TIPPING A NECESSARY EVIL.

A Passenger Agent Tells His Experience in a Sleeping-Car.

"Do I believe in tips?" exclaimed the traveling passenger agent of one of the trunk line running out of Chicago as he was giving a small company the benefit of his experience as to how to travel with the least inconvenience and discomfort. "Well, you may just bet your bottom dollar I do. I believe in them thoroughly and I believe a great variety of things about them. I believe, for instance, that they are one of the most blankety-blank-blank outrages that were ever foisted upon any people.

"It is not very long ago since I took a trip out to the Yellowstone park. I had my wife and little boy along and we had a splendid time. We made up our minds to rough it while we were gone, and to throw all conventionalities aside for the time being, and to think of nothing or care for nothing, but taking the most out of our holiday.

Dust-stained and travel-worn we reached Denver, but hadn't time to stop there long enough to tidy up a bit. We had to leave by the next train. In our sleeping-car we found a big negro as porter. He was as cunning and as surly-looking as he was big, and I made up my mind that he would be rather a tough kind of a fellow to get into a squabble with.

"We were all tired and as soon as the hour warranted me in asking him to make up our births for us I did so.

"'All right, boss,' he replied in no amiable tone of voice. 'I'll make up your birth as soon as I can get around to it, but there are lots ahead of you. You'll have to wait your turn.'

"Would you believe it, that rascal made up every berth in the car before he made up ours. Had I, when requesting him to make up the berth, slipped a quarter into his hand you would have seen the alacrity with which he would have done what I asked. We would have been to sleep half an hour at least before it was possible for us to turn in. I knew that very well, but I thought I would have the fun of keeping him in suspense concerning his tip as long as I could.

"Well, we went to sleep and the darky had all night to rue the fact that he had a passenger on board that wasn't going to tip him.

"On getting up the next morning I found that my shoes were very indifferently polished, but I thought I wouldn't say anything about it. I went to the toilet-room, washed and dressed, but my brave porter never offered to dust me off or render me the least assistance in enabling me to look trim and neat.

"At last I thought to myself: This thing has gone far enough; I had better give him his tip and see what the result will be. Well, I slipped him a fifty-cent piece, and you never saw a more astonished looking darky in your life when he first caught sight of the coin in his own hand. His manner changed from that moment. He was all obsequiousness and anxiety to help.

"'I say boss, my brush must have been damp when I polished your shoes,' he said. 'They don't shine very good. Come back here and let me give them another shine.'

"'All right,' I said. 'Go ahead and I will follow you.' As I did so I noticed that in passing my berth he picked up my little boy's shoes that he hadn't before touched at all. Well, he put a patent-leather shine on both. He welted me from head to heels with his broom till not a speck of the dust that had been accumulating for three weeks remained on my garments, and he turned me out of his hands as tidy as a dude.

"'Say, boss,' he remarked after awhile, 'I have got some things here that I found in the aisle last night near your berth. Are they yours?' And opening a locker he took from it a bunch of keys, a little ivory foot-rule and some other odds and ends that I had carried in my pants pockets. How he got them I don't to this day know. It may be that they slid out of my pocket as I lay on the berth, or he may have picked my pocket while I was asleep for all I know. Of this I have always been sure, however, that I would never have got one of those things back had it not been for that fifty-cent tip.

"'Look here, Sam,' I said after awhile, 'you didn't expect that tip, now did you?'

"He grinned from ear to ear as he replied: 'Well, now, to tell you the truth, boss, I was a little scarey about it. You see, you were a little tough looking before I dusted you off. My sight is beginning to fail me and I wasn't able to see the gentleman under the dust.'

"That is but one experience. I could relate to you fifty like it to show that it is hopeless to get along smoothly through this world without tipping your way as you go."—Chicago Post.

SAN FRANCISCO IN '49.

The Uninviting Aspect of the City at That Time.

It was afternoon of the 6th of July when we entered the Golden Gate. The hills about the bay were dressed in the arid garb of the dry midsummer. Until Telegraph Hill was rounded no habitation or sign of civilization was visible save the dilapidated earthworks at Fort Point and the few crumbling adobe buildings that then constituted "the Presidio," or old Mexican military post. Alcatraz island, now covered with fortifications and barracks and crowned with a lighthouse at its summit, was then naked and white with the guano of the myriads of cormorants, gulls and pelicans that nested and hatched their broods upon it. The hills of Contra Costa and the plains at their feet were rank with wild oats, and were the pasture grounds of herds of cattle. Here and there across the broad and beautiful bay the whitewashed walls of an adobe ranch house were visible. Rounding Telegraph hill, however, there was a change of scene. As the harbor of San Francisco opened up before us a whole fleet of vessels of every class and description were seen at anchor. Clearly some kind of talisman was drawing hither the commerce of the world, although on shore, as viewed from the ship's deck, one saw but a few adobe buildings, relics of Mexican methods and habits, some small, wooden structures here and there, and tents, large and small, dotting the hillsides and beach.

Landing on the rocks at Clark's point, a spur of Telegraph Hill (for no wharf then existed), we skirted along the cove round into the center of the town, then fairly embraced within the space now covered by the few blocks bordering upon the Plaza or Portsmouth square. A locality more replete with bustle and excitement than this then was never existed. Gambling and gamblers were in full possession of the field. Tents were crowded with people surrounding the tables where the Mexican game of "monte" and other so-called banking games were in full blast. These were the first and most conspicuous features of the scene. The mercantile establishments were thronged with men fitting out for "the diggings." Activity prevailed everywhere, occasioned mainly by the innumerable expeditions and squads of men about to depart for the mining region. For aside from the gambling fraternity and the comparatively few older and wiser heads who saw a safer and more profitable field of operations in the opportunities which existed for trade and speculation in San Francisco, the heart of the multitude was set upon gold-digging, the "making of a pile"—in the parlance of the day—and a quick return to the old home again. Indeed, it may be safely estimated that ninety-five per cent. of the "Forty-Niners" who had then arrived, and were still arriving, in California were animated by this sentiment. For at that time the country, with its arid and uninviting aspect, presented few or no attraction for permanent residence. Much less did it then exhibit any of the evidences of the resources of soil and climate which the subsequent forty years of American energy and enterprise have developed.—W. B. Farwell, in Century.

KNEW HIS WIFE.

His Observations by Proxy Through the Knothole of His Back-yard Fence.

He was about five feet tall, had light hair, and looked meek. He was making strenuous but unsuccessful efforts to reach a knothole in a high board fence on the outskirts of East New York. A tall man was passing, and the small man glided up to him, plucked him timidly by the coat and said:

"Hate to trouble you, sir, but would you mind doing me a favor?"

"Not at all; would-be happy to." The small man took him by the arm and led him over to the fence.

"You see," said he, "I promised my wife I'd be home four hours ago and beat a carpet, and—well, I just want you to stand on that rock, look through that knothole up there, and tell me what is going on inside."

The tall man looked rather surprised, but complied, while the other leaned up against the fence to await developments.

"What do you see?" asked the meek man presently.

"Why, I see a woman——"

"Sh! Not so loud! Tall woman, with auburn hair, red face, and wart on her cheek?"

"That's her."

"Beating a carpet, isn't she?"

"Yes."

"Look warm?"

"I should say so."

"Kinder excited, too, isn't she?"

"Well, yes."

"Um—got her skirt up around her knees, and her sleeves rolled up to her shoulders?"

"Exactly."

"Has she got on a black bonnet with a white feather stuck hind side before and tied underneath the chin in a double hard knot?"

"That's just the way she dressed."

"What's she using, a carpet beater or a broom?"

"A hoe handle."

"Lord! She's worse than I thought."

Just then came from the other side a crack, a rip, and a snort. The fence shook, and the tall man almost tumbled from his post.

"Gee whiz!" said the other, trembling; "but she's got 'em bad this time. Did she smile when she hit that whack, stranger?"

"Smile! She sniggered."

"That's all right. Much obliged to you, sir. That will do. I guess I won't go in yet. Good day, sir."—N. Y. Sun.

PAID FOR BAD MANNERS.

How a Clerk Made It Costly for Rude Customers.

"Gimme two good cigars," said a dudish young fellow as he walked up to the Kimball house cigar-stand the other night.

"What price cigar do you wish, sir?" asked the accommodating young man presiding over the counter.

"I didn't say anything about the price," snarled the other. "I don't care anything about that. Gimme something good."

The clerk passed over a box and the young man and his friend each took one, and the purchaser, thinking that there would be probably a discount on a wholesale purchase, took another, which he shoved into his top vest pocket.

"How much?" queried the young man, nonchalantly.

"One fifty, please," softly gurgled the clerk; "fifty cents each, straight."

The dudish young man gasped, while his eyes popped out.

But he had made his bluff, and digging down into his pocket, he raked up the desired amount, which he turned over and sadly turned away.

"Have many cases like that?" queried a man, who was standing by.

"Not very many," said the clerk, "but I strike 'em once in awhile. When Ingalls was here a granger member of the legislature got him in tow one evening and walked up to the stand and called for the cigars. I asked, as I do everyone except regular customers, what price cigars he wanted. He answered me very shortly, saying he didn't care anything about that. So I handed him out a box, and when he and Ingalls had helped themselves taxed the legislator a dollar apiece for them. He came back after awhile and leaning over the case whispered to me: "Say, sonny, whenever I come up here with a friend and call for the cigars, just hand out a box of three for a quarter, will you?"—Atlanta Herald.

The Summer Resort Bureau Drawer.

The bureau drawer at the summer resort. Whoever encountered it with pleasure or bade adieu to it with regret? It is such a capricious, intractable entity! Did you ever know a bureau drawer at the summer resort that came out readily at your pull? Of course you never did. It is bound to stick until your arms are sore and your disposition is soured; and when it does yield, it is only at one end, and then the harder you pull the tighter it becomes wedged in. Then you get the drawer straight, after much effort, push it clear in, and then you give it a gentle pull, and presto? it comes out with a rush and you find yourself supine on the floor, with that pesky drawer as a deck load. Nobody can love or ever respect the bureau drawer at the summer resort.—Boston Transcript.

DOMESTIC CONCERNS.

—The best and easiest method of removing mildew is to place the articles in a warm (not hot) oven for several minutes, when the moisture of the mildew will have evaporated and may be brushed off.—Detroit Free Press.

—Baked Potatoes: For luncheon or supper, hot baked potatoes with smoothly made milk gravy make a healthful and tempting dish for school children and others. Select potatoes of uniform size and have them thoroughly washed, place in a hot oven, and bake one hour.—Demorest's Magazine.

—Charleston Rice Pudding: Boil half a teacupful of rice, dry; beat five eggs well, whites and yellows together; add to the rice, with sugar to suit the taste, a pint of sweet milk, a heaping teaspoonful of corn starch, any flavoring preferred. Pour in an earthen baking dish, and put little pinches of butter all over the top. Bake an hour; and if the pudding browns too quickly, set a pan of boiling water on the top rack of the stove, just over the dish.—Boston Budget.

—Sweet Potato Pie: Three sweet potatoes, boiled and mashed smooth; add one scant cupful of sugar, one whole egg and one yolk, a dash of salt and nutmeg and one large cupful of rich milk or cream. Beat all well together, and bake in one crust. Frost the top with the white left over, beating it stiff with two spoonfulls of sugar. This makes a most delicious pie, superior to any pumpkin pie ever made. Molasses may be used in place of part the sugar.—Housekeeper.

—A white and brilliant light from lamps can only be secured by keeping the oil receptacle perfectly clean. The oil should frequently be poured out, the vessels well washed in strong soap suds and rinsed in warm water, and then freshly filled. The burners can be boiled in soda and water to cleanse the network of all dirt and impurities. If the wicks are also washed and boiled in soda and water it will enable them to give a clearer light. Wicks must be kept thus clean, or frequently replaced by new ones.

—Never neglect to see that the garbage pails and all vessels for refuse are kept scrupulously clean. It takes only a few moments to throw in a solution of lye or of sal soda and water as soon as they are emptied. Scrub them around with a little whisk, touching every portion of the vessel with this disinfecting solution. Rinse them with water and set them where the hot sun will dry and purify them. There is no more certain source on which the bacilli of all foul diseases may feed than unclean garbage pails, and yet it is not an uncommon practice for otherwise neat housekeepers to neglect to keep them clean.—N. Y. Tribune.

Autumn Woollens.

A commendable tendency to lighten the weight of wool fabrics is noticeable in early importations of autumn and winter dress goods. The warm rich look is retained by ribs or cords, by crepe or fleecy finish, but the stuffs generally are more lightly woven, their pure wool insuring sufficient warmth for the coldest weather. Another obvious tendency is toward light shades of color, of beige, gray, pearl and coral, and it is said white cloth dresses will be worn all winter. For walking-dresses, however, the Paris modistes are selecting dark chataigne, or chestnut brown, cloths, various chrysanthemum shades of purplish-red and gray-blue, dark mouse-color, green of both olive and emerald hues, and also black woollens plaided with purplish-red, or striped or marbled with green, heliotrope, pomme d'or, or porcelain blue. Plain colors remain, as always the safest choice both for service and refined effect, but figured goods abound, in pastilles, in V stripes, in crossbars, and in marbled designs.—Harper's Bazar.

Tailor Gowns.

Faced cloths, Cheviots and camel's-hair are commended for tailor gowns that are to be worn again both in the house and street. English suitings for traveling dresses and morning wear repeat the small broken checks and irregular stripes of last winter; they also give name to very conspicuous plaids of rough-surfaced wool, like "blanketing," yet of medium weight. Among these are double or triple crossbars of bright colors at wide intervals, inclosing large squares of black, green or dark brown. The barred wool is used only for the skirt, while the coat-basque or the round bodice is of plain cloth, matching that of the squares, with vest and braiding of the color of the bars. Broche and damasse designs are also largely imported in rough-finished woolens.—Harper's Bazar.

Laces Popular.

Lace was never more popular. One sort particularly is in vogue. It is the cafe au lait, or bran-loaf colored lace, introduced for the trimming of those tissues in shades which are quite Asiatic. They are of modern manufacture, of course, but are wonderfully like the "antique" Persian hues mixed up in palm patterns on Indian shawls. If one steps back to consider this coloring at a distance the eye takes in no definite reds, purples, orange or blue tints, but a combination of all. There is a warmth which relieves and does not blind, nevertheless the hues are each of them quite pure. Fringes will compete with lace in the trimming department. It is employed on bodies and basques and as foot borders of skirts. Narrow Tom Thumb fringe is used in rows above hems as braid has been.—Chicago Post.

How to Cook String Beans.

A good vegetable which is often spoiled in cooking—or, perhaps it should be said in not cooking—is string beans. Many cooks fail in giving them too little time for boiling, and the strong green taste does not cook out of them. Some varieties require much longer cooking than others. From one and one-half to three hours is generally sufficient. They are best when set over the fire in cold water and allowed to come shortly to a boil. Salt them when nearly tender. When thoroughly cooked drain and add a lump of butter, a little pepper and a cupful of boiling cream to each quart of beans. Milk and more butter may be substituted if more convenient. Do not allow them to boil after the cream is added, lest the salt curdle it.—Chicago Herald.

—Rats were used as sentinels by two burglars who tried to saw their way out of the Cleveland jail. They scattered bread-crumbs outside of their cell, and when the noise of the sawing brought the watchman around the rats gave notice of his approach by pattering off. Then the sawing suddenly ceased, and for nights the watchman was unable to locate the rasping sound.

AGRICULTURAL HINTS.

THE LEAF CRUMPLER.

A Destructive Insect, Which May, However, Be Easily Kept in Check.

During the winter and spring months one often finds upon the twigs of various fruit trees masses of dry, brown leaves surrounding a long, horn-like, tubular case. If one of these cases be carefully cut open it will be found to contain a brownish worm or caterpillar about half an inch long. This insect is the leaf-crumpler, and it often becomes one of the most injurious of orchard pests. The adult insect is a small, grayish moth that appears during June or July, and deposits eggs on the various trees that serve as food plants for the larvæ. These include the apple, quince, and possibly the the peach, as well as both the wild and cultivated varieties of the cherry, plum

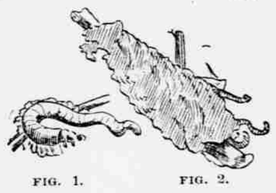

FIG. 1. FIG. 2.

and crab apple. From these eggs there soon hatch small brownish worms that construct tubular, silken cases (Fig. 1) within which they remain concealed when not eating. As they grow larger they draw about the opening of their abodes many partially-eaten leaves, so that by autumn there is quite a bunch surrounding each case. (Fig. 2.) At the approach of cold weather the cases are attached to the twigs by means of silken threads, the larvæ frequently gnawing away the tender bark to insure a firm hold; and thus the winter is passed.

As soon in spring as the leaves begin to appear the larvæ attack them, frequently eating out the flower buds as well. The front part of a larvæ is seen in Fig. 3. They continue feeding and growing until sometime in June, when they become pupæ, pupating within the cases. About a fortnight later the moths emerge, and thus the life cycle is completed. The perfect insect is shown at Fig. 4, somewhat enlarged.

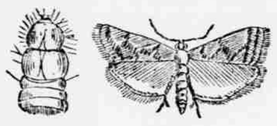

FIG. 3 FIG. 4.

Fortunately there are several species of parasites that help to keep this insect in check. In young orchards the larval cases are easily picked off during winter. They may then be burned or, what is probably better, carried to a considerable distance from their food plants, and left on the ground, thus allowing the parasites to develop and escape. The leaf-crumpler larvæ are also liable to destruction by spraying with paris green or London purple, and may easily be held in check in this way. In orchards regularly sprayed for the codlin moth this, as well as other leaf-eating apple pests, will rarely prove troublesome. Not only should all the larval cases possible be picked off during winter, but spraying should be commenced early also. The larvæ are more easily and profitably destroyed while young and tender, and before they have done much damage to the leaves and flower buds. One great reason why fruit growers often fail to keep insect as well as fungus enemies in check is because they neglect the spraying until the harm is done.—American Agriculturist.

AMONG THE POULTRY.

An overgrown, excessively fat fowl is a nuisance.

A little stimulating food will not come amiss in moulting season.

Young turkeys will lay more eggs than old ones, but they will be smaller.

If young turkey hens are to be kept for breeding, select out the best of the earliest hatched.

The best table fowls are the games, Cochins, Houdans, Brahmas, Langshans, Wyandottes and Dominiques.

There is no difference in any respect between chickens hatched in an incubator and those hatched under a hen.

The best breeds for eggs are Leghorns, Minorcas, Houdans, Spanish, Polands, Hamburgs and Andalusians.

Young geese that have not yet completed their growth should be fed liberally from now on until they are ready to market.

Cabbage makes a good green feed for winter. All the small, unmarketable heads should be gathered up and stored away.

When pigeons are kept in small yards care must be taken to keep an even number. An odd male will cause continual trouble.

Poultry of any kind intending to be dressed before sending to market should be kept from food for twenty-four hours before killing.

It is not a good plan to keep pullets and old hens, fat and lean hens all together. They do not require the same food and will do better separate.

Egg-bound hens or persistent cases of croup rarely pay for the trouble required to cure. The hatchet in a majority of cases is the cheapest remedy.

While in many localities it is best to close up the poultry house at night, during the day the doors and windows should be opened, when the weather will admit, so as to secure a good ventilation.

Preserving Liquefied Honey.

Under the ordinary plan of liquefying honey the product is sticky, somewhat like molasses, having thickened in melting. But more than this, it has lost part of that fragrant aroma and exquisite taste which it before possessed. These important qualities can all be retained, according to British Bee Journal, by a simple process, which consists in covering the honey about to be subjected to heat, with half an inch of cold water. The crust and the whole of the acid portion, if any, on top of the granulated honey, should be removed previous to placing the cold water on. After melting there appears about the same quantity of water on top as when placed on at first. When the honey has been allowed to cool down to a lukewarm condition, the water covering should be poured off. Honey that was originally clear, and has become thick and cloudy by being melted without the covering of water, will not alter, if melted again with it.

Good News from England.

The Medical Reform Society of London will send genuine information free of charge to all who are bona fide sufferers from Chronic Kidney and Liver Diseases, Diabetes or Bright's Disease, or any discharges or derangements of the human body, Dropsy, Nervous Weakness, Exhausted Vitality, Gravel, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Dyspepsia, Loss of Memory, want of Brain Power. The discovery is a new, cheap and sure cure, the simplest remedy on earth, as found in the Valley of the Nile, Egypt.

Send a self-addressed envelope at once enclosing ten cents in stamps to defray expenses, to Secretary, James Holland, 8, Bloomsbury Mansions, Bloomsbury Square, London, England. Mention this paper.

"This circumstance adds weight to the step I am about to take," remarked the convict as he glanced down at his chain and ball.—Baltimore American.

The Only One Ever Printed—Can You Find the Word?

There is a 3 inch display advertisement in this paper, this week, which has no two words alike except one word. The same is true of each new one appearing each week, from The Dr. Harter Medicine Co. This house places a "Crescent" on everything they make and publish. Look for it, send them the name of the word and they will return you book, beautiful lithographs or samples free.

If you listen at night you will come to the conclusion that a great many cricket matches are played after dark.—Martha's Vineyard Herald.

The Course of Empire.

The poet informs, is westward. Emigrants in that direction should be provided with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters as an antidote to malaria, the bane to newly settled clearings. Moreover, the peerless fortifying agent neutralizes the pernicious effect of damp and exposure, mental and bodily fatigue and nervous strain. Travelers, tourists, miners, navvies and mariners use it with advantage.

"The shoemaker who breathed his last" should not be pointed to as a man of phenomenal lung power.—Washington Star.

Progress.

It is very important in this age of vast material progress that a remedy be pleasing to the taste and to the eye, easily taken, acceptable to the stomach and healthy in its nature and effects. Possessing these qualities, Syrup of Figs is the one perfect laxative and most gentle diuretic known.

The book agent, like the sailors, finds that wind has a wonderful effect on his canvas.—Yonkers Statesman.

Invalids, aged people, nursing mothers, overworked, wearied out fathers, will find the happiest results from a judicious use of Dr. Sherman's Prickly Ash Bitters. Where the liver or kidneys are affected, prompt action is necessary to change the tide toward health, ere the disease becomes chronic—possibly incurable, and there is nothing better to be found in the whole range of materia medica. Sold everywhere.

"Oh, mamma," exclaimed little Johnnie, "the trees in our yard are getting bald-headed."—Binghamton Republican.

Don't use mercury and iodide of potash for blood diseases. If your blood is bad Dr. John Bull's Sarsaparilla will quickly restore it to a healthful condition. It is the best vegetable blood purifier in the world, and it never leaves any evil after effects. It is pleasant to take and exhilarating, yet a discontinuance of its use will not cause a craving for more.

She Spoke Without Thinking.—"Do you know, Miss Honeydew—er—Dolly—you are the first girl I have ever kissed!" "Oh, that's just what they all say!"—Life.

Why don't you try Carter's Little Liver Pills? They are a positive cure for sick headache, and all the ills produced by disordered liver. Only one pill a dose.

Some of the "trouserings" exhibited in the windows of the "importing tailor" are so loud that you can almost hear them pant.—Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.

Cure your cough with Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar.

Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

In order to fight the flies successfully the cow has to make a good many flank movements.—Buffalo Express.

Wasting away, growing thinner every day. Poor child, won't Mama get you a box of Dr. Bull's Worm Destroyers?

The instantaneous camera is the little link between the bathing suit and the libel suit.—Washington Star.

For twenty-five cents you can get Carter's Little Liver Pills—the best liver regulator in the world. Don't forget this. One pill a dose.

A watch wheel is usually modest on its travels. It prefers to go round in cog.—Baltimore American.

THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, September 28, 1891.			
CATTLE—Native Steers	$3 50	@	5 45
COTTON—Middling	8⅝	@	8¾
FLOUR—Winter Wheat	3 65	@	5 25
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	1 03	@	1 05¾
CORN—No 2	61½	@	61
OATS—Western Mixed	31	@	34
PORK—New Mess	12 00	@	12 50
ST. LOUIS.			
COTTON—Middling	....	@	8⅜
BEEVES—Fancy Steers	5 80	@	6 00
Shipping	4 50	@	5 75
HOGS—Common to Select	4 50	@	5 10
SHEEP—Fair to Choice	3 65	@	4 50
FLOUR—Patents	4 55	@	4 65
Fancy to Extra Do	4 00	@	4 35
WHEAT—No. 2 Red Winter	94¼	@	94⅜
CORN—No. 2 Mixed	50	@	50¼
OATS—No. 2	28	@	28⅛
RYE—No. 2	81	@	82⅜
TOBACCO—Lugs	1 10	@	5 10
Leaf Burley	4 50	@	7 00
HAY—Clear Timothy	8 50	@	11 50
BUTTER—Choice Dairy	18	@	20
EGGS—Fresh	....	@	15
PORK—Standard Mess	....	@	11 00
BACON—Clear Rib	....	@	7⅞
LARD—Prime Steam	....	@	6⅞
WOOL—Choice Tub	32	@	32½
CHICAGO.			
CATTLE—Shipping	3 50	@	6 35
HOGS—Good to Choice	4 65	@	5 50
SHEEP—Fair to Choice	3 25	@	4 75
FLOUR—Winter Patents	4 70	@	4 85
Spring Patents	4 90	@	5 15
WHEAT—No. 2 Spring	....	@	95
CORN—No. 2	....	@	49⅝
OATS—No. 2	26½	@	26¾
PORK—Standard Mess	9 80	@	9 90
KANSAS CITY.			
CATTLE—Shipping Steers	3 50	@	5 70
HOGS—All Grades	3 25	@	4 85
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	86	@	86½
OATS—No. 2	....	@	25⅞
CORN—No. 2	46½	@	47
NEW ORLEANS.			
FLOUR—High Grade	4 25	@	4 90
CORN—White	....	@	70
OATS—Western	....	@	38
HAY—Choice	15 00	@	15 50
PORK—New Mess	....	@	11 00
BACON—Clear Rib	....	@	8¼
COTTON—Middling	8¼	@	8⅜
LOUISVILLE.			
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	97	@	98
CORN—No. 2 Mixed	65	@	67
OATS—NO 2 Mixed	33	@	35
PORK—Mess	10 75	@	11 00
BACON—Clear Rib	8¼	@	8½
COTTON—Middling	8½	@	8¾

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A Tested Remedy For All
Blood and Skin Diseases
A reliable cure for Contagious Blood Poison, Inherited Scrofula and Skin Cancer.
As a tonic for delicate Women and Children it has no equal.
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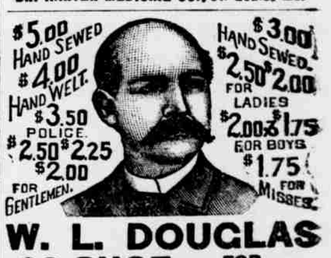

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