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"HAS BEEN"

That melancholy phrase, "It might have hean,"

However sad, doth in its heart enfold A hidden germ of promise; for I hold, What might have been shall be. Though in Some other realm of life, the soul must win The goal that erst was possible. But cold And cruel as the sound of frozen mould Dropped on a coffin are the words "has been."

"She has been beautiful," "he has been great,"

"Rome has been powerful," we sigh and say

It is the pitying crust we toss decay, The dirge we breathe o'ersome degenerate

An epitaph for Fame's unburied dead. God pity those who live to hear it said! - Etia Whoser Wilcon, in Lippincott.

SILVER FOR WHEAT

Emperor Iturbide, there lived in the town of Zapotlaneje, in the State of Jalisco, a julis muleteer, Don Jose Marin whose little house of well whitewashed adobe on the outskirts of the town sheltered Dona Paz Gama de Marin, his wife. and ten children.

This numerous brood of brown-skinned youngsters consisted of just five girls and an equal number of boys, the youngest a babe of a few months, the oldest a "mu-chacha, may guapa," the pretty, frisky Isabel, with great black eyes, lips like cherries, and the gayest of hearts.

As the children increased the little house had been gradually extended till now its walls inclosed eight comfortable rooms, furnished with the utmost sim- opened the three other money sacks. plicity, the parlor having, in a broad, gilt frame, a colored print of "Our Lady of Guadalupe," a little picture of the Emperor Charles V.; and a few lithographs.

Don Jose by nature was a moderate man. He had, it is true, a few years sgo taken part as a cavalry soldier under General Iturbide against the Spanish army, but more from neighborly sentiment than national patriotism. His cronies in the little town, all strong anti-Spanish in their sentiments, had enlisted under Iturbide, and Don Jose thought it a pleasant thing to go off campaigning with them, but, as he said, he did not care the toss up of a real which won, the patriots or tle Spaniardel It would be would have still to be carried to Guadalajara, and he, as the owner of ten mules, would always find work enough to do. Dona Paz hugged him and wept over nothing left to be stolen save his over again.

In a few months the war was over. had skillfully carved off the tip of his who discerned him a long way off up the right ear with a long sabre. And all his white, dusty road. companions came back, too, in high glee town when General Iturbide proclaimed out one monarch to set up another, but, as Jose sententiously observed: "If that he is a Mexican and not a Gachupin. Caramba!"

Jose resumed his vocation of a carrier, or muleteer, and, the war being over, tramped behind his mules to Guadalajara, the animals loaded with sacks of grain, and frequently returned from that great merchants of Zapotlanejo. One day in Guadalajara, the mules well laden with wheat, Jose, in his sandals, white cotton informed by Jose that the destination of the little caravan was Guadalajara, the stranger begged to be allowed dangerous, there being "mucha mala gene" (many evil disposed people) about, a keen look at the stranger, whom he jara. perceived to be unarmed, save, perhaps, the customary knife under the sash, and, being himself a trifle lonely, acceded cheerfully to the the man's request. Dewhich to start a stage line to Guadalajara, letting his nephew manage the mules till such time as his elnest son. Juan, might be able to attend to the

carrying business. The two friends jogged on together till the domed city of Guadalajara came in view and on entering the town they separated with mutual good wishes. Jose went to his customary meson, where, when in the city, he lodged himself and his mules, first delivering his grain to a

ing at the city gate the acquaintance of fine coaching fashion, the mozes running Marin, the outright gift of his friend, the previous day, who asked to be permitted to accompany him a short way back. The stranger had purchased a wiry little horse, and, as Jose was now mounted on a mule, they were well matched as to speed, and in condition for a comfortable homeward journey.

Early in the afternoon Jose and the stranger stopped at a roadside meson to refresh themselves and their beasts. They drank several glasses of Catalan, ate heavily and then lay down for a siesta. The place was a familiar one, Jose knew Don Miguel, the landlord, and so felt no uneasiness, for Miguel from time out of mind, had kept the meson. All Zapotlanejo knew and trusted Don Miguel. When Jose awoke, the stranger had to be spoken to several times to awaken him, and bidding good-by to Miguel, who had also taken his usual nap, the fellow-travelers set out in right good spirits. - After going about three leagues, the stranger bid Jose a cheery adios, thanking him for his confidence and companionship, and the two parted on excellent terms. Later on, perhaps, a league away, Jose noted with surprise that one of the money sacks carried by a bonny white mule appeared tied in a manner not his own. Curiosity, more than apprehension, caused him to stop and untie the bag, he thinking all the time that Miguel might have found the cord unloosened and had good naturedly retied it.

"Diantre?" shouted poor Jose. The bag was filled with small stones. He turned pale, felt the blood leave his head, and nearly fell. With nearly all the strength gone out of his body, he Only stones! Then Jose cursed his folly, and cursed the deceitful stranger.

"The lying fox! the accursed robber! And what a simple fool I, to be thus caught in his trap, after fifteen years a

carrier and never once losing a medio." It was a sore loss for Jose, for the money included not only the price of the wheat, but a debt returned by a Guadalajara trader to a man in Zapotlanejo. Not a great sum, in all \$1800, but the loss would ruin poor Jose. He recovered his senses, tethered his mulcs, and made the best possible speed back over the road in the hope of finding the falso stranger, but Jose soon saw that it was useless, and even could he have found the fellow, such rascals go well armed. all the same whoever won, for wheat Then he turned about, bethinking himself that he would call out his friends in the village, and together they would scour the country for the thief. Night The day he left the town, mounted on a came soon, and Jose slept in the open big black horse, with his sabre drawn, air under a tree. He had often done the the little troop setting out for the wars, same, and now he felt that there was him, and Isabel kissed his hand over and At noon the next day poor Jose reentered Zapotlanejo, sad, dejected, tearful. He went directly home, and his Jose arrived home none the worse for the sorrowful appearance cast consternation campaigning, save that a Spanish trooper among the little loving household group,

Dona Paz did not weep, but simply at the defeat of the King's troops. It was said: "My poor husband, we must toil a matter of warm discussion in the little like slaves to return this money, and await the ways of God, who will punish himself Emperor, and Jose's fellow-sol-diers were divided in their opinion as to to the alcalde and told the story, and the wisdom of having fought to drive that worthy, a man who dearly loved adventure, summoned all the horsemen in town, and for four days they scoured the we're to have an Emperor, gracias a Dios roads in quest of the tall stranger. But he was never caught. The alcalde decided that, as Jose had not observed due caution, he was responsible for the loss, but that it would be folly to take his mules had plenty to do. Every week he from him, as with them, he could, possibly, in the course of time, recoup himselt, and even Don Gumesindo Valles, the principal loser by the robcity with higher loads of goods for the bery, magnanimously told Jose that he would take half the loss on himself, as a of mind. When I encountered you on stained and gray in the summer sun, August, 1823, while on the road to punishment for not having provided Jose

with a guard. For seven years Jose followed his calltrousers and blouse, trudging behind, he ing. Weekly he went with his beasts to suddenly fell in with a tall dark Guadalajara, and every month he turned man, who accosted him with: "Hola! over his surplus gains to the grain meramigo, a donde va?" (Hello, friend! chant and to Don Gumesindo. The table where are you going?) On being in the little house of adobe was thinly spread; Done Paz seldom saw a new gown, much less a rebozo, and the children were almost in rags. In seven years to accompany him, as the roads were Jose had repaid the lost fund all save \$75, but, though he was nearly out of debt, he foresaw clearly that he would and he had a bit of money with him and never be able to buy his coach for the so felt insecure traveling alone. Jose took long projected diligence line to Guadala-

One crisp, cold day in December, 1830 (the Emperor Iturbide had been shot years before at Badilla), and many things had changed in Mexico, except Zapotspite the rather forbidding look, the lanejo, which never changed, or Jose, stranger turned out to be good company. who still preserved the kindly temper, but He had served in the war on the patriot was now a wary man, not to be gulled side, he said, and he related with much, by any sort of road sharper-on that vivacity many good stories of adventure, bright, cool December day Jose started Jose, always communicative, spoke freely with a load of wheat for Guadalajara, of himself and of his hope, in a few years with instructions from the grain merto get money enough to buy a coach with chant to sell the wheat immediately on arrival to the highest bidder.

It was curious that on this day, as he jogged along with his little caravan, Jose should have begun to indulge himself in his old dream of a stage line. He reasoned it out in this wise: "I am out of debt, or will be in two months, and for all these years I have been known as an honest man. Someone may be found to lend me money to buy a coach and give me time to pay the loau." Then he began to estimate the number of travelers, local dealer, taking in return a bag of and calculated that the convenience of the ailver pieces for the grain mer-chant of Zapotianejo. The next diligence just maintained him, his mules himself refreshed and would steadily earn the money needed the mules lightly laden with a few goods to repay the loan. Jose imagined himself destined for Zapotlanejo traders, Jose snapping his concoman's whip and dash-

out to hold the horses, the landlord treating him as an equal, his coach kept clean and attractive, himself come to be a most important personage. After these pleasant visions the stern common-sense of his mind began to assert itself. "No, no; always would he remain poor Jose Marin, the muleteer, who had allowed himself to be duped by a wily rascal." He recalled shakes of the head among his neighbors in Zapotlanejo, and gibes and jests regarding his tonteria, or folly, these being indications, he thought, of the low estimation in which he was held for business ability at home. Poor Jose! He was suffering as we all do when we begin to realize that it is very difficult to put stone foundations under our air castles. He stopped on the road, this humble man and poor, dropped on his preserving his life till he could extinguish a just debt, for Heaven's having kept his dear wife and little family all these years in health and happiness, though bread was sometimes scarce.

Rising from his knees, he lifted his eyes to the great blue dome of the sky, and a mighty peace flowed in upon his soul. Jose, the poor muleteer, had spoken to Almighty God, the protector of the humble, and a time of refreshment to his spirit had come. In the great happiness of his honest heart he sung; he bethought himself of his blessings. He had not been striken blind like his old companions in arms, Maza; he had not lost his wife like Bravo; and his Isabel was fair to look upon, a tall, handsome girl, as good as beautiful. It was in this thank ful and almost buoyant mood that Jose Marin entered Guadalajara.

Passing through a broad street, lined on either side with the great houses of los ricos (the rich) Jose and his mules were stopped by a servant, who said the master would buy his grain. Entering the great courtyard of a luxurious mansion, the mayor-domo, or steward, quickly made a bargain, paid a round price for the wheat, without attempting to haggle over the trade, and courteously invited Jose to dine with him in his room. This unexpected courtesy to a poor fellow like himself, a dusty carrier, overcame Jose for a moment, but, with that self-respect and courtesy characteristic of the humblest Mexican, he accepted the invitation and hugely enjoyed the mayordomo's fare, a striking contrast to the food served at the meson, where he usually tarried.

After lunch the mayor-domo had for Jose a fresh surprise-"el amo" (the master) must needs speak with him, and would the muleteer ascend to the master's

Puzzling over this matter, but thinking it possibly meant a fresh order for grain, poor Jose, very much bewildered, went up the broad, easy stairs to the upper landing, where a tall, dark gentleman greeted him with:

"Amigo como lo va?" and a hearty embrace.

In his confusion Jose did not recall the resembalace to the other tall, dark man whom he had most unfortunately met seven years before. But the master of the house drawing Jose into the despacho, made him sit down, and thus addressed the muleteer:

"My friend, seven years ago, I, being tempted of the devil (whose ways and works I have forever renounced) foully deceived and robbed you, inflicting, I fear, a grievous wrong upon you and yours. How often and how bitterly I have mourned that wicked act I cannot say. Long ago I would have made restitution, but that I could not recall your village, having been at the time of the robbery intoxicated and in distress the road I was a fugitive from justice, and my evil genius tempted me to play you a dastardly and wicked trick. Today, sitting on my balcony, I saw you pass by; my heart leaped into my throat. The long awaited opportunity had come. Behold, my friend, that I have caused your bags of wheat to be emptied, and eagerly on the log-cabin before them. have replaced the grain with silver coin. It is plata por trigo (silver for wheat). To carry home the burden I have provided other mules to aid you, and these you must keep. To you I owe my wealth. Fleeing from you, I hid in the hills, and there found the mine which made me a rich man; to-day I found you, and flock of blackbirds, settled around the a burden has rolled from me-a burden hard to bear, the memory of a foul and creek that wound its way down to the wicked act, the betrayal of a good man's confidence. Hereafter you are my friend; this house is yours whenever you visit Guadalajara, and I shall place soon in your hands lands and houses to the extent of half my wealth."

Conducting the amazed Jose to courtyard, the rich man pointed out the sacks of silver and the guard of trusted mezos, who were to accompany Jose to his home. A finely caprisoned horse was given Jose, who, on leaving, embraced his benefactor and returned home a rich

And Done Paz, what did the good wife say when her Jose rode up to the door on a great horse, with silvermounted saddle, escorted by armed men, and with mules well laden with precious silver? Dona Paz embraced her husband, and then silently went into the little parlor and thanked the Blessed Mother that the great wrong had been made right. And Isabel was by her side in that honest and tearful outpouring of praise and gratitude.

The next week came the lawyers from started out of the city, again encounter- ing up to the great inn of Guadalajara in million dollars on Senor Don Josie for summer use .- St. Nicholas.

Senor Don Ganzale Sarrio, and on the pretty Isabel was settled an estate near Guadalajara which made her a no inconsiderable heiress, and where she afterward lived with her husband, who married her, not for her money, for long before good fortune came they had met and loved.

As for Jose, he went to Guadalajara to reside in a great mansion, and with the family went Lr. Nicholas, best of priests and kindest of old friends, one who, during the seven years of poverty in the Casa Marin, never failed to comfort with words of good cheer.

I fancy the reader will not condemn a tale that ends in happy fashion, and the approval of the kindly critic will be assuredly given with great heartiness, when I add that this plain story, devoid knees in the common dust, and then and of all ornament or accessory of embelthere thanked God for his goodness in lishment, is one of the true tales of Mexico .- Globe-Democrat.

How Fowls Converse.

Colman's Rural World publishes the following interesting account of the language used by the inhabitants of the poultry yard: "Fowls have undoubtedly a larger

vocabulary than any of the other domestic animals; yet in half a day you will probably hear from them all the sounds that they use in ordinary life. But anything out of the ordinary is instantly expressed in unusual sounds. I always know what is disturbing the flock, whether dog, cat, hawk, or a stranger. The cry for a hawk near at hand and a hawk far off seems to be the same word, but with a different emphasis and in a different key. Woodchucks get the same greeting as cats, but louder and more emphatic. Once I was startled by sounds from the yard which I had never heard before, and, rushing to the rescue, I found a tame red fox dragging a broken chain trying to get through the fence. The new sentences consisted of several words not complimentary to foxes. I have never heard anything like them since. Very tame hens often show a desire to talk to you, and it is usually possible to understand their meaning. Once a Cochin, whose years and breeding entitled her to a separate perch, came and stood in front of me. looked me full in the face, and complained loudly of something, I could not translate further. Patient investigation revealed that one end of her perch had slipped down, and Mrs. Buff had no idea of sleeping on the inclined plane. Another time a nervous little Leghorn met me at the hen-house door fairly screaming and jumping with excitement. I understood, from the cackle which finished each sentence, that she had been disturbed on her nest. I did not wonder at her new powers of speech when I found the nest occupied by my cat and three small kittens. When the chickens first begin to move in the egg, just before hatching, the mother hen sings to them a low, crooning song, very sweet and never heard at any other time. A friend tells me that her canary startled her one day by an entirely new call. It was so plainly "Come here, quick!" that she hurried to the cage to find an enormous cat, with face pressed against the window-pane, staring in at poor Ned-a danger sufficiently great to account for the new call. There are but two wavs

An Old-Time Settler's Cabin.

by which one can hear animals converse.

One is by listening to them when they

are not aware of your presence, always a

difficult feat; the other is by winning

their entire love and confidence."

Just at the foot of the little bluff ahead, with a background of trees, was a log-cabin of hewn timber, weatherabsolutely alone and looking as if lost in this untrodden wild. Pointing to it, Younkins said: "That's your house so

long as you want it." The emigrants tramped through the tall, lush grass that covered every foot of the new Kansas soil, their eyes fixed The latch-string hung out hospitably from the door of split "shakes," and the party entered without ado. Everything was just as Younkins had last left it. Two or three gophers, disturbed in their foraging about the premises, fled swiftly at the entrance of the visitors, and a rear of the house, flew noisily across the fork.

The floor was of puncheons split from oak logs and laid loosely on rough-hewn joists. These rattled as the visitors walked over them. At one end of the cabin a huge fireplace of stone laid in clay yawned for the future comfort of the coming tenants. Near by a rude set of shelves suggested a pantry, and a table, home-made and equally rude, stood in the middle of the floor. In one corner was built a bedstead, two sides of the house furnishing two sides of the work, and the other two being made by driving a stake into the floor and connecting that by string-pieces to the sides of the cabin. Thongs of buffalo-hide formed the bottom of this novel bedstead. A few stools and short benches were scattered about. Near the fireplace long and strong pegs driven into the logs served as a ladder on which one could climb to the low loft overhead. Two windows, each of twelve small panes of glass, let in the light, one from the end of the cabin and one from the back opposite the door, which was in the middle of the front. Outside, a Guadalajara and settled property valued, | frail shanty of shakes leaned against the even in those days, at a quarter of a cabin, affording a sort of outdoor kitchen

THE NEWS.

A rock fell on a passenger coach at Duquesne Heights, Pa., and killed Miss Laura Fleming. Three other passengers were injured .- St. Mary's Hospital, in Rochester, was destroyed by fire. All the patients were saved by the sisters .- Nicholas Staub, Democratic candidate for comptroller of Connecticut, has taken the oath of office. - Fire in New Westminster destroyed half a million dollars' worth of property, and caused the death of Fireman John McCannon .- The Pennsylvania Supreme Court has affirmed the decision of the lower court, which decided against shaving on Sunday.-- Ding Long Doo, a Chinese laundryman, committed suicide in New York .- Mary O'Connor died in Elizabeth, New Jersey, aged one hundred and four years. - William H. Ford, a prominent contractor and builder, died at Lynchburg, Va .-- Dr. J. S. Messersmith, medical director, U.S. N., retired, died at Lancaster, Pa., aged eighty-one years. - The strike in the coal regions has compelled the furnaces to use anthracite coal. - Harry Taylor, aged seveneen years, and another boy, severely choked Taylor's grand mother and robbed her of \$2,100. -Secretary George J. Gibson, of the Whisky Trust, has been indicted by the Chicago grand jury in connection with the plot to blow up the anti-trust Schufeldt distillery .--- A number of oil cars and coal cars on the Pennsylvania Railroad, at Philadelphia, were burned and one of the burning oil cars exploded, injuring four persons. - A miner dropped his lamp in the Mayer mine, near Scottdale, Pa., causing an explosion in which four men were killed and others are missing. --- lleavy rains

have caused high water at Johnstown, Pa., and hundreds of houses are flooded. John Spellman, who was arrested at St. Paul charged with robbing mails at Peoria, Ill., jumped from a train near Chicago, and escaped. -Brown Bros., dealers in crockery in Duluth, failed; assets \$70,000, liabilities \$53,000.- Small pox is doing great damage among the Mennonites in Marion county, Ks. -Several small railroad accidents occurred in and around Chicago owing to the dense fog. -Fire caused \$75,000 damage at Minneapolis .-- The strike of weavers at the Cornell Mill, Fall river, Mass., has been settled. The weavers got what they asked for .- Fire bugs posted more notices about burning barns near Gettysburg .--- Rumors in relation to the credit of the American Loan and Trust Company, of New York, circulated by H. R. Rich, a discharged employee, caused a run on the company and an investigation by the state examiner .- Grounding of an electric light wire caused a fire in the warehouse of Thompson & Coxe, carpet dealers, Philadelphia which did \$150,000 damage.--It is reported that a close alliance has been formed between the Louisville, New Albany and Chicago Railroad and the Richmond Terminal Company .- The general postoffice building in New York city was damaged \$25,000 by fire and hundreds of bags of newspapers were

DISASTERS AND CASUALTIES.

Two white men were killed at Reidsville, Georgia, by the explosion of a boiler in Giles's

ONE man was killed and another perhaps mortally injured by the fail of a staging at a new elevator in Richford, Vermont.

BERNARD A. STUCKENBERG, living near San Antonio, Texas, was killed by falling from his wagon and being pragged by the horse for over a mile.

A COLLISION occurred on the Wabash Road, near St. Louis. Firemen Rush and Keefer were killed, and Engineer Hoefic and Brakeman Hill were severally injured.

THE Warrior river at Tuscaloosa, Alabama, is 55 feet above low-water mark and rising, The Alabama river has over-flowed its banks and is destroying property below Mont-

gomery. By the fall of a chimney on a burned school house in New Boston, Pa., Maggie Boyle, aged 10 years, was killed. Tillie Cragg, aged 10 years, was tatally and John Youngseriously

An engine in the yards at Omaha, Nebraska jumped the track and was overturned. Jacob Jenson, the engineer, was killed, and William Martin and William Hayes, switchmen, were terribly injured.

A PASSENGER train crashed into a wild-cat engine near Mt. Morris, N. Y. James Powers and Albert Englehart, firemen, were killed, and James Powers, engineer, uncle of the first

named, was fatally injured. VIGOROUS efforts are being made in Macoupin county, Illinois, by vaccination and quar-antine, to prevent the spread of small-pox. There have been two deaths, and there is another case which is thought will end fatally. A PASSENGER train on the Burlington, Cedar Rapids and Northern Railroad was thrown down an embankment near Raudalia, Iowa, by a broken rail. Nineteen persons were injured, W. T. Hanlon, L. C. Price and

Mrs. A. C. Goodrich, probably fatally. NATURAL gas in a sewer in Indianapolis became ignited and exploded. William Rock and John Christian, who were driving along the street at the time, were blown many yards and badly injured. All the windows in the immediate vicinity were broken.

MRS. MARGARET SNYDER, 71 years of age. attended a funeral in Lancaster, Pa., and, becoming faint, took a drink of what she thought was whisky. It was the undertaker's embalming fluid, however, and the services of a physician were required. He left her apparently out of danger, but the excitement consequent upon the affair brought on an attack of heart disease, which caused death in a short time.

IT is estimated that during the past year damages aggregating \$35,000 has been done to buildings in Ashland, Penna., by the settling of the surface. The cause is supposed to be the removal of the pillars of coal in the the removal of the pillars of coal in the Tunnel Colliery, which runs under the southern end of the town, and which mine is said to be almost worked out. The matter will now be officially investigated and measures adopted to prevent further damage

LADY COLIN CAMPBELL, who is still one of the most noticeable women in London so-ciety, were at a recent fushionable reception a perfectly plain gown of pale blue satin bro-ended with groups of shaded tulips,

EX-ATTORNEY GENERAL GARLAND has huilt up a large and lucrative practice in the Supreme Court at Washington, which is now

his home.

TRADE OF THE WEEK.

General Business Shows Moderate But Not Uniform Improvement.

Spring's Favorable Outlook-Dry Goods in Only Slightly Better Demand-Wool Sales Small.

Special telegrams to Bradstreet's show that general trade has simproved moderately though not uniformly, during the week. Sales of notions, leather, lumber, coal and clothing have been less active. Leading price changes are an advance in sugar of t cent per pound and wheat 2 cent per bushel. Live cattle are also slightly higher. General trade is not, on the whole, in excess of that one year ago-Leading distributors in some of the more important staple lines report sales since January 1 not equal to those in a like portion

The outlook for Spring trade is very gen erally reported favorable. A satisfactory volume of business is noted at Cincinnati and Kansas City, Memphis and New Orleans. Conservatism continues to be shown at Omaha aml Denver, and a decrease in volume of business at Chicago is noted.

Business failures in the United States this week number 26), against 270 last week, and 213 this week last year. The total January 1 to date is 2051, against 2100 last year. Bank clearings at fifty-six cities for the week are \$1,060,555,940, an increase over this

week last year of 9.7 per cent. New York city's clearings, which constitute 59.5 per cent of the grand total, are more than those for same period last year by 14.1 per cent, while at fifty-five other cities, the gain in 3.6 Gross railway earnings in January are only

moderately, satisfactory owing to a quiet trade and reduced grain and overland cuttou movement, the comparison being necessarily with January, 1890, when earnings were very heavy. The Northern Pacific and a few Eastern and Central Western roads accounts for nearly three-quarters of the total gain shown. Only one-nifth of the roads reported show decreases, as compared with one-third in December. The aggregate gross earnings or 137 roads for January amount to \$35,569,482 on a total of 5908 miles, a gain of 6.2 per cent. in earnings and 3.7 per cent. in mileage.

DRY GOODS, WOOL, AND GRALS.

Dry goods are in only slightly better demand from jobbers and agents. Cotton and woollen dress goods are active, and prices are well held. Print cloths have advanced 1-18c. Brown sheetings favor buyers. The auction sale of 70,000 dozen hosiery and gloves resulted in satisfactory prices for the former and unsatisfactory prices for the latter.

Wool sales and stocks are small, and prices are well held. Cotton is more active, but

unchanged in price.

Wheat, which declined, advanced on purchases by millers and exporters, reports of extreme cold West, and confidence by many extreme cold West, and confidence by many in the alleged shortness of the yield last year. east of the Rocky Mountains. Not enough rain had fallen in California to the 13th inst. to insure wheat farmers good yields. A con-tinuance of the drought will cause wheat, grapes, and other fruit to suffer materially. Exports of wheat (and flour as wheat,) both Exports of wheat (and flour as wheat,) both coasts, this week equal 2,236,684 bushels, of which 1,497,908 bushels were from the Pacific coast, owing largely to a desire to get rid of as much surplus wheat as possible prior to March 1, when taxes are assessed. Last year the week's exports equalled 1,517,775 bushels, and last week they amounted to 1,366,628 bushels. The total shipped July 1, to date, is 62,333,684 bushels. In 1889-90, for a like perion, it was 66,234,418 bushels, in 1888-89 it was 59,989,608 bushels, and in 1887-88, 87,458,-

CABLE SPARKS.

Union dock laborers at London and Liverpool are on a strike.

SPAIN is negotiating for a new treaty of commerce with the United States.

THE King of Uganda has refused to recognize the English protectorate over his African

THE Sultan of Turkey has approved a prohis country. THE McCarthy section of the Irish parlia-mentary party is resolved to resist the claims

THE King of Servia, who is about fifteen years of age, is suffering from a dangerous chronic disease.

THE family of Meissonier, the French painter, will give to the Louvre two of the artist's pictures.

MESSES. PARKELL, O'Brien and Dillon have abandoned all hope of re-uniting the Irish parliamentary party.

VICTOR MACE, a Paris banker, has disappeared, leaving debts to the amount of twenty million france behind him. It is reported that a plot has been discovered in Bulgaria to overthrow Prince Ferdin-

and, the ruler of that nation. THE bill to permit a widower to marry his deceased wife's sister passed its second read-

ing in the British House of Commons. THE difference between Gladstone and Parnell is believed to be so great as to be beyond even the chance of compromise or adjust-

BRITISH sympathy has aggravated the hard lot of the Russian Jews and the cruelties heretoforecomplained of have been redoubled in severity.

ment.

THE new Italian cabinet formed by Marquis di Rudini was approved by King Hum-bert, who administered the cath of office to the ministers.

IT IS believed that "Jack the Ripper" is again at work in London, the dead body of a woman, horribly gashed, having been young woman, hor found in a street.

THE memorial sent by leading citizens of London to the Czar regarding the treatment of Hebrews in Russia has been returned to Lord Salisbury through the Russian embassador at London without comment.

THE correspondent of the Warsaw Courier who has been traveling through Brazil says that emigrants landed in that country by the North German Lloyd Steamship Company are treated shamefully by the government. WILLIAM O'BRIEN and John Dillon, the Irish members of the British House of Com-

mons who escaped from Ireland during the progress of their trial in Tipperary, surren-jered themselves to the English police and will commence at once to serve the terms of six months' imprisonment imposed on them, To the Question of a Gladstonian member in the House of Commons whether Catholics would be eligible to occupy the position of Lord Chancellor of England or Vieroy of Ireland, the Attorney General of Great Britain declined to answer on the ground that eminent lawyers differed on the quas-