The Panola Weekly Star.

G. A. BONNER, Editor and Proprietor.

SARDIS, - - - MISSISSIPPI.

FLASH.

THE FIREMAN'S STORY.

Flash was a white-faced mare, an' run on No. 3;
Not much stable in camera—an average blood at best;
Nothin' in his majestic strong to cause an hetair;
Not very much suspected, or popular amongst his mates.

Took an' mostly his' steeps on "off" an' quiet days;
Full of tricks—bit now tricks, an' would run some wayes;
Sometimes an' bit at his partner, an' tangled the stable floor—
With other tricks intended to designate life a bore.

But when, bein' day or night time, he heard the gong—bein' gong
He'd rush for his place in the harness with a regular tiger spring!
An' watch with serious silence the clasp of Spokie an' hand,
Until it was plainly an' clear he'd like to lead a band.

An' when the word was given, away he would rush an' tear,
As if a thousand witches was complin' up his hair,
An' wake his mate up crazy with its magnetic charm;
For every hoof-beat sounded a regular fire alarm!

Never a horse a jockey would worship an' adore
Like Flash in front of his engine, a-racin' with a fire;
Never a horse so lazy, so dawdlin', an' so slack
As Flash upon his return trip, a-drawin' the engine back.

Now, when the different horses gets tender-footed an' old
They ain't no use in our business; so Flash was finally sold
To quite a respectable milkman; who found it not a trifle
A-beside of Flash's creatures outside o' their regular life.

Seems as if I could see Flash a-moplin' along here now,
A-feelin' that he was simply assistant to a cow;
But sometimes he'd imagine he heard the alarm-bell's din,
An' jump an' rear for a minute before they could hold him in;

An' once, in spite o' his master, he strolled in 'mongst us chaps,
To talk with the other horses, of former fires, perhaps;
Whereat the milkman kicked him; wherefore, us boys to please,
He begged that horse's pardon upon his ten bed knees.

But one day, for a big fire as we was makin' a dash,
Both o' the horses we had on somewhat resembling Flash,
Yellin' an' ringin' an' rushin', with excellent voice an' heart,
We passed the po'r old fellow, a-tuggin' away at his cart.

If ever I see an old horse grow upwards into a new,
If ever I see a driver whose trap he's had him drew,
'Twas that old horse, a-rumpin' an' rushin' down the track,
An' that respectable milkman, a-tryin' to hold him back.

Away he dashed like a cyclone for the head of No. 3,
Gained the lead, an' kept it, an' steered his journey free;
Dodgin' the wheels an' horses, an' still on the keenest "silk,"
An' furnishin' all that district with good respectable milk.

Crowds a-yellin' an' runnin', an' vainly hollerin' in: "Whoa!"
Milkman bracin' an' sawin', with never a bit of show;
Firemen laughin' an' chuckin', an' hollerin': "Good! go in!"
Hoss a-gettin' down to it, an' sweepin' along like sin.

Finally come where the fire was, halted with a jerk that
Sent the respectable milkman heels over head in mud;
Watched till he see the engine properly working in there—
After which he relinquished all interest in the affair.

Moped an' wilted an' dawdled—faded away once more;
Took up his old occupation of votin' life a bore;
Laid down in his harness, an I—sorry I am to say—
The milkman he had drawed there drew his dead body away.

That's the whole o' my story; I've seen, more'n once or twice,
That poor dumb anima's' actions are full of human advice;
An' if you ask what Flash taught, I simply answer you, then,
That poor old horse was a symbol of some intelligent men.

—*Will Carleton, in Harper's Magazine.*

STORY OF A HAMMER.

Yes, I am, I believe, quite a disinterested person, and fairly well known, for both my courage and modesty. I was boarding in a retired neighborhood in New York, and next door to me lived, in a private house, an old lady, with her granddaughter. Need I say that that young person was unusually attractive? I regret to state, however, that any advances on my part in that direction were met at first with much indifference. Of course, an acquaintance with the old lady had to be made, and a very queer old lady was she. With a great many eccentricities, she had one in particular which overshadowed the rest. Once her home had been robbed, forty years before, and she had never forgotten it. Though she was as deaf as a post, she assured me that the least noise disturbed her of nights, as the dread of robbers was always on her mind. Whether the young lady shared her grandmother's fears or not, I did not know. I rather hoped she did.

If, as I thought to myself, I could only take advantage of this old woman's fancies, that night give me an introduction to the house. The old lady was gracious, and I very soon scraped up an acquaintance with her. I had not been talking with her more than five minutes, shouting my words into her ears, before I broached the subject of robberies. From my pocket I drew a newspaper and read therefrom in loud tones a long account of a housebreaking adventure. I must confess that in order to add some point to the story I introduced some quite new facts into the description. For instance, the street in which the robbery took place was in an entirely different part of the town from ours, and for it I substituted our own immediate neighborhood. In the original version, however, it was an old woman who had actually been at the mercy of the bandits. I howled it all out, and had the satisfaction of seeing that it had an instantaneous effect on the old lady.

"Deary me!" said the old lady. "Terrible! and we are so entirely unprotected—two lone women!"

"Awful!" I replied: "and when robbers once get in a neighborhood they never let up until they clean out everything. I don't like to tell you, but I have seen some strange and mysterious looking fellows—tramps apparently—lounging around here lately."

"Bless us! and I am so deaf, and so nervous. I am sure I shan't be able to sleep for weeks. What can I do?"

"I have an idea," said I. "In what story of your house do you sleep?"

"Second story." Then the old lady described the position of her bed chamber—second story back. Her granddaughter slept in the said room.

I had known that before from a careful reconnoissance I had made. My own modest chamber in the boarding-house was on the same floor, and our rooms were contiguous, only separated by the thin party wall.

"Now, my dear madam," said I, "I am going to propose a plan of action for you, quite simple of its kind, which ought to relieve you of all anxieties. I might recommend a burglar-proof apparatus, with telegraph attachments, but these are very expensive things to set up. I can manage it all with a hammer."

"A hammer!" exclaimed the old lady, opening wide her mouth and eyes.

"Just a simple hammer."

I proceeded to explain to her at length my idea. I suppose I did succeed in making it clear to her, for she no longer looked as if I were a maniac. I never could have made her understand, though, if I hadn't shouted my ideas into her ear. The old lady was terribly excited at the prospect of being robbed, but she was also much pleased at the idea of being able to use a hammer to be used as a weapon. Oh, dear no! quite different from that. Your room is your house and mine is my house, are adjacent, and the head of your bed is just near mine. Now I will buy you a small hammer, and all you have to do is to take it to bed with you. At the least noise, take your hammer and give three raps on the wall. I will at once understand that by that is meant a premonitory signal. It's quite as good as any telegraphic apparatus. I hear the three raps, good. I wake up at once, and, springing out of bed, put on my clothes. I am prepared for action, as it were. Then, should your fears continue, you keep on rapping. I understand at once that the danger is imminent. Then I retain my revolver, rush down stairs, bound over the fence, and my presence at once disconcerts the robbers. They endeavor to escape; I shoot two or three of them, and you and your charming granddaughter are saved."

"It's very dreadful, but quite kind and thoughtful of you and so ingenious. I do believe that if I knew that some one was watching for my safety half of my fears would be dissipated." The old woman really looked quite grateful. "So you think you could hear me?" she asked.

"Of course I could. I sleep on one ear," I replied. "It is true the idea is perfectly my own, but as introduced by me it is quite practicable, for it has been put on trial; in fact, by means of the hammer system we might dispense with the police entirely. Once, when I lived in quite a deserted neighborhood—a long row of houses in a suburban portion of the city—I organized a hammer alarm. I had to do it for self-protection. There had been robbery after robbery in the row, and the police were afraid to interfere. Everybody in that row went regularly to bed with a hammer. It was very hard on the thieves, for, as bad luck would have it for those rascals, they tried to break into one house, just at the end of the row. In six seconds every inmate in the row had been informed that a burglarious attempt was being made. You might have heard the three taps working along from house to house in the stillness of the night. Everybody turned out under my lead. We made a cordon, swept the street, and captured six or seven of the robbers. I don't remember the number of them exactly, only that they were the most bloodthirsty rascals known in the annals of crime."

The old lady, whose hair fairly stood up by this time—or would have stood up if she had had any—was profuse in her thanks. Just what I wanted took place. I was invited next evening to take tea, and the old lady in person showed me her garden, so that I might understand the lay of the land.

Now, I had reconnoitered the premises before, not that I thought anything ever would happen, but really out of consideration for the young woman. The fence was not a very high one, though adorned with spikes. To facilitate my climbing, I rolled a big barrel near it. I could step on that and then with a slight effort could scale the fence. I showed my plans of succor and the old lady approved of them. I bought a tack-hammer, presented it to her, and explained to her, in detail, the method of signaling.

The tea was a very pleasant one, and the young lady agreeable. I went to bed that night quite happy and quite forgot all about the signals. In fact, a week or so elapsed and nothing occurred to break the quiet of that really peaceful neighborhood.

I am a sound sleeper generally, but on a certain night not long afterward there was such a terrible storm of wind and rain, with rattling of windows, that my usual rest would not come. At last I went off into a half-dreamy doze, when suddenly close to my ear—I was awakened with a start—I heard the three ominous taps on the wall! I never listened to anything so dreadful in my life. Was I awake? I waited awhile. It was the precautionary signal, but not the positive alarm. Rat-tat-tat went that devil's tattoo on the wall, then I knew that the danger was imminent. I looked out of the window, and it was raining cats and dogs. I shuddered! Still the cursed rapping of the hammer reverberated through the room. I huddled on my clothes. I never had a revolver in my life, and, had I owned one, would not have known how to shoot it off. I wished I had not lied so, but I always was romantic. The rapping continued like mad. Suppose these were real, true for true robbers next door! What could a single, poor, inoffensive, unarmed young man like me do against a whole gang of bloodthirsty house-breakers? I knew that they would murder me for interfering with their legitimate business. I thought once I would open the window and yell: "Murder! thieves!" but my window looked on the yard, and the wind was howling so that had there been a whole squad of police below not one of them would have heard me. It was dreadful to be waked up that way, to walk to sudden death, and so unprepared, as I knew I was. I cursed my officiousness! I was dressed somehow at last, and went slowly shivering down the stairs, making all the noise I could, but it was just one of those selfish boarding-houses, where the inmates never take notice of anything. I opened the back door which led to the garden.

I was wet to the skin before I found the barrel, and what was mysterious about it was that the barrel had been moved away from the fence. In a minute it flashed across my mind that did I once venture into the adjacent garden my retreat would be cut off, and that, as the victim of some villainous trap, next morning I would be found dead—dead—my skull beaten in with a jimmy.

At last, however, at the expense of several severe excoriations, I was over the fence. I gazed at the back of the house. All was still—still as death—there was a lull in the storm. I waited to hear the agonized screams of the victims, but there was nothing save an appalling stillness. Then something rustled, and I covered my face with my hands. I was awaiting some crashing blow upon my head, when a stray cat bounded past me. No lights were visible. I waited ten minutes, exposed to the drenching of the pitiless storm, for it rained now harder than ever; then, feeling that if the worst had come it was all over now, and I could do nothing, I retreated, quietly, deliberately reclimbed the fence, and at last regained my bed. I was miserable, chilled to the marrow, and so nervous and excited that I never went to sleep any more during the whole of that wretched night.

Next morning, having recovered somewhat from the effects of that night of terror, I awaited with much anxiety the appearance of that old lady at her door, for she always took in the milk herself. Should she not respond to the milkman's call then the mystery would be solved. But she did turn up, I at once went to the front door, and I expected that she would have a story of some dreadful character to impart to me, and I was ready to tell her how I had saved her and her granddaughter from death, when, much to my disgust, after having exchanged an ordinary good morning with me, she was about re-entering with her milk. "You had a most narrow escape last night," I said.

"Oh, yes," she replied, smilingly; "it's half water, and mighty blue and thin." Evidently she referred to the milk.

"If it had not been for me," I said, "you would all have been murdered in your beds. I was up and out. In three seconds after the first stroke of the hammer I was in your garden. I hope your charming granddaughter has suffered no inconvenience. I am quite positive that they—the robbers—were around last night, and my timely presence scattered them."

"God bless my soul!" said the old lady, as she dropped the milk, "and I did not know it."

"Not you hammered away like a first-class blacksmith."

"Indeed, I did not," said she, "and my milk, that's all gone. I sleep uncommonly well, better than usual. I always sleep soundly when it rains."

Would it be believed that that old woman denied the hammer incident in toto? Did I been dreaming? Was it fever of imagination, the teeming of a delirious brain? A shocking bad cold in my head assented me that it had been a reality.

I was quite out of heart all that next day, and went to bed at night in a most unhappy state of mind. Was my rest to be broken in upon again? I had hardly fallen off into a feverish slumber when I heard the accursed hammer again. I covered my head with the bed clothes. Rat-tat-tat it went. It could not be a hammering of my imagination, for I put my ear to the wall and felt the vibration through the flimsy partition. Oh, the unutterable selfishness of that old woman! And what if she were robbed of a silver teapot or a dozen teaspoons. I was desperate now. I rushed down stairs. Fortunately it was not raining. I found my barrel at once, and that was reassuring. I excoriated myself again. I scaled the wall and landed with a crash on the other side on a pile of flowerpots some one had carelessly placed there. I waited a moment for the noise to subside. I knew that if any robbers were there the row I had made must startle them. I rubbed a very bad skinned ankle and waited and nothing came.

Night after night went on that accursed hammering. Was I to be doomed to the terrible task of discovering thieves in that old lady's garden; and, what was worse, my chivalrous conduct, my dallying with death, received no recognition? Evidently there was some mystery. I was the victim whose sad end was being plotted.

I never went to sleep after that without stuffing cotton in my ears, and always in a most wretched frame of mind. I was a martyr of my disinterestedness. I was being robbed of my sweet sleep. Life became a burden to me. The old lady was either laboring under some hallucination or I was crazy. There was only one thing which made me suffer all these torments, and that was the belief that I was a hero in the eyes of the grand laughter. I cannot say that she ever directly expressed herself, but looking at her at times when I met her in the street, as I addressed a few words to her, I thought I recognized an expression on her face which told me of her sympathy.

These nocturnal visits at last preyed on my spirits. I went to bed now with my clothes on. I had bought a second-hand revolver. I had become reckless. I am quite sure that had I met a small boy of about the size of Oliver Twist at night in the old lady's garden I should have shot at him.

The rapping would cease for a night or two and then commence again. I felt that this business must come to a stop. My employers, leading grocers, had noticed my sleepiness during business hours and had complained about it.

One night this spring wearily I climbed the garden fence, pistol in hand—for it had become a mechanical process now—and I dropped into a washtub of water, placed with devilish ingenuity on a three-legged stool. As I fell over my pistol went off. The neighborhood was aroused at last, but I distinctly heard in the bath-room that overlooked the old lady's garden peals of laughter, and a young woman appeared at the window who was apparently enjoying the scene.

If this brutal conduct on the part of that girl were not sufficient, think of the impertinence of a young man who called next day on me at our place of business. As I have said, I am a clerk, in the wholesale grocery line, and druggists' clerks are always stuck-up creatures. That young sprig twirled a stick in one hand and in the other he had a card. I am to suppose his name was written on it. "See here," said he, making his stick whiz through the air within a few inches of my nose. "See here, oleomargarine, codfish, prunes, pickles and glucose, you have been fooling around grandmother's place long enough, and you are a precious ass, and Mary Jane—that's my cousin, a lady I am going to marry—has had quite enough of your nonsense. What a prime proprietary idiot, with a revenue stamp on it, you must be not to know that the old lady has got robber on the brain had when she's awake, but when she's asleep of nights, bless her, she snores away like a humming top. A Chinese cracker under her ear wouldn't as much as faze her. Now, the old woman never had any use for your hammer, but I guess from what Mary Jane has told me she has been pounding around with it quite promiscuously. Now, see here, here is your hammer, and do you take it before I make you swallow it, handle, claw and all, just as if it were a glass of cream soda, and the very next time I hear you have ventured to cross that fence, or to put that big foot of yours in my grandmother's house, I will just thrash you dizzy; and just listen to some good advice—change your boarding-house, figs, even if you have to go back on your landlady."—*N. Y. Times.*

Cold Winters.

The following statistics of the good old winters are curious. In 401, the Black Sea was entirely frozen over. In 763, not only the Black Sea, but the Straits of the Dardanelles, were frozen over; the snow in some places rose fifty feet high. In 822, the great rivers of Europe—the Danube, the Elbe, etc.—were so hard frozen as to bear heavy wagons for a month. In 860, the Adriatic was frozen. In 991, everything was frozen; the crops totally failed, and famine and pestilence closed the year. In 1067, the most of the travelers in Germany were frozen to death on the roads. In 1133, the Po was frozen from Cremona to the sea: the wine casks were burst, and even the trees split by the action of the frost with immense noise. In 1236, the Danube was frozen to the bottom, and remained long in that state. In 1316, the crops wholly failed in Germany; wheat, which some years before sold in England at six shillings the quarter, rose to two pounds. In 1339, the crops failed in Scotland, and such a famine ensued that the poor were reduced to feed on grass, and many perished miserably in the fields. The successive winters of 1432-33-34 were uncommonly severe. It once snowed forty days without interruption. In 1468, the wine distributed to the soldiers in Flanders was cut with hatchets. In 1684, the winter was excessively cold. Most of the hollies were killed. Coaches drove along the Thames, the ice of which was eleven inches thick. In 1703, occurred the cold winter. The frosts penetrated three yards into the ground. In 1716, booths were erected and fairs held on the Thames. In 1744 and 1745 the strongest ale in England, exposed to the air, was covered in less than fifteen minutes with ice an eighth of an inch thick. In 1809, and again in 1812, the winters were remarkably cold. In 1814, there was a fair on the the frozen Thames.—*Scientific American.*

—No more touching compliment could be paid than that of the child who had overheard a conversation at the table on the subject of a wife. As he stooped over to kiss his mother he remarked: "Mamma, when I get big I'm going to marry a lady just exactly like you."—*N. Y. Herald.*

English Tenantry.

It may be interesting to some to know something about the tenantry in England, as the custom differs widely from ours in reference to renters, or tenants. The entry on tenantry farms takes place at Michaelmas, the outgoing tenant retaining a right to the barns, etc., until his crop is all sold, and the incoming tenant has to pay his predecessor for certain acts of husbandry, such as plowing fallows, land manured from which a crop has been taken, etc. These charges often amount on the purely arable lands in the counties of the south to from £6 to £8 per acre, a heavy pull on the tenant's purse, and more than the price of lands in many parts of the United States. The stable accommodations of the year and the straw are the landlord's, and belong to him and follow the farm. A tenant, it will be seen, having to pay for all this, unless quite well off, can not afford to pay for much "pedigree" stock, for it requires at least from £10 to £12 per acre to get started. The rents vary from 8s. to £40 per acre, the one for poor sheep farms on the chalk and poor clays, the other for fine loams, which are payable half-yearly. Laborers are all paid in hard cash every Saturday night. The items of rent and labor on a farm of 500 acres will amount to something like £2125, that is including rates, tithes, etc., all of which, except a little help from the sheep flock, must come out of the tenant's capital. Nothing is counted in the above estimate for artificial manures, the outlay for which often amounts to more than the rent. So it will be seen that the tenant must be able to pay all expenses for the first year, which no man, without considerable means, is able to do. There is no custom there, as in this country, of giving a portion of the crop in payment for rent, and consequently the very poor farmer there has but a poor show to rise in the world.—*San Francisco Farmer.*

A Portuguese Charitable Institution.

There is in Lisbon an institution known as the Misericordia, whose object is to alleviate all kinds of distress. One peculiar duty which the directors undertake is the care of criminals. From the time that the death penalty is decreed the criminal is allowed three days to prepare for death. During this time he is in charge of the Misericordia. When the hour comes he is clothed in white by the brothers, a cord is put round his neck and a crucifix in his hand, and, accompanied by a priest on either side, he proceeds to the place of execution. Connected with this establishment is the Church of St. Roch, which contains probably the most sumptuous chapel in Christendom. The story goes that Don John V., struck with its bareness and the fact of its dedication to the saint of his name, resolved to make it a marvel of splendor. It was erected in Rome regardless of cost, and, when completed, put up in St. Peter's, where the Pope first officiated on its altar. It was then shipped in pieces to Lisbon. The wall on the outside of the principal arch is coral, the arch of alabaster. The pavement is rich mosaic, inlaid with porphyry. The altar steps are of porphyry and bronze, the rails of verd antique. There are eight columns of lapis lazuli, their bases being alabaster studded with amethysts, their capitals bronze. The altar is of lapis lazuli, jasper and amethysts. The lamps are of exquisitely wrought silver. The chapel is further enriched by entablatures of high art in silver, and magnificent pictures. Napoleon contemplated the removal of the whole to France, but before it could be arranged his star waned.

—Among the most remarkable natural echoes is that of Eagle's Nest, on the banks of Killarney, in Ireland, which repeats a bugle call until it seems to be sounded from a hundred instruments; and that on the banks of Naha, between Bingen and Coblentz, which repeats a sound seventeen times. The most remarkable artificial echo known is that in the Castle of Simonetta, about two miles from Milan. It is occasioned by the existence of two parallel walls of considerable length. It repeats the report of a pistol sixty times.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—A Connecticut thread manufacturing company had planned to exhibit at the Boston fair the old-fashioned way of spinning and weaving cotton in the South, but struck an unlooked-for snag. Their Georgia agent wrote them: "I had arranged to have one negro man and four negro women go to the Boston fair to spin and weave, and they would have been there, but some one circulated a story that they would be sold when I got them to Boston, and all thunder couldn't convince them to the contrary."—*Boston Post.*

—The railroads have made a new rule by which limited tickets from New York to Chicago, formerly good for three days, are good only on a continuous train, the passenger who stops over being charged $23.25, or $4.75 more than the price of the limited ticket. Before this regulation, the passenger with three days of limited ticket had thirty-six hours to spare between Chicago and New York. The officers admit that there is a great deal of complaint about this restriction.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—One hundred and twenty-five years ago John Adams, school teacher—afterwards President—sat in his chamber at Worcester and wrote: "I have no books, no time, no friends. I must therefore be contented to live and die an obscure, ignorant fellow." Why be discouraged!—*Detroit Post.*

—Among the astonishing performances of persons deprived of sight, that of the man who ascended Mont Blanc is worthy of mention. England has a blind Postmaster-General who manages the department with unprecedented success.

THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Sept. 10, 1883.	
CATTLE—Exports	$11 00 @ $14 00
COTTON—Middling	10 @ 11
FLOUR—Good to Choice	5 00 @ 6 00
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	1 05 @ 1 06
No. 3 Red	1 03 @ 1 04
CORN—No. 1	69 @ 70
OATS—Western Mixed	32 @ 40
PORK—Standard Mess	21 25 @ 21 50
ST. LOUIS.	
COTTON—Middling	11¼
BEEVES—Exports	4 00 @ 6 50
Fair to Good	4 50 @ 5 50
Native Cows	2 50 @ 4 00
Texas Steers	3 00 @ 4 50
HOGS—Common to Select	7 25 @ 8 00
SHEEP—Fair to Choice	3 00 @ 4 00
FLOUR—XXX to Choice	4 00 @ 5 00
WHEAT—No. 2 Winter	90 @ 91
No. 3 "	81 @ 87
CORN—No. 2 Mixed	60 @ 61
OATS—No. 2	30 @ 31
RYE—No. 2	55 @ 56
TOBACCO—Dark Leaf	3 00 @ 4 00
Medium Dark Leaf	7 50 @ 9 50
HAY—Choice Timothy	13 00 @ 14 00
BUTTER—Choice Dairy	22 @ 24
EGGS—Choice	20 @ 21
PORK—Standard Mess	22 00 @ 22 50
BACON—Clear Rib	12 @ 12¼
LARD—Prime Steam	12 @ 12½
WOOL—Tub-washed, medium	32 @ 35
Unwashed	20 @ 25
CHICAGO.	
CATTLE—Exports	5 00 @ 7 00
HOGS—Good to choice	7 40 @ 8 00
SHEEP—Good to choice	4 00 @ 7 00
FLOUR—Winter	5 00 @ 7 00
Spring	5 00 @ 7 00
WHEAT—No. 2 Spring	1 07 @ 1 08
No. 3 Red	1 07 @ 1 08
CORN—No. 2	52 @ 52
OATS—No. 2	32 @ 32
RYE	55 @ 56
PORK—New Mess	21 00 @ 21 25
KANSAS CITY.	
CATTLE—Native Steers	4 75 @ 5 75
" Native Cows	2 50 @ 3 50
HOGS—Sales at	7 50 @ 7 75
WHEAT—No. 2	72 @ 73
No. 3	70 @ 71
CORN—No. 2 Mixed	52 @ 52
OATS—No. 2	32 @ 33
NEW ORLEANS.	
FLOUR—High Grades	4 75 @ 5 00
CORN—Mixed	55 @ 56
OATS—Western	35 @ 40
HAY—Choice	13 00 @ 13 50
PORK—Clear	22 00 @ 22 50
BACON—Clear Rib	12 @ 12½
LARD—Prime	12½ @ 12¾
BUTTER—Choice Dairy	25 @ 30
EGGS—Choice	20 @ 21

—Some one has started the story that Beecher has made a fortune of $1,000,000 out of his literary work. His entire fortune does not exceed $80,000, and half of that has been saved from his salary as a preacher.—*N. Y. Herald.*

Railroaders Relief.

That most comfortable Ticket Office, 187 West street, New York, is painted over by Mr. C. V. V. Wood, who thus addressed one of our representatives recently: "Some months ago I had rheumatism in my right arm, and was unable to raise it. I was advised by a friend to use St. Jacobs Oil. I did so, and before the second bottle had been exhausted my arm was perfectly well.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

"I am obliged," said the ox, as he passed into the whaler's mouth. "How do I do?"—*The Judge.*

THE success of St. Jacobs Oil throughout the civilized world is without a parallel.—*Richmond (Va.) Southern Planter and Farmer.*

WHAT kind of a field is older than you are? One that is pastureage.

A FATAL MISTAKE.

How a Blundering Judgment May be Responsible for the Most Serious Results.

—Mr. Edwin Booth said recently that he supposed his lungs were affected, having a persistent cough, until he saw Dr. Mackenzie, of London, who found that this symptom arose from a disturbance of the liver.—*N. Y. Herald.*

The above item, which has been going the rounds of the press, is of no special significance other than to the personal friends of Mr. Booth, except that it brings to light a truth of the greatest importance to the world. Few people pass through life without the affliction of a cough at some point in their career. In most cases this is considered the result of a cold or the beginning of consumption, and thousands have become terrified at this revelation and have sought by a change of air and the use of cough medicines to avert the impending disaster. It may safely be said that more than half the coughs which are afflicting the world to-day do not have their origin in the lungs but are the result of more serious troubles in other organs of the body. "Liver coughs" are exceedingly common and yet are almost wholly misunderstood. Arising from a disordered state of the liver they show their results by congesting the lungs. In fact, the efforts of the liver to throw off the disease, produce coughing even when the lungs themselves are in a healthy state.

But it is a mistake to suppose that such delicate tissues as the lungs can long remain in a healthy condition when they are being constantly agitated by coughing. Such a theory would be absurd. Consumption, which was feared at first, is certain to take place unless something is done to check the cause. This must be plain to every thoughtful mind. It stands to reason, therefore, that the only way in which "liver coughs" can be removed is by restoring the liver to health.

In this connection another fact of great importance becomes known, which can best be explained by the relation of an actual event. Mr. W——, a wealthy cattle dealer of Colorado, became greatly reduced in health and came east to Chicago for the purpose of being cured. He consulted Dr. J——, one of the leading physicians of the country on pulmonic subjects and began treatment for the cure of his lungs. But his cough increased while his strength decreased. Finally he determined to consult another physician and applied to Dr. B——. After a careful examination he was informed that his lungs were perfectly sound, while his kidneys were in a most terrible condition. He had all the apparent symptoms of consumption but he was suffering from the terrible Bright's disease. The symptoms of consumption are often the sure indications of Bright's disease.

The above truths regarding coughs have been known by the leading physicians for several years but the public have never been informed of them. They are serious facts, however, and should be understood by all, so that dangers which might otherwise prove fatal may be avoided. They clearly prove one great truth which is, that the kidneys and liver are such vital organs that their health should be constantly guarded. The distressing, hacking cough, which is often dreaded as the forerunner of consumption and the wasting strength which accompanies it, in all probability may arise from weakened or diseased kidneys or liver, to restore which would cause returning health. How this most desirable end may be attained has long been a problem, but few people of intelligence at the present day have longer any doubts that the popular remedy known as Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure has done more to correct, relieve and restore these organs than any other preparations ever before known. There are hundreds of instances which have occurred within the past three months where individuals have believed themselves the victims of consumption when, in reality it was deranged kidneys and liver, which this remarkable medicine has completely cured, as witness the following statement:

BUFFALO, N. Y., July 6, 1883. I believe it to be a fact that thousands of cases of so-called consumption can be successfully treated by simply using Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure as directed. I was one of the "given up to die" persons—had every symptom of the last stage of consumption—had cough of four years standing, night sweats, chills, etc., etc. A season South did no good, and the fact was the case looked discouraging. I took Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure, and in three months I regained over twenty pounds, and my health was fully restored. W. C. BEACH,

Foreman Buffalo Rubber Type Foundry.

There are thousands of people in America to-day who believe they are the victims of consumption and destined to an early grave and who are trying to save themselves by the use of consumption cures but are growing worse each hour. Let all such persons stop, and calmly consider whether they are not seeking to check a disease in the lungs when it is located in the kidneys and liver. Let them then treat the disease in its original stronghold and by the remedy which has been proven to be the most effective and then look for the return of health and happiness which such treatment is sure to bring.

A BRAVE RECRUIT.—Tom was a very good boy, sharp and intelligent, but had the reputation of being a coward. Almost anything would excite his nerves or timidity. But he got patriotic when the war began and entered in the three months' service. He was in the skirmishes on several occasions, but was in no regular battle. He behaved splendidly, and almost blotted out the reputation he had at home. The boys in his company had all confidence in him. When Tom returned home he knew more of the world than he did when he left. Some of his old chums who did not go to war edged around him to hear him talk. "Boys, you may laugh and wink," said Tom, "but you don't know what hard times is; you couldn't spell it in less than three months." "Tell us, Tom, how it was." "Well, sir, for a whole week at a time we had nothing but hot biscuit, butter and chicken and all such light diet as that to live on. It's no wonder I am weaker." "Well, Tom, how about the fighting?" "I'll tell you! according to my record, I killed as many of them as they did of me!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

It Will Never Do.

It won't do to neglect such symptoms of ill-health and approaching decay as sediment in the urine, painful urination, milky urine, etc. When thus afflicted the kidneys and urinary system need immediate strengthening, else loss of memory, universal lassitude disturbing dreams and general prostration follow in their turn, and a shattered nervous system and broken down constitution makes life miserable, and premature death or paralysis inevitable. To counteract the effect of such an unnatural drain, use Dr. Guysott's Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla. It will strengthen the parts affected, stop the unnatural drain and check all decay.

STRANGE that a Graeco-Roman wrestling match should draw a house full of people. It is only a try-fling affair at best.—*Boston Transcript.*

A WRITER signing himself "A well man," writes: "I was ill for years with weakness. Milky urine, palpitation of the heart, bad dreams, etc., were some of the symptoms. I took two bottles of Dr. Guysott's Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla and now can sign myself a well man."

GENTLEMEN on the car takes an excellent cigar from his pocket and just as he is about to light it recollects that his fellow-traveler may object to tobacco-smoke. Accordingly, the cigar between his finger and thumb, he turns to his vis-a vis and says politely: "I beg pardon, sir, but perhaps——" "O, thank you; with pleasure!" And the other traveler takes the cigar and smokes it. (P. S.—Of course it was the polite man's last weed.)

Honored and Blest.

When a board of eminent physicians and chemists announced the discovery that by combining some well known valuable remedies, the most wonderful medicine was produced, which would cure such a wide range of diseases that most all other remedies would be dispensed with, many were skeptical; but proof of its merits by actual trial has dispelled all doubt, and to-day the discoverers of that great medicine, Hop Bitters, are honored and blessed by all as benefactors.—*Democrat.*

If anything will give a goat the headache and teach him the first principle of astronomy, it is a combat with a cast-iron dog.

"BOSCHEE'S GERMAN SYRUP." Quick, complete cure, all throat and lung diseases. $1. at Druggists.

HANNAH is not interested in mining operations, notwithstanding he has made to touch money out of his car.—*Boston Transcript.*

Use the new brand, "Spring Tobacco."

Rheumatism Vanquished.

"Another defied science is one of the triumphs announced from every by the discoveries. The best service is given by the clean, short pills or vegetable Compound, which is not easily spoiled or crushed. The Compound Vegetable is found to act the system new vigor, and when made so, with the pills cannot approach. It cannot be distinguished from silk velvet. The difference in the price makes a garment cost about one-third as much as if made of Lyon's silk velvet."—*From Harper's Bazar, September 8.* To be purchased from all first-class dry goods retailers.

"Sometimes left over from the fight of patentees," was the Duke of Wellington's definition of both.

"Unbidden guests are often welcomest when they are gone." Disease is an unbidden guest which Kidney-Wort almost invariably "shows the door." Here is a case in point: "Suffered two successive years with Bilious Colic in her Eastern relatives. "She took bitters for a long time but without any good. So when she heard of the virtues of Kidney-Wort she got a box and it completely cured her, so that she can do as much work now as she could before we moved West. Since she got well every one about here is taking it."

TO CLEANSE window glass to tin—take pains to leave the window open when it rains and it will best in.

Personal!

THE VOLTAIC BELT CO., Marshall, Mich., will send Dr. Dye's Celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belts and Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days to men (young or old) who are afflicted with nervous debility, lost vitality and kindred troubles, guaranteeing speedy and complete restoration of health and manly vigor. Address as above. N. B.—No risk is incurred, as thirty day's trial is allowed.

THE Colorado beetle has traveled to Europe, but the mosquito stays to hum.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

"We are persuaded that the ancient Hermes with all the subtle art and natural resources of the Alchemists, was a very poor doctor compared with Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass. Hermes may have been after all only a clever practitioner of the Black Art; but we know there is no humbug in the pharmaceutical chemistry of Mrs. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

THEY call them war-clouds because they are brought about by the reigning powers.

MRS. BROWN SAYS:—Nervous or Dyspeptic Headaches cured by Dr. C. W. Benson's Celery and Chamomile Pills.

Dr. Benson's Skin Cure consists of internal and external treatment. Removes humors of all kinds. Perfectly safe.

A YOUNG lady of this city calls an admirer who weighs close on to two hundred and fifty pounds her Jum-beau.—*Elmira Telegram.*

☞ In the Diamond Dyes more coloring is given for 10 cts. than in any 15 or 25-cent dyes, and they give faster and more brilliant colors.

TEMPORARY insanity—time "out of mind."—*Montreal Witness.*

25c. buys a pair of Lyon's Patent Heel Stiffeners and make a boot or shoe last twice as long.

A MAN is known by the company he keeps away from.—*N. O. Picayune.*

"ROUGH ON RATS." Clears out rats, mice, roaches, bed-bugs, vermin, chipmunks. 15c.

THE thermometer, like a man, rises by degrees.—*Texas Siftings.*

IF afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

SOLD everywhere—is Frazer's Axle Grease. Superior to all others. Try it and be happy.

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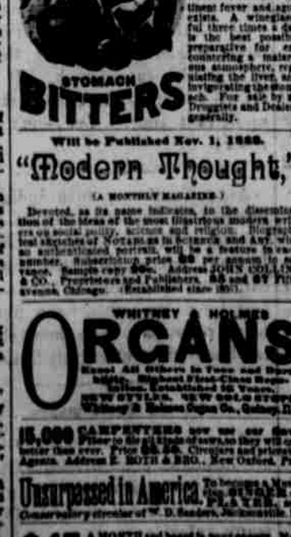

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No Preparation on earth equals St. Jacobs Oil as a *safe, sure, simple* and *cheap* External Remedy. A trial entails but the comparatively trifling outlay of 50 Cents, and every one suffering with pain can have cheap and positive proof of its claims.

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The true antidote to the effects of miasma is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. This medicine is one of the most popular remedies of an age of successful proprietary specifics, and is in immense demand wherever on this Continent fever and ague exists. A wineglass-ful three times a day is the best possible preparative for encountering a malarious atmosphere, invigorating the liver, and invigorating the stomach. For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

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