A SILENCE BROKEN.

The summer fields bestarr'd with flowers—
The plumed grasses drenched with dew—
Serve but to calendar the hours
That space me from my past—and you.

Love, hast thou dreamed, in these gray calms
Of quiet pulse and leaden peace,
That time had brought his healing balms
And ancient sorrow found surcease?

Though I be dumb, dost thou not know
What peace and silence mean for me—
Poor soul, a-toss 'twixt bliss and woe,
Cursed with the dower of constancy,

Who hath one plaint—and must be mute;
Who hath one song—and may not sing!
Dear, you would weary of a lute
Which only owns a single string.

—New York Tribune.

THE TRUMPETER.

"Margarita!"

"Here!" came a child's voice from beneath a linden heavy with bloom.

Franz Hennig entered the shade where Margarita, with a sleek yellow cat for companion, sat knitting.

"What is that?" the lad asked.

"A stocking, stupid. Hast thou not eyes?" the child answered, affecting impatience.

"For me, then?" Franz captured the needles and scrutinized the work with covert amusement.

"They were to be thine, but they grew so small I'm afraid they will be only large enough for the cat," Margarita sighed.

"So! Well, little one, thou shalt knit me stockings another time." He looked dreamily across the garden to the quaint old house which for three years had been his home.

Three years of preparation for the university, three years of unremitting kindness from the busy housewife and her aged mother, who had opened their doors to the lonely student, three years brightened by the enthusiastic devotion of a little child. Now this chapter must close.

From down the village street came the rattle of drums, a bugle note and the sound of cheers.

"It is a band!" shouted Margarita, seizing pussy and preparing to leave the shade.

"Wait," Franz said, with a thrill in his tones. "I have something to say to thee, liebchen. Dost thou know what the drum is crying? It is war!"

"War?" she responded, with childish indifference. "The mother said this morning that the soldiers were going to France. But why dost thou care, dear Franz?"

"Herr Steinert returns to the army today," he said gravely.

"Then there will be no more lessons on the beautiful trumpet for thee! I am sorry. But don't mind. Thou wilt have me."

"Margarita," he said sorrowfully, "I shall not have thee, for I go too."

"Thou!" She stared with wide, incredulous eyes. "Surely, not thou!"

"Liebchen," he whispered huskily. "Liebchen, wouldst thou have me idle at home when the rest are going? Wouldst thou have me a coward? I have no father or mother, no sister to mourn for me, while many go from dear ones who can ill spare them."

"Thou hast the mother and grandmother—and thou hast me!" she sobbed.

"True, I have thee, and thou wilt be a brave little German maid and make my going happy."

"When wilt thou go?" she asked, bravely trying to suppress the sobs.

"This afternoon."

"And who will ride thy horse, Prinz, when thou art gone?"

"Prinz will go with me, for I shall try for the cavalry, as my father did before me. Hark to the trumpet! If I might go as trumpeter! To sound the charge—that would be glorious! But it is not possible, of course. I hope I shall be near Steinert. But come; it is time I was making ready."

The hours crept away with rapid preparations and tearful partings. Through the little town sounded hurrying feet eager voices, snatches of warsongs, rolling drum or bugle's blare. In the midst of the turmoil Margarita was missing.

"Where can she be?" queried Frau Krummer anxiously. "Margarita, Margarita, Franz is going!" But no childish voice responded.

"We must go," cautioned grandmother, tying her bonnet strings with trembling fingers. "Come, Lotte."

"Margarita!" shouted Franz, but only a mocking echo gave answer. With sad eyes he gazed once more about the dear home, then turned away.

At the little station all was confusion. Tearful women clung to the fathers, brothers, sweethearts, who laughed and joked with heavy hearts. The long train was laden with troops from farther south, all pressing forward to join the crown prince's army at Landau. The moment for departure was at hand.

"Auf Wiedersehen, then, dear friends," said Franz, pressing a hearty kiss upon the cheeks of the two women who had taken him into their hearts. "Margarita, you will give her my dear love. I wish"——

"Franz, wait!" cried a small voice, and Margarita clutched his arm.

"From thy mother's grave," she cried, thrusting a bunch of blue cornflowers into his hands.

For an instant he caught her up in his arms.

"Thanks, liebchen," he whispered, then, setting her down hastily, ran through the crowd and jumped upon the slowly moving train.

"Auf Wiedersehen!" he cried, waving the blue flowers above his blond head.

"Auf Wiedersehen!" echoed Margarita, trying to smile through her tears.

* * * * * * *

Under the shelter of a friendly hill a detachment of Bavarian cavalry awaited the signal to charge. To the left sounded the continuous roar of musketry, punctuated by the detonations of artillery. From his post as right guide of the platoon Franz gazed along the lines of his comrades in dusty sky blue uniforms.

Only a month had he passed with the regiment, but the intelligence of the young student had already made him conspicuous, and the time had been long enough to knit his ties of friendship with the men. Only a month, but in that time the boy had become a man.

Gripping his saber hilt, he set himself firmly in the saddle. The fire of German artillery, which had cannonaded the French infantry to prepare the way for the charge, was slackening. From over the hill Franz heard the fierce crack of the enemy's rifles.

On Franz's right waited the two trumpeters of the squadron. The nearer one, eager faced and alert, scanned the heavens, where shells shrieked above their heads.

"This will be a hot place if we don't move soon," he growled.

"There is a hotter place over the hill, Steinert," said Franz.

Steinert nodded. Just then the order came. Clear and ringing it was sounded by the chief trumpeter. Clear and ringing sounded the trumpets in response. With a great clatter the cavalry swept up the hill to plunge into the fiery rain below.

There came a shrill singing through the sulphurous air, a deafening crash, and a shell had exploded to the right. Before it fell Holtz, the farther trumpeter.

Steinert's horse recoiled, then plunged heavily forward, throwing his rider over his head. In an instant Steinert was on his feet and running by Franz's side. Behind him came thundering line upon line of galloping squadrons.

"Can you take me up?" gasped Steinert, unmindful of the red stain which widened on his side.

"Up!" cried Franz. He checked Prinz's pace an instant, and the trumpeter was mounted behind him. The sight of battle had entered the cavalry horse, and down the hill he clattered under the double load, soon fully abreast of the squadron.

"You are hurt!" cried Franz. "Put your arms around me. So."

A dimness spread before the keen eyes of Steinert. There was a humming in his ears. The heavens were growing black!

Again came the trumpet call. With a wavering effort Steinert raised his instrument, but found no strength to blow.

"Franz," he groaned, "sound the charge!"

There was no time for question. Seizing the trumpet, Franz raised it to his lips. Clear and strong his repetition of the call rang out above the turmoil.

"Bravo!" groaned Steinert. "Now let me drop."

Steinert's hands loosened their grasp. His strength ebbed fast. But Franz caught the flaccid hands firmly in his left fist and drew the limp form closer to his broad shoulders. He dropped the bridle rein upon his pommel, thrust his right arm through the cord of his trumpet, grasped his saber with that hand, and so met the shock of battle.

Nightfall found the army of the crown prince gathered in and around a French village, far from the ground on which Franz, after the first charge, had delivered Steinert to the ambulance, the nurses and the doctors. Through the successive actions of the day the young student had served as trumpeter.

Shouting, foraging for provisions, cheering, singing and laughing as though on a holiday, the Bavarian troopers surged through the little captured town. After darkness had come on Franz, pushing his way through the crowded thoroughfares, found himself before an inn where many of his comrades were eating. They shouted to him to enter.

Winking and blinking as he came from the darkness into the strong light, Franz failed to see the signal slyly given by a burly dragoon. There was a hasty scraping of chairs on the bare floor, a clatter of feet, and the survivors of Franz's squadron sprang to their feet.

With an uplifted sausage the signal was given. Then "Hoch! Hoch!" rolled through the room and reverberated in the corners. Smiling faces turned to greet Franz; eager hands drew him to a seat. Dazed, uncomprehending, he slipped into his chair, and only upon repeated explanations did he understand the cause of the demonstration.

"Why, man," growled the burly dragoon, "don't you know it was a brave thing to cripple yourself with Steinert in the midst of a charge? Ach, but it was fine!"

"He is my friend," answered Franz simply, "my comrade."

There was a stir at the door and the clatter of a saber upon the floor. In an instant every hand was raised in salute. It was the captain.

"I find that both trumpeters of this squadron were disabled early in the action today, yet a trumpet has sounded the orders as they were given. How was that?" In eager words the story was told, and Franz found himself hustled and shouldered until he stood before the captain. With some uneasiness he raised his eyes to his superior's face. Had he transgressed in taking upon himself another's office. But there was no severity in the answering glance.

"How came you to know the calls?" the captain asked kindly.

Franz told briefly of the lessons he had received from Steinert back in the fatherland.

"Then keep the place you have taken today, as Holtz is dead and Steinert too badly wounded for service. It pleases you, I see. It pleases me also. Good night!"

And again the room resounded to shouts, deep and sonorous, "Hoch, Hoch, Hoch!"

* * * * * * *

A year! Joy and sorrow, hope and despair, laughter and tears, victory and defeat—these are its harvest. But above the sobs of those who will not be comforted rolls a tide of rejoicing. The troops are returning!

"Mother!"

An eager face was thrust in at the half opened door, followed after an interval of serious inspection by a small body. Margarita was unusually excited.

Her round cheeks burned cherry red, her blue eyes shone. She held the yellow cat tightly under one arm.

"Well, child, what is it?" asked her mother.

"Thou knowest godmother gave me money for a gold chain?" Margarita ventured, emphasizing her remark with a plaintive yowl from the compressed puss.

"Surely. It is high time it was bought. Tomorrow"——

"Mother," cried Margarita desperately, "I want the money for something else."

"What then?" asked Frau Krummer.

Margarita burst into tears, cast away the cat and clung to her arm.

"Do let me—do let me!" she sobbed. "Dear mother, let me go to Berlin with Frau Sucher and Frau Biedermann to meet the soldiers. I am a big girl now—9 years old, almost—and Frau Sucher will take care of me!"

She opened her previously hidden hand and revealed a little hoard of money.

"It will be enough, and Franz will be so glad to see me!" she said.

With round arms choking her into acquiescence and fresh lips pressed against her cheek, Frau Krummer considered the question.

Well, the good mother had a warm place in her heart for the lad who had no kin to rejoice over his homecoming. So when Frau Sucher went up to Berlin a small girl, beaming with joy, at her side gazed from above a huge bunch of cornflowers at the strange sights slipping past the car window.

For Margarita the journey was far from tedious. At every station, laughing, light hearted people crowded upon the train, all bound upon one errand—the welcome of Germany's warrior sons. When other amusements palled, the cornflowers were woven into a large wreath by Margarita's deft little fingers, and her heart swelled with joy at the thought that she would greet dear Franz on the morrow and make him forget that neither father nor mother nor sister nor sweetheart awaited his coming.

The morning dawned fair, and Frau Sucher and her charge were early abroad. They found the streets already thronged and gay with flowers and banners and lined with benches and platforms.

Frau Sucher established herself, with Margarita, as near the statue of Frederick the Great as possible, proceeding to make herself comfortable with her lunchbasket.

Far away sounded strains of martial music. The troops were passing around the old town wall. There was an eager movement in the throng. All faces turned by a common impulse toward the Brandenburg Thor. Yes, they were coming!

Carefully holding the blue wreath of cornflowers, Margarita craned her small neck, but, alas! could see nothing beyond a sea of heads. Tears of disappointment rose to her eyes.

After all, Franz would think himself forgotten in the general rejoicing! The journey would be in vain! It was not to be borne.

Slipping unnoticed from Frau Sucher's side, Margarita wormed her way through the crowd until she stood behind the police who mounted guard along the way.

Thrusting her head out as far as possible, she paid scant heed to the passing troops until the sky blue uniforms of the Bavarians filed by. Catching her breath with anxiety, she scrutinized the brave array. Among so many could she find her Franz?

Suddenly her heart gave a quick bound, for, with the sunlight dazzling his sad blue eyes and glinting from his shining trumpet, came Franz—browned, thinner and with a strange yellow down upon his lip. But Margarita knew him.

With a joyful cry she darted between two astonished policemen into the open space beyond. At this sudden apparition in white Prinz swerved sharply, then stretched out his head in recognition.

"Franz!" cried a childish voice. "Dear Franz!"

It was not a finished speech, but it served its purpose, for a loving welcome shone in the child's face, and high above her head she held the cornflower wreath.

All sadness faded from Franz's eyes.

"Margarita, liebchen!" he cried, and with a quick movement bent and caught the wreath before the laughing policemen led Margarita back to her distracted guardian.

No, he was not forgotten! Turning in the saddle, he kissed his hand to the child. Then with trumpet wreathed with the flowers the monarch most loved, with head erect and happiness in his heart, Franz Hennig, the trumpeter, rode before the aged emperor.—Marion Dickinson in Youth's Companion.

An Honest Quaker.

A sheriff was once asked to execute a writ against a Quaker. On arriving at his house he saw the Quaker's wife, who, in reply to the inquiry whether her husband was at home, said he was, at the same time requesting him to be seated, and her husband would speedily see him. The officer waited patiently for some time, when, the fair Quakeress coming into the room, he reminded her of her promise that he might see her husband. "Nay, friend, I promised that he would see thee. He has seen thee. He did not like thy looks. Therefore he avoided thee and hath departed from the house by another path."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

A Great Recommendation.

Miss Dukane—I want to have some photographs taken. Where would you go?

Miss Humly—I'd go to Mr. Snapshot if I were you. He made some perfectly lovely pictures of me.

Miss Dukane—Did he really? Well, if he is such a clever artist as that, I'll go there too.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Women as Pallbearers.

The custom of having women pallbearers at funerals will probably soon be permanently established here. There have been several funerals of that kind in the past year. The pallbearers who bore the remains of Miss Huber to the grave were eight young girls, dressed from head to foot in white. Miss Huber lived at Preston and Broadway and died last Wednesday. The funeral took place Friday afternoon from the residence. The young ladies wore white caps, gloves, dresses and shoes, the emblems of purity. Naturally they attracted a good deal of attention, it being so unusual for females to act in the capacity of pallbearers, but many were heard to commend it as a beautiful departure from the old custom, particularly in the case of the death of young women.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Defined.

"This paper," said Mr. Rafferty, "says that a felly wor blase. Phwat's blase?"

"Thot," said Mr. Dolan, "is the falin thot comes ter a mon who's got so lazy thot loafin is hard worruk."—Washington Star.

FINANCE AND TRADE.

Yesterday's Business on the New York Stock Exchange.

NEW YORK, Nov. 20.—The stock market today was active. The tone was strong during the first hour, then became heavy and was steady until the close. Generally lower figures were scored.

The railroad bond market was firm.

Government bonds were steady; state bonds, inactive.

STOCKS AND BONDS.

NEW YORK, Nov. 20.—The closing quotations were:

U S 5's, reg	117½	Nashville Chatt	66
do 5's, cou	117½	Nat Cordage	10½
do 4's, reg	114	do pfd	17
do 4's, cou	114	N J Central	93¾
do 2's, reg	96	Norfk & Wst pfd	21¾
Pacific 6's, '95	101	N Amer Co	4⅛
Atchison	5¼	Northern Pac	4¼
Adams Ex	140	do pfd	17¾
Alton, Terre Hte	36½	U P, D & Gulf	4¼
do pfd	190	Northwestern	100¼
American Ex	114	do pfd	143¼
Balto & Ohio	67½	N Y Cent	99¼
Canada Pacific	59¾	N Y & N Eng	31⅝
Canada Southern	51	Ontario & West	15⅝
Central Pacific	14½	Oregon Impt	12¾
Ches & Ohio	18¼	Oregon Nav	20
Chicago & Alton	145	Oregon Short Line	
Burlington	73⅞	& Utah North'n	6
Chicago Gas	74	Pacific Mail	22¾
Con Gas	121½	Peoria, Dec & E	3⅞
C C C & St L	37½	Pittsburg	156
Col Coal & Iron	8	Pullman Palace	156½
Cotton Oil	27¾	Reading	17⅞
Del & Hudson	123	Richmond Ter	15¾
Del, Lackawanna		do pfd	19
& Western	157½	Rio Gr Western	16¾
D & R G pfd	34¾	do pfd	43
Distillers	9	Rock Island	61
East Tenn	11¼	St Paul	60½
Erie	13⅝	do pfd	119
do pfd	27	St Paul & Omaha	34⅞
Ft Wayne	157	do pfd	116
Gt Northern pfd	101	Southern Pacific	19⅝
Chicago & Eastern		Sugar Refinery	89¾
Illinois pfd	94	Tenn Coal & Iron	15⅝
Hocking Valley	18	Texas Pacific	9¾
Illinois Cent	92½	Tol & O Cent pfd	73
St Paul & Duluth	22¾	Union Pacific	11¾
Kan & Tex pfd	22⅝	U S Express	42
Lake Erie & West	16	Wabash, St Louis	
do pfd	71	& Pacific	6½
Lake Shore	134½	do pfd	14⅝
Lead Trust	41⅝	Wells-Fargo	105
L & N	53¾	Western Union	87⅝
L & New Albany	7	Wheeling & L E	11¼
Manhattan Con	104½	do pfd	41½
Mem & Charleston	19	Minn & St Louis	28
Mich Central	99½	Denver & R G	11⅝
Mo Pacific	28	Gen Electric	35¼
Mobile & Ohio	10	Nat'l Linseed	20½
Col Fuel & I	25¼	Tol, A A & N orth	
do pfd	72	Mich	4½
Tol, St L & K C	1	H & Tex Cent	2½
do pfd	6		

*Bid.

BOSTON, Nov. 20.—The closing quotations were:

Atchison	5¼	Mexican	7
Bell Telephone	196	San Diego	—
Burlington	73⅝		

MONEY QUOTATIONS.

NEW YORK, Nov. 20.—Money on call easy at 1 per cent; last loan at 1 per cent; closed at 1 per cent.

Prime mercantile paper—2¾@4 per cent.

Sterling exchange—actual business in bankers' bills at $4.87¼@4.87½ for demand and $486¼ for 60 days.

Posted rates—$4.87@4.87½ and $4.89@4.88½.

Commercial bills—$4.85@.

Silver certificates—63½c bid.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 20.—Sight drafts on New York, per $100, 5c.

Telegraphic, 7½c.

Sterling bills on London, bankers' 60-day bills, $4.86⅞.

LONDON, Nov. 20.—Bank of England discount rate, 2 per cent.

Consols, 102 14-16.

MINING SHARES.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 20.—The official closing quotations for mining stocks today were as follows:

Alta	24	Julia	—
Alpha Con	04	Justice	20
Andes	56	Kentucky Con	02
Belcher	67	Lady Wash Con	06
Belle Isle	65	Mexican	105
Best & Belcher	99	Mono	05
Bodie Con	90	Mt Diablo	10
Bullion	20	Navajo	10
Bulwer Con	10	Occidental Con	02
Caledonia	10	Ophir	305
Challenge Con	36	Overman	12
Chollar	65	Potosi	61
Confidence	110	Savage	50
Con Cal & Va	415	Scorpion	—
Con Imperial	01	Sierra Nevada	73
Con New York	03	Silver Hill	03
Crown Point	53	Silver King	—
Exchequer	—	Union Con	50
Gould & Curry	55	Utah Con	06
Grand Prize	—	Yellow Jacket	56
Hale & Norcross	110		

Silver Bullion.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 20.—Silver bars, 63@63⅛c per ounce.

Mexican dollars, 52½@53c.

NEW YORK, Nov. 20.—Silver bars, 63c per ounce.

LONDON, Nov. 20.—Silver bullion, per ounce, 29⅞d.

Chicago Grain and Provisions.

CHICAGO, Nov. 20.—The wheat market was light and local, and there was a decline of ⅜c for May.

May corn closed at 49⅜c.

Oats also closed ⅜c lower.

Provisions closed at a net loss of 7½c for the day.

Leading futures closed as follows:

Wheat, No 2—
November 54¾
December 55¼
May 60⅜

Corn, No. 2—
November 50⅝
December 49⅝
May 49¼

Oats, No. 2—
November 28⅝
December 29
May 32⅜

Cash quotations were as follows:

Flour—Steady; Winter patents, $2.50@2 70; straights, $2.25@2.75; spring patents, $3 60@3.25; straights, $2.20@2.75; bakers', $1.95@2 10.

Wheat—No. 2 spring, 59½@59⅝; No, 3, nominal; No. 2 red, 56.

Corn—No. 2, 50@53.

Oats—No. 2, 29¼; No. 3, 32½; No. 3, white 31½@32.

Rye—No. 2, 48.

Barley—No. 2, 54; No. 3, 53@54½; No. 4, 51@53.

Flax seed—No. 1 $1.45.

Timothy—Prime, $5.50@5.55.

Mess pork—Per bbl, $12 50@12.75.

Lard—$7.05@7.12½.

Short ribs—Sides, loose, $6.30@6.62½.

Shoulders—Dry salted, $5.52½@5 62½.

Short clear sides—Boxed, $6.75@6.82½.

Whisky—Distillers' finished goods, $1.23 per gallon.

Sugar—Cut loaf, $5.18; granulated, $5 38; standard A, $4.08.

On the produce exchange today the butter market was steady; creamery, 14@25; dairy, 12@22.

Eggs—Steady, 20@21.

OTHER GRAIN MARKETS.

LIVERPOOL, Nov. 20.—Close: Wheat, firm; demand poor. No. 2 Red Winter, 4s 10d; do Spring, 5s 2d.

Corn—Spot steady; demand poor; new mixed, 4s 10d. Futures steady, demand moderate; November, 4s 10d; December, 4s 10½d; January, 4s 6¾d.

Flour—Firm; demand moderate; St. Louis fancy winter, 6s 6d.

Hops—At London (Pacific coast) firm; demand moderate; new crop, £2 15s@£3.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 20.—Wheat, easy; December, 95c; May, $1.04¼.

Barley—Easy: December, 85½c; May, 94⅜.

Corn—$1.30.

Bran—$13.50.

San Francisco Grain Market.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 20.—Net cash prices were as follows:

Flour—Family extras, $3.40@3.55; Bakers' extra, $3.30@3.40; superfine, $2.20@2.55.

Wheat—Spot business is a little less firm. No. 1 shipping wheat, 91½@92½c, with 93¾c for choice; milling wheat is quotable at 96¾@$1.00c, with some holders asking higher rates.

Barley—There was little trading. Fair to good, 80@82½c; choice, 85@87½c; brewing, 92½@95c.

Oats—The market is very tame; prices easy. Quotations: Milling, $1.00@1.12½; surprise, $1.07½@1.17½; fancy feed, $1.05@1.10; good to choice, 95c@$1.02½; poor to fair, 87½@92c; black, $1.15@1.30; red, $1.07½@1.15; gray, 92½c@$1.00.

San Francisco Produce.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 19.—The vegetable market is quiet, with light demand.

Tomato offerings are poor.

Onions hold steady.

Sweet potatoes are higher.

Potatoes are still weak.

The demand for fresh fruit is light.

Grapes are selling well.

Apples are weak.

Oranges declined.

Butter holds firm.

Cheese is steady.

Eggs are firmer.

Poultry is weak, with light demand.

Game is lower.

Petroleum.

NEW YORK, Nov. 20.—Petroleum was steady. Pennsylvania oil sales, none; November option sales, none; closed at 82⅞c bid.

Lima oil sales, none.

LOS ANGELES LOCAL MARKETS

Grain and Hay.

[Dealers' quotations.]

BARLEY—Per cental, 85@90c.

CORN—Per cental, yellow $1.00@1.05; white, $1.10.

WHEAT—Per cental, No. 2, 90c@$1.00.

HAY—Per ton, alfalfa, $10.00@11.00; barley, $14.00@16.00; oat, $14.00@15.00; wheat $13.00@14.00.

Dried Fruits.

[Buyers' quotations.]

APRICOTS—Per lb., choice, 6@6¼c; fair, 5½@6c.

PEACHES—Per lb., fancy, 6½@6¾c; choice, 6@6¼c; fair, 4½@5c.

PEARS—Per lb., choice bleached, 4c; fair, 2@3c.

PRUNES—Per lb., graded, 4¼@4½c; ungraded, 4c.

Honey and Beeswax.

HONEY—Comb, per lb, 15c; extracted, 8c.

BEESWAX—Per lb, 20@25c.

Mill Stuffs.

[Jobbers' quotations.]

BARLEY—Per cental, $1.00.

CORN—Per cental, $1.15.

WHEAT—Per cental, No. 1, $1.05.

FLOUR—Per barrel, local extra family, $3.40; northern, $3.75.

FEED—Bran, per ton, $21.00; shorts, $23.00; cracked corn, per cwt., $1.20; mill feed, $1.25; rolled barley, $1.05.

Dairy Products.

BUTTER—Fancy creamery, 2 lb squares, 52½@55c; fancy dairy, 28-ounce squares, 40@45c; choice, 28-ounce squares, 35@37½c.

CHEESE—California, half cream, per lb, 10c; do full cream, 13½c; Young America, 14½c; small, (3 lb hand) 15½c; eastern, full cream, 15@16c; domestic Swiss, old, 17@18c; new, 14@16c; imported Swiss, 28@30c; Limburger, domestic, 14@16c; imported, 18@20.

Poultry and Eggs.

POULTRY—Per doz., hens, $4.00@4.25; old roosters, $3.50@4.00; young roosters, $3.75@4.25; broilers, $3.50@4.40; turkeys, 10@12c per lb.; ducks, per doz., $3.50@4.50; geese, per head, 75c.

EGGS—California ranch, 30@31c per doz.; eastern, 23@24c.

Fresh Meats.

Butchers' prices for whole carcasses.

BEEF—First quality, 4½c.

VEAL—Ranch, heavy, 4½@6½c; do light, 5@5½c; dairy, 6½@7c.

MUTTON—4½@5c; spring lamb, 6@7c.

PORK—7c.

Farm and Garden Produce.

BEANS—Per 100 lbs., Lady Washington, $3.00 Lima $4.50; navy, $3.00@3.25; pink, $2.25@2.50.

BEETS—1er 100 lbs., 90c.

CABBAGE—Per 100 lbs. 50@65c.

CARROTS—Per 100 lbs., 90c.

CHILES—Dry, per string, $1.00@1.25; green, 5c per lb.

ONIONS—Per 100 lbs., 90c.

PARSNIPS—Per 100 lbs., $1.

POTATOES—Per 100 lbs., pinkeyes, 75c; Burbanks, 85c; Salinas, $1.10.

SWEET POTATOES—Per 100 lbs., 80c.

TOMATOES—Per box, 50c.

TURNIPS—Per 100 lbs., 90c.

Nuts.

ALMONDS—Per lb., paper shell, 13@15c; soft shell, 11@12c; hard shell, 8@9c.

BRAZILS—Per lb., 10@12½c.

FILBERTS—Per lb., 11@12½c.

PEANUTS—Per lb., raw, 5@7c; roasted, 7@9c.

WALNUTS—Per lb., first grade softshell, 8c; first grade hardshell, 6½c; second grade hardshell, 5c.

Provisions.

HAMS—Rex, local smoked, per lb, 13½c; Defiance, 13c; Boneless, 11c; Picnic, 10½c.

BACON—Rex, boneless breakfast, 13¾c; Defiance, 12½c; other grades, 11¾@12½c.

DRIED BEEF—Sets, 14c; inside, 15c.

PIG PORK—Half bbl., $8.50.

LARD—Tierces, ivory comp., per lb., 8c; Rex, pure leaf, 10½c.

Fresh Fruits.

LEMONS—Fancy, $3.00@4.00 per box; mixed, $1.50@2.50.

CRANBERRIES—$12.00@12 50 per bbl.

APPLES—Bellflower, $1.75@2.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.

TUESDAY, Nov. 20.

Alice C Ryder et con to F Simonson—Lot A, bl 2, Monrovia; $750.

Andrew W Howland to Arent Hansen—Lot 24, bl 48; lot 10, bl 42; lot 3, bl 43, San Pedro; $100.

Mrs Kate A Gard et con to Mrs Susanna H Van Nuys—Bl 8, Colima Park trt; $880.

Pickering Land W Co to Lindsay Jessup—Lot 21 and S½ of 22, bl 26, Whittier; $.56.

Amanda J Chowner et con to same—Fart bl 2 Corona trt; $650.

Nebraska Cropsey to Ethel R M Graham—Lot 6 Hewitt's sub lots 1 and 2, bl 8, San Pasqual trt; $1380.

Walter Lindley et ux to John H Tregoning—Lots 6 and 7, bl 38, Session's add to Whittier; $850.

A Weill to Mateo Berra—Lot 284 A Weill trt; $225.

Jacob Rudel et ux to H W Hellman—N 60 ft N½ of W¼ of SE¼ sec 7, T 1 S, R 11 W; $400.

Nettie C McBain et con to Jas A Whitaker—Lot 32 and N 12½ ft lot 33, J H Baker's sub, Pasadena; $32,000.

W A Robertson et ux to T L Duque—Lot 10, bl 58, Alamitos Beach; $500.

Carrie L Brown to S B Van Sant—W 45 ft lot 10, bl 77, O S; $3300.

Edwin I Verr to David A Hughen—Lots 2 and 4, bl 59, Burbank; $250.

P B Edgar to Geo W Edwards—Lot 3, bl 54, Pomona; $600.

D D Matusset ux to Wm Uhl—8 acres, part W½ SW¼ sec 12, T 2 S, R 14 W; $2400.

Andrew Glassell et ux to Frank L Maier—Part lot 36, div B, James Smith tract; $350.

Pickering L & W Co to Geo Isbell—Lots 3, 4 and 5, blk 24, Whittier; $200.

Geo Isbell et ux to Olive A Davis—Lots 3, 4 and 5, blk 24, Whittier; $300.

Matilda Haack to Mary E Taylor—Lots 18 and 19, Bancroft tract; $700.

S J Cook et ux to De Forrest L Sherburne—Lot 21, blk 1, Ocean View tract Co 1; $1000.

Veronica G Rivers et al to Carrie A Munn—Lot 8, blk 1, Garvanza Land Co's sub Garvanza add; $700.

Mrs Sue M Reynolds et con to Auguste Marquis—E 25.35 acres lot 67, sub Rancho Providencia and Scott tract; $2500.

SUMMARY.

Deeds	50
Nominal	27
Total	$58,679.00

You Deserve a Good Shaking.

And chills and fever will give it if you don't take defensive measures to escape the periodic scourge in a region where it is prevalent. The best safeguard and remedy is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which is free from any objections applicable to quinine, and is infinitely more effectual. Wherever on this continent and in the tropics malarial complaints are most virulent and general, the bitters is the recognized specific and preventive. It does not mitigate, but eradicates chills and fever, bilious remittent, dumb ague and ague cake. For rheumatism, inactivity of the kidneys and bladder, for constipation, biliousness and nerve inquietude it is of the greatest efficacy, and the unsolicited testimony in its behalf of eminent medical men leave no reasonable doubt that it is one of the most reliable family medicines in existence. Use it continually and not by fits and starts.

250 envelopes, 50c; ½ ream writing paper 25c Langstadter, 214 W. Second, Hollenbeck hotel.

Neitzke & Speck, funeral directors and embalmers, 256 South Main street. Tel. 1349.

Wall paper house of the coast, 328 S Spring.

Dr. Parker, dentist, 129½ West First street.

Largest stock of wall paper at Eckstrom's, 309 Main st. Right price—good taste.

Chicago Grain. N. Y. Stocks.
S. F. Barley and Wheat.

Bought, sold and carried on margin. Grain 1000 bushels up; stocks 10 shares up. Direct wire; most complete telegraphic quotation service on the coast. Commissions, best terms to be had; correspondent, Irwin, Green & Co., one of the largest and wealthiest commission houses in Chicago.

Daily market report sent free with book on speculation.

DE VAN & RUTLEDGE,
Basement Burdick Block. 123½ W. SECOND ST. Tel. 157.

S. R. COOPER & CO.,
BANKERS AND BROKERS,
114½ S. Main st. Telephone 1469.

Chicago Grain
New York Stocks
S. F. Wheat and Barley

Bought, sold and carried on margins. Daily circular and little books on speculation, or HOW TO MAKE MONEY, mailed free.

PATENTS, COPYRIGHTS, ETC.

PATENTS FOR INVENTIONS IN ALL COUNTRIES obtained, bought and sold. Trade marks, copyrights, etc., by S. J. DAY & CO., patent attorneys, rooms 232-233 Bradbury building, Los Angeles Established 1849. 1-25tf

HAZARD & TOWNSEND, 9 DOWNEY block. Tel. 347, Los Angeles. 11-21 tf

KNIGHT BROS., PATENT LAWYERS AND solicitors, 308 Stimson block. Est. 1843. 10

CONTRACTORS.

CONRAD SCHERER, GRANITE, BITUMINous and asphalt paving. 237 W. First st.

MARKETS.

NORMA MARKET—FOR CHOICE MEATS 1820 S. Main st. Tel. west 171. 11-29

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA RAILWAY—(Santa Fe Route).

IN EFFECT NOVEMBER 4, 1894.

Trains leave and are due to arrive at Los Angeles (La Grande Station) First street and Santa Fe avenue.

Leave for	LOS ANGELES	Arr. from
5:00 pm	Chicago Limited	9:35 am
7:00 am	Overland Express	6:30 pm
8.15 am	San Diego Coast Line	*1:15 pm
*4:20 pm	San Diego Coast Line	6:45 pm
7:00 am	San Bernardino via	9:35 am
9:00 am		*9:55 am
*4:00 pm		*1:35 pm
5:00 pm	Pasadena	6:30 pm
7:00 am	Riverside	*1:35 pm
9:00 am	via San Bernardino	6:30 pm
*11:00 am	Riverside & San Bernardino via Orange	10:15 am
4:20 pm		6:45 pm
*11:00 am	Redlands & Mentone via Orange and Riverside	10:15 am
4:20 pm		*6:45 pm
7:00 am	Redlands, Mentone and Highlands	†9:35 am
9:00 am		9:55 am
*4:00 pm		*1:35 pm
5:00 pm	via Pasadena	6:30 pm
7:00 am	Monrovia, Azusa and Duarte	*7:35 am
9:00 am		8:50 am
1:35 pm		†9:35 am
*4:00 pm		*9:55 am
†5:00 pm		*1:35 pm
5:30 pm		3:55 pm
6:50 pm	Intermediate Stations	6:30 pm
7:00 am	Pasadena	*7:35 am
9:00 am	Pasadena	8:50 am
1:35 pm	Pasadena	9:35 am
*4:00 pm	Pasadena	*9:55 am
5:00 pm	Pasadena	*1:35 pm
*5:30 pm	Pasadena	3:55 pm
6:50 pm	Pasadena	6:30 pm
8:15 am	Santa Ana	8:48 am
*2:00 pm	Santa Ana	*1:15 pm
4:20 pm	Santa Ana	6:45 pm
7:52 am	Santa Monica	9:45 am
10:15 am	Santa Monica	3:45 pm
4:45 pm	Santa Monica	6:34 pm
10:00 am	Redondo	8:29 am
4:45 pm	Redondo	3:45 pm
*7:00 am	San Jacinto, via Pasadena	*1:35 pm
*9:00 am	San Jacinto, via Pasadena	*6:30 pm
*11:00 am	San Jacinto, via Orange	*6:45 pm
*9:00 am	Temecula, via Pasadena	*1:35 pm
*11:00 am	Temecula, via Orange	
*8:15 am	Escondido, via Coast Line	*1:15 pm
4:20 pm	Escondido, via Coast Line	

* Daily except Sunday. † Sunday only. § Saturday only. All other trains daily.

Trains via Pasadena line arrive at Downey avenue station seven minutes earlier and leave seven minutes later.

Palace vestibuled sleepers, upholstered tourist cars, through to Kansas City and Chicago daily. Personally conducted excursions to Boston every Thursday. For rates, sleeping-car reservations, etc., call on or address

E. W. M'GEE,
City Passenger and Ticket Agent, 129 North Spring street, and La Grande Station, Los Angeles.
H. G. THOMPSON, General Passenger Agent

Los Angeles Terminal R'y

IN EFFECT MONDAY, SEPT. 24, 1894.

Los Angeles depots: East end First st. and Downey ave. bridges.

Leave Los Angeles for Pasadena.	Leave Pasadena for Los Angeles.
†