DREAMLAND.

Up anchor! Up anchor!
Set sail and away!
The ventures of dreamland
Are thine for a day.
Yo, heave ho!
Aloft and alow
Elf sailors are singing
Yo, heave ho!
The breeze that is blowing
So sturdily strong
Shall fill up thy sail
With the breath of a song.
A fay at the masthead
Keeps watch o'er the sea;
Blown amber of tresses
Thy banner shall be;
Thy freight the lost laughter
That sad souls have missed
Thy cargo the kisses
That never were kissed.
And ho, for a fairy maid
Born merry in June,
Of lusty red roses
Beneath a red moon.
The star pearls that midnight
Casts down on the sea,
Dark gold of the sunset
Her fortune shall be.
And ever she whispers,
More tenderly sweet,
"Love am I, love only,
Love perfect, complete.
The world is my lordship,
The heart is my slave;
I mock at the ages,
I laugh at the grave.
Wilt sail with me ever,
A dream-haunted sea,
Whose whispering waters
Shall murmur to thee
The love-haunted lyrics
Dead poets have made
Ere life had a fetter,
Ere love was afraid?"
Then up with the anchor!
Set sail and away!
The ventures of loveland
Are thine for a day.
—S. Weir Mitchell, M. D., in Harper's.

CLARISSA'S RIVAL.

A Jealous Woman Nearly Causes Two Lovers Lifelong Unhappiness.

Nearly all the morning the three girls had spent in Agnes' little parlor, and Sibyl Dagon was lying on a sofa, reading.

She had evidently, however, been listening to the conversation of the other two, and she had learned for certain a fact which before she had only suspected.

"Clarissa, will you hold this skein of silk for me? It will only take a few minutes," Agnes had said, and her little friend had come forward with both white hands outstretched to receive the silken threads.

"Oh, what a pretty thimble you have on!" said Clarissa, bending to admire the bright, golden thimble on Agnes' finger.

"Yes—I was stitching the border of this purse I am making. It is pretty, and a gift from—somebody!"

She gave a soft laugh, and her face looked as if it had borrowed some of the crimson from the silk she was winding. Had she not been so occupied she must have noticed the almost deathly pallor of the face before her, for Clarissa Vernon was a simple, innocent, dove-like little creature, who had not yet learned to mask her emotions from observation.

"To tell the truth," continued Agnes, "it would fit your little hand better than mine. It's a tiny bit small for my finger, but I think it will wear smooth, and so I would not trouble Alec to change it."

"Alec?" said Clarissa, sharply.

"Why, yes! I told you it was a present from Alec Thorndyke, didn't I?"

"You said from 'somebody,' and, of course, I thought you meant——"

"Well, he is somebody and everybody to me now, you know! I have promised to marry him very soon, Clara dear."

The skein of silk fell from Clarissa's fingers in a soft mass on the floor, in much danger of a tangle.

"Oh, excuse me! How awkward I am! But I always thought it was——"

"Who, for mercy's sake?"

"Why, Robert Hayford, of course!"

"What, Bob? Oh, no, indeed! Bob is a dear fellow, and has always been like the best of brothers to me, but I have no further claim upon him, I assure you!" And she gave a merry laugh as she took the last round of silk from Clarissa's hand.

Thus released, the girl turned to resume her seat in a frame of mind bordering on ecstacy, her surprise and happiness were so great.

She had forgotten all about Sibyl Dagon, and now encountered her gaze fixed upon her with an expression both peculiar and startling.

"I know your heart's secret," it seemed to say, "and I am concerned in this matter. You love Robert Hayford—so do I. Beware how you cross my path!"

She was certainly a more dangerous rival than the sweet and gentle Agnes, though Clarissa had never before thought of her in that character.

She was a beautiful woman, with fine dark eyes and rich, oriental complexion, but with a sinster, thin-lipped mouth that had always made Clarissa mistrust her, though she could hardly have explained the feeling. She was too true and simple-hearted herself to understand duplicity in others.

As Robert Came Into the Room

Sibyl rose from the sofa and walked over to the fire. She leaned on the mantle with her long hand buried in the luxuriant masses of her lustrious black hair, while the soft folds of her cream-colored morning gown fell around the tall, slender figure in graceful, undulating lines. Of course, she was posing for effect—had she not reason?

"I move that we go for a sleigh-ride after luncheon!" she said, suddenly. "It is a positive sin to waste such a heavenly day by staying in the house!"

"I second the motion," said Robert, and there was no dissenting voice heard. "Carried without opposition," he laughed. "The sleighing is splendid, and the horses will be proud to carry such fair freight." He looked at Clarissa, and smiled as he spoke.

Sibyl Dagon tapped the fender impatiently with her slippered foot, but she was far to wise to show any displeasure.

"The horses shall be gratified," she said lightly. "Suppose we dress before luncheon, so that we may be all ready to go after!" and she went towards the door.

A little exclamation from Agnes stopped her:

"I can't find my gold thimble any place!"

"Any place but the right place, which is not far off, I'll wager," laughed Robert.

"You saucy boy, you know I never mislay my things."

"When did you have it last?"

"But a few minutes ago when Clarissa and I were winding this silk. I can't think what I did with it after that."

"Oh, I'm so sorry! We must find it," said Clarissa.

"I've looked into every vase, box, or basket in the room where I might have dropped it. Where can it be?"

"Oh, it has only rolled into some corner, and will be sure to turn up, dear," said Clarissa, sympathetically. "No one was in the room but ourselves."

"Yes, the boy was in to take away the ashes," cried Agnes, "and if the thimble rolled under the fender, he would have taken it up without noticing it."

"I will go at once and have him search the ashes," said Clarissa, running from the room.

"I Hope She Will Find It.

There was no one else in the room, except Sibyl and Clarissa."

"And they are above suspicion," laughed Robert, jokingly.

Sibyl had come back into the room, but had not spoken. A strange, lurid light smouldered in her dark eyes, but she waited in silence until Clarissa should return. In a few minutes she did, looking disappointed, vexed, and down-cast.

"The man had just come and emptied the ash barrels," she said, regretfully.

Robert burst into a peal of laughter.

"Aggie, dear, it's going to be one of those mysterious disappearances that will never be explained," he said.

"You would not joke if you knew how much I valued it," said Agnes, coming back from a fruitless search under tables and chairs. Tears were in her eyes, and she left the room as she spoke.

"Oh, the dear girl! I forgot the trifle was a gift from her sweetheart," he said, remorsefully.

"Yes, and, of course, she values it threefold on that account," said Clarissa, earnestly. Then she looked up and met Robert's eyes bent upon her with an eager, questioning look in them that brought a vivid blush to her sensitive, child-like face, and she hastily followed Agnes from the room.

"Temptation is a strange thing," said Sibyl, musingly, when left alone with Robert.

"Yes, and a terrible thing," he said. "But why suspect the boy at all? True, he may have fallen a victim to cupidity, seeing the little thing was gold; but the chances are even that he never saw it, and that it will be found much nearer home than poor Jake's pocket!" and he, too, left her.

Miss Dagon was suddenly seized with a spasm of energy and desire to find the lost article. She overturned cushions, moved furniture, and darted about with eager sharp-sightedness.

"Ah, if I Could But Find It,

I would even yet wrest him from her! He loves her! She has won his heart; but separated from her surely I could win it to myself! Oh, he must, he shall be mine—the only man I have ever loved!" She threw herself down in a chair, most miserable, but passionately vindictive. "Childish simpleton! And the looks at her when I am by! Surely, man, not woman, is the incomprehensible being! Could I but find that bauble I would secret it among her things, so that she could not escape! I would find the key to her jewel case, or her private drawer, and place it where no one but herself ever goes. It would entrap this innocent angel so that no denial, no explanation could clear her—so that the strongest belief in her perfection must be staggered by such evidence and proof! But, if I can't find that means, I will find some other to wring her heart as she has wrung mine."

The holidays were now over, and Clarissa was about to return home. Sibyl was going to stay some weeks longer. Clarissa had said good-bye and was waiting in the drawing room for the carriage to come round to take her to the station, when Sibyl came in.

"Oh, Miss Vernon, I am just in time to say good-bye. I had almost missed you."

"Why, I thought you brought good news, you came in so suddenly," said Clarissa, almost disappointed.

"Oh, about the thimble! I fear it will never turn up. Mr. Hayford exonerates the boy from all blame, and thinks it much more likely that you and Agnes had it between you, that its loss has a very different explanation."

"Why, what does he mean? Agnes could have no object in losing her own property," and she smiled in some perplexity.

"Oh, Agnes! Of course not!"

Clarissa looked at her with wide open, wondering eyes.

"Miss Dagon, I can't think what you mean!"

"I? I Don't Mean Anything!

I simply repeated Robert Hayford's words. "If the thing is ever found I will be much nearer home than poort Jakes pocket," was what he said."

"Do your words imply that Robert Hayford insinuates that I might account for the loss of Agnes' gold thimble? That I—that I could explain its disappearance?"

Sibyl shrugged her shoulders.

"It seems stupid and absurd, of course, but I can't undertake to regulate Robert's thoughts, you know, nor account for his suspicions."

Clarissa looked at her with a quivering face, from which all color had fled, then turned and walked out to the waiting carriage without another word.

Sibyl watched her from the window, with a malignant joy in the pain she had given.

"Presumptuous, pale-faced creature!" she muttered. "If I cannot have him, at least she shall not! She could never speak to him on such a subject, so I am safe."

And Clarissa? She felt as one stricken to the very earth!

"Is it possible that he could have said that? And I thought—oh, heavens! That, then, was the cause of that strange, intent look, that I interpreted so differently! Oh, fool, infatuated and blind, ever to have thought of one so unworthy—one who could be small-minded enough to so misjudge me! And I loved him so—yes, even when I thought he belonged to another. Ah, what shall I do? How shall I bear this shattering of my heart's hopes—this bitter, cruel insult?"

Poor girl! she little thought how thorough an actress her rival was, nor how utterly unscrupulous in carrying out her plans.

Agnes was much engaged in the preparation of an elaborate trousseau for her approaching marriage. Both Sibyl and Clarissa had promised to be bridesmaids, but Clarissa had tried earnestly to escape, since Robert was to be the groom's best man. However, Agnes threatened to be both hurt and offended if she failed to keep her promise, so she wore her pretty dress of gauzy white tissue reluctantly. More than one remarked upon the change a few months had wrought upon the girl's appearance. In truth, the experience of grief had developed her from a thoughtless, confiding child, to a reserved and self-contained woman, bearing her trouble in secret, with no outward sign.

Many a Guest Looked at Her

with admiring eyes, even while the bride swept by in her robe of satin and lace. Robert never took his glance from her, but she bore his gaze with a haughty, indifferent grace, though the sapphire eyes glowed in a face of marble whiteness.

The bride had gone. All the traditional offerings of good luck had been hurled at the bridal carriage, and the horses had not taken fright.

At the ball that night, Clarissa had no lack of partners, but she refused to dance.

She was sitting in an alcove alone, when Robert came up to her.

"Will you not give me this waltz?" he asked. "But no, you are tired. I should not ask for such a favor."

"I am not at all tired, Mr. Hayford," she answered, coldly, "but I do not care to dance."

Robert bit his lip, her words were so evidently intended as a rebuff. Then he sat down on the sofa beside her.

"Miss Vernon," he said, softly, "you seem displeased. At times I have even thought that you avoided me. Have I offended you? Oh, pray, pray, tell me how, that I may remedy the fault at once. Believe me, nothing would grieve me so much as to think—?"

She turned and looked him full in the face. Then—why was it? The blood rushed to her own in a torrent! Over her white throat and pearly eyes, to their golden rings of her shining hair, that clustered on the forehead, it serged in a tell-tale blush. Her eyes fell, and she trembled beside him.

It was false; she felt that it was. That woman had lied to her! She saw it in every line of his face, heard it in every tone of his voice. Ah! it was she that had wronged him!

Robert hardly comprehended the sudden change, but he seized the auspicious moment.

"Clarissa, I love you! Darling, if you will let me love you; if you will be my wife, I will spend a lifetime atoning for the fault, whatever it be!"

Clarissa slowly raised her eyes. They met those of Sibyl Dagon, who, as she played the dance music in quick, true time, gazed at Clarissa with a contemptuous smile on her cruel lips. "So," they seemed to say, "proud as you are, you can yet love the man who thinks so meanly of you!"

Slowly the Color Ebbed

away from Clarissa's face. Surely this woman had cast an evil spell over the girl, depriving her of the power to use her own judgment.

She turned to her lover with an icy haughtiness.

"Mr. Hayford, you have not offended me. That, I think, would be impossible!" with a scornful curl of the lip, "but you have misunderstood me. I have given you no right to speak such words to me. I have no—no regard for you!"

Robert was thunderstruck. He flushed violently, but when he left her Clarissa thought she never before had seen a man so pale.

He rose to his feet.

"Miss Vernon," he said, quietly enough, though his voice shook, "you are quite right—I have misunderstood you!" And, with a slight inclination of the head, he walked away.

The dancing ceased. Sibyl finished her playing with a series of brilliant runs and chords. For the present Clarissa's foe was triumphant, and she knew it.

Two years passed away. Robert had gone abroad on business for his father's firm, and had but lately come back.

Clarissa had kept up her friendship with Agnes, who lived near her old home. One evening she had come to stay with her, as she often did, and was surprised and secretly distressed to find her old lover there.

"See, Clarissa," said Agnes, taking up a silken ball from which she had been knitting, "this is what is left of the very skein of silk we were winding the day I lost my thimble. How odd that it should never come to light! It must have disappeared in the ash barrel, for I'm sure Jake was honest. See, I'm making a pair of stockings for the baby of this—won't they be sweet?"

She let the ball fall to the floor as she spoke, and it rolled away.

Clarissa looked furtively at Robert, but not the slightest change of expression showed that he had noticed the reference to the gold thimble, though he had been listening, for he smiled at Agnes' last remark.

She changed her needles and pulled her thread. What was that sharp clicking sound against the frame of an ottoman? Agnes gave a delighted cry, and darted down upon the floor.

"Oh, Look. It Is My Gold Thimble!

"It has been in the ball all this time! You remember, Clara, dear, I had it on my finger, and never missed it from it. How funny."

And she held up the little shining thing to her two hearers, so darkly fateful!

Robert put it on the top of his little finger.

"A tiny thing to cause so much trouble," he said.

"You may have it now, dear Clarissa! It has come too late for me. My finger has grown much too plump!" And she ran up stairs to tell the story of its discovery to her aunt.

Clarissa and Robert were alone for the first time since her scornful words had parted them. She rose hastily to leave the room.

"Stay, Miss Vernon; do not be disturbed. If you wish it, I will leave the room."

She stood still a moment, neither moving nor speaking. Then she yielded to a sudden impulse.

"Mr. Hayford, this 'tiny thing' has caused more trouble than you are aware of," she said.

"Indeed? What more is it responsible for?"

"Oh, I know now I was all wrong. Sibyl Dagon told me you had said—had insinuated that I—had taken this thimble when it was lost!"

He looked at her like one stupefied.

"I do not understand you," he said.

"Oh, do not try," she said, coming towards him with clasped, imploring hands. "Only forgive me. Say that you forgive me. I must have been bewitched—dazed."

"Do you mean that I believed—that you believed I had ever said—"

He looked at her with a growing horror in his still bewildered face.

"It was the cause of all my horrible and insane treatment of you," she said, burying her face in her hands.

He was silent for a time. Then he came to her side, and gently drew the hands from the tear-wet, remorsed face.

"Then you do love me, after all," he whispered.

"Ah, so dearly I love you—have always loved you," she said, between her sobs. "But oh, Robert, if you really love me as you say you do, never make me speak of this dreadful mistake again. Oh, dear love, I am so sorry, so ashamed. Tell me you forgive me!"

"I do, darling; and you shall only speak of what you please, and only when you choose." And he folded her in his arms and laughed kindly into the troubled face.

She raised her lips to his in mute gratitude, and what lover could have wished for a more eloquent substitute for speech?

VERSATILE LADY WILDE

All Her Years of Study Went for Naught at Her Drawing Room.

New York Sun.

There is no more striking or interesting personality in London than that of Lady Wilde, who receives always in a darkened room, where the light from a single candle falls ever upon her rare old jewels and refined face, attracting the stranger directly to the hostess, whose charming tact convinces every visitor, however unimportant or unknown, that she is the receiver of special consideration. The warmth of the welcome is enhanced by the power to greet each guest, French, Spanish, Italian, Russian, or German, in her own language.

This gifted person delights in telling how hard she worked to fit herself for entering society, studying many languages and preparing herself to talk ably on many subjects. But at her first reception in the world all the people said only "How do you do?" and "It is a charming day." And at her next drawing room all the people made the same interesting remarks, and after a little she learned that it was more agreeable to the world if she herself said only "How do you do?" and "It is a pleasant day," than if she made herself and every one else uncomfortable with her serious thoughts and opinions. Lady Wilde is very tall, with jet black hair, and a witty little American lady, looking up at her and hearing her talk in different tongues, said that Lady Wilde "reminded her of the Tower of Babel."

Nuts for Donnelly to Crack.

Dr. William J. Rolfe in North American Review.

I have said that the merely typographical or mechanical imperfections of the "Folio" suffice to prove that the work is none of Bacon's. I have not referred, and shall now refer only in the briefest manner, to a wholly different class of facts that lead inevitably to the same conclusion. If the "Folio" were as well printed as any of Bacon's acknowledged works—the "Essays" of 1625, for example—there would still be internal evidence, abundant and decisive, that the volume cannot be the author's final revision of his dramatic productions. Certain of the plays are manifestly nothing more than a slight remodeling of earlier work by other hands. Others are apparently pieces left unfinished, and completed by another playwright—in some instances by one so inferior that the author cannot be supposed to have been a party to the transaction. If it be said that all the matter is from one and the same hand, this is not absolutely inconceivable if the collecting and publishing of the works have been done by an incompetent or unscrupulous editor after the author's death; but how can we explain it if the author himself is editor? Why, to refer to a single play, should "Timon of Athens" be left in the state in which the "Folio" gives it—pure gold with a large admixture of the basest alloy, stuff utterly unworthy the 'prentice days of the dramatist? Scarcely a critic of the present century has been willing to regard the play as the work of a single hand. Portions of it are written in the merest burlesque of verse—as if the author had no ear, unless an asinine one—and the thought and sentiment are in keeping with the versification; while the other portions bear the marks of the poet's maturest period. According to the Baconians this was one of the latest plays, if not the latest play, their philosopher wrote; and Timon is meant to represent himself, deserted by his parasite friends after his fall. Could Bacon have written it as we have it, or, if any inferior writer had a share in it, would Bacon have printed it all as his own? These and similar questions have never been put to the Baconians, so far as I am aware, and I respectfully submit them to Mr. Donnelly's consideration.

WHEAT CLOSES LIMP.

The Speculators Acted on the Old Maxim, "When in Doubt, Sell."

Weather Indications Exerted an Influence on a Sensitive Market.

A Stimulating Influence Was Manifested in All Lines on Wall Street.

Harmony Among Railway Managers Probably Accounts for It.

CHICAGO, Jan. 10.—The wheat market, after averaging firm to strong for the greater part of the session, closed limp and weary at ¼c decline. The speculators had their ears on the stretch for a pointer from Washington, D. C., but not being forthcoming, they, toward the close, acted in accordance with the maxim, "when in doubt, sell." The market opened about steady, the price at the commencement of business being identical with the closing quotation of the previous afternoon. Cables, except as regards the business in cargoes off coast and afloat, were easier in tone at the opening to-day than they were yesterday. Concerning the cargo trade, however, Beerbohm's dispatch quoted it strong in all positions. Snow was advised as having already covered up the wheat plant over the greater part of the winter wheat country, and the weather here was mild and threatening snow or rain. There was an advance in silver and a rather confident feeling concerning the future of the money market. The foregoing features had nothing in them sufficiently pronounced in character to create alarm to either bulls or bears, and consequently no great change in prices took place. Later, however, dispatches which came to hand were almost uniformly bullish, and, under ordinary circumstances, a material advance in prices would most assuredly have followed, but the government statistician's forthcoming report was regarded as of too uncertain a character to bet upon. Contrary to the experience of former like occasions, there were no pretentious put forth by any one of the possession of advance information from Washington, and consequently the feeling of uncertainty was unrelieved by the excitement which is occasionally produced by a few mendacious dispatches. That Mr. Dodge was more than ordinarily feared, may be inferred from the stagnation which reigned all day. The sale of 300,000 bu of No. 1 hard Kansas wheat for export via New Orleans, was reported to S. V. White and other houses here. Yesterday 10,000 bu were cleared from New Orleans for Liverpool. It was claimed later that the St. Louis transaction was old business done in December for January shipments. As an offset to the sale reported, another dispatch from St. Louis to Kennett Hopkins said men from Salt Lake were there offering Utah wheat under the present cash price of No. 2 winter without finding buyers. This latter point was scored by the bear party toward the close, and the impression gaining ground about the same time that the government report was "agin" the bulls made the session close upon a very weakly looking market, and at about the lowest price of the day. The corn market was dull but firm, principally upon an expected bullish government report. The bull probabilities of Mr. Dodge's statement have been urged much more vigorously than the other side, and have been based mainly upon reports from those states which were the heaviest losers by the past season's unfavorable weather. The fluctuations were narrow and trading light and featureless. The oat market was active at a narrow range of prices in the active future. Hutchinson was the principal buyer, although he sold a few around the top prices of the day. The country and the local scalping crowd were free sellers. Cash oats broke 1c without affecting the speculative market materially. The provision market was firm early in the session, the good demand for hogs which was reported from the yards contributing a little to the sustaining of the price of the product. Armour was a small and early buyer of pork. He was strongly suspected, however, of having brokers dealing it out in more liberal quantities. The haste and unanimity of the packers in selling when the market appears stiff enough to stand it has no apparent effect in lessening the demand from outside. Cudahy was again a free seller, and on the call the packers generally took a hand in supplying the demand. The market closed at about the lowest prices of the day.

The leading futures ranged as follows:

ARTICLES.	Opening.	Highest.	Lowest.	Closing.
No. 2 Wheat:				
January...	90⅜	90⅝	90⅛	90⅛
May	97⅛	97⅜	96¾	96½
July.	93¼	93⅜	93	93
No. 2 Corn:				
January...	49½	49⅝	49⅜	49⅜
February.	50½	50⅝	50⅜	50⅜
May.	53½	53¾	53⅜	53⅜
No. 2 Oats:				
January...	43¾	43⅞	43½	43½
May.....	46¾	46⅞	46½	46½
June.....	45⅞	46	45¾	45¾
Mess Pork:				
January...	10 60	10 60	10 50	10 52½
February..	10 77	10 70	10 60	10 62½
May.	11 32½	11 40	11 10	11 12½
Lard:				
January. .	5 90	5 90	5 87½	5 87½
February..	5 97½	5 97½	5 97½	5 97½
May.....	6 40	6 40	6 35	6 35
Short Ribs:				
January...	5 20	5 20	5 12½	5 15
February..	5 25	5 25	5 21	5 20
May. . . .	5 67½	5 67½	5 57½	5 60

Cash quotations were as follows: Flour firm, unchanged. Wheat—No. 2 spring, 90@90½c; No. 3 spring, 85@87c; No. 2 red, 91@92c. Corn—No. 2, 49⅝c. Oats—No. 2, 43½c. Rye—No. 2, 70c. Barley—No. 2, nominal. Flaxseed—No. 1, $1.23. Timothy seed—Prime, $1.22. Pork—Mess, per bbl, $10.50@10.55. Lard—Per 100 lbs, $5.87½. Short Ribs Sides—Loose, $5.65@5.15. Dry Salted Shoulders—Boxed, $4.20@4.30. Short Clear Sides—Boxed, $5.30@5.35. Whisky—Distillers' finished goods, per gal, $1.14. Sugars—Cut loaf, 6¾@7¼c; granulated, 6⅜c; standard A, 6⅛c. Oats—No. 2 white, 47c; No. 3 white, 45@45½c. Barley—No. 3, f. o. b., 69c; No. 4, f. o. b., 56@65c. Receipts—Flour, 12,000 bbls; wheat, 32,000 bu; corn, 104,000 bu; oats, 96,000 bu; rye, 7,000 bu; barley, 45,000 bu. Shipments—Flour, 14,000 bbls; wheat, 49,000 bu; corn, 102,000 bu; oats, 142,000 bu; rye, 20,000 bu; barley, 32,000 bu. On the produce exchange to-day the butter market was dull; extra creamery, 25@26c; extra firsts, 22@23c; firsts, 16@18c; extra dairy, 23@24c; extra firsts, 18@20c; firsts, 14@16c. Eggs, 22@24c.

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INVESTMENT BANKERS,
Loan money on improved property in St. Paul and Minneapolis
At 6 Per Cent "On or Before."
New Pioneer Press Building, St. Paul.
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Minneapolis Wheat.

MINNEAPOLIS, Jan. 10.—Wheat closed: No. 1 hard, January, 91c; on track, 92c; No. 1 northern, January, 89c; February, 89½c; May, 93⅜c; on track, 90½c; No. 2 northern, January, 86½c; on track, 87½@88c.

Duluth Wheat.

DULUTH, Minn., Jan. 10.—Wheat was dull, with nothing doing; prices unchanged. Closing quotations: January, 91⅝c; May, 99½c; No. 1 hard, 90½c; No. 1 northern, 87½c; No. 2 northern, 82¼c. Receipts, 32 cars.

Milwaukee Produce.

MILWAUKEE, Jan. 10.—Flour quiet. Wheat quiet; No. 2 spring on track, cash, 87@88c; May, 90⅞c; No. 1 northern, 90c. Corn firm; No. 3, on track, 50½@51c. Oats steady; No. 2 white, on track, 47@47½c. Barley firm; No. 2, in store, 68¼c. Rye firm; No. 1, in store, 71@71½c. Provisions quiet. Pork—May, $11.15. Lard—May, $6.35. Receipts—Flour, 15,500 bbls; wheat, 20,500 bu; barley, 30,800 bu. Shipments—Flour, 17,000 bbls; wheat, 3,600 bu; barley, 40,500 bu.

New York Produce.

NEW YORK, Jan. 10.—Flour—Receipts, 18,036 pkgs; exports, 1,722 bbls, 650 sacks; dull, unchanged; sales, 12,550 bbls. Wheat—Receipts, 6,000 bu; exports, none; sales, 616,000 bu futures, 51,000 bu spot; spot market quiet, generally firm; No. 2 red, $1.04⅛ elevator, $1.05¾ afloat, $1.05@1.06⅜ f. o. b.; No. 3 red, $1.00½; ungraded red, $1.05⅜@1.07½; No. 1 northern, $1.08⅛; No. 1 hard, $1.12¾@1.13. Options varied 3-16c, closing steady and unchanged from last night; No. 2 red, January closing $1.03⅞; February closing $1.04¾; March closing 1.05⅜; May, $1.01⅞@1.05 1-16, closing $1.04⅜; June closing $1.03⅜; July, 99 15-16c@$1.00⅛, closing $1; August, 98⅞@98⅛c, closing at 98c December, $1.00 3-16@1.00⅝, closing at $1.00¼. Rye quiet, steady; Western, 77@80c. Barley in fair demand, firm; No. 2 Milwaukee, 83c; ungraded Western, 78@90c; Canada, No. 1, 95c; No. 2, 87c; No. 2 extra, 90c. Barley malt quiet, easy; Canada, country made, $1@1.15. Corn—Receipts, 78,000 bu; exports, 13,922 bu; sales, 256,000 bu futures; 38,000 bu spot; spot market firmer, dull; No. 2, 60⅛@60¼c elevator; 61¼c afloat; ungraded mixed, 59½@62c; steamer mixed, 60@61c; No. 3, 59⅝c; options strong, unchanged, to ⅛c up on light supplies; January, 60@60⅛c, closing at 60c; February closing 60⅛c; March, closing 60⅛c; May, 60@60⅛c, closing at 60⅛c; July, 60½c. Oats—Receipts, 43,000 bu; exports, 2,787 bu; sales, 35,000 bu futures, 91,000 bu spot; spot market stronger, quiet; options dull, firmer; January, 51¾c; February, 52¼c; May, 52½@52¾, closing 52⅝c; spot No. 2 white, 52¾@53c; mixed Western, 50@53c; white western, 53@59c; No. 2 Chicago, 52¾c. Hay quiet, weak; shipping, 40@45c; good to choice, 50@60c. Hops quiet, firm; state, common to choice, 30@38c; Pacific coast, 30@38c. Coffee—Options opened steady, 10 points down to 5 points up; closed firm, 5 points down to 10 points up; sales, 13,750 bags, including January, 16.30@16.35c; February, 15.90c; March, 15.60@15.76c; May, 15.15@15.25c; June, 14.90c; July, 14.70@14.75c; August, 14.55c; September, 14.20c; spot Rio quiet, steady; fair cargoes, 19c; No. 7, 17¼@17½c. Sugar—Raw firm, quiet; refined easy. Molasses—Foreign nominal; New Orleans steady, fair demand; common to fancy, 30@35c. Rice—Fair demand, firm; domestic, fair to extra, 5¼@6¼c; Japan, 5¾@6c. Petroleum quiet, steady; United closed at 74⅜c for February; refined, all ports, $7.40. Cottonseed oil dull, easy; crude, off grade, 20@21; yellow, off grade, 26c. Tallow stronger, wanted; city ($2 for packages), 4⅜c bid. Rosin quiet, steady; strained, common to good, $1.35@1.40. Turpentine quiet, firm, 39@40c. Eggs, steady, quiet; Western, 26½@27c; receipts, 3,514 packages. Hides quiet, firm; wet salted New Orleans selected, 45@50 lbs, 7@8c; Texas selected, 50@60 lbs, 7@8c. Pork quiet, steady; old mess, $11@11; new mess, $11.50@12; extra prime, $9.50@10. Cut meats fairly active, firm; pickled bellies, 5½c; pickled shoulders, 4¼; pickled hams, 7½@7¾c. Middles quiet, steady; short clear, $5.95. Lard easy, dull; Western steam, $6.25; option sales, 3,000 tcs: January, $6.25 asked; February, $6.30@6.31, closing at $6.30 asked; March, $6.40@6.41, closing at $6.40 bid; April, $6.51; May, $6.40@6.61, closing at $6.60 asked. Butter quiet, steady; Western dairy, 12@26c; do creamery, 19@28c; do factory, 16@22c; Elgin, 29c. Cheese strong, wanted; light skims, 4½@6¾c; Ohio flats, 6@9½c. Pig iron nominal; American, $15.50@17.50.

St. Louis Produce.

ST. LOUIS, Jan. 10.—Flour firm and prices unchanged. Wheat—Cash higher; options opened 1 1-16c lower for May, and ¼c up for July as compared with yesterday's close; immediately firmed up and sold higher until 12:30 when a break, depressed feeling prevailed and prices declined rapidly to the close, which was at about opening prices; No. 2 cash, 94¾@95½c; May, 96⅛@97¼c, closing at 96⅝c; July, 87⅝@88⅜c, closing at 87¾c bid. Corn—Both spot and option markets were higher. The latter opened at about yesterday's closing figures; strengthened and advanced ruling firm to the close which was ⅛@¼c higher than Friday's; No. 2 cash, 49@49⅜; May, 50½@50¾c, closing at 50⅝@50¾c July closed at 52c. Oats quiet but firm; No. 2 cash, 44@45; May, 46¼@46⅜c, closing 46⅜c bid. Rye—Nothing doing. Barley steady, unchanged. Bran higher; sacked, f. o. b., this side, 96@98c. Flaxseed higher and firm, at $1.23 bid. Lead strong at $4.25. Butter easy, unchanged. Eggs firm and advanced to 19½@20c. Cornmeal steady at $2.55@2.80. Whisky steady at $1.14. Bagging and iron cotton ties unchanged. Provisions dull; only small spot business done. Pork—New mess, $10.75. Lard, $5.65@5.70. Dry Salt meats—Boxed shoulders, $3.75@3.87½; longs and ribs, $5.15; short clear, $5.25. Bacon—Boxed shoulders, $5; longs, $5.65; ribs, $5.65@5.70; short clear, $5.75@5.80. Hams unchanged. Receipts—Flour, 3,000 bbls; wheat, 5,000 bu; corn, 31,000 bu; oats, 17,000 bu; rye, blank; barley, 4,000 bu. Shipments—Flour, 12,000 bbls; wheat, 7,000 bu; corn, 107,000 bu; oats, 12,000 bu; rye, blank; barley blank.

Kansas City Grain.

KANSAS CITY, Jan. 10.—Wheat steady; No. 2 hard, cash, 81c bid; January, 81c bid. Corn steady; No. 2, cash, 48⅝c; January, 48¼c bid, 48½c asked. Oats steady; No. 2, cash and January, 44½c bid, 45½c asked. Rye steady; No. 2 cash and January, 61½c bid. Receipts—Corn, 475 bu. Shipments—Wheat, 10,556 bu; corn, 3,600 bu; oats, 2,000 bu.

Toledo Grain.

TOLEDO, O., Jan. 10.—Wheat dull, easier; cash and January, 95½c; May, 99⅝c; July, 83½c; August, 92¼c. Corn quiet, firm; cash, 52c; May, 53¾c. Oats dull, firmer; cash, 45c. Cloverseed active, firmer; cash, January and February, $4.50; March, $4.57½. Receipts—Flour, 287 bbls; wheat, 4,592 bu; corn, 1,555 bu; cloverseed, 620 bags. Shipments—Flour, 550 bbls; wheat, 7,917 bu; corn, 6,914 bu; cloverseed, 825 bags.

Liverpool Market.

LIVERPOOL, Jan. 10.—Wheat—Firm; demand fair; holders offer sparingly. Corn strong, demand fair; mixed Western, 5s 7d per central. Tallow—Fine American, 25s 6d per cwt.

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STOCKS ARE STRONG.

Railway Harmony Stiffens the Wall Street Market.

NEW YORK, Jan. 10.—The complete harmony existing in the conference of railroad managers now in session in this city has proved to be the greatest stimulating influence upon the stock market which we have had for some months. To-day it turned the temper of the foreign operators from bear to bull, while the confidence displayed by domestic operators of all descriptions has been most prominent for several days. The offerings of stocks are becoming lighter from day to day, owing to the general revival of confidence in the future of the railroads in this country and there is now in the street a general feeling that during the next sixty days there will be a complete recovery from the recent depression. To-day another large increase in the bank reserves was shown, and the surplus is now raised to above $13,000,000, a figure which it has seen only once for the past six months, and that was when the heavy disbursements were made by the treasury last fall. The improvement in the temper of the street was apparent with the first sales, and everything was higher, while an extraordinarily active business was transacted, with the result of scoring further advances over the whole list. The only sluggish stocks were the coalers, which have all had such marked advances in the past week. The skyrocket advances in Sugar Refineries was continued, aided by the announcement that the order appointing the receivers had been vacated and the property was to be turned over to the trustees, who will now go forward with the plan of reorganization. The stock rose from 66½ to 71½ and closed at 70⅞. The Villards were a strong point in the market; the grangers were all prominent, but the Gould stocks were sluggish. The extreme activity of the first few minutes did not last, but the strength was never slacked off and prices steadily mounted till the close, though there were few specially wide fluctuations out of Sugar. The gains of note were: Sugar, 4⅝; St. Paul and Northern Pacific, 1⅝ each; Louisville & Nashville, 1⅜; Colorado Coal 1¼; Burlington & Quincy, 1⅛, and Atchison 1 per cent. Railroad bonds also continued to show great activity of the past few days, and the business of the two days amounted to $1,423,000, with the same speculative issues leading in the dealings, and Atchison incomes contributed $158,000, the Texas Pacific incomes $125,000 and the Iron Mountain fives $105,000 to the grand total. The strength of the market continued unimpaired, and among the numerous advances may be mentioned: Toledo, St. Louis & Kansas City firsts, 2½ to 90; Louisville, St. Louis & Texas firsts, 2 to 87; St. Paul Mineral Point, 2½ to 99¾. Government bonds have been dull and steady. State bonds have been neglected. Petroleum was duller than ever. The opening was steady, followed by dullness until the last hour, when the price moved up ⅜c, closing firm for February option. Pennsylvania oil spot opened at 73½c; highest, 73⅝c; lowest, 73½c; closing at 73½c. February option opened at 73¾c; highest, 74⅛c; lowest, 73¾c; closing at 74⅜c. Lima oil opened at 21c; highest, 21c; lowest, 21c; closing at 21c. Total sales, 17,000 bbls. The export of specie from the port of New York last week amounted to $324,828, of which $134,979 was in gold and $189,849 in silver. The imports of specie for the week amounted to $473,248, of which $343,213 was in gold and $120,035 in silver.

New York Money.

NEW YORK, Jan. 10.—Money on call easy, with no loans; closing offered at 3 per cent. Prime mercantile paper, 6½@8. Sterling exchange active and firm at $4.83 for sixty-day bills and $4.86¼ for demand. Bank clearings to-day, $110,014,900; balances, $6,137,644. For the week, clearings, $691,936,894; balances, $37,200,334.

New York Bank Statement.

NEW YORK, Jan. 10.—The weekly bank statement shows the following changes: Reserve, increase, $4,807,125; loans, decrease, $1,722,100; specie, increase, $2,469,800; legal tenders, increase, $3,260,800; deposits, increase, $3,692,900; circulation, increase, $61,100. The banks now hold $13,384