MADRIGAL.

BY EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

(Dorus to Lycoris, who reproved him for inconstancy.)

Why should I constant be?
The bird in yonder tree,
This leafy summer,
Hath not his last year's mate,
Nor dreads to venture fate
With a new-comer.

Why should I fear to sip
The sweets of each red lip?
In every bower
The roving bee may taste
(Lest aught should run in waste)
Each fresh-blown flower.

The trickling rain doth fall
Upon us one and all;
The south wind kisses
The saucy milk-maid's cheek,
The nun's, demure and meek,
Nor any misses.

Then ask no more of me
That I should constant be,
Nor eke desire it;
Take not such idle pains
To hold our love in chains,
Nor coax, nor hire it.

Rather, like some bright elf,
Be all things in thyself,
Forever changing,
So that thy latest mood
May ever bring new food
To Fancy ranging,

Forget what thou wast first,
And, as I loved the erst
In soul an feature,
I'll love thee out of mind
When each new morn shall find
Thee a new creature.

—*Scribner.*

LITTLE RUNEE.

I was cutting wood in the back yard yard one November day, when, as I stopped a moment to relieve my arms from the unusual strain upon them, I became aware of a lady coming up the path from the woods. She was very near to me before I saw her. A glance had told me she was not one of the villagers. The soft warm colored shawl she wore was wrapped round her more gracefully than anyone could have worn it in our village.

"I believe I have lost my way," she said; "will you tell me where Deacon Thaxton's-is?"

I looked in her face as she spoke to see eyes and mouth as sweet as her voice. I dropped my axe, feeling all at once very sensible that my rough green jacket and battered cap were not at all becoming to me.

"If you will come into the road here, I can show you the way better," I said, wishing that my college learning had polished my address as much as it had disciplined my mind.

She followed me down the path, saying as she went:

"I am an entire stranger here; I am staying at Mr. Thaxton's, and I wandered off and got lost in the wood. At one time I thought I had the prospect of a night there. Everything is very strange here.

She spoke with an apparent freedom, different from the usual address of New England women. I wondered at it; her features were entirely American, but her complexion had that peculiar dark palidity that seems the effect of some southern clime.

"If everything is strange," I ventured to say, "you will find a New England winter forbidding. Shall you dare it?"

"Yes, but I am afraid of it."

Though she talked, she possessed the power that made me feel at as great a distance as though she had not spoken a word. I pointed out the way, told her of the corners that lay in the two miles between our house and Deacon Thaxton's. Then as she walked on, I allowed myself to watch her for a moment.

In that elegant form, with its sweeping drapery, its graceful poise of head, I recognized the woman of whom I had so often dreamed, but in my seclusion I had never before seen. I went to woodcutting with the memory of that face and voice diffusing a glow over my thoughts that was as strange as it was enchanting.

I do not know why I did not mention the lady at the supper-table that night, but I did not. After supper, Jane Dunlap, a maiden of fifty, came in with her knitting. There had never yet been a time, since she had reach mature years, that she did not know the full particulars of the minutest event that transpired. I waited patiently. Very soon I was rewarded.

"Have you seen that new girl over to Deacon Thaxton's?" she asked of my mother.

My mother looked up interested. "Why, no. Who is she?"

"You remember the deacon's wife had a brother, who had been a merchant in Calcutta these years and years. Two years ago he buried his wife there; and now he has come on home with his own child. She has come out to stay a while with her aunt. She was born in India, and though she is very polite and well-behaved, you'd see in a minute that she doesn't appear just like people here."

Miss Dunlap paused. I fully agreed with this last sentence. I wanted my mother to ask questions, for I was not going to look up from my book or become interested at all.

"Let me see," said my mother, "I have forgotten what Deacon Thaxton's wife's name was. She was handsome in her day, I remember—and she is sort of smart-looking now, I think."

"She looks well enough, but she is mighty proud—unbecoming in a deacon's wife. Her name was Martha Grace; you know Thaxton was crazy after her."

Miss Dunlap paused and looked into the fire. I thought I knew she had a spite against the deacon after being bewitched by Martha Grace, when she herself was in the bloom of youth. She commenced knitting and talking.

"This girl's father is in Boston about some business, and she is going to stay here this winter. I should think it would kill her, after that climate. They've given her the strangest name; it's been running over in my head ever since I heard it—Runee Grace."

A week after that, as I was carrying my mother up to the village, she wished me to stop, and leave her a while at Deacon Thaxton's; she had not called there for a long time, and she owned she was a little curious to see Mrs. Thaxton's niece. Would I go in with her?"

The very question gave me a tremor of fear and delight, No, I would not go in —I would stop for her when I came back. I caught a fleeting glimpse of the pale, attractive face through the window, as I drove away. It did not leave me once during the time that I traded at the store, and with the farmers. When I stopped my horse at Thaxton's gate, the front door was instantly opened, for my mother had been watching for me. She came out, and Miss Grace followed her down the pathway. She had hastily thrown a thick wrap of Mrs. Thaxton's over her shoulders, and she shivered as shel eaned over the gate. I thought her more beautiful than ever, and my heart beat heavily as she extended her hand to me, and said to my mother who was waiting for me to help her in the carriage:

"You did not know that I had seen your son before, Mrs. Lyons. He once guided me through the unknown wilderness that lies between your house and this. If I didn't thank you at the time Mr. Lyons, I was none the less grateful."

I stood like the witless dunce I was, not knowing what to say; I was too vividly conscious of the touch of those fingers to have had even my usual self-possession at my command. My mother releived me by speaking.

"Indeed, I did not know he had seen you—he had never mentioned you to me; and in such a little village as this we are always interested in new comers."

She laughed.

"That is unfortunate; I am to suppose that I was not of sufficient importance to be mentioned."

My mother was in the carriage, I turned and said:

"To tell the truth, Miss Grace, I was almost sure that I dreamed I saw you coming down the path from the wood. I did not think of telling our meeting for a fact no more than I should have thought of relating as such a vision of the night."

"Am I then very ghostly?" she asked.

"Not ghostly; a vision is not necessarily a ghost. I am happy to be convinced that you are tangible and will not fade away, so that I may hope for another meeting."

She smiled sweetly, not distantly.

"I am so tangible that I think of transforming myself into a Yankee girl. Can I tell you anything more practical than that?"

"No; that satisfies me. Now I may hope to see you again."

I bowed and drove away.

The days of the last month of autumn ran rapidly on. I went to the little social gatherings, the lectures, the singing schools, because Miss Grace, true to her promise of becoming a Yankee girl, went to them. At first I stood somewhat aloof; bolder young men talked with her more than I did. She was a great favorite with all; even the girls liked her. The sudden flashes of unique simplicity charmed them and dissipated envy. Evening after evening I had seen some handsome young fellow monopolize her attention and go home with her. The fact actually made me morose.

One night I managed to sit beside her at a singing school. The cold night air had given a soft, warm flush to her face. I had thought that I liked her pallor better than any color, but the color made her brilliant. Two or three drooping leaves of geranium were in the braids of her hair. That perfume after brought her to my mind more vividly than anything else could do. I seemed gifted with a power to move and act my natural self, and I allowed no one else to approach her that night. As we walked home beneath the glittering light of the stars, I noticed that she had become almost silent. Did my presence oppress and bore her? It was too cruel to believe.

"I hope I am not defrauding Harlowe of any right you have given him, by thus taking possession of you," I said, at last.

She looked up; her eyes smiled.

"If I had given him a right you could not defraud it," she said.

"Then it is not his presence that you regret," I said, feeling my soul in my eyes as I spoke. "You are lonely, homesick, perhaps, for the warm land of your birth. Do you find cold hearts in this cold climate of ours?"

"The hearts are warm, I believe, Mr. Lyons; but sometimes it seems as though I were transported into some frozen region, some place where there is nothing akin to me, and I shiver with undefinable fear. That is foolish, I know."

We had reached the gate where I must leave her. I retained the hand in close clasp.

"O, do not say there is nothing akin to you here. That leaves me in the land of strangers; I cannot bear that."

The earnestness with which I spoke called a color to her cheeks that had so lately paled.

"Recall that sentence," I pleaded.

"Do you really wish it?" she asked.

"Yes; it is exile for me."

She withdrew her hand from mine, but she spoke softly:

"I recall it."

I knew that I ought to go, but still I lingered."

"Mrs. Thaxton said that you were going to M. to-morrow. May I take you in my cutter?"

How I feared lest she should refuse that simple request! But she did not, and I walked home elated with the prospects of a prolonged tete-a-tete with her.

"Aren't you going to work this afternoon?" my mother asked, as I came down in my best clothes instead of my working suit.

"I am going to carry Miss Grace over to M." I said.

I feared some dampening remark. It came.

"Miss Grace is very kind to the young men."

"Is she?"

"Have you heard whether that report about her having a lover in Boston was true or not?" she asked.

"No, I have not."

I went out, shutting the door with violence. Now I half wished I was not going to ride with Miss Grace; I felt sufficient bitterness to make me wretched all the afternoon. Banishing with my effort the gloom from my face, I greeted Miss Grace in my usual manner, only somewhat more constrained. But the quiet geniality, the sweet grace of her appearance, charmed away my reserve. For these few hours, at least, I would be happy.

The air had been growing colder and colder—the snow creaked under the sleigh; but after an hour's sitting by the warm fireside of our friends in M., and an addition of extra wraps, we started home with no fear of cold.

A gray vapor was rising in the west, and gradually overspreading the sky; a biting wind from the northwest swept over the road, cold and merciless. It was only for my companion I feared; for myself, I was familiar with the fierce cold of our winters.

"Call all your fortitude, all your endurance, Miss Grace, for to a child of the sunny east this must be almost unendurable."

"If I were only warm," she replied, in a smothered voice, from under her mufflings, "I should think this grand. You see it's beginning to snow, and a snow storm is a novelty to me."

Night and the storm came on apace. My horse began to lag through the thick coming snow. We had reached that part of our journey where there were no houses. Lonely pasture lands or woods stretched away on either side. The cold was intense. I began to fear it myself, and felt it, too, accustomed as I was to its intensity. Miss Grace had been silent for a long time. I bent toward her. She raised her eyes to mine.

"I feared you might be feeling the effects of this cold," I said. "How does it affect you?"

"Very strangely," she said, slowly, in a low voice. "It's harder to bear than I thought; but I don't suffer so much as I did."

Her words pierced my heart like a knife. I threw my arm about her; I drew her close to me.

"Miss Grace, rouse yourself! Oh, for God's sake, do not yield to that feeling of rest and peace that is coming to you! It is death. Throw it from you!"

Her head sank on my shoulder, her breath sighed over my face, and thrilled me even then.

"O, it is sweet? Let me sleep!" she murmured.

"It is the sleep of death!" I said, with my soul in my voice. "As you love life, as you value the happiness of those who love you, rouse yourself. Stand up in the sleigh, stamp your feet, swing your arms. Do not keep still."

She obeyed me; the first movement caused an exclamation of pain, but for a moment I would not let her desist. She sat down.

"Mr. Lyons." Her voice was faint and low. I bent my ear to hear. "Unless we can reach shelter soon I shall be obliged to yield. It is really beyond my endurance."

I could not speak; my heart was weeping tears of blood. I could have offered her the libation of my life, could it have mitigated the agony I knew she was suffering. I remembered the log cabin of a wood cutter and his wife. I had seen it perched on the side of one of those hills. I had watched for it ever since having entered upon the deserted road. I knew unless a light burned within I could not find it; even then it might be doubtful. I thought that, notwithstanding my efforts, which I did not for one instant remit, if I did not soon find shelter, Miss Grace would yield to the cold fiend that sought her. Her vigorous will could not long sustain the attacks upon a frame alway unused to cold.

My straining eyes were at last rewarded by the faint glimmer of a light through the storm. Fiercely, impatiently, I urged my tired horse up to the door. With Miss Grace in my arms, I tried to enter. At first the inmates were startled by my imperative summons, but in a moment they unbarred the door revealing the ruddy glow of the fire within. Motionless, senseless, I laid Runee on the wooden settie, where the yellow light played over the ice-cold face.

The woman who had welcomed us understood the treatment needed to restore animation to the almost pulseless form. She had a fire built in the innner room, and took Runee there. All night she watched and worked, and when morning came the smile in the languid eyes of her patient would have rewarded hours of even greater anxiety.

Early in the morning I rode home, to tell the story to the fearing ones who had watched through the dark hours for us.

Two or three months after that fearful night, I stood alone with Runee in the little parlor at Deacon Thaxton's. I stood holding her hands in mine, looking down at eyes that shone sweet and humid through tears that were not of sorrow.

"And the absent lover is a myth?" I said.

"Yes, and always was."

"But the present one—"

"You know; I have told you; the present one has my love."

And with the love of Runee Grace my happiness is sure.

THE POLAR EXPEDITION.

The New Search for an Open Sea at the Pole.

New London (Conn.) Telegram.

The initial steps in the long talked-of search for the open Polar sea will soon begin. Steadily and rapidly the overhauling of the schooner Florence progresses. The fund upon which the success of the expedition depends, itself depending largely upon private contribution, has lately been increased by a gift of $200 from Mr. C. A. Williams, of Haven, Williams & Co. That firm also made a liberal reduction from the price agreed to be paid by the Government for the Florence. It is expected that Congress will make an appropriation for the expedition, which, with the fund already established, will be sufficient to sustain a prolonged search. The Florence will be manned by a crew drawn mainly from New London mariners. She may touch at Frobisher's Straits upon her course, but her headquarters will be on Cumberland Isle, to a port of which the main expedition is to subside in its hazardous and long-drawn search. The main expedition will, as now arranged, sail from New York about July 1, 1878, reaching Disco Isle a month later, and will there be joined by Capt. Tyson, about August 5. On that date the crews of the two vessels will combine and commence their groping in the dark and chill of an Arctic winter for the point for whose location men have searched at intervals for three hundred years, without the recompense of a gratified desire, and died in the bleak lands of the North, with hope and ambition yet unsatisfied. That their search will be successful Howgate and Tyson in no way doubt. These brave gentlemen, the first of whom has spent his own money freely as water that the expedition might assume tangible shape, take up the perilous task with an infinite faith in its ultimate result. They think nothing of the danger and hardships attending the effort, and make a sublime sacrifice that the world may know something of its undiscovered lands. Both are experienced navigators, young and energetic. Howgate, modest, quiet and determined, brings to the expedition theories drawn from the experience and discoveries, so far as they are known, of the dauntless explorers that have preceded him, and the long and patient study of such sciences as have a bearing upon the great undertaking. Tyson has passed the greater part of his life in the seas whose farthest confines he is to explore. The man who for six months kept up a ceaseless fight with what seemed certain death in the ice-floes of the Arctic ocean, and by coolness, skill and nerve brought himself and companions safely out of a mighty danger, has stuft in him not found in common men. He speaks of the prospective exploration hopefully and enthusiastically. He fears no sickness among his crew, for experience has taught him that scurvy can gain no hold upon men that drink freely of blood and eat freely of fresh whale and seal meat. In his long drifting in the ice-floes he gave his men the flesh of the seal and deer cut freshly off, dripping with blood. It was not unpalatable, and whoever ate of it could defy the scurvy scourge. The moss and lichens which grow in the bleak land his men did not touch, finding them not particularly pleasant to the taste, and inviting disease. Whale steaks, he says, have a resemblance in taste to the flesh of the deer. To the crews of the two ships will be added a score of Esquimaux, and Esquimaux dogs and sledges will form a part of their outfit. It is these latter that Tyson is to secure upon his preliminary expedition. He has in earlier voyages had occasion to study the habits of the Esquimaux, and he has decided to take from among them a band of wild hunters who are noted for their courage, skill and hardy, robust physique. All the details of the undertaking will be carefully arranged at the start, and once begun there will be no turning back. "We shall stay there, sir, until we find the north pole," Tyson says, and the quiet determined manner of the man gives assurance of a fulfilment of his great hope.

ALL in the day's work—Gigantic footman—"Did you ring ma'am?" Tender-hearted and impulsive lady: "Yes, Thomas. You see this poor kitten the children have found? It is motherless! Get some milk, Thomas! Mew like its mother!—and feed it!"—*Punch.*

THE sand banks in the German ocean are one-fifth its area.

AN ALABAMA TRADITION.

The River Monster That Swallowed a Deer and an Indian, and Digested Them, But Died From the Effects of Gulping Down the Red Man's Canoe and Musket.

From the Gadsden (Ga.) Times.

I noticed that in your paper have been published imperfect descriptions of strange water animals of huge size being seen in the Coosa. That monsters of which we can find no name in animal history were in that river many years ago there can be no doubt, if the tradition of one which was killed at the head of the Ten Islands, in St. Clair County, be true. It is said that in 1816 and 1817, when North Alabama was first being settled by the whites, there came to that county from Carolina, Jacob Green, the father of Mr. Abe Green, his son-in-law, Mr. Wood, and perhaps Mr. Dill and Jeremiah Collins, father of Rev. Jesse Collins, now of St. Clair, all of whom afterwards settled in that county. When they first came on their tour of inspection in search of their new home, they were attracted to Fort Strother, on the Coosa, in consequence of its being the spot where Gen. Jackson, in the Creek war, had nine militiamen and one Captain shot for mutiny in his army, on its march into the Creek Nation, on the opposite side of the river. That place is but a few miles below the head of the Ten Islands, and is opposite to some of them. They, as all other persons coming into the country at that time, brought with them firearms for their protection.

During their visit in search of homes they were induced to go on to the islands to ascertain if they, or any of them, were of sufficient size to make a settlement. In order to reach them they procured Indian canoes, made of the bark of trees, in which to cross over the water to the islands. These bark canoes were very small crafts, only of sufficient size to carry one, or not more than two, persons. Having prepared themselves for the inspection of the islands, they set out, and on approaching one, they saw a strange animal of immense size and length, about the color of a cat-fish, but more in the shape of a snake, which seemed to have drifted upon the edge of a small island, and was partly out of the water, making movements and contortions as if it was in the agonies of death. They approached it. It was partly covered by the water and partly on dry land, but was of such enormous size and strange shape as to baffle all their ideas of such animals, or their names in the whole animal kingdom, but it was certainly a water animal of the snake genus. After watching its movements and holding a short consultation, they determined to kill it if bullets would do so. They then approached more closely to it and fired several rounds until they discovered that it was dead. Then they went to it for a close examination to ascertain what it really was, and discovered from the sharp protuberances and unevenness of its body on one side and the evenness of the other that there must be something in it. When they discovered that they had never seen nor heard nor read of such an animal, they proceeded with their tomahawks and butcher knives to open it, and in doing so, to their utter amazement and surprise, they found in it a bark canoe, the horns and skeleton of a large deer, the skeleton of an Indian, an old rifle gun, such as the Indians of that day used, and a bow and arrows. From finding the above named articles in it and their appearance, they concluded that some weeks previously an Indian had killed a deer, put it into his canoe, and, while crossing the river, the monster had swallowed the canoe, with the Indian, deer and other articles in it. The flesh of the Indian and deer had been digested, but the canoe, the gun, the bow and arrows, and the bones were so indigestible as to sicken the monster and so enfeeble it that it had floated to where they had found it, and could not escape from them.

When others came to the country and this adventure was told to them, they were incredulous, and pronounced the whole story to be a lie. Those who had destroyed the monster became more sensitive, and declined speaking of it any more, although they knew it to be true.

"Fight It Out."

From the New Haven Register.

A story is told of a daughter of a prominent person now in the lecture field, which is peculiarly interesting and suggestive of unconscious wisdom. A gentleman was invited to the lecturer's house to tea. Immediately on being seated at the table, the little girl astonished the family circle and the guest by the abrupt question:

"Where is your wife?"

Now the gentleman, having been recently separated from the partner of his life, was taken so completely by surprise that he stammered forth the truth:

"I don't know."

"Don't know!" replied the *enfant terrible*, "why don't you know?"

Finding that the child persisted in her interrogatories, despite the mild reproof of her parents, he concluded to make a clean breast of the matter and have it over at once. So he said with a calmness which was the result of inward expletives:

"Well, we don't live together; we think as we can't agree, we'd better not."

He stifled a groan as the child began again, and darted an exasperated look at her parents. But the little torment would not be quieted, until she exclaimed:

"Can't agree! Then why don't you fight it out, as pa and ma do?"

"Vengeance is mine," laughingly retorted the visitor, after "pa" and "ma" exchanged looks of holy horror, followed by the inevitable roar.

Harvesting in the Water—A Strange Story.

From the St. Charles News.

Last week the *News* had an item of much interest to farmers in the bottoms. In the bustle following the Fourth the item was left over. It is this: Mr. Geo. Murdoch, of Darst's bottom, felt the effects of the recent overflow more, perhaps, than any of his neighbors. In places his wheat was inundated, and he despaired of being able to gather more than half of it. But fortune favored him. In former days Mr. Murdoch knew a man named Howard in the southwest. But, though good friends, they had not seen each other for years. Howard now lives in Illinois. He had a son who years ago had gone to the far west. Just at harvest time a young man got off the boat at Mr. Murdoch's landing, and presented a letter of introduction. It was young Howard, and the letter was from his father to his old friend. Howard looked like one who had been roughing it. There was no style and no pretension about him. He and Mr. Murdoch were friends at once. He saw the precarious condition of Mr. Murdoch's wheat and said he could save it, and he did. Cradle in hand he and others marched knee deep into the wet places, cut the grain just above the water and carried it to dry land. We understand, indeed, that the stubble itself was quite strong enough to sustain the weight of the heads when cut. At any rate the whole crop was gathered, Howard staying to the end, directing the whole, and taking the lead in the work. He then bade good-bye to his friends, and pursued his way toward his father's house. Such energy and pluck pleased Mr. Murdoch, and his liking was not lessened when the young man showed him, before parting, a traveling sack containing $70,000 of his own making. He got it somewhere in the west, and got it honestly. Such workingmen always get their money fairly. Here is truth, and it is stranger than fiction, and that's a fact.

HOW A NEWSBOY SAVED A BANK.

Invited in by the President to Examine the Books, and Satisfied.

From the Philadelphia Record.

"And now let me tell you how 'Didley,' the newsboy, stopped a panic. It was soon after the failure of the Bank of Pennsylvania, and public confidence in all moneyed institutions was badly shaken. Savings funds especially felt the shock. Well, a rumor had gone about the Savings Fund, then located in the building at the southeast corner of Third and Chestnut streets, where the Western Union Telegraph office is now situated. The depositors were mostly Germans, in small amounts. Didley had told me he had $800 deposited there, and so when a rush was made on the bank I called on the president as a newspaper man to make inquiries. Didley hadn't got down town yet, but some of the newsboys started for his house to notify him while others gathered in the crowd. Al were as much interested as himself in hi finances. A failure of the bank meant stoppage of theatre tickets. I soon learned that the Savings Fund was in a condition to go through if the rush was checked."

"'But we can't stand this panic. I'll see that Didley shan't lose a cent, if I have to pay it out of my own pocket,' said the president. This touched me, and I resolved to help him. 'I'll send Didley over here when he arrives,' I suggested to the President, 'and when he comes you give him full liberty to look at the books, etc., as you have given me. Then trust to his tact.' I found Didley waiting for me at the office, and told him the facts. Over he walked with the careless air of a capitalist, through the crowd into the bank, followed by a yelling mass of newsboys."

"'I want to see the president,' demanded Didley."

"'I am here; what can I do for you, Mr. ——,' (calling him by his proper name.)"

"'Well, Mr. President, I want to know the exact state of affairs. I have $800 deposited here, and I can't afford to lose it. But I don't want to trouble you by drawing it out if it is safe. I ask you, on your word of honor, is it safe?'

"'I assure you that it is, on my word of honor. But as you have acted so gentlemanly, walk in and examine the books.'"

"With one of his little hands thrust under his short coat tails and the other placed on his breast, Didley walked into the Directors' room with all the style of a Rothschild. The rush for money was temporarily stopped bp the crowd gazing on this littleman."

"Soon Didley emerged, his face showing evident satisfaction. 'Did you get your money?' was the salutation of the crowd of boys, as he reached the step. 'Why should I get my money?' he answered. 'This bank's all safe—I don't scare like these Dutchmen.' 'Three cheers for the bank!' 'Three cheers for Didley!' went up from hundreds of youthful throats. The older folks stood awe-stricken. The confidence of the newsboys asserted itself among them, and by noon the panic was stopped, and the crowd had disappeared. The President told me afterward that Didley had saved the bank, as a continuance of the rush would have embarrassed them beyond redemption, before they had time to dispose of their assets at a proper price."

THE leading milliners find the yellow rough straw bonnets and the rough threaded gauzes very popular with their most stylish customers. These take such new departure from the smooth surface so long in vogue that lovers of novelty cannot resist them, yet fine French chip bonnets and English split straws with plain silk or satin trimmings are by no means abandoned. Among the most unique bonnets are those trimmed with berries, currents, or other small fruits, and the combination of colors on some of these could only have been harmonized by an artist in colors.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Please Bear it in Mind

that if your grocer does not have, and will not get, DOOLEY'S YEAST POWDER for you, you can send 20 cents for quarter, 35 cents for half, or 60 cents for one pound can, direct to DOOLEY & BROTHER, New York, and you will receive it by return of mail. Always use it for the delicious Vienna rolls.

THE essentials for wide popularity are fully met in Colgate & Co.'s Cashmere Bouquet Soap. It is universally esteemed by the tasteful and refined as the most delicate and *recherche* of perfumes, and the name and trade mark of Colgate & Co. on each package as a guarantee of superior and uniform quality. With such fine adaptation the success of this article is not surprising.

THIRTY year's experience proves the Graefenberg Vegetable Pills to be the mildest and most effective medicine ever known for the complete cure of Headache, Biliousness, Liver Complaints, Nervousness, Fevers and diseases of digestion. Sold everywhere, price 25 cents per box. Send for almanacs. Graefenberg Co., New York.

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THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK.

Beef Cattle—Fair to prime	$6 00	@10 00
Hogs—Live	5 00	@ 5 25
Sheep—Fair to prime	4 00	@ 5 50
Cotton—Middling		@ 11½
Flour—Spring extra, choice	7 50	@10 00
Wheat—No. 2 Milwaukee spring		@ 1 62
Corn—Western	56	@ 58
Oats—Western	43	@ 45
Rye—Western	75	@ 80
Barley		@ 85
Pork—Mess		@14 40
Lard	9	@ 9¼
CHICAGO.		
Cattle—Choice to extra prime	$5 00	@ 5 25
Medium to choice	4 50	@ 4 75
Common to fair	2 85	@ 4 00
Hogs—Live	5 00	@ 5 15
Sheep—Good to choice	3 50	@ 5 00
Butter—Good to choice	14	@ 18
Eggs—Fresh	12	@ 13
Flour—White winter extra	7 75	@ 9 00
Spring extra	7 00	@ 8 75
Wheat—Spring No. 2		@ 1 42
Corn—No. 2		@ 48⅜
Oats—No. 2		@ 32
Rye—No. 2	60	@ 61
Barley—No. 2, Sept		@ 70
Pork—Mess		@13 40
Lard		@ 9
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Cattle—Choice to extra prime	$5 00	@ 5 50
Medium to choice	4 00	@ 4 75
Common to fair	2 75	@ 3 75
Hogs—Live	5 00	@ 5 10
Sheep—Good to choice	4 00	@ 5 00
Butter—Choice	15	@ 17
Eggs—Fresh	12	@ 12½
Flour—White winter extra	8 50	@11 00
Spring extra	7 00	@ 8 25
Wheat—Spring No. 1		@ 1 56
Spring No. 2		@ 1 42½
Corn—No. 2, old		@ 49
Oats—No. 2		@ 32
Rye—No. 1		@ 68
Barley—No. 2		@ 70
Pork—Mess		@13 50
Lard		@ 9¼

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1877. NEW YORK. 1877.

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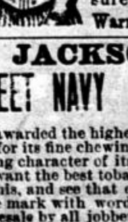

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