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travellers, of course, are off the road this week, and, generally speaking, will not return for about two weeks. All indications point to a good spring business, especially if prices remain firm, which probably will be the case. No important changes, either towards an advance or a decline, are looked for. No feature comes up for comment in the heavy metals trade. Prices remain the same, except in iron, which shows an upward tendency.

HIDES AND SKINS.—Hides are coming into the market liberally, and a fair demand is being made at the reduced prices. Tallow is steady.

PROVISIONS.—Business in most lines of provisions is quiet. For butter and eggs there is a fair demand, but most kinds of meat are very dull. The supply of poultry of very fair quality has been large this season, but prices have hardly been up to the average, and considerable quantities have been left over. Cheese is quiet, with a slack demand. Stocks are by no means large, but dealers are looking for lower prices before buying fresh supplies.

WOOL.—For both fleece and pulled wools the demand is moderate, and the situation unchanged. A better aspect has come over the trade lately in the States, and this will probably ameliorate conditions here after awhile, though at present the demand there is confined to the better grades of wool.

IN THE COUNTING HOUSE.

The following verses, under the above title, are written by an Englishman, Mr. J. J. Bell:

From morn till night in black and white
I tell my master's tale;
From morn till night I sit and write
Of purchase and of sale.
I count a thousand pounds a day,
In silver and in gold—
These are the colors grim and gay
That my sick eyes behold.

The purple on the mountainside,
The grey across the sea,
The gold that fills the fields with pride,
The green along the lea.
The silver gleam of tumbling stream,
The blue of placid pool—
These are the colors that I dream
Upon the office stool.

TWO STYLES OF WRITING.

An American journal, criticizing the often remarkable work of the late Stephen Crane, author of "Wounds in the Rain," and the "Red Badge of Courage," says there is the same humor in both, the same power of making the behavior of his fighting soldiers subjective doings of his own, and the same picturesque language and pithy slang as in his masterly first war story. Here and there he hits his reader too hard. He wishes to insist on the fact that a red-headed Spanish corpse lay near the enemy's trenches. He therefore uses the words "red-headed" nine times in thirty-three lines. Or he wishes to point out that promotion in the army comes slowly: "I knew the kind. First lieutenants at forty years of age, captains at fifty, majors at 102, lieutenant-colonels at 620, full colonels at 1,000, and brigadiers at 9,768,295 plus. A man had to live two billion years to gain eminent rank in the regular army at that time."

"But of Mr. Crane's other manner, in which, on the whole, he is at his best, is not this story excellent?"

Now Gates had a singular adventure on the second morning after his arrival at Atlanta to take his post as a major in the 307th.

He was in his tent, writing, when suddenly the flap was flung away and a tall young private stepped inside.

"Well, Maje," said the newcomer, genially, "how goes it?"

The major's head flashed up, but he spoke without heat.

"Come to attention and salute."

"Huh!" said the private.

"Come to attention and salute."

The private looked at him in resentful amazement, and then enquired:

"Ye ain't mad, are ye? Ain't nothin' to get huffy about, is there?"

"I— Come to attention and salute."

"Well," drawled the private, as he stared, "seein' as ye are so darn perticular, I don't care if I do—if it'll make yer meals set on yer stomach any better."

Drawing a long breath and grinning ironically, he lazily pulled his heels together and saluted with a flourish.

"There," he said, with a return to his earlier genial manner, "How's that suit ye, Maje?"

There was silence which to an impartial observer would have seemed pregnant with dynamite and bloody death.

Then the major cleared his throat and coldly said:

"And now, what is your business?" "Oh,

"Who—me?" asked the private.

I just sorter dropped in." With a deeper meaning, he added: "Sorter dropped in in a friendly way, thinkin' ye was mebbe a different kind of a feller from what ye be."

The inference was clearly marked.

It was now Gates' turn to stare, and stare he unfeignedly did.

"Go back to your quarters," he said at length.

The volunteer became very angry.

"Oh, ye needn't be so up-in-th-air, need ye? Don't know 's I'm dead anxious to inflict my company on yer since I've had a good look at ye. There may be men in this here battalion what's had just as much edjewcation as you have, and I'm damned if they ain't got better manners. Good-mornin'," he said, with dignity; and, passing out of the tent, he flung the flap back in place with an air of slamming it as if it had been a door.

NINETEENTH CENTURY IN A NUTSHELL.

This century received from its predecessors the horse; we bequeath the bicycle, the locomotive and the motor car.

We received the goose quill and bequeath the typewriter.

We received the scythe and bequeath the mowing machine.

We received the hand printing press; we bequeath the cylinder press.

We received the painted canvas; we bequeath lithography, photography and color photography.

We received the hand loom; we bequeath the cotton and woolen factory.

We received gunpowder; we bequeath lyddite.

We received the tallow dip; we bequeath the electric lamp.

We received the galvanic battery; we bequeath the dynamo.

We received the flintlock; we bequeath the Maxims.

We received the sailing ship; we bequeath the steamship.

We received the beacon signal fire; we bequeath the telephone and wireless telegraphy.

We received ordinary light; we bequeath Roentgen rays.—From London Answers.