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CHAPTER I.

"For God's sake, dear Harry, come to me at once. Brother Frank was captured by your people at Lebanon ten days ago. He was charged with being a spy, taken to Camp Dick Robinson, and then, after a trial that must have been a judicial farce, he was sentenced to death.

"Mother is so prostrated by the news that she can not leave her bed and I feel as if my senses were deserting me.

"If brother had fallen in battle, fighting for the cause so dear to him and to his family, the blow would have been still hard to bear, but it would have been as Heaven compared with being hanged like a dog, and this for an offense of which he is entirely innocent.

"I did not think during this struggle to ask a favor from any man wearing a blue uniform, nor should I do so under any other circumstances. I am emboldened to appeal to you when I recall that your family and mine were neighbors, since long before we were born, that you and Frank were playmates in boyhood, and that you were classmates at Center College when the war burst upon us; nor can I forget that there was a time when I held more than a sister's place in your heart. By the memory of the happy past, I invoke your aid in this the hour of our sore distress."

I was in command of a troop of cavalry and was on my way to join Burnside at Knoxville. For two months we had been hunting "Tinker Dave Beatty" and his bushwhackers in the Cumberland mountains in my native state, Kentucky, and were glad of the recall to a more congenial field.

We were encamped on the old battle field of Mill Springs, the first complete Union victory of the war, when a black boy came to my quarters with the letter from which the foregoing is an extract. The boy was well mounted, and his spattered dress and the flanks of the animal, which were covered with crimson foam, told how hard he had ridden.


THE BOY WAS WELL MOUNTED.

Jessamine County, seventy miles to the north, was my old home, and on the other side of the Lexington pike from my father's house was the fine blue grass farm of the Widow Brent, the black boy's mistress and the mother of Miss Carrie Brent, whose remarkable letter I had just read.

"Have you come straight from Nicholasville, Ike?" I asked the boy, after I had directed an orderly to have the horse cared for.

"I came ovah from Nicholasville last nigh', sah, wid Miss Carrie, an' I done left her dis early mawnin' wid Massa Frank at camp Dick Robinson, whar dey tole her so how you was jes' 'bout ovah heah; so she tole me to fine you an' gib you de lettah," said the boy.

I ordered my cook to give Ike something to eat, and then I took a turn about the camp to think over the situation.

It was early November, 1863, and word had come North that Longstreet was hard pressing Burnside at Knoxville. Troops were being hurried South, by way of Cumberland Gap, to the help of the Ninth Corps, and as the rest of my regiment was in East Tennessee, my orders were to push through and join it without any unnecessary delay.

If I had not received this letter I should have been riding for the Southeast within an hour; but I was suddenly reminded that we needed a larger supply of ammunition for our recently-received Spencers, and that time would be gained by going to Camp Dick Robinson to get fresh mounts for about half my men. It was not a violation of orders to go by this route, and after I had made up my mind, which did not take me many minutes, I tried to make myself believe that the hope of again meeting Carrie Brent had nothing to do with my change of plans; but looking back after the lapse of these many years, I am confident I could have reached East Tennessee without fresh horses or more ammunition.

I loved Carrie Brent as heartily as I disliked her brother, but my dislike for Frank was not because he was a Confederate; for many of my dearest kinsmen and friends had enrolled themselves under the same banner. Captain Brent—I doubt if he was regularly commissioned—commanded, before his arrest, an irregular troop who had given themselves the name "Partisan Rangers." These men had shown themselves to be experts in gathering up horses, while they were cruel in their treatment of the non-combatant Union men of the State. Unfortunately such conduct was not peculiar to the Southern side.

When it was found that Kentucky must take sides and that her valleys and hills were to be battle-fields, Frank Brent and I parted in anger, he to go South with John Morgan and his "Lexington Rifles," and I to don the blue and yellow and fight under the old flag. He had been recklessly bold in his coming and his going, and, as a consequence, he had brought on himself the capture, which I regarded as inevitable from the first, and he was now threatened with a death which many believed he deserved.

The following afternoon found me with my troop at camp Dick Robinson, when I at once reported to the commandant, my old friend, General Boyle. The General had known Frank Brent since that unfortunate young man's childhood, and I found him in sore distress over the execution, which was to take place before ten o'clock the following morning.

CHAPTER II.

"I am powerless to help Frank," said the General, after we had been talking a few minutes, "for the evidence is all against him. If it was any other man—if I had not known him since he was a child and his mother since she was a school-girl I should say without hesitation that he richly deserved his fate."

Recalling the fact that men on our side as well as on that of the South often had to disguise themselves in order to get through to see their friends when on leave or furlough, I said:

"Under the circumstances, it seems pretty hard to charge a Kentuckian with being a spy."

"Do you know the circumstances?" asked the General.

"Only in a general way," I replied.

"He was captured in citizen's dress near Lebanon," explained General Boyle; "but we might overlook that were it not for the fact that on the trial it was proved conclusively that Frank Brent, a few weeks before his arrest, wantonly murdered an old and respected Union citizen over on Chaplin creek, near Perryville. He had a fair trial, and there is no getting away from the evidence."

"And has he offered no defense?" I asked.

"He made a statement, but there was nothing to confirm it."

"Then there is no hope for him?"

"I fear not," said the General, compressing his lips and shaking his head. "But," he added, after a pause, "I am making an effort to get the date of the sentence postponed."

"What have you done?"

"I have telegraphed the President and am expecting a reply at any moment."

"And if a favorable answer does not come by to-morrow morning?"

"Then," said the General solemnly, "I must do my duty as a soldier; indeed, I am powerless to stay the execution."

"And Miss Brent is here?"

"Yes, poor girl. I have given her my private quarters. You will find her there or at the prison," replied the General.

Feeling my helplessness more than ever, and dreading the meeting, which I had recently been so anxious to bring about, I went to the General's quarters, whither the boy, Ike, had preceded me.

I will confess to having trembled and felt nervous when in the past I heard the irregular rattle of rifles along the skirmish line, that always impressed me like a prelude to the opera of death; but such experiences were calmness itself compared with my sensations on once more standing in the presence of the girl, who, from the hour of our cruel parting under the locust and tulip trees before her mother's house, had never been out of my heart.

It is not love that leads me to extol Carrie Brent; for in a land famed for the beauty of its women she was an acknowledged belle. Two years had passed since last we met, years of march and battle, that had solaced and aged me, and changed my character from a light-hearted boy to that of a bronzed and bearded man whose soul was aflame with a sense of duty and a desire to bring about peace with Union—that or an eternity of war.

I had made up my mind to stand on my dignity. I recalled the last words I had heard from her lips, words that cut me and pained me more cruelly than the shell, which subsequently at Bentonville tore off my right arm; "Go, Harry Watts, and join the Lincoln hirelings if you will, but after you have taken that step I wish never to see your face again."

I repeated these words to myself, as I neared the place where I knew I should find Carrie, for she was beckoning to me as I approached. But when I saw the beautiful, pale face and the expression of unutterable woe in her eyes, I forgot the dignity I had promised myself, forgot the indignity with which she had dismissed me, and feeling only that on my side at least, the love of our early association had survived the parting, I reached out both hands and said, huskily:

"I got your letter, Carrie, and I have come."

She gave me her right hand, and I could see in the half-averted face the struggle between pride and feeling. She made an effort to speak, but, overcome by her emotions, she dropped into a chair and covered her face with her hands.

I heard her low moaning, while her slender form swayed as if she would rock her agony to rest; this and the tears pouring through her little white fingers and falling on her heaving breast unnerved me more than the unexpected appearance of all Bragg's army could have done.

A man never appreciates his want of power or realizes how utterly helpless it is possible for him to become so much as when he tries to check the flow of a beautiful woman's tears. By an effort of will, rather than because of my well-meant attempt to pacify her, Carrie Brent brushed the tears from her cheeks, and, springing to her feet, cried out in a voice full of pleading and passion:

"Oh, Captain Watts, save my brother! Do not let your people become his murderers!"

Feeling that it would be cruel to repeat to her what General Boyle had told me or to assure her of my own inability to assist her, I said, vaguely:

"For your sake and your mother's, as well as in the interest of humanity, you may depend on my doing every thing in my power for your brother. But I should like to ask what you know about his case."

"I can tell you Frank's story as he told it to me, and I never knew him to lie," she replied.

"Is it not true that Frank was in citizen's dress when captured?" I asked.

"It is; but you should know how difficult—how even impossible—it is for Confederate soldiers to secure proper uniforms. Go to camp Chase, or look at the prisoners recently brought here, and you will see that, although captured in battle, not one-half of them are in uniform," she said.

I was forced to confess that if I had been on the court-martial I should not have paid much heed to the dress worn by the prisoner at the time of his capture; and although I did not tell her so, I was very sure that the officers who tried Frank Brent were not influenced in their verdict by the fact of his not being in uniform.

"His command," I said, "is reported to be down near Cumberland Gap. How does he explain his being two hundred miles away from it and within our lines when captured?"

"I will concede that he was rash in coming into this part of the State as he did," she answered promptly; "but his purpose was not to play the spy."

"What then was his purpose?"

"You know Miss Mattie Vernon and her family at Versailles?"

"Yes, very well."

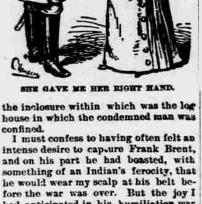
"And you may have heard that since even before the trouble Frank has been devoted to her?"

I had heard something of this, but I also knew that Miss Vernon and her family were in favor of the Union and that it was generally believed that she was engaged to Howard Scott, a young Kentuckian then on General Carter's staff; so I simply nodded in response to Carrie's question.

"Learning that Mattie Vernon was very ill," she continued, "Frank, in the hope of seeing her, was making his way through to Versailles when he was captured; then, to make sure of convicting him, they charged him with a murder that was committed when he was away with his command in East Tennessee."

This, of course, was her brother's story, and she, at least, believed it as if it were Holy Writ.

Asking her to remain where she was for the present, I secured a pass from the provost marshal and went down to the inclosure within which was the log house in which the condemned man was confined.


SHE GAVE ME HER RIGHT HAND.

I must confess to having often felt an intense desire to capture Frank Brent, and on his part he had boasted, with something of an Indian's ferocity, that he would wear my scalp at his belt before the war was over. But the joy I had anticipated in his humiliation was not mine when in the dusk of that stormy evening we stood face to face.

CHAPTER III.

When I last saw Frank Brent he was as handsome a youth as could be found in all the Blue Grass country, but the two years of strife and privation had told on him—this and the terrible ordeal he was then undergoing. His fine, tall form was still erect, and his bearing half defiant, but the ashy pallor of his cheeks, the haunted expression in his dark eyes, and the nervous twitching of the lips told how keenly he felt the situation.

I gave him my hand, and said, as I led him to a seat:

"Frank, I am mighty sorry to find you in this fix."

"I have no fault to find with my being a prisoner, for that is the fortune of war," he said, with a nonchalant air. "As good or even better men than myself have had to submit to capture. But I do object to being convicted of a crime which I am incapable of committing."

"But there must have been evidence against you?" I said, quietly.

"So there was!" he exclaimed, "but from first to last the condemnatory part was perjured."

"You refer to the murder of John Harding, near Perryville?"

"Yes, that's it, Captain. Harding was killed, how or by whom I know not, but I do know that at the date of the murder I was still with my command, two hundred miles away," said Frank, with a fierce earnestness that convinced me he was telling the truth.

"But could you not prove your whereabouts at the time?" I asked.

"Prove my whereabouts at the time!" he repeated. "Why, how could I bring any of my men before a Yankee court-martial to prove an alibi?"

"But, are there no Union troops who might have been aware of your vicinity? It is your custom to let your whereabouts be known," I said.

Frank Brent rose and began pacing the floor, while he stroked his soft, brown beard in a perplexed way. Suddenly coming to a halt before me, he fixed his eyes on the floor and said:

"There is one of your men, an old friend of yours, who is now in Libby prison, who, if he were here, could prove that on the very day John Harding was killed I was in Powell's valley, near Cumberland Gap."

"Who is the man?" I asked.

"Howard Scott."

"Howard Scott a prisoner?" I exclaimed.

"Yes, captured by me on the tenth day of October—the day of the murder, mind you—captured by me two hundred miles from the place where Harding's body was found. I am usually well-mounted, but no horse could make that distance in a few hours," said Frank Brent, with a nervous laugh.

"I shall not deny what you state," I said, "but as you can not corroborate it, it does not help your case. As we are not exchanging prisoners now, Lieutenant Scott's presence is out of the question, though I will confess that his evidence would save you."

He had evidently been thinking over every chance to avert his sentence, for he said quietly:

"General Boyle believes he can get *your* President to postpone the date. If that is done, Scott can be paroled, specially exchanged, or his evidence, taken in Richmond can be sent through under a flag of truce. He does not like me, and there is no love lost between us, but he is a brave man and he would not lie, not even to get square with me for the trick that led to his capture."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HOW BALLS ARE MADE.

Automatic Machines For Their Construction in Successful Operation.

Automatic machines for making baseballs have been so successfully contrived that their introduction is likely to constitute a practical industry. Each machine winds two balls at one time, in the following way:

A little Para rubber ball, weighing three-quarters of an ounce, around which one turn has been made with the end of a skein of an old-fashioned gray stocking yarn, is slipped into the machine, then another, after which the boy in charge touches a lever, the machine starts and the winding begins. The rubber ball is thus hidden in a few seconds, and in its place appears a little gray yarn ball that rapidly grows larger and larger.

When it appears to be about half the size of the regulation base ball there is a click, the machine stops, the yarn is cut, the boy picks out the ball and tosses it into the basket. When this basket is full it is passed along to another boy, who runs a similar machine, where a half-ounce layer of worsted yarn is put on.

The next machine adds a layer of strong, white cotton thread, a coating of rubber cement is next applied and a half-ounce layer of the very best fine worsted completes the ball, with the exception of the cover.

Could Recommend It.

Customer—I believe I'll try a bottle of your hair vigor. Will I be running any risk if I use it on my hair?

Barber—Oh, don't let that trouble you; it will come out all right.—Detroit Free Press.

ALL men are created equal, but the power of gold beats creation.

DOMESTIC CONCERNS.

—A new thing in penwipers is a silver pig whose back is thickly covered with natural bristles.

—To prevent tin pans from rusting, rub fresh lard on them, and set in a hot oven until thoroughly heated.

—Soak clothes that fade over night with water in which has been dissolved one ounce of sugar of lead to a pailful of rain water.

—Macaroni in Veal Broth: Break the macaroni into bits, put into plenty or well-seasoned veal broth and boil till tender. Add butter, and serve.—Good Housekeeping.

—Marlborough Pudding: One pint cream or rich milk, one egg, one-half cup butter, one-half cup sugar, six tart apples, grated; one lemon; half the juice and grated peel. Stir butter and sugar together as for cake; add other ingredients and bake in rich puff paste.—Detroit Free Press.

—Roast Lamb: Rub a nice leg of lamb with salt and pepper, lay in a baking pan with a little water and a few slices of onion; when done, in about two hours' steady cooking, take the meat out and thicken the drippings (after taking off the most of the grease) with flour, to be used as a sauce.—Boston Globe.

—Spiced Grapes: Ten pounds of grapes, eight pounds of sugar, four tablespoonfuls of cloves, four tablespoonfuls cinnamon, one quart of vinegar. Boil slowly until the fruit is tender. Remove from the fire and rub through a colander; put in tumblers and cover closely. Cherries, gooseberries and currants are nice spiced; the two last need not be strained.—Boston Budget.

—Chicken with Tomato Sauce: Cut a nice chicken into neat joints, flour them and fry them with a few slices of onion also floured. Serve with sauce over it all. Fry an onion, a carrot and two or three tomatoes, with a bunch of herbs (bay leaf, thyme, pastry, etc.) and a few pepper-corns for a quarter of an hour in butter; then stir into it a tablespoonful of vinegar and a half pint of brown sauce. Simmer it all together half an hour, then strain and use.—N. Y. World.

—Clam Soup: For one quart of clams allow two good slices of salt pork; cut it into small bits and fry it out and add half a teacupful of chopped onions; fry them a delicate brown in the fat, using great care that they do not scorch; in another kettle put the broth of the clams, with sufficient water to make one quart, and add to it the hard part of the clams, which must be separated from the bodies and chopped fine; let them boil about fifteen minutes, then add the pork and onion and a teaspoonful of sugar, a little salt and the bodies of the clams; let all boil up well together, then add a little rolled cracker, half a pint of milk and a little cayenne, and serve at once with small crackers crisped.—Boston Herald.

HOME DRESS-MAKING.

Hints For Ladies Accustomed to Doing the Family Sewing.

Home dress-making has been of late years reduced to a comparatively easy task by the number of articles or parts of the dress that can be bought of the shops all ready to be sewn on. This facilitates the task, so that all that is required is to fit the dress, sew up the seams, and drape it. All the minutiae of the work, the covering of whalebones, the making of yoke or bands to the skirt, and numerous other "puttering" small work is done away with, as all these parts of the dress can be bought in the shop as cheaply as they can be made. The single covered steels, which are sold to take the place of whalebones, are not to be recommended. It is no trouble to cut the whalebone up, however, and put them into the convenient cases of silk, which come by the yard or piece. It is considerable trouble to fit a skirt yoke, and those sold in the shops are a great convenience. More desirable than the plaited skirt-braid is the cord of braid that is ready to be put on the skirt with one row of stitching. Skirts are so plain this season that they can be easily made at home. It is the universal practice now to make a foundation skirt of silk, alpaca or cotton to all dresses. This is the lining, but it is never sewed down to the upper part at the bottom, but left to hang free. This lining, or foundation skirt is faced up on the outside the distance of ten or twelve inches with some of the dress goods, and bound with a braid at the bottom, and faced up on the inside with foundation muslin and alpaca or some other strong, durable facing. The skirt proper, which is now without drapery, is hung over this skirt from the waistband and tacked to the foundation skirt at intervals to hold it in proper place. The bodice or waist of all dresses is finished at the belt, which is concealed by a soft folded girdle of silk, a plain pointed girdle of cloth like the dress or some similar contrivance. Basques are seldom seen. There are a great many dresses made now on Princess style. There is little trimming used on wool dress skirts, unless as a border near or at the bottom, or in the shape of a narrow panel at the left side. All skirts for the house lay on the ground, and only barely escape the ground in the street. The waist of the dress is often elaborately trimmed, however. Sleeves are always very large and high, and reach far down over the waist, instead of being short at the waist, as they were formerly. It is a rule, if the waist is of elaborate make, that the huge sleeve should be plain or the reverse. Be careful to set these full sleeves very high on the shoulder, in order to give a slender appearance to the figure, not a broad one.—N. Y. Tribune.

CHANGES IN THE WEATHER.

Precautionary Measures to Be Adopted in Autumn and Winter.

The skin of the face which is inured from infancy to take care of itself, has its circulation educated so that it does not mind even quite severe exposures. The Indians on the plains who wear little or no clothing have the skin of their whole bodies educated in the same way. The artificial skin which we wear in the shape of clothing has no power thus to regulate itself, and many injure themselves severely by inattention to the changes which are required in the thickness of this artificial skin to correspond with the changes in the temperature of the atmosphere. A man needs a light overcoat as well as a heavy one. This will provide for three changes, for in mild days he will need none, in moderately cold weather the light overcoat will be needed while the heavy one can be reserved for the most severe weather. Nature adapts the skin to very slight changes of temperature which can hardly be approximated artificially. If we adopt habits of civilization, one of the penalties attached is the care necessary to regulate our clothing to the changes of the weather. We must regulate by effort of the will and constant watchfulness our artificial skin so that we shall not take cold. One of the best means as concerns the skin itself is a cool bath daily, which acts as both tonic and purifier. For men who must be out in the cold much of the time, the hair on the back of the neck should not be cut too closely.—J. H. Kellogg, M. D., in a Sanitarium Lecture.

A VALUABLE RELIC.

Elizabeth, N. J., Has a Genuine Curiosity in an Old Bell.

A curious bell that has doubtless had an eventful history has been recently dug up in Elizabeth, N. J. Workmen were digging a vault in a lot near the "Old Landing," on Elizabeth creek, and about three feet below the surface found this bell, mouth down. The men sold it to Henry Miller for a trifle, and he now has it in his possession. Mr. Miller filed into the bell, and was induced to believe that it contained gold by its yellow appearance. So he had some fragments tested by several jewelers in Elizabeth, and much to his delight they all said the metal contained a large percentage of gold. If the testimony of these men can be relied upon Mr. Miller has a treasure, for the bell weighs about forty pounds.

Mr. Miller is a day laborer with a large family, and such an unexpected fortune would be peculiarly acceptable. The bell is 32 inches in circumference at the base and tapers in long, graceful curves to the top, which is fourteen inches high. To this top is affixed the crown by which the bell was swung. The crown is about three inches across, two inches high, and three-fourths of an inch in thickness. In shape it is a coronet, with three apertures for fastening it to a beam. About three inches above the rim of the bell runs this inscription, in half-inch relief letters:

SOI DE RANCICO DARTIAGA.

The inscription does not quite make the circuit of the bell, and the space between the two ends is ornamented with little diagonal figures, which to Mr. Miller suggested the *fleur de lis* of France, but they seemed too regular in shape for this design. A plain part of the bell is ornamented in the same manner. There is no date, but the bell is discolored and seems to be eaten by its long burial. The scholarship of Elizabeth has been unable to decipher the inscription, and as there was never a convent or similar institution situated near the place where the relic was unearthed it is a natural conclusion of the owner that in case it contains precious metals it is part of a buried treasure. It seems probable that the bell once belonged to a Portuguese monastery.

The scholar is encouraged in this belief by the fact that several hundred dollars worth of Sanish doubloons were several years ago found in the Sound near the mouth of the creek on whose bank the bell was discovered. Mr. Miller was first persuaded that there was precious metal in the bell by his friend Joseph Metzner, who is a molder in the foundry of Moore Brothers and has some knowledge of metallurgy. The property on which the bell was discovered belongs to a Mr. Forsyth.—N. Y. Times.

TRAPPING AN ELEPHANT.

A Stirring Hunting Adventure in the Wilds of Africa.

Silent and motionless, quite hidden in the darkness, stood the huge form of an old bull elephant, one of whose tusks had been damaged in his youth and had become totally decayed. His head was bent forward in order to rest his one monster tusk upon the ground, his trunk loosely coiled between his forelegs, was also resting on the ground, and his great ragged ears flapped spasmodically in vain endeavor to shake off the myriads of mosquitoes that persistently hovered around his head. Suddenly the forest was lit up by a most vivid flash of lightning, followed an instant afterward by a crashing peal of thunder. The elephant raised his head with a startled jerk, his huge limbs shaking with fear.

Almost before the rumbling echoes of the thunder had died away, the rain, that had been threatening for so many hours, fell in torrents. Flashes of lightning succeeded each other so rapidly that the attendant peals of thunder were converted into one continuous roar, and the violence of the wind soon increased to a veritable tornado—a tropical hurricane.

Trees were blown down and uprooted on all sides. The terrified elephant remained for some time motionless with fear, but as the tempest continued, the monster became suddenly panic-stricken, and charged madly through the dense forest, stumbling and falling over the trunks of uprooted trees in his endeavors to gain some open patch where there would be no danger of being crushed by the falling timber.

Suddenly, in the midst of a mad rush, the elephant sank to the ground with a sharp squeal of pain. The poor brute had severed the vines that supported one of the traps that had been arranged the previous day, and a heavily-weighted spear was plunged between his shoulders. For some moments he remained motionless, then the great body rolled slowly from side to side in vain endeavor to free himself from the spear, but the weapon was barbed and the points had penetrated too deeply to be shaken off. Here he remained, exhausted, until daybreak, his hide covered with patches of mud and deep red smears of blood.—Herbert Ward, in Scribner's.

—"Jane, what is the baby playing with?" "With the flatiron, mum." "Goodness gracious! Take it away at once. She might get it in her mouth and swallow it."

THE authorities of the Louvre are talking of buying in a collection of Carthagenian antiquities. The collection includes fifteen heads of gods and Roman Emperors, thirty Greek and Latin inscriptions and fifty-two pillars bearing words or phrases in the Punic language.

MR. W. J. STILLMAN warns collectors of Greek vases that a Greek dealer in antiquities is buying up the vases that have been found in Italy, at Nola, and other sites of Græco-Italian cities. He infers that they will be sold from Athens as the product of excavations in old Greece.

THE GENERAL MARKETS.

			KANSAS CITY, Dec. 10.
CATTLE—Shipping steers	$ 3 35	@	4 25
Butchers' steers	2 50	@	3 40
Native cows	2 00	@	2 75
HOGS—Good to choice heavy	3 50	@	3 65
WHEAT—No. 2 red	86	@	88
No. 2 hard	82½	@	84
CORN—No. 2	48½	@	49
OATS—No. 2	44	@	44½
RYE—No. 2	65	@	65½
FLOUR—Patents, per sack	2 30	@	2 45
Fancy	2 10	@	2 15
HAY—Baled	7 50	@	9 50
BUTTER—Choice creamery	20	@	22
CHEESE—Full cream	9	@	9½
EGGS—Choice	19½	@	20
BACON—Hams	10	@	11
Shoulders	5	@	6½
Sides	7	@	8
LARD	6½	@	6⅝
POTATOES	75	@	90
ST. LOUIS.			
CATTLE—Shipping steers	4 00	@	4 75
Butchers' steers	3 00	@	3 70
HOGS—Packing	3 60	@	3 50
SHEEP—Fair to choice	4 00	@	5 30
FLOUR—Choice	3 50	@	3 75
WHEAT—No. 2 red	92½	@	93
CORN—No. 2	51½	@	51¾
OATS—No. 2	44½	@	45
RYE—No. 2	68	@	69
BUTTER—Creamery	22	@	26
PORK	10 25	@	10 37½
CHICAGO.			
CATTLE—Shipping steers	4 00	@	4 80
HOGS—Packing and shipping	3 75	@	3 75
SHEEP—Fair to choice	4 00	@	5 25
FLOUR—Winter wheat	4 40	@	5 00
WHEAT—No. 2 red	89½	@	90
CORN—No. 2	51	@	51½
OATS—No. 2	42½	@	43
RYE—No. 2	68	@	68½
BUTTER—Creamery	22	@	26
PORK	8 00	@	8 12½
NEW YORK.			
CATTLE—Common to prime	3 50	@	5 00
HOGS—Good to choice	4 00	@	4 00
FLOUR—Good to choice	4 40	@	5 10
WHEAT—No. 2 red	1 01⅞	@	1 03⅛
CORN—No. 2	62½	@	63⅛
OATS—Western mixed	48	@	51
BUTTER—Creamery	16	@	29½
PORK	10 75	@	12 00

MANITOBA AND THE CANADIAN NORTHWEST.

Official Crop Returns Show a Splendid Yield.

The wonderful productiveness of the great wheat lands of Manitoba and the Canadian Northwest Territories receives a splendid indorsation in the crop of 1890. That these Canadian lands are peculiarly adapted to the growth of the very finest grades of wheat and other cereals is already well known, and, in addition, they produce what are unquestionably the greatest crops of potatoes, roots and all sorts of garden vegetables grown on the American continent.

Small wonder then, considering the many advantages possessed by the Canadian country, and the millions of acres of fat lands now offered in Manitoba, Assiniboia and Alberta, that settlers are flocking thither eager to secure farms in a well-governed, peaceable country, where the climate is most healthful and the soil does not wear out, but yields a rich return year after year for the labor bestowed upon it.

The following dispatch in this connection will no doubt be read with interest. It refers to the province of Manitoba:

"WINNIPEG, Nov. 27.—The local government has just issued another bulletin which gives the following comparisons with 1889 in average yields and products of wheat, oats, barley and potato crops, based on the returns of acreage and average yields for the respective years:

"Estimated average yield in wheat 12.4 bushels in '89, 21.1 bushels in '90. Oats, 16.8 in '89, 41.3 in '90. Barley, 13.6 in '89, 32.1 in '90. Potatoes, 119 in '89, 230 in '90. Product of wheat, 7,201,579 for '89, 14,665,769 for '90. Oats, 3,415,104 for '89, 9,513,433 for '90. Barley, 1,051,551 for '89, 2,069,415 for '90. Potatoes, 1,383,385 for '89, 2,540,820 for '90.

"Little information is given about flax, but field roots are spoken of as being more than usually productive this year.

"Large quantities of hay were put up this year, compared with last. During the harvesting season there was a great scarcity of farm laborers.

"Three persons from Hamilton, Dakota, have been in the city since Monday, and to-day left for the West. Their expenses here are paid by the Dominion Government, and their mission is to pick out sufficient good farm land on which to locate three hundred Dakota families whose names are in their possession, and who will remove to Manitoba early in the spring."

Great Truths.

Dry books cannot be expected to satisfy a thirst for knowledge.

A genius is a person whom nature lets it on the ground floor, and whom circumstances force to live in an attic.

It never does to pose as a cynic unless you are very sure that you wouldn't make a fool of yourself in the society you satirize.

This world is like a fruit basket. The big and attractive on top, while the little ones are crushed out of sight in the bottom.

Men are a good deal like cheap bedsteads; the smoothly varnished side is for public view; but the rough unplaned splinters rub up against the household wall.—Puck.

The price paid for the McAlister book by the publishers is the only amusing thing in it; and that isn't half as amusing as it is sad.—Judge.

When a man's wife tells him to bring home a new stove-pipe, he may rest assured that there is a put up job on him.—Munsey's Weekly.

We sat there in the moonlight,
On the sweetest night in June,
And across her golden tresses
Fell the silver of the moon.

Her dark eyes shone like sapphires;
Her lips were sweet as wine;
How I longed and sighed to kiss them
As they trembled close to mine!

Till she, bending closer—closer—
My unspoken thought had seen—
Whispered, "What's the use of sighing,
Jack?
I know just what you mean!"

Mr. Linterlaight—I believe, Miss Nora, that in the profession I was speaking of I could achieve great results.

Miss Nora—But, my dear friend, you have had no experience, have you?

Mr. L.—Very true, but a man never knows what he can do until he lets himself out.

Voice from Hallway—The proper thing to do when he lets himself out is to make tracks for home.—Boston Courier.

Before the use of Prickly Ash Bitters became general throughout the South and West, it was a fearful dose of "*Blue Mass*," and daily doses of quinine, that was forced down the throats of sufferers from all malarial troubles. In place of such obnoxious, harrowing curatives, Prickly Ash Bitters, with its mild, soothing action now holds supreme sway, and after one trial, its use when necessary, is forever established. You who have sick-headaches, sour stomachs, diseased liver or kidneys, can do no better than to give it a trial.

Mrs. Gazzam (to Sadie Bloobumper)—Where's your mama, Sadie? Sadie—She went over to Mrs. Gargoyle's two hours ago to stay five minutes.—New York Sun.

How He Won Her—Jack (who has popped—It takes you a long time to decide Sallie—I know. And I've about concluded to wear a demi-train of white chiffon over white silk, and have no bridesmaids.—Judge.

He—Will you marry me? She (playfully)—Ah, dearest, what a risk you are running. He—I know it, but I was always a reckless dog.—Epoch.

The thermometer is one of those lucky things that can keep taking a drop without getting drunk.—St. Joseph News.

"So your jaw was broken by the kick of a mule, Uncle Eben?"

"Yas, dat's it. I uz walkin' 'n he straitch out hisself. Didn't know nuffin fer er little bit."

"That was bad."

"Yas, but when I cum to I knowed a mons'us sight mo' dan I knowed befo,' boss."—Light.

Kind Lady—If you need clothing I can supply you with an old suit of my husband's, but they'll be about four sizes to big for you.

Tramp—Never mind, mum; I'll wear 'em. I'd rather be mistook for an Anglomaniac than freeze.—New York Weekly.

Mrs. Bluffer (suddenly awakening in the small hours)—George, did you hear the deep bay of that dog?

Mr. Bluffer (crossly)—What of it? Natural, ain't it? The only things that do bay, ain't they?

Mrs. Bluffer (sweetly)—I think, George, I've heard of Buzzard's bay.—Sun.

"Papa, we don't call an elevator a lift, do we?"

"No, Willie; only the English and Anglo-maniacs call it that."

"Then what made all the fellows snicker when I asked the policeman if he would't elevator me over the muddy crossing?"—Chicago Tribune.

"Yes, Miss Lucy," said Mr. Duday, "I don't suppose that our college could have a race unless I were there to act as starter."

"Oh, you are a starter, are you?" replied Miss Lucy, looking at the clock; "let me see you start."—West Shore.

Homebody—How did you spend your time while in Europe? Returned Tourist—I spent most of it hunting through my pockets for tips.—New York Weekly.

"It is the unexpected which always happens."

"Yes, that is so. I've got so that I expect only the unexpected."—New York Sun.

"Is Hawkins a bright student?"

"Naw; he couldn't pass an examination in the college yell."—Judge.

Father—Is that stranger who calls to see you a man of regular habits?

Daughter—Yes, indeed, pa. He arrives every night promptly at eight.—Street & Smith's Good News.

In the Great West—"What'll you charge to move my house from its present site over to the county seat?"

"Five hundred dollars a mile."

"Phew! Guess I'll have to wait for a cyclone."—New York Tribune.

Bad Memory—"Captain," said a grocery keeper, addressing a well known gentleman, "do you remember that sack of flour you ordered some time ago?"

"Oh, yes, I remember it."

"I suppose so, but I don't remember that you ever paid for it."

"My dear sir, I am not responsible for your bad memory. I have remembered my part of it. Memory is a peculiar faculty and is susceptible of great cultivation. Some of the Grecians could repeat volumes of poetry. Well, good morning."—Arkansaw Traveler.

A man who has practiced medicine for 40 years ought to know salt from sugar; read what he says:

TOLEDO, O., Jan. 10, 1887.

MESSRS. F. J. CHENEY & Co.—*Gentlemen:* I have been in the general practice of medicine for most 40 years, and would say that in all my practice and experience have never seen a preparation that I could prescribe with as much confidence of success as I can Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by you. Have prescribed it a great many times and its effect is wonderful, and would say in conclusion that I have yet to find a case of Catarrh that it would not cure, if they would take it according to directions.

Yours Truly, L. L. GORSUCH, M. D.,
Office, 215 Summit St.

We will give $100 for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured with Hall's Catarrh Cure. Taken internally.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.

First tramp—So you want me to go and ring the door bell while you sit here and rest? Second Tramp—Yes, Clarence; you press the button and I do the rest.—America.

A BOOK TO BUY.—Webster's International Dictionary. This new book is the authentic "Unabridged" thoroughly revised and enlarged under the supervision of NOAH PORTER, D. D., LL. D., of Yale University. Editorial work on the revision has been in active progress for over ten years, and more than a hundred paid literary workers have been engaged upon it. The sum expended in its preparation before the first copy was printed exceeded $300,000. This work, well used in a family, will be of more value to the members thereof than many times its cost laid up in money.

Johnny—"My pop is richer'n your pop." Freddy—"Mebbe he is, but he'll never get back the money he loaned pop."—Harper's Weekly.

WE value everything in this world by comparison. Water and air have no intrinsic value, and yet Jay Gould, if famishing in the desert, would give all his wealth for a pint of the former, and think it *cheap*; hence, life and health are the standard of all values. If your system is full of Malaria you will be very miserable; a few doses of Shallenberger's Antidote will make you well and happy. Is one dollar a high price to pay?

"Is this old latch-key a relic of your grandfather's days?" "No; of his nights."—Indianapolis Journal.

Syrup of Figs,

Produced from the laxative and nutritious juice of California figs, combined with the medicinal virtues of plants known to be most beneficial to the human system, acts gently, on the kidneys, liver and bowels, effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds and headaches, and curing habitual constipation.

Walter—Do you object to cigars, Miss Perte? Miss Perte—Never, unless they are lighted.—Somerville Journal.

JOHN YORK, 777, 779, 781 S. Halsted St., Chicago, does a *big* business, and it is as satisfactory as large. He advertises in this paper a *free* Dry Goods and Holiday Catalogue.

Customer—"Have you anything to cure a cold?" Druggist—"Heavens! Have you no friends?"—Puck.

BEST, easiest to use and cheapest. Piso's Remedy for Catarrh. By druggists. 25c.

No wonder hearts are so often wounded; they're subject to so much beating.—Binghampton Republican.

McCorkle—Is Col. Webber an officer in the regular army or in the militia?

McCrackle—Neither; he isn't a military man at all. We call him "kernel" because he is a hard nut.—West Shore.

Amy—Jack Richleigh is coming to call here to-night.

Clara—Is that so? Then fetch his photograph out of the bottom of the closet and put it on the mantel.—Light.

Dentist—One moment! Steady, now! There. It's out.

Patient—Holy smoke! Why, you've pulled out a perfectly good tooth.

Dentist—So I have. But never mind, there'll be no charge for it.—America.

Rich Banker (to future son-in-law)—I hope you appreciate, sir, that in marrying my daughter you are marrying a young girl full of heart and generosity.

Poor Young Man—Yes, indeed, sir, and I hope she gets these qualities from her father.—Harper's Bazar.

In the Same Boat.—Cleverton—The other day when I went into Furling's to buy a hat, and sent around to you for a voucher to establish my credit, why in thunder didn't you answer?

Travers—My dear boy, I could do nothing for you. I trade there myself.—New York Sun.

Lawyer Pullman is an Austin lawyer who has a great reputation for collecting bad debts. If the money can be got out of a man he will get it. It was to this lawyer that Bob Binckley referred when he was requested to run quick for a doctor, as a neighbor's child had swallowed a coin: "Doctor be blowed! I'll run for Lawyer Pullman; he'll get the money out of the kid quicker than a dozen doctors," said Bob.—Texas Siftings.

She, (after a lover's quarrel)—"You may return my letters." He (editor)—Did you inclose stamps.—Harper's Bazar.

ST. JACOBS OIL
THE BEST.

Rheumatism.

N. Ogden, Mich.,
May 17, 1890.

"A half bottle of your invaluable medicine, St. Jacobs Oil, cured me of rheumatism and rheumatic swelling of the knee. It is the best in the universe."

J. M. L. PORTER.

Neuralgia.

Hagerstown, Md.,
April 21, 1890.

"I, and others of my family, have used St. Jacobs Oil for neuralgia and found it a speedy, effective cure."

MRS. AGNES KELLER.

IT HAS NO EQUAL.

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Good Lands, Low Prices, Easy Terms, Mild Climate, Variety of Crops. Map and circular free.

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LITTLE ROCK, - - ARKANSAS.
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HAVE YOU THE BLUES
Use Peruvian Strengthening Elixir,

The best TONIC in EXISTENCE. Pleasant to the taste, but not a beverage. Cures Biliousness, General Debility, Indigestion, Liver Complaint, Fever and Ague, etc. ☞ ASK YOUR DRUGGISTS FOR IT. Manufactured by McPIKE & FOX. ATCHISON, KANSAS.
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PENSIONS The Great PENSION Bill is Passed. Soldiers, their Widows, Mothers and Fathers are entitled to $12 a mo. Fee $10 when you get your money. Blanks free. JOSEPH H. HUNTER, Atty, Washington, D. C.
☞NAME THIS PAPER every time you write.

The people at the World's Dispensary of Buffalo, N. Y., have a stock-taking time once a year and what do you think they do? Count the number of bottles that've been returned by the men and women who say that Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery or Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription didn't do what they said it would do.

And how many do you think they have to count. One in ten? *Not one in five hundred!*

Here are two remedies—one the Golden Medical Discovery, for regulating and invigorating the liver and purifying the blood; the other, the hope of weakly womanhood, and they've been sold for years, sold by the million bottles; sold under a *positive guarantee*, and not one in five hundred can say:

"It was not the medicine for me!"

And—is there any reason why you should be the one? And—supposing you are what do you lose? *Absolutely nothing!*

Money.

A pocket full of money amounts to little after health is gone. To enjoy life, a good appetite, sound digestion and elastic limbs, take Tutt's Pills. Then, if you are poor, you will be happy; if rich, you can enjoy your money. They dispel low spirits and give buoyancy to mind and body.

Recommendation.

W. I. Blair, Danville, Va., says: "I have long suffered from Torpor of the Liver and Dyspepsia, and have tried almost everything, but never derived half the benefit that I have had from Tutt's Pills. I recommend them to all that are afflicted with Dyspepsia and Sick Headache."

Tutt's Liver Pills
GIVE GOOD DIGESTION.

PRICKLY ASH BITTERS

One of the most important organs of the human body is the LIVER. When it fails to properly perform its functions the entire system becomes deranged. The BRAIN, KIDNEYS, STOMACH, BOWELS, all refuse to perform their work. DYSPEPSIA, CONSTIPATION, RHEUMATISM, KIDNEY DISEASE, etc., are the results, unless something is done to assist Nature in throwing off the impurities caused by the inaction of a TORPID LIVER. This assistance so necessary will be found in

Prickly Ash Bitters!

It acts directly on the LIVER, STOMACH and KIDNEYS, and by its mild and cathartic effect and general tonic qualities restores these organs to a sound, healthy condition, and cures all diseases arising from these causes. It PURIFIES THE BLOOD, tones up the system, and restores perfect health. If your druggist does not keep it ask him to order it for you. Send 2c stamp for copy of "THE HORSE TRAINER," published by us

PRICKLY ASH BITTERS CO.,
Sole Proprietors, ST. LOUIS, MO.

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Write at once for our HOLIDAY and FALL DRY GOODS CATALOGUE. Send your name and address now. JOHN YORK, 777, 779 and 781 S. Halsted Street, Chicago, Ill.

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A. N. K.—H. 1321.

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Piso's Cure For Consumption

My wife and child having a severe attack of Whooping Cough, we thought that we would try Piso's Cure for Consumption, and found it a perfect success. The first bottle broke up the Cough, and four bottles completely cured them.—H. STRAINGER, 1147 Superior St., Chicago, Illinois.

BALLARD'S ★ SNOW ★ LINIMENT

CURES Lame Back, Lumbago, Poisoning from Poison Ivy and Poison Shoemake, Sprained Ankles, Swellings, Proudflesh, Contracted Muscles, Lame Back, Paralysis, Tetter, Stiff Joints, Croup, Sick Headache and NERVOUS HEADACHE. It will cure that dead dull ache between the shoulders. TRY IT. PRICE, 50 CENTS AND $1.00.

This KNIFE & 7-in. SHEARS, postpaid, $1.

Cut is exact size; price 65c, our price for awhile 48 cents; 5 for $2.00; best razor-steel blades. Gent's fine 3-blade, $1; boy's 2-blade, 25 cts.; lady's pearl, 35c; pruning, 75c; budding, 35c; grafting, 25 cents; 7-inch best steel shears, 60 cents. SPECIAL OFFER! This knife and 7-inch shears, postpaid, $1.00. Hollow ground razor, $1.25; best strop ever made, 50c. ILLUSTRATED LIST FREE, and "HOW TO USE A RAZOR."

48c.

Maher & Grosh, 5 S Street, TOLEDO, OHIO.

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