
And bowed with dignity as he
By Peter took a place.

"And thou, what wert thou," questioned Pete,
"Butcher, or candlestick-maker?"
"Neither good saint; on earth, know thou,
I was an undertaker."

"Aha!" quoth Peter: "I dare say
You righteous are—and tears
Came at thy bidding, to be shed
O'er other mortals' biers?

"You mourned with them who mourned, no doubt?
You sorrowed with the sorrowing,
And troubled much with those folks who
Trouble are always borrowing!"

The spirit bowed, and Peter then
Would fain have passed him in,
This goodly spirit, who, it seemed,
Had very righteous been.

"But stay!" cried Peter, suddenly,
"I know what a sad task it
Is to be an undertaker—
But—did you a white casket

"Exhibit in your window, where
All men who passed must see
The grewsome thing. Dids't thou, my friend?
I prythee, answer me.

"You did? Alas it saddens me;
But rules are rules, you know;
Though some sins are forgivable,
For this—you go below.

"Ho, Mr. Devil! Here is one,
A hardened man and tough,
For whom your direst punishment
Could not be half enough.

"Give him the hottest, driest place
That ever you can find,
Where water never is, and heat
Is hottest of its kind.

"Go get a casket, showy white,
And make him sleep within it,
And place it where, in waking hours,
He'll see it every minute."

—R. L. K., Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Now, Boys, Now.

Boys, above all, don't by word or deed add to the burdens of your mother; remember that she loves you as deeply as when you were a clean, white, little babe, though you may now be a "tough kid" whom everybody dislikes. She is not so strong as she once was; the hand of time, maybe, has touched her hair and left it gray and streaked where it was once beautiful and glossy. Her step is slower than it used to be. Be a man; respect her, live right, and when she dies who loves you more than any one will ever love you again, when the wasted, tired hands have been folded for unbroken sleep, there will go with you sweet and tender recollections like guardian angels along the rugged road of life. Now is the time to begin to be a man; don't wait until you are grown up.—Cass County (Ia.) Democrat.

TO-DAY Hood's Sarsaparilla stands at the head in the medicine world admired in prosperity and envied in merit by thousands of would-be competitors. It has a larger sale than any other medicine. Such success could not be won without positive merit.

Hood's Pills cure constipation.

Cleaning House.

Hard work or easy work, just as you choose. If you find it hard work, it's because you won't use **Pearline**. You'd rather waste your time and your strength with that absurd rubbing and scrubbing. Of course it's hard—that's why **Pearline** was invented—that's why **Pearline** is a household word. You don't know how easy it can be, until you let Pearline do the work. Then house-cleaning slips right along. It is over before you know it.

Send it Back Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you something in place of Pearline, be honest—*send it back.* 383 JAMES PYLE, New York.

COMMERCIAL.

Weak Tone in Wheat Prices at San Francisco.

Demand for Feed Barley Slow, While Prices Are Unsteady and Weak.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 14th.

The Wheat market slightly reacted this morning, the general feeling not being as steady as it was yesterday. Offerings are moderate, but the absence of buyers causes weak tone in prices. The demand for feed Barley is slow, while prices are unsteady and weak. For Brewing descriptions there continues to be a fair inquiry for export, though not as positive as it was a short while ago. Favorable crop prospects are having some influence on the situation. The better grades of Oats are steady in price under fair demand. Common stock comes in competition with Barley, and values for such product are therefore not of firm character.

The Vegetable market is fairly active just now, and receipts are all that is necessary to supply the demand. Asparagus was a little firmer to-day, with an easier tone in the Potato market.

A few more Strawberries came in to-day of fair quality. There is nothing new in fresh Fruits of any kind. Apples are scarce. Limes are a shade lower. Oranges meet with slow sale and prices are weak.

The Butter market is in very poor shape for trading, with values favoring buyers on all grades. Receipts are still heavier than the demand warrants. Eggs are holding their own for all kinds, under a fair demand. Game is quiet at quotations.

There are few changes in Poultry, and prices are firm for young stock. Turkeys are selling better. The only demand in the way of Game is for Hare and Rabbits.

Produce Market.

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

WHEAT—For No. 1 shipping quality, $1 23¾ is a full figure, though a choice lot could likely be placed at 1 25 ₱ ctl. In milling descriptions there is no change, business being done at the old range of $1 27½@1 32½ ₱ ctl.

BARLEY—We quote as follows: Feed, 82½@82⅝c ₱ ctl for good quality, and 85c for choice; Brewing, 90c@$1 ₱ ctl.

OATS—We quote: Surprise, $1 50@1 60; Milling, $1 45@1 55; fancy feed, $1 42½@1 45; good to choice feed, $1 35@1 42½; off grades, $1 15@1 30; Black, $1 15@1 20; Gray, $1 25@1 30 for feed and $1 45@1 55 for milling; Red, $1 17½@1 25 ₱ ctl.

CORN—Quotable at $1 10 for Large Yellow, 1 10 for Small Yellow and $1 10@1 12½ ₱ ctl for White.

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

OILCAKE MEAL—Quotable at $35 ₱ ton.

CORNMEAL—Millers quote feed at $24 50@25 50 ₱ ton; fine kinds for the table, in large and small packages, 2½@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, 9c ₱ lb for California and 10c for Utah; Flax, $3 ₱ ctl.

MIDDLINGS—Good demand. Quotable at $20 50@22 50 ₱ ton.

HAY—Prices are unchanged. We quote: Wheat and Oat, $7@11; Barley, $7@8 50; Oat, $7@9; fair to choice Wheat, $8@13; compressed, $7@9 50; stock, $6@7; Alfalfa, $7@10; Clover, $7@9 ₱ ton.

STRAW—Quotable at 35@45c ₱ bale.

HOPS—Nominal at 15c@18c ₱ lb. The "Commercial News" says: "The market is lifeless and quotations are lower, 18c being probably about the limit obtainable for choice. The Eastern situation is free from feature of importance, aside from the indifference of holders in the interior of New York, where values have been pretty well maintained, with sales at 19c to 20c and occasionally at 21c ₱ lb. The English market was at last accounts more active, at a decline in medium and lower grades."

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, 4¼@4½c ₱ lb.

BRAN—Quotable at $16@16 50 ₱ ton.

RYE—Quotable at $1 05@1 13¾ ₱ ctl.

BUCKWHEAT—Nominal at $2@2 50 ₱ ctl.

GROUND BARLEY—Quotable at $20@21 ₱ ton.

POTATOES—We quote: New, 1½@2½c ₱ lb; Early Rose, $1 25@1 50; River Reds, $1 30@1 50; Petaluma and Tomales Burbanks, —@—; Humboldt Burbanks, $1 50@1 75; Oregon Burbanks, $1 50@1 75; Oregon Garnet Chiles, $1 50@1 75; Sweet, $2@2 50 ₱ ctl.

ONIONS—Quotable at $1 50@$2 25 ₱ ctl.

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

BEANS—We quote as follows: Bayos $3@3 15; Butter, $2 70@2 75 for small and $3@3 20 for large; Pink, $3@3 10; Red, $2 90@3; Lima, $3@3 15; Pea, $2 70@2 85; Small White, $2 70@2 80; Large White, $2 65@2 75 ₱ ctl.

VEGETABLES—We quote as follows: Mushrooms, 15@30c ₱ lb; String Beans, 10@12c ₱ lb; Wax Beans, —@—c ₱ lb; Summer Squash, 18@20c ₱ lb; Cucumbers, 50c@$1 ₱ dozen; Green Peppers, 75c ₱ box; Green Peas, 2½@4c ₱ lb; Asparagus, $1 75@2 50 ₱ box for No. 1 and $1 25@1 75 ₱ box for No. 2; Rhubarb, 50c@$1 25 ₱ box; Turnips, 70@75c ₱ ctl; Beets, 75c ₱ sack; Carrots, feed, 40@50c; Cabbage, 75@80c; Garlic, 1@2c ₱ lb; Cauliflower, 50@65c ₱ dozen; Dry Peppers, 6@8c ₱ lb; Dry Okra, 15c ₱ lb; Marrowfat Squash, $35@40 ₱ ton.

FRESH FRUIT—We quote as follows: Apples, 75c@$1 25 for common, $1 50@1 75 for good to choice, and $2 ₱ box for fancy; Strawberries, —@—c ₱ basket.

CITRUS FRUIT—We quote as follows: Mexican Limes, $4@4 50; California Limes, 75c ₱ box; Lemons, Sicily, $4 50; California Lemons, $1@1 50 for common and $2@2 50 for good to choice; Bananas, $1@2 ₱ bunch; Hawaiian Pineapples, $3@5; Mexican Pineapples, $5 50@6 ₱ dozen; Riverside Navels, $1 50@2 25; Riverside Seedlings, $1@1 25 ₱ box; San Bernardino Navels, $2@2 50 ₱ box; San Bernardino Seedlings, $1@1 50 ₱ box; Oroville Navels, —@— ₱ box; Oroville Seedlings, —@— ₱ box; Los Angeles Navels, $1 25@1 50; Los Angeles Seedlings, 75c@$1; San Gabriel Navels, $1 50@2; San Gabriel Seedlings, 75c@$1 ₱ box.

DRIED FRUIT—We quote as follows: Dates, 4½@5c; Apples, sun-dried, quartered, 5@6c; do, sliced, 6@7c; 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, 4@5c for pressed and 3@3½c 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@11c; sun-dried Peaches, 6@8½c ₱ lb; Apricots, 11c to 14c for Royals and 15@16c for Moorparks; Grapes, 2@2½c ₱ lb.

RAISINS—We quote: London Layers, $1 25 to $1 60; loose Muscatel, 85c@$1 25 in boxes and 3¾@4½c ₱ lb in sacks.

NUTS—We quote as follows: Chestnuts, 7@10c ₱ lb; Walnuts, 7@9c for hard shell, 10@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 shell; Peanuts, 3@4c; Hickory Nuts, 7@8c; Filberts, 10@11c; Pecan, 8@10c for small and 14@16c for large; Brazil Nuts, 9c; Pinenuts, 12½@13c ₱ lb; Cocoanuts, $4@5 ₱ 100.

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, 19@20c; fancy dairy, 17@18c; good to choice, 15@16c; common grades, 12@14c ₱ lb.

CHEESE—We quote as follows: Choice to fancy new, 10@11½c; fair to good, 8@9c; Eastern, ordinary to fine, 11@13c; do, fancy creamery, 14@15c ₱ lb.

EGGS—We quote: California ranch, 19@20c; store lots, 17½@18½c ₱ doz. Eastern Eggs, at 17½@18c ₱ dozen.

POULTRY—We quote: Live Turkeys—Gobblers, 20@21c ₱ lb; Hens 20@21c; dressed, 23@24c ₱ lb; Roosters, $6@7 for old and $9@10 for young; Fryers, $7@5; Broilers, $5@6 for small and $6 50@7 for large; Hens $7@8; Ducks, $7 50@8 50; Geese, old, $1 75@2; Goslings, $2 50@3 ₱ pair.

GAME—We quote: Hare, 75c@$1; Rabbits, $1@1 25 ₱ dozen.

PROVISIONS—Eastern Hams, 15@16c; California Hams, 14½@15c; Eastern Breakfast Bacon, 16@16½c; California Bacon, heavy and medium, 13½@14c; do, light, 14½@15c; do, extra light, 15@15c½; do, clear sides, 13c ₱ 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, 10½@11c do, prime steam, 13c 10-lb pails, 14c; 5-lb, 14¼c; 3-lb, 14¼c; California, 10-lb tins, 12@12½c; do, 5-lb, 12¼@13c; do, kegs, 13¼c; do, 20-lb buckets, 13c ₱ lb.

WOOL—Supplies are coming to hand with fair freedom and business of moderate volume is being done. Choice stock has the preference at the higher quotations, selling promptly on arrival. Much of the spring clip being received just now is but fairly good and does not move off as quickly as it would if in better condition. Advices from Boston report a steady trade at that center, with rather firm tone to values. We quote spring:

Nevada, ₱ lb	16@18c
San Joaquin and Southern, year's staple	10@13c
Do, short Wools	12@15c
Do, do, very poor and shrinky	9@11c

HIDES AND SKINS—Quotable as follows:

	Sound.	Culls.
Heavy Steers, 57 lbs up, ₱ lb	7½@—c	6 @6½c
Medium Steers, 46 to 56 lbs	6 @6½	4½@5
Light, 42 to 47 lbs	4½@5	3½@4
Cows	4 @5½	3 @4½
Stags	4 @—	3 @—
Kips, 17 to 30 lbs	4½@—	3 @3½
Veal Skins, 10 to 17 lbs	5½@—	4 @4½
Calf Skins, 5 to 10 lbs	8 @—	5 @—

Dry Hides, usual selection, 9c; Dry Kips 9c ₱ lb; Calf Skins, do, 9@9½c; Cull, Hides, Kip and Calf, 6@6½c; Pelts, shearlings, 10@25c each; do, short, 40@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, 7@7¼c; rendered, 5¾c to 6c; grease, 3½c ₱ lb.

TANBARK—We quote: Ground, $24 ₱ ton.

POSTS—Quotable at 10½c apiece.

WOOD—We quote: Redwood, $5 25; Oak, rough, $7 25@7 50; Peeled Oak, $—; 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.

Following are the rates for whole carcasses from slaughterers to dealers:

BEEF—First quality, 6½@7c second quality, 5½@6c; third quality, 5@5½c ₱ lb.

CALVES—Quotable at 5@8c ₱ lb.

MUTTON—Quotable at 7@8c ₱ lb.

LAMB—Spring, 10@11c ₱ lb.

PORK—Live Hogs, on foot, grain fed, heavy and medium, 6¾c; stock Hogs, 6c; dressed Hogs, 9½c to 10c ₱ lb.

Eastern and Foreign Markets.

NEW YORK, April 14th.

WHEAT—77⅞c for May, 79¾c for July, 81½c for September and 84¼c for December.

CHICAGO, April 14th.

WHEAT—78¾c for May, 76¼c for July and 76½c for September.

LIVERPOOL, April 14th.

WHEAT—Cheaper to sell. California spot lots, 6s; off coast, 30s 6d; just shipped, 31s; nearly due, 30s 6d; cargoes off coast, quiet; on passage, rather easier; Mark Lane Wheat, steady; French country markets, quieter; Wheat and Flour in Paris, steady.

SACRAMENTO MARKET.

SACRAMENTO, April 14th.

A Quiet Day Among the Produce Dealers.

Business was rather quiet in the local markets to-day, the prevailing north wind seeming to keep buyers indoors during a greater portion of the day. The markets were well supplied with all varieties of produce. Butter continues weak, a very choice article retailing at 45c ₱ roll. Eggs are a little firmer, while Poultry is more plentiful, prices having a downward tendency. But few Strawberries have so far found their way into the local markets, and up to date there have been no arrivals of Sacramento growth. Citrus Fruits are plentiful and cheap at present, consumers being able almost to name their own prices for Oranges. Early Vegetables are arriving freely and prices are going down very rapidly.

Retail Prices.

Following are the prices asked by retailers for the various articles mentioned:

GREEN FRUIT—Apples, $1 75@2 25 ₱ box; Cranberries, in water, 70c ₱ gallon.

DRIED FRUIT—Apricots, 6@7c ₱ lb; Peaches, 9@10c; Apples, 5@8c; Prunes, 9@10c; Pears, 4@5c; Nectarines, 7@8c; Raisins, $1 50 ₱ box; Figs, 7c; Grapes, 7c.

DAIRY PRODUCE—Butter—Valley, 17½c ₱ lb; Fancy Petaluma, 19c; Nevada Creamery, 21c; Firkin, 15@17½c; Pickle Roll, 17½c. Cheese—California, 10c; Young America, 11c; Eastern Creamery, 15@16c; Limburger, 17@18c; Genuine Swiss, 28c; American Swiss, 16@18c; Martin's Creamery, 15@16c.

EGGS—Ranch, 13@15c ₱ dozen.

POULTRY—Turkeys—Live Hens, 16c ₱ lb; Gobblers, 15c; dressed, 18c. Chickens—Hens, $6@7 ₱ dozen; Roosters, $5@6; Broilers, $3; Tame Ducks, $6 50; Geese, $2 ₱ pair.

GAME—Hare, 20c ₱ pair; Rabbits, 20c ₱ pair; Squirrels, 25c ₱ pair; Gray Geese, 50c; Brant, 35c; White, 15c.

VEGETABLES—Yellow Turnips, 8c ₱ dozen; Beets, 8c; Turnips, 8c; Carrots, 8c; Parsnips, 8c; Oyster Plant, 8c; Lettuce, 8c; Radishes, 8c; Green Onions, 8c; Leek, 8c; Cabbage, ½c ₱ lb; Celery, 50c; Cauliflower, 60c; Red Cabbage, 50c; Onions, 2½c ₱ lb; Hubbard Squash, 2c; Dried Peppers, 12½c; Garlic, 6c; Horseradish Root, 8c; Mushrooms, 60@8c; Spinach, 3½c; Green Peas, 5c; Peppers, 20c; Dried Okra, 20c; Celery Root, 40c ₱ dozen; Asparagus, 4½c ₱ lb; Rhubarb, 4@5c ₱ lb; String Beans, 15c ₱ lb; Cucumbers, $1 50 ₱ dozen.

POTATOES—Early Rose, 90c@$1 ₱ cwt; Peerless, 85@90c; Oregon Burbanks, $1 25; River Burbanks, 90c; Centennial, 90c; Salinas Burbanks, choice stock, $1; River Reds, 75c; Fancy Snowflakes, 65@75c; Sweets, $1 50; Nevadas, $1 15; New Potatoes, 4c ₱ lb.

MEATS—Beef, 5½@6c ₱ lb; Mutton, 7½@8c; Lamb, 8@9c; Veal, large, 5@5½c; small, dressed, 8@9c; Hogs, 5½@6¼c; dressed Pork, 9c; Hams, Eastern, 17@20c; California, 15@17c; Bacon, 12½@17c.

BREADSTUFFS—Flour, $4 ₱ bbl; Oatmeal, 10-lb sacks, 3½c ₱ lb, $3 85 ₱ 100-lb sacks. Cornmeal—White, $1 90 ₱ 100-lb sacks; Yellow, $1 60 ₱ 100-lb sacks; Cracked Wheat, $2 35 ₱ 100-lb sacks. Graham, $2 ₱ 100-lb sacks.

HAY AND GRAIN—Oat Hay, $10@11 ₱ ton; Wheat, $10@11; second quality, $9; Alfalfa, $9@10 50; Wheat, whole, $1 40 ₱ ctl; Barley, 85@90c; White Wild Oats, $1 10@1 20; Corn, $1 25; Bran, $15 ₱ ton; Middlings, $20 ₱ ton; Ground Barley, $20 ₱ ton; Straw, 50@55c ₱ bale.

SAN FRANCISCO STOCK MARKET.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 14, 1893.

MORNING SESSION.

Alpha	15c	Mexican	1 35
Belcher	1 10	Ophir	2 15
Challar	60c	Savage	50@55c
C. C. & V.	2 35	S. Nevada	1 50
C. Point	90c	Y. Jacket	95c
Justice	15c		

AFTERNOON SESSION.

Belcher	1 10@1 15	Overman	30c
Challar	60c	Potosi	1 55
Crown Point	85c	Savage	55@50c
H. & N.	95c	S. Nevada	1 20
Kentuck	40c	Union	75c
Mexican	1 30	Y. Jacket	95c
Ophir	2 15		

IF the hair is falling out, or turning gray, requiring a stimulant with nourishing and coloring food, Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer is just the specific.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF FOR PAIN

Instantly stops the most excruciating pains. It never fails to give ease to the sufferer. It is truly the great

CONQUEROR OF PAIN,

and has done more good than any known remedy. For SPRAINS, BRUISES, BACKACHE, PAIN IN THE CHEST OR SIDES, HEAD