The Easton Gazette.

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E'en so, with half-averted eye,
Day after day I pass thee by,
Till, suddenly, a subtler art
Enshrined thee in my heart of heart.
—John B. Tabb, in Cosmopolitan.

Defense of the Concho.

BY HARRIET J. WHITNEY.

'TWAS young Len from th'old Troule place thet came lopin' over weth th' news; an' I don't reckon his bronco c'd o' held th' pace three minutes longer, when th' boy rolled off an' cried t' me, as he loosed th' cinch t' ease th' sorrel's breath:

"Rope yer best horse, Steve, an' an' load all yer guns! fer th's fifty Piegan imps howlin' down the valley, gatherin' stock an' swearin' t' raid an' burn th' Silver Concho!"

"Th' Silver Concho!" cried I, weth a gasp o' horror. I've been called "Cœur d'Or Steve," hunter an' guide, in th' North Country since long before th' cattle ranches came, an' it's nothin' new fer me t' fight redskins; but if th's a creature on th' face o' God's earth thet I despise an' dread it's a Piegan Blackfoot, weth his sneakin' ways, only like a flash an' gone, weth blood in his tracks, before y' c'n git th' charge in yer Winchester er th' saddle onto yer cayuse.

"The Silver Concho!" said I, knowin' thet Perry Winston's wife was alone over there weth her baby an' th' Chinese cook. Is th' news straight, Len? How'd y' hear about it?"

"Dead straight! Ben got it in Shoste-te an' drove up t' th' place an hour ago weth th' sickest lookin' stock y' ever saw him hold th' strings over."

"An, now, Steve, if y'll give me a fresh horse—fer y' c'n see thet Monte's clean busted—I'll go an' bring th' roundup in. I don't reckon y'll want t' stand off no fifty Piegans single-handed, not fer very long, an' th' boys is yer only show. There're on Painted Robe, an' it's fifteen miles over. Thet pinto o' your 'll do it in an hour an' a half, an' th' boys won't save up their stock none comin' back, so y' c'n count on help in from three t' four hours, Steve, if y' c'n hold th' redskins level thet long."

Lord, how we did work! Ropin', an' saddlin', fillin' and strappin' on ca'tridge belts, an' chargin' guns an' Winchesters. Thankin' th' Lord thet th' ca'tridge keg was more'n half full; an' loadin' 'em into every corner o' our clothes, where we c'd make 'em stick.

We made a quick job o' it, fer I knew th' nature o' th' red cusses I'd got t' deal weth too well t' take any chances on Ben's havin' got much th' start of 'em, though he'd brought his heavy coach—Ben drives th' Orleans an' Fort Sublette coach; an' they say he's th' best reinsman in th' Northwest. Three Fingered Ben down th' big Canyon o' th' Argali, a thing hardly ever done before or since, t' bring th' news; an' counted on havin' got a few hours over th' thievin' rascals, while they was pickin' up stock in th' upper basin.

'Twas nigh sundown when our broncos struck th' trail down th' coulee, on a slingin' lope; an' I took a look back at my shack, thinkin' most likely it 'u'd be in ashes before I saw th' place ag'in.

Th' little valley lay quiet enough. 'Twas late in th' fall, an' a touch o' smoke in th' air made me think o' burnin' ranches. A jackrabbit skittered by a headlong pace as if warnin' us t' hurry along. An' th' chatter o' th' prairie dogs had a sort o' piercin', unnatural sound. Our horses' feet seemed t' keep time to a sort o' tune—"Piegans, ride fast! Piegans, ride fast!" beat out by th' click o' th' fallin' hoofs, an' th' hoot o' an' owl chimed in on th' same key.

Len's road lay th' same as mine fer a couple o' miles, but we scarcely spoke till th' trail branched, an' singin' out, "Hang on by th' skin o' yer teeth till we get there!" he turned t' th' left an' struck out fer th' big plateau in th' Lower Lake basin, while I kept on down th' coulee t' th' Silver Concho ranchhouse.

I didn't have t' put quirt or spur t' my horse; he knew whut I wanted by th' tone o' my voice an' th' touch o' my hand on th' rein, an' was layin' off th' ground th' very best he knew how. 'Twas six good miles from th' bend, an' it gave me time t' study about th' job I had on hand. A white man always feels like he c'd whip about five times his own weight in redskins, but I knew thet fifty of 'em—an' Blackfeet at thet—was a mighty big contract fer a man o' my size. An' then I thought about th' woman, an' th' baby.

Y' see Perry Winston came out here from th' States a dozen years ago—on account o' somethin' bein' a little off with one o' his lungs—an' hired me fer guide on a long hunt up among th' Rockies; an' I happened t' save his life a time or two before we got back. O' course it was all in th' way o' business, an' whut 'u'd be sure t' happen to a hair-brained kid o' a youngster like he was then; but Perry never fergot it, an' when he made up his mind thet this country was good enough fer him, an' settled down at th' Concho, first as cowhand, an' then as manager an' partner—fer Perry's got money—he use' t' smoke his pipe, nights an' rainy days, over at my shack nigh about as of'en as he did at home weth th' boys.

Well, after a while he went back t' see th' old folks, an' th' old place; a brown-faced, broad-shouldered feller, thet y'd vow never knew he had such a thing as a pair o' lungs about him; but rollin' a little in his gait, from sittin' close t' a stock saddle nine months in th' year. Th' next winter he went ag'n, an' that time he brought a wife home weth him; th' prettiest an' best little woman on th' northern range, as every man on th' river---except th' few thet's got wives o' their own---'ll freely swear.

O' course I thought then thet it 'u'd be all weth me, but not a bit o' it. She was jest as much my friend as Perry was, an' I saw him nigh as of'en as I did before, th' only difference bein' thet I went t' th' Concho, instead o' his ridin' over t' my place, an' after a while there was th' baby thet 'u'd come t' me---after a big romp weth her father---an' cuddle her fluffy yellow head ag'in my old canvas coat an' drop off to' sleep. I tell y' when I thought o' how them red imps 'u'd dash her brains out ag'in th' wall an' trample her under their dirty moccasins I unslung my Winchester an' drove th' steels into poor Tartar, that was measurin' his length at every stride an' pumpin' fer breath like a broken-winded steam engine already.

It made me savage weth rage first an' then turned me into th' weakest coward thet ever looked danger in th' face an' then turned tail an' ran away. Run we would, as fast as Winston's best stock could carry us, an' leave th' ranch t' burn.

'Twas a pretty place, too, an' looked peaceful enough, nes'led betwixt th' hill an' th' river; flanked on one side by stables an' corrals, an' shacks an' bunkrooms fer th' cow-hands on th' other, weth out cellars, milk-room an' icehouse built in t' th' hill at th' back, showin' how comfortable it all was. Th' Concho was a big outfit an' Perry—bein' a partner—had fixed things up a deal ahead o' th' average ranch house, an' it seemed a pity t' leave it t' make a bonfire fer th' cussed redskins, but all I could think of then was th' safety of Mrs. Winston an' her baby, an' when Tartar brought weth a grunt ag'in' th' gate o' th' corral; an' I saw, at a glance, thet it, an' th' stable beyond was bare o' hoof er heel—empty as an alkali hole in August—I turned nigh sick with fear an' dread o' whut was before us.

Well, I rode on. I felt pretty sure thet Mrs. Winston's own saddler—a big Oregon horse, as fast as anything on th' river—must be somewhat about th' place; most likely they had him up close t' th' house fer some reason er other.

I rode up t' th' open door. I c'd catch a glimpse through it o' Wing Lee, th' Heathen Chinese thet did th' cookin', settin' th' table fer supper, an' cried out t' Mrs. Winston, who came outside t' meet me.

"Whut horses is th' on th' place?"

"Not one left," said she. "Perry sent over fer Bueno yesterday, two of his string have fallen lame and one got a kink in his neck. But what's the matter, Steve, that makes you want to borrow?"

I sprung off o' my own horse an' took a look at him. His head went down an' his flanks was workin' like a force-pump with every breath; if I'd only saved him up a little he might o' been able t' git us a mile or two up into th' hills, but it want no use t' think about thet now.

"Call Wing Lee!" cried I, catchin' up the baby thet came toddlin' up t' me, "an' come into th' big room. We've got t' barricade it ag'in th' Piegans!"

The Silver Concho was one o' th' few frame buildin's on th' Argall, made o' some o' th' first lumber ever turned out by th' sawmill over in Pine Tree gulch. But whut they call th' "big room" was older 'n the rest, an' was made o' hewn logs, well built an' pointed, an' weth good strong shutters t' th' doors an' windows. In th' first place Perry used it fer a saddle room, but it was so large an' so comfortable—warm in winter an' cool in summer—thet his wife took a fancy to it; an' how it was th' regular livin' room o' th' family. 'Twas far stronger than th' rest o' th' house, an' I saw thet there was where our stand 'u'd have t' be made.

They got into it through a narrow passage way which was shut off from th' dinin' room by a good stout door. Stout enough; but not like t' stand long ag'in th' hatchets o' a dozen Piegan braves! An' I knew thet little entry was where th' battle 'u'd be fought out t' th' bloody end.

Well, we didn't stop t' think er talk much, but just got hard at it, doin' the work before us. Mrs. Winston din't need t' be told anything, she was so brave an' so ready; an' th' Chinaman buckled to in a way that I hadn't believed was in him. If he'd dodged into some hole er crawled out t' save his own skin by givin' us away t' the Blackfeet, I shouldn't a wondered at it; but there he wus, workin' like a white man; helpin' me t' drag th' mattresses off o' th' beds, an' jam 'em ag'in th' outside door, turnin' th' piano up on end t' hold 'em in place; an' crowd th' windows full o' pillows an' bed blankets, an' barricade 'em th' best we could weth th' rest o' th' furniture; hopin' t' deaden th' force o' th' bullets thet we knew 'd be flyin' like hail in a big storm before long.

All this time Mrs. Winston had been ransackin' th' men's quarters, th' bunkhouse an' Perry's saddle room, an' bringin' in all th' guns an' ca'tridges she could lay hands on.

She'd led Tartar into th' safest corner an' close t' his head pulled her baby's cradle, an' there th' little one sat crowin' an' reachin' out her tiny pink fists t' th' tired broncho thet only blinked his eyes at her, bein' too dead beat by his eight-mile run t' raise his head, though he knew her well an' th' lumps o' sugar her mother 'd taught her t' feed him. An' then, spreadin' out a big table, she got all th' guns together, an puttin' in fresh charges laid 'em out in order, ready t' hand when I came t' need 'em.

Th' was quite a show. Perry's Winchester an' mine, an' an old-fashioned muzzleloader thet looked liable to do as much harm at one end as th' other; two good sixshooters, left at home by some o' the boys, mounted Smith and Wesson besides th' two thet was in my belt; an' an old powder-an'-ball Colts thet she could n't find any caps fer, an' so want want no good, except t' club. She put 'em all in as good shape as she knew how, an' then looked t' me fer fresh orders. By this time I'd got things as near on a war footin' as I could, an' turned t' take a look at th' China boy.

"D'y'know how t' fire a gun, Wing?" said I. C'n y' shoot an Indian dog, thet'll surely kill you if y' let him go?"

Wing Lee shook his head. I saw how it was; he'd stick by me, an' obey orders, but I couldn't count on him fer much more then thet. I looked at Mrs. Winston.

"Steve," said she, "what is it? Can I do it?"

"It's th' windows," said I. "Th' door's pretty safe fer a while anyhow, but they'll crowd t' th' windows, an' th' first hand or head thet shows must be riddled quickly. I've got my work cut out; it's t' hold th' entry, an' I want you t' stand behind me, out o' range, o course, an' load an' hand th' guns. Y' must go th' rounds an' give 'em a chance t' cool off a little, an' above everything else, y' musn't let me wait th' hundredth part o' a second; fer they've got t' be kept out o' here an' preveated from comin' t' close quarters at any cost! If they find out thet th's only one man here, they'll make a big rush an' it'll be all up weth us. But, thank the Lord, th's plenty o' ca'tridges, an' weth you t' load fer me, I c'n stand 'em off all night an' shoot th' whole band, if they'll only give me time enough. But there's th' windows!"

Just then Wing Lee ran in from th' kitchen.

"China boy heap likee blig knife!" cried he, holdin' up th' huge buck-handled carvin' knife. "Indian stlick he hand in th' window. I chlop 'm off quick. Stlick he head in, stlab he eye out. Chlop he head off."

Th' was such a savage glitter in th' little heathen's eye, an' such a ring in his voice that I swallered, t' myself, th' words I'd said a little while before, an' felt fer th' first time thet th' was two t' do th' fightin' thet night at th' Silver Concho.

Everything havin' been done thet could be done, I cast a glance around at th' others. Th' little girl had dropped off t' sleep an' lay weth golden head on her arm—I'd robbed her of her pillow—as sweet a picture as a man's eyes ever rested on; an' then I looked at Perry Winston's wife.

She wasn't down in a heap on th' floor cryin' over her danger, but stood, like th' brave woman she was, weth one hand on th' foot o' her baby's cradle an' th' other sort o' hoverin' over th' Winchester thet she was all ready t' hand me th' minute I needed it; an' her face set an' white, but as steady as a rock, weth thet awful look o' listenin' on it thet we all wore.

I looked at her, an' as I gazed th' clouds seemed t' sort o' lift an' I saw clean t' th' bottom o' my own heart an' knew thet if my very life an' soul 'u'd do any good t' her or t' th' ones thet her heart was set on, I'd drag 'em out, gladly, an' throw 'em down before her. An' as I kept on lookin', for her eyes was on th' cradle an' she wasn't takin' any notice o' me, an' thought o' th' fate thet might be in store fer her before th' game we'd got ready fer was played t' h' finish thet night, I promised myself, firm an' true, thet if it came t' th' worst she should have my last ca'tridge full in her pure, lovin' heart t' send her straight t' Heaven safe an' easy.

An' then I thought o' th' baby; an' though I knew what a slim chance th' was thet th' redskins 'u'd load themselves weth live plunder, knowin' well how swift an' hot th' pursuit 'u'd be, still th' was a chance. If th' fiends brained her, it 'u'd be nigh as short an' merciful as my bullet; an' if they did take her off alive, o' course I knew Winston 'd have every man on th' Northern range out after 'em an' wipe th' whole Blackfoot nation off n' th' face o' th' earth but what he'd bring her back. 'Twas torture t' me t' think o' her in th' hands o' th' dirty brutes, but th' was a chance an' I knew I'd got t' resk it.

As fer th' Chinaman—well, we was men, an' 'u'd have t' take whut came our way.

If they only didn't set us on fire! Thet was th' terrible fear in my mind, though I hadn't mentioned it t' th' others.

But then, on the other hand—hark! At last my strained ear had caught th' long dreaded sound. Th' thud, thud! o' horses' feet on a long, steady gallop. I looked at Mrs. Winston, an' as her eye met mine, I saw thet she heard it too, an' that at last our time had come.

Nobody moved after th' sort o' wave thet seemed t' pass over us jest at first. Everything was ready an' there was nothin' t' be done till th' attack came. Thud, thud!—nearer, now; quite plain t' our strained hearin'. Click!—Over th' log bridge, an' thud, thud!—up th' hill—quite close up t' th' house—an' then, all at once, silence!

I never want t' live through thet five minutes ag'in. Where was they? Dismounted an' surroundin' th' house? Creepin' up, weth flamin' torches, t' fire th' place over our heads an' drive us out, like rats from a sinkin' ship? Crawlin' by scores through th' new buildin' t' throw themselves on the door, an' burstin' it weth a rush, overpower me before I c'd fire a shot?—Sh—! Is thet step outside? A hand on th' door?

"Now, then, Mrs. Winston; steady with the guns!—"

"Steve— Steve Scarrett!" 'Twas Perry Winston's welcome hail. "Are you there, Steve? And safe? Open the door, man! Mary, darling! Never mind Steve, but cry it out in my arms, love. Thanking God, as I do, that it isn't you that's lying out and burned to death in the ashes of your own home as poor, Al Tyndal's wife and babies are this night, Molly."

"Where's young Len Troule at?" said I, rather gruff, from th' feelin' o' relief thet had sort o' surged up into my throat and choked my voice at th' hearin' an' sight o' Perry.

"All right, Steve, outside with the boys. We met him five miles below the bend, with the welcome news that you'd come over here to take care of my people; but we'd already heard that the Piegans were down and had raided the 'Three-Bar' and were hard on our way up to look out for my wife and fight the cusses if we can lay our hands on them.

"You gave us a tremendous scare with your dark house, Steve. I couldn't make it out, but was inclined to think that they'd cleaned you out, garrisoned the place and that an attack from us would be the signal for the murder of any of you that were left alive. Thank God! once more, that it's all right.

"George! Steve, you're ready for a siege, here! You could stand off a regiment if they charged in small platoons. Wing, my brave boy, I see you meant to carve Piegans with that knife. Go and turn it loose on a ham, and knock us up some supper lively, for we must hit the trail north before it gets cold.

"You'll come along, Steve, of course. There'll be no more danger here this year, Molly, and please God! we'll fix it this time so there'll never be another Piegan raid into the Cœur d'Or country."
—San Francisco Examiner.

Royal Swans of England.

In Mr. Hoey's collection of swans now in Central Park were all the known species of the bird. He had a great love for this noble bird of the water and would point with pride to the swans that bore the marks of the English crown.

In England you know the white swan, so called from its silent habits, has long been domesticated and enjoys legal protection to a great extent. Heavy penalties are proclaimed against any one who kills a swan without legal right. The swan is presumed to be a royal bird, the property of the Crown, and only to be possessed by a subject under a special grant. To each license thus granted was attached a "swan mark," which was cut on the upper mandible of the birds in order to show the right of the owner. Swans of a certain age, not marked, became Crown property, except in some instances where a grant conveys the right to seize and keep any adult swan which has not been marked. Mr. Hoey had birds with many of the best known marks. The marks are partly heraldic and contrived so as to pain the bird as little as possible. There is a pair in the Central Park collection with the present royal mark of England. It is five diamonds, with rounded angles, two cut longitudinally at the base of the beak and the other three traversely toward the tip, and also a couple of birds with the University of Oxford mark—a cross with equal arms, each arm being again crossed near the extremity. These marked swans are very difficult to get, especially those belonging to the universities of Oxford and Cambridge.

"The process of marking the swans in England is termed swan upping, a name which had been corrupted into swan hopping, and is conducted with much ceremony. Swan upping of the Thames takes place in the month of August, the first Monday in the month being set aside for the purpose, when the markers of the Crown take count of all swans in the river and mark the clear billed birds which have reached maturity.—New York Herald.

A Dramatic Incident.

A remarkably dramatic incident was to be found under the head of "Shipping Intelligence," the other day. The proprietor of a wild-beast exhibition was taking it, by sea, to Lubeck, Germany, when the vessel was overtaken by a storm. There would have been danger in any case, but the waves beat against the cages of the animals and loosened the frame-work, and every moment a lion or a tiger was expected to be at liberty, which made the position infinitely more awful and perilous. As a matter of fact, a lion did get loose, and instantly attacked a horse, when one great wave, fortunately, carried both into the sea. This is a sort of subject that Victor Hugo would have delighted to portray, but which nine-tenths of his readers would half pronounced incredible.—Argonaut.

THE NEWS.

Ex-United States Senator Eli Saulsbury, died at his home in Dover, Del.——Rev. McKnight Williamson, one of the oldest Presbyterian ministers in the country, died at Huntingdon, Pa., aged ninety-three years. ——A freight train on the Northern Pacific Railroad collided with a street car at Oshkosh, Wis., and several persons were injured.——J. J. Ewers, of San Francisco, beat out the brains of Mrs. Christina Onstott with a sledge-hammer, and then shot himself. Mrs. Onstott, who was a widow, had promised to marry Ewers, but later changed her mind.——Interviews with third party leaders in Georgia indicate that they are now satisfied with the Democratic party, and that the People's party in the South will soon go to pieces.——Mary E. Murphy, of Unionville, Ct., sued Michael J. Scanlon, formerly of Connecticut, but now a merchant of Lyon, Col., for $10,000 for breach of promise.——William Burnett, a carriage manufacturer of Memphis, Tenn., was shot and fatally wounded by F. A. Harris in a quarrel over a contract.——John Denison Wattles publisher of the Sunday School Times of Philadelphia, died in Florida.——Prof. Heilprin, of the Philadelphia Geographical Club, will join Lieutenant Peary in his second Arctic expedition.——There was a bloody battle between members of a negro church in a Texas town, in which all the participants were more or less wounded.

JACOB K. Dundore, captain of a coal barge, shot and killed John Cross, who, he says, was trying to break open a trunk on the barge, which was lying in the river near Elizabeth, N. J.——The Kinyon and the Jones blocks in Oswego, N. Y., were destroyed by fire. A number of corporations were burned out, including C. A. Tanner & Co., hardware dealers, and the Western Union Telegraph office. Loss $75,000; partially insured.——The Westinghouse Air Brake Company has declared a quarterly dividend of five per cent. and an extra dividend of five per cent. This means the distribution of $500,000.——Fire destroyed the Newton (Ala.) Inn, postoffice, town jail and five stores. The total loss is $50,000; insurance $15,000.——Patrick Casey, yardmaster at the Baltimore and Ohio depot in Zanesville, was instantly killed by being run over by an engine. He was in the act of jumping on the moving engine when he lost his footing, and before the locomotive could be stopped he was ground to pieces. ——The Alamo Hotel, at Colorado Springs, was almost entirely destroyed by fire. The loss is $10,000. The guests escaped from the burning building amid much excitement.

Fire destroyed fifty small buildings, occupied by the poorer classes of Eureka Springs, Ark. The total loss is about $35,000. The fire was caused by a defective flue in the house occupied by W. O. Brodie.——The east-bound Erie passenger train No. 12 was run into by No. 10, another passenger train, at Lackawaxen, twenty-three miles west of Port Jervis. The rear Pullman sleeper was demolished, and ten passengers, the occupants of the coach, were injured, some of them seriously. No. 12 was waiting at the station for a locomotive to replace one which was disabled. The other cars were uninjured, and no passengers in them were hurt.——The building of the Turnverein, of Patterson, N. J., was destroyed by fire, and several persons were badly hurt.——Residents of Brundige, Ala., lynched Tom Brunson, a colored rape fiend.——Harland Murray, after a dispute with his wife, in St. Louis, attempted to shoot her. The bullet, instead, struck and killed his sixty-five-year-old mother, who attempted to shield her daughter-in-law from the jealous man's fury. ——Two Pittsburg, Pa., hunters named August Stanley and Henry Johnson, members of the Pittsburg Club, who have a clubhouse on the Kankakee River, was drowned near Horse Shoe Bend, on the Kankakee River.——Fire supposed to have been started by tramps, destroyed the building on the fine Dyons estate, near Elizabeth, N. J.——The sentence of Will and Tom Whitson, murderers, who were to hang at Bakerville, N. C., March 24th, have been commuted by Governor Carr to thirty years in the penitentiary.

An eastbound Union Pacific express and passenger train ran into an open switch twenty miles west of Evanston, Wyo. They were going at top speed, and a bad wreck resulted. B. T. Gay, a postal clerk, was killed. Engineer Lethridge was seriously scalded.——Robert Springer, born a slave in Newcastle, Del., in 1774, and, consequently one hundred and nineteen years old, died near Morgantown, Pa.——Michael Walsh, ten years of age, while picking coal under some railroad cars at Scranton, Pa., was caught beneath the wheels by an engine bumping against the cars, and was instantly killed.——Thomas McAndrews, while walking on the Ontario and Western Railroad tracks near Scranton, Pa., was struck by a passenger train and killed.——George A. Baird, the English millionaire sporting man died in New Orleans, of pneumonia, the result of exposure and dissipation.——By an order from the board of directors at Shanghai, China, the Sheridan-Mendota silver mines, at Telluride, Col., employing about three hundred and fifty men, were closed down. These are the largest mines in that section of the state. They are owned by Englishmen in China. The mines will remain closed until silver advances sufficiently to make them pay. Ruiz Sandoval, the notorious Mexican rebel, arrived in Panama from Nicaragua. He was arrested by the police, taken to Colon, and put aboard the steamer which sailed for New York, without being given a chance to protest.

CABLE SPARKS.

THE collapse of a building on the Sprudel Strasse, in Carlsbad, killed 14 persons.

THE second reading of the home-rule bill has been postponed until after Easter.

THE Russian steamer Peter der Grosse was sunk by collision in the English channel.

THE American missionaries expelled from Ponope are to be indemnified by the Spanish government.

Two brothers have been arrested in Brussels on suspicion of having been concerned in dynamite plots.

A SPECIAL General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland has condemned the home-rule bill.

OFFICIALS of the Anglo-Austrian Bank have been sentenced to penal servitude for wrecking the bank.

THE German forces in East Africa captured the fortified town held by the chief Sikki, who was slain.

ROBBERS in Salmdorf, Bavaria, murdered a family of four persons and set fire to the house to conceal their crime.

THE French Chamber of Deputies voted its confidence in the government's course with the Panama investigation.

THE Chinese are preparing to seize Pomis, while the Russians are sending reinforcements to the country to resist the attack.

SERIOUS friction is threatened between France and the Vatican in regard to the appointment of a Primate for Africa.

THE Ameer of Afghanistan will not meet the British envoy to treat in regard to the trouble among the tribes on the Indian frontier.

MAJOR FUKUSHIMA, formerly of the Japanese legation in Berlin, completed at Vladivostock his horseback ride across European and Asiatic Russia.

CHANCELLOR VON CAPRIVI has rejected the offer of the national liberal party in regard to the army bill, and it is thought the measure will be defeated.

THE British have fought a severe battle with the tribes beyond Chitral, where they are fortifying the Indian frontier against Russian encroachment. The British were successful, but lost heavily.

FREDERICK DOUGLASS has organized a company for the purpose of establishing a large manufacturing enterprise near Newport News, Va., building a town and giving employment to young negro men and women.

BLOWN UP BY FLOUR.

Fatal Explosion in the Biggest Mill in the World.

Illinois Shaken by a Tremendous Concussion.

The large flouring mill and elevators at Litchfield, Ill., owned by Kehler Brothers, of St. Louis, were destroyed by a fire and explosion of mill dust. The fire broke out at 3.30 A. M., and is supposed to have started from a spark from a locomotive. The explosion followed soon after, wrecking the mill and damaging the adjoining property. One person was killed and a large number were injured by falling buildings. The loss is about $1,600,000.

The fire was discovered by the night watchman in the bran-room of the flour mill. He ran to a hydrant, but the water pipes did not work properly, and in an instant the flames spread to adjoining rooms. In less than two minutes the flames reached the flour-rolling room and an explosion of flour dust followed. The night watchman was hurled through a window and badly injured.

John Cowie, head millwright of Waterloo N. Y., was stunned by the schock and unable to escape. He was burned to death.

There were many minor injuries received by persons, caused by falling of the debris.

At the explosion the immense building swayed for a second and fell in a blazing pile. The flames leaped across a small passageway and ignited two large grain elevators. In the elevators were stored $20,000 barrels of flour and 200,000 bushels of wheat. The firemen were driven back by the intense heat, and in less than half an hour the elevators and their contents were a total loss. Several small buildings adjacent to the elevators were burned.

The shock of the explosion was heard 25 miles away, and window glass was broken and chimneys blown down for many miles distant. Nearly every house for a radius of two blocks from the mill was badly wrecked. All the plate glass in the stores on Main and State street were blown out.

About forty small dwellings were wrecked and many others slightly damaged.

Among the losses from the explosion are: A. Neubers, grocery, saloon and residence, completely wrecked, $3,000; the V. Hoffman estate, $2,200; Jacob Krans, grocery and residence, $3,100; Bendorf Bros., machinist, $6,000; Litchfield Hotel, $1,200. It is estimated that $5,000 worth of glass was destroyed in the town. The machinery in the Litchfield Car and Machinery Company's works was so jarred that work had to be suspended. The Western Union Telegraph wires were prostrated.

General Manager Smith says that the amount of insurance carried on the mill, elevator and contents was about $350,000, while the loss will amount to almost $1,000,000.

Excursion trains from all the neighboring towns are bringing in hundreds of people to see the ruins.

DISASTERS AND CASUALTIES

CORNELIUS VOGEL, aged 12 years, while skating at Grand Rapids, Michigan, fell through the ice and was drowned.

JOHN W. CARTWRIGHT, a prominent lawyer and Prohibitionists of Ottawa, Illinois, was drowned in the Illinois river by the capsizing of a sail boat.

THE body of a man, found drowned at New York, was identified as that of John Gleason who lived in Philadelphia. He was at work on a brick barge and had been missing for four months.

THE use of dynamite in a jollification over a village election at East Tawas, Mich., demolished several store windows and two children were so terribly shocked that it is thought they may not survive.

ENGINEER Michael Donohue, Fireman Martin Dalrymple and Brakeman Burke were instantly killed and their bodies terribly burned by a collision between two sections of an oil train on the Western and Ontario Railroad, near Oneida, New York.

THE steamer City of Rio Janeiro arrived at San Francisco, from Hong Kong and Yokohama with advices that 34 lives were lost by an avalanche at Hyda, Japan, on February 1; fire destroyed 220 houses at Tawatchow, Japan, on February 14; the Nova Scotia ship Cheshire was destroyed by fire at Samarang on February 20th.

A REAR end collision, between two express trains, on the New York, Lake Erie and Western Railroad, at Lackawaxen, Pa., resulted in the telescoping of a Pullman sleeper and injuries to 11 persons. Mrs. Chas. Mahar, of Elmira, was probably fatally injured. The first train was behind time and when it stopped for certain repairs, it is said, the conductor failed to send back a flagman.

A LOCOMOTIVE of the Philadelphia, Reading and New England Railroad exploded at St. Elmo, New York, ten miles west of the Poughkeepsie, Bridge. George A. Shufelt, fireman, and Horace Lambert, brakeman, were instantly killed, and the engineer, James Flannigan, was fatally injured. The engine was making its first trip after having been thoroughly repaired in the shops, was drawing an eastbound extra freight. The crown sheet gave way, presumably through low water in the boiler.

THE AUSTRALIAN FLOODS.

Over $15,000,000 Loss in Brisbane and Its Suburbs.

The Australian papers which arrived on the steamer Alameda at San Francisco, print graphic details of the great floods at Brisbane and suburbs last February. In the city of Bisbane and its suburbs the damage done by the flood is estimated at $15,000,000.

There was a fall of sixty-seven inches of rain in three days and three steamers were floated out of the river and landed high and dry in the Botanical Gardens. The towns of Bundamba, Ipswich and Godna were all under water and the people had to flee to the hills.

No serious consequences were expected until February 3, when reports from Upper Brisbane watershed showed that heavy floods were inevitable and all the possible efforts were made to prepare for it.

From Friday afternoon, February 3, the water rose very rapidly and by noon on Saturday the level of the big flood of 1890 had been reached. Still the rain poured down unceasingly and the waters continued to rise throughout Saturday night and Sunday until a maximum height was reached at about 9 o'clock on Sunday night, the level then being about twelve feet above the flood of 1890.

The scene was then something terrible. A very large portion of the city and suburbs and the whole of the surrounding country in every direction was inundated, the water being in many cases over the tops of the houses.

WORK AND WORKERS.

ABOUT 250 negroes arrived in Pittsburg to work in the mills of the Carnegie Company, where, it is believed, colored labor will soon displace the Slavs.

THE Carnegie Steel Company has ordered, in England, a press for its armor plate works at Homestead, which will cost $1,000,000 and have a capacity of sixteen hundred tons.

A LARGE number of switchmen and trainmen who had been engaged in New York to go West, were informed that their services would not be required, as the threatened strike in Chicago had been averted.

THE National Barber's Association opened its Convention, which is to continue four days, at Pittsburg. The question of Sunday closing and the apprentice system are to be acted upon.

ABOUT 120 non-union switchmen, who had been brought to Chicago by the railroad companies, were paid off and returned East. Before they left there were several fights, in the course of one of which a man was shot.

THE striking coal miners of the Monongahela Valley through the executive Board have made a proposition to the Pittsburg Coal Exchange to submit the question of wages to arbitration. The operators say it will be accepted.

THE strike of the locomotive engineers and fireman on the Ann Arbor Railroad at Toledo, Ohio, is ended, the company acceding to the demands of the men that they shall not be discharged without 30 day's notice, nor without an impartial trial, with the privilege of calling witnesses.

VICE GRAND MASTER DOWNEY, of the Switchman's Association, notified the managers of the railroads entering Chicago, that the switchmen had accepted the refusals to their demand for an increase of wages, and that no further action would be taken in the matter without sufficient notice. It is thought that all danger of a strike is past.

MARYLAND STATE NEWS.

The Latest Happenings in Various Parts of the State.

EDWARD REDHEAD, died in Federalsburg, aged seventy-eight years. About two weeks ago he bruised his hand painfully. Erysipelas and blood poisoning set in and resulted in his death.

THE grand jury of Howard county has indicted the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Company for maintaining a nuisance at Irving Park, on the line of the Washington Branch.

THE committee of alderman having in charge the matter of increasing the water supply of Frederick, held a special meeting and gave favorable consideration to a plan providing for taking in a mountain stream known as the Little Tuscarora. The committee also decided to recommend that the capacity of the reservoir now in use, located half mile northwest of Frederick city, be enlarged so as to hold about eight millions of gallons. Its present capacity is two millions. The cost of this entire work, will not, it is thought, exceed $15,000.

THE farmers all over the state are very much worked up over the action of the New York commission men in refusing to return crates, and an agreement is be circulated and largely signed by the farmers to establish in each of the leading cities headquarters for receiving their berries and other truck, the selling of which will be superintended by one of their own number selected for the purpose. Another meeting will be held soon to receive the report of the railroad committee.

THE two-story log dwelling house belonging to John Bankard, at Bark Hill, near Uniontown, was burned down together with a portion of the furniture. The fire originated in the garret. The family escaped unhurt. The loss is about $800, insured in the Carroll County Company for $500 on the house.

THE vestry of Great Choptank parish have extended a call to Rev. J. H. B. Brooks, of Oil City, Pa., in the Diocese of Pittsburg, to fill the rectorship of Christ Protestant Episcopal Church, Cambridge, made vacant by the death of the late Rev. Dr. P. P. Barber.

EDWARD J. CHISWELL was made foreman of the grand jury for Montgomery County Court, and Judge McSherry, in his charge to the jury, directed them not to burden the taxpayers by making their session unnecessarily long, and not to occupy their time with trivial matters.

FIRE destroyed the stables of Eugene F. Montgillion, near Elkridge, Howard county. A valuable stallion and a young driving horse, which was in the stables at the time perished in the flames.

AN engineer from Baltimore has been summoned to Cumberland to make surveys in the surrounding county to ascertain the prospects for obtaining increased water supply for the city.

MRS. MARY PEARCE, eighty-one years of age, wife of James Pearce, died at Burrsville Caroline county.

ABOUT sixty volunteer fire companies from a number of States have accepted invitations to participate in the firemen's demonstration in Frederick city next June.

THE high water in the river carried off the sheds, flat boats and fish vates of Spencer, Silver & Co. from an island two miles above Havre de Grace.

THERE is a movement on foot for the establishment of a shoe factory in Salisbury, which if once in operation will employ 100 hands daily.

THE conference collection for Asbury M. E. Church, of Salisbury for the conference year amounted to $573.

MR. E. PRESTON, died at Fallston, Harford county, aged 79 years.

JAMES CHARLES, carpenter at Beulah, Dorchester county, died of pneumonia and hemmorrhages of the lungs, aged about sixty-nine years. Charles H. Dukes, also carpenter at Beulah, sustained a compound fracture of the forearm by being caught between the belt and pulley in a grist mill.

MR. THOMAS R. TONGUE, of Calvert county, while on his way to Prince Frederick, was attacked by Charles Taylor, who last spring was declared a lunatic by the court Mr. Tongue fearing for his life shot Taylor in self-defense, but does not know whether he is fatally hurt or not.

HENRY COHEE was arrested in Caroline county, charged with stabbing his wife in the right side, inflicting an ugly wound Both are about seventy-five years old and had lived together for forty-four years.

THE Westminster Fire Company have ordered new uniforms. They will consist of white shirt, with brass buttons and blue trimmings, white cap, with gold cord and belt. They will take part in the Frederick parade.

ALTHOUGH the term of the present postmaster of Westminster does not expire until March, 1894, there are a number of aspirants for the position, and as the time approaches when a change will be made the fight promises to be active and interesting. Seven persons are prominently spoken of for the place, as follows: Joseph B. Boyle, son of Col. John B. Boyle, who was postmaster under Mr. Cleveland four years ago; Chas. V. Wantz, John J. Reese, Allen H. Wentz, Samuel Cover, James Shriver and Hugo E. Fiddis.

MR. J. J. MCCAULEY, of Leeds, was elected by the Quarterly Conference Cecil Circuit Methodist Protestant Church as a delegate to the annual conference at Laurel, Del., April 5, with Robert Mackey as alternate. Mr. N. Smith was elected a delegate to the conference by Susquehanna Circuit, Harford county, and instructed to ask for the return of Rev. Mr. Maloy.

THE body of young Marion Dashiell, drowned in Wicomico river, has been recovered and buried. He was drowned by the upsetting of his canoe in a gale. He was a son of Mr. Levin Dashiell.

ROME BEING SHAKEN.

Six Bombs Thrown During Twenty Four Hours.

Six bombs were thrown in Rome during the day. General alarm is felt. No arrests have been made.

A short time after the explosion of a bomb at the Marignoli Palace, in the suburbs of Rome, another explosion occurred in the city.

The outrage in the city was perpetrated at the residence of the Marquis Sacchetti, Grand Marshal of the Papal Court, and has caused a feeling of great anxiety in Vatican circles in view of the fact that the efforts of the dynamiters seem, in a measure to be directed against the attaches of the Pope's court.

A few days ago an attempt was made to blow up with a bomb the Palazzo Altieri, the headquarters of the Papal Guardia Nobili, but was fortunately frustrated by a boy who discovered the bomb, with burning fuse attached, on the steps of the palace. The boy extinguished the fuse and notified the police, who have been unsuccessfully searching for the authors of the outrage.

The boldness of the authors of these outrages is evidenced in the fact that the Palazzo Alteri is situated close to the Via Nazionale, one of the principal streets of the city, along which people are constantly passing.

The police have no clue to the authors of the outrages, though they firmly believe that they are Anarchists who are trying to intimidate the authorities and thus prevent the punishment of a number of their friends who were recently arrested. Every possible effort is being made to detect the guilty parties and to prevent a repetition of the outrages.

CHILE has signed a treaty with Bolivia describing the territorial limits of the two republics, settling an old boundary dispute.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder ABSOLUTELY PURE

For Sale By J. S. GRIFFITH, and Leading Grocers of Easton

THREE NEW MINISTERS.

The American Envoys to France, Germany and Denmark.

Ex-Senator James B. Eustis, of Louisiana, in the List.

The President sent the following nominations to the Senate:

James B. Eustis, of Louisiana, to be envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary of the United States to France.

Theodore Punyon, of New Jersey, to be envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary of the United States to Germany.

John E. Risley, of New York, to be envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary of the United States to Denmark.

Justice James G. Jenkins, of Wisconsin, to be United States Circuit Judge for the Seventh Judicial Circuit.

Walter D. Dabney, of Virginia, to be solicitor for the Department of State.

Charles B. Stuart, of Texas, to be Judge of the United States Court for the Indian Territory.

To be marshals of the United States—David T. Guyton, of Mississippi, for the Northern district of Mississippi; William P. Hawkins, of Indiana, for the district of Indiana; Abner Gaines, of Arkansas, for the Eastern district of Arkansas; James J. McAlester, of the Indian Territory, for the United States Court for the Indian Territory.

To be attorneys of the United States—Frank B. Burke, of Indiana, for the district of Indiana; Clifford L. Jackson, of the Indian Territory, to be attorney of the United States Court for the Indian Territory; Joseph W. House, of Arkansas, for the Eastern district of Arkansas.

Ernest P. Baldwin, of Maryland, to be first auditor of the treasury.

Thomas Holcomb, of Delaware, to be fifth auditor of the treasury.

Wade Hampton, of South Carolina, to be commissioner of railroads.

CONFIRMED BY THE SENATE.

The Senate has confirmed the following nominations:

Josiah Quincy, of Massachusetts, to be assistant secretary of state.

Isaac P. Gray, of Indiana, to be envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary of the United States to Mexico.

James B. Eustis, of Louisiana, to be minister to France.

Patrick A. Collins, of Massachusetts, to be consul of the United States at London.

Robert A. Maxwell, of New York, to be fourth assistant postmaster general.

Wade Hampton, of South Carolina, to be commissioner of railroads.

Wm. McAdoo, of New Jersey, to be assistant secretary of the navy.

Dale J. Crittenberger to be postmaster at Anderson, Ind.

Chas. H. Long, postmaster at Tipton, Ia Stephen Smith, postmaster at Tama. Ia

TO BUILD UP THE SOUTH.

Gov. McKinney Sends His Invitation to Executives of Other States.

Gov. McKinney sent out the following letter of invitation to the chief executives of the Southern States:

MY DEAR SIR:—In the hope that we may be able to induce good citizens to immigrate to the South, bringing with them their families and their fortunes, and thus help us to develop our natural resources, and to aid us in building up the waste places which the war has left. I take great pleasure in extending to your excellency and to the governors of the other Southern States a most cordial invitation to meet in convention in the city of Richmond, and State of Virginia, on the 12th day of April proximo, to consider such questions as may tend to promote the prosperity and happiness of our beloved country.

I beg that you will allow me to extend through you the same invitation to the heads of your agricultural and horticultural departments or societies and to the superintendents of your immigration bureau or society.

I would desire that the invitation be sent to each of the above named officers, but have not their names and do not wish to omit any of them, and therefore I presume to trouble you in the matter of conveying my special invitation to them.

A DESPERATE BATTLE.

Fight on a Railroad Train in Which Ten Men Were Killed.

Four desperadoes attempted to take possession of the Louisville and Nashville train ten miles south of Jellico, Tenn. Conductor Brown called on Sheriff Burnett and Deputy Dail, of Campbell county, who happened to be in another car, to preserve the peace. The officers responded and a pitched battle ensued in the smoking car. When the smoke had lifted Sheriff Burnett was found dead, his deputy shot in the head and Jerry Smith, one of the desperadoes, fatally wounded. Dail was overpowered and thrown from the train, but he managed to shoot a desperado named Jones and affected the arrest of another, only permitting two to escape, although internally injured and suffering great agony.

Deputy Dail took his prisoner to Carryville. At this place the wounded desperado was thrown on the platform to die, while the other was taken to the jail at Jacksboro'. The people are greatly excited and declare that the crime must be put down in a quick way. Sheriff Burnett was about thirty years of age and was the most prominent man in the county.

AWAKENED IN HIS COFFIN.

Singular Experience of a Tennesseean. Said to Have Been to Heaven.

There is much excitement in the community of Marshall's Chapel, Milan, Tenn., over the death of Robert Bell, who apparently died after a short illness of typhoid fever. His body was prepared for burial and preparations made for the funeral.

In the midst of the services at the church a noise was heard in the coffin. Quickly bursting the lid Mr. Bell sat up, was removed to his home and in a few hours was feeling much better. He claimed to have been in heaven and seen many friends.

His wonderful stories drew many people to the house. Sunday he became sick and suddenly called out, "They are coming for me," and fell back dead. His physician claims that he was in a trance and, awakening in a coffin, his mind was wrecked.

TWENTY KILLED IN MADRID

A Score or More of Persons Perish in the Destruction of Their Homes.

At three o'clock in the morning fire broke out in a pastry cook's shop in Saint Sebastian. A keg of spirits exploded and spread the fire to the adjoining houses, which were densely tenanted.

All the occupants were sleeping and the flames were around them before they could be warned.

Two families on the top floor of a four-story house were suffocated in their beds. Fifteen persons jumped from the windows. Ten of them were killed and three received mortal injuries.

Twenty-one persons are known to have perished and several others whose fate is unknown are believed to have been burned or crushed in the ruins.

PEOPLE AND EVENTS.

DR. JULIUS SCHWEITZER, for many years editor of the politico-economical department of the National Zeitung, of Berlin, died in the German capital a few weeks ago. He was 72 years old. Dr Schweitzer was one of the best-known men in Berlin, and was popular in all circles of society. He was the author of a number of books.

THE author of "Alice in Woodland," who in private life is the Rev. Chas. L. Dodgson, is said to have become almost a recluse. He is a tutor of mathematics at Christ Church College, Oxford, and a bachelor. He is still fond of children, but the only people of mature years whom he finds interesting are the children for whom he wrote his famous book, and who have now attained a larger growth.

THE Hon. James S. Clarkson, it is announced, will not be a candidate for re-election as president of the Republican National League. The election of his successor will take place at the annual convention of the league, which will be held in Louisville in May. E. B. Harper, of New York, has been mentioned as an available candidate. The friends of Joseph Benson Foraker, of Ohio, are also pushing him for the place. There is likely to be a spirited contest over the honor.

THE official report of the board which examined the guns of the Vesuvius and the operation of the gun mechanism has reached the Navy Department. To the surprise of everybody in the service who had come to think that the system of pneumatic warfare was impracticable the conclusions of the board are favorable. The department has taken no action, and apparently none is required, except the equipment of the vessel with service projectiles, that she may be in readiness for actual service when the time for action comes.

MADAME CARNOT is a blue-eyed, white-skinned brunette, with hair as glossy as black satin. As a linguist she is particularly helpful to President Carnot in handling correspondence. The ordering and superintending of her toilets absorbs a good deal of her time, and is really one of her official duties, the dress of the wife of the ruler of State exercising a widespread influence over the commercial interests of France. Then she is interested in a number of charities, and drops in from time to time to see how her proteges are progressing.

"COLONEL TAFT, the Boston boniface, died, as probably he would have chosen to die, of indigestion," says the New York World. "He was the most famous of New England landlords, and many a fine pair of legs has grown tremulous under the deal tables at Point Shirley. His larder was so well filled that he frequently challenged his guests to name a bird or fish that was not to be found, when in season, in his ice-box, promising a free dinner to the man who would make the discovery, but there is no record that the bold challenge was ever successfully accepted. When occasion demanded he could prepare a game dinner that was excelled in bountifulness only by the extraordinary feast of game Landlord Drake, of Chicago, gives his friends every year."

JESSE GRIFFITH, a bachelor, died in Huntington, Ind., four years ago, leaving $600,000. One of the heirs was John Graves. Attorneys started a hunt for him, and newspapers the country over advertised for him. Over a hundred persons claimed to be John Graves, but were proved frauds. The other day Graves appeared after twenty-one years absence, and was fully identified.

And All Admire Billy.

At the time Shakspeare wrote his plays there were not in all the world as many English-speaking people as there are now in New York and New Jersey. To-day more than 100,000,000 people speak English.

MARKETS.

BALTIMORE.

GRAIN, ETC.			
FLOUR—Balto. Best Pat.	$ 4 80	@ $	4 85
High Grade Extra	4 00		4 10
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	70		73
CORN—No. 2 White	48		48½
Yellow	48		48½
Ear Yellow per brl	2 70		2 75
OATS—Southern & Penn.	33		35
Western White	35		36½
Mixed	34½		35
RYE—No. 2	61		62
HAY—Choice Timothy	17 00		17 50
Good to Prime	16 50		17 00
STRAW—Rye in car lds	11 50		12 00
Wheat Blocks	6 50		7 00
Oat Blocks	8 50		9 00
CANNED GOODS.			
TOMATOES—Stnd. No. 3.	$ 90	@ $	1 20
No. 2	83½		85
PEAS—Standards	1 20		1 40
Seconds			1 00
CORN—Dry Pack			1 10
Moist			1 00
HIDES.			
CITY STEERS	$ 8	@ $	8½
City Cows	8		8½
Southern No. 2	5½		5¾
POTATOES & VEGETABLES.			
POTATOES—Burbanks	$ 83	@ $	85
Va. Yellow	3 75		4 00
Yams	1 75		2 50
ONIONS	95		1 05
PROVISIONS.			
HOGS PRODUCTS—shlds.	$ 10½	@ $	11
Clear ribsides	11		[illegible]
Bacon sides	13		
Hams	15		
Mess Pork, per bar			
LARD—Crude			
Best refined			
BUTTER.			
BUTTER—Fine Crmy	$ 29	@ $	30
Under fine	25		26
Roll	24		25
CHEESE.			
CHEESE—N. Y. Factory.	$ 12¾	@ $	13
N. Y. flats	13		13½
Skim Cheese	8		11
EGGS.			
EGGS—State	$ 16	@ $	16½
North Carolina	15		16
POULTRY.			
CHICKENS—Hens	$ 10	@ $	14
Turkeys	16		17
Ducks, per lb	13		14
TOBACCO.			
TOBACCO—Md. Infer's.	$ 1 50	@ $	1 50
Sound common	3 00		4 00
Middling	6 00		8 00
Fancy	12 00		13 00
LIVE STOCK.			
BEEF—Best Beeves	$ 5 25	@ $	5 50
Good to Fair	4 75		5 00
SHEEP	3 00		5 50
Hogs	7 00		7 50
FURS AND SKINS.			
MUSKRAT	$ 10	@ $	11
Raccoon	40		45
Red Fox	—		1 00
Skunk Black	—		80
Opossum	22		23
Mink	—		80
Otter	—		6 00

NEW YORK.

FLOUR—Southern	$ 3 15	@ $	4 25
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	75¼		75½
RYE—Western	60		65
CORN—No. 2	53¾		54½
OATS—No. 3	38½		39
BUTTER—State	28½		29
EGGS—State	17½		18
CHEESE—State	10		12

PHILADELPHIA.

FLOUR—Southern	$ 3 60	@ $	4 00
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	73½		73¾
CORN—No. 3	49½		50
OATS—No. 2	41		41½
BUTTER—State	29		30
EGGS—Penn. fst	17		17½