

Chatty Stock Letter from Chicago.

(BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

Following are the top prices at present, two weeks ago and one and two years ago for commodities named:—

	Present	Two weeks	1894.	1893.
CATTLE.	prices.	ago.		
1500 lbs. up.....	\$ 4.90	\$ 5.48	\$ 6.45	\$ 6.00
1350 @ 1500.....	4.90	5.35	6.25	5.90
1200 @ 1350.....	4.90	5.25	6.00	5.30
1050 @ 1200.....	4.75	4.90	5.30	5.00
900 @ 1050.....	5.05	4.60	5.05	4.40
Stks. and F.....	3.85	3.85	3.50	3.90
Fat cows.....	4.00	4.00	4.00	3.80
Canners.....	2.20	2.30	2.10	2.50
Bulls.....	3.50	3.50	3.90	3.90
Calves.....	6.00	5.25	6.75	5.00
Texas steers.....	2.90	2.75	2.35	2.70
Texas C. & B.....	4.10	4.35	4.40	4.25
Western.....	3.25	3.75	3.25	3.35
Western cows.....				
HOGS.				
Mixed.....	3.80	3.80	4.75	6.50
Heavy.....	3.85	3.90	4.85	6.52
Light.....	3.75	3.85	4.65	6.45
Pigs.....	3.65	3.70	4.45	6.30
SHEEP.				
Natives.....	3.50	3.90	3.50	4.00
Western.....	3.30	3.10	3.00	3.50
Texas.....		2.40		3.25
Lambs.....	4.40	4.50	4.40	4.75
Dec. Wheat.....	58	60	53	62
Dec. Corn.....	27	27	49	38
Jan. Pork.....	9 15	9 10	11 97	14 35

Twenty-one fancy 1,051-lb. Hereford yearlings sold at \$5.05; three head of 1,190-lb. steers sold at \$5.12, and two 1,035-lb. heifers at \$5.

E. W. Lanum, of Bruce, Ill., marketed 34 Shorthorns, 1,551 lbs., \$4.80; 12 2-year-old Shorthorns, 1,394 lbs., \$4.80; also 50 Galloways, 1,508 lbs., at \$4.70.

Hemingway Bros., of Plato, Iowa, marketed 22 Hereford steers which averaged 1,497 lbs. and sold for \$4.85.

Plenty of plain 1,350 to 1,600-lb. beefs have lately sold at \$3.50 to \$4.25; with nice, fat "little" cattle away above them.

Long continued dry weather, scarcity of healthy pigs to follow cattle, and difficulty of getting money to prosecute feeding operations, are causes that have tended to hurry forward unfinished cattle, and to curtail projected feeding schemes. The late general rains will doubtless help to hold back the half-fat cattle to some extent.

The following, showing the average weight of cattle at Chicago, by months, for this year and last, will be of interest:—

Month.	1895.	1894.
January.....	1070	1151
February.....	1101	1142
March.....	1082	1154
April.....	1038	1126
May.....	1030	1060
June.....	1011	1098
July.....	1003	1032
August.....	1049	1012
September.....	1071	1047
October.....	1054	1081

Distillery feeding operations are to be resumed on a large scale. Nelson Morris recently began putting in 20,000 more cattle at Peoria, the main seat of whiskey manufacture in the West.

Here are some interesting figures bearing on the question of comparative supplies of meat-producing animals this year and last: Combined weight of cattle, hogs, and sheep marketed in Chicago, Kansas City, Omaha, and St. Louis, the first ten months of 1895, allowing 1,069 lbs. for cattle, 230 lbs. for hogs, and 80 lbs. for sheep, amounted to 7,436,730,000 lbs., against 8,161,114,000 lbs. in the corresponding time last year, showing a decrease of 724,384,000 lbs. The shortage in cattle amounts to 672,040,000 lbs., and the shortage in hogs to 25,334,000 lbs., while the gain in sheep was only 63,040,000 lbs. The decrease in actual numbers of cattle at four points for ten months was about 573,300 head, of hogs 66,700, with sheep 788,500 larger. Receipts of hogs at Chicago the first ten months of 1895, compared with a year ago, increased 355,600, while Kansas City decreased a year ago, 235,000, and St. Louis 38,000. Combined receipts of cattle at the four markets the first ten months of 1895, compared with average receipts the corresponding period of the previous four years, decreased 561,000.

A horse buyer, representing large dealers in Belgium, expects \$300 to have orders for shipping 200 horses per week from Chicago.

The horse meat vendors are in hot water and are finding it a hard business to introduce in the country.

The demand for stock sheep has fallen off recently. Sales have been mostly at \$2.50 to \$2.70.

The sheep market has been very dull and prices have ruled the lowest of the season.

The average weight of sheep last year was 83 lbs.; at Chicago this year it will be a little heavier. In March this year the average weight was 96 lbs., being the largest on record.

The packers are taking more interest in the hog market and are getting a great harvest of cheap ones.

Malloy said: "We still believe that 20 per cent. of last month's receipts were on account of hog maladies and the scare attending them. We are glad to note some abatement in the epidemic of fear of disease, and, within a short time, we think the trade will assume more normal conditions, and pigs and hogs will be held back to be marketed."

There has lately been a noticeable improvement in the demand for heavy pork-making hogs, and they are selling nearer to the value of those suitable only for fresh meat.

Toronto Horse Market.

What is a salable horse? was the question put at the last sale day. Anything good will fetch top price; it was the misfit, three-cornered nag that was given away for his winter keep. The most salable of light horses at the present time is a rider and driver about fifteen hands and two inches high, with plenty of style. This has been forcibly brought to the front in the last few days. Dr. Crumshell, veterinary surgeon, of Park Row, Rochester, U. S., was here last week on the lookout for a number of this class. He travelled a good many miles without being able to purchase just what he wanted. Price was not an object. He had an order to fill at once. He wanted a nice, upstanding ride and drive animal, with a dash of the Hackney or Thoroughbred blood in him. No price is too great for a perfect weight-carrier, suitable for riding over rough country roads safely. The trade in horses during the last two weeks has had an upward tendency, and the demand has exceeded the supply. The horses specially sought for are sound draught horses with plenty of bone, weighing 1,400 lbs.

A lady's saddle horse, bought for Rochester, fetched \$150. The sale at Grand's Repository have been well attended for the last two weeks. All horses in all classes find ready purchasers at fair figures. Ordinary horses sell very low, owing to the large number of second-grade animals forced on the market at this season of the year. First-class draught horses in good condition—sold from \$75 to \$120; general purpose horses, \$35 to \$85; drivers, under 15 hands, \$30 to \$75; low class drivers and workers, \$25 to \$50 each. At Aldridge's Horse Repository, Saint Martin's Lane, London, England, the following sold for Messrs. Flanigan & Aikens, of Toronto, the following horses: Bill Doherty, 50 gs.; Bellevue, 50 gs.; Hontress, 30 gs.; Jessie Duchess, 42 gs.; Vesper Bell, 40 gs.; Muscater, 39 gs.; Wilkes, 255 gs.; Kitty L., 70 gs.; Bessie, 62 gs.; George, 53 gs.; Charles Drury, 27 gs.; Joe W., 260 gs. The prices were not so good as expected; although, as times go, the transaction shows some profit.



SHE DID HER DUTY.

BY EDITH CHARLTON

"Was there ever such a miserable woman? If ever wife tried to do her duty by her husband, I did mine by Hiram Jones. His clothes are always neatly-made and clean; not a button have I allowed to be missing, or a rent unpatched. His meals have always been ready on time, well-cooked and just to his liking. I have kept his house clean, tidy and comfortable, and what is the result? Why, he thinks more of his cows and horses than he does of me, and his farm is far dearer to him than his wife."

"It was not always so, for a kinder, more attentive lover a girl never had than was Hiram Jones in the days of our courtship; and even after we were married he used to like to have me with him, and offered to do many little kindnesses for me. But that is long ago;—he never thinks of such things now. I am nothing to him but a machine to keep his house in order, and poor Mrs. Jones burst into tears for very weariness."

The day was very warm—sultry, indeed—and somehow the sewing seemed to drag this afternoon; it was impossible to finish that shirt; so, overcome with her thoughts, she gave way to tears and sobbed out her trouble to her constant companion—her sewing machine. I said the day was sultry, and before very long, Mrs. Jones' tired eyes closed, and she was indulging in—most extraordinary thing!—an afternoon nap."

She had not slept long when there was a clatter outside, the door opened and in came a motley company. The mop and broom came first, gathering up stray bits of dust in their trail; then came the dough-board and rolling-pin, rattling their wooden sides together; and bringing up the rear was the sewing machine, covered with garments of every shape, size and color.

"For the land's sakes! What do you mean? What do you want?" asked Mrs. Jones in astonishment, as she looked from one to the other of her strange visitors.

"We have come to show you where you have failed. You think you have done your duty, but we have come to tell you differently," said the broom, who seemed to be spokesman for the crowd.

"I haven't done my duty! Well, I think you have no need to complain," answered Mrs. Jones, her anger rising.

"No, certainly none of us can complain," said the broom, as it reached for a spider's web behind the door; "but it was of your husband we were speaking, wasn't it? Don't you remember when you were first married, how he would come in and ask you to go to town with him; he was going for some repairs and you might have had a pleasant drive together. But now you are sure to answer you had sweeping and cleaning to do and could not go. After hearing this repeated several times he began to think you preferred the company of me and my chum, the mop, and he left off asking you, and drove to town alone."

"I frequently remember times, too," said the dough-board, as it pushed the rolling-pin to one side, out of its way, "when your husband came to talk over with you some of his plans, to get your advice about the new farm house he was building, about the buying of some thoroughbred cattle; in fact, you know quite well he always came to you at first when he thought of making any improvements on his farm; but you were always so busy with us, making bread, pies and cakes to feed your husband, while all the time he was starving for one word of sympathy and love from you."

"This true you had the name of being the best cook in the township and of setting the best table for twenty miles around, and you still are quite famous in that line. But see the price you have paid for your fame—your husband never comes to you now with his plans, never asks your advice about his work—and why should he, when he has been told so many times, 'Oh, I don't care what you do, suit yourself, don't you see I have as much as I can attend to here!' And then, how vigorously you would roll my friend against my poor sides, that never knew a day's rest. I tell you, Mrs. Jones, a good bit of the ache that's in your heart to-day was put there by yourself," and the dough-board slid out of the way to make room for these sewing machines.

"It does seem cruel that I should come to accuse you, after we have been such close friends," said the sewing machine, as it shook out some of the many garments hanging on it. "Yes, we have been constant friends; far into the night we have kept each other company. When everyone else was asleep, and the clock struck the midnight hour, you and I still worked together, my wheels turning rapidly to your quick, nervous touch. You would not have it said that your family were not well-clothed and your house linen abundant. Not only well-clothed was every one, but tucks, frills and ruffles must be added, wherever one could possibly be put."

Your husband was a social man. When his work was done he wanted his wife to talk to him or let him talk to her, or that they both go and talk to some neighbor for an hour or so. When a slack day came he often asked you to go with him on short excursions; or to spend the day with some friend,—to have a holiday of some sort. But would you go? Indeed, no! There was always some sewing to be done. You were always making my wheels buzz, and it is little wonder your husband often wished me and all my race in the bottom of the sea."

"I tell you what it is, you have a great deal to answer for, and the worst of it is, you have dragged me into the scrape, and the shuttle ran backward and forward angrily as the machine ceased speaking."

A smothered voice was just then heard, and all turned to see that some of the books and papers had left their shelves, and a volume of poems was speaking to Mrs. Jones.

"If you had given some of the time you spent on some of these fellows to us, it would have been better for you; not that I have anything against these friends, turning a leaf in the direction of the other visitors; 'they are all good articles in their place, but they shouldn't absorb all one's time. Your husband was fond of reading; he might have been a well-read man had you done your duty by him, and us. He loved to read. Can't you remember the times when he took one of us down from the shelf and said: 'Now, Sarah, I'll read aloud to you while you work,' and you, though you might not object in words, did so by your actions, for you looked bored, persisted in running that sewing machine so no one could hear the reading if they wanted to, and muttered something about 'having so much sewing to do you hadn't time to read.'"

"Oh, yes, you kept us well," said the book, turning over its well-preserved covers and clean pages. "We were always taken down and dusted thoroughly once a week, though we might as well have been Greek, for all the good you got from anything inside us."

"You have been a model housekeeper, Mrs. Jones, every one says so, but you have not been a model wife, because you have made your house your idol. You had a good husband and you might have made him better; it is your own fault if he thinks you a machine to keep his house in order, for it is just about what you are." The leaves of the books rustled so loudly as they went back to their shelves that Mrs. Jones awakened.

"Dear me! What a wretch I've been! What a fearful dream!" were her first words. She picked up the shirt that had fallen to the floor and commenced sewing again, but in a few moments her hands were lying idly in her lap, her eyes had a far-away look and she was thinking—thinking if it were too late yet to do her duty to her husband.

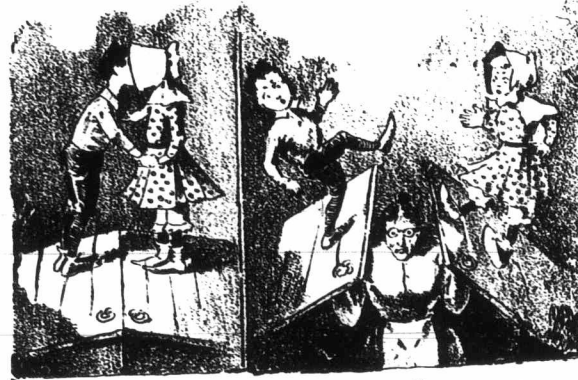
The end of it was, when Hiram Jones came in from work that night he was lovingly welcomed by a wife who looked five years younger after her nap. Her dress was neat and becoming;—she had chosen a color he had liked in the days of his courtship. She talked about the farm at supper, asked him about his work, and proposed that after tea they walk down the lane to see that field of corn.

Hiram looked surprised. He answered her inquiries at first cautiously and somewhat timidly; but as he noticed she really seemed interested, he talked freely of what he had been doing that day. A new light came into his eyes, the lines seemed less prominent on his face; and when he went away and changed his coat, put on a fresh collar and tie, and watched her set away the tea things with a look in his eyes suspiciously like that of a lover's, one would have been safe in saying that Mrs. Jones had learned her lesson in time—that it was not too late to try.

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

A prize will be given in January for the best short original fairy tale. The writer must not be more than sixteen years of age. Send the stories, with name, age, and address of writer, to Cousin Dorothy, FARMER'S ADVOCATE, London, Ont.

A "Proverb-Hunt" will now begin this column. A prize is offered for correct solutions of the first three pictures. Only children of subscribers may compete, and competitors must be under sixteen years of age. Answers should be sent in for each group, e. g., 1, 3, 4, 6, 7, 9, etc. A prize is offered for each group of three pictures, and a better one at the end of the year for the largest number of correct answers. Letters marked "Proverb-Hunt" will not be opened until ten days after the third picture of each group is issued. The first letter opened, containing correct answers, will be prize winner; all others will receive honorable mention. Address your letters to Cousin Dorothy, as above, and mark them "Proverb-Hunt"—outside the envelope.



HIDDEN PROVERB—NO. 3.

Now, children, you can send in your answers at once. The first group of proverbs, 1, 3, is completed. Some answers have arrived already; but only children guessing all three proverbs have any chance—(see rules above). To-day the "Corner" is taken by Muriel E. Day, New Carlisle, Que. She is just fifteen, and has seen me the following fairy tale:—

Stella, the Star.

Once upon a time there was a little girl whose name was Stella, and she lived with her mother in a very miserable little cottage. In the front of their little home there was a small garden, where Stella and her mother toiled from morning till night, and a few square yards of land, where two lean-looking goats, having but very little food to eat, pastured. Their home was not very comfortable inside,—a bed for Stella and her mother, and one for Martin, her brother, who had left them many years ago, with the intention of returning when a "man." Before her father had died, things appeared better, and since her mother had forgotten to perform a little deed for the fairies, they suffered very much.

But Stella grew in beauty, in weight, goodness, and very considerably in appetite.

One evening, when the two were sitting together on the doorstep, a very beautiful little fairy came near to speak to them. She asked Stella's mother if she might take her little girl and make her a princess, promising to give her mother abundant wealth; but this she would not do. Although the fairy was very much disappointed, she, with her wand, placed an invisible star on her lovely forehead, which would give her joy, riches, happiness, live a life for others; and at the hour of her death it should shine brighter than ever, and would be visible to all.

Many years after this, when Stella was nearly as tall as her mother, the latter died, leaving her alone with her goats.

Not far from where she dwelt the king resided, and he had resolved to marry—one whom he had seen in a vision—a little maiden attending her goats and home—no other than our little heroine, Stella. He had ordered all the young girls of the place, rich and poor, to be brought forth, in order to see if he could find out the one whom he saw in his vision, and was almost discouraged, when one of our good fairies brought him to the place where she lived. Making known his love for her, and asking her to become his queen, she refused him—until her brother should return. Much against his will, he was obliged to wait; and not long afterwards her brother returned. Then they left their home to visit the king, where they were joyously received; and in a few days she became his queen, and the Star of that Land.