THE LESSON OF A LIFE.

-BY-

HARRIETTE R. SHATTUCK.

Late in the afternoon of a summer day two young men walked slowly along the narrow road which leads through the little Mendon graveyard, then up over the hill to the worn old rustic seat under the oak tree. To judge by their travel-stained appearance, the two friends had wandered there while waiting for a train, and were strangers to the place. They were so deeply engrossed in conversation that they sat down almost mechanically, without observing their beautiful surroundings, or noticing that quite near them there was another man, who, indeed, was more than half hidden by the huge tree in whose shade he was resting.

One of the travelers wore that settled, contented look which comes from a happy disposition and prosperous circumstances. He was well-dressed and in all respects "to the manner born." When he spoke, which he did often, his voice had that cheerful, hearty ring which bespeaks the good companion and trusty friend. The other man was younger than his friend, and his attire showed that attention to details which marks the young society gentleman. His manner was the most quiet imaginable; and while his companion talked on in a quick, nervous way, he sat looking straight before him, replying in monosyllables, if he replied at all. Yet it was the younger man and his interests that were the theme of conversation, as was manifest when the elder, with an air of forced resignation, said: "The fact is, John, I believe this is the one thing I can't help you in. I think I could in everything else under the sun but this; but here you have stumped me. I can't advise you; and I'm sure I don't know what I should do under the circumstances." Then, after a pause, he resumed more seriously: "You see, I had no such problem in my marriage. In fact, I never had any problems at all. Everything has gone smoothly with me from the time I was born. It is so with some people. One day I made up my mind it was time to marry and settle down; and the very next day I met Annie, who just suited me, and who had exactly the nice little fortune I needed to make us both comfortable, and who accepted me as soon as I asked her, and has made me happy ever since. There were no heroics about it. We liked each other, and have agreed firstrate so far, and are likely to continue comfortably on for the rest of our lives. You see, I haven't any data to judge your case by—don't you?"

"Oh, yes, indeed!" said John, and then relapsed into silence, staring straight before him across the white headstones down over the river, and so beyond to the sea. The elder man looked inquiringly at his companion, began to speak, hesitated, and then went on: "I wouldn't worry about it if I were you, anyway. Why, my boy, it is making you ill. What odds does it make, after all? One girl is very much like another; and you'll love the one you marry, after you marry her. You say she doesn't know you care for her, so you are safe there. You'll forget her after a while, and love—the one you marry, as I said before. You know you thought you loved Mabel Dame once."

"Oh, yes, indeed!" responded John again; but added, "That was before I saw Eleanor." Then rousing himself with an effort, he went on: "The truth of the matter is simply this, Andrew, as I told you. I don't know what to do. Since I knew Eleanor I simply try to think I care for Mabel: but I can't bring myself to the point of asking her to marry me; for when I even imagine myself doing so, Eleanor's face interposes, and I simply want to fall down and worship her. I argue it all over to myself, over and over again, hour after hour. Mabel is beautiful and good and accomplished. She would make any man happy—but me. Her father and mine are friends. They want us to marry. She has a handsome fortune, which will set me on my feet in my profession, and make my way easy. I think she cares for me, or would. In fact, everything was as it should be, until I saw Eleanor Maynard. Eleanor—but I can't argue about her!"

Again he sank into moody silence, and his friend, as much for his own relief as for John's, took up the theme and went on: "Eleanor Maynard is pretty, beautiful, perhaps; but most persons would call Miss Dame far prettier. Eleanor Maynard works for a living, and a poor living it is, too. She is only fairly well educated, your father would be disappointed, and you—well, you would have to work hard on nothing a year till you built up a practice. Not an attractive picture, eh?"

"Oh, no, indeed!" said John—his inevitable response when there was nothing to say; "and yet——" Here silence again fell, and Andrew, having no more to say, yielded to his friend's mood and was silent also. Presently he looked up and around, observing for the first time the beauty of their surroundings, and at length exclaimed half aloud, "Well, that is curious"; and to his companion's surprised look responded by pointing out to him two gravestones side by side a little way in front of them.

"Look, read there, and see if it isn't strange," he said. John looked and saw two plain white stones, bearing each the same inscription, alike except as to names and dates. One of them read: "In memory of Mary De Long, wife of Honorable Edmund L. Stanwood, died August 7, 1842, aged 23 years;" and the other: "In memory of Mary Farland, wife of Honorable Edmund L. Stanwood, died August 7, 1846, aged 27 years."

"Yes, it is strange," said John, after reading the two inscriptions slowly aloud. "Two Marys, both the wife of one man, and both dying so young and so near together! There must be a sad story hidden in those four years!"

"I wonder how many more Marys there were," laughed Andrew, who was as usual inclined to take things lightly. "None buried here at any rate. Probably the third Mary outlived the good man."

"Wait," said John, "here is his own stone: 'Edmund L. Stanwood, died December 10, 1886, aged 75 years.' Just think of it. Forty years after the death of the second Mary. How interesting to learn their history!"

"Oh, very," laughed Andrew; and he was going on with his jest in spite of his friend's seriousness, when he was interrupted by a voice behind them.

"Pardon me, but I could not help overhearing you." It was the gentleman who had been sitting under the tree, unseen by them.

"I have been sitting here quite near you, though you did not see me. You seem so interested in my father's history that perhaps I can enlighten you."

The two friends hastily apologized for their unwitting impertinence, for which there was no need, however, as the newcomer had enjoyed their discomfiture sufficiently to atone for any displeasure he might have felt. With an amused smile he said to Andrew, "You are mistaken about there being a third Mary," and then, more seriously, "my father lived alone after my mother's death—40 years alone."

"Then you are Mary Farland's son," said John, now thoroughly interested.

"Yes," said the stranger, "I am Mary Farland's only child. She died when I was born."

The three stood silent a moment, and then the stranger, turning to John, said, with feeling, "You said, a moment ago, while I was unavoidably listening, that it would be interesting to know the history of those who lie there. I will tell you, if you like. It is a story that helped me when I sorely needed it." And then at John's earnest acquiescence the stranger, seating himself between the two, began:

"My father told me on his deathbed. Had he not told me himself I never could have believed that he was once the haughty, imperious, overbearing man that he must have been to make his story possible. For in his age he was as gentle and lovable as a child. Long years of sorrow and remorse changed him from a demon into an angel.

The stranger ceased, went to the stone that marked his father's grave, rested his hand softly upon it for a moment, and then returned and went on:

"Perhaps I might never have known the story of his life had I not come to a crisis in my own. I had been a close student throughout my youth and early manhood, and had been so little in society that it had never happened to me to see a woman to care for her until I was over 30 years old, when, suddenly, as things do happen sometimes, I became interested in two women at once. One fascinated me, while at the same time I knew that she was too shallow and heartless; the other,—well, she is all that heart can wish. To make the story short, my father saw the net in which I seemed hopelessly entangled and the sure destruction I should meet if I went on. With the prescience of the spirit when near its release, he knew that I was suffering, my doubts, my temptation, my desire and yet my reluctance to be free from the false love, and my feebler but growing wish to love the one I could also respect. He called me to him—it was the very day he died—and said: 'My boy, my boy, nothing will do but love, nothing but love.' And then he told me the story of his early life and of my mother, and saved me—yes, he saved me from my temptation.

"My father was an only child, and a thoroughly spoiled child. From his earliest infancy he had his own way in everything. As he grew older he came to think that the whole world was his on demand, and that everything and everyone must and should bend to his will. His brilliant intellect went far to confirm in him this belief, for at school and college he stood foremost in his classes, won all the prizes that he condescended to compete for, and was the conquering hero of every circle in which he moved. Everything he wished for he obtained, until he came to believe that nothing could withstand him, and that, if he chose, he could rule the world. With a brilliant future, in imagination already present, he fitted himself for the legal profession in half the usual time, and entered upon the practice of the law with prospects of unusual success.

"It was at this point that there came the period in his life which may be called the high-water mark of his audacity. A number of his college companions were with him on a certain occasion, talking of their several plans and prospects, my father as usual vaunting his own as superior to all others, when one of the number, who had always been envious of him, offered to bet any sum that my father's luck would change within a year. My father at once caught up the gauntlet thus recklessly cast down, and offered to wager any sum that there was nothing in reason that any one of them could mention which he would not conquer, and conquer too within a year.

"Now it happened that there then lived here in Mendon a very beautiful girl, one of the rare sort that one sees only once in a century or so, the sort that Helen of Troy must have been, or Cleopatra perhaps, though Mary De Long was fair and small, they say, rather than of the regal type. She was fabulously rich also, and had at her feet not only the whole rural population of Mendon, but also the youths and bachelors of the adjoining city and of the whole country around. Nothing could better meet the requirements of the young men who wished to humiliate my father than to have him fail in a love affair. Accordingly, when he offered that audacious wager it was immediately accepted, and he was challenged to marry Mary De Long within two years. None of them believed for a moment that he would undertake such a task as this, for less that he would succeed. But my father, nothing daunted, calmly accepted the challenge, and made arrangements that very day to remove to Mendon.

"You must remember that up to this time he had never once failed in anything he had undertaken, that he believed himself invincible, and, more than all, that no idea of the possibility of his failing to do anything he chose, not only with himself but with everyone else, had ever entered his head. With the spirit of a conquering hero, therefore, he entered Mendon—descended upon it, I might better say—to see and to conquer being in his mind foregone conclusions. And so far as the world was concerned he did conquer. He was successful here as elsewhere. His first entrance into society marked him its leader. The young men gave way before him, the girls secretly adored him. He met Mary De Long before a week had passed; and the woman who had rejected scores of suitors was conquered by this man. And he alone was not her lover. For how was it with him? He was disappointed in Mary De Long and, try as hard as he could, he did not, could not, love her. This dilemma had not occurred to him. He had supposed that she must be what everyone said she was—the most beautiful of women. And possibly she might have been this to him, as well as to all others, if it had not happened to him to see, on the very evening he first met her, another woman, who to him was far more beautiful. In fact, when he entered the room on that first evening, his first glance fell on this other girl; and he took it for granted, since she was the most beautiful girl he had seen, that she must be Mary De Long. Here was an unforeseen difficulty. His pride and his desire, for the first time in his life, were opposed. He met the other girl everywhere, dreamed of her, soon adored her, while ostensibly paying court to the beautiful heiress. He was disgusted with himself for loving this penniless, obscure woman. How the fellows would laugh! But they should not laugh, for they should never know! So his pride won. He stifled his love, or he believed he did, and committed the double sin of marrying the woman he did not love, while promising before God to love and cherish her, and of turning from the woman he did love with his whole heart, when he knew, by the look in her pleading eyes, that she, too, loved him.

"The wager was won. Once more he had conquered; but he had not conquered himself. From the moment the minister pronounced them man and wife, he began to hate, not himself, the true culprit, but her, the innocent victim. He neglected her from the first, and—the story is too painful to tell—she died in a year of a broken heart, for she loved him.

"Hardened instead of softened by this experience, he waited hardly a year before he tried to win the woman he loved—yes, really loved, after his way, even then. She had loved him before, and mourned for him; what wonder, then, that Mary Farland yielded to his entreaties and became his wife? Here was another success for the hero, conqueror again as ever. He was completely happy, but, alas! still the same imperious, commanding nature as before. My mother was naturally a gentle creature, with self-assertion, and under his domination she became utterly crushed. He loved her much as a tiger loves its prey. She belonged to him. What were his wishes must of course be hers. He absorbed, annihilated her. She grew timid, shrinking, submissive, quiet, spiritless; and when I came into the world, a poor, little, wailing nonentity, she sighed, said it was too hard work to get well, and so died.

"My father was frantic with grief. His pride was checked at last. That he, the conqueror, should be at last overcome! He could not, would not, believe it. He kept my mother's body for days without burial, insisting that she was not, should not be, dead. And when at last he was forced to see that she was indeed gone, he abandoned everything, left home, and traveled for years abroad, courting danger after danger, only refraining from suicide, as he told me, because of Hamlet's reason,—the doubt of what lay beyond. His will at length was conquered, and time and love only were needed to turn the strength hitherto so selfish into a beautiful life of self-sacrifice. He came back to me, his child, and we loved each other.

"I was 10 years old when he returned,—a small, gentle child with my mother's eyes. When he saw me, he fell to weeping, and for days lay so ill that his life was despaired of. The audacious will was laid low. How my father loved me! How gentle he was ever after that! I taught him what love was, he used to say; but I am sure it was he who taught me."

The speaker paused, buried his face in his hands, and then, with brightened countenance, went on:

"After that first burst of remorse, following so long a period of rebellion and despair, came years of suffering, then a calm and calmer hope, and at last the peace of a perfect faith. My father's later years were filled with good deeds and an humble striving to help his fellowmen. He had learned the lesson of life. As he told me, that sad day when he died—'It is love, my boy, love. Nothing will do but love.'"

The story was told, and the three sat silent for a long time, each moved by his own thoughts. At last the stranger arose and, lifting his hat, turned to go. Then the others rose also, thanked him in few words and stood watching his departure. At the turn of the path there came to meet him a sweet-faced woman and a child, and their meeting, as the boy was lifted to his shoulder and the wife's face turned to his in happy response to his greeting, told well enough that his father's lesson had been well learned by the son.

As the two friends walked back down the winding pathway, leaving behind them forever the quiet spot where so much had been revealed, the elder asked:

"John, my boy, is the problem solved?"

And John, from whose face all doubt and disquiet had disappeared, rejoined: "Yes, oh yes, indeed!" and then added softly: "Nothing will do but love.—*New England Magazine.*

THE BABOON AS AN EPICURE.

Eats a Little of Everything, but Can't Stand Arsenic.

Cape News.]

The baboon, writes the *Graaff-Reinet Advertiser*, seems to be changing its nature with the changing climatic conditions. In former years he was a vegetarian, his worst offense being stealing mealies in the gardens when he got the chance. Now he has taken to other ways of getting a livelihood. Said a farmer the other day to a brother farmer: "Have you lots of honey on your farm?"

Answer; "No; the baboons rob all the nests."

"How do they do it? the bees would sting them to death."

The answer was that probably the baboons did the work in the night when the bees were drowsy, sleepy and dull. Anyway he believed the baboons got off with the swag of honey whenever they could get at a nest. Then, Mr. Peter Booysen, of Mooifontein, has his story to tell of the new development of the baboon; it attacks the wild aloe, pulls it down and tears out the pith for food. Mr. Booysen, Sr., does not object to this, as he would be glad if all the wild aloes on his farm were cleaned out by any means whatsoever. The special wish of the father and son is that the baboons would take to some food-providing operation which would get rid of the prickly pear. But as the substance of the leaf and the trunk of the prickly pear is nothing but water the wish is not likely to be gratified. Anyway the poisoning clubs have classed the baboon with the wild carnivora and the rifle and arsenic are now busy to destroy him.

Farmers give interesting instances of the difficulty of poisoning the baboon, the fellow being about as "slim" as a human being. One farmer believes the fellow can taste the poison as prepared and disguised for him, and if he finds it is not a good thing for his stomach, spits it out. The farmer, however, has succeeded in giving the arsenic such palatable surroundings that the shrewdness of the baboon is not proof against the palatable temptation and dies.

The Price is Way Down.

Detroit Free Press.]

An eloping Swedish wife and her lover were overtaken at Castle Garden, and after an argument lasting half an hour the lover agreed to withdraw all claims for $4 in cash and a ticket to Philadelphia. His terms were agreed to, and he tripped away to greener pastures.

LIVE STOCK MARKETS.

The Condition of Business at the East Liberty Stock Yards.

OFFICE OF PITTSBURG DISPATCH, SATURDAY, November 30, 1889.

CATTLE—Receipts, 600 head; shipments, 600 head; market closing stronger and 10c to 15c higher than Monday's prices; 3 cars of cattle shipped to New York to-day.

HOGS—Receipts, 1,600 head; shipments, 2,500 head; market active; Philadelphias, $3 95@4 05; Yorkers, $3 80@3 90; 10 cars of hogs shipped to New York to-day.

SHEEP—Receipts, 400 head; shipments, 800 head; market steady; prime, $5@5 20; good, $4 60@4 80; fair, $3 25@4 25; common, $2@3; lambs, $4@6 25.

By Telegraph.

CHICAGO—The *Drovers' Journal* reports: Cattle—Receipts, 2,000 head; shipments, 50 head; market slow but steady; beeves, $4 60@5 25; steers, $2 80@4 40; stockers and feeders, $1 85@2 90; Texas cattle, $1 50@2 85. Hogs—Receipts, 16,000 head; shipments 5,000 head; market strong but closed weak; mixed, $3 50@3 80; heavy, $3 50@3 82½; light, $3 45@3 80; skips, $3 00@3 40. Sheep—Receipts, 3,000 head; shipments, 400 head; market strong; natives, $3 00@5 25; Western, $3 50@4 40; Texans, $3 40@4 00; lambs, $4 50@4 60.

BUFFALO—Cattle—Feeling steady and strong; receipts, 65 loads through, 5 loads sale. Sheep and lambs active and higher; receipts, 5 loads through, 16 loads sale; sheep, choice to extra, $5 30@5 50; good to choice, $4 90@5 25; common to good, $4 25@4 75; lambs, choice to extra, $6 30@6 65; good to choice, $6 25; common to good, $5 25@5 90. Hogs fairly active; receipts, 28 loads through, 35 loads sale; mediums and heavy, $3 85; mixed and Yorkers, $3 85; pigs, $3 60@3 65; rough, $3 25.

KANSAS CITY—Cattle—Receipts, 3,700 head; shipments, 1,400 head; market strong to 10c higher; native steers, $3 30@4 85; cows, $1 65@2 50; stockers and feeders, $2 30@3 15; Texans, $1 80@2 85. Hogs—Receipts, 10,000 head; shipments, none; market opened steady, and closed 5c lower; good to choice light, $3 62½@3 67½; heavy and mixed, $3 55@3 65. Sheep—Receipts, 200 head; market steady; good to choice muttons, $3 80@5 00; stockers and feeders, $2 40@4 70.

ST. LOUIS—Cattle—Receipts, 700 head; shipments, 2,100 head; market strong; good to fancy native steers, $4 20@4 80; fair to good do, $3 20@4 40; stockers and feeders, $2 10@3 30; range steers, $2 00. Hogs—Receipts, 1,500 head; shipments, 1,600 head; market firm; fair to choice heavy, $3 60@3 75; packing grades, $3 50@3 65; light, fair to best, $2 50@3 65. Sheep—Receipts, 400 head; shipments, 100 head; market strong; fair to choice, $3 40@4 90.

Drygoods.

NEW YORK, November 30.—With the weather again more seasonable, there was increased cheerfulness in the drygoods trade, a cold temperature being the only thing needed to reanimate the market. Demand was unimportant to-day, or at least, inconspicuous as it usually is at the end of the month. The market continued in well sold-up condition, however, and strong in tone. Buyers are expected to visit the market next week when business will again be more active.

ARMOUR & CO., of this city, report the following sales of dressed beef for the week ending November 30: 149 carcasses, average weight 533 lbs., average price 5c.

PITTSBURG BEEF COMPANY, wholesale agents for Swift's Chicago dressed beef, sold for week ending November 30, 119½ carcasses of beef; average weight per carcass, 665 pounds; average price per pound, 5.56c.

When baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

ap9-77-MWFSu

DOMESTIC MARKETS.

A Quiet Windup to Week's Trade in General Produce Lines.

CHOICE DAIRY PRODUCTS ACTIVE.

Oats Higher and Firm, Corn Ditto, Wheat and Flour Steady.

GROCERY SITUATION UNCHANGED

OFFICE OF PITTSBURG DISPATCH, SATURDAY, November 30, 1889.

Country Produce—Jobbing Prices.

The week's trade closed up quietly notwithstanding favorable weather. The lull which follows holidays is fully on. In dairy product lines creamery butter and choice grades of cheese are firmly held. Country butter and low grade cheese are very slow. Poultry left over from Thanksgiving is hard to sell at any price. Fresh stock is active and firm. The supply of strictly fresh eggs is very scarce. Cold storage stock is firm at quotations below. Potatoes and apples are quiet at old rates. The demand for tropical fruits improves. Florida oranges are coming freely, but quality is not up to standard. Much of the fruit now offered is sour, having been plucked before it was fully ripe.

BUTTER—Creamery, Elgin, 29@29½c; Ohio do, 25@26c; fresh dairy packed, 22@24c; country rolls, 21@22c.

BEANS—Navy hand-picked beans, $2 25@2 30; medium, $2 10@2 20.

BEESWAX—28@30c ℔ lb for choice; low grade, 18@20c.

CIDER—Sand refined, $6 50@7 50; common, $3 50@4 00; crab cider, $8 00@8 50 ℔ barrel; cider vinegar, 10@12c ℔ gallon.

CHESTNUTS—$5 00@5 50 ℔ bushel; walnuts, 60@70c ℔ bushel.

CHEESE—Ohio, 11@11½c; New York, 11½c; Limburger, 9½@11c; domestic Sweitzer, 11@13½c; imported Sweitzer, 20½c.

EGGS—24@26c ℔ dozen for strictly fresh.

FRUITS—Apples, fancy, $2 50@3 50 ℔ barrel; California pears, $3 50@4 00 a box; cranberries, Jerseys, $2 50 ℔ bushel box; Cape Cods, box, $2 75@3 00; Malaga grapes, large barrel, $8 00.

GAME—Squirrels, $1 25 ℔ dozen; quail, $1 50 ℔ dozen; prairie chickens, $4 50@5 00 ℔ dozen; pheasants, $4 50@5 00 ℔ dozen; rabbits, $1 50@1 75 ℔ dozen; venison saddle, 18@20c ℔ pound; venison carcass, 12@15c ℔ pound.

FEATHERS—Extra live geese, 50@60c; No. 1, do, 40@45c; mixed lots, 30@35c ℔ lb.

POULTRY—Chickens, old hens, 65@70c; chickens, large, young, 50@55c; chickens, small, 35@40c; ducks, 55@60c ℔ pair; geese, $1 00@1 10 ℔ pair; live turkeys, 11@12c ℔ lb; dressed turkeys, 15@16c ℔ lb.

SEEDS—Clover, choice, 62lbs to bushel, $5 00@5 25 ℔ bushel; clover, large English, 62lbs, $5 50; clover, Alsike, $8 00; clover, white, $9 00; timothy, choice, 45 lbs, $1 50; blue grass, extra clean, 14 lbs, 90c; blue grass, fancy, 14 lbs, $1 00; orchard grass, 14 lbs, $1 65; red top, 14 lbs, $1 25; millet, 50 lbs, $1 00; German millet, 50 lbs, $1 50; Hungarian grass, 50 lbs, $1 00; lawn grass, mixture of fine grasses, $2 50 ℔ bushel of 14 lbs.

TALLOW—Country, 4¼c; city rendered, 4¾@5c.

TROPICAL FRUITS—Lemons, common, $3 50@4 00; fancy, $4 00@5 00; Florida oranges, $3 50@3 75; bananas, $2 00 firsts, $1 50 good seconds, ℔ bunch; cocoanuts, $4 00@4 50 ℔ hundred; figs, 8½@9c ℔ lb; dates, 5½@6½c ℔ lb; new layer figs, 14½@16½c; new dates, 7½c ℔ lb.

VEGETABLES—Potatoes, from store, 50@55c; on track, 40@45c; cabbages, $4 00@5 00 a hundred; celery, 40c ℔ dozen; Southern sweet potatoes, $2 50@2 75; Jerseys, $3 75@4 00; turnips, $1 00@1 50 a barrel; onions, $2 a barrel.

BUCKWHEAT FLOUR—3½@3½c ℔ pound.

Groceries.

Sugar and package coffee are firm enough to advance at an early day. Other groceries move along in the old rats. Wholesale dealers report a satisfactory week's trade.

GREEN COFFEE—Fancy Rio, 23@24c; choice Rio, 21@22c; prime Rio, 20½c; low grade Rio, 18½@19½c; old Government Java, 27@28c; Maracaibo, 23½@24½c; Mocha, 28½@29½c; Santos, 20½@24c; Caracas, 22@24c; peaberry, Rio, 23½@24c; La Guayra, 23½@24c.

ROASTED (in 1-lb packages)—Standard brands, 24c; high grades, 25@29½c; old Government Java, bulk, 31½@33c; Maracaibo, 27@28c; Santos, 24½@29½c; peaberry, 23½c; choice Rio, 25c; prime Rio, 23½c; good Rio, 21½c; ordinary, 21c.

SPICES (whole)—Cloves, 19@20c; allspice, 10c; cassia, 8c; pepper, 17c; nutmeg, 70@90c.

PETROLEUM (jobbers' prices)—110° test, 7¼c; Ohio, 120°, 8½c; headlight, 150°, 8¾c; water white, 10½c; globe, 14@14½c; elaine, 14½c; caradine, 11½c; royaline, 14c; globe red oil, 11@11½c.

MINERS' OIL—No. 1 winter strained, 40@47c ℔ gallon; summer, 40@43c. Lard oil, 70c.

SYRUPS—Corn syrup, 28@30c; choice sugar syrup, 33@38c; prime sugar syrup, 30@33c; strictly prime, 33@35c; new maple syrup, 90c.

N. O. MOLASSES—Fancy, 48c; choice, 46c; medium, 43c; mixed, 40@42c; choice new crop, 53c.

SODA—Bi-carb in kegs, 3@3½c; bi-carb in ¼s, 5½c; bi-carb, assorted packages, 6½@6c; sal-soda in kegs, 1½c; do granulated, 2c.

CANDLES—Star, full weight, 9c; stearine, ℔ set, 8½c; paraffine, 11@12c.

RICE—Head, Carolina, 6½@7c; choice, 6¼@6½c; prime, 5½@6c; Louisiana, 5@6½c.

STARCH—Pearl, 3½c; cornstarch, 5@6c; gloss starch, 6½@7c.

FOREIGN FRUITS—Layer raisins, $2 65; London layers, $2 90; California London layers, $2 75; Muscatels, $2 25; California Muscatels, $2 10; Valencias, 7¼c; Ondara Valencia, 8½@8½c; sultanas, 9½c; currants, 5½@5½c; Turkey prunes, 4½@5c; French prunes, 6@6½c; Salonica prunes, in 2-lb packages, 8c; cocoanuts, ℔ 100, $6 00; almonds, Lan., ℔ lb, 20c; do, Ivica, 19c; do, shelled, 40c; walnuts, nap., 12½@15c; Sicily filberts, 12c; Smyrna figs, 12@18c; new dates, 5½@5½c; Brazil nuts, 10c; pecans, 11@13c; citron, ℔ lb, 19@20c; lemon peel, ℔ lb, 16c; orange peel, 16c.

DRIED FRUITS—Apples, sliced, per lb 6c, apples, evaporated, 9c; apricots, California, evaporated, 14½@16c; peaches, evaporated, pared, 19@21c; cherries, pitted, 13½@14½c; cherries unpitted, 5@6c; raspberries, evaporated, 25½@26½c; blackberries, 7½@8c; huckleberries, 10@12c.

SUGARS—Cubes, 7¾c; powdered, 7¼c; granulated, 7¼c; confectioners' A, 7¼c; standard A, 7c; soft white, 6½@6¾c; yellow, choice, 6¼@6½c; yellow, good, 6@6¼c; yellow, fair, 5¾c; yellow, dark, 5½c.

PICKLES—Medium, bbls (1,200), $5 50; medium, half bbls (600), $3 25.

SALT—No 1, ℔ bbl, 95c; No. 1 ex, ℔ bbl, $1 05; dairy, ℔ bbl, $1 20; coarse crystal, ℔ bbl, $1 20; Higgins' Eureka, 4-lbs sacks, $2 50; Higgins' Eureka, 16-lb ℔ packets, $3 00.

CANNED GOODS—Standard peaches, $2 00@2 25; 2ds, $1 65@1 80; extra peaches, $2 40@2 60; pie peaches, 95c; finest corn, $1 90@1 50; Hid Co. corn, 75@90c; red cherries, 90c@$1; Lima beans, $1 20; soaked do, 80c; string do, 60@65c; marrowfat peas, $1 10@1 15; soaked peas, 70@80c; pineapples, $1 40@1 50; Bahama do, $2 75; damson plums, 95c; greengages, $1 25; egg plums, $2 00; California pears, $2 50; do greengages, $1 85; do egg plums, $1 85; extra white cherries, $2 40; raspberries, 95c@$1 10; strawberries, $1 10; gooseberries, $1 30@1 40; tomatoes, 85@90c; salmon, 1-lb, $1 65@1 90; blackberries, 65c; succotash, 2-lb cans, soaked, 90c; do green, 2-lb, $1 25@1 50; corn beef, 2-lb cans, $2 05; 14-lb cans, $14; baked beans, $1 45@1 50; lobster, 1-lb, $1 75@1 85; mackerel, 1-lb cans, broiled, $1 50; sardines, domestic, ¼s, $4 25@4 50; sardines, domestic, ½s, $6 75@7 00; sardines, imported, ¼s, $11 50@12 50, sardines, imported, ½s, $18; sardines, mustard, $3 30; sardines, spiced, $3 50.

FISH—Extra No. 1 bloater mackerel, $36 ℔ bbl.; extra No. 1 do, mess, $40; extra No. 1 mackerel, shore, $32; extra No. 1 do, mess, $38; No. 2 shore mackerel, $24. Codfish—Whole pollock, 4½c ℔ lb; do medium, George's cod, 8c; do large, 7c; boneless hake, in strips, 6c; do George's cod in blocks, 6½@7½c. Herring—Round shore, $4 50 ℔ bbl; split, $6 50; lake, $2 75 ℔ 100-lb half bbl. White fish, $6 00 ℔ 100-lb half bbl. Lake trout, $5 50 ℔ half bbl. Finnan haddock, 10c ℔ lb. Iceland halibut, 13c ℔ lb. Pickerel, ¼ bbl, $2 00; ⅛ bbl, $1 10; Potomac herring, $5 00 ℔ bbl, $2 50 ℔ ½ bbl.

OATMEAL—$6 00@6 25 ℔ bbl.

Grain, Flour and Feed.

Sales on call at the Grain Exchange were 1 car sample white oats, 25c, 5 days, Pennsylvania Railroad; 1 car No. 1 timothy hay, $12, 5 days, Pennsylvania Railroad; 2 cars No. 2 yellow corn, spot, elevator. Total receipts as bulletined, 16 cars. By Pittsburg, Ft. Wayne and Chicago, 2 cars of hay, 1 of bran, 1 of flour, 1 of oats, 1 of barley. By Pittsburg, Cincinnati and St. Louis, 3 cars of oats. By Pittsburg and Lake Erie, 1 car of flour, 1 of rye, 1 of malt. By Pittsburg and Western, 1 car of corn, 3 of hay. Total receipts bulletined for the week 154 cars against 192 last week and 222 for the week before. With diminishing receipts tone of markets improves. Oats are very firm at an advance over rates of the early part of the week. Corn is also firm. Flour is steady. Northwestern millers grow stronger in their ideas of values, and are no longer willing to make concessions as they were a few weeks ago.

Prices below are for carload lots on track.

WHEAT—New No. 2 red, 84@85c; No. 3, 80@82c.

CORN—No. 2 yellow, ear, 42@43c; new, 27@28c; high mixed, ear, 40@41c; No. 2 yellow, shelled, 41½@42c; new, 27@28c; high mixed, shelled, 40@41c; mixed, shelled, 40@40½c.

OATS—No. 2 white, 28@28½c; extra, No. 3, 27@27½c; mixed, 26@26½c.

RYE—No. 1 Pennsylvania and Ohio, 50@51c; No. 2 Western, 48@49c; new rye, No. 2 Ohio, 45@46c.

FLOUR—Jobbing prices—Fancy winter and spring patents, $5 00@5 50; winter straight, $4 25@4 50; clear winter, $4 00@4 25; straight XXXX bakers', $3 50@3 75. Rye flour, $3 50@4 75.

MILLFEED—Middlings, fine white, $15 00@15 50 ℔ ton; brown middlings, $11 00@13 00; winter wheat bran, $11 25@11 50; chop feed, $15 50@16 00.

HAY—Baled timothy, No. 1, $11 25@11 50; No. 2 do, $8 00@10 00; loose from wagon, $11 00@12 00, according to quality; No. 2 prairie hay, $7 00@8 00; packing do, $7 25@7 50.

STRAW—Oats, $6 75@7 00; wheat and rye straw, $6 00@6 25.

Provisions.

Sugar-cured hams, large, 10½c; sugar-cured hams, medium, 10½c; sugar-cured hams, small, 11½c; sugar-cured breakfast bacon, 9c; sugar-cured shoulders, 6½c; sugar-cured boneless shoulders, 7½c; sugar-cured California hams, 7c; sugar-cured dried beef flats, 9c; sugar-cured dried beef sets, 10c; sugar-cured dried beef rounds, 12c; bacon shoulders, 6½c; bacon clear sides, 7½c; bacon clear bellies, 7½c; dry salt shoulders, 6½c; dry salt clear sides, 7c. Mess pork, heavy, $11 50; mess pork, family, $12 00. Lard—refined, in tierces, 6½c; half-barrels, 6¾c; 60-lb tubs, 6¾c; 20-lb pails, 6¾c; 50-lb tin cans, 6¾c; 3-lb tin pails, 6¾c; 5-lb tin pails, 6¾c; 10-lb tin pails, 6½c; 5-lb tin pails, 6¾c. Smoked sausage, long, 5c; large, 5c. Fresh pork links, 9c. Boneless hams, 10½c. Pigs feet, half barrel, $4 00; quarter barrel, $2 15.

Dressed Meats.

The following prices are furnished by Armour & Co. on dressed meats: Beef carcasses, 450 to 550 lbs, 5c; 550 to 650 lbs, 6c; 650 to 750 lbs, 6½@6¾c. Sheep, 7½c ℔ lb. Lambs, 9c ℔ lb. Hogs, 6¾c. Fresh pork loins, 7½c.

MARKETS BY WIRE.

Corn Still Panicky, With a Sharp Break in Prices—Wheat Unsettled—December Down and May Up—Pork is Rather Quiet.

CHICAGO—Only a moderate demand was reported in wheat transactions to-day, and the market ruled steady without any important changes either here or at other markets. Besides the usual local business there were some few outside orders received, including some buying orders again for May delivery on foreign account. Foreigners of late have taken fair quantities of May wheat. A good share of the business to-day was in the way of changing, closing out December and buying May. Prices covered a range of only ⅝@¾c, and the closing was ½c lower for December and ⅛c higher for May than closing prices of yesterday.

European market advices were generally indicative of a firm feeling and in some instances slightly better prices quoted. The export clearances were large of flour and moderate of wheat. Estimates on the visible supply were for an increase of about 1,400,000 to 1,600,000 bushels.

CORN—There was a very nervous and unsettled feeling among operators in corn when the market opened to-day. After the excitement attending the sharp advance it was uncertain what course prices would take to-day. There was not a great deal doing during the first hour of the session, November operators giving December their attention. The first trade in November was reported at 60c, the next down to 50c, afterward 52 was paid, when the offerings were rather more liberal, and scattering trades were made at the decline down to 32c, and the month closed at 32c.

It was quite apparent after the first hour of the session that a good many short lines had been settled quietly yesterday, some operators placing the amount at 600,000 bushels. It was said one line of 300,000 bushels was bought in around 58@60c, and small lots aggregating 150,000 bushels at about the same price. It was also rumored that 110,000 bushels was covered to-day at about 60c by brokers who gave up the name of a large local speculator, whose name has been frequently mentioned with the late bulge. After the break in November to 33c the market began to assume its natural condition, and December, which sold up early to 33½c, broke badly, touching 31½c.

Oats were steadier earlier, one operator buying and advanced prices ¼@¾c. An effort on the part of several large traders to sell produced a weaker feeling, and the early advance was lost. At the close a weak feeling prevailed, last sales being at about inside prices.

Mess pork—Trading very light and the feeling weak. Prices ruled 10@15c lower for November, and 2½@5c on the other deliveries, and market closed quiet at medium figures.

Lard—Very little trading and no particular change to note. Prices ruled steady.

Short rib sides—Only a limited business was transacted, Prices without material change.

The leading futures ranged as follows:

WHEAT—No. 2, December, 79@79¼@78¾@79c; January, 80@80¼@80@80½c; May, 84@84½@84@84¼c.

CORN—No. 2, November, 60@60@32@32c; December, 31½@32¼@31¼@31¼c; January, 30⅞@31¼@30⅞@31⅛c; May, 33⅝@33⅞@33⅛@33⅜c.

OATS—No. 2, December, 20¼@20⅜@20⅛@20⅛c; May, 22⅝@22¾@22½@22½c.

MESS PORK, per bbl.—Year, $9 00@9 10; 9 00@9 00; January, $9 27½@9 27½@9 22½@9 27½; May, $9 57½@9 62½@9 55@9 57½.

LARD, per 100 lbs.—Year, $5 87½@5 87½@5 87½@5 87½; January, $5 87½@5 87½@5 87½@5 87½; May, $6 05@6 05.

SHORT RIBS, per 100 lbs.—Year, $4 77½@4 77½; January, $4 75@4 75@4 72½@4 72½; May, $4 95@4 95.

Cash quotations were as follows: Flour steady and unchanged; No. 2 spring wheat, 79c; No. 3 spring wheat, 68@65c; No. 2 red, 79c. No. 2 corn, 31½c. No. 2 oats, 20@20½c. No. 2 rye, 44c. No. 2 barley, 58c. No. 1 flaxseed, $1 33. Prime timothy seed, $1 20. Mess pork, per bbl, $9 37½@9 50. Lard, per 100 lbs, $5 92½. Short ribs sides (loose), $5 00@5 60. Dry salted shoulders (boxed), unchanged. Short clear sides (boxed), unchanged. Sugars—Cutloaf, unchanged. Receipts—Flour, 13,000 barrels; wheat, 117,000 bushels; corn, 168,000 bushels; oats, 95,000 bushels; rye, 13,000 bushels; barley, 75,000 bushels. Shipments—Flour, 16,000 barrels; wheat, 27,000 bushels; corn, 201,000 bushels; oats, 272,000 bushels; rye, 17,000 bushels; barley, 62,000 bushels.

On the Produce Exchange to-day the butter market was steady; fancy creamery, 25½@26c; fine, 20@22c; finest dairy, 20@22c; fine, 14@17c. Eggs, 23@24c.

NEW YORK—Flour dull and a shade easier.