GENERAL HOP REPORT.

NEW YORK MARKET.

(Producers Price Current, Feb 16)

Receipts for week	2,067 bales
Receipts from Sept 1	191,79 "
Receipts same time last year	106,21 "
Exports to Europe for week	3,177 "
Exports from Sept 1	84,29 "
Exports same time last year	80,4 6 "
Imports for week	150 "
Imports from Sept. 1	7,003 "
Imports same time last year	1,929 "

Market steady. London advices have given some encouragement and exporters have taken a moderate quantity of the best grades of both State and Pacific Coast, paying full late prices for them. Trade with brewers has been moderate, and the demand has taken in all kinds, with the exception of poor State, which are not wanted even at low figures. It is possible to reach 11c. for strictly choice quality, but such hops comprise a very small part of current offerings. Strictly prime lots are easier bought than sold at 10c., and sound, useful stock is seeking custom at 8½@9c. Lower grades range from 8c downward, very common State going as low as 6c. A little trade is passing in '93s at former quotations, but not much interest is shown in old olds. Reports from the interior of this State indicate quiet markets, with buyers' and sellers' views generally a little apart. Here and there a sale of a choice growth is reported at 10c., presumably for export, but most of the transactions are in range of 7@9c. Stocks on the Pacific Coast are slowly but steadily reducing.

State, 1894 choice per lb	@11
State, 1894, good to prime	8½@10
State, 1894, common to fair	6 @ 8
Pacific Coast, 1894, choice per lb	@11
Pacific Coast, 1894, common to prime	8½@10
Pacific Coast, 1894, com. to fair	6 @ 8
State or Pacific Coast, 1893, per lb	3½@ 5½
State or Pacific Coast, old olds per lb	2 @ 3

NOTES

—The Cooperstown Farmer Feb. 15th: The disturbed weather conditions that have characterized the past week, coupled with a marked indifference on the part of shippers, have operated to continue the local depression. But in spite of these unfavorable circumstances, a few more than 200 bales have passed into the dealers hands, as follows: 2 bales at 2c; 24 at 5½c; 14 at 6½c; 150 at 8½; and 17 bales of '93s at 3½c.

—San Francisco, Cal., Commercial Herald Feb. 7th: The receipts of hops during the past week have been 163 bales. The range of the market is 4@7½c. Holders are firm, but business is slow. We quote choice 6½@7½c; common, 4@6c.

—Albany Journal, Feb. 16th: Local sales are few and far between, and the general demand is tame. New York State crop 1894, 6@11c; 1893, 3@6c; Pacific coasts 1894, 6@12c; 1893, 3@6c; foreign, 19@28c.

—Fort Plain Standard, Feb. 14: The local market continues as flat as a flounder and as lifeless as a defeated candidate. John Abbott reports the purchase of about one hundred bales of '94's in this vicinity at from 5c to 7c.

—Hamilton Republican, Feb. 14: The local market was almost completely paralyzed the past week by the storm. Not more than thirty bales in all were purchased by local dealers, the storm preventing dealers from reaching growers and growers the dealers. Shipments were entirely out of the question.

—Oneonta Herald, Feb. 14: F. D. Miller has bought fifty bales of hops at low prices. Smith Bros. have bought 725 bales, all Otsegoes, including the R. M. Rose lot of 65 bales at Milford Center at from 8½c to 10c. Other dealers report no purchases.

—Picton, Ontario, Gazette, Feb. 15th: There is a somewhat better feeling among local growers at the slightly improved prospects of getting something for the hops which most of them are still holding. No transactions of importance are reported. Continued low prices and poor prospects of realizing remunerative figures for their hops last fall, led a number of growers to plow up a portion of their yards, and should the outlook still continue unfavorable in the spring it is altogether likely more will follow this example, and turn their attention to growing something that has in it the elements of greater profits The Toronto market continues dull with few sales.

—Cobleskill, N. Y., Times, Feb. 14th: The local market, like every other branch of business, remains dull, so far as anything like activity is concerned. Sales are made at the same prices that have ruled for several months past, but nothing startling has occurred, or is about to, so far as can be learned. Jeff. Bergh took in 36 bales to-day that he bought yesterday at 7c. John H. Tator has probably bought from four to five hundred bales within the past ten days at from 7 to 9c.

HOP CULTURE IN GALICIA.

The poor condition of the crop harvested in Galicia, according to an article published by the Brauer und Hopfen-Zeitung, is due to the fact that the vines are planted too closely, which favors diseases, bars them from yielding to the full extent of their capacity, and causes the vines to grow old and non-productive before their time. The soil of Galicia is excellently adapted to hop culture, but growers have strained it too much, and must suffer for it. Moreover, when the yards were laid out, which was done by growers from the western parts of Austria and Bohemia, or at least under their guidance, the differences in the climate and the condition of the soil were not taken in consideration, but the methods which had proved efficient in the hop districts of the west were applied in Galicia. Thus the furrows were dug to deep and too much manure used, leading to excessive growth, which is more detrimental than poor retarded growth, because in the former case the hops form blossoms late, if at all, while the close planting of the vines favors the development of all kinds of animal and vegetable parasites. It is significant for the poor yield of this season's crop that mould was almost universal and lice abounded on all sides. In a number of yards the vine, notwithstanding its luxurious growth, failed to put forth any burrs at all. The cold weather in spring retarded the growth, abundant rain and warm weather that followed had the effect, however, that the vines made up for the deficiency, the final results, nevertheless, against all expectations, were equal to a nearly complete failure.

Speaking of the trade in general, the writer avers that the predominating part of the crop is shipped to Bohemia, and through this channel is put upon the market, purporting to be "Bohemian" and even "Saaz" hops. Thus dealers and consumers are justified in looking upon Galician hops with more or less suspicion. Galician hops are frequently of very good quality, in some cases fully as good as "Saaz," but they are often mixed and adulterated with Russian hops, and even with wild hops, which grow abundantly in Galicia.—Exchange.

PRESERVATION OF HOPS.

(By J. Behrens in Wochenschrift fuer Bierauer.)

Before giving the causes of the spoiling of the hops and the question how hops should be preserved, our attention, which question moreover is as yet open for debate, we will have to ascertain which properties and ingredients determine the value of the hops. It is a pitiable fact that in regard to this question our knowledge is quite a limited one only. Hops, as a rule, are judged in the open market by their origin. Among other factors influencing the value of hops, leaving out the manner in which they are picked, the colour is the main point of interest in connection with this question. What we prefer is a uniformly light, bright yellowish colour, although this property has no bearing on the actual value of the hops, and spotted umbels are not necessarily inferior in quality and usefulness to those of uniform colour, but may, on the contrary, be even better. The partial discolouring simply detracts from the appearance of the goods.

The chemist knows that certain constituents of the hops are taken up by the wort in brewing, and in part influence the quality of the beer. The foremost of these constituents is the essential oil of hops, which is contained in the yellow lupuline secretions, and which strongly influences the boquet and taste of the beer; next the tannic acid which eliminates a large portion of the albuminous constituents of the wort and increases the stability of the beer. The bitter constituents of the hops essentially influence the taste of the beer, and a portion of the hop resin, the so-called soft resin, is endowed with antiseptic properties, thus surpassing even the tannic acid in its importance as a contributor to the keeping qualities of the beer.

We will confine ourselves to an investigation of the exterior influences that must be held responsible when hops suffer during storage, in regard to color or either of the constituents mentioned above.

(To be continued.)

Don't Trust Anyone.

At most of the hotels in Chicago, after a guest has occupied a room for one week he receives a bill. If it isn't paid within a few minutes of its receipt, says the *Hotel Reporter*, he finds on going to his room that he can't get in. He hammers away at the lock, but it won't work. Then he goes down to the office and explains to the clerk that there is something the matter with the lock. The clerk looks grimly at him, and observes:

"I guess yer ain't paid yer bill."

"Certainly not, I got it only three minutes ago. But what's that to do with the lock of my room?"

"Everything. We've put what we call a 'B. a' in the lock, and no one can open it but us. Yer can't get in till yer pay yer bill."

"But I've lived in this hotel for two years. I own that block of houses across the street, and I'm a millionaire."

"Don't make no odds. Every one's liable to turn crooked some time or other, 'specially in Chicago, and we thought we'd get the drop on yer, instead of yer getting it on us. We don't trust anyone, we don't, not even our own brothers, in this town."

Now is the Time.

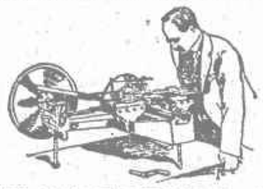
The benefit to be derived from a good medicine in early spring is undoubted, but many people neglect taking any until the approach of warmer weather, when they will like a tender flower in a hot sun. Something must be done to purify the blood, overcome that tired feeling and give necessary strength. Vacation is earnestly longed for, but many weeks, perhaps months must elapse before rest can be indulged in. To impart strength, and to give a feeling of health and vigor throughout the system, there is nothing equal to Hood's Sarsaparilla. It seems perfectly adapted to overcome that prostration caused by change of season, climate or life, and while it tones and sustains the system it purifies and renovates the blood.

A MECHANICAL MARVEL

The Wonderful Ruling Machine at Johns Hopkins University.

In the darkness and gloom of a subterranean vault, under the physical laboratory of the Johns Hopkins university, there runs night and day, week after week, and year after year, a beautiful little machine—one of the most famous on earth among scientific men. It is not a large machine, nor yet a very small one, being three or four feet long by about two feet wide. It is neither complicated nor of many parts; on the contrary, it is quite simple, and has but few parts—by no means as fine a piece of mechanism, apparently, as a watch—and yet that little machine, working away slowly in the darkness of its dungeon, has caused visits and been the object of the most interested curiosity on the part of some of the greatest of the world's scientists, such men as Sir William Thompson, now Lord Kelvin, the world-famous English scientist; the Earl of Rosse, who owns the famous telescope, and Lord Rayleigh, also of England; Prof. Ball, astronomer royal of Ireland; Prof. Helmholz, of Berlin, Prof. Mascart, of Paris, Prof. Lemstrom, of Sweden, and other equally famous savants from all over the world. The machine is of brass, steel, copper, wood, but it would not be more valuable if made of solid gold, studded with diamonds. Never was jeweled crown kept more secluded from the public gaze than that little machine, and rare, indeed, and fortunate is he who is allowed to see it at work.

The machine is one of only three of its kind in the world, and is the product of the brain of Prof. H. A. Row-



land, of the Johns Hopkins, formerly of the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, and under the wonderful skill of Theo. C. Schneider, machinist at the Hopkins, was constructed to rule lines on a polished piece of metal, so close together that they cannot be seen with the naked eye, but under a powerful microscope every line is perfectly distinct, perfectly accurate and parallel, the one with the other.

Mr. Schneider has made gratings with 48,000 grooves to the inch, and says that if he could find a diamond point fine enough he could rule 1,000,000 grooves to the inch, but nobody could know that fact, for by the strongest microscope made the human eye could not see the lines if they were more than 125,000 to the inch. Prof. Rowland says he could rule 125,000 to the inch if it was desirable, but he gets best results from gratings with 15,000 to the inch.

Poe Got the Money.

Henry Sartain, son of the famous engraver, John Sartain, tells how, in 1851, Poe's poem, "The Bells," was first published.

"Poe," he says, "came into the office one day, and handing father a stanza in manscript, asked him what he thought of it. Father looked it over and said he thought it pretty good.

"'Is it worth $5?' asked Poe. Father said he thought it was, and paid him the money. The poem was the first stanza of 'The Bells.' A week or so later Poe again sauntered into the office with the remark, 'Well, John, I see you haven't printed my poem yet.'

"Father replied that he had not because of lack of space.

"'Well, I've got another stanza here. Will you let me have a five on it?' The man looked so utterly wretched that father paid him the money and took the stanza. Still another installment of two additional stanzas followed within a month, and then it was that the poem was first printed."—Sartain's Magazine.

Swinging the Arms.

The habit of swinging the arms in walking was being discussed the other day by a party of physicians. Some thought it was an aid in walking, as it balanced the body nicer, while others declared that it was a hindrance, since the motion of swinging the absorbed a portion of the energy and caused the pedestrian to tire more easily. Men, as a rule, all swung their arms in walking, while but a few women have the habit. To those who have acquired the habit, however, it is regarded as an aid to walking and they are unable to break themselves of it. The right arm is always moved with the left leg and vice versa. Professional pedestrians move the arms but slightly, always rigidly at an angle, and never allow them to hang loosely at the side.—Indianapolis Sentinel.

An Improved Brick.

A Pittsburg firm is introducing a new brick, known as the lockjoint. It is said to make a stronger wall than the ordinary brick, and from its peculiar shape it requires no heading courses or wall ties to bind it, and is also more economical. Bricklayers can lay only 1,000 of these per day, as compared with 1,700 of the old shape, but when it is considered that the lockjoint is twice the size of the other the economy is apparent.

Too Slow.

He had reached out as he would catch hold of her, but she eluded his grasp. Again he made an equally feeble attempt and again she eluded him. Once more he made a feeble attempt, and she had no difficulty in escaping. This time she became indignant, almost angry.

"What do you mean, sir," she exclaimed, "by thus trying to catch me?"

"I—I—I presume," he hesitated, "that I meant to kiss you."

She drew herself up proudly, then stepped near him and gazed down on him defiantly.

"Well," she said emphatically, "why in heaven's name don't you do it?"—Detroit Free Press.

Average.

Trivet—I went fishing yesterday.

Dicer—Get any bites?

Trivet—Only one; but I shot the dog.—Truth.

Young editor (reflectively)—If I don't publish this poem Grace has writ ten she will have nothing more to do with me. And if I do publish it, I shall probably lose my position.—Life.

HEAD TO THE ENGINE.

A Sleeping-Car Porter Tells How Old Travelers Sleep.

"How will you have your feet?" the porter asked in a Wagner car coming from Buffalo.

"Feet to the engine," said the passenger.

"If you travel much you'l have your head put next to the engine," said the colored man.

"No," said the passenger, "I am afraid there might be a collision, and then I'd be thrown with all my weight against my head." The porter chuckled.

"I beg pardon, boss," said he "but I notice dat all de railroad men has their heads put toward de engine—and all the commercial travelers also. The biggest arguments is in favor of doing that way.

"In the first place, there ain't many head-on collisions. There's more danger of a rear-end collision. The reason is every passenger train has its own right of way, and runs regularly every night, and is looked out for by all the train hands that's running ahead of it. Therefore the most danger is from something behind which don't know when we have stopped or broke something and which runs into us unexpectedly.

"There ain't any one looking out for any kind of collisions, 'cause when they come it matters mighty little which end you're putting forward—your head or your feet—but if you insist on looking out for 'em from behind—I'm a-telling you."

"Any more arguments?"

"Got plenty more arguments, boss. You don't want to sleep with your feet toward the engine, because if you do the draught through the car blows right against your head, and when it gets cold at night your head and chest are exposed. Put your head toward the engine and you feel cool without getting in no draught.

"It's just the same way in summer. If you sleep with your feet toward the engine you can't have your windows open, with the screen in 'em, without getting the wind and fine dust right in your face, whereas if you sleep with your head to the engine you get the cool air and no draught and dust."

"Is that all you know?"

"No, boss, I hain't told you the biggest argument yet why you should have your head made up toward the locomotive. The most serious thing of all is the circulation of the blood in your body. You been having your feet made up toward the engine, eh? Well, I rather reckon you don't never sleep very well in the cars, do you? Your night's res' is usually broken, ain't it? Well, sir, lemme make up your head to the engine, an' you'll sleep like you was a baby.

"It's because the motion of the train is so strong and steady that it sends all your blood toward the end that's furthest from the engine. Put your feet to the engine, and all your blood rushes straight to your head and gives you a restless night. Put your head to the engine and the blood goes away from your head, leaving it cool and easy so as you can rest like a child."

"Put my head toward the engine and stop talking, will you?"

"Yes, sir; all right, sir; anything you say, sir. You won't gredge me dat quarter in the morning. I'm a-telling you."

(A lapse of half an hour. Then a voice from between the curtains. It adresses the porter.)

"Solomon; Diogenes, porter! Any arguments as to what part of the train is the safest?"

"There aren't no use of arguments 'bout dat, sir. The safest place on a train is the middle car on the side furthest from the other track."

"Good night, Cicero!"—New York Sun

Not That Kind of a Bar.

A gentleman from the Tennessee mountains was waiting for a friend in the drug store near the depot. He had never seen this friend, who had written him offering to exchange a large amount of bad money for a small amount of good bills. While tarrying the mountaineer observed the soda fountain. It was a new device to him, but after a moment he satisfied himself of its purpose.

Walking up to the attendant he said: "Gimme three fingers of red-eye."

"No liquor sold here, sir," was the answer.

"Wal, then, pull me a glass of beer, an' don't put so much foam on it as ye did fer the two gals that jest left."

"We have no beer."

"See here, stranger, if this ain't a distillery or a brewery, what in thunder mout it be, anyhow?"—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Sounds Plausible.

"I can understand why Father Time is represented as old, but why do they always picture him as lean and skinny?"

"I suppose it is because everybody seems to want all the spare time he can get."—Chicago Tribune.

Very Exact.

Judge (to witness)—What is your age senora?

Witness—I am over twenty.

"You must tell me the exact truth."

"Between twenty and thirty."

"But when will you be thirty?"

"To-morrow, my lord."—La Union de Valparaiso.

"HELP!"

A WOMAN'S DESPAIRING CRY.

It is Heard. A Prominent Actress Escapes Great Danger.

(SPECIAL TO OUR LADY READERS.)

How startling is a woman's cry for help!

"What can I do? Where shall I go?" She knows not. This cry goes out today from every city, town, and hamlet in this country.

It comes from women who are suffering tortures of body and mind from some form of female complaint. Many, through natural modesty, do not consult physicians, for many dread their examinations. They know not where to seek for help.

This alarming condition of things is simply wrong. The peculiar ailments of women are curable, and in most cases very speedily. Lydia E. Pinkham's genius and liberality have given to every woman a sure and consistent means of relief.

No woman should suffer when she can obtain free advice. She can state her case fully to Mrs. Pinkham, woman to woman, without reserve, and the answer will come from one of her own sex. Be one of the vast army of women who write to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., and preserve your health. "Only a woman can understand a woman's ills."

A prominent actress, in a letter to Mrs. Pinkham, says:—

". . . You cannot imagine the fearful condition I was in when I first wrote to you. I was simply of no use to myself or any one else. I had worked hard, and my nervous system was shattered from womb trouble and travelling constantly. I ran the gauntlet of doctors' theories, till my health and money were rapidly vanishing. . . . I'm all right now, and am gaining flesh daily. I follow your advice faithfully in everything. Thank you ten thousand times for what your knowledge and *Lydia E. Pinkham's* Vegetable Compound have done for me."

PURSUANT TO AN ORDER OF H W BENTley, Surrogate of the County of Oneida, notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against the estate of Julia T. Bryant, late of the town of Sangerfield, in said county, deceased, to present the same with the vouchers thereof to David Bryant, the duly constituted and acting executor of the said estate at his residence in Waterville, N. Y., on or before the 1st day of May next.

DAVID BRYANT.

ONLY 10% ABOVE ACTUAL COST.

WE ARE HEADQUARTERS FOR

BABY CARRIAGES AND REED CHAIRS.

$3 buys a strong, serviceable, Baby Carriages, other styles ranging in price up to $25.00 fully warranted for five years. Shipped on 10 days trial, freight paid, no money in advance. Reed and Rattan Chairs from $1.60 up. We save you all middlemen's profits, and ship direct from factory at only 10 per cent. above actual cost. Highest references as to our financial responsibility. Cut this out and WRITE To-day for our handsome catalogue. Address

OXFORD MFG. CO., Furniture Department H 210, 342 WABASH AVE., CHICAGO, ILL.

New Coal Yard!

CELEBRATED

Scranton Coal!

ALL SIZES.

FOR SALE BY

J. A. BERRILL'S SONS,

WATERVILLE, N. Y.

PATENTS

CAVEATS, TRADE MARKS, COPYRIGHTS.

CAN I OBTAIN A PATENT? For a prompt answer and an honest opinion, write to MUNN & CO., who have had nearly fifty years' experience in the patent business. Communications strictly confidential. A Handbook of Information concerning Patents and how to obtain them sent free. Also a catalogue of mechanical and scientific books sent free.

Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice in the Scientific American, and thus are brought widely before the public without cost to the inventor. This splendid paper, issued weekly, elegantly illustrated, has by far the largest circulation of any scientific work in the world. $3 a year. Sample copies sent free.

Building Edition, monthly, $2.50 a year. Single copies, 25 cents. Every number contains beautiful plates, in colors, and photographs of new houses, with plans, enabling builders to show the latest designs and secure contracts. Address MUNN & CO., NEW YORK, 361 BROADWAY.

CENTRAL NEW YORK

REAL ESTATE AGENCY

AND

Surveyor's and Loan Office

Desirable farming lands, Utica city property and houses and lots in surrounding villages for sale.

MONEY LOANED ON SAFE SECURITY.

W. WALDO,

Waterville, N. Y.

SEND US

One Dollar and Fifty Cents,
The Size of your Collar,
The Size of your Breast,
The length of your sleeve from middle of back to end of cuff and

WE WILL SEND YOU

One of the Finest Fitting and best made custom made shirts on earth.

Embley Bros., 159 Genesee Street, UTICA, N. Y.

SACRIFICE SALE

—OF—

CUSTOM AND READY-MADE CLOTHING

There will be offered for the next 60 days the Finest Line of Cloths for

Suits, Overcoats and Trousers

Ever Exhibited. Call and see for yourself. Also READY-MADE CLOTHING at Less Than Cost to Manufacture, in order to close out the present stock. SPECIAL SALE in the Ready-Made Department every Saturday until the stock is closed.

T. SOLOMON GRIFFITHS, 64 GENESEE ST., UTICA.

SLIPPERS

VELVET-- Embroidered.

LEATHER--Alligator Kid and Goat in Black Wine and Tans,

FELT--Warm, Several Kinds.

SHOES—For Ladies, Misses, Children and the Babies—for Men and Boys—for your best Girl or Fellow—as you like—nearly all kinds.

OVERSHOES—Warm ones—High and low kinds—all to fit almost everybody.

RUBBER BOOTS—That makes the Boys' hearts glad—the Long Legs and the short ones too, we have them for Men and the Ladies' Misses and Children are not forgotten

OVERGAITERS, Leggins, Blacking Setts, Shoe Brushes, Blacking and Dressing and many other things found in a shoe store which make useful and comfortable

HOLIDAY PRESENTS

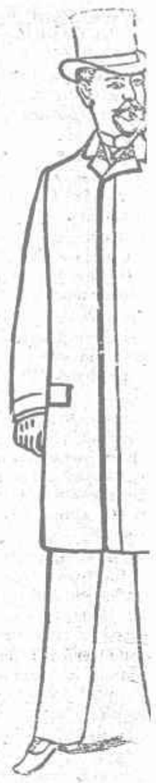
and remember that with every CASH purchase amounting to one dollar we give you a ticket on that Sewing Machine that you see in the window.

JONES & ROBERTS,

57 Main Street. Waterville, N. Y.

T. E. Scott

ARTISTIC



A Full Line of the la
Gentlemen's Garme
hand including Ove
and Fancy Vesting
est shades and col
be made up f
reasonable

First Class
MACKINT
Made

T. E. Scott
Importers of F
38 Genesee St., U

GRAND
COMBINA
OFFER

Unprecedented i
of Journa

The publisher of the TIME
arrangement with the publi

Morning Adve
AND Sunday
whereby he ca

The Waterv
and both of the above pape
of subscribers for one year

$3.
A first-class metropolita
every day for one year and
$3.5
The most liberal offer of

THE MORNING ADVE
A bright eight and
tains all the news an
interest to every mem
Special market and f
best sporting page in
utely clean and whole

THE SUNDAY ADVERT
From twenty to forty
sparkling, special art
ter. A model, high c
day paper.

Think over the proposi
subscription at once.

REMEMBER !

This Offer Will St

The Regular Subs
the Morning and S
for One Year is

Four D
By This Offer
For Virtu
$2.0
Sample Copies of th
be seen at the TIMES

INTERS'
MARBLE AND GRA

INTERSTATE MARBL
Works, Dransville N

New England Gran
A Specia
Red Swedish Granite is
tering on Street