Fair Play.

Published Every Saturday.

ST GENEVIEVE. - - MISSOURI.

BEAUX AND BOWS.

And so the Archery is o'er,
O, dear! what shall I do?
There's not the least amusement now
Of any kind in view.
So many thoughts I dare not tell
Just now my memory throng;
In order to compose myself
I must compose a song.

Now, list to me, for good advice,
Each well-skilled archeress,
On what concerns you, even more
Than crinoline or dress:
You ask: expect to win and wear
A prize some day, I know;
Dear girls, your every chance depends
On managing your beau.

In choosing bows, you must exert
The very utmost care,
The new-made ones are apt to warp,
The old ones will not wear.
While worthless ones are varnished
And off deceive the eye,
And some are stiff and cross grained, too,
And very apt to fly.

Some ladies hold their beaux too high,
A plan I disapprove.
Hold fast, but gently, in your hand
The bow should freely move.
And never, never trust your bow
To any other hand,
For very, very few indeed
Will such a trial stand.

Some ladies choose their bows by weight,
No doubt, on prudent grounds;
They like to boast their hand can draw
With ease, so many pounds.
Sharp-shooters they, to me it seems
Amazing to behold,
How earnestly their eyes and hearts
Are fixed upon the gold.

This fact, I state not of myself,
I speak but what I hear;
Some ladies in our archery club
Have found their bows too dear.
Good beaux are dear, and should be so,
They're scarce found anywhere;
I almost think I'd give my hand
To find a thing so rare.

Select a bow that bends with grace
Obedient to your will,
However light you pull the cord,
You bend it pliant still;
For I've heard married ladies say,
The point I can't decide,
That every beau begins to snap
Soon after it is tied.

—The Judge.

PETER MACKEY'S THREE SWEETHEARTS.

Though I am, I suppose, an old maid, I take much interest in other people's love affairs. My friends know and humor this little weakness, and consequently in the course of twenty years or so I have collected a large number of love-stories. They are of all kinds—sad, joyful, touching, absurd, sentimental, or eccentric. But perhaps the oddest of them all is the one I am about to relate.

The reasons which decided me to spend a twelvemonth in a certain little Aberdeenshire village, unknown to common ken, need not be entered into here. I had a cottage to myself, and one maid-servant, by name Mary Duthie. And what a pretty creature she was, with her golden hair and big gray eyes, and tall supple figure. It was a real pleasure to see her at her work, in her spotless lilac gown and tucked-up sleeves, and to watch the fascinating, unconscious grace with which she did the simplest thing.

I am afraid I spoiled that girl. She was engaged to Jem Leslie, a farmer's son, who nearly worried the life out of her by his jealousy—for which I suspect he had sometimes cause. The two quarreled nearly every Sabbath, but always made it up again in the course of the week; so that I was by no means surprised when Mary informed me one day that she had broken off with Jem Leslie forever; but very much astonished indeed to hear a few weeks later, that she had promised herself to Peter Mackey.

"Well, Mary," I said to her, "I do not wish to intermeddle with love-affairs, but I must say that I think Jem the better man of the two."

But Mary tossed her pretty head and remarked with reference to her rejected lover, that "she was weary o' the creature's havers, an' had jist tauld him that he needna' fash himself aboot her ony mair, for she cud e'en tak' care o' her nain sel'." Peter Mackey, she told me, was to start for Aberdeen, a well-to-do uncle having found a good situation for him there.

I knew something of Mr. Peter, as he was my landlord's only son. He was a tall, handsome young fellow, with a "gweed aneuch heid," as his father used to say, but an all-too-susceptible heart. A pretty face captivated him directly, though his attachments were generally more violent than lasting. I had made up my mind that he would marry Jeanie Saunderson, a handsome enough lassie, a good housekeeper, and an heiress in a small way, but Jeanie had left five or six months ago for London, to visit an infirm aunt, and now Peter was engaged to Mary Duthie. I was vexed about the whole affair, especially as I sympathised with poor Jem Leslie. Yet certainly it was no concern of mine.

I do not think that Mary ever received any love-letters from Aberdeen. It was not the fashion in her village in those days for lovers to correspond. But she always wore round her neck half of the sixpence which Peter had broken with her, so that I began to be quite in despair for my favorite Jem.

But after three months or so from Peter Mackey's departure for Aberdeen, some little incidents occurred which showed up that young man in his true light.

The first of these events was the return of Jeanie Saunderson from London, and a visit paid by her to her old acquaintance, Mary Duthie. The two girls had not been together more than a quarter of an hour, when sounds of violent weeping proceeded from the kitchen. Hastening in to see what was the matter, I found Jeanie and Mary mingling their tears over some letters which lay on the table. Jeanie greeted me respectfully, and on my enquiring the cause of their grief, handed me a letter, saying:

"Will ye be pleased to read that, mem?"

It was an effusion of Peter Mackey's, dated nine months back. It began, "My dearest Jeanie," spoke of the writer's unalterable affection, reminded Jeanie of her promise to become his wife as soon as he should be able to provide a suitable home for her, and was signed: "Your own Patie."

I must confess that my first feeling, on reading this, was one of satisfaction at my own discernment. "So you were engaged after all," I remarked; "but why was nothing said about it, and why was it broken off?"

"Ou," said Jeanie, looking at me indignantly, "Patie just asked me to be his wife the vera day before I sailed, so there wasna muckle time to lat it be known. And as for 'ts being 'broken off,' it's Patie ye must speir at aboot that, for I never heard tell o't till this day. Eh! but men are deceivers! But that's no' the warst o't, mem! Mary, give the lady Mrs. Birket's letter."

Mrs. Birket, it appears, was Peter's landlady in Aberdeen, and had written that morning to Mary Duthie's mother, whom she had known when they were girls together, to ask some particulars of Peter's family and antecedents, as her niece and adopted daughter, Mary Hine, was soon to be married to him.

"Heard ye ever the like o' that?" exclaimed Jeanie: "the man must be clean daft!"

I quite agreed with her, for I had never known a man before who was engaged to three women at once. Doubtless, Peter considered his first two affairs as mere flirtations; still his former sweethearts had in their possession a letter and a pledge which would be evidence against him in a court law. But any proceedings of this kind was so foreign to the natures and prejudices of the injured girls, that I did no more than hint at it.

The following morning, Mary asked my permission to go for a day or two to Aberdeen with Jeanie Saunderson, as they had thought of a plan for bringing their recalcitrant lover to his senses.

"Gin we dinna' mak' Peter make shame to himsel', my name's no' Jeanie Saunderson," were the parting words of that damsel.

Meanwhile Peter was happy in the society of his (latest) betrothed, who was a very charming girl; and it may be a little to my hero's excuse to remark that few men could have seen her bonny face and listened to her sweet voice evening after evening, without falling in love with her. The susceptible Peter certainly could not, but throwing all old memories to the winds, proposed and was accepted.

Such being the state of affairs, Peter's feelings may be imagined when, on entering Mrs. Birket's parlor one evening, after his day's work was over, he saw seated by Mary Hine—Mary Duthie and Jeanie Saunderson.

Peter's first impulse was to withdraw hastily, but Mrs. Birket made flight impossible by closing the door, and standing between it and the conscience-stricken youth. "Just tak' a seat, Mr. Mackey," said she, and the culprit sank into an empty chair, placed at a little distance from the other three ladies. The situation was awkward in the extreme. The ladies continued their knitting without glancing at him: minute after minute passed, and the silence became intolerable. Peter could hear the beating of his own heart; twice he opened his lips to speak, but no sound issued from them: an icy tremor ran through his frame, and checked his utterance.

I give what follows verbatim, as reported to me by Mary Duthie.

"Weel," said Jeanie Saunderson, at last, "sanna we be sattlin' oor bizness eenoo?"

"Aye, lassies," said Mary Hine, "but that'll be a haird matter, or I'm muckle mista'en."

"Ye see," said Jeanie, taking the initiative, "this Peter Mackey belongs in a manner till's a'. Ist na sae?"

"Aye, but we canna a' hae him."

"Just that. "Noo fat think ye lassies? Sanna we appeal till the law-courts?"

"Mithna we jist set a' richt amo' oorsels?" said Mary Hine. "Foo gin we wus till cast lots for him? We've the warrant of Scripter for that, ye ken."

"Vera gweed," replied the others, and when Mrs. Birket had volunteered herself as one witness, the little servant-girl, Baubie, was ben to be another. Peter's humiliation was certainly to be complete!

The lot fell on Mary Duthie.

"Peter Mackey," said she, "I ha'e anither string till my bow, so I'll e'en leave ye till Mary Hine or Jeanie; they're maybe wuntin' ye mair nor me. But mony thanks t' ye for yer kind offer, which I ha'e na forgotten."

Peter was too much subdued to offer a word in his own defence, and the proceedings were renewed.

This time the lot fell to Mary Hine.

"Peter," she said, "I winna' cast up till ye hoo ye ha'e wronged me an' ithers. But this I maun say, a bad lover's no like to mak' a gweed husban', so I'll leave ye to Jeanie, if she,s carin' to tak' ye."

"Weel, Patie," said Jeanie, "gin abody refeeses ye I maun e'en ha'e ye mysel'. But it's on twa condections, min' ye. First that we'll be marriet this day month, an' second that there'll be nae mair o' these ongaens *aifter* marriage."

The wedding took place in due course, and Peter proved to be a most devoted and obedient husband. "Ye see, Mary 'oman," said Jeanie one day to Mrs. Jem Leslie (formerly Mary Duthie,) "gin the gweed man and turn whiles a bit camsteary an' oonrizzonable, I ha'e but till say till him: 'Weel, Patie, my man, it's a sair peety that Mary Duthie an' Mary Hine refeest ye, sin' the wife ye' ha'e gotton disna' suit ye, an' weel-a-wat or ever the words are weel owre my lips, he's jist as quaet's a lamb."—*Argosy.*

Unnatural Natural History.

The pelican feeds its young with the life blood from its own bleeding bosom. This is a beautiful mistake, that will live forever in symbol and legend. The "real live" pelican has a large bag under her unwieldly beak, and digging with the beak toward the breast, she feeds her brood and soils her feathers with red-stained tidbits of fish from the bag. The nightingale leans her breast against a thorn and sings in pain. In the old poets not only has she a thorn in her breast but she puts it there. Instead of being the voice of lonely love she ought to be the emblem of those discontented people who, in a position enviable to others, first make their own troubles and then spend their lives in self-commiseration. Of course the nightingale is not such a fool as she looks in poetry. Swans are said to sing a death song; this is poetry too. But they are hatched during thunder; and this is prose—the belief of otherwise sensible folk. Crows and curlews hate each other so that their eggs put in the same nest will all burst. Talking of eggs, the cock of the south of England lays an egg when the hen has ceased laying; it is a small, insignificant affair with no yelk in it, clearly an amateur attempt. These cock's eggs are to be found in Sussex, if nowhere else. As we have got to the poultry yard let Job's turkey have a word; the Americans have the honor of discovering that ill-conditioned bird. They say "as poor as Job's turkey that had to lean against a fence to gobble," but there we must leave him, as he does not strictly belong to us.—*All the Year Round.*

—Captain Tom Scott, of New London, a successful submarine diver, has earned a fee of $12,000 by locating the wrecked barge President, which, about two months ago, when loaded with forty-one tons of block tin and 200 tons of steel wire, struck a rock off Pentield reef, in Long Island Sound, near Bridgeport. During the progress of his search the Captain found seven other wrecks. —*New Haven Register.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

—The golden rule for cholera times, and indeed for all other times, are to keep clean, lead a regular life and never worry.—*Chicago Journal.*

—A Washington correspondent says that a Senator has to pay out of his own pocket from eight hundred to a thousand dollars for postage stamps.—*Troy Times.*

—Although Frenchmen are spoken of as "frog-eaters," it is asserted as a fact that more frogs are now eaten in New York alone than in all of France. —*N. Y. Sun.*

—The cod fishery of Iceland has proved a total failure this season, and great distress exists in consequence. The privations are said to be more severe than during the famine which prevailed two years ago.

—It is said to be the correct thing for ladies to have riding horses with tails and manes of the same shade as their hair. If ladies cannot procure horses to match their hair, the animals should be dyed.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—The Boston *Globe* thinks that when the one hundred and twelve young fellows who have graduated from Princeton as "journalists" have worked twenty-three hours out of the twenty-four for a few weeks they will begin to realize what Longfellow meant when he wrote: "Life is real, life is earnest."

—The manager of one of the leading business houses of New York shows his wisdom, according to his own testimony, by advertising largely during the dull season. He says: "Just as soon as we find a lull in trade we begin to do extra advertising and make larger inducements than ever, and we find people will buy even in what are called the dull months of the year if you make it an object for them, and also let them know by well-worded advertisements just what you have got to sell."—*N. Y. Mail.*

—A Modern Fable: The Fate of the Fly.—A Fly who thought he had Discovered a Soft Snap found his feet stuck fast to a sheet of paper, and as he Struggled in Vain to Recover his Freedom he cried out: "If I could be set back five minutes, you would not find me here!" "It is not what we have done, but what we are going to do that needs the most consideration," answered the Servant as she drew a long sigh and broke three more plates. Moral: We seldom have to hang a man twice for the same offence.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—"I would like to ask you to take some ice cream, dear," he said, looking hesitatingly in the windows of a saloon, "but after that disastrous affair in Brooklyn a few days ago I am afraid to," and he made an attempt to forge ahead. "What affair was that, George?" she asked, holding him back with both hands. "Why, over one hundred and fifty people were poisoned from a single freezer." "It must have been terrible. Still, George, dear, there is a possibility of our escaping with our lives, and if we do die"—here the heroic girl gave him a look of love unutterable—"we will die together."

—A tradesman in the North of France, in opening a money-drawer, found scraps which, on examination, turned out to be the paper of the Bank of France. Five notes of a thousand francs each had been apparently destroyed, and it was ascertained that the culprit could only be a mouse. A trap was set to catch the thief, the remnants in the drawer were carefully collected, and an hour later the nibbler was taken. Immediately the mouse was conveyed to a veterinary surgeon, put to death and dissected. Its stomach contained the undigested meal of paper. The pieces were matched and gummed together.—*Chicago Journal.*

—A letter from Mexico says the brigands are waking up to the fact that their occupation is gone. Rapid travel is bringing them more surely into the clutches of the law. A gang of wreckers were pursued and shot less than a month ago in the State of Murango. The leader of the band was well known to the Mexican public by sight and through a record of daring deeds and bloody crimes. Young and boyish in appearance, handsome, dashing, and so brave and beloved by the entire clan of eighteen brigands that the identity of this chief was never betrayed or suspected. The other day the rurales tracked them down, sent eight bullets through the Captain's heart, and destroyed the whole band, not leaving one to tell the story. They then learned that the handsome bandit boy was only a bit of successful masquerading, and was a lady.—*Chicago Times.*

Imaginary Wealth.

A diver in the Bay of Gibraltar, who went down lately to discover the whereabout of a recent wreck, found himself among the guns and timbers of some old sunken ship of war. Possibly human curiosity may lead to the recovery of this submerged bark, though the guns can scarcely have much value, even as old metal, and though there is no reason to think that the ship contained the naval chest with specie. The finding of this vessel is chiefly interesting because it reminds the adventurous of almost the last remaining vessel of romance. It is still not impossible for a bold, lucky and adventurous man to become a Monte Cristo. All he needs is money enough. To make romance possible, a man still in his prime (say nineteen years of age) ought also to be at the head of millions, or milliards. Now, this happy conjunction can only be effected by the discovery of buried treasure. The world, by land or sea, is full of buried treasure. Where is the gold of which Alexander's men looted the palaces of Persia? Where is the hidden hoard of of Tonratinh, the Mexican sun god, and where the endless wealth of his temple? Delphi was not so well looted, depend on it, as the barbarians believed. Priests of all faiths, like the persecuted Jesuits in England, have their "priests-hole" to hide the property of the god. The hoard of Attila, like that of the Niblungs, is somewhere, if we only knew where. Unluckily we do not know. Earth is too jealous a guardian of treasure intrusted to her bosom. But we do know that the vessels of the Mede went down with the crew cheering and the Persian bunting still flying (though addled with shot) in the Straits of Salamis. The ancients had no diving bells, and all the wealth of Orient—great cups of gold, bowls of Sidonian work, sceptres, pearls, the golden shoes of the Satrap—must be below the ooze, and bathybius, and so forth, in the Salaminian Bay. A "concession" may, doubtless, be obtained from the Greek Government. The Spanish Government also might (and probably would) sell a concession to raise the plate ships sunk in Vigo Bay. Unluckily these were explored by a company (limited) eight or nine years ago, and there was no plate in them, only old cannon balls. The new Monte Christo must look elsewhere.—*N. Y. Herald.*

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—Examine your bushes for insects, and endeavor to destroy as many of them as possible.

—Ventilation, and plenty of it at this season is very essential, not only in the stables, but also in the barn.

—Continue to improve your stock, make it better every year, and ten to one your soil will follow suit.—*Chicago Journal.*

—Bad cookery in short is working as much mischief as bad whisky, and is doing more to perpetuate the use of the latter than is generally supposed.—*Toronto Globe.*

—Giving salt to animals is often neglected, and yet it is as important as watering or feeding, for upon it depends the health and productive capacity of the stock.—*Boston Globe.*

—Vinegar pie: One egg, one heaping tablespoon of flour, one teacup of sugar; beat all well together, and add one tablespoon sharp vinegar, and one teacup of cold water; flavor with nutmeg and bake with two crusts.—*Troy Times.*

—The *Rural World* says that it is one of the few facts that are patent to all who know anything of the business that by the creamery system the hogs that may be raised from the skimming, with after the cream has paid a higher price than the butter made thereof, will pay all the expenses of a dairy farm save only the feed.

—Half a dollar in the value of each ton of hay made can be easily made or lost by the difference in the time of cutting and the manner of curing. This may seem a small amount to the individual farmer, but in the aggregate it makes a difference of $18,000,000 for or against the farmers, the value of the hay crop being exceeded only by that of corn and wheat.—*Prairie Farmer.*

—Horns are weapons of offense; their absence denotes domesticity and docility; consequently thrift, productiveness and fertility. Their absence insures comfort and convenience in handling, yarding, stabling, feeding and shipping. Their absence insures against a large proportion of the casualties on a stock farm. This is the experience of nearly all who have handled polled cattle, and there are facts, to deny which is to call white black.—*Massachusett Ploughman.*

—Delicious fritters may have stale bread for the foundation; if care is taken in removing any or all of the crust that is dark brown fritters will be light colored and very inviting in appearance. Eggs are a good addition in the proportion of four eggs to one quart of sweet milk; a saltspoonful of salt, and four or five slices of bread are also required. The bread should be soaking in the milk for two hours. It can be broken into small bits, and then it will not be lumpy.—*N. Y. Post.*

Varieties of Food for Stock.

The majority of farmers are not familiar with the terms now used to classify the different qualities of food for stock, for they do not take kindly to such expressions as "albuminoids," "carbo-hydrates," etc. Yet, after all, the modes of expression are simple and embody nearly all the constituent elements that enter into foods grown upon the farm for stock feeding. Some foods are fat producing, such as corn, while others promote the development of muscle, bone and nerves, such as clover. All foods are classified under appropriate heads, each ranking in proportion to its nitrogen, carbon and mineral ash. Thus, in order to arrange together those foods that are nitrogenous or muscle-producing, the term "albuminoids" is employed because the nitrogen is nearly always in combination in the shape of albumen. The "carbo-hydrates," or heat producing substances are those rich in starch and sugar, and as starch and sugar both contain a large proportion of carbon, and also large quantities of oxygen and hydrogen (water), the term applied illustrates the value of the food as well as its composition. The base of all the nitrogenous foods is protein. When we know that certain foods contain fibrin, gelatin, albumen or casein, which are found in all animal and vegetable organizations, the fact that nitrogen is present is made plain, because that element is necessary in such substances; and when we understand that foods contain starch, gum, sugar and oils, it is apparent that they must of necessity contain carbon.

In feeding to animals the farmer, by his knowledge of the difference between flesh-forming foods and those that form fat, is enabled to so combine the different foods as to provide for all their wants. Knowing that the "albuminoids" or nitrogenous foods produce muscle (lean meat) and milk, in order to allow for heat and fat he must balance the foods for the purpose of avoiding too much of the one kind and not enough of the other. On an average the proportion of nitrogenous food to the carbonaceous, is as one to six; or rather he should add six times as much of the carbonaceous as he does of the nitrogenous. The conditions, however affect the proportions; for if an animal is highly exercised, as is the case with working horses, the nitrogen may be increased and the carbon diminished; but if the weather is very cold, the proportion of carbonaceous matter, on the contrary, should be increased. By a knowledge of the composition of different foods, the farmer who feeds for milk will regulate the material allowed to his animals according to its quality and not quantity, as is frequently the case. In fattening his animals he will use the fat-forming foods, allowing only so much nitrogenous matter as may be necessary for the existence of the animal.

It is also economical to feed only as much as may be required. If too much carbonaceous material be fed to an animal the excess will be a loss, for the reason that the animal will assimilate and appropriate only the actual amount necessary for the purposes required by the system; and even when the farmer feeds liberally of carbonaceous material he will starve his animals if they do not receive nitrogenous food. Hence we often notice that on some farms where the stock is liberally provided with certain kinds of food that the animals are not thrifty, the young ones do not grow, and the farmer is annoyed at the unsatisfactory results of what he supposes is good management, when the cause is a lack of perhaps only a single element, which, in connection with a less quantity of the kind of food given, would produce a radical change.

It is important then, in order to derive the best results from feeding animals, that the farmer thoroughly understand the quality of the material used. Its feeding value depends upon the proportion of those elements best adapted to the purposes in view, and unless a perfect knowledge of the composition of feeding stuffs is gained by the farmer he will feed at a loss and derive but little benefit from his stock. —*Farm, Field and Fireside.*

Kindness as an Investment.

We have had two men working for us, with teams, on the same farm at the same time. One would take his horses from the stable when they had been refreshed by a few days' rest, and were feeling well, and because they were pretty frisky while they were being harnessed and the off horse did not keep the furrow well at the first send-off, would get out of patience and yell at his team till finally they would break into a trot, when he would throw the plow to the full depth into the first hummock he could find, bring the team to a full stop, and by this time they would be well in a "lather" and quivering with excitement. After he had yelled for a few minutes, and the horses had become fully frightened, they had used up enough strength to move the plow for an hour.

The other man knew better. When he observed, while "hitching up," that the horses' heads were carried high, and that they were feeling first-rate, he would say to himself: "There is a good head of steam on to-day, and I shall be able to get a good day's work out of these fellows if I save it all to be used to the best advantage." Therefore he would speak in as quiet a tone as possible, would move gently out, and aim to get his team afield without the risk of any rumpus or excitement, and would bear with a few irregularities, such as getting out of the furrow and pulling by bits and starts a few times. The consequence would be that when they were warmed up to their work, they would move on smoothly and at the same time quickly, and at the end of an hour there would be a row of nice fresh furrows to show as an equivalent for the "steam" the other man had used up in mere fret and fume and worry and passion.

As it is with larger animals, so it is true of fowls: if you at all times exercise kindness toward them, they will doubly repay you for your care and kind attention.—*American Poultry Yard.*

The Origin of Mosquitoes.

The Indians have a very satisfactory account of the origin of the Montezuma mosquitoes. The legend runs thus: There were in times of old, many moons ago, two huge feathered monsters permitted by the Manitou to descend from the sky and alight on the banks of the Seneca river. Their form was exactly that of a mosquito. They were so large that they flew toward the earth. Standing on either bank they guarded the river, and stretching their long necks into the canoes of the Indians as they attempted to paddle along the stream, gobbled them up as the stork king in the fable gobbled up the frogs. The destruction of life was so great that not an Indian could pass without being devoured in the attempt. It was long before the monsters could be terminated, and then only by the combined efforts of all the warriors of the Cayuga and Onondaga nations. The battle was terrible, but the warriors finally triumphed, and the mammoth mosquitoes were slain and left unburied. For this neglect the Indians had to pay dearly. The carcasses decomposed, and the particles, vivified by the sun, flew off in clouds of mosquitoes, which have filled the country ever since.—*Manhattan Magazine.*

He Was Dying.

"Of all the heartless women I ever saw," emphatically snapped Mrs. Wheelhorse to her husband, "that Mrs. Fitzgoober is the most rank."

"What has come o'er your fair dreams, now?" asked W., blithely.

"Why, I passed her on the street a little while ago and asked how her husband was getting along. He's been sick, you know."

"Yes," replied W., "and what did she say?"

"She turned to me," began the irate lady, and, actually laughing all the time, said: "Oh, he's doing finely, dying, I reckon, at this very moment. Why ain't you with him?" I asked, and she just laughed and went on. What are you yelling about? have you turned fool, too?" angrily to Wheelhorse.

"Didn't you know," he managed to gasp between his gasps and mirth, "that Fitz was running a dye-house now?"

A frigid wave divides the households of Fitzgoober and Wheelhorse at this hour.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

—Almost every city has a police or other official who be an at the bottom of the ladder and reached the top. Jersey City has one that went the other way. He began as Chief of Police in 1867, was Police Commissioner from 1873 to 1875, and is now doorman at one of the stations.—*N. Y. Sun.*

"I USED Swift's Specific on my little daughter, who was afflicted with some Blood Poison which had resisted all sorts of treatment. The Specific relieved her permanently, and I shall use it in my practice." W. E. BRONTE, M. D., Cypress Ridge, Ark.

AN independent—The hotel waiter.—*N. Y. Journal.*

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S Vegetable Compound strengthens the stomach and kidneys and aids digestion. Is equally good for both sexes.

THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, August 12, 1884.

CATTLE—Exports	$6 00	@$7 25
COTTON—Middling	10½	@ 11¼
FLOUR—Good to Choice	3 70	@ 6 00
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	90	@ 92½
CORN—No. 2	62½	@ 63
OATS—Western Mixed	57	@ 58
PORK—New Mess		@ 17 50
ST. LOUIS.		
COTTON—Middling	10⅝	@ 10¾
BEEVES—Exports	6 00	@ 6 70
Fair to Good	5 00	@ 6 00
HOGS—Common to Select	5 40	@ 6 05
SHEEP—Fair to Choice	3 65	@ 5 10
FLOUR—XXX to Choice	2 85	@ 3 80
WHEAT—No. 2 Winter, New	8 8	@ 82½
No. 3	73	@ 76
CORN—No. 2 Mixed	47	@ 48½
OATS—No. 2	26	@ 27
RYE—No. 2	54	@ 55
TOBACCO—Lugs	6 00	@ 10 00
Medium Leaf	9 00	@ 12 00
HAY—Choice Timothy	12 50	@ 13 00
BUTTER—Choice Dairy	16	@ 18
EGGS—Choice	9	@ 10½
PORK—New Mess	17 25	@ 18 00
BACON—Clear Rib	10	@ 10½
LARD—Prime Steam	7	@ 7½
CHICAGO.		
CATTLE—Exports	6 50	@ 6 90
HOGS—Good to choice	5 75	@ 6 05
SHEEP—Good to choice	4 50	@ 4 90
FLOUR—Winter	4 75	@ 5 50
Spring	4 00	@ 4 40
WHEAT—No. 2 Spring	78½	@ 78¾
No. 2 Red	82½	@ 82¾
CORN—No. 2	51½	@ 51¾
OATS—No. 2	25½	@ 25¾
PORK—New Mess	17 00	@ 17 50
KANSAS CITY.		
CATTLE—Native Steers	4 75	@ 6 50
HOGS—Sales at	5 50	@ 5 70
WHEAT—No. 2	62½	@ 62¾
CORN—No. 2 mixed		@ 41½
OATS—No. 2		@ 22½
NEW ORLEANS.		
FLOUR—High Grades	4 50	@ 4 60
CORN—White	72	@ 75
OATS—Choice Western	40	@ 41
HAY—Choice		@ 16 00
PORK—Mess		@ 17 25
BACON—Clear Rib		@ 10½
COTTON—Middling		@ 10½
LOUISVILLE.		
WHEAT—No. 2 Red, New	77	@ 80
CORN—No. 2 Mixed	53	@ 54
OATS—Mixed Western		@ 3
PORK—Mess		@ 17
BACON—Clear Rib		@ 10
COTTON—Middling		@ 10½

FLIRTING on pleasure-yachts is a marry-time custom.—*Philadelphia Call.*

Farmers—Try It!

Wells, Richardson & Co.'s Improved Butter Color will be found to be the only oil color that will not become rancid. Test it and you will prove for yourselves that it will not color the butter-milk; it gives the best color of any made, and is the strongest and therefore the cheapest.

THE barber's head-quarters—Twenty-five cents for a hair-cut.—*Boston Courier.*

"Rough on Coughs," 15c., at Druggists. Complete cure Coughs, Hoarseness, Sore Throat.

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And a Skin rosy and clear,
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