

COMMERCIAL AND FINANCIAL

Wheat Gets a Strong Start and Gains Seven-Eighths Cent During Day.

NUMEROUS CROP DAMAGE REPORTS OUT

Pork Holds Early Advance, Closing at \$10.12 1/2, and the Range in Lard and Ribs Was Narrow.

CHICAGO, Feb. 11.—Numerous crop damage reports today, light receipts, heavy clearance of the Atlantic coast and higher cables all worked toward establishing better prices in the wheat pit. Shorts were forced to cover and may close with a gain of 3/8c. Corn advanced 1/8c and closed at 59 1/2c. Pork left off with an improvement of 1/8c to 1/2c.

Light receipts and continued cold weather gave wheat a strong start. May opened at 101 1/2c, the price went up quickly to 102c. Chicago receipts were twenty-seven cars, of which five were graded carlots. Minneapolis and Duluth received 31 cars, clearance of the Atlantic coast and higher cables all worked toward establishing better prices in the wheat pit.

The aggregate number of bushels received at western primary markets showed a marked falling off, amounting to only 44,000 bu. of Atlantic port clearances, on the other hand, were large, equating 83,000 bu. and Erieport's receipts 25,000 bu. on both coasts for the week. Crop damage reports were numerous, and this tended to soothe the feeling nervous, especially when another cold wave was said to be on the way. The range rather narrow, with May hesitating around 101 1/2c, most of the day and closing at 102c.

Corn was very strong and did much to sustain wheat's position. The increased amount of corn that must necessarily be consumed on account of the severe cold was a factor in the advance. Considerable long property was accumulated by several commission houses. Under such buying the market was held with confidence in corn was more openly talked than for some time. Receipts at Chicago, May opened at 59 1/2c, the price went up quickly to 60c. May opened at 59 1/2c, the price went up quickly to 60c.

There was an increase in the outside in oats and the market was very bright. The cash demand was good and stocks covered freely. The market was over, brought considerable realizing by profits by several firms. The reaction took place, receipts, 28 cars. May opened at 39 1/2c, the price went up quickly to 40c. May opened at 39 1/2c, the price went up quickly to 40c.

Provisions were exceedingly dull until near the close, when they fell into line with the grain market. Pork opened at 101 1/2c, the price went up quickly to 102c. May opened at 101 1/2c, the price went up quickly to 102c.

Estimated receipts for Monday: Wheat, 60,000 bu.; corn, 100,000 bu.; lard, 100,000 lb.; ribs, 100,000 lb. Holiday Monday on account of Lincoln's birthday.

Leading futures ranged as follows: Wheat, 102 1/2c; corn, 60c; lard, 102c; ribs, 102c. Chicago, Feb. 11.—Wheat, 102 1/2c; corn, 60c; lard, 102c; ribs, 102c.

ST. LOUIS, Feb. 11.—Wheat, 102 1/2c; corn, 60c; lard, 102c; ribs, 102c. CHICAGO, Feb. 11.—Wheat, 102 1/2c; corn, 60c; lard, 102c; ribs, 102c.

NEW YORK, Feb. 11.—Wheat, 102 1/2c; corn, 60c; lard, 102c; ribs, 102c. MINNEAPOLIS, Feb. 11.—Wheat, 102 1/2c; corn, 60c; lard, 102c; ribs, 102c.

DULUTH, Feb. 11.—Wheat, 102 1/2c; corn, 60c; lard, 102c; ribs, 102c. PORTLAND, Feb. 11.—Wheat, 102 1/2c; corn, 60c; lard, 102c; ribs, 102c.

ST. PAUL, Feb. 11.—Wheat, 102 1/2c; corn, 60c; lard, 102c; ribs, 102c. SIOUX FALLS, Feb. 11.—Wheat, 102 1/2c; corn, 60c; lard, 102c; ribs, 102c.

WHEAT—Receipts, 100,000 bu.; exports, 100,000 bu. CORN—Receipts, 100,000 bu.; exports, 100,000 bu.

LARD—Receipts, 100,000 lb.; exports, 100,000 lb. RIBS—Receipts, 100,000 lb.; exports, 100,000 lb.

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OMAHA LIVE STOCK MARKET

Hardly Enough Cattle on Sale to Make a Test on Prices.

LESS DEMAND FOR STOCKERS AND FEEDERS

Cows and Heifers Hit the Top Again and Sell Just as They Did Before the Break of Last Week.

RECEIPTS TODAY—Cattle, 1,000; Hogs, 1,000; Sheep, 1,000. OFFICIAL MARKET—Cattle, 1,000; Hogs, 1,000; Sheep, 1,000.

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LIFE IN FARAWAY TAHITI

One Place on Earth Where Money is Not a Necessity.

TROPICAL VIGILANCE, EASE AND IDLENESS

People Who Live with Just What Nature Has Given them and Are Satisfied with Her Hospitality.

The earth is God's footstool—so wise men wrote. If it is, then the little island of Tahiti is the golden tassel on the fringe of the golden throne.

On this favored paradise in the far Pacific, nature has written the New York Times, landscape and life merge into a delicious dream, and both are impressionists. Neither will submit to photography or the pen.

Years of study cannot itemize the picture. To those who have visited this coral-reefed at sea, sweet haze of shifting light and shade—a wilderness of happy silence and overlying ease.

Think of a generous reef-bound expanse of clear, transparent water, in whose limpid depths swim myriads of funny dwarfs dazling the changing colors of the diving goggles. Below them a garden of coral—the roses of the sea—blooming in a thousand tints. A long, low stretch of beach, bordered by tall cocoanut trees, palms and ever-blooming bushes. Long rows of cheerful cottages, almost hidden by the spreading branches of the breadfruit tree.

How the breeze rises until they are lost in a lake of clouds. Brawny men dashing here and there in fruit-laden canoes and besides of dark-eyed girls strolling idly along the seaward. That is Tahiti as seen from the side of the incoming ship—the most exquisite, fascinating and gorgeous spot on the face of the earth.

No one ever went to Tahiti without leaving with a pang of regret, and I can join in the score of writers from Charles Warren Stoddard to Robert Louis Stevenson, who have visited its shores, and say that a few moments in its seclusion and in the hospitality of its people can never be forgotten.

Tahiti lies somewhere in that mysterious part of the South Pacific where two days are rolled into one in order to set aright the conventional calendar, where tomorrow becomes today with a gentle charm that almost overwhelms. You go there by a little white brig from San Francisco, which skirts over the waters of the west, taking up the best part of a month before landing you in this world of idleness and ease.

Life in Tahiti is the nearest approach to the ideal in all the world. Outside of its principal city, Papeete, which is the commercial center of all the islands in the Society group, of which Tahiti is one, the natives pass their days in a listless dreaminess, at peace with themselves and all the world. Fancy being in a land where money is spurned. I once heard the audacity of one Tahitian a dozen dollars for staying at his home, eating his food and talking him nearly to death, revealing to his untutored mind the most correct of the French language, to my surprise he threw it to the ground, having been greatly insulted. If those we board with over here would only get insulted as easily as that! The only payment that a Tahitian wants for his hospitality is for the person to whom it is rendered to accept it.

The Tahiti Girl. Much more than has been written has been heard about the lovely Tahiti girl. Tall, languorous, with the modesty of a Castilian; walking like a queen in her flower-crested hair, her dances are always blooming and the breadfruit tree and taro plant grow in profusion. A certain acreage of land surrounding it is hers also and she is absolutely independent and can do exactly as she likes.

As she does. Every night in Papeete scores of girls and men come down the ways leading to the market place, where they congregate to sell their strings of flowers and shells and to join in the daily festivities. Finished with their evening meal, they come to the market and make merry. Around the great fountain, throwing its silver bubbles to the big red stars, they chant their soulful music to the wailing strains of an accordion. Bursts of bibulous hilarity come from the Spanish-like eddies that surround the market place. They dance, they promenade with the visiting Europeans, the officers of the French men-of-war, the array of municipal officials and their own brawny lovers, exchanging the same old secrets that have been handed down through the mystery of ages.

So the evening passes in melody, drink and love. Then the curfew on the little white Catholic church tells that the hour of 10 has come and the great mass of merry-makers slowly stop their buzzing pleasures and stately file down the long lanes along the beach and through the cocoanut grove to the rows of thatched cottages. Red and radiant the mellow moon fills the air with a magic light. The dead silence filled with the heavy perfume is broken only by the unceasing pounding of old ocean against the barrier of coral, sending a hollow, rolling boom over the pallid sea. One by one the lamps go out, the mosquito nets are spread around the beds and Tahiti is asleep.

Primitive Customs. The American who visits Tahiti for the first time will be struck by the fact that unlike any other place in the world, the conventionalities of introduction there is barred. In Papeete, of course, where the seat of government is situated, and where the foreign consuls reside, a certain form of courtesy and dress is kept up which somewhat resembles our New York forms. But out in the districts, out in the deep valleys by the rivers, where the cocoanuts grow, and the vanilla and coffee plantations thrive in the sun, there is where the visitor witnesses his foreign customs and becomes a native. It is not customary to wait for an invitation before visiting a Tahitian. Just go. Walk into his plantation, and up to his door. You will find it open, and you will not be greeted by a dog that loves to show his teeth or a servant with a fan who says you will be greeted by the host himself—brawny, muscular and smiling—with outstretched hands. He will call all his family and all his neighbors to see how he has been honored. He will give you the best chair and tell his boy to stand by and fan away the robust mosquito. He will get you young cocoanuts to drink and grapes that would pale those of Hamburg hothouse fame, and when you have been refreshed he will show you to your room, and tell you to lay your own clothes aside, and to dress in Tahiti fashion. This consists of a sugar-cane hat, a white shirt and a pareu—a piece of colored print about four feet square, which is worn around the waist.

Once in Tahiti grab the charm of Tahiti under a leafy mango tree, listening to the brook murmuring softly as it winds its way through the underbrush to the sunlit sea, watching the deep red flowers drop from the branches of the ferns, and hearing the plaintive song of a Tahiti maiden born of waste her time away where you don't care if

the expansion treaty reaches to the stars or if Buffalo Bill is elected president. The success of the farm from air and the odor of the ever-blooming flowers seem to drive all thoughts of worldly affairs away. It is a glory of absolute contentment—unless you are bitten by a centipede.

Various are the menus which the native will prepare. He has no stove, but does his brooking in an oven, made by dug stones. A layer of these stones is placed on the ground, and the edibles laid on them, generally a sucking pig, several chickens, breadfruit, and taro plant. These are covered with stones and a fire is built around them. When the stones are removed the dinner is cooked to a turn. A chicken is always roasted without its head and claws being removed. The head is laid on the breast and the claws are drawn over so as to clasp it down, and when the food is served up juicy and hot, it looks as if it had died a peaceful death.

Fish is generally eaten raw, with a sauce made of grated cocoanuts and limes. The fish is usually a species of mackerel, which is very palatable; still it must be remembered that the fish caught around Tahiti, where the sea is transparent for many fathoms, are different from the fish of the dull green waters of the Atlantic.

Tables there are unknown, and the feast is spread on the ground on a cloth of fresh green leaves. The diners sit on mats (taloa) fashion, if possible) surrounding the feast. The head of the family thanks God for the dinner and then the diners begin to eat. And all this time the music of the lute is heard, and the diners are never forgotten in this far-away island—and then a black-eyed girl passes around with an armful of wreaths of red and yellow flowers and crowns each one before the feast. The head of the family thanks God for the dinner and then the diners begin to eat. And all this time the music of the lute is heard, and the diners are never forgotten in this far-away island—and then a black-eyed girl passes around with an armful of wreaths of red and yellow flowers and crowns each one before the feast.

And if he did take money what good would it do? What costs nothing. All this life of idleness, pleasure, good food, love and music is simply the friendship of the Tahitian given to the visitor from the foreign land. If he did take money what good would it do? What costs nothing. All this life of idleness, pleasure, good food, love and music is simply the friendship of the Tahitian given to the visitor from the foreign land.

After such a meal there is nothing to do but to sleep. Sleep over, a swim in the river, then a long walk into the mountains or a sail in a canoe among the coral reefs. Nightly visits to some village is generally spent in driving to some big swimming pool. Swimming in the darkness is a peculiar yet a pleasant pastime. Or else the villagers gather round and, sitting in one big group, sing for hours and hours their native songs. They have no musical instruments to aid them in their song. The music is all in their voices. They sing in a low, sweet, plaintive tone, and the music is all in their voices. They sing in a low, sweet, plaintive tone, and the music is all in their voices.

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JOBBER AND MANUFACTURERS OF OMAHA.

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