THE OMEMEE MIRROR.

"OH, WAD SOME POWER THE GIFTIE GIE US, TAE SEE OORSELS AS ITHERS SEE US."

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A WICKED GIRL.

BY MARY CECIL HAY.

(CONTINUED.)

took too much champagne last night' —he was away all day—'and when I came home I couldn't sleep, but a swim will put me all right again.' "

"Where does Mr. Basset generally bathe?" interposed Captain Glenmurray.

"Well, I think, sir, Amos would explain the spot better than I can, though if you'll go straight down to the beach through Katchell's farm, you can't miss the place, and you'll see Amos. It isn't on the flat, but quite a mile further, where the bank's high, and—"

"Can the man you call Amos come with me?" queried the officer, hastily.

"I'm very sorry, sir, but I sent him after Mr. Basset half an hour ago. Really I was so nervous and his breakfast spoiled. I never knew him to order a meal for a certain time and not be in two hours after—and more now. And as I said, it is not bathing weather, lest any one might be seeking their death through cramp."

"Through Katchell's farm, you say? I suppose I can not miss. Thanks," cried Glenmurray, and turned abruptly away.

The gentleman whose profession was criminal investigation reached Harrack's just as Captain Glenmurray left it, but before he followed down to the shore, primed with the same instructions about going through Katchell's, and looking for Amos, his plan was to leave behind him at Harrack's the maa who had been with him in the tax-cart.

"May I have your little carriage, Mrs. Frayd?" he asked, suavely. "I will put the pony in myself if you will hire it to me—quite on your own terms. My horse has fallen lame, and I must leave it here, if you please. But don't you be nervous, for I will leave the nam with it."

"Mrs. Frayd," broke in a young voice behind, while a girl who had been coming down the staircase, as the man spoke, paused at the foot, "do not forget that I want the cart to-day. You said your lodgers had always the first claim."

"Indeed, yes, Miss 'Ope," cried the woman, visibly relieved to have this point settled for her, as she hated to send out her pony in Amos' absence. "It is engaged" (addressing the detective) "for the young lady who has my apartments. She's only waiting my man's return as she enjoys his driving and my pony doesn't care for a strange hand, and always knows, even if you don't let him hear your voice."

The detective turned away with a few vaguely polite remarks, yet angry with the woman for having lost him those few minutes.

"I had seen from my window that his horse was not lame at all," explained Derry, when Mrs. Frayd came to unburden her mind, "and it was the falsehood that aroused my suspicion. If he could not give a truthful reason why he wanted the pony, why should he have it?"

"And, Miss 'Ope," gasped her landlady, "there he goes driving off, and his horse is no more lame than —you are. And he's left his man prowling here, and us only women!"

"When Amos comes in, of course I must have a drive, so you will let me know," said Derry, and began at once to write a letter so that Mrs. Frayd had no opening for further discourse. Yet the letter must have been very unimportant, for not three lines had been written then, at two o'clock, she had grown so unaccountably nervous, though yet unwilling to acknowledge it even herself, that she slipped out of the house and went to the mill-gate. From there she could see Mrs. Frayd talking excitedly up to Captain Glenmurray in his dog-cart, and feeling still more uneasy she re-entered her room, and waited until across the mill-yard she caught sight of Amos on his way to the stable. She ran out to him, grateful for the opportunity. "I will have the carriage after dinner, Amos. Never mind it now," she said, relieved even to hear her own voice. "You have been away all morning, so you must want your dinner. Did that man find Mr. Basset?"

"No, Miss. Nobody won't ever find Mas'er Basset agin."

"What—do you mean?"

"He wur took with cramp in the water, miss, and drownded."

"You are—who told you that?"

"I ain't no need to depend on what any folk tell me," complained Amos, gloomily. "I know. There was his clo's laid in that holler on the shingle, and Fitz was a-sittin' on 'em, gardin' 'em, and waitin' for his mas'er as'll never come back no more."

"Amos, are you mad?" cried the girl, her tones rising with such agony that the dense old man mistook it for crossness, and turned sulkily away.

"Then you may ask Mrs. Frayd. She ain't mad."

"No! no! I won't ask Mrs. Frayd. You tell me. I am sorry I vexed you, Amos, very sorry," the girl said, with generous compunction. "Who was there?"

"Cap'n Glenmurray wur there, and the gent what had that old black cob of Beves's, and Mas'er Katchell come down from his farm, but there warn't no bein' onsartin 'bout it, with his tow'l there, and Fitz a-sittin' on his clo's, the very clo's he had on when he went down this mornin', when I towld 'im it 'ud be his death— and it wur! That theer strange gent he made out as if Mas'er Basset had carried other clo's when he went to bathe, and I said, 'No,' and shouted 'No' at him, but he didn't take no heed nor seem to keer, till Katchell said as 'ow he'd met Mas'er Basset in his lane, a-swingin' along to bathe, with his dog and his tow'l, and hadn't carried nothin' else. So then he didn't ask no more."

"And—tell me more. What did they say then?"

"Cap'n Glenmurray he said as 'ow twur cramp, and no wonder, ses he, on such a mornin', and that he mun have sunk. Yes—yes—yes, sure."

The old man's wizen face wrinkled suspiciously as he looked sharply into the girl's beautiful eyes.

"I know'd you'd keer. I towld Mrs. Frayd so, as you wur lodgers here together."

"Lodgers here together!" That was all, though the girl's heart was throbbing with a pain almost unbearable.

In positive dread of encountering Mrs. Frayd she took her cloak and hastened out upon the downs, only when the darkness gathered, returning to her room, exhausted by fatigue and hunger. And no one, through all her life, ever knew what those hours had been to her, in the sorrow which had so much of perplexity in it, and the fear which had a vague intangible hope.

Mrs. Frayd, with red and swollen eyelids, was yet equal to detail and veiteration over relating the story which had now climbed to Harrack's Beacon, but even then, Derry, sitting dry-eyed to listen, felt she could not grasp the full horror of it.

Steven Basset had, while intoxicated in the billiard-room at the Atheling Arms, confessed to having been his cousin's murderer; had in the darkness stolen away from the hotel before the police began to watch it; had returned to Harrack's in the dark, and left it early in the morning to bathe; had been seized with cramp in the water, and must have been instantly drowned. No doubt was cast on any portion of the story Mrs. Frayd related, but in the truth of what Steven had confessed, Derry never for one moment had the very faintest belief.

Mrs. Frayd had watched Mr. Basset go at eight o'clock, she resumed, and had warned him of the danger of bathing on such a morning. Mr. Katchell had met and spoken to him as he went down to the beach through his farm at a quarter past eight, and at two o'clock, Fitz was still sitting on his master's dry garments in that little nook, while his master had met his death in the sea. So the story went on, until Derry could not even hear.

In the evening Mrs. Frayd came in with further tidings. The detectives had persisted in it that Mr. Basset had never been in the sea at all, and had escaped in other clothes, but a fisherman—Leppard by name —had been up to Harrack's with soles to sell, and had mentioned having rowed past just as Mr. Basset was swimming out, and spoken to him and asked him if he would have the boat, and Leppard was going into Thawton then, to make this known. At nightfall she brought further news. The account of Steven's random confession of having himself stabbed his cousin Miles had been told to old Mrs. Basset early in the day, and had given her a shock from which she had not strength to rally. Before they had ventured to tell her of his death, she died, having uttered only four words —

"And he a Basset!"

PART VI.

CHAPTER I.

Day after day went by, and though a strange unrest possessed Derry, she never went anywhere out of sight of Harrack's. Mrs. Frayd certainly spared no words in urging her young lodger to take a drive, or to call at the Tower or at the Pines, but even many words could not stimulate the girl to her former habits. She was not to be persuaded even to go into the village, following her old habit of dropping in to listen to wherever she could make the opportunity; and by the end of the week there had grown a pained, puzzled look on the beautiful, frank face.

Ella saw it when at last she drove up to visit her sister, and it made her try even more persuasive arguments that she had yet used to prevail upon Derry to return to town.

"I'm all right," said Derry, and never guessed that the smile with which she said it was as unlike her old smile as moonshine is to sunshine.

"It is doing you harm to be here so much alone," persisted Ella, with real entreaty in the sweet cold voice. "Do go back to father."

"Give him time to finish his Sara," returned Derry, lightly. "Come, Sambo, tell me about yourself. It is so long since I have seen you."

"I could not help it, dear. You know I always have a difficulty with Aunt Crystal about coming here, and she is even worse than ever since that dreadful confession of Steven's. It has been a great trial to me."

"You believe it, then?"

"Believe it, dear? What do you mean?"

"I don't know," said Derry, pushing the beautiful hair from her forehead as if its weight oppressed her.

"What is the matter?" Ella questioned, gazing at her sister. "Is there any reason for your not believing Steven's own words?"

"Sambo, you must forgive me, though I can not forgive myself. I am mad with myself because I—can not believe it."

"Not believe what he said himself?"

"No! No! Not a word of it."

"But, Derry dearest, are you mad?"

"Yes—I think so."

"Would you say of the dead that he had lied?"

"Yes, I would say that he had lied a thousand times, rather than that he had done that."

"Then why should he say he had?" inquired Ella, plaintively.

"I don't know. Don't ask me. I can not think now. I believe I have lost the power of thinking. I am trying to get it back; I sit here all day, and try and try and try all night, but—it will not come. Sometimes I think it is because I tried too much when I came here first. Sometimes I think this shock has taken it away. But," with sudden bravery kissing Ella's mournfully drawn lips, "I did not mean to vex you. I am so angry with myself, while—while I only ought to be sorry for you. Oh, Sambo, my darling, I must be sorry for you, for I understand. When you lost Miles, was it not—awful?"

"Don't speak of it," sighed Ella. "Do you wonder that my life is wrecked?"

"Is it? I mean, Ella," (Derry's breath came quickly as she stood looking with puzzled wistfulness down into her sister's face), "no one can help believing or disbelieving things, for people can't make themselves believe or disbelieve things, can they? I want to feel how different it is. If you really believe what we have heard, you are very noble not to utter a word against him, especially here, for this was, in a way, his home. May I thank you?"

"You mean Steven? I was very, very sorry, Derry. I should have done all in my power to prevent his being imprisoned, if he had not met so sad a fate—for we need not surely credit that he put an end to his own existence. I could have done something surely, for if I did not wish to avenge my lover's death, no one else need."

"I—I am senseless, and miserable, and ill-tempered," cried Derry, suddenly turning away and pacing the room. "I can scarcely follow you. It is like a horrible mist even in this room. Oh, Sambo, I am a wretch to let your kind words chafe me. Try to be patient with me for a little while."

"I will come again," said Ella, with a gentle sigh. "I see it will be better for me to go now, dear."

"What has come to me," cried Derry, starting back a moment to look dazedly into her sister's sad face. "Am I growing—cruel, Sambo? Have I let you think it is not a delight to me to have you with me? Oh! forgive me, my dear!"

"There's nothing to forgive," said the younger sister. "We all must be a little out of temper occasionally, and you are never cruel—never were, except when you used to talk to me of Miles. Derry" (after a thoughtful pause), "you little thought how near you were to the discovery you sought, did you? Even I never guessed, though I thought—you see" (forbearing other words), "I knew how Steven hated Miles."

"Everybody hated Miles," cried Derry, in a burst of uncontrollable passion. "I'm sure he was selfish, violent, heartless—Oh, Ella, Ella" (with again the passionate contrition and prompt self-reproach), "don't forgive me this time. Let me suffer. I don't deserve your sweet forbearance. Go away, I am not fit to be with you."

But when Ella, thinking it wisest, turned to leave the room, Derry stood before her, and seizing both her hands in a tight long clasp, bent and kissed her on the lips, without a word.

Mrs. Frayd had so long listened for any sound from her young lodger's parlor, that when two hours had passed since she watched Miss Hope drive away, she got so uneasy that she would have invented an errand into the room, had not a welcome one just then presented itself. In the dusk of the Febraary evening, she caught sight of Miss Basset, attended by the old butler from the Tower, walking across the slope of the downs, taking the short way from the Tower to the Beacon. With genuine delight Mrs. Frayd hastened to meet her, and to take her straight into Derry's room. Then, while she entertained the old butler in her own premises with much speaking and plenty of home-brewed ale, she busily prepared a festive tea for the two young ladies, her copious discourse flowing glibly on while she inwardly rejoiced that Miss Basset's visit would enliven Miss Hope. But, to the good woman's surprise, she found, when she took in the tray, that it was Miss Hope who was enlivening Miss Basset.

"Well, it'll do," she muttered to herself, as she closed the door again upon the friends. "You can't pick a person up and stay down yourself at the same time."

"Come for a ramble with me to-morrow, will you, Primrose?" Derry was saying just then, "I believe we should find celandine now in the woods, as well as your namesakes. Why, even here the birds this morning distinctly sung to me that spring was come. You will go with me, Primrose? You have had such a sad, sad time."

"Derry—" Primrose Basset had scarcely seemed to hear the bravely gladdening words—"what does this mean that Steven said?"

"You do not believe it?" Derry's eyes were flashing with a strange delight, yet she could not acknowledge her own disbelief, for fear of throwing Primrose back into an old sorrow.

"No. It is impossible. Steven was different from most men; a stern solitary man with odd opinions; but not the man who could ever — even in a passion — have done that. Some men could in a passion, you know, Derry; they could, indeed, aad not with the same sin. Though he is dead, and it may never be explained, nothing in the world could make me believe Steven did the deed."

A curious aching sympathy fell upon Derry's heart, in spite of these words being the utterance of her own thoughts; for she knew that Primrose, thinking thus, must feel the shadow under which she had lately lived to be heavier instead of lifted.

"We will think of this later," she said, bravely, as she put Primrose to sit beside the little tea-table on the hearth, and set herself a chair close to her friend.

And so they sat and talked of other things until Derry could not make the meal last any longer, when, seeing Primrose fall into a long thought, she went to the piano, and began to play, just to make her friend feel herself unobserved and at perfect liberty to be silent.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LIFE IN THE GREAT CITY.

Strangers Spend the Days in the Stores and in Sight-Seeing.

A despatch from Washington says: —Rev. Dr. Talmage preached from the following text: "And Solomon numbered all the strangers that were in the land of Israel."—2 Chron. ii. 17.

If, in the time when people traveled afoot or on camel back, and vacillation from city to city was seldom, it was important that Solomon recognize the presence of strangers, how much more important now, in these days, when by railroad and steamboat the population of the earth are always in motion, and from one year's end to the other, our cities are crowded with visitors. Multitudes of them come into our morning and evening services. I am conscious that I stand in the presence of many of them tonight. I desire more especially to speak to them. May God give me the right word and help me to utter it in the right way.

There have glided into this house those unknown to others, whose history, if told, would be more thrilling than Booth's tragedy, more exciting than Nilsson's song, more bright than a spring morning, more awful than a wintry midnight. If they could stand up here and tell the story of their escapes, and their temptations, and their bereavements, and their disasters, and their victories, and their defeats, there would be in this house such a commingling of groans and acclamations as would make the place unendurable.

The hotels of this country for beauty and elegance are not surpassed by the hotels in any other land; but those that are most celebrated for brilliancy of tapestry and mirror cannot give to the guest any costly apartment unless he can afford a parlor in addition to his lodging. The stranger, therefore, will generally find assigned to him a room, without any pictures, and perhaps any rocking chair! He will find a box of matches on a bureau, and an old newspaper left by the previous occupant, and that will be about

ALL THE ORNAMENTATION.

At seven o'clock in the evening, after having taken his repast, he looks over his memorandum book of the day's work. he will write a letter to his home, and then a desperation will seize upon him to get out. You hear the great city thundering under your windows, and you say: "I must join that procession," and in ten minutes you have joined it. Where are you going? "Oh," you say, "I haven't made up my mind yet." Better make up your mind before you start. Perhaps the very way you go now you will always go. Twenty years ago there were young men who came down the Astor House steps and started out in a direction where they have been going ever since, and ten million years from now, if you should meet them on the highway of eternity, you would find them going in the same direction, only faster.

"Well, where are you going?" says one man. "I am going to the Academy to hear some music." Good. I would like to join you at the door. At the tap of the orchestral baton, all the gates of harmony and beauty will open before your soul. I congratulate you. Where are you going "Well," you say, "I am going up to see some advertised pictures." Good. I should like to go along with you and look over the same catalogue, and study with you Kensett and Bierstadt and Church and Moran. Nothing more elevating than good pictures. Where are you going? "Well," you say, "I am going to the Young Men's Christian Association rooms." Good. You will find there gymnastics to strengthen the muscles and books to improve the mind, and Christian influence to save the soul. Where are you going? "Well," you say, "I am going to take a long walk up Broadway, and so turn around into the Bowery. I am going to study human life." Good. A walk through Broadway at eight o'clock at night, is interesting, educating, fascinating, appalling, exhilarating to the last degree. Stop in front of that theatre and see who goes in, Stop at that saloon and see who comes out. See the great tides of life surging backward and forward, and beating against the marble of the curbstone, and eddying

DOWN INTO THE SALOONS.

What is that blotch on the face of that debauchee? It is the hectic flush of eternal death. What is that woman's laughter? It is the shriek of a lost soul. Who is that Christian man going along with a phial of anodyne to the dying pauper in Elm Street? Who is that belated man on the way to a prayer-meeting? Who is that city missionary going to take a box in which to bury a child? Who are all these clusters of bright and beautiful faces? They are going to some interesting place of amusement. Who is the man who shoots across Broadway from alley to alley? He is the murderer! He has whetted his knife until it will cut a hair, and it jingles in his filthy pocket. Who is that man going into the drug-store? That is the man who yesterday lost all his fortune on Wall street. He is going in for a dose of Belladnnoa, and before morning it will make no difference to him whether stocks are up or down. Who is that young man hastening along? He is going to rob his employer's till, if the coast be clear, and no Christian young man meet him and take him off in another direction. I tell you that Broadway, between seven and twelve o'clock at night between the Battery and the Union Square, is an Austerlitz, a Gettysburgh, a Waterloo, where kingdoms are lost or won, and three worlds mingle in the strife.

How few men there are who know how to keep the Lord's Day away from home. A great many who are consistent on the banks of the St. Lawrence, or the Alabama, or the Mississippi, are not consistent when they get so far off as the East River. I repeat—though it is putting it on a low ground—you cannot financially afford to break the Lord's day. It is only another way of tearing up your government securities, and putting down the price of goods, and blowing up your store. I have friends who are all the time slicing off pieces of the Sabbath. They cut a little of the Sabbath off that end, and a little of the Sabbath off this end. They do not keep the twenty-four hours. The Bible says: "Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy." I have good friends who are quite accustomed to leaving Albany by the midnight train on Saturday night, and getting home before church. Now, there may be occasions when it is right, but

GENERALLY IT IS WRONG.

How, if the train should run off the track into the North River? I hope your friends will not send to me to preach your funeral sermon. It would be an awkward thing for me to stand by your side and preach—you a Christian man killed on a rail-train travelling on a Sunday morning. "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." What does that mean? It means twenty-four hours. A man owes you a dollar. You don't want him to pay you ninety cents; you want the dollar. If God demands of you twenty-four hours out of the week, he means twenty-four hours and not nineteen. Oh, we want to keep vigilantly in this country, the American Sabbath, and not have transplanted here the German or the French Sabbath. If any of you have been in Paris, you know that on Sabbath morning the vast population rush out toward the country with baskets and bundles, and toward night they come back fagged out, cross and intoxicated. May God preserve to us our glorious, quiet American Sabbaths.

Now you are in this hotel, and it is Sabbath morning, You wake up and say to yourself: "Whatever others may do, I am going to have a day of rest for my body and for my soul." Go out and find a church somewhere. You will find something just suited to your taste in architecture, music and preaching—something certainly between St. Alban's and the plain Quaker meeting-house. Go in. If the sacrament is spread, without being asked, if you are prepared, sit down at it. My children, coming into the dining-room, never ask me whether they can sit at the table. They know they have a right to sit there. And when my father spreads a table, I have a right to sit at it. It is my table as much as his. Join in the singing, that is if the choir will let you! And listen to the preaching, and feel at home. Christ on the banks of the East River is just the same Christ as on the banks of the Rio Grande. And then having found the Sabbath day the best day in the city, find the Sabbath night the best night of all the week. I think it is. Saturday night is a good night. We come home and put off our toils, yet the limbs ache and

THE HEAD IS HEAVY;

but by the time sabbath night has come, we are rested. We have been all day in Christian society, and elevated thoughts have been going through our mind, and when the evening service comes, and we assemble in church, there is not a great deal of difference between earth and heaven, and the angels of God flying to and fro can hardly find the boundary line between the two worlds, and our departed kindred seem to come down through the twilight, and we all clap our hands in glee and say: "It is good; it is good to be here."

And so men come to the verge of city life and say: "Now, we'll look off. Come, young man, don't be afraid. Come near, let's look off." He looks and looks, until after awhile Satan comes and puts a hand on each of his shoulders, and pushes him off. Society says it is evil proclivity on the part of that young man. Oh, no, he was simply an explorer, and sacrificed his life in discovery. A young man comes in from the country bragging that nothing can do him any harm. He knows about all the tricks of city life. "Why," he says, "didn't I receive a circular in the country, telling me that somehow they found out I was a sharp business man, and if I would only send a certain amount of money by mail or express, charges prepaid, they would send a package, with which I could make a fortune in two months; but I didn't believe it. My neighbors did, but I didn't. Why, no man could take my money. I carry it in a pocket inside my vest. No man could take it. No man could cheat me at the faro table. Don't I know all about the 'cue-box,' and the 'dealer's-box,' and the cards stuck together as though they were one, and when to hand in my checks? Oh, they can't cheat me. I know what I am about." While at the same time, that very moment, such men are succumbing to the worst Satanic influences in the simple fact that they are going to observe. Now if a man or woman shall go down into a haunt of iniquity for the purpose of reforming men and women—if, as did John Howard, or Elizabeth Fry, or Van Meter, they go down among the abandoned for the purpose of saving souls; then they shall be God-protected and they will come out better than when they went in. But if you go on this work of exploration merely for the purpose of satisfying a morbid curiosity, I will take twenty per cent off your moral character. O strangers,

WELCOME TO THE GREAT CITY.

May you find Christ here, and not any physical or moral damage. Men coming from inland, from distant cities, have here found God and found him in our service. May that be your case to-night. You thought you were brought to this place merely for the purpose of sight-seeing. Perhaps God brought you to this roaring thundering city for the purpose of working out your eternal salvation. Go back to your homes and tell them how you met Christ here—the loving, patient, pardoning and sympathetic Christ. Who knows but the city which has been the destruction of so many may be your eternal redemption. A good many years ago, Edward Stanley, the English commander, with his regiment, took a fort. The fort was manned by some three hundred Spaniards, Edward Stanley came close up to the fort, leading his men, when a Spaniard thrust at him a spear, intending to destroy his life; but Stanley caught hold of the spear and the Spaniard in attempting to jerk the spear away from Stanley, lifted him into the battlements. No sooner had Stanley taken his position on the battlements, than he swung his sword, and his whole regiment leaped up after him and the fort was taken. So may it be with you. O stranger. These city influences which have destroyed so many and dashed them down forever, shall be the means of lifting you up into the tower of God's mercy and strength, your soul more than conqueror through the grace of him who hath promised an especial benediction to those who shall treat you well, saying: "I was a stranger and ye took me in."

MARKETS OF THE WORLD

Prices of Cattle, Cheese, Grain, &c in the Leading Markets

Toronto, June 11.—Wheat — The feeling to-day is rather weaker. No. 2 white and red winter sold at 68c, middle freights, to Portland, and No. 2 red winter is quoted at 68½c, low freight, to New York. Spring sold at 69c for No. 2, on C. P. R. middle freight. Goose, 65c to 65½c middle freight. No. 1 Manitoba hard, at 92c, g.i.t., middle freight to Montreal. No. 2 hard, at 89c middle freight, and No. 3 hard, 80c. No. 1 hard Toronto and west, 90c.

Millfeed—Market quiet and prices steady. Bran, in car lots, $12 to $12.50 west, and shorts $13 to $14 west.

Corn—The market is steady, with Canadian yellow selling at 40½ to 41c, and mixed at 40 to 40½c west; yellow, on track, 46½c.

Rye—The market is quiet, with prices unchanged, at 50c middle, and 50½c east.

Buckwheat—Prices nominal, with very little offering.

Peas—Market is firm, with sales at 66½c west.

Barley—Market ruled firm; No. 2 quoted at 50c lake ports, and at 45c middle freights. No. 3 extra, 49c at lake ports.

Oats—Market is easier, with No. 2 quoted at 34 to 34½c on track here, and at 31 to 31½c high freights.

Flour—The market is steady, with fair demand. Millers quote strong bakers' at $2.75, in buyers' covers for export, and shippers quote 90 per cent. patents at $2.65 to $2.67 middle freight. For shipment in bbls. to lower provinces $3.20 is quoted. Manitoba patents, $4.25, and strong bakers' $4.

Oatmeal—Market unchanged. Car lots at $3.65 in bags, and at $3.75 in wood; small lots 20c extra.

DAIRY MARKETS.

Butter—Receipts are fair, and the demand good. Pound rolls job at 15c to 17c; choice tubs, 14 to 16c; inferior, 10 to 12c. Creamery, boxes, 18 to 18½c; and rolls, 19 to 20c.

Eggs—Market unchanged at 11c per dozen in large lots, and at 11½c for case lots. No. 2 chips, 8½ to 9c.

Cheese—Market quiet. Full cream, September, 9½ to 10c; do., new, 9 to 9½c.

DRESSED HOGS AND PROVISIONS.

Dressed hogs unchanged at $8.75 to $9.25 for small lots. Hog products firm, as follows: Bacon, long clear, loose, in car lots, 10c, in case lots, 10¼c to 10½c. Short cut pork, $20 to $20.50; heavy mess pork, $19 to $19.50; shoulder mess, $15.

Smoked Meats — Hams, heavy, 12½c; medium, 13½c; light, 14c. Rolls 11½ to 12c; backs, 14 to 15c; and shoulders 11c.

Lard—Pails, 11c; tubs, 10¾c; tierces, 10½c.

BUSINESS AT MONTREAL.

Montreal June 11.—The weakness of the outside markets had a depressing effect on the local grain market to-day. Buyers were unwilling to give more than 76c for either red or white wheat, and holders are shy. A few cars of peas sold at 76c. Barley is scarce and prices are firm. Oats are quiet, and rye is easy. There is a fair trade doing for local account in the Manitoba grades of flour, but Ontario brands are heavy owing to the fact that Ontario millers are putting up prices 20c a barrel above Montreal quotations.

Buffalo, June 11.—Flour—Quiet and steady. Spring wheat—Moderately active but unsettled; No 1 Northern, old, carloads, 84½c; do new, do, 80c. Winter wheat—Firmer on reports of Hessian fly in growing grain throughout State; mixed sold at 79½c; No. 2 red would possibly bring 80c; and No. 1 white, 79c. Corn — Firm; No. 2 yellow, 46½c; No. 3 do, 46c; No. 2 corn, 45½c; No. 3 do, 45 to 45¼c, through billed. Oats — Steady; No. 2 white, 32¾c; No. 3 do, 32c; No. 2 mixed, 31c; No. 3 do, 30½ to 30½c, through billed. Barley —Quoted at 57 to 61c. Rye—Quiet; No. 1, on track, 58½c; do in store, 58½c asked. Canal freights—Steady; wheat, 3½c; corn, 2¾c; oats, 2½c; rye, 2¾c, to New York.

Toledo, June 11.—Clover seed — Cash, $6.10; October, $5.27½.

Milwaukee, June 11.—Barley—Quiet; No. 2, 56c; sample, 40 to 54½c.

Chicago, June 11.—Continued heavy rains caused a weak market to-day, and July closed 1¾c lower, and July oats ½ to ¼c lower. Provisions at the close were a shade to 7½c higher. Corn was rather dull. The opening was easy on the rains. The prediction of frost, however, caused buying, which steadied prices. July sold at 44¾c, and closed a shade up. Oats were in plentiful supply, but local support checked the decline; July sold between 28½ to 27½ to 27⅝c, and closed ¼ to ⅜c lower, at 28 to 28¼c. Estimated receipts tomorrow:—Wheat 85 cars, corn 445 cars, oats 210 cars, hogs 33,000 head.

CATTLE MARKETS.

Toronto, June 11.—The receipts at the western cattle yards today were only 55 loads, including 1,138 cattle, 500 hogs, 142 sheep and lambs, 150 calves, and a few milch cows.

Trade today was comparatively quiet, with prices for cattle inclined to be weaker; small stuff and hogs were unchanged.

The export cattle sold well at about Tuesday's prices, for good to choice the range was from 4¾c to 5¼c per lb., though five and ten cents more per 100 lbs. was paid for a few lots of extra choice cattle.

Except for the best grades butcher cattle was rather a slow sale, and prices were weaker, while scarcely quotably changed.

There is no noticeable change in the condition of stockers, bulls or feeders.

We have a demand for a few good milch cows; those here today were only of medium quality, and prices ruled low. Good to choice cows will fetch from $45 to $50 each.

There was a larger run of calves than usual here today, and the demand for choice veal calves continues.

Sheep, lambs and yearlings are unchanged.

Hogs are unchanged at the prices of Tuesday last.

The best price for "singers" is 7c per lb; thick fat and light hogs are worth 6¾c per lb.

Hogs to fetch the top price must be of prime quality, and scale not below 160 nor above 200 lbs.

Following is the range of quotations:—

Cattle.		
Shippers, per cwt,	$4.50	$5.12½
Butcher, choice, do...	4.25	4.75
Butcher, ord. to good	3.50	4.00
Butcher, inferior... ...	2.75	3.15
Stockers, per cwt.....	3.50	4.00
Export bulls, per cwt.	3.50	4.00
Sheep and Lambs.		
Choice ewes, cwt.....	3.75	4.00
Yearlings, grain-fed...	4.50	5.00
Lambs, barnyds., cwt.	4.00	4.50
Do., spring, each...	2.50	4.00
Bucks, per cwt.....	2.75	3.00
Milkers and Calves.		
Cows, each.....	20.00	45.00
Calves, each.....	2.00	10.00
Hogs.		
Choice hogs, cwt.....	6.50	7.00
Light hogs, per cwt...	6.25	6.50
Heavy hogs, per cwt...	6.25	6.50
Sows, per cwt.....	3.75	4.00
Stags, per cwt.....	0.00	2.00

MERELY AN EYE WASH.

The Chemical View of Tears Differs From the Poetical View.

Tears have their functional duty to accomplish like every other fluid of the body and the lachrymal gland is not placed behind the eye simply to fill the space or to give expression to emotion.

The chemical properties of tears consist of phosphate of lime and soda, making them very salty, but never bitter. Their action on the eye is very beneficial and here consists their prescribed duty of the body, washing thoroughly that sensitive organ which allows no foreign fluid to do the same work. Nothing cleanses the eye like a good salty shower bath, and medical art has followed nature's laws in this respect advocating the invigorating solution for any distressed condition of the optics. Tears do not weaken the sight, but improve it. They act as a tonic on the muscular vision, keeping the eye soft and limpid; and it will be noticed that women in whose eyes sympathetic tears gather quickly have brighter, tenderer orbs than others. When the pupils are hard and cold, the world attributes it to one's disposition, which is a mere figure of speech implying the lack of balmy tears that are to the cornea what salve is to the skin or nourishment to the blood.

The reason some weep more easily than others and all more readily than the sterner sex has not its difference in the strength of the tear gland but in the possession of a more delicate system. The nerve fibres about the glands vibrate more easily, causing a downpour from the watery sac. Men are not nearly so sensitive to emotion; their sympathetic nature—that term is used in a medical sense—is less developed, and the eye gland is therefore protected from shocks. Consequently, a man should thank the formation of his nerve nature when he contemptuously scorns tears as a woman's practise. Between man and monkey there is this essential difference of tears. An ape cannot weep, not so much because its emotional powers are undeveloped as the fact that the lachrymal gland was omitted in his optical make-up.

A CAGE FULL OF PRISONERS.

A very sensational murder trial is now being heard at Palermo, Italy. The accused are fifty-one in number, and they are arraigned for a whole series of murders and other crimes. Many known participators have not yet been captured. One of the alleged crimes is the wholesale suppression of entire families in order to avoid discovery. Among the crimes, a wealthy young English lady was seized and held to ransom of 80,000 francs, which was paid by her relatives. Disputes over the division of the booty led to many murders among the criminals. The Assize Court presents an extraordinary spectacle. It is filled with soldiers, in order to resist any attempt at rescue, and the accused, who are too numerous to be placed in the dock, are enclosed in a huge iron cage. The trial is expected to last some days.

Queensland lets certain lands for grazing at so low an annual rental as three farthings an acre.