INDIAN CHIEFTAIN.

JOHN L. ADAIR, - - Editor
M. E. MILFORD, - - Manager

VINITA, - INDIAN TERRITORY

A CITY COURTSHIP.

The proper place for courting,
By the story-books reporting,
Is some lane or meadow pathway, out of sight of towns,
With the sweetness blowing over
From the fields of beans and clover,
And the skylark dropping whatward as the sun goes down.

But I we met my little Sally
At the mouth of Dawson's Alley,
As we walked along together towards the Dome of St. Paul's,
'Mid the jostling crowd that passes
'Neath the glaring lamps and gases,
And the shouting of the drivers, and the newsboys' calls.

And the lily of the valley
That I gave my little Sally
Was the faded penny bouquet that a flower-girl sells;
She has never seen one growing,
And it's easy to be showing,
For its birth-place is in Dreamland that's beyond Bow Bells.

Oh! it pains me in our walking—
All the oaths and shameful talking,
And the folks that brush her passing, and the glances bold!
But though evil things may touch her,
They can never hurt or smirch her,
For she turns the dirt to sweetness, as a flower the mold.

Nay, it's not in country places,
'Mid the fields and simple faces,
Out of sight and sound of evil, that a pure heart grows;
But it's here in London city,
In the sin, and shame, and pity;
For the pure heart draws its pureness from the wrong it knows.

When my Sally's sweetness found me,
I was like the men around me,
I was coarse, and low, and selfish, as the beast that dies;
But her grace began to win me,
And my heart was changed within me,
And I learned to pray from gazing in my darling's eyes.

—*Frederick Langbridge, in London Spectator.*

Adventures of Tad;

— OR THE —

RAPS AND MISHAPS OF A LOST SACHEL.

A Story for Young and Old.

BY FRANK H. CONVERSE,

AUTHOR OF "PEPPER ADAMS," "THROWN OUT TO SEA," "PAUL GRAFTON," ETC.

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CHAPTER XIII.—CONTINUED.

"I don't wish to increase the general unpleasantness," he observed, poking his head through the door with a ghastly smile, "but I'm compelled to remark that the thief has also taken"——

"*Not* my Roman gold bracelets, John dear," interrupted his wife, clasping her hands in a tragic manner—"don't say that!"

"I grieve to be obliged to say so, my love," said Mr. Mason, with affected pleasantry, "and also to add that not only have your watch and chain been stolen silently away, but the biggest trunk seems to have been despoiled of a dress or two, as well as the fur-lined circular, which you *would* insist upon bringing, in spite of my remonstrances, while"——

"Here, Tad! Tad, come back here! where are you going?" interrupted Miss Smith, as, at the words "fur-lined circular," Tad, seizing his cap from the table, bolted from the room without a word, followed by Mr. Mason, who muttered something about hunting up the sheriff, while his wife, with a hysteric sob, sought her own apartment for the purpose of seeing whether she had sustained any further loss.

Mr. Atherton rose to his feet with suspicion in his eye, and the little sachel key, which he had previously drawn from his pocket, in his hand.

"I—I—do *not* like the appearance of all this," he said, in a tone of severe displeasure. "That boy's behavior, from my first encounter with him, at the station in Philadelphia, to this last—er—hasty exit, has, to say the least, hardly been above suspicion; and I must say"——

"*What*, sir!" wrathfully exclaimed Miss Smith, not heeding pacific Mrs. Flagg's gentle twitch at her dress-skirt, "so you dare to insinuate that my—that Tad, who's be'n under my own eye ever sence he come to Bixport—an' a honester, stiddier boy never lived—would"——

"Without meanin' to come into no collision," gently but firmly interposed Captain Flagg, in persuasive tones, "an' seein' we're all neighbors an' frien's, supposin' we lay to an' anchor for a spell, an' see what comes of it. In my way of thinkin'," continued the Captain, beaming mildly upon Mr. Atherton, who, apparently a little ashamed of his haste, had subsided again into his chair, "that there boy is all Miss Smith says, an' more, too, an' it's my belief that what's sot him off all so sudden is some kind of a clew that he's in a hurry to overhaul. What do *you* think, Polly?"

Polly said that she *knew* it was something of the sort, while Mrs. Flagg murmured words to the same effect. So, as there was nothing *to* do but await events, Miss Smith swallowed what she afterwards mentioned as her "righteous indignation," and took up her knitting; Mr. Atherton controlled his impatience as best he could, and, drawing a paper from his pocket, became seemingly absorbed in its contents, though Tad was perpetually scampering up and down its columns; while the Flaggs conversed with each other and Miss Smith in a confidential undertone, regarding the strange events of the day.

CHAPTER XIV.

Meanwhile, Tad, possessed by one dominant thought, which had flashed across his mind at Mr. Mason's mention of the loss of his wife's fur-lined circular, was speeding through the half darkness up the street in the direction of Potter's.

For, an hour or so before, while walking the hotel piazza, pending the arrival of the stage, Tad's eyes, which, generally speaking, were everywhere, happened to glance through one of the long windows into the dingy apartments dignified by the name of "Ladies' Parlor," where, rather to his surprise, he noticed a richly attired lady, with a vail before her face, sitting on the worn, hair-cloth sofa. Guests were not common at Potter's—particularly well-dressed ladies—and Tad, secretly marveling, gave this one more particular attention as he walked to and fro. One thing struck him as being rather peculiar, which was that, despite the warmth of the July evening, the stranger wore over her other apparel a long silk circular, very similar to the one which had played so important a part in his own exodus from the city, even to the fur lining, of which he caught a tiny glimpse.

Joe Whitney had joined him in his walk, and, noticing the direction of his gaze, had whispered confidentially:

"Say, that's my passenger—Potter's goin' to give me a quarter to drive her over to Middleboro, to catch the train 'cause he can't spare the hostler. She's in a big hurry," added Joe, with a gleeful chuckle, "so they're harnessing up Brown Pete, and there isn't but one better trotter in the stable—that's Potter's sorrel mare, and she's a regular flier." For Joe like most boys, was very fond of a fast horse, and, being an excellent driver for his years, obtained gratuitous rides and occasional quarters by taking occasional passengers to their different destinations for Mr. Potter.

But the arrival of the stage, with Mr. Atherton and one other passenger—a small, silent man, who only spoke in monosyllables, whose features Tad could not distinguish in the gathering darkness—drove Joe's communication and the mysterious occupant of the parlor, alike, from his mind till after the discovery of the robbery of Mrs. Mason's room, when, as I have said, her husband's sudden reference to the loss of the cloak caused a new idea to occur to him, which brought the incident just narrated freshly to mind, and sent him rushing from the room. Not only this, but, growing into an almost certainty as he hurried along, it added such speed to his flying feet that, on his arrival at Potter's, in a flushed and heated condition, Tad stumbled almost head-first against the small, silent man who had been Mr. Atherton's fellow-passenger, as he was walking the piazza with a cigar in his mouth. Hastily excusing himself, Tad burst into the office, where Mr. Potter, who weighed nearly three hundred pounds, was sitting in his shirt-sleeves, reading the *New England Farmer.*

"Say, Mr. Potter," gasped Tad, breathlessly, "how long has Joe been gone with that person—passenger—in the long black cloak?"

"Eh?" responded Mr. Potter, looking up from his paper and speaking with aggravating deliberation, "how long? Lemme see. M'ria," raising his voice for the benefit of his wife, in the other room, "how long's that young Whitney be'n away with that air lady passenger—the one in such a tremendous hurry to git to Middleborrer?"

Tad, with feverish impatience, awaited the answer. The small man on the piazza, near the open door, must have been of a rather inquisitive nature; for, holding his cigar between his fingers, and his head a little to one side, he, too, seemed to listen for Mrs. Potter's response.

"Pretty nigh half 'n hour," called Mrs. Potter, through the half-open door. "Why, who wants to know?"

"Me—Tad Thorne, Mrs. Potter," exclaimed Tad, in an agitated voice, and oh, Mr. Potter! *won't* you have the sorrel mare put right in quick, so I can drive off after her—I mean him—dressed up in Mrs. Mason's cloak, and catch 'em before he—she—gets to Middleboro!"

"Why, what on earth is the matter with you?" demanded Mrs. Potter, with some asperity, as she bounced into the office.

"It's that Forrest—his name is Jones—I mean Edwards," poor Tad exclaimed, incoherently, "he's stole Mr. Atherton's hand-bag, full of di'muns and papers, and dressed up in Mrs. Mason's clothes and cloak"——

"Mr. Potter!" interrupted a quick and somewhat imperious voice, proceeding from the smoker of the piazza, who, flinging his cigar aside, suddenly appeared inside the door, "have your fastest horse put into a light buggy, and be quick about it!" And in the voice, as well as its owner, Tad, with a great thrill of joy, recognized City Detective Blossom, who, it will be remembered, had caused Mr. Jones to restore the little alligator-skin sachel to Tad, in the streets of Boston, a long time before.

"Tell him the sorrel mare, Mr. Blossom," cried Tad, who was wildly excited; "she can trot ever so much faster than Brown Pete—and oh! please let me go, too!"

The detective glanced sharply at Tad, and nodded. "You can go," he said, briefly. "The sorrel mare, Mr. Potter, and be quick about it," he added; and, greatly bewildered, Mr. Potter bawled his directions to his wife, who repeated them from the back window to the hostler, in the stable-yard.

"How was it?" asked Mr. Blossom, in his curt way, as Tad followed him out on the piazza. And Tad succeeded in giving a tolerably succinct account of the robbery and leading circumstances which had made him almost positive as to the guilty person.

"Smart boy," the detective remarked, approvingly, as the buggy rattled round to the door; "jump in!" And, springing after Tad, Mr. Blossom snatched the reins from the hostler's hands, chirruped to the sorrel mare, and they were off.

"It's a straight road to Middleboro—only one hill," gasped Tad, whose breath was almost taken away by the rapidity with which the light buggy was being whirled along behind the nimble heels of the sorrel mare. As long as he lives he will never forget that night drive over the level, dusty highway, lined on either side by the dense piny growth peculiar to the New England States. The moon was nearly full, and as it gradually rose above the tree-tops great patches of alternate light and shadows were thrown across the road. Mr. Blossom, whose thin, keen face did not show the slightest trace of emotion, sat bolt-upright on the buggy-seat, with feet firmly braced, his short muscular arms extended straight out before him, as rigid as bars of steel from the tautened reins, which were wound in one turn about each of his small, nervous hands.

AN EXCITING CHASE.

Evidently Mr. Blossom not only knew how to drive but how to get all possible speed out of the sorrel mare. With her small ears laid back and her nose pointing forward, the intelligent animal seemed to understand that now, if ever, her best efforts were required, and her slim legs went measuring off the miles with long, steady strides that seemed to imperceptibly grow longer and swifter as she warmed up to her work.

The sorrel mare was going nearly two miles to Brown Pete's one, at her present rate of speed. Trembling with excitement, Tad held his hat on with one hand, while with the other he clung to the rail of the buggy, as the pines and hemlocks which bordered the road seemed flying by like lightning.

"There they are," briefly said Mr. Blossom, speaking for the first time since they had started. Far ahead in the moonlight rose Winslow's hill, beyond which lay Middleboro, about two miles distant. Outlined against the pale ribbon-like road was a black moving object, at the sight of which Tad's heart gave a great throb of excitement.

Mr. Blossom took the long, slender whip from the socket and gently flicked the sorrel mare's heaving flank.

Whew! Tad began to wish he was safely back on Mr. Potter's piazza. *Such* going! The mare was making such time as she had never excelled even at the Middleboro trotting-park. If a wheel should come off—

But now, as they gained rapidly upon the team in advance, it was evident that the pursued had become aware of a pursuer. Up the long hill sped Brown Pete, but the fleet strides of the sorrel mare followed with increasing speed. Down the log incline—and now the distant lights of Middleboro town were distinctly visible.

CHAPTER XV.

Mr. Blossom's lips were tightly compressed, as he glanced from the flying team to the distant village lights; for, though the sorrel mare was doing her best, it was very evident that she was beginning to be "winded;" while Brown Pete, driven at a less rate of speed at the beginning of the journey, seemed nearly as fresh as ever.

"You'd better pull up, Edwards—I'm bound to have you," called Mr. Blossom, in a strong, clear voice, that rose above the rattling wheels.

"First catch your hare," shouted a mocking voice, as the speaker, whose plumed hat had dropped off, turned on the seat and looked back. He had snatched the reins from Joe's hands at the first indications of pursuit, and was plying the whip unmercifully, while Joe, in a seeming agony of terror at discovering the dangerous character of his passenger, had dropped into the bottom of the buggy.

"GI'ME THE SACHEL," PANTED TAD.

But Joe was no coward, and was quick-witted withal. As he heard the detective's shouted remark and his unpleasant companion's reply, he hesitated one brief second, and then, reaching up, seized the right-hand reign in both hands—pulling on it with all his strength.

Of course, the inevitable result followed. Brown Pete swerved wildly to the right—the forward wheel turned under the buggy-bottom, and "cramped," which caused the buggy itself to turn over—with such surprising suddenness that Joe went flying into a small duck puddle by the roadside, while Edwards—skirts, cloak and all—sailed impetuously over a fence, and landed in a field beyond it.

Mr. Blossom, with a joyous exclamation, began to pull up the sorrel mare—no easy task, I can assure you.

And Tad, who, despite his excitement, had never taken his eyes from the one object of pursuit, uttered a cry: for, before the buggy came to a full stop, he saw Edwards gathering himself up and starting in a ridiculous run across the field.

"He *sha'n't* get away!" cried Tad, whose nerves, wrought up to the highest pitch, would have ventured any thing to save the prize, so nearly within their grasp. Before the words had left his lips, Tad had slipped over the back of the buggy, scaled the fence like a squirrel and was following close at Edwards' heels, while Mr. Blossom's nimble feet were gaining the fence itself. Like most boys, Tad was a good runner, while Edwards, encumbered by the clinging skirts, made very indifferent progress, even though holding them as high as he could! And in another moment Tad had seized the end of the long circular, which was streaming out behind like black wings.

"Gi'me the sachel!" panted Tad, and with the words the cloak-clasp parted—Tad fell on the back of his head, holding the fur-lined circular in his hand, while Edwards plunged forward—caught his foot in the front breadths of Mrs. Mason's best black silk, and went down on his nose in a highly undignified manner.

When Tad regained his feet, Mr. Blossom was rather humorously regarding a very shame-faced individual attired in a torn and mud-stained black silk dress, which entirely failed to conceal a pair of very masculine boots and trousers. Mr. Edwards' wrists were adorned with steel handcuffs, and his features wore such a downcast look that Tad's tender heart was touched.

"If he'll only give the rest of the things up, hadn't you better let him go, Mr. Blossom?" suggested Tad, in a low tone; but the detective shook his head.

"He's wanted in Boston, for something more serious than stealing," said Mr. Blossom, gravely. And then he handed Tad the recovered sachel, together with Mrs. Mason's jewelry, which he had taken from Edwards' pocket with professional dexterity.

"If there's any reward offered for all this, you've earned your share of it," the detective remarked; and then the three made their way back in comparative silence.

Joe had fished himself from the duck puddle, unharnessed Brown Pete from the overturned vehicle, which was not badly damaged, and when the singular trio regained him in the road, he was scraping himself with a stick, while the two horses, carefully blanketed, stood, with drooping heads and reeking sides, by the roadside.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

—The earliest chair of law at any American seat of learning was established at the college of William and Mary in 1779, thirty-six years before that of Harvard.—*N. Y. Tribune*

HOME FARM AND GARDEN.

—Promote exercise among the fowls.

—Hens must be kept warm and sheltered from the inclemencies of the weather if expected to lay in winter.

—A garden without a grapevine, a patch of raspberries and a bed of delicious strawberries, is like a farm without a garden. Secure both and give them some attention.—*Rural New Yorker.*

—It is said that small cast-iron ornaments that have been broken may be soldered by cleaning the surfaces to be united of all impurities, then rubbing them with a brass wire brush till they are covered with the brass. These surfaces can then be tinned and soldered as readily as brass articles.—*Public Opinion.*

—Look through your trees for worms' nests and destroy them by holding an old newspaper under them and setting it on fire. When they are out of reach, tie a paper on the end of a pole and thus roast out the pests. By moving the burning paper rapidly about, the twigs need not be killed by the flame.—*Cincinnati Times.*

—For a Saturday Breakfast.—Take light bread dough, roll out and fry like doughnuts, after cutting it in square or oblong pieces. When done, pull open one side gently and insert some cold minced liver, which has been warmed up with butter and seasoning. The cakes are also good without any filling.—*Good Cheer.*

—Tomatoes and Onions.—Prick the small ripe tomato skins and lay them in layers, cover with small onions and sprinkle with salt, let it stand a week, drain off salt water, put the tomatoes in a jar and cover with strong vinegar. Boil a pint of vinegar with red pepper, horseradish, spices and mustard; add to the pickles.—*Exchange.*

—Lima Beans.—This is a vegetable that is often spoiled in the cooking. They must be perfectly tender to be good. Put into water that is already boiling and slightly salted. When they become tender, pour off the water and season with milk, a spoonful of butter and salt and pepper. If cream is used, less butter is needed.—*Farm, Field and Stockman.*

—The value of stable dung, says Prof. Wyatt, must not be estimated upon its actual richness in ammonia or phosphoric acid within a short period of its production, but must be calculated on its wonderful physical and chemical action on the elements of the soil and the air, and upon its merits as a vehicle or conductor into which completing qualities of outside substances can be introduced, decomposed and rapidly made available.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

—Apple Pudding.—Butter a pudding dish, place in it alternate layers of bread crumbs and thinly-sliced apples; sprinkle sugar over each layer of apples; when the dish is filled, let the top layer be of bread crumbs, over which three tablespoonfuls of melted butter should be poured. Bake in a moderately hot oven, and place three nails under the pudding dish to keep from burning on the bottom; let it bake from three-quarters to a whole hour, according to the quality of the cooking apples.—*Boston Budget.*

—Like pretty much all staple products, says the *Rural World*, wool is an article the value of which is made to ebb and flow with annual periodicity. Now the cause is one thing, and again it is another, but be the cause what it may, it usually comes; and yet, taking every thing into consideration, that is to say, supposing the owner has otherwise intelligently handled his flock, wool at from 17 to 25 cents a pound is far from being an unprofitable product. The money comes in at a season of the year when $50 or $100 to the farmer is very acceptable.

FALL HOUSE-CLEANING.

Valuable Hints on a Matter of Considerable Interest to Women.

Late fall is the time when housekeepers delight to house-clean for the winter. Pictures and curtains must be removed and cleaned and although carpets are not usually taken up they must be thoroughly swept and the wood-work well cleaned. All this may be accomplished by a clever woman without disturbing the masculine comfort and to do this one room or two connecting rooms are cleaned at a time, a day being needed for the work. The afternoon previous all the pictures should be taken down, carefully dusted and put into a clean closet or another room; all ornaments should also be removed, and the curtains taken down and laundered if needed or well shaken and folded away. Nothing else in the room should be disturbed. The next morning bright and early, after the masculine fraternity have breakfasted and departed, the regular work on the room begins:

First, all the furniture must be carefully dusted and polished and put into another room. Any large pieces can be covered with a sheet or blanket and the shades dusted and rolled up or removed. If the room is covered with a heavy carpet it should be first sprinkled with dry saw-dust to collect the dust. Open the windows wide and sweep with the wind. When two apartments, such as front and back parlor, are cleaned together, almost all of the dust will fly out the windows if care is taken to sweep the way of the wind. When the room is swept once thoroughly, brush down the walls and dust the woodwork. Sprinkle well with damp salt for the second sweeping, and if possible use a softer broom. The salt brightens and cleanses the carpet and also gathers the fine dust. After every corner is thoroughly swept, the woodwork should be next washed and the windows cleaned. After this is done the furniture may be put back in the room, the pictures hung up in their places and the curtains put up if ready, and by early afternoon two persons at work should complete the room.

The woodwork of furniture which has become dull or finger-marked may be brightened by rubbing well with a little sweet oil and a soft flannel cloth. If bruised, several thicknesses of wet paper should be placed on the bruise and a warm iron on the paper. This should be repeated until the heat and moisture bring the wood to its proper place; and then it should be carefully polished with oil and flannel.

White paint may be made almost as new by cleaning with a little whiting sprinkled on the scrub cloth. The whiting removes the thin outer coat of yellow paint, and should be used sparingly, especially if the paint is put on thinly.

A little oxalic acid and fine whiting will brighten up brass to almost its original brilliancy.

Iron on stoves or grates if rusted, should be rubbed in oil before applying polish.—*N. Y. Journal.*

Cows and Wolves.

J. Fellows, locating agent of this place; Mr. Preston, of Meade Center, Kan.; and Mr. Curry, of Ochiltree County, were out looking at the country in the eastern part of Ochiltree. They had just passed a bunch of cattle and were about three hundred yards distant, when, looking back, they saw a gang of eight large gray wolves attack a cow and a calf that were a short distance from the herd, but the cattle gathered round and routed the wolves. The wolves soon discovered another calf and made a dash for it. The cow did her best to keep them away, but they were too many for her, and they soon got this calf down. The cattle in the herd came to the rescue of the calf again, routed the wolves and they soon disappeared. When the spectators of the battle drove down they found the calf was not dead, but pretty badly mangled.—*Lipscomb (Tex.) Tribune.*

They Don't Speak Now.

"My husband loved me when I was a mere child," said one Chicago lady proudly to another.

"Indeed! That is quite romantic."

"Yes, he asked papa for my hand when I was only fifteen years old, and papa said he could have me if I would consent."

"And he waited till he was of age?"

"Yes."

"Well," said the other, spitefully, "I recollect hearing your husband say the other day that he always did get left when he dabbled in futures."—*Merchant Traveler.*

A Pill in Time, Saves Nine!

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets are preventive as well as curative. A few of these "Little Giants," taken at the right time, with little expense and no inconvenience, will accomplish what many dollars and much sacrifice of time will fail to do after Disease once holds you with his iron grasp. Constipation relieved, the Liver regulated, the Blood purified, will fortify against fevers and all contagious diseases. Persons intending travel, changing diet, water and climate, will find invaluable, Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets. In vials convenient to carry.

THE latest definition of flirtation: Attention without intention.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

KNOXVILLE, GA., Nov. '86.

I have been handling Smith's Bile Beans but a short time, yet I have sold nearly two gross. The people are well pleased with them, and say they come fully up to all you claim for them. They are undoubtedly one of the best preparations ever offered to the public.

F. H. WRIGHT,
Dealer in General Merchandise.

DANCE music is perhaps the most sole-ful variety after all.—*Merchant Traveler.*

FOR BRONCHIAL, Asthmatic and Pulmonary Complaints, "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" have remarkable curative properties. *Sold only in boxes.*

THE fastest leg is thought to be the te-leg-ram.

IF all so-called remedies have failed, Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures.

THE GENERAL MARKETS.

KANSAS CITY, Oct. 25.			
CATTLE—Shipping steers	$4 20	@	4 65
Native cows	2 00	@	2 85
Butchers' steers	1 60	@	3 00
HOGS—Good to choice heavy	4 00	@	4 45
WHEAT—No. 2 red	Not quoted		
No. 2 soft	64½	@	67
CORN—No. 2	35¼	@	35¾
OATS—No. 2	22¾	@	23
RYE—No. 2	43	@	43½
FLOUR—Fancy, per sack	1 65	@	1 70
HAY—Baled	6 00	@	8 00
BUTTER—Choice creamery	20	@	22
CHEESE—Full cream	11	@	12
EGGS—Choice	11	@	11½
BACON—Ham	11½	@	12¼
Shoulders	5½	@	6
Sides	8½	@	10
LARD	6	@	6¼
POTATOES	50	@	60
ST. LOUIS.			
CATTLE—Shipping steers	4 20	@	4 70
Butchers' steers	3 20	@	3 85
HOGS—Packing	4 20	@	4 50
SHEEP—Fair to choice	2 20	@	4 15
FLOUR—Choice	2 80	@	4 00
WHEAT—No. 2 red	71½	@	72¼
CORN—No. 2	39½	@	40½
OATS—No. 2	24¼	@	24½
RYE—No. 2	50	@	50½
BUTTER—Creamery	24	@	27
PORK	12 00	@	12 10
CHICAGO.			
CATTLE—Shipping steers	3 50	@	4 90
HOGS—Packing and shipping	4 30	@	4 65
SHEEP—Fair to choice	2 10	@	4 30
FLOUR—Winter wheat	3 75	@	4 00
WHEAT—No. 2 red	71½	@	72
CORN—No. 2	40¼	@	40½
OATS—No. 2	15	@	15¼
RYE—No. 2	50½	@	51
BUTTER—Creamery	18	@	25
PORK	13 00	@	13 10
NEW YORK.			
CATTLE—Common to prime	2 65	@	3 20
HOGS—Good to choice	5 00	@	5 25
FLOUR—Good to choice	3 70	@	4 75
WHEAT—No. 2 red	83	@	85¼
CORN—No. 2	52¾	@	55¼
OATS—Western mixed	32	@	34
BUTTER—Creamery	18	@	25

One Fact

Is worth a column of rhetoric, said an American statesman. It is a fact, established by the testimony of thousands of people, that Hood's Sarsaparilla does cure scrofula, salt rheum, and other diseases or affections arising from impure state or low condition of the blood. It also overcomes that tired feeling, creates a good appetite, and gives strength to every part of the system. If you need a good blood purifier, tonic, or appetizer, try Hood's Sarsaparilla. It will do you good.

"My daughter received much benefit from Hood's Sarsaparilla as an excellent tonic after a protracted attack of bronchial pneumonia." REV. F. H. ADAMS, New Hartford, Conn.

"My wife suffered from sick headache and neuralgia. After taking Hood's Sarsaparilla she was much relieved." W. H. BABB, Wilmington, Ohio.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

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Is a Reliable Remedy for Liver Complaints and ills caused by a deranged or torpid condition of the Liver, as Dyspepsia, Constipation, Biliousness, Jaundice, Headache, Malaria, Rheumatism, etc. It regulates the bowels, purifies the blood, strengthens the system, assists digestion.

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CURE CONSTIPATION, INDIGESTION, DYSPEPSIA, PILES, SICK HEADACHE, LIVER COMPLAINTS, LOSS OF APPETITE, BILIOUSNESS, NERVOUSNESS, JAUNDICE, ETC. PRICE, 25 cents.

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COLD in HEAD,

Catarrh and Hay Fever.

Not a Liquid or Snuff.

Apply Balm into each nostril.

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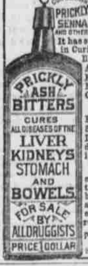

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WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS, please say you saw the Advertisement in this paper.

The following words, in praise of DR. PIERCE'S FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION as a remedy for those delicate diseases and weaknesses peculiar to women, must be of interest to every sufferer from such maladies. They are fair samples of the spontaneous expressions with which thousands give utterance to their sense of gratitude for the inestimable boon of health which has been restored to them by the use of this world-famed medicine.

$100 THROWN AWAY.

JOHN E. SEGAR, of *Millenbeck, Va.*, writes: "My wife had been suffering for two or three years with female weakness, and had paid out one hundred dollars to physicians without relief. She took Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and it did her more good than all the medicine given to her by the physicians during the three years they had been practicing upon her."

THE GREATEST EARTHLY BOON.

Mrs. GEORGE HERGER, of *Westfield, N. Y.*, writes: "I was a great sufferer from leucorrhea, bearing-down pains, and pain continually across my back. Three bottles of your 'Favorite Prescription' restored me to perfect health. I treated with Dr. ——, for nine months, without receiving any benefit. The 'Favorite Prescription' is the greatest earthly boon to us poor suffering women."

THREW AWAY HER SUPPORTER.

Mrs. SOPHIA F. BOSWELL, *White Cottage, O.*, writes: "I took eleven bottles of your 'Favorite Prescription' and one bottle of your 'Pellets.' I am doing my work, and have been for some time. I have had to employ help for about sixteen years before I commenced taking your medicine. I have had to wear a supporter most of the time; this I have laid aside, and feel as well as I ever did."

IT WORKS WONDERS.

Mrs. MAY GLEASON, of *Nunica, Ottawa Co., Mich.*, writes: "Your 'Favorite Prescription' has worked wonders in my case.

Again she writes: "Having taken several bottles of the 'Favorite Prescription' I have regained my health wonderfully, to the astonishment of myself and friends. I can now be on my feet all day, attending to the duties of my household.

TREATING THE WRONG DISEASE.

Many times women call on their family physicians, suffering, as they imagine, one from dyspepsia, another from heart disease, another from liver or kidney disease, another from nervous exhaustion or prostration, another with pain here or there, and in this way they all present alike to themselves and their easy-going and indifferent, or over-busy doctor, separate and distinct diseases, for which he prescribes his pills and potions, assuming *them* to be such, when, *in reality*, they are all only *symptoms* caused by some womb disorder. The physician, ignorant of the cause of suffering, encourages his practice until large bills are made. The suffering patient gets no better, but probably worse by reason of the delay, wrong treatment and consequent complications. A proper medicine, like Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, *directed to the cause* would have entirely removed the disease, thereby dispelling all those distressing symptoms, and instituting comfort instead of prolonged misery.

3 PHYSICIANS FAILED.

Mrs. E. F. MORGAN, of *No. 71 Lexington St., East Boston, Mass.*, says: "Five years ago I was a dreadful sufferer from uterine troubles. Having exhausted the skill of three physicians, I was completely discouraged, and so weak I could with difficulty cross the room alone. I began taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and using the local treatment recommended in his 'Common Sense Medical Adviser.' I commenced to improve at once. In three months I was *perfectly cured*, and have had no trouble since. I wrote a letter to my family paper, briefly mentioning how my health had been restored, and offering to send the full particulars to any one writing me for them, *and enclosing a stamped-envelope for reply*. I have received over four hundred letters. In reply, I have described my case and the treatment used, and have earnestly advised them to 'do likewise.' From a great many I have received second letters of thanks, stating that they had commenced the use of 'Favorite Prescription,' had sent the $1.50 required for the 'Medical Adviser,' and had applied the local treatment so fully and plainly laid down therein, and were much better already."

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THE OUTGROWTH OF A VAST EXPERIENCE.

The treatment of many thousands of cases of those chronic weaknesses and distressing ailments peculiar to females, at the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., has afforded a vast experience in nicely adapting and thoroughly testing remedies for the cure of woman's peculiar maladies.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the outgrowth, or result, of this great and valuable experience. Thousands of testimonials, received from patients and from physicians who have tested it in the more aggravated and obstinate cases which had baffled their skill, prove it to be the most wonderful remedy ever devised for the relief and cure of suffering women. It is not recommended as a "cure-all," but as a most perfect Specific for woman's peculiar ailments.

As a powerful, invigorating tonic, it imparts strength to the whole system, and to the uterus, or womb and its appendages, in particular. For overworked, "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated teachers, milliners, dressmakers, seamstresses, "shop-girls," housekeepers, nursing mothers, and feeble women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the greatest earthly boon, being unequaled as an appetizing cordial and restorative tonic. It promotes digestion and assimilation of food, cures nausea, weakness of stomach, indigestion, bloating and eructations of gas.

As a soothing and strengthening nervine, "Favorite Prescription" is unequalled and is invaluable in allaying and subduing nervous excitability, irritability, exhaustion, prostration, hysteria, spasms and other distressing, nervous symptoms commonly attendant upon functional and organic disease of the womb. It induces refreshing sleep and relieves mental anxiety and despondency.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a legitimate medicine, carefully compounded by an experienced and skillful physician, and adapted to woman's delicate organization. It is purely vegetable in its composition and perfectly harmless in its effects in any condition of the system.

"Favorite Prescription" is a positive cure for the most complicated and obstinate cases of leucorrhea, or "whites," excessive flowing at monthly periods, painful menstruation, unnatural suppressions, prolapsus or falling of the womb, weak back, "female weakness," anteversion, retroversion, bearing-down sensations, chronic congestion, inflammation and ulceration of the womb, inflammation, pain and tenderness in ovaries, accompanied with "internal heat."

In pregnancy, "Favorite Prescription" is a "mother's cordial," relieving nausea, weakness of stomach and other distressing symptoms common to that condition. If its use is kept up in the latter months of gestation, it so prepares the system for delivery as to greatly lessen, and many times almost entirely do away with the sufferings of that trying ordeal.

"Favorite Prescription," when taken in connection with the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and small laxative doses of Dr. Pierce's Purgative Pellets (Little Liver Pills), cures Liver, Kidney and Bladder diseases. Their combined use also removes blood taints, and abolishes cancerous and scrofulous humors from the system.

"Favorite Prescription" is the only medicine for women sold, by druggists, **under a positive guarantee,** from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrapper, and *faithfully* carried out for many years. **Large bottles** (100 doses) **$1.00, or six bottles for $5.00.**

☞ Send ten cents in stamps for Dr. Pierce's large, illustrated Treatise (160 pages) on Diseases of Women.

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