WOMAN'S WORLD.

TWO FLESHY WOMEN'S VIEWS OF FASHION DIFFER WIDELY.

Women's Work In England—Free Lunches For Shoppers—Medicinal Value of Lemons In the Summer—A Royal Design For Fabrics—Seasonable Suggestions.

I saw a sight yesterday, and my eyes still ache from the effects. It was a woman. At least part of it was. The rest was dress. The woman part of the apparition was about 5 feet high and 4 feet 11 inches broad. I may be an inch or two wrong about the breadth, but the outlines indicated those dimensions. I don't know what kind of a hat she had on nor what sort of face she had. From the neck down was what gave my optic nerves neuralgia. Her sleeves were about the size of flour barrels, and her collar, with a stick in the middle, would have made a serviceable family umbrella. From this wide expanse was a sharp inward slant to a waist evidently laced to the point of torture. Then came a reverse slant to the ground, the painfully straight lines of the crinoline broadening out until it took nearly half of the Fourth avenue pavement in its scoop. It was an awful spectacle, and the vision of that apoplectic hourglass will haunt me for many days.

I talked of her later to a friend—a woman whose gowns and ornaments you never notice, but who leaves you always with a memory of ease, grace and matronly beauty. "Oh, yes," she said, "I know who it is. That was Mrs. —— who shocked your artistic eye. She spends a small fortune on her gowns and prides herself on always being in the extreme of fashion. I wish I could afford to give my dressmaker half as much. I don't believe, though, I should follow the fashion as closely as she does. Nature has blessed or cursed me—it depends on Dame Fashion which way I regard it—with a goodly supply of 'too too solid flesh' that positively refuses to melt, and I cannot get my own consent to wear gowns unsuited to me. My dressmaker was horrified when I ordered my summer gowns and told me I was her only customer who insisted on plain sleeves and no crinoline. But what can I do? My friends, I know, think I look like an old fashioned dowdy, but I am sure I should be a fright in the present style of dress. So for my own satisfaction I shall continue wearing the simple empire and semi-Greek gowns that become me best, modified just enough not to attract attention."

I looked at her in wondering admiration.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Women's Work In England.

London has a society for promoting the employment of women whose latest report shows that 69 young women have through its influence begun to learn some special branch of business or some trade, while 71 have found permanent engagements and 619 have been employed temporarily, half of this number being engaged for writing and others clerks, dressmakers, cooks and waitresses. The general experience of the society shows that women do not contemplate earning a living until want is close at hand, and then they decide to become nurses or lecturers at the very last moment. Without any technical training the city allows the society a sum of money for training fees. Among the employments which the society recommends are drawing for the press and chromo lithography. There is a great demand for women who are both shorthand and typewriters, but the conditions require that they must have a thorough mastery of English grammar and composition, and the majority of girls have too little education for the purpose.

The society has found more permanent engagements for clerks and bookkeepers than for any other employment. The wages of the rank and file of women employed in the industries which minister to ordinary human needs are deplorably bad, and the women are powerless in their poverty. In the Leeds clothing trade a woman averages 5 shillings a week. The hours are from 8 a. m. until 6:30 p. m., and then it is sometimes necessary to take work home and sew until midnight. Superior workers earn only 2 shillings and sometimes less. Report shows the conditions of women's work in many of the factories worse than the wages. There are extortionate fines for trifling faults and an almost inhuman disregard of health evinced in the rules. The philanthropic woman suggests trades unionism as a panacea for these evils and cites a case where men and women weavers are united in a strong union and earn 25 per cent more wages than their less well organized neighbors.

Free Lunch For Women.

The free lunch routes of the metropolis are varied in style and amplitude. They have an army of patrons who drink to eat and eat to drink. But these patrons are males. Up to very recently it has not been thought worth while to induce women to spend money by coaxing the stomach and flattering them that they are doing something for nothing. Why this has been so I'm sure I don't know. The idea certainly goes much further with women than with men. Very recently, however, some attempts have been made to please the female palate, the best shops have restaurants for ladies, as everybody knows. But the free lunch feature is a new one. Where it has been introduced it works well.

In the house furnishing department of a big store on Sixth avenue a lady can get a cup of splendid coffee, a custard, cake or a dish of ice cream with every purchase she desires. And she can even take the whole without buying and not get fired. There are coffeepots to sell and cake coffee to be had, but she doesn't need to buy if she doesn't want to do so. She can go over to another counter and buy a 10-cent cake pan or something of that kind, and a sweet young barker will beg pardon, saleslady—will give her a cake or two hot from the oven. She bakes and bakes right on the spot. It is worth more to see her do it than to see the champion cocktail mixer of Park row. Then, after having seen her mix the cake and eaten your cake and given elaborate directions about delivering your pie pan at your address on One Hundred and Thirty-second street, Harlem, you have the presence of mind left you to go to another counter and buy something else and eat again, and so on. When you come home, you may have indigestion, but you will be sober, and the pie pans and fancy dishes and little household articles you haven't swallowed will be coming in all next day.—New York Herald.

Medicinal Value of Lemons.

The time of year has arrived when I do not care to keep my lemons. Indeed the faster I can now use them the better for my family. We need their helpful acid to counteract the excess of fats which have been consumed — more doubtless than have been assimilated. Why now goad the weary, long tired liver with blue pills when lemons are supplied in lavish profusion? Surely they are the product of the soil where dwell the most bilious people. Paterfamilias is suffering from biliousness; therefore I throw physic (blue pills) to the dogs—and they, wise creatures, will not touch it—giving in its stead lemon tea or hot lemonade. The excess of bile is thus summarily destroyed, and perchance a fever routed.

Malaria threatens another member of the family. I forthwith prepare the "Roman" cure, which is nothing more than lemons, rind and pulp cut up in water—a pint of water to a lemon—and boiled down to one pint; dose, one teaspoonful before a meal. Though sufficiently sour to give a marble bust a wry face, pharmacists claim it has cured cases so stubborn that quinine had no more effect than sugar or salt.

Perhaps the little 3-year-old shows symptoms of a severe cold. I shall "nip it in the bud" by a fire warmth and a hot lemonade. If she is hoarse, I shall bake a lemon about 20 minutes and squeeze therefrom the hot juice upon a half cup of granulated sugar. The pleasant and palatable sirup thus formed will avert that most to be dreaded croup.

Nothing better can I find to impede a threatened pneumonia attack upon myself. The remnants of some of the lemons I shall give Biddy to rub her hands with after the weekly washing, thereby preventing the chapping which she so much dreads. Clean rind pieces left from cooking I shall place in a glass jar, covering with alcohol, thereby manufacturing a superior quality of lemon essence.—Philadelphia Times.

A Royal Design For Fabrics.

Her royal highness the Duchess of Teck and Princess May have given permission that the new May blossom design shall henceforth be known as the "royal May blossom," in order to protect it from nefarious imitations which ever follow in the wake of success. It is pleasing to learn that a French firm have ordered a quantity of this silk, which is being woven for them on English looms, and for which they have paid a royalty, to be devoted to a charitable institution chosen by the royal bride. Negotiations are pending with a celebrated Irish firm for the reproduction of "royal May blossom" poplin, so that already the benefit to British industries through this design, specially and directly patronized by the Duchess of Teck and Princess May, promises to be widespread. It is also likely to be brought into use in the manufacture of balbriggan stockings, which will probably be embroidered with the "royal May blossom" pattern.

The Duchess of Teck and Princess May are intensely pleased with the graciousness of the Queen in this matter, and of the special patronage given by them to this new design. Advances have also been made by American traders for a supply of the silk as being associated with their national "Mayflower," to which they cling more ardently now that it is the emblem accepted in Britain of the fair young princess. In dark blue and red the guards have adopted the new design enthusiastically, and use it not only for ties, but for facings for smoking coats. It is highly probable that in this coloring the "royal May blossom" will be reserved specially for members of the royal family and the guards.—London Telegraph.

The Disadvantage of a Temper.

A western congressman who is out for the fourth class postoffices and whose tact and hustling have already reaped rich rewards was somewhat bothered a little while since over one remaining office of that kind. The incumbent is a woman, and it is a little harder to oust female than male officials, inasmuch as the common charge, "offensive partisanship," does not lie against the sex with such plausibility as to inspire credence. But if this woman was not an offensive partisan she was offensive otherwise, for common report attributed to her a temper beside which that of Mme. Xantippe Socrates was angelic, and that frailty inspired the congressman aforesaid to write to the postoffice department as follows:

"I want Mrs. ——, postmistress at ——, in the county of —— and state of ——, removed for the reason that she has an unruly temper and the tongue of a virago. No fishwoman that ever lived can equal her in vituperation, and the good people who have to visit her office for mail hold her in holy horror. In her place please appoint Miss ——, whose disposition is as sunny as the present incumbent's is sour, whose voice is like a silver bell and whose sweet smile would have brought balm to the heart of the wretch who kept inquiring for the letter which never came."—Washington Cor. St. Louis Republic.

Summer Outing Dresses.

The experience of last summer's great heat has made something cooler than woolen desirable for outing dresses when the mercury is in the nineties, and for this reason suits of linen duck, of pique and of gray linen are provided in great numbers. When only one outing dress can be bought, serge and hopsacking are preferred, as they serve for more various occasions, but for those who can afford variety the cottons and linens are commended as second dresses for extremely warm weather.

The duck suits come in white and tan color, either quite plain or with small specks, lines or bars of color. The prettiest choice is the pure white linen duck in basket weaving, called sometimes linen sacking, and sold in linen stores at 60 cents a yard, its width being nearly a yard. The suit consists of three pieces—a blazer with flaring revers, a vest cut double breasted and a gored skirt.

The front of the blazer and the revers are doubled; otherwise the suit is without lining. While the white duck suits are most cool looking, those of ecru or tan color are chosen by women of fashion who wear very smart gowns. Rivaling these suits are others with an Eton jacket and a shirt waist of linen lawn or of china silk, either white or of some very pale tint.—Harper's Bazar.

Everyday Dresses Very Cheap.

Clever shoppers are just now getting some elegant dresses at comparatively small expense by purchasing two or three handsome remnants of harmonizing colors. The shops are full of these small length goods left over from recent heavy sales. A purchase may be made, for example, of a pretty crepon, the width serving for the length of the round skirt. The part sloped away in the seam at the back of the skirt will make a small figaro jacket or one in mikado style open up the back. A second remnant of changeable, striped or dotted surah or taffeta silk will make a guimpe with full sleeves or shirt waist. This should repeat the colors of the skirt or be in contrast with it. Velvet collar, cuffs and skirt frills complete the dress. This is only an instance of the many selections and uses that may be made of remnants of a host of beautiful and desirable fabrics—silks, laces, trimmings, muslins, organdies, sheer woolens, tweeds, etc.—at about half the price of materials cut directly from the entire piece.—New York Post.

Syrian Trousers In Boston.

Boston is in a state of mind over the appearance on her streets of a number of prominent ladies arrayed in a wide departure from the conventional feminine costume of the day. There are said to be at least a dozen advanced thinkers of the female sex who have appeared in public in the new costume which they have determined to adopt. Mrs. B. O. Flower, wife of the editor of The Arena, and Miss Laura Lee, a prominent artist, have been shopping in their Syrian trousers, and they say that their unique attire has caused them no other annoyance but to be stared at. They like it and mean to stick to it.—Boston Cor. San Francisco Argonaut.

Sister Dorcas Is a Student.

At the Chicago university a Wisconsin woman goes by the name of Sister Dorcas because she abounded in good works. She owns a hammer, a screwdriver, a buttonhook, a can opener, etc., and is always willing to lend them. Among her other useful implements was a saw, with which all the girls but one had sawed off sections from the legs of their cot beds, finding them inconveniently high. The one exception had asked the authorities for leave to do so and had been refused, whereupon the other girls promptly sawed off their cots without saying anything to the authorities about it.—Exchange.

Women, Hats and Theaters.

Most of the women who go to the play in this country wear their hats during the performance, but a Boston man insists that in his town the antihat movement really amounts to something. "A few nights ago," he says, "I counted over 40 women who sat without their hats in the parquet of the Boston theater—just the floor alone—and at a matinee in the Museum there were 30 odd. The effect was pretty too. Those women looked cool and comfortable, while the women with hats looked as if they had run in for [illegible] ought to wear her hat in the house."—Exchange.

Miss Murphy, the pioneer lady journalist of Australia, edits the Melbourne Punch, one of the most successful of the Australian comics. She is a great advocate of women's rights and is very good looking. Miss Murphy joined the staff of the paper she now edits some years ago and has attained to her present position solely by her ability.

Two women doctors in Buffalo—Dr. Lillian Randall and Dr. Mary Greene—have founded a hospital for the medical and surgical treatment of women that they may take a more prominent part in operations than women physicians are allowed to take in hospitals.

In Paris the latest fad is to ride a bicycle in the Bois in the morning, and many of the titled Frenchwomen do it, and of course do it well. The Comte and Comtesse de Talleyrand Perigord and Mlle. Clemenceau are among those who follow this fashion.

The importers have presented to view some rich and delicate sheer wool dress patterns for wear on cool days all the summer through. Many of these are bordered in various light and dark shades matching the fabric or are in exquisitely contrasting tints.

Mrs. Langtry is cruising in English waters in her sumptuous yacht, the White Ladye. It is fitted in the most luxurious fashion, the saloon being hung with tapestries and littered with many rare objects of art.

A very popular fad just now takes the form of tinted lace. Girls who are at all clever with the paint brush color the filmy garniture in shaded tones, in this way securing a suitable trimming for short silk gowns.

Queen Elizabeth's prayer book, which was printed in 1574, has been sold recently. It is bound in gold and enameled and was worn by the queen suspended from her girdle.

Individual Freedom.

There is greater individual freedom in Great Britain and her colonies than in America. For instance, every Sunday small knots of men may be seen in the principal London parks, giving expression to the most varied sentiments on matters political, social and religious, and language painful to the great majority of the people is constantly being used. No restriction is ever placed on such expressions of opinion, so long as they are uttered on sites designated by the police, where there can be no obstruction to traffic or danger of intimidation being exercised. In America, however, no meetings of any kind are permitted in these open spaces.

In Central park, New York, no one may even pick up a leaf without danger of fine or imprisonment. No one may walk on the grass unless he is playing a game. I barely escaped arrest for walking on the carriage drive. The police march about with their batons out—often swinging them—and appear to regard themselves more as the masters than the servants of the people.—Earl of Meath in Nineteenth Century.

AGNOSTICISM.

De quarest 'ligion I ebber did hear
Is de 'ligion ob de abnostick.
A-lookin fer somethin he nebber can fin',
An a leabin out God an ole Nick.
He nebber has knocked at de Bibil do'
Ner wep' wid de sinners in need;
He don' b'lieve nuttin in de heaben or de yarth,
Exceptin w'at his eyes had seed!

De quarest 'ligion I ebber did hear
Is de 'ligion ob de abnostick.
He hain't like de lamps dat de virgins hab,
'Caise he carn't show de littlest wick!
He nebber has sot on de mo'ners' bench
Ner listened ter der Spirit's call,
An de onliest preachin he ebber has dun
Is, "I don't know nuttin at all!"

De quarest 'ligion I ebber did hear
Is de 'ligion of de abnostick,
Fer he gets no yarbs in searchin aroun
Ter help out de souls dat is sick!
He's a studyin now; but, yo' min' my word,
He'll drap 'gin de gospil wall;
Ef his heart don' thump at the jedgment trump,
'Den I don' know nuttin at all!

William H. Hayne in Harper's Weekly.

AN ARTIST'S STORY.

It's 20 years since that time. I was a light hearted boy then—a boy of 20. I lived in Paris, and I studied Art. Being an artist, I always spelled Art with a capital A. I have other things to think of besides Art now. I have to think of painting what the public will buy. I have to make it pay—I have made it pay.

But it is not about myself I want to talk; it is of Orson—of Orson the Hirsute, Orson the Unrelenting, Orson the Hater of Art. Of course his name wasn't Orson. His real name was Jobinard, and he lived at the corner of the Rue de l'Ancienne Comedie, did this uncompromising grocer, this well to do Esau of the Quartier Latin, this man who hated Art, artists, and, above all, Art students with a peculiar ferocity.

Alcibiade Jobinard had reason to dislike Art students. They had a nasty way of getting into his debt, but Jobinard took the bull by the horns—he gave no more credit.

"Ma foi!" he would say, with a supercilious sneer, "Credit is dead, my good young sir. He doesn't live here any longer. He is dead and buried."

And then one had to go empty away. It had been so handy in the good old days just to run into Jobinard's for whatever one wanted, and—well, "stick it up." You see, you could get an entire meal at Jobinard's, one of those little sham boneless hams; they've quite enough on them for four. Tinned provisions in inexhaustible variety, wines from 75 centimes upward, liquors, dessert, even in the shape of cheeses of all sorts, almonds and raisins, grapes and peaches. It was excessively convenient. When one was hard up, one dealt with Jobinard, and it was put down to the account. When one was in funds, one dined and breakfasted at a restaurant and left Jobinard's severely alone.

But now all was changed. Mlle. Amenaide was an uncommonly pretty girl, and we were all desperately head over heels in love with her. By "we" I mean the Art students, but of all the Art students that were desperately in love with Mlle. Amenaide, Daburon, the sculptor, was the most demonstrative. Jobinard hated Daburon with a deadly hatred because Daburon never expended more than 10 centimes at a time. It was the society of Mlle. Amenaide that Daburon hungered for, and he got it because he was entitled to it, being a purchaser.

Mlle. Amenaide was Jobinard's cashier. It was a large shop, and there were several assistants, but all moneys were paid to Mlle. Amenaide, the cashier, who sat in a glass box underneath the great chiming clock.

Daburon, the sculptor, would enter the shop, nod in a cavalier manner to Jobinard, as though he were the very dust beneath his feet; then he would look at Mlle. Amenaide, raise his hat with his right hand, place his left upon his heart and make her a low bow; then he would pretend to blow her a kiss from the tips of his fingers, as though he were a circus rider; then he would take up a box of matches or some other peculiarly inexpensive article.

"Have the kindness to wrap that up carefully for me in paper," he would remark in a patronizing manner. Then he would march up to Mlle. Amenaide with the air of an Alexander—you could almost hear the tune of "See the Conquering Hero Comes" playing as you saw him do it. He would pay his 10 centimes and whisper some compliment into the ear of Mlle. Amenaide. Then he would receive his purchase from the hand of M. Jobinard in a magnificent and condescending manner. Then he would strike a ridiculous attitude of exaggerated admiration and stare at the unhappy grocer as though he were one of the seven wonders of the world.

"What a bust!" or "What arms!" or "What muscularity!" he would say, and then he would heave a sigh and swagger out of the shop.

Jobinard, who was a particularly ugly, thickset, hairy little man, used at first rather to resent these references to his personal advantages. His four assistants and his cashier would titter, and Jobinard used to blush, but at length the poor fellow fell into the snare laid for him by the villain Daburon.

He got to believe himself the perfect type of manly beauty. When a Frenchman has once come to this conclusion, there is no folly of which he is not ready to be guilty.

The fact is, Daburon had passed the word round. The Art students, male and female, invariably stared appreciatively at the little, hairy, thickset Jobinard as though he were the glass of fashion and the mold of form. Jobinard now began to give himself airs. He swaggered about the shop, he exhibited himself in the doorway, he posed and attitudinized all day long, and then we began to make it rather warm for Jobinard.

"Ah, M. Jobinard, if you were only a poor man, what a thing it would be for Art! Ah, if we only had you to sit to us in the nude. We are going to do Ajax defying the lightning next week. What an Ajax you would make, Jobinard!"

"You really ought to sacrifice yourself in the interests of Art," another would remark. "You'd ruin the professional model. You would indeed."

"Gentlemen, gentlemen," Jobinard would reply, his hairy, baboonlike face grinning with delight, "a too benevolent heaven has made me the man I am," and then he struck an attitude.

"What legs!" we all cried in a sort of chorus.

"Ah, M. Jobinard," I said pleadingly, "if you would only permit us to photograph your lower extremities."

"Never, gentlemen, never!" replied the infatuated Jobinard; "I care nothing for Art. Besides, it would be almost indecent; I could never look into a print shop without coming face to face with the evidences of my too fatal beauty."

From that day Jobinard ceased to wear his professional apron.

It was about a week after this that Daburon, I and another man presented ourselves at Jobinard's establishment. We raised our hats to Jobinard as one man, we smiled, and then we bowed.

The hairy little grocer seemed considerably astonished at our performance.

"M. Jobinard," said Daburon, who was our spokesman, "you see before you a deputation of three, representing the Art students of Paris, some 500 in number. We have come to beg a favor. We know, alas! too well, that it would be absolutely impossible to induce a man of your position in society to sit to us; but, M. Jobinard, a man possessing the lower extremities of a Hercules, a Farnese Hercules, M. Jobinard—and I need hardly remind you that Hercules was a demigod—has his duties as well as his privileges. Those magnificent lower extremities of his are not his own—they belong to the public.

"Such lower extremities as yours, monsieur, are not for an age, but for all time. They must be handed down in marble to posterity. The legs of Jobinard must become a household word in Art. To refuse our request, monsieur, would be a crime. You would retain the copyright of your own legs of course. They would be multiplied in plaster of paris and become a marketable commodity over the whole civilized world. Such muscles as these," said Daburon, respectfully prodding and patting the unfortunate Jobinard, "must not be lost to the artistic world. What a biceps, what a deltoid, my friends!" he continued. "What a magnificent development of the sternoclidomastoideus!"

The wretched Jobinard, blown out with pride, seemed like the frog in the fable, ready to burst. And then he proudly drew up the leg of his nether garment to the knee and exhibited a muscular brown limb as hairy as that of an ape.

"You will not refuse us?" we cried in chorus.

"You will not dare to refuse us," added Daburon.

"Gentlemen, I yield! I see that Art cannot get on without me. When would you like to begin?" said poor Jobinard.

"Tomorrow at noon," answered Daburon as he shook hands with the little grocer reverentially, and then we took our leave.

Next day a long procession filed into the shop.

"This way, gentlemen, this way, if you please," said M. Jobinard as he indicated the way to his back yard.

We must have been at least 30. Everybody brought something; there were four sacks of plaster, some paving stones, bits of broken iron, bricks, and enough material to have walled up Jobinard alive. A great mass of moist plaster was prepared, the limbs that had become necessary to the world of Art were denuded of their covering and placed in the moist mass, then large quantities of the liquid plaster was poured on them, then the scraps of old iron, the bars, the paving stones and the bricks were carefully inserted and built up into the still soft mass which was at least a yard high and a yard thick.

"Don't move, dear M. Jobinard," cried Daburon, "the plaster is about to set. We shall return in half an hour, by which time the molds will be complete."

M. Jobinard, seated in the center of his back yard, bolt upright, bowed to each of us as we passed out.

In about a quarter of an hour Jobinard began to feel distinctly uncomfortable. "The molds seem getting terribly heavy," he said to one of his assistants, who kept him company. "They seem on fire, and I can't move."

At that moment the procession, headed by Daburon, filed once more into the courtyard.

"It's getting painful, gentlemen," said Jobinard. "I feel as though I were being turned to stone."

"Try and bear it bravely. Nothing is attained in this world, dear monsieur, without a certain amount of physical suffering. It will be set as hard as marble in a few minutes. We will obtain the necessary appliances for your release at once, Jobinard. Remain perfectly quiet till our return," said Daburon rather suavely.

And then we each of us kissed our finger tips solemnly to poor Jobinard, and we filed out once more. It was the last day of the term at the Art school, and we were all off for our holidays.

For two hours Jobinard waited for us in an agony of fear; then he sent for a stonemason, who dug him out. They had to get the plaster off with a hammer. We had, by the direction of the Demon Daburon, omitted to oil the shapely limbs of our victim.

Poor Jobinard!—Tit-Bits.

The English Maid's Prerogative.

"My English maid," says a housekeeper, "is amusingly tenacious of her rights and her limitations alike. If a friend of hers rings at the front door, Bayle is furious at the presumption. If he goes to the kitchen door, she is equally vexed. She regards the side door as her prerogative and demands a summons from thence."—Philadelphia Press.

Man's Hard Lot.

Allie—I often wish I were a man. Don't you?

Winnie—Indeed I don't. Do you suppose I want to be at the beck and call of every woman I know?—Truth.

Indignation Aids Digestion Sometimes.

A little bit of wholesome indignation is as good as a tonic once in awhile, and one is all the better for it if one can keep one's wrath within bounds and not suffer a loss of dignity in consequence—a good burst of honest indignation, mind you, that says its say and is all sunshine again, not the kind that smolders and makes one morose and moody.—Buffalo News.

But Slightly Acquainted.

Visitor at the Club—How singularly looks belie character. The pale youth yonder, I hear, is a very hard case.

Old Member—I really know very little about his habits. He is my son.—Club.

FINANCE AND TRADE.

Stock Exchange Review.

NEW YORK, July 22.—There was renewed depression in stocks this morning at the opening. The early trading showed declines of ¼@1⅛ per cent. Missouri Pacific sold down to 24⅞, Burlington to 76.

Heaviness characterized the first hour on lower London advices, fresh attacks by bears and execution to stop loss orders. St. Paul fell 2¾ per cent, to 52½; Northwestern 2⅛ to 95½; Western Union 1⅛, to 75; Sugar 1⅜, to 71¾; Rock Island 1¼, to 58; General Electric 1¼, to 48. About 11 o'clock prices rallied fractionally and became steadier.

The market went still lower after 11, the decline from last night's closing ranging from ½@⅝ per cent, but closed firmer, with net losses of ⅛@2¾ per cent.

Government bonds closed steady.

MONEY QUOTATIONS.

NEW YORK, July 22.—Money on call, easy, at 4@6 per cent.

Prime mercantile paper—8@12 per cent.

Sterling exchange—Dull; bankers' 60-day bills at $4.81¼@4.81½; demand at $4.83½@4.84.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 22.—Drafts: Sight, 20c; telegraphic, 30c.

STOCKS AND BONDS.

NEW YORK, July 22.—Closing quotations were as follows:

U. S. 4s, regist'd	110⅛	N. Y. Central	98½
do coupon	110⅛	Northern Pacific	8½
U. S. 4½s, reg	97	do preferred	22½
Pacific 6s	103½	Northwestern	95⅝
Atchison	17⅝	do preferred	133½
American Ex	109	Oregon Impt	8
Canadian Pacific	66½	Oregon Nav	45
Canada Southern	44½	Short Line	5
Central Pacific	18⅛	Pacific Mail	10¼
C. B. & Q	76⅝	Pullman Palace	156½
Chicago Gas	42⅝	Reading	13⅝
Amer. Cotton Oil	27	Richmond Ter	1½
Lackawanna	138¾	Rio Grand Westn	15
Denver & R. G	26¼	do preferred	53
Distillers	19⅛	do firsts	65
Great Northern	104	Rock Island	58½
Illinois Central	90	St. Paul	53½
Kansas & Texas	16¼	St. Paul & Omaha	32½
Lake Shore	116	Sugar Trust	73½
Lead Trust	23¼	Texas & Pacific	5⅞
Louisv & Nashvl	52¾	Union Pacific	18¾
Mich. Central	90	U. S. Express	52
Missouri Pacific	27⅛	Wells-Fargo's Ex	135
National Cordage	9	Western Union	75¾
do preferred	34	Gen. Electric	49
N. American	6	Linseed Oil	20

BOSTON, July 22.—Following were the closing quotations:

Atchison	17⅝	Mexican Central	6
Bell Teledhone	174	San Diego	10
C. B. & Q	77		

MINING SHARES.

NEW YORK, July 22.—Mining shares closed as follows:

Crown Point	.25	Plymouth	.20
Con. Cal. & Va	1.15	Sierra Nevada	.30
Deadwood	1.00	Standard	1.10
Gould & Curry	.30	Union Con	.35
Homestake	7.00	Yellow Jacket	.50
Hale & Norcross	.05	Iron Silver	.15
Mexican	.35	Quicksilver	2.00
Ontario	7.00	do preferred	15.00
Ophir	.60	Bulwer	.05

SAN FRANCISCO, July 22.—Closing quotations were:

Belcher	.30	Peer	.05
Best & Belcher	.60	Peerless	.05
Chollar	.30	Ophir	.70
Con. Va	1.20	savage	.45
Confidence	.40	Sierra Nevada	.40
Gould & Curry	.40	Union Con	.35
Hale & Norcross	.55	Yellow Jacket	.50
Potosi	.45		

The Clearing House.

LOS ANGELES, July 22.—Today's business at the clearing house was as follows: Clearings, $72,849.05; balances, $22,040.16.

Silver Bullion.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 22.—Silver bars, 69@69¼c per ounce.

Mexican dollars, 61½@62c.

NEW YORK, July 22.—Bar silver, 69c per ounce.

Mexican dollars, 57c.

San Francisco Market Review.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 22.—Business is quiet in the local merchandise markets; prices are steady.

The produce markets are moderately active.

Tomatoes are lower.

Peaches are firmer,

Berries are quiet.

Butter is steady.

Eggs are in heavy supply.

Poultry is quiet, with lower prices for young stock.

Chicago Grain Market.

CHICAGO, July 22.—Wheat was dull. The market opened ½ higher, advanced ⅛c more on large export clearings of the week; broke ⅝c on bank failure; rallied, and closed steady, ⅝c higher than yesterday.

Receipts were 38,000 bushels; shipments, 102,000 bushels.

Closing quotations: Wheat, firm; cash, 63c; September, 65⅞.

Corn—Higher; cash, 39¼c; September, 39⅞c.

Oats—Firm; cash, 26¼c; September, 24⅜c.

Rye—50c.

Barley—Nominal.

Flax—$1.09¼.

Timothy—$4.25.

OTHER GRAIN MARKETS.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 22.—Wheat, steady; December, $1.29; cash, $1.16¾.

Barley—Quiet; December, 90c¼; May, 95⅛c; seller '93, new, 80½c; cash, 80c.

Oats—Cash, $1.40.

Corn—$1.10.

LIVERPOOL, July 22.—Wheat, offered freely; No. 2 red winter closed 5s 9d; No. 2 red spring at 5s 10d.

Corn—Offered sparingly. July closed at 4s 3½d; August steady at 4s 3d; September as 4s 3½d.

Chicago Stock Market.

CHICAGO, July 22.—Cattle: Receipts were 1700 head. The market closed steady. Prime beeves, $4.90@5.10; good to choice, $4.40@4.80; others, $3.10@4.15; Texans, $1.80@3.10; stockers, $1.70@2.80; westerns, $2.25@3.60.

Hogs—Receipts were 7000 head. Early shipping grades were strong; packers dull and weak; the general market closed easy. Mixed and packers, $5.10@5.60; prime heavy and butchers' weights, $5.65@5.75; light mixed, $5.85@5.90; fancy light, $5.85@6.05.

Sheep—Receipts were 1000 head. The market closed steady in tone and strong. Natives, $3.25@4.75; westerns, $3.25@4.40; Texans, $2.50@3.50.

General Markets.

NEW YORK, July 22.—Hops, quiet and firm; state, common to choice, 19@22c; Pacific coast, 19@21½c.

Coffee—Options closed steady and 5 to 30 points down. Sales were 30,000 bags, including September at $15.85@15.90; October at $15.70@15.80; November at $15.60; December at $15.35@15.50; January at $15.30. Spot Rio closed dull and nominal: No. 7 at 17c.

Sugar—Raw closed dull and nominal; fair refininig at 3 11-16c; centrifugals, 96 test, at 4 3-16c. Refined closed dull and weak. Off A, 5 1-16@5⅝c; mould A, 5⅝@5 11-16c; Standard A, 5⅝@5 7-16c; confectioners' A, 5 3-16@5¼c; cut loaf, 5⅞@6 1-16c; crushed, 5⅞@6 1-16c; powdered, 5 11-16@5⅞c; granulated, 5 7-16@5⅜c; cubes, 5 11-16@5⅝c.

Copper—Steady; lake, $10.25.

Lead—Dull; domestic, $3.50.

Tin—Steady; straits, $19.10@19.20. Plates closed quiet and steady. Spelter closed quiet: domestic, $3.90.

Salt Meats and Lard.

CHICAGO, July 22.—Pork, firm; cash, $19.75; September, $20.50.

Lard—Cash, $9.62½; September, $9.92½.

Ribs—Cash, $7.95; September, $8.05.

Shoulders—$7.75@8.00.

Short clear—$8.50@8.62½.

Wool.

NEW YORK, July 22.—Wool, moderately active and steady; domestic fleece, 27@32c; pulled, 26@37c; Texas, 16@20c.

Petroleum.

NEW YORK, July 22.—Petroleum was neglected.

LOS ANGELES LOCAL MARKETS.

[The quotations given below are current wholesale selling prices.]

Mill Products.

FLOUR—Per bbl., L. A. XXXX, $4.20; Capitol Mills, $4.20; Sperry's, $4.60; Drifted Snow, $4.60; Victor, $4.60; Crown, $4.60; Stocktonia, $4.60.

MILL FEED—Bran, per ton, $21; shorts, $23; mixed feed (corn and barley), per 100 lbs., $1; cracked corn, $1.15; feed meal, $1.20; rolled barley, 85c.

Grain and Hay.

BARLEY—Brewing, $1.00; feed, 80c.

WHEAT—No. 1, per cental, $1.35@1.50; No. 2, $1.20@1.30.

CORN—Per cental, $1.10.

OATS—No 1, per cental, $1 50.

HAY—Oat, $8@9; wheat, $9@10; barley, $8@9; alfalfa, $9@10.

STRAW—Barley, per ton, $5; wheat, $5.

Honey and Beeswax.

HONEY—Comb, 8@10c; extracted, white, 6@8c; amber, 5@6c.

BEESWAX—20@25c.

Smoked Meats, Etc.

HAMS—Rex, per lb., 15c.

BACON—Rex, per lb., 15½c; Defiance, 15c; light medium, 14½c.

PORK—Dry salt, 13c per lb.

DRIED BEEF—Per lb., 12½c.

LARD—Per lb., in tierces, compound, 8c; Eagle, pure, 11½c; Rex, pure, 11½c; special brand, 11¾c.

Vegetables.

BEANS—Navy or small white, per 100 lbs., $3.35@3.50; pink, per 100 lbs., $3.50@3.65; black-eyed, per 100 lbs., $2.50@2.75; Limas per 100 lbs., $3.00@3.25.

POTATOES—Per 100 lbs., 60@75c.

BEETS—Per 100 lbs., $1.00

CABBAGE—Per 100 lbs., 60c@$1.00.

CARROTS—Per 100 lbs, $1.00.

CHILES—Dry, per string, 75c@$1.00.

ONIONS—Per 100 lbs., $1.25@1.50.

PARSNIPS—Per 100 lbs., $1.50.

PEAS—Green, per lb., 3@4c.

TURNIPS—Per 100 lbs., 80c.

Dairy Produce.

BUTTER—Fancy creamery, 28 ounce squares, 40@42½c; fancy dairy, per roll, 37½@40c; choice, 32½@37½c.

CHEESE—Eastern, per lb, 13@14c; California, large, 11c; 3-lb hand, 13c.

Poultry and Eggs.

POULTRY—Hens, $4.00@4.25 per doz; young roosters, $4.00@4.75; old roosters, $3 50@4.00; broilers, $2 50@3.25; ducks, $4.50@5.50; turkeys, 14@15c per lb.

EGGS—California ranch, 22@23c per doz.

Nuts.

ALMONDS—Soft shell, pr lb., 16@17c; paper shell, 19@24c; hard shell, 8@10c.

PEANUTS—Raw, 4@5c per lb.; roasted, 7c.

WALNUTS—Hard shell, 8c; soft shell, 11c; paper shell, 13c.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.

SATURDAY, July 22, 1893.

J L Burnett to J O Jenifer—Und ½ lots 5 and 6, blk 3, San Fernando; $300.

E T Higuera to M H de Chapman—Lots 4, 10, 20, 26, sub Ro Rincon de los Buyes; $1.

S Jess to M Clawiter—NE ¼ blk 236, Pomona trt, Pomona; $375.

D F Donegan et ux to J C Willman—Lot 19, blk H, Cab e Road trt; $350.

F J Gilmore to G L Lovett—Lot 3 Carlisle Heights, Pasadena; $2250.

O S Smyth et con to Pacific Sabbatarian association—Lot 11, Howell & Hays sub blk A, Painter & Ball trt, Pasadena; $250.

C M Baxter et ux to G D Lovett—Lot 4 Carlisle Heights, Pasadena; $2500.

Burbank L & W Co to S E Martino—Lots 4, 6, blk 34, Burbank; $456.

K D V Thurman to C Ursprung—Lot 50, blk 4, Rowes tract; $125.

L L Bowen to E C Shaw—Lot 5, blk 5, Washington Villa tract; $2800.

F W de Shepherd to M Darcy—Lot 34, blk 5, Wolfskill Orchard tract; $415.

C Ancono to L Mangono—Lot 19, blk C, Golden West Heights tract; $117.

W B Ralphs et ux to J C Barrett—Lot 63, Longstreet tract; $625.

J C Barrett et ux to W B Ralphs—Part lot 13, Barnard park; $1700.

J B Dunlap et ux to A B Salisbury—Lot 29, blk 19, Acuss, and part of lot 2, Abila tract; $2000.

G Lyon to E W Fortune—Lot 7, blk 12, California Cooperative Colony tract; grant.

M H Shafer et con to F Pomeroy—Lot 29, blk C, Shafer & Lanterman's subd Montague tract; $ 350.

L H Gillett to G T Gillette—Lot 15 blk 9, Florence Terrace tract; $600.

H H Messenger to San