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SOMEBODY.

BY PEARL ETTINGE.

Somebody thinks the world all wrong
And never has a word in its praise:
Somebody sings the world's day long,
Likes the world and all its ways.
Somebody says it's a queer old place,
Where none of the people do as they should;
Somebody thinks it full of grace
And would not change the folks if he could.
Somebody call's it cruel and cold,
Full of sin and sorrow and pain,
Where life is but a search for gold,
And souls are lost in selfish gain.
Somebody merrily laughs, and cries:
"Hurrah for such a dear old earth!
Success shall crown the man that tries
To make his mark by honest worth."
Somebody groans and shakes his head,
Calls life but a wretched one;
Somebody wishes that he were dead,
For somebody else has all the fun.
But whether or not you generally find,
In good or evil, pain or care,
To one thing sure, you may make up your mind:
Somebody *always* gets his share.

POOR LITTLE EMILY.

The History of a Prudent Marriage.

BY MISS MULOCK.

CHAPTER I.—CONTINUED.

"Well, the rest of the story lies in a nutshell; for I have never got to the bottom of the matter yet, and I never shall now. John and Emily parted in the old father's presence; he insisted upon that, and in my presence, too, for Emily begged I would stay. And at the last, oh! how she clung round the young man's neck, and promised him faithfully that she would marry him, and no one but him. And he promised her as solemnly, and John Stenhouse is a man who never breaks his word, that if he were alive on the day she came of age, he would claim her again, and marry her in spite of man or devil." He said that, those very words, for he seemed half maddened by the cruelty shown to her, the tender, delicate girl, made to be loved and taken care of. And then he kissed her—oh, how he kissed her! It makes me cry to think of it."

"Poor fellow! But, for all that, it would have been a very imprudent marriage," said Mrs. Smiles, coldly.

"Imprudent or not, it never came about, you see, though what happened I have never found out. Most certainly, John Stenhouse formed no other attachment. He worked hard in the office, and out of office hours led a most solitary life. He did not even ask about Emily Kendal; though sometimes when, intentionally, I used to mention her, he listened as if he was drinking in every word. And I took care that during the two years he should hear about her all I heard myself. This was not a great deal, for her father kept her separated from me as much as he could, which was human nature, I suppose. But I had news of her sometimes, and always told them to John. The only thing I did not tell him was a rumor that reached me [illegible] ridiculous it seemed then, that my husband and I only laughed at it, of her intended marriage to John Bowerbank."

"I remember it was I who told you, and how indignant you looked. But you see I was right after all," said Mrs. Smiles, not without a little air of self-satisfaction.

"Well, no matter now. John never named Emily's name, nor do I know if he ever heard the report or not; but certainly just about that time he went up to London. Whether it was to claim Emily, whether he asked her again and she refused him, or whether he heard the report about her and John Bowerbank, and never did come forward and ask her, goodness only knows! All I know is that, within two months of Emily's coming of age, without my ever seeing him—for I was laid down with that bad fever, you know, and Edward was too miserable about me to care much for anybody outside—John Stenhouse had quitted Liverpool and sailed for India. And there he is now, for aught I know. He does not forget us, poor fellow; he writes to us at Christmas always, and last year he sent an Indian shawl to reach me on my birthday. But he never names Emily, and he never gave the slightest explanation about anything."

"Perhaps," suggested Mrs. Smiles, "there was nothing to explain. The young lady had changed her mind, that was all. And no wonder. A marriage with the head of the firm instead of one of the junior clerks is so very much more suitable. But look! is not that the carriage driving up? Mr. Bowerbank's, I presume. Oh, dear! if I could but see one of my daughters driving away in her own carriage!"

Mrs. Knowle did not answer. She stood half hidden behind the groups of idle gazers which always gather to stare at a bride. There was a mingled expression in her frank, rosy face—half pity, half tenderness, yet flitting ever and anon across it a shadow of something else—a something not unlike contempt. Coarse-looking, uncultured woman as she was, she possessed that which makes at once woman's utmost softness and utmost strength—a loving heart and a clear conviction—though she was not clever enough to put it into thoughts, still less into words—of the divineness of Love. Love, which, when mutual, gives and exacts nothing less than the entire soul of man and woman, and enforces as an absolute duty the truth of which marriage is but the outward sign, seal, and ratification—"What God hath joined together let not man put asunder."

"I wonder what made her marry him?" murmured the good matron of thirty years' standing. "My patience! if I had given up Edward Knowle what would he have thought of me? What will John Stenhouse think of her?"

"Nothing at all, probably. He may be married by this time himself."

"I don't believe it—I'll never believe it. Men may be bad enough, but they're not so bad as women. They'll not often sell themselves, soul and body, out of mere cowardice, or break a solemn plighted promise from sheer fear."

"But her father—she was bound to obey her father."

"No, she wasn't," replied Mr. Knowle, sternly and strongly. "My dear, you're not bound to obey any man living, not even your own husband, who is a mighty deal closer to you than your father, when he tells you to do a wrong thing. If Edward Knowle said to me, 'Emma, I'm hungry, and I want you to chop yourself up into mincemeat for me,'—well, perhaps I might do it, if he really wanted it and I harmed no one but myself. But if he said, 'Emma, I'm hungry, and I want you to go and steal that leg of mutton,' I should say, 'No, sir. God's law is a higher law than obedience to you. Steal your leg of mutton for yourself.' But stop—they've opened the hall door—she's coming."

She came, the little pale bride. Not even the excitement of the bridal gayeties, the breakfast, the champagne, and the speeches, could make her anything but pale. She leant on the arm of her father, who was an extremely handsome, gentlemanly, well-dressed and low-voiced personage. He put her into the carriage with the utmost paternal care, with a kiss and a benediction, both of which she received passively. She seemed altogether a passive, frail, gentle creature, such a one as a brave, strong man would take and shelter in his arms, and love all the dearer for her very helplessness. And John Bowerbank, though elderly, almost old, did not look like a weak man, or an untender man. Far stronger, far tenderer—the two qualities usually go together—than the bride's handsome and elegant father.

"Poor thing!" muttered Mrs. Knowle to herself. "Well, in one sense, it's an escape. He's an honest man, John Bowerbank. Perhaps she may be happy—at least, less unhappy than she looks now. God bless her!"

And with that cordial blessing, unheard, and a few kindly tears, unseen by her for whom they were shed, for in truth the bride did not seem much to hear and see anything, the carriage drove away. Thus terminated the principal scene, and thus vanished the principal actors in that grand show wedding, which had been quite satisfactory and successful in all its elements, with the exception of one trifling omission, not unfrequently occurring in similar ceremonies—Love.

CHAPTER II.

Before telling the simple, sad story—it does not pretend to be anything but a sad story—of John Bowerbank's wife, I should like to say a word for John Bowerbank.

The most obvious description of him and almost universal criticism upon him, was the common phrase, "He was a thorough man of business;" a character which, out of business circles, it is a little the fashion to decry, or, at least, to mention with a condescending apology. Hard to say why, since any acute reasoner may perceive that it takes some of the very finest qualites of real manhood to make a "thorough man of business." A man exact, persevering, shrewd, enterprising, with a strong perception of his own rights, and an equally fair judgment, and an honest admission of the rights of his neighbor; who, from conscience, common sense, and prudence, takes care ever to do to others as he would be done by; who has firmness enough to strike the clear balance between justice and generosity; who is honest before he is benevolent, and righteous before he is compassionate; who will defraud no man, nor, if he can help it, suffer any man to defraud him; who is careful in order to be liberal, and accurate that he may compel accuracy in those about him; who, though annoyed by the waste or misappropriation of a pound, would not grudge thousands spent in a lawful, wise, and creditable way; a man of whom his enemies may say, sarcastically, that he is a "clear" man, a "sharp" man, a man who "can push his way in the world;" yet ha'f the world's work—and good work, too—is done by him, and the like of him; done far more successfully, far more nobly, than by your great geniuses, who aim at everything and effect little or nothing; your grand incompletenesses who only sadden one by the hopelessness of their failures. Better than to be a poet, whose ignoble life lags haltingly behind his noble poetry; a statesman, who tries to mend the world and forgets that the first thing to be mended is himself; or a philanthropist, who loves all mankind, but neglects his own family—better far than all these in the long run is the thorough man of business, the secret of whose career is the one simple maxim, "Anything worth doing at all is worth doing well."

Whatever else people might say of John Bowerbank—and they have said much, both bad and good, during his life of nearly sixty years—they always said of him this: that he had never shuffled out of an undertaking, nor broken a promise; never begged, borrowed, nor stolen—cheating is stealing—one shilling from any man; and though his aims might not be lofty, and his daily life far removed from the heroic, still he was a good, honest man, and (as I repeat, with exceeding respect for the epithet) a thorough man of business.

But there was nothing the least interesting about him. His figure was short and stumpy, and his gray hair bristled funnily round his smooth, bald head. He could not, by any force of imagination, be turned into a romantic personage. That his life had had its romance was not improbable; few lives are without. It might have been—who knows?—connected with a certain grave (which Mrs. Knowle once found when visiting her own little grave in Hale churchyard, and ever after looked kindlier on the man for the sake of it), which bore the inscription, "Jane, wife of Mr. John Bowerbank" (he was not Esquire then), "who died in childbirth, was here interred with her infant son," nearly forty years ago.

But so completely forgotten had been this episode in his life, that most people thought John Bowerbank an old bachelor; and when he grew in years and honors, so much so that it was rumored that he had declined being made Sir John Bowerbank solely because knighthood was a small thing, and baronetcy, to a man without heirs, a blank sort of dignity, nobody suspected he would marry; nor, when he did marry, was he suspected of marrying in any but a business-like way—to secure a pleasant mistress for his splendid house, a cheerful companion for his declining years. And, let the truth be owned, he did marry only for this. He was not one bit in love. The solitary passion of his life had blazed up and burned itself out, or rather been extinguished by the hand of fate, and it was too late to light up any other.

He did not marry Emily Kendal for love, nor—which, perhaps, was the secret of her finally consenting to marry him—had he made any foolish pretense of doing so. He respected her character, he liked her well, in a tender, fatherly sort of way; but "Jane, wife of Mr. John Bowerbank," now sleeping in her peaceful grave, need not have had the slightest jealousy over, nay, would hardly have recognized the middle-aged gentleman who was the "happy bridegroom" that sunshiny morning in St. George's, Hanover Square.

Perhaps this was a good thing for Emily. In her husband's unexacting and undemonstrative regard, more paternal than lover-like, she found the rest which was the only thing for which she craved; and in his steady, sedate, persistent character, which aimed at nothing higher than it accomplished, and sought from her no more than she was able to give, she found a little of the comfort which she once thought was hopeless to her in this world. She, who had begun life with a girl's dreams of perfection, and proved them all false, who, in her weakness—weaker than most woman's—had leaned on one stay after another, and found them all pierce her like broken reeds, experienced in her calm, cold marriage with this kind, good, practical man, a certain peace, which after all the tempests of her youth, was not without its soothing charm. Also, to one of her weak, hesitating nature, the mere sense of her fate being irrevocably settled—of leaning on somebody, and having somebody on whom she was bound to lean—of passing out of the flowery fields and dark precipices of her troubled life into the smooth, hard, iron tramway of duty, conveyed a feeling of relief.

For the first three months of her marriage everybody said how well Mrs. John Bowerbank was looking; better than anybody ever expected to see Emily Kendal look in this world; for most people had set her down as the doomed inheritor of her mother's disease—consumption, decline, atrophy—whatever name be given to the outward tokens of an inward grief which kills the spring of youth, and makes life a weariness, and the grave the only rest.

It cannot be said that marriage caused any great change in John Bowerbank; he was too old for that. But he lost some of his crotchety, old bachelor ways; moved with a certain air of contentment and pride about his handsome house, and was carefully mindful of his delicate and sweet-looking young wife, whom he took to state dinner parties, and introduced among the blooming, florid, and a little too conspicuously dressed Liverpool ladies, where she looked not unlike a lily of the valley in the midst of a bed of tulips and ranunculuses.

So they lived their lives, those two. Not a domestic life by any means; Mr. Bowerbank had never been used to that, nor Mrs. Bowerbank neither. She had dreamed of it once; of the honor and happiness of being a poor man's wife; of mending his shirts and stockings; of looking after his dinners and making the best of everything; counting no economies mean that were to lighten the toil of the bread-winner; no labors hard that were to add to his comfort.

But this was not Emily's lot. She was a rich woman, married to a rich man; nothing was expected of her but elegant idleness. Once this might have been to her weariness intolerable; but she had long been passive and languid, glad to do nothing, and to be just whatever she fancied, since nobody ever insisted upon her being anything—a life that some would have called happy, and, especially in its outside aspect, have envied exceedingly.

"She's an old man's darling," said one of the young Liverpool ladies, commenting on Mrs. Bowerbank's to her neighbor and occasional, though not very intimate, visitor, Mrs. Knowle. "It's better, anyhow, than being 'a young man's slave.'"

"I'm not sure of that," half-grimly, half-comically, replied the other. "I hope, my dear, you'll be pretty much of a slave to your husband (as I am this day to Edward Knowle), or you'd best not marry at all."

But such love-servitude was not Emily's lot. She never trotted after John Bowerbank with his big boots in the morning, or brushed his coat, or found him his gloves; she never ran to open the door of evenings or settled his cushions for his after-dinner sleep. They had servants to do that, so why should she? In truth, it never occurred to her to do it.

She dressed herself carefully and sat at the head of her husband's table; she drove in her husband's carriage about the country—solitary, peaceful, meditative drives; or she paid a few courtesy calls after the entertainments to which, arrayed in the most perfect of costumes, he seemed pleased to take her. He never was cross with her; never asked her if she was happy; tried, doubtless, in his own way, to make her so, for he was a kindly natured man; but he was not observant, nor sensitive, nor ever sympathetic. Besides, he was old, and all his youth, if he ever had any, had been buried long ago in Hale churchyard.

Mrs. Knowle told, not at the time, but afterward, how, one Christmas Day, which was one of the rare holidays at the Exchange—and Mr. Bowerbank was a man who never took a holiday illegally—she saw him crossing the long, frosted grass of this said churchyard, alone, though he had not been married many months, to stand by that grave, of which the mossy headstone still conveyed but few intelligible words, save that it was worth doing well with the turf. If his eyes could have peered below, he would have found nothing of wife or child but a little handful of bones. Another wife now sat at his splendid, not humble, hearth; possibly another child might——

Yes, this was what they said of him, the ill-natured portion of his friends; how, since the offer of the baronetcy, a certain dawning pride of race, the truly English wish to found a family, had come into the head of grave John Bowerbank; that accordingly he had, in his grave and practical way, conceived the idea, however late in life, of marrying, and had accordingly looked round on all his eligible young lady acquaintances, until, in his practical eye, he found one who, for her own sweet sedateness, he thought would be a suitable mate for an elderly man; and accordingly; without much inquiry as to her feelings, and having, indeed, arranged the whole matter in the most business-like fashion with his old acquaintance, her father, he married Emily Kendal.

But when, after a year—the baronetcy being again offered and accepted—there appeared no heir to these honors, undoubtedly Sir John was very much disappointed. Of course, he did not show it; he was too good a man for that; but the placid mien became colder and colder; and though they were not unhappy—it takes a certain amount of hope even to create disappointment—still, day by day, the husband and wife went more their own ways; saw less and less of one another, as is quite easy in the daily life of wealthy people, who have, or think they have so, many duties owed to their position and to society. And though Emily still smiled—her soft, languid, wistful smile—and nobody ever said an unkind word to her, and she, dear soul, had never said an unkind word to anybody in her life, still her cheek grew paler and paler, her eyes grew larger and larger, with a sort of far-away look, as if gazing forward into a not distant heaven for something on earth never found—something lost or incomplete—something without which, though a man should give the whole substance of his house for, it would be utterly in vain.

Marriage must be heaven or hell. Not at first, perhaps, for time softens and mends all things; but after time has had its fair license and failed; and then comes the dead blank, the hopeless endurance, even if the sharper pangs do not intervene; the feeling that the last chance in life has been taken, the last die thrown—and lost.

Probably John Bowerbank did not feel thus; his feelings were never remarkably keen; and he had his business, his days occupied on 'Change, and his evenings devoted several times a week, to the long, splendid, intensely dull and entirely respectable Liverpool dinner parties. But his wife, left all day at home, with no duties to fill up the idle, aimless, weary hours, with no children of her own, and too listless and inactive to adopt the substitute of other childless matrons—Mrs. Knowle, for instance—and take everybody else's children, who needed it, under her motherly wing—to such as poor Emily, a marriage like hers must resemble being slowly frozen alive in the lake of gilded torment, which forms the horror of one of the circles of Dante's Hell.

But nobody knew it. Her father, engaged in the same dining-out existence in London that her husband, in a lesser and more harmless degree, enjoyed in Liverpool, never visited her, seldom wrote to her. When he did, his letters breathed the most enviable self-satisfaction that he had done the very best for her; that she was perfectly happy; and it was he, her affectionate father, who had secured, after his own pattern—which, of course, was infallible—her conjugal felicity. And all the world, his world especially, went on as usual, and the people who had most discussed the marriage, pro and con, till the heat of wordy war stretched over a wide area between its two points of Liverpool and London; even these subsided, as all people so soon subside after every marriage, into leaving the two concerned to bear their own cross or enjoy their own content. For, after all, it is their own business and nobody's else; which it was from the very first, if their affectionate friends could have believed so.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE NEWS.

The St. Paul Roller Flour Mill Company's buildings, including elevator at St. Paul, Minn., were destroyed by fire; loss $150,000.——The boiler of the tug Comet, at Buffalo, N. Y., exploded, wrecking the boat and injuring two of the crew.——Fire destroyed the Masonic block at Montezuma, N. Y.; loss $15,000.——An English syndicate is negotiating for the purchase of the melting plant of George H. Bullen & Co., the largest in Chicago, and which turns out 1,250,000 bushels of malt yearly.——Frank O. Paul, of Providence, R. I., a freight train brakeman, has been awarded $8,000 against the Providence and Worcester Railroad for being thrown from a train by a defective brakebar and losing a leg.——Six inches of snow covers the Texas Panhandle.——Railroad men are now considering plans for an organization to be known as the People's Transportation Company.——Jacksontown is again flooded and the temporary bridge across the Conemaugh has been washed away.——In a fog on the East river, New York, the United States man-of-war Chicago collided with a float of freight cars, but the Chicago was not damaged.——Charles Page, aged seventy eight years, and his aged wife were found murdered in their home in Clinch county, Ga.——Elmer Labadie, a Frenchman, of Franklin, Mass., on trial for rape upon his own daughter, committed suicide in the court-room.——By the breaking of a brake on a cable-car in Kansas City, a collision occurred, and a gripman and several passengers were injured.——The annual report of the marine and fishery exchange of Gloucester shows that fourteen vessels of the fishing fleet and seventy lives were lost during the year.——Mrs. Henry Brink, wife of the wealthiest farmer in Brown county, Kan. was shot and killed by Frank Zoludick, an employe on the farm.——John W. Wilks, a contractor of Newark, N. J., died suddenly of pneumonia and his wife, a robust woman, expired an hour later from the shock.

James B. Hopkins, of Norfolk, Va., accidentally shot and killed himself while gunning.——There were two hundred and twenty-eight business failures in the United States and thirty-nine in Canada the past week.——Owen Anderson, an eighteen-year-old negro, was lynched in Lexburg, Va., for outrage upon a white girl seventeen years of age.——Several workingmen were injured by the falling of a scaffold on a theater in course of construction on Blackwell's Island, N. Y.——The sixteenth annual session of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union began in Chicago, and Miss Francis Willard, the president, in her address denounced trusts and combines and corruption in politics.——Richard Philbin, a massage operator in New York city, was arrested, charged with robbing William R. Nixon, a Chicago merchant, who employs as a butler.——Sallie Utterback, a servant in a hotel near Vincennes, Ind., buried a smooth-iron at James Ritchey, a drummer, and cracked his skull.——The revised figures in the Iowa election give Boies, Democrat, for governor, 4,790 plurality.——Terrible sleet and snowstorms in New Mexico have been the death of thousands of cattle.——Katie Donovan, seven years old, was pushed into a bonfire by her playmates at Lawrence, Mass., and died from her injuries.——Three children were burned to death in a fire that destroyed Samuel W. Dunbar's farm buildings near Manchester, N. H.——Colonel William Cassius Goodloe, member of the National Republican Committee, stabbed and killed Colonel A. M. Swope at Lexington, Ky. Goodloe was shot and fatally wounded.——In a collision between freight and gravel trains near Kittanning, Pa., three men were killed.——The Standard Oil Company has bought out several more oil companies in Pennsylvania.——St. Patrick's Catholic Church at Utica, N. Y., was destroyed by fire.——The litigation against the Credit Mobilier of America was finally ended by the settlement of Pennsylvania's claim for taxes.——Fire did $60,000 damage to W. C. Reynolds & Co.'s buggy works at Columbus, O.——Several persons were killed at Brownsburg, Va., in a fight growing out of Dr. T. J. Walker, a physician, threatening the life of Henry Miller, a wealthy citizen of Rockbridge county, for insulting the former's wife.——Pigg Vaun was hanged at Summerville, Ga., for the murder of Worth White.

J. L. Pordemore, a prominent citizen of Scotia, Neb., was shot and killed by Calvin Madison, who was jealous of his victim.——The Norwegian Plow Company in Dubuque, Ia., was destroyed by fire.——Fire destroyed a block of buildings in Petersburg, Va., Lieut. Crichton, of the police force, was killed by a falling wall. The loss is estimated at $750,000.——The Mormons in Salt Lake City are scheming to obtain control of the schools in Salt Lake City.——The Supreme Court of New York has affirmed the decision of Judge Barrett in the case of the North River Sugar Refining Company, and the company must be dissolved.——The rectory of St. Mary's Roman Catholic Church, in Plainsfield, N. J., was considerably damaged by fire.——Albert Mares, of Savannah, Ga., cut his wifes throat from ear to ear. He was jealous.——Pig Vaun, a condemned murder in Rome, Georgia, attempted suicide.——Miss Kate Drexel, of Philadelphia, has taken the white veil of the novitiate at the convent of the Sisters of Mercy, in Pittsburg.——The sentence of Simon Walker, the negro boy of Chesterfield county Virginia, has been committed to twenty years' imprisonment.——R. L. Braselman, was arrested in Washington on the charge of attempting to vote illegally.——The body of Captain C. Marcus Schoonmaker, who lost his life in the hurricane at Samoa, was interred in the family plot at Wiltwyck Cemetery, Kingston, N. Y.——Ex Secretary of State Thomas F. Bayard, and Miss Mary Willing Clymer were married at the residence of the bride, 1617 H. street, Washington, in the presence of a distinguished company.

THE Argentine Government has instructed its agent in Paris to offer facilities for emigration to the Jews who are being expelled from Russia. Several thousand of these people, who are under orders to quit Bessarabia, have accepted engagements to go and colonize lands on the Argentine territory. A shipful of the emigrants will start in a few days from Ismailia.

THE Federal authorities in New York city are enforcing the law against the importation of contract laborers.

STATE OF TRADE.

Unfavorable Weather Causes a Decreased Movement.

The Stock of Available Wheat East of the Rockies—Bank Clearings at Thirty-Seven Cities—Trusts and Coal.

Special telegrams to *Bradstreet's* report a continuance of unfavorable weather in central and Southwestern Mississippi Valley states and a slightly decreased movement of general trade in staples at most points, although it is noted that the volume still exceeds that of a corresponding time in 1888. An exception is noted in Omaha, where colder weather has stimulated seasonable business. Cotton is moving freely in Texas and Louisiana. At Louisville fine burley tobacco is advancing, and the highest prices of the season are recorded. Less tendency to stringency is reported in leading financial centres, West and South. There has been a moderate improvement in mercantile collections at several points.

Stocks of available wheat in the United States East of the Rocky Mountains November 2, as reported to *Bradstreet's* aggregated 43,947,000 bushels, against 26,734,000 bushels September 28, 1889 and as compared with 44,518,000 bushels November 1, 1888. The totals, including both coasts, are 56,317,000 bushels, against 39,243,000 a month ago and 50,454,000 bushels a year ago. Wheat stocks thus exceed those of a like date last year for the first time in 1889.

The bank clearings at thirty seven cities (where totals are obtainable for four years) aggregate $5,499,008,612 for October, an increase of 10 per cent. over October, 1888, of 22 per cent. over 1887, and 16 per cent. over October, 1886. The total for the ten months of the current year is $45,647,875,640, or 14 per cent in excess of a like period of 1888, 7¾ per cent larger than the total in 1887. The relatively greater increase at thirty six cities, exclusive of New York, is shown by the fact that while the latter's total increased about 4,000,000,000 in ten months of this year over last, the total for thirty-six cities, comprising but one-third of the grand total, increased over $5,000,000,000 in the same period.

Wheat flour has been in steady movement at practically unchanged prices. Wheat is off ½@½c on light demand and heavy receipts. Corn on better home and foreign request, is up ⅛@⅜c, and oats on limited receipts and offerings are ⅝@⅞c higher. Hog products declined sharply on increased pressure at the West. Pork fell away 75c@$1 per barrel and lard 40 points. Butter and eggs advanced 1c each, cheese remaining practically steady. Hogs are lower at the West. Cattle are steady.

Coffee has been in light demand and closes without special features up 20@30 points on the week. The demand for tea is light and prices are easier. Raw sugar is more active, particularly at New York and Philadelphia, owing to the reduction of 3 16@⅛c, and freer offerings. More favorable European cable advices do not sustain prices so far. Refined is in better request and shaded on some grades.

Cotton goods are in liberal demand for Spring delivery, with prices [illegible] big upwards. New York and Boston jobbers are quiet or dull. At the former city holiday specialties are active, and cooler weather has slightly improved the demand from near-by and city retailers. Wool is in fair demand, at unchanged prices, at seaboard markets. Raw cotton is 1-16@3 16c higher, except at New York, on smaller crop estimates and good demand.

The business failures in the last seven days number—United States, 228; Canada, 39. Total, 267, as compared with 261 last year, and 225 the week previous. For the corresponding week of last year the figures were: 194 failures in the United States and 33 in Canada.

SUFFERING IN THE SNOW.

The Terrible Experience of a Lot of Cattle Herders in the Blizzard.

The bodies of John Martin and Henry Miller, the cowboys who were frozen to death near Sierra Grand, Colorado, in last week's terrible blizzard, were brought to Folsom for burial. Four others men belonging to the same party are missing, and it is feared that they are dead. It is reported that at least twenty men are missing from this range, and it is feared many of them will never be found. Jolly and Wise, the men who escaped badly frozen, tell a heartrending story of their suffering. When the blizzards struck them they were holding a herd of 2,500 cattle. The wind became a hurricane before morning, and when Martin and Jolly went on the last guard about 3 A. M., the storm was so blinding that they could not hold the herd. Jolly started to the camp for help. In the meantime Miller and Wise had left the camp to assist in holding the cattle. Jolly could not find the camp, and Miller and Wise could not find the herd. All three were drawn together by shouting, and wandered around till daylight, when they found Martin. The cold was so bitter that the man entered a ravine, and after fastening the horses, took the saddle blankets and buried themselves in a snowdrift, and it was only by the greatest efforts that Jolly and Wise succeeded in keeping awake. They were slightly apart from Martin and Miller, and had difficulty in talking to each other.

The snow piled upon them to such weight that they were forced to seek another drift. About four o'clock Friday morning Miller called Jolly and Wise, and told them they had all better go, and when they crawled out they made a search in the drift for Miller and Martin. The latter only could be found, and he was dead. They took the horses and started, leading them. Soon they found Miller on his knees, his horse standing in front of him as though trying to protect him from the cold. He was asked to get up and go with them, but he was unable to rise, and was assisted to his feet, but could not walk. Jolly started to get assistance, while Wise remained with their dying companion. Both of Wise's hands are frozen, and he was fast becoming insensible himself when a Mexican sheep herder found him and took him to Rhodes' Ranch, a few miles distance. The men returned to where Miller had been left and found him lifeless.

MARKETS.

BALTIMORE—Flour—City Mills, extra, $4 62 a$4.85. Wheat—Southern Fultz, 84@84¼; Corn—Southern White, 42a42½ cts, Yellow 40a41cts. Oats—Southern and Pennsylvania 25a29½cts.; Rye—Maryland & Pennsylvania 54a55cts.; Hay—Maryland and Pennsylvania 12 50a$13 00; Straw-Wheat, 7.00a$8.00; Butter, Eastern Creamery, 19a25c., near-by receipts 9a17cts; Cheese—Eastern Fancy Cream, 10½ a11½ cts.—Western, 10a10½ cts; Eggs—23 a24; Tobacco Leaf—Inferior, 1a$2.00, Good Common, 3 00a$4 00, Middling, $5a7.00 Good to fine red, 8a$9; Fancy, 10a$13.

NEW YORK—Flour—Southern Common to fair extra, $3.10a$5.15; Wheat—Nol White 83¼ a83½; Rye—State, 51¾a52½; Corn—Southern Yellow, 38⅞a39¼. Oats—White, State 25¾a26 cts.; Butter—State, 12a 3 cts.; Cheese—State, 8¼a10½ cts.; Eggs—21a22 cts.

PHILADELPHIA — Flour — Pennsylvania fancy, 4.25a4.75; Wheat—Pennsylvania and Southern Red, 80½a81; Rye—Pennsylvania 55a56cts; Corn—Southern Yellow, 40a41½cts. Oats—28½a29 cts.; Butter—State, 19a25 cts.; Cheese—N. Y. Factory, 9a9½ cts. Eggs—State, 24½a25 cts.

CATTLE.

BALTIMORE—Beef, 4 00a4 15; Sheep—$3 00 a4 50, Hogs—$4 25a4 40.

NEW YORK—Beef—$5 00a6 00; Sheep—$3 70 a5 25; Hogs—$4.20a4 65.

EAST LIBERTY—Beef—$4 40a4 90; Sheep—$4 60a4 80; Hogs—$4 30a4 40

DISASTERS AND CASUALTIES.

A 6-year old daughter of Mrs. Sullivan was choked to death by swallowing a toy balloon in Cincinnati.

Simon Barney, engineer, and James Moyles, fireman, were killed by the bursting of a mine boiler at Archibald, Penna.

A large brick dwelling in course of erection in Passaic City, New Jersey, tumbled down, burying 16 workmen. All were injured.

One of the large pulp grinders in the paper plant near Appleton, Wisconsin, burst, and killed Frank Clark, Superintendent of the works.

Secretary Proctor has granted the suffering settlers in North Dakota, near Fort Totten military reservation, permission to secure wood from the reservation.

The boiler of a steam thresher exploded near Grafton, Dakota, killing Isreal Sheppard, the owner. The engineer, fireman and another man were dangerously wounded.

William Kennedy, of Catasauqua, Penna., was drowned while attempting to cross the Lehigh river in a boat to the Thomas Company's iron works. The boat was swept over a dam.

A coal train on the Illinois and Indiana Southern Road was ditched near Sullivan, Indiana, by a broken rail. Engineer W. Evans was killed, and an unknown tramp was fatally hurt.

A passenger train and freight train on the Norfolk and Western Railroad collided near Liberty Station, Virginia. Two train men were killed and two injured. Both engines and five cars were wrecked.

Government engineers arrived at Johnstown, Pa., to ascertain the cost of widening and deepening the channels of the streams passing through that city, and to erect temporary bridges over the same.

While Mrs. J. Ellis was out driving in Denver, Colorado, the team ran away and collided with a cable car. She was thrown completely over the car, landing on her head on the track on the other side. She was fatally injured.

Two west-bound freight trains on the Erie Railroad were wrecked near Olivville, New York. Both tracks were blocked. The wreck caught fire, cutting off telegraphic communication. Samuel Sloat, of Middleton, was killed, and several others were injured.

A freight train on the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago Railroad ran into the limited express near Beaver Falls, Pa. A brakeman named Reeters was killed and Engineer Dougherty and Fireman Carr were badly injured. Some of the passengers received sight injuries.

One of the boilers of the Bellaire blast furnace, at Bellaire, Ohio, exploded, causing damage to the mill and adjoining buildings estimated at $200,000. Two other boilers cracked, the boiler-room was wrecked and one end of the nail factory was demolished.

A portable boiler on a farm near Hamlet, Indiana, burst, killing Adam Mann and severely scalding five others.

MANY FISHERMEN LOST.

Death and Wreckage Record of the New England Fleet.

The annual death list of the Marine and Fishery Exchange, that terrible record of the grim master to the fishermen, is out still the redeeming feature of making a favorable showing, compared with the past few years. Few reading the report can realize the terrible rain the fishing population constantly remains under, for no return after a departure is assured, and every year the widows equal in number, and at times exceed, the brides. This year's lists enumerate fourteen vessels lost, entailing a loss of $120,000, insured for $59,051. The fatalities number 70, of which 12 formed the crew of the schooner Carleton, Captain Patrick O'Connell, which was lost in the gale of November last year; 12 more forming the crew of the schooner Joseph O'Patrick, Harvey, master, lost in same gale; schooner Shiloh, James Wills, master, run down in a fog on Grand Banks by the schooner M. V. Stetson, and all hands lost. Of the other eleven vessels the crews were saved after great suffering and thrilling adventures. The remainder of the list of casualties is made up by: Fell overboard, washed overboard in gale, 8; capsized in dories, 10; lost in fog, 2; died of exposure and injury at sea, 5; wrecked and died of exhaustion, 3. The seventy souls did not only suffer themselves, but have left behind them in want and suffering seven aged parents, five helpless sisters, seventeen widows and fifty-one orphans, most of them residents of this vicinity. Fortunately for the fleet this season, the great storms of September did not reach much farther north than Cape Cod, and while New Jersey was under a deluge, the Banks had a remarkable spell of fine weather.

CAPTURED BY McCOYS.

The Bloody West Virginia Feud Breaks Out Again.

The Hatfield-McCoy feud has broken out again.

The McCoys, who from the last reports were disorganized and disheartened, have gathered together their scattered followers, and are now ready to avenge themselves.

Nothing has been heard of the fate of Charles Lambkin, John Cain and Pete McCoy, who were taken prisoners in the bloody fight at Fudge's, on the Guyandotte River, after the battle of November 1. They were then hurried to the headquarters of the Hatfield and Blumfield gangs, tried and sentenced to be shot. There is no doubt that this sentence was executed over a week ago, and now the McCoys are ready to retaliate.

Last Saturday the McCoys broke into the house of Paris Blumfield, in the southern part of Lincoln county, and took both him and his wife prisoners. They then burned the house and barn and started for their old stronghold on Hart Creek with their captives. On the way they were joined by a party recruited by Hank Rutyon numbering about a score. The Rutyons, like the Blumfields, are new accessions to the feud, which was originally confined to the McCoys and Hatfields, and now four families instead of two are involved.

What will be the fate of Mr. and Mrs. Paris Blumfield can only be conjectured, but the man will probably be shot. Every one here predicts another period of bloodshed and rapine.

A BATTLE AT BROWNSBURG.

Prominent Citizens Use Their Pistols in a Court-room.

Reports received from Brownsburg, Va., a small village of about three hundred people in Rockbridge county, state that that village is in a high state of excitement over a terrible and bloody fight between the leading men of the vicinity. Three persons are dead or fatally wounded, while a number of others are severely injured. The news received from Brownsburg, which is off the line of communication, says that Dr. P. J. Walker, one of the most prominent physicians and surgeons of the State, had threatened the life of Henry Miller, a prominent and wealthy citizen of Rockbridge county, for insulting the former's wife. Miller had Walker arrested and placed under bonds to keep the peace. The case came up in the magistrate's court, and the trouble soon started, which ended in both sides drawing their weapons. Miller was killed, Dr. Walker fatally wounded, and Mrs. Walker, who was in court as a witness, was killed. Dan and William Miller, sons of the accused, were shot and dangerously wounded. Samuel Beaver and others whose names are unknown were also injured.

ABOUT NOT

Prince Bismarck is troubled [illegible] He has tried an orris root pill [illegible] wakeful.

Secretary Rusk has develop[illegible] fondness for chrysanthemums. [illegible] wears one now in his buttonhole.

E. E. Spinner, formerly Unite[illegible] Treasurer, is now 88 years old. He [illegible] in Mohawk, N. Y., his native place.

Dr. Dwight L. Moody is said to have [illegible] pounded in a recent sermon the dogma t[illegible] nobody who plays progressive euchre ca[illegible] hope to go to Heaven.

Sir Julian Goldschmidt, the well-known London member of Parliament, was handsomely entertained by the New York Hebrews, at Delmonico's.

President Harrison seldom attends the theatre. He is not nearly as fond of the drama as Ex President Cleveland, who has become a confirmed "first-nighter."

Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton has been visiting Lady Ashburton at her country home in Scotland, and her pen cannot do justice to the beauty of the place or to the charm of her hostess.

The German Emperor's style of after-dinner oratory is precisely modeled on that of a commander in the field. He calls his sentences out in a series of short, sharp shocks, as if they were so many words of command.

Admiral Kimberly, in command of the Pacific Squadron, has been in service forty years. He is now on his way to San Francisco, and will be succeeded by Commodore Brown, commander of the Norfolk Navy-Yard.

President Carnot of France is an enthusiastic Shakespearian scholar. He has piles of manuscript containing his notes on the Shakespearian plays, and he has translated into French "Macbeth," "Romeo and Juliet" and "A Winter's Tale." Carnot is not a Baconian, but is willing to acknowledge that Shakespeare was a magnificent plagiarist.

Chinese women are entering the field of reform. Some of the most prominent women in the "Flowery Kingdom" have formed a society to prevent the bandaging of the penal extremities. It is appropriately termed the "Society of the Heavenly Foot."

Sir Lepel Griffin, who wrote a book denunciatory of the United States, has given up his position in India, and has decided to go into English politics. Next month he is to marry Miss Marie Lampell, who he recently met at Homburg. She is the daughter of a merchant of Naples, and is related to the Canon of Winchester.

Word has been sent around to the London dailies asking them not to print any reports their correspondent at Athens might wire about the Prince of Wales' health. The papers all obeyed the suggestion. A medical report received in London says that the effects of Bright's disease are beginning to be obvious, and the result of his voyage to Egypt will be watched for with deep anxiety.

Probably the largest retur