TEMPERANCE.

THE LAST ITEM.

A "Sad Accident" to One Who "Was Universally Liked, Having No Enemy But Himself".

It was early evening. The lamps were beginning to shine out here and there and men and women who had finished their days work were hurrying home to supper. The door of a neat little home stood partly open. A man was near it, evidently just starting out to begin his work.

"I am sorry you have to go back to night work," his wife was saying. She looked pale and troubled.

"So am I," he answered, "but never mind, dear, perhaps it won't be long."

He kissed her as he spoke and went out through the door. She looked after him with her eyes full of tears. "If he should begin again," she said; "oh, if he should!"

"Mamma," called a tall, slender girl from the room, "come and tell me what pattern to choose for father's slippers; I want to commence embroidering them to-night. His birthday isn't very far off, you know."

"Bertha and I are going to club together and get him that new book he wanted," said another girl, evidently her sister; "we heard him speak of it and we have money enough."

The woman turned and went into the house and shut the door.

The man went on down the street and was soon busily engaged at his case, away up in the highest story of a tall building.

His fingers went back and forth, back and forth, picking up the bits of black metal, setting up line after line of what in the morning would appear in the great daily. Out over the city he could see the lights beginning to shine, and gradually the hum in the streets below him grew less and less.

All about him were men working away steadily at the bits of metal. He could hear the presses click, click, as they went on with their part of the work.

The gas flared. Now and then one of the men spoke briefly, generally something about the work.

Some of them went to their coats occasionally where they hung on the wall and drank from bottles in the pockets. One offered his to the silent worker beside him, but he shook his head.

"What," called a gay young fellow across the room, "you given up the bottle, Menson; what will happen next?"

The men laughed.

The lights in the houses died out after awhile, the noises on the street grew less and less. The men went to their bottles oftener and passed them back and forth from hand to hand. Menson was growing tired. He was not as young as he had been when he began to work at the type, and the smell of the liquor came to him as he worked and grew more and more weary.

He longed for one taste, just one, "to help him out," "to rest him." Yet, when a lad near him took the bottle and began to taste the liquor he touched his arm and said: "Don't, I began at your age; I wanted to be smart; don't begin."

But the boy laughed and drank.

The hours went by and the presses clicked louder and the noises on the street grew less and less.

"Here, Menson," said a man, coming across the room, "here is some of the best French brandy. Just taste it; I know you are sick to-night; it'll do you good."

"I don't feel exactly well," he said, seizing the bottle eagerly, "I'll taste it, only taste it."

The fumes of the liquor had been half-maddening him, his old thirst had been crying out to be satisfied. He drank as eagerly as he had seized it.

"That is good brandy," he said, giving back the bottle.

The man winked slyly at the others as he went back to his case.

Menson worked on. He felt better, he said to himself, the brandy had done him good; and after awhile he asked for another drink.

The man gave it and he drank as eagerly as before. He had drank a good many times by the time the last line was set up and the men were making ready to leave. It was early morning now and the noises of that early time in the city were beginning to be heard.

Menson went to get his coat, but he could not find it. Then he looked for his hat, but he could not remember where he had put it.

He stood holding on to the back of a chair, vaguely, wondering what he should do about it, when the man who had given him the brandy came up.

"Hello, Menson," he called out, "you look as though you were getting up a leader. Too late now for that, come on!" Menson endeavored to let him know his dilemma.

"Where's your coat?" he said; he was loud and noisy; "where's your coat? Blest if I know."

"Oh, here it is; let me help you on with it. There you are, come on now, the boys have all gone and left us."

They went over to the elevator. It was just coming up the shaft. Away down below them they could hear the engine and at one side the presses stamp, stamp, as the great daily dropped away fresh and damp from their jaws.

"Come on then, now my boy," called his companion, as Menson hesitated.

He drew him on, one bewildered and confused, the other hilarious and loud. The elevator began to move down the shaft. Menson looked up and saw a door.

"Here's place," he said stepping out toward it.

His companion caught his coat. It came off in his hand, and as he stood wildly looking at it, he heard, down below him, something fall heavily.

The great daily had a little item, a few lines crowded into its colums that morning.

"We regret to relate a sad accident at the building of the *Morning Chronicle*," it said, "which resulted in the death of one of our oldest and most popular employes.

"At 3:30 this morning when the printers were leaving, G. W. Menson, being at the time in a rather confused state, owing to having taken a little brandy for a slight indisposition, stepped off the elevator shaft at the fourth story, falling to the basement and being instantly killed. His terrified companion attempted to save him but was horrified to find his empty coat left in his hand.

"Menson was universally liked, having no enemy but himself.

"He leaves a wife and three daughters who were dependent upon him for support."—*Emma Harriman, in Union Signal.*

CALIFORNIA has over eight thousand licensed liquor saloons.

WHAT SOBERED HIM.

An Insult to His Wife Arouses a Drunkard's Latent Manhood.

A woman came out of an ill-ventilated room in a tenement house in Center street yesterday, walked down the front steps and sat on the last step. She was about twenty-five years old, remarkably good looking, and held a little child in her arms. She sat for some time with her head bent, listening to the roar of the traffic which swept by. She gaised her head a few times and regarded with an absent air the crowds of foot-passengers who hurried to and fro without stopping, and going many of them knew not whither. One of those gorgeous red sunsets which scientific men can not understand was disappearing behind the post-office building and sending its rays slantingly down along the street. Not a breath of wind could be felt, and the liquor stores in the vicinity were wide open as they would be in the height of the summer season. Far up on the other side was the somber-looking portico of the Tombs, which looked dismal and forbidding even in such a pleasant atmosphere. Some of the lawyers who frequent the place, as much opposed to as in favor of law and order, passed down the steps and hurried on. Around the immense pillars men and women clustered in groups, all speaking at the same time and hanging on to the place as though it were a haven of rest for the wearied.

"Git out!"

They separated at once and ran down the steps.

A poor wretch, physically well formed, intelligent looking, but the picture of dissipation, ran—no, staggered down the steps—and the gruff policeman, swinging his club airily, turned and began talking to a politician. No one noticed the incident but the politician.

"Did he register?" the politician asked.

"No," said the policeman; "I think he ain't got a vote."

"If he had, would he vote straight?"

"No; crooked every time. Look at 'im now."

The drunken man was tracing a zigzag line up the street.

"Whew!" said the politician; "these *are* the men who vote straight. I would have had one more majority had I known that man;" and he tickled the stalwart gendarme under the ribs.

The man continued to stagger up the street, and the woman on the stoop looking accidentally across, saw him. Then, as if to compensate in some manner for her desolate condition, she squeezed the little baby over and over again and kissed it. The innocent little being stroked the mother's cheek once or twice with its tiny hand, and then, with a sudden light of memory in its eyes, said, pointing to a liquor store on the opposite side:

"Ma, I think I saw papa go in there."

The tears flowed faster adown the mother's cheeks, and this time she sobbed as well as cried.

Presently the man came out of the saloon. Evening shadows had commenced to darken the street, and in trying to make his way across he stumbled across two men. He was unable to excuse himself, and the two men abused him because he had made their boots dirty. He made a strong effort to clear his mental vision, and regarding the two strangers for a moment, muttered to himself:

"'Tis very strange."

"What's strange, you old fool?"

"To see two dudes in these parts of the town."

"A sail, a sail!" shouted one of the dudes, in brutal vulgarity, at the same time pointing to the poor woman on the stoop, who was still weeping.

They crossed over and sought to engage her in conversation. It was nearly dark.

The drunken man crossed the street in half a dozen steps, and felled one after another of the insulters.

He tenderly lifted his wife and went up stairs. He was quite sober now.

"I'll never drink again," said he, pressing his wife's hands and kissing her. The wife cried—tears of joy this time; so did the little child.

"Eddication and good breedin' tells," remarked the policeman, as he went by swinging his club.—*N. Y. Telegraph.*

TEMPERANCE ITEMS.

DURING the past year seventy-five new W. C. T. Unions have been organized in Illinois.

IN one year $14,300,000 were spent for liquors in Liverpool, or an average of $120 per week for each saloon.

A ROMAN CATHOLIC Bishop recently said: "It is not the English laws, the land laws or the landlords' laws; it is the drink traffic that is the curse of Ireland.

SUNDAY closing of saloons is now agitating the people of several cities East and South. With open saloons Sunday has become in all cities the star day for crime.—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

ELK Presbytery, Tennessee, took a firm position in regard to Temperance, declaring that church members should not use liquors as a beverage in any form, neither sell their fruit or grain to the distilleries.

THE sale of brandy, either wholesale or retail, is forbidden in Norway on Sundays and other festivals, or on the evenings previous. It can not be sold on any day before eight a. m., or to children or apprentices.

THE Autocrat of all the Russians has just promulgated a degree that no liquor shall be sold at retail in his dominions, except in hotels and eating-houses. This will close ninety thousand saloons the first of January. Despotic power is a good thing sometimes.—*Union Signal.*

THE Knights of Temperance is the name of a new organization just started in New York to do battle against King Alcohol. The ritual and insignia are modeled after those of the Knights Templar. The badges and standards are inscribed with the motto: "Sobrietas, Reverentis, Puritasque."

A CONTEMPORARY, referring to the recent Temperance uprising in Georgia, complacently remarks: "It is a good thing—the negro and whisky do not get along well together." But why say "the negro and whisky?" When did whisky and white men get along well together?—*Inter Ocean.*

WHEN an anatomist wishes to preserve a human brain for any length of time, he effects his object by keeping that organ in a vessel of alcohol. From the soft, pulpy substance, it becomes comparatively hard; but the inebriate, anticipating the anatomist, begins the indurating process before death; begins it while the brain remains the consecrated temple of the soul, while its delicate and gossamer tissues throb with the pulses of Heaven-born life.—*Boston Medical Journal.*

"POLITIKLE CONTORSHUNIST."

Mr. Nasby Reviews the President's Message, Goes on to Consider What a Mugwump Is and Attempts to Explain Him.

[From the Toledo Blade.]

IN A BASTEKI,
(For takin possesshun uv the Post-offis,)
CONFEDERIT X ROADS,
(Wich is in the State uv Kentucky,)
December 15, 1885.

Ther ain't no sich thing ez a Dimekratic party no more, on.y in name. It is troo that we elected a sposed Dimocrat President, but wat hev we got for it? I hev red the message uv Grover Cleveland, a man wich 'twere base flattery to call ingrate. I wuz never so thunderstruck in my life ez when I peroosed that dockyment, so much so that when the Corners cum, *en masse*, to the front uv my cell to hev it red to 'em, I reely hedn't the power to do it. Here wuz a Dimecratic President actilly advokatin a high pertective tariff, or deprecatin any movement onto the present tariff, wich is the same thing; and heer wuz a Dimocratic President actilly insistin on that most feendish uv all traps wich the Dimocratic party ever fell into Civil-servis reform.

But that aint the wust uv it. Here wuz a Dimocratic President wich actilly and without reserve, insistid that the offises shel not be given out ez rewards fur politikle servis, but suthin wich he calls "fitnis" shel be taken into account!

I am prepared now to heer the horn uv Gabrel any minit. I am not pertikeler, now, how soon Azrael waves his dark wings over me. I hev my baggage checked fur the onsartin hereafter. When a Dimekrat enunshates sich doctrin, it is high time fur a old moss-back like me, to git reddy to go. Life hain't got nothin more into it fur me, and my restin place shood immejitly be the silent toom.

Ther ain't no more Dimocrisy. We hev bin swallered up by the Mugwumps. They are runnin the glorious old organizashun, and they hev even me under controle.

I spose I shel hev to become a Mugwump, myself, or die in prizn. I spose when I walk out uv this cell into the free air uv the hevins I shel hev to set up in Bascom's ez a Mugwump. I heer myself now tryin to eggsplane to the good Deckin Pogram how it is that he and I shood elect Cleveland, and Pollock still be Collector and Lubbock still in the post-offis. I heer myself eggsplanin to him wat a Mugwump reely is; that a Mugwump is a man wich is to pollytix wat a wild-eyed Noo Englander is to philosophy. That ez the Noo Englander soars after the onattainable and dives after the onfathomable, so a Mugwump is a politikle philosopher wich wants to drag the kentry from the isn't to the is, and then take it back again. I shel hev to instruct him that to be a Mugwump, wun wich is a Dimocrat must vote the Republikin tikkit, still swarin that he is a Dimocrat but opposin all that he bleeves in fur the sake uv Reform, and of he is a Republikin he must vote the Dimocratic tikkit fur the sake uv Reform, swarin all the time that he is yit a Republikin. I shel hev to make the poor old man wich never votid anything but a Dimocratic tikkit in his life, and never put one in the box till he hed sum one wich cood reed look it over to see that there wuz nary a skratch onto it. I shel hev to beet it into this innosent old seed that, bein a Dimocrat, he must vote the Republikin tikkit this year, and the Dimocratic tikkit the next, and so on, becoz when a man votes the same tikkit twiet in consekootivenis he becomes corrupt and can't be a Mugwump at all.

The Mugwump uv to-day is the Independent uv yeers gone by, wich alluz bleeved one way and jist ez alluz votid the tother.

However, to do this is the only way to offis jist now, and I don't know ez I keer. It will be ruther renchin on the Deekin, but I kin stand it. I hev indulged in a good many moral gymnastix, and I ain't agoin to allow any little thing like this to check me in my career. Ef Mugwumpism is the way to post-offis, then I shell be a Mugwump, even if I hev to go to Noo York to find out wat a Mugwump reely is. Ef the President kin ask anything uv me that I can't perform, ez the price av the place, I shood like to see him try it. Any fate is better than the life I hev bin leedin, and I don't know uv anything that I can't stand for the few yeers I hev to live.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY,
(Politikle Contorshunist.)

REPUBLICAN ITEMS.

☞ General Logan's luck never fails him. Now let us add that seldom does his good sense fail him.—*Utica Press.*

☞ To Congress: There is no use in firing peas from sling-shots at the Mormons. Cut the cancer out!—*N. Y. Tribune.*

☞ The Democratic Civil-service record appears to be averaging up pretty well. Out of eighty-four collectors of internal revenue seventy-eight have been displaced and their places filled by Democrats.—*Detroit Tribune.*

☞ There is just one difficulty with this whole business of foreign commerce, ocean-carrying trade and shipbuilding, and that is the interference of the Government with the natural tendency and development of things, and what is needed is not more but less of this.—*N. Y. Times.*

☞ Secretary Whitney's report is a disappointment. From his own criticisms upon the contracts that his predecessor had entered into with Mr. Roach, his disparagement of the vessels which Mr. Roach is building and the defiant protestations of the Democratic organs that under the new dispensation we were to have laid the foundation of a real navy, we had a right to expect the clever ex-Corporation Counsel of New York to shine as the presumptive architect of a fleet that would put all the other maritime nations to the blush of inferiority. But he refuses to do anything of the sort.—*Philadelphia Press.*

Want Big Appropriations.

Mr. Colman, the Commissioner of Agriculture, now joins in the cry of the other Democratic heads of National Departments and Bureaus so far as heard from, in favor of big appropriations. His report abounds in suggestions for the extension of the work of his department, for all of which more money would be necessary. Doubtless as the agricultural interests of the country grow, the expenses of this Department will gradually increase, and nobody will begrudge the needed appropriations; but it is none the less amusing to note how widely the cry of the Democrats in office differs from their cry when they were out. Then it was always and invariably for economy and a reduction of expenses; now it wakes the echoes from the Alleghanies to the Rocky Mountains in favor of big appropriations.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

EVADING THE LAW.

The Democratic Administration Charged with Violating the Civil-Service Rules—The So-Called "Private" Examinations.

The Administration of Mr. Cleveland is pledged to Civil-service reform—on paper. In reality it violates both the spirit and letter of the law whenever an opportunity is offered for so doing without fear of discovery. It was only a few days ago that the President temporarily suspended one of the Civil-service rules in order to make the appointment of ex-Alderman Sterling possible. Now it is Secretary Lamar and his Assistant Secretary, Mr. Muldrow, who are trying to see what their personal influence will do in securing appointments for people who can not be certified in the regular way by the Civil-service Commission. Here is a flagrant example of the way in which the law is violated by them:

In August, 1884, there occurred in the cafe of the Riggs House a shooting affair, which for days afterward furnished the town with food for gossip. The persons concerned in it were Mrs. E. L. Barnes, a clerk in the Second Comptroller's office; a Mr. Dougherty, employed in the Treasury Department, and a woman whose name was not ascertained at the time. Mr. Dougherty was dining with the young woman, when Mrs. Barnes entered the room and discharged the contents of a pistol at Mr. Dougherty. There was the usual amount of hysterics, but beyond this no damage was done. Jealousy was said to be the cause of the trouble. A paragraph in the local papers recording the occurrence ended with the words: "No arrests".

This seemed to end the matter. Not long after this, however, Mrs. Barnes resigned her place in the Treasury and went to New York, where she secured a subordinate position in Daly's Theater. She failed there and returned to this city, where, through the influence of Secretary Lamar and Assistant Secretary Muldrow, she got a place in the Government Printing Office. Not liking the place, she was given another in the mint at Philadelphia. This, too, did not suit her, and for several months she hung about Washington trying to get something better. Finally she succeeded. She was appointed a nine hundred-dollar clerk in the Sixth Auditor's Office and was detailed for work in the Second Auditor's room. How all this was done remains a mystery. She never got the appointment through the Civil-service Commission, for she had never been certified by the commissioners, and even if she had passed an examination could not be appointed under the law and regulations on account of there being four members of her family in the Government service in this city already. Mr. Higgins acts very mysteriously about this case. It looks very much as if he had engaged with Messrs. Lamar and Muldrow in a conspiracy similar to that into which he entered with First Auditor Chenowith to keep a Republican certified by the Civil-service Commission out of an appointment, simply because she was a Republican. That there are cases similar to this occurring constantly in the departments admits of no doubt. They are rarely discovered, though, for the reason principally that those most interested in seeing the law administered strictly and impartially, viz., the men holding positions in the departments, are afraid to talk about them because doing so would lead to their immediate discharge.

General Black, if not violating the law itself, certainly acts contrary to its spirit every time he gets an opportunity. He not long ago made James Fritz, of Gosport, Ind., Special Examiner in the Pension Bureau. The appointment was made at the request of Congressman Matson. Fritz was given a letter to the Civil-service Commission, with instructions to deliver it to Judge Thoman, and to no one else. The letter secured a "private examination". This was of course nothing but a farce. There was no competition, no chance given to others. Even the questions asked are said to have been simply those printed by commissioners in their annual report of the preceding year as examples of what candidates would be asked to answer. Fritz was informed of this, and so passed the examination without trouble.

Another case is that of Archie McGinnis. He too is a protege of the Nation. "I can't pass an examination," he told General Black when the Commissioner informed him that his appointment would have to be made through the Civil-service Commissioners. "It's all right," answered the General, "I'll give you a letter to Judge Thoman." The letter secured a "private examination," and to-day the man who declared to more than one person in town that he was unable to pass the Civil-service examination is a Special Examiner in the Pension Bureau at one thousand four hundred dollars a year.

A man with the picturesque name of Exum Saint was put through a similar "examination". He was Senator Voorhees' friend. General Black was about to appoint him, when news reached the department that Mr. Saint had belied his name and had been convicted two weeks ago to five years in the penitentiary for fraud committed on the very Bureau of which he hoped to become a shining ornament.

The greatest farce, however, upon Civil-service reform as practiced by General Black is the appointment of Chester R. Faulkner as Chief of the Record Division in the Pension Bureau. Faulkner is ignorance and incompetency itself. Even Voorhees was compelled to exclaim once: "Ye gods, you ought to see Faulkner's spelling! but then, he is as true as steel." The latter proposition he added presumably in order to break the force of his implied criticism. Be that as it may, General Black retains Faulkner in office perhaps that he may prove useful some day. At present this Democratic official contents himself with expressing his disgust at having a "possel" of women about him, who, he fears, will not "kiver" all the points when writing letters on the business of the office.—*Inter Ocean.*

☞ A faint wail—it can hardly yet be called a howl—comes up from the solid South for a place on the ticket of 1888. A man named Lee wants it—Saddle-of-his-Uncle-Lee—and the solid South thinks he would poll a large vote down there. So he would; so would anybody, including his Satanic Majesty, if his name appeared on the Democratic ticket. And that is just the reason why the man named Lee will get on the ticket.—*Philadelphia Call.*

☞ The Supreme Court of the State has again been dragged down into the mud and mire to aid the rankest of political villainy, and one more black spot is added to the vile record of the Democratic party of Ohio.—*Cleveland Leader.*

ABOUT CEMENTS.

Composition of Cohering Mediums for Various Purposes.

The value of a cement is, first, that it should become a strongly cohering medium between the substances joined; and, second, it should withstand the action of heat, or any solvent action of water or acids. Cement often fails in regard to the last consideration. For water-proof uses, several mixtures are recommended, and the following may be mentioned: One is to mix white lead, red lead and boiled oil, together with good size, to the consistency of putty. Another is powdered resin one ounce, dissolved in ten ounces of strong ammonia; gelatine, five parts; solution of acid chromate of lime, one part. Exposing the article to sunlight is useful for some purposes. A water-proof paste cement is said to be made by adding to hot starch paste half its weight of turpentine and a small piece of alum. As a cement lining for cisterns, powdered brick two ounces, quicklime two, wood ashes two, made into a paste with boiled oil, is recommended. The following are cements for steam and water joints: Ground litharge, ten pounds; plaster of Paris, four pounds; yellow ochre, one-half pound; red lead, two pounds; hemp cut into one-half inch lengths, one-half ounce, mixed with boiled linseed oil to the consistency of putty. White lead, ten parts; black oxide of manganese, three; litharge, one. Mixed with boiled linseed oil. A cement for joints to resist great heat is made thus: Asbestos powder, made into a thick paste with liquid silicate of soda. For coating acid troughs, a mixture of one part pitch, one part resin, and one part plaster of Paris, is melted and is said to be a good cement coating. Correspondents frequently ask for a good cement for fixing iron bars into stone in lieu of lead, and nothing better is known than a compound of equal parts of sulphur and pitch. A good cement for stoves and ranges is made of fire-clay with a solution of silicate of soda. A glue to resist damp can be prepared with boiled linseed oil and ordinary glue, or by melting one pound of glue in two quarts of skimmed milk; shellac, four ounces; borax, one ounce; boiled in a little water and concentrated by heat to a paste. A cement to resist white heat may be usefully mentioned here: Pulverized clay, four parts; plumbago, two; iron filings, free from oxide, two; peroxide of manganese, one; borax, one-half, sea salt one-half. Mix with water to thick paste, use immediately, and heat gradually to a nearly white heat. Many of the cements used which are exposed to great heat, fail from the expansion of one or more ingredients in them, and an unusual stress is produced, or the two substances united have unequal rates of expansibility or contractibility. The chemical or galvanic action is important. The whole subject of cements has not received the attention it deserves from practical men. Only Portland cement has received anything like scientific notice; and a few experiments upon waterproof, heat-resisting and other cements would show which cements are the best to use under certain circumstances.—*Farm, Field and Stockman.*

PERCHERON HORSES.

40 Years' Experience.

To a *Tribune* reporter, Mr. A. S. Chamberlain, who for 40 years has been the proprietor of the "Old Bull's Head Stables," New York City, said: "I keep exchange and sale stables for horses, thousands of which annually come to my stables from all parts of the country. I don't deal on my own account to any extent. The French horses have good feet and stand the pavements better than the Clydesdales, and bring a better price on the market. The Clydesdales are short-ribbed, slim waisted and lack action. Comparatively few of them are now brought to this market. The demand is largely for French horses. I would advise the farmer and breeders, who are breeding horses to sell on the New York market, to breed from French horses in preference to all others."—*Chicago Tribune.* Percheron stallions of the finest quality and with choicest pedigrees, registered in the Percheron Stud Book of France, are annually imported in immense numbers. Within the past two years 1,000 have been imported and collected by one firm alone.

—A man in Salem, Mass., has invented a method of ventilating railway cars by means of fans revolving underneath the car through pipes having bell-shaped movable openings above each seat; but this air is freed from dust by passing through water. It is on trial by the Boston & Lowell Railroad.—*Boston Post.*

Maryland, My Maryland.

Maryland legislators, who are always alive to the public interests, have endorsed the new discovery, Red Star Cough Cure, because it contains neither morphia nor opium, and always cures. The price is only 25 cents.

THE GENERAL MARKETS.

KANSAS CITY, December 28.		
CATTLE—Shipping steers	$3 85 @	5 00
Native cows	2 40 @	3 70
Butchers' steers	2 10 @	4 05
HOGS—Good to choice heavy	3 35 @	3 75
Light	2 90 @	3 20
WHEAT—No. 2 red	69½ @	70½
No. 3 red	82½ @	83½
No. 2 soft	80 @	81
CORN—No. 2	26 @	26½
OATS—No. 2	26 @	28
RYE—No. 2	48 @	52
FLOUR—Fancy, per sack	1 85 @	1 95
HAY—Large baled	5 00 @	6 00
BUTTER—Choice creamery	25 @	26
CHEESE—Full cream	10 @	11
EGGS—Choice	16 @	17
BACON—Ham	9 @	10
Shoulders	5 @	5½
Sides	6 @	6½
LARD	6 @	6½
WOOL—Missouri unwashed	14 @	16
POTATOES—New	65 @	80
ST. LOUIS.		
CATTLE—Shipping steers	5 00 @	5 25
Butchers' steers	3 25 @	3 85
HOGS—Packing	3 50 @	3 60
SHEEP—Fair to choice	2 00 @	3 25
FLOUR—Choice	4 00 @	4 10
WHEAT—No. 2 red	91 @	92
CORN—No. 2	31 @	32½
OATS—No. 2	26 @	27
RYE—No. 2	57½ @	58
BUTTER—Creamery	25 @	32
PORK	9 90 @	10 00
COTTON—Middling	8 @	8¾
CHICAGO.		
CATTLE—Shipping steers	3 50 @	5 85
HOGS—Packing and shipping	3 60 @	3 95
SHEEP—Fair to choice	2 00 @	3 10
FLOUR—Winter wheat	4 50 @	5 00
WHEAT—No. 2 red	86 @	87
No. 3	72 @	73
No. 2 spring	83½ @	84½
CORN—No. 2	26½ @	26¾
OATS—No. 2	27 @	27½
RYE—No. 2	59 @	59½
BUTTER—Creamery	24 @	25
PORK	9 70 @	9 80
NEW YORK.		
CATTLE—Exports	4 60 @	5 00
HOGS—Good to choice	3 75 @	4 00
SHEEP—Common to good	2 00 @	4 50
FLOUR—Good to choice	[illegible] @	[illegible]
WHEAT—No. 2 red	[illegible] @	[illegible]
CORN—No. 2	[illegible]	
OATS—Western mixed	[illegible]	
BUTTER—Creamery	[illegible]	
PORK	[illegible]	
PETROLEUM—United	[illegible]	

A HUSTLER.

How a Chicago Drummer Performed an Unparalleled Feat.

"I had a little experience the other night," said a drummer, "that took all my nerve and gall to bear up under. Ever since I've been on the road I've made it a principle to meet all engagements. More than once I have skipped three or four towns in which I was sure of selling big bills of goods in order to keep my engagement to call on some girl or other. When I agree to be at a certain place at a given minute, you can bet your last dollar I'll be there. Well, the other day I landed in St. Louis, and suddenly discovered that in a moment of forgetfulness I had promised to take two girls to the theater that night. The girls were not acquainted, either. I hate a liar and a sneak, and the girls' brothers were customers of mine; and so, after thinking the whole thing over, I made up my mind I'd live up to my contract. So I bought my seats at two theaters, engaged my carriage and prepared for the campaign. I sent word to the first one that I'd call for her rather early, and to the other that I might be a few minutes late. I whirled No. 1 off, seated her, excused myself for a minute before the rising of the curtain, slipped out, and in two seconds the horses were on a run for No. 2. I got her in her seat five minutes after the curtain rose. Stayed the act out, excused myself, went back to the other, apologized, and everything was all right. I spent the evening flitting from one to the other, and got my money's worth out of the hackman, as I made him hump. I made inquiries as to the hour the plays would be over, and found I had twenty-five minutes' leeway. Then I made such good use of those twenty-five minutes that I got No. 1 home and was back after No. 2 just as the curtain went down. To do this cost me twelve dollars, and the next day I had to skip out of town because the hackman was after me with a bill for one of his horses, which had died from overdriving, but not till after I had sold big bills of goods to the girls' brothers. Besides, I had the satisfaction of keeping my engagements and of performing an unparalleled feat in the theater-going business. That's the kind of a hustler I am."—*Chicago Herald.*

—Some person mutilated an enrolled bill amending the Liquor law which had been passed at the late session of the Oregon Legislature by drawing a pen through the words "be it enacted." But Governor Moody decided that the mutilation was not material, and signed the bill.—*Chicago Mail.*

"It!"

"Stand back, gentlemen! Clear the track!" shouted the police, and as the quickly-gathering crowd surged back, steamer No. 4 came up the street, the magnificent black horses striking fire from the pavement.

But hold! A wheel comes off! the steamer is overturned, and the brave firemen are picked up bleeding and senseless!

An investigation revealed the fact that in oiling the steamer that morning the steward had neglected to put in the linch-pin. A little neglect on his part had caused a loss of a half million dollars. The busy marts of trade are full of men who are making the same fatal mistake. They neglect their kidneys, thinking they need no attention, whereas if they made occasional use of Warner's safe cure they would *never* say that they don't feel quite well; that a tired feeling bothers them; that they are plagued with indigestion; that their brain refuses to respond at call; that their nerves are all unstrung.—*Fire Journal.*

A PROVERB says—Hunger is the best cook. That may be so, but hunger hasn't got anything to cook.—*Texas Siftings.*

"Voltaga!" on Electricity.

The passenger Department of the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Railway announce the publication of a new and valuable work—whose scope and intent is best expressed on its title page, which reads as follows: "Voltaga, Genius of Electricity," or Ned Benson's Adventures and Talk with one of the Genii, by "A Max" of the Rock Island Route—respectfully dedicated to the Boys and Girls of America, by the General Ticket and Passenger Agent of the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Railway. It is an appropriate sequel to Watt Stephens on steam and its uses, which attained such a popularity a year ago. It is a carefully written pamphlet of 80 pages, elegantly printed, and will be sent to any applicant on receipt of 10 cents in postage stamps. Address,

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