

A GRUESOME REMEDY.

By Helen F. Gardner.

Young Mr. and Mrs. Sweetser have been married but seven months; the first six months of their wedded life were spent in a boarding house, but one month ago they set up housekeeping in as cozy a nest as one could find in a month's tramp through Boston's suburbs.

When Mr. Sweetser mentioned hiring a girl his wife shook her little brown head with a decisiveness of manner that really caused Mr. Sweetser to wonder.

"No, Ned," she said, "we will not need a girl."

The first few days everything seemed to glide along in a smooth fashion, and Mr. Sweetser came from the city each night to a bright, homelike flat, with a dainty supper spread on the dining room table and a smiling wife in a white dress.

One evening last week, however, he noticed that his wife looked rather weary, and there was a slight irritability in her manner; he did not remark upon the fact, but the next evening he found the supper only half prepared, and little Mrs. Sweetser in her gingham gown of the morning.

"What's the matter, Millie?" he asked tenderly. "Has the housework been very hard and tiresome, dear?"

"No, Ned, it isn't that," she replied. "I don't know what I have so many interruptions. Twice this afternoon, when I started to dress, the bell rang, and I had to put on a wrapper and rush to the front door. I attempted to take a nap, and was awakened three times by the same bell."

"Callers," asked her husband. "You must be getting very popular, dear."

"No, there were no callers. They were pedlars, canvassers, book agents; the house has been overrun with them the last three days."

"Then go to the door. Let them ring the bell and stay till they get tired; then they can go away. There's no sense in your wearing yourself out for people of that sort."

Mrs. Sweetser shook her head. "No, Ned, it isn't that, and I'm sorry for them. Besides, we will begin to have callers soon, and as I want to get acquainted I can't afford to miss everybody."

"I know people in the suburbs are troubled that way," said Mr. Sweetser. "You can't think of it, dear."

Mrs. Sweetser opened her lips as though to speak, then closed them again and only sighed.

Three days later Mr. Sweetser had a severe headache, and came home from his business at noon, declaring his intention of spending the afternoon in their cool, pleasant parlor, where he could be nursed and petted by his wife.

Mrs. Sweetser closed the blinds and tipped out of the room, so Mr. Sweetser knew that he was expected to take a nap.

He had just fallen into a doze, when there was a faint tinkle at the front door bell. He heard his wife go through the hall, and as she opened the outside door, the parlor door was unlocked, and he heard a shrill, childish voice inquire:

"Would you like to buy a pound of tea?"

"No, I think not," replied Mrs. Sweetser.

"I'm trying to get a tea set for my sister," continued the infantile voice. "She's been married about six months and—"

"I'll get one pound of Oolong," said Mrs. Sweetser, sympathetically.

The transaction completed, she came into the parlor softly.

"What made you buy that, dear?" she asked. "It's too bad."

"What made you buy?" asked Mr. Sweetser, petulantly. "You're too easy."

"I didn't mean to," replied his wife. "But when she said that her sister had been married about six months it interested me, and it must be hard not to have pretty dishes when one is newly married."

"Well, I'm going to sleep again, and I hope nobody'll come and disturb me this time."

Mrs. Sweetser rearranged his pillows, and he dropped into another doze. It seemed to him that he had scarcely lost consciousness when there was a jerk at the bell that set every nerve in his body tingling, and brought him to an instant halt with postures of a suddenness that made his head reel. His wife was seated by the window reading.

"Callers, Millie," he asked. "I ought to be out of this room."

"It's all right, dear. Perhaps it isn't callers. It is, I'll apologize for you."

She closed the parlor door before she opened the outside one, but the high-pitched tones of a determined female voice reached his ears with rasping distinctness.

"Good afternoon, lady. This is a beautiful day. I want to take just a moment of your time to show you an ointment I am selling. You have surely heard of Osogood's ointment. I have been through this street twice every year for the last thirteen years. After you have once tried it, you could never live without having it in the house."

Mr. Sweetser buried his head deep in the pillows, and pulled the ruffle of one of his ears; in this way he drowned out the remainder of the tirade, which lasted nearly an hour.

"After this his head was throbbing so painfully that he could not sleep, and his wife had just seated herself beside him preparatory to bathing his hot forehead, when there were steps on the walk outside.

"Don't answer the bell," groaned Mr. Sweetser.

"Very well, dear," replied his wife. Presently there was another ring.

"I can't stand that jangling," said Mr. Sweetser, hoarsely, and Mrs. Sweetser hurried to the door.

An amiable looking boy of about seventeen years gazed at her smilingly through his spectacles; he looked provokingly bland and good-natured, and Mrs. Sweetser's usually gentle voice had a tone of smothered wrath as she asked:

sounds as though it might be the minister come to call, or the milk man to collect his bill."

Mrs. Sweetser opened the door. A young woman wearing a white muslin dress and a gentle smile stood on the top step.

"I thought you might be interested in the work I'm trying to do," she began sweetly. "I have met with such a generous response from everyone I have collected money to send the poor children of the city on a vacation. I'm sure we all appreciate these little ones, and—"

"Here's some money, Millie," broke in Mr. Sweetser from the parlor.

The next time Mrs. Sweetser confronted a tall dark man, with an enormous nose, and a distinct accent.

"Good afternoon, madam," he began. "I am taking orders for portraits, and I want to show you a sample of our work. Any one of these pictures will prove to you far better than any words of mine can show how superior our system is to all other methods. For the privilege of having our work in your parlor, and having you tell your friends who made the portrait, we will give you a crayon copy of any photograph you provide."

"Madam, of what use is a picture without a frame? You need to buy one for your picture, of course, and we merely request you to get it of us. But even on the frames the prices we give you would insure you a bargain, not to mention the picture, which is absolutely free."

"Now, madam, I suppose you have a husband?"

"Yes," answered Mrs. Sweetser.

"Now, if you care for him, which, of course you do, you want a large picture of him."

"No, I don't care enough for it to pay for the frame," said Mrs. Sweetser; that is—

"I understand; but perhaps there are little ones in the family. We make a specialty of children's pictures. Have you a family, madam? A babe in the house is a well-spring of pleasure, as one of the poets says."

Suddenly the bland picture dealer was confronted by a man with a desperate look in his eyes, without collar or cravat, and grasping a sofa pillow in each hand. This apparition had appeared in the parlor doorway, and there was no doubt of his meaning, when he said in tones not very gentle:

"Now you get out; what do you mean by staying here with all your cheap talk and annoying my wife? Gather up your pictures and get out, or I'll have you arrested."

"We must certainly move into a flat building, where there is a hallway," said Mr. Sweetser.

There was silence for some moments, when Mr. Sweetser's face suddenly brightened.

"I have thought of a scheme, dear. Are you sure you would think no method too barbarous that would keep away these pests?"

"I will try anything," said Mrs. Sweetser, desperately.

The next forenoon the expressman delivered a package into Mrs. Sweetser's hands, which she proceeded to open with considerable eagerness, for she recognized her husband's handwriting on the outside. She drew a little gasp of horror, as she drew out a long piece of black crepe, tied with a white ribbon. A note fell from the dismal folds. With trembling eagerness that was half terror she read:

"Dearest Millie—Tie this on the door handle, and I think you will not be annoyed with so many pedlars and agents of all sorts. If you don't like the remedy, dear, be ready when I come home to-night, and we will go house hunting together. Lovingly, NED."

Mrs. Sweetser gazed at the awfully thin card for a few moments, as though fascinated by its horrid gloom; then she started resolutely for the front door.

"I promise I will not annoy you," she said to herself, "and I'll keep my word."

It was the work of only a moment to slip it on the bell handle; then she hurried in and closed the door.

"I'll be ready to go to-night, and I'll have peace and quiet for one afternoon before leaving."

She slipped on a loose wrapper and began picking up her bric-a-brac and packing it in boxes.

Silence reigned supreme.

"This quiet seems delicious," she thought. "It's like a benediction following a fiery, sensational discourse."

The thought had hardly passed from her mind when there was a subdued ring at the door bell, but as she was about to turn the handle a terrible thought occurred to her. Perhaps it isn't callers. It is, I'll apologize for you."

She closed the parlor door before she opened the outside one, but the high-pitched tones of a determined female voice reached his ears with rasping distinctness.

"Good afternoon, lady. This is a beautiful day. I want to take just a moment of your time to show you an ointment I am selling. You have surely heard of Osogood's ointment. I have been through this street twice every year for the last thirteen years. After you have once tried it, you could never live without having it in the house."

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"Why do you ring so many times? What right have you to disturb people in this fashion?"

"If you'd come when I first rung I wouldn't have bothered you."

"How did you know there was anybody at home?"

"Cause there was a bycandle under the front steps. Folks don't go far away nowadays and leave their bycandles that way."

"Well, what do you want?"

"I've got perfumes and extracts to sell. I'm trying to earn enough to take me to college. These are purer and cheaper extracts than any on the market. I used to meet a man who was in for you to come to the door to spread my samples here on the piazza rail. I have every perfume you could possibly desire, and if you buy over two ounces I give this cut-glass atomizer free. My extracts are unequalled for flavor and strength."

"I don't care for anything," broke in Mrs. Sweetser decidedly. And the next moment the mild blue eyes of the young perfume salesman were gazing at the card pinned to the front door instead of her stern countenance.



FRENCH GOWN OF WOOL BENGLINE FROM HARPER'S BAZAR.

Wool bengaline, a material which falls in graceful folds, forms an attractive circular skirt, with no fulness about the hips, and an especially pretty flare around the bottom, where it measures about four yards, and spreads out becoming effect in trimming consists of double folded bands of the same material, two or three in a cluster, which outline an apron in front, and reaching either towards the back, produce a yoke effect behind, where it is fastened by several buttons. Below this opening the material is extended for the adjustment of the pleats. In order that the skirt may be adaptable to all figures the pattern is given with directions for cutting a little fulness at the waist-line in the back.

The house of chenille-dotted silk has an adjustable chemise that forms a vest in front, thus permitting many pretty touches of color. The model is tucked and finished with a high collar, ornamented with a cravat, tied in a square bow at the side. Over the shoulders is a deep bordered band, which has clusters of ornament buttons, which, large and small, are a distinctive feature of simple as well as elegant gowns. The corsage, back and front, may be snugly fitted, or made with the slight fulness at the waist-line, the design for each mode being furnished in the pattern. The sleeve, which is the latest model for winter shirt-waists, has an easy fulness at the top, and is fitted at the wrist to a circular cuff. The proper cut of this gown, as shown in the illustration, can be obtained from the use of Harper's Bazar cut paper pattern.

Quantity of material—For skirts, 3 1/2 yards; 48 inches wide; for blouse, 3 yards; 48 inches wide, or 4 1/2 yards of silk.

FINANCE AND TRADE.

The International Sunday School Lesson.

October 30, 1893. Isaiah XI, 1-10.

Messiah's Kingdom Foretold. The Bible is a microcosm. A little world is crowded between its lids. As in a camera, one sees in it all familiar objects of nature. This paragraph is an example. . . . The arbitrary division between the tenth and eleventh chapters is to be regretted. It breaks the continuity of illustration. The figure is from forestry. The Assyrian enemies are for number like the thickets of the forest, and for strength like the cedars of Lebanon. But the angel of Jehovah lops the boughs and fells the trunks. From the prosaic state of the humbled prophet passes naturally to the humbled condition of Israel. He, too, is like a tree cut off at the root. Yet there is this contrast: Asshur's state is remediless; but Israel's is improvable. The kingdom of David—has been cut down close to the earth. The royal decay has sunk into nothingness. A stump of Jesse only remained. But from this improbable source God would yet bring the promised branch. The parentage place of nativity and residence of Jesus were most unlikely. The third, fellowship with Jehovah; knowledge, the Father and Omnipotence. . . . The figure of the tree is perhaps yet in the prophet's mind, and he sees the shoot springing from such an unlikely source as retaining a noble stature and radiating branches. The spirit of Jehovah, which with him, forms the central shaft. The first part of branches are intellectual, endowments, understanding and wisdom; the second, practical counsel to form right conclusions and might carry them out; the third, fellowship with Jehovah; knowledge, acquaintance with him; fear, reverence toward him. Thus he rose like the resplendent ornament of the temple, the golden tree shedding its lovely radiance. Only he rises higher, casts his beams wider, and bows this kingdom! Do you see the cries, "I am the light of the world!"

Social Commentaries.

Red-stem: Beautifully applied to an ancient family fallen into decay, yet where there may be a descendant that shall rise and flourish.—Bernes. In one, equally great in knowledge and in practice.—Cheyne. . . . All these qualities existed in the greatest perfection of our Lord.—Pulpit Commentary. Quick understanding: "Of quick scent." The four of the Lord shall be fragrance to him.—Delitzsch. . . . With righteousness: An intended contrast between Messiah's rule and that of the princes of Judah. . . . Stay wicked: A strong hand on the wrong-door is an essential of good government.—Pulpit Commentary.

The Tenor's Quiver.

(1) The "Branch" continuously exercises his royal prerogative of judge. His decrees are in marked contrast to those of the average oriental court. He does not judge superficially or with prejudice. Even the poor and meek gain an audience with him. But his breath is a typhoon to the wicked. (2) Such a Branch bears glorious fruit. There is the gradual spread of the Kingdom of God over men by the co-operation of the Holy Spirit with zealous effort of the whole body of believers, until there is a substantial ascendancy of righteousness and its concomitants, peace and joy. (3) An ideal millennium would call for peace between beast and man, and man and man, as well as between man and man; an end of hurting and destroying. (4) Every rational soul is in or out of the kingdom of the Branch. The means of entrance are by Him who said: "I am the way." (5) Stayed in this kingdom! Do you see the His of life? Would you reform them? This is the reform within all reforms.

HUNDREDS of lives saved every year by having Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil in the house just when it is needed. Cures croup, hoarse burns, cuts, wounds of every sort.

Table of market prices for various commodities including wheat, corn, and oil. Columns include item names and prices.

CHICAGO—Wheat cables to-day and slack export demand caused a decline in wheat.

December closed 1/2% lower. Corn and oats lost 1/4% each. Pork declined 7/8% and lard and ribs 5/8% each. Owing to a considerable drop in the Liverpool prices and a prevailing impression that the drought in the Argentine and Brazil would be amply settled, December wheat here started weak at from 1/2% to 3/4% below yesterday's close. That much having been lopped off at once swoop the market for two hours thereafter made desperate efforts to recover some of the sudden loss. The buying during that time was sufficient to prevent any further decline, although those who took the wheat were chiefly induced thereto by the possession of puts, either good for the day or the middle week. For an hour during the middle of the day the range of fluctuations in the December wheat was from 66 1/2% to 67 1/2% bid, the best illustration that could be presented of the run into which speculation had dropped. The only ray of light in the clouds of the day was not entirely without crumbs of comfort for the bulls. The clearances of wheat and flour from the Atlantic and Gulf ports were very heavy, amounting to an aggregate of 940,000 bushels and New York reported 250,000 bushels wheat sold for export to Great Britain. Chicago received 238,000 bushels of wheat for the same day last year. Northwestern receipts were 1,083 carloads as compared with 873 for the corresponding day a year ago and advices from that quarter were to the effect that the movement would continue with liberal with favorable weather. Primary western market receipts were 1,433,000 bushels, against 1,069,000 bushels the corresponding day last year. New York reported no acceptances of yesterday's cables offers and no bids to-day at a workable limit. December opened 1/2% lower at 66 1/2% bid, declined to 65 1/2% at 66%; advanced to 66 1/2% at 66%; reacted to 66 1/2% at 66%; the closing price.

AN IMPROVEMENT in the weather and increased offerings from the interior declined in wheat.

The decline in wheat was also a consideration. There was considerable selling of long property and prices suffered slightly in consequence. Shipping brokers complained of the market being out of the market. The market was 1/2% lower at 66 1/2% bid, declined to 65 1/2% at 66%; advanced to 66 1/2% at 66%; reacted to 66 1/2% at 66%; the closing price.

Small receipts 144 cars, and a good cash demand on account of the demoralizing effect of the war.

Market closed at 24 1/2%. Liberal receipts of hogs and a slight falling off in the cash demand, together with the decline in the market, weighed against the bulls. Pork opened 1/2% lower at 32 1/2% bid, declined to 32 1/2% at 32%; advanced to 32 1/2% at 32%; reacted to 32 1/2% at 32%; the closing price.

Estimated receipts for to-morrow: Wheat, 515 cars; corn, 305 cars; oats, 170 cars; hogs, 20,000 head.

The leading futures ranged as follows:

Table with columns: Articles, Open, High, Low, Close. Lists prices for Wheat, Corn, Oats, and other commodities.

Cash quotations were as follows:

Table with columns: Item, Price. Lists prices for Flour, Wheat, Corn, and other commodities.

NEW YORK—Flour, receipts 35,729 barrels; exports 35,372 barrels; market weaker and inactive; Minnesota patent 35 5/8%; Minnesota bakers 35 1/8%; winter patents 35 7/8%; winter straights 35 5/8%; winter extras 35 3/8%.

Wheat, receipts 224,000 barrels; exports 226,000 barrels; spot easy; No. 1 red 76 1/2%; No. 2 red 75 1/2%; No. 3 red 74 1/2%; No. 4 red 73 1/2%; No. 5 red 72 1/2%; No. 6 red 71 1/2%; No. 7 red 70 1/2%; No. 8 red 69 1/2%; No. 9 red 68 1/2%; No. 10 red 67 1/2%; No. 11 red 66 1/2%; No. 12 red 65 1/2%; No. 13 red 64 1/2%; No. 14 red 63 1/2%; No. 15 red 62 1/2%; No. 16 red 61 1/2%; No. 17 red 60 1/2%; No. 18 red 59 1/2%; No. 19 red 58 1/2%; No. 20 red 57 1/2%; No. 21 red 56 1/2%; No. 22 red 55 1/2%; No. 23 red 54 1/2%; No. 24 red 53 1/2%; No. 25 red 52 1/2%; No. 26 red 51 1/2%; No. 27 red 50 1/2%; No. 28 red 49 1/2%; No. 29 red 48 1/2%; No. 30 red 47 1/2%; No. 31 red 46 1/2%; No. 32 red 45 1/2%; No. 33 red 44 1/2%; No. 34 red 43 1/2%; No. 35 red 42 1/2%; No. 36 red 41 1/2%; No. 37 red 40 1/2%; No. 38 red 39 1/2%; No. 39 red 38 1/2%; No. 40 red 37 1/2%; No. 41 red 36 1/2%; No. 42 red 35 1/2%; No. 43 red 34 1/2%; No. 44 red 33 1/2%; No. 45 red 32 1/2%; No. 46 red 31 1/2%; No. 47 red 30 1/2%; No. 48 red 29 1/2%; No. 49 red 28 1/2%; No. 50 red 27 1/2%; No. 51 red 26 1/2%; No. 52 red 25 1/2%; No. 53 red 24 1/2%; No. 54 red 23 1/2%; No. 55 red 22 1/2%; No. 56 red 21 1/2%; No. 57 red 20 1/2%; No. 58 red 19 1/2%; No. 59 red 18 1/2%; No. 60 red 17 1/2%; No. 61 red 16 1/2%; No. 62 red 15 1/2%; No. 63 red 14 1/2%; No. 64 red 13 1/2%; No. 65 red 12 1/2%; No. 66 red 11 1/2%; No. 67 red 10 1/2%; No. 68 red 9 1/2%; No. 69 red 8 1/2%; No. 70 red 7 1/2%; No. 71 red 6 1/2%; No. 72 red 5 1/2%; No. 73 red 4 1/2%; No. 74 red 3 1/2%; No. 75 red 2 1/2%; No. 76 red 1 1/2%; No. 77 red 1/2%; No. 78 red 1/4%; No. 79 red 1/8%; No. 80 red 1/16%; No. 81 red 1/32%; No. 82 red 1/64%; No. 83 red 1/128%; No. 84 red 1/256%; No. 85 red 1/512%; No. 86 red 1/1024%; No. 87 red 1/2048%; No. 88 red 1/4096%; No. 89 red 1/8192%; No. 90 red 1/16384%; No. 91 red 1/32768%; No. 92 red 1/65536%; No. 93 red 1/131072%; No. 94 red 1/262144%; No. 95 red 1/524288%; No. 96 red 1/1048576%; No. 97 red 1/2097152%; No. 98 red 1/4194304%; No. 99 red 1/8388608%; No. 100 red 1/16777216%.

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