BOUND TO THE HILLS.

BY WILLIAM HENRY BADGER.

Well, yes. We're walking—
Pard'ner, dry up; why shouldn't he be told?—
Toward them there mountains after that there gold.
No use in talkin';
It has got to be. And I'd uncommonly like to see
Uncle Sam's troopers stop my pard and me.

"Yankee dragoons," says you, "will do their duty?"
With gold for booty,
Knowing what Congressmen have done for gain,
Are common soldiers likely to abstain?
I look for them, sir, to desert.
But as for fear that we'll get hurt
By anything that they will do to stop us,
We run no risk unless them Redskins "drop" us.

Always acknowledged that the soil was theirs?
Come, now, you've colleged it;
Which of them early pioneers acknowledged it?
Bought it like honest men, time and again?
Paid for it? When? Who did? Not Penn!
Yes, there you're right. He was about the best
then.
Pard'ner, your flask. Here's 'heaven help the rest
them.'

Sublime display!
Should this Republic let that treasure lay?
Hey? All that money just to be sublime?
Nary time!
If glory came, sounded from Europe's trump of
fame,
Till all creation had to stop its ear;
For that there whistle we should pay too dear.

Treaties be blowed!
I'd like to see the parchment that will hold there.
We'd not have made no treaty if we'd knowed
About the gold there!
And now we've found it, leastways will, next season.
The land reverts—that's law; it stands to reason.
You buy my farm, suppose. Why, every pettifogger
knows
If you find coal where I found only heather
Of course I get back land and coal together.
Not law? Yes'us. Yes'us. You mind your bis!
Well, what if 'tain't? Them Redskins ain't no
scholars,
So don't talk treaties when we're talking dollars.

How? Judgments sent upon the country? We—
My pard and me—by then will be
Nabobs in Paris—I should say Par-ros,
So, as you say, God's scourges may
Scourge you, but we shall wisely keep away
From War or Famine
Or Plague; besides, that's gammon.
Hain't we give back well-nigh upon the whole,
Freedom and rights and such, of what was stole
From them there darks to quite a smart amount?
And you think Heaven can't balance an account?
You're irreligious.
Besides, them Redskins always was perfid'jus.
Just don't you fear.
I'm one that likes to read my title clear.
So I've about ciphered this here thing out.
What them there Sioux have got to do
Is just to take a trip across the border,
And get extinguished, after law and order.
If that don't right 'em, laws are not made to suit
their whim.
Didn't Washington fight 'em—and where's a better
man than him?
This theme is one a patriot soul expands on.
Sir, this great nation owes it to civilization
To take whatever it can lay its hands on.
There again—isn't it plain?
What if them hills belonged, we'll say, to Spain?
But now if there's a conflict we shall win it.
I say the ways of Providence is in it.

Can't see it? I can. I'm a square man.
You said where were we going? You've been told.
You go for principle—we go for gold.
Go for it strong—and also for our country, right or
wrong.
Which means the same; so you had better mind it.
The only reason why Uncle Sam won't have that
gold next season
Will be 'tain't there or else U. S. can't find it.
Now, if you're rested,
Pard, we'll go on and get this matter tested.

—*New York Graphic.*

THE GREAT GOLD SECRET.

CHAPTER I.

I'm a gold digger—that's about what I am. You wouldn't take me for an Englishman, would you now? No, nor yet any one else that knows me; but I am, though.

How old, about, should you take me for? "Fifty-five, eh?" Well, they all guess somewhere near that; but I'm just thirty-seven last month. I dare say you don't believe it; and perhaps wouldn't believe it, either, if I told you that all this wrinkling and turning grey was done in one week. Well, it was, and when I think over it all now, and think that here I am, alive after it all, I can hardly believe it myself. Would you like to hear about it? Well, sit down and make yourself comfortable, and I'll tell you.

It's nine years ago last Valentine's day (I remember all the dates well enough, I warrant you) that I was at 'Frisco with a Yankee, name of Seth Hickman. We'd met down in Denver, and stood by each other in a row that happened there, and of course that drew us together a bit; and the end of it was, we agreed to go prospecting together and "share and share alike."

Seth was a sharp fellow and knew all the likeliest spots, and I could do a day's work with any man in those days, though I ain't much to brag on now; and the end of it was we made a pretty good haul.

When we got to 'Frisco I thought of nothing but banking some of the stuff for a rainy day and having a spree with the rest, and then starting off again; but Seth didn't seem to see it all. I noticed that he looked serious-like, as if he had something on his mind, for the first two days after we got into the town; and on the second evening, as we were sitting over our grog, he spoke out:

"Jim, old hoss, I'm a-gwine to tell yew something that nary soul in creation knows about but myself; for if yew hadn't been some smart with your Derringer when them three skunks went for me down in Denver they might ha' wrote 'Gone up' over this child; and no man ever did Seth Hickman a good turn, nor a bad turn neither, but what he got cocoanut for you [tit for tit], yew bet yure life on that!

"When I was in Africa last year I went up country a bit with my rifle, and thar I happened on an old Indian critter, as old as George Washington's nurse, livin' in a hut all by himself among the spurs o' the Andes, and I camped in his hut for the night.

"Wal, the aguardiente (whisky) in my flask war a leetle tew strong for him, and he got reg'lar slewed; and when his tongue got loosened by the licker he kim out wi' sitch a yarn as whippud everything in Prescott all to fits. He said that when the Peruvian chiefs stampeded from Cuzco a'ter Pizarro took it, a lot on 'em got up among the mountains, carrying their gold with 'em, till they kim out on the plateau of Lake Titica; and thar, findin' the Spaniards close on their trail, they chucked all the gold into the lake and skedaddled nobody knows where. And he said that if anybody took the trail from his hut, north and by east, till they hit the southern end of the lake, and then looked out for a big three-cornered rock like a pyramid upside down, they'd jest got to scoop in the mud of the lake whar that rock's shadow fell on it at sunrise, and they'd find 'nuff gold to buy up all Wall street. Now, we've got money enough to put that job through, and if yew feel like tryin' it, I'm in."

I said "done" at once, and we got our money together, and slipped down the coast to Africa as fast as the Pacific steamer could carry us. The minute we got there, Seth went off into the hills to try and get hold of his old Indian for a guide, while I hunted about for workmen—for this was a job that needed more hands than our own. At last I got hold of two Spaniards—two sturdy fellows they were, and honest enough as Spaniards go—and then a Portigee and two niggers. We weren't long in buying our stores and working tackle, and by the time Seth came back with his guide, all was ready and away we went.

Seth was much too knowing a bird to let on what his real game was as long as we were within hail of the town, for if you say "gold" there only in a whisper those blessed Gambusinos (gold-finders) will hear it a hundred miles off. So all that we told our gang was that we were going prospecting among the lower ranges, as lots of fellows did every day; but when we were past the old Indian's hut and well up among the hills, so that our chaps couldn't easily turn back if they wanted, he up and told them the whole story. They were rather taken aback, as well they might be, for Lake Titicaca's a good many day's journey to the nor'east, among some very awkward mountains and a good thirteen thousand feet above the sea, if it's an inch. However, a Spaniard (or any other man, for that matter,) will go pretty nearly anywhere if he once gets on the scent of gold; to our fellows they spoke up stoutly enough, and said they were ready to go up to the lake, and down to the bottom of it into the bargain, after such a haul as that; and off we set again.

I've seen a good many wonders in my time, knocking about the world as I've done; but anything like that climb up the Andes I never saw yet. Rocks that seemed to go up into the very sky, straight as a plumb-line; beds of moss three or four deep, and soft as a velvet cushion; trees two hundred feet high, all one blaze of flowers from top to bottom; leaves big enough to wrap you up like a blanket; tree-ferns big as a table-cloth, all glittering like the finest silver lace; humming-birds and monkeys and parrots, and butterflies as broad as the palm of your hand; waterfalls sheer down over great black precipices a thousand feet high; and far away behind the everlasting mountains, piled one above another till they seemed to go right up to heaven. Among all these enormous things we eight men, big and strong as we were, seemed of no more account than a lot of ants crawling on a blade of grass; and I think I never felt so small in my life as I did then.

However, I hadn't much leisure to think about it at the time, for you can't expect a fellow to have much of an eye for scenery when he's hacking his way through a great cobweb of branches too thick for the light to get through, with his boots full of ants and his mouth full of gnats, and the damp vapor-bath heat of the woods melting him away bit by bit, fifty prickles going into him at once, a thorn-bush scalping him from above, and a creeper tripping him up down below.

And so we hammered along, till at last we worked up to the plateau and saw the great lake spreading away before us as far as ever we could see. We weren't long of making out the three-cornered crag, nor the shadow neither, for it was just sunrise when we got there, as if o' purpose for us; and once we'd made it out we hardly waited to take breath before we were at it tooth and nail.

Tho first day was a regular blank one till just toward sundown, and then the Portigee screeched out suddenly that he'd got something heavy. I helped him to haul up the pan, and there, sure enough, was a bar of gold over a foot long, and pretty nigh as thick as my two fingers here. At that we all shouted at once, and went at it harder than ever; and I really think our chaps would have worked all night, but Seth stopped 'em. He told 'em that the gold wouldn't run away, and that if they put on too much steam at first they'd just knock themselves up before they were half through, and that they'd better just light a fire and get dried, and have some supper, and fix up some kind of shelter against the dew, and then start fair next morning. And so they did.

The next day and the next and the next after that we kept bringing it up in handfuls—gold cirelets and chains and necklaces and ingots without end. But on the fifth day I found the provisions getting so low that I was rather scared, for up here there was no game of any sort, there being no vegetation at that height for the game to live on. So we held a council of war. Our chaps had got the gold-fever so into their blood by this time that I verily believe they'd have kept digging on till they died of hunger; but Seth and I, who were a little cooler, talked them over at last. We told 'em that we'd got enough already to make us all as rich as Jews; that we must all starve if we didn't replenish our stock somehow; that ten to one the "find" was played out (and, indeed, none of us had taken a grain all that morning); and that, in any case, the lake was always there, and they could come back and try again whenever they liked. So, bit by bit, we worked 'em round, and all started to go back together.

We'd hard work of it the first part of the way, for our loads were pretty heavy, and stumbling in and out of the great rocks was no joke, let alone that the five days' work had taken it out of us more than we expected. One of the Spaniards got a bad fall, and not one of us but had his bruise to show. But at last we got over the barren bit and found ourselves fairly down among the wood again; and then I began to be jolly, thinking this was the end of it. But it wasn't—it was only the beginning.

CHAPTER II.

One afternoon, when we'd got well down among the lower ranges, we were just looking about for a place to camp (for the Spaniards who had got hurt was beginning to give up), when one of the niggers said suddenly—

"Senor, man watch us!"

I looked up, and there, sure enough, was a man (a savage-looking fellow enough, but evidently no Indian) watching us from the top of a ridge, a little to the left. He kept looking after us for a little while, and then disappeared as if the earth had swallowed him.

"Don't like that," says Seth, "that critter's seen that we carry a heavy swag, and he's gone to tell some of his chums, you bet!

"'When one has found a pumpkin-pie,
He goes and tells the t'others!'

"I feel like campin' in a strong place to-night, I do!"

And so we did—with a deep canon (gorge) behind us going sheer down nearly a hundred feet and a thick clump of trees in our front that made cover, while beyond it the ground was smooth and level for a good eighty yards, so that no living thing could come near us without being seen and fired at.

Just as we'd lit our fire, and were beginning to cook, we saw first one man and then another, till we'd counted fifteen in all, come zigzagging in and out of the bushes, down the face of the opposite ridge. They halted just at the edge of the thicket, and took a look at the smoke of our fire rising above the trees; and then two of them laid down their rifles, and were coming across the clearing to us, looking as friendly as they could, when old Seth shoves his head through the leaves, and says in Spanish:

"Gentlemen, we're talking over a little business of our own, and wish to be private, so you'll oblige us by keeping your own side, and we'll keep ours; for we have a way of shooting things that come too near us, and we should be sorry to lift you by mistake!"

Back the two beauties went, looking as silly as a ha'porth of treacle in a two-gallon jug, and Seth rubbed his hands and gave a chuckle.

"They'd got a bottle in each hand, them two," says he; "they war gwine to make us slewed, and then clean out our swag; but they don't fool this child, no how. Naow, ye see, they'll wait till dark, and then go for us with a rush—that's what's the matter with them—but I guess we'll be 'not at home' when they call."

He whispered to me to cut down three or four of the longest creepers and twist them into a rope; and I, guessing what he was up to, did it with a will. In a few minutes we had a rope that would have stood anything; and then I hitched one end round a tree, and let drop the other down the ravine—the rest making a great shouting and singing meanwhile, by way of a blind. Then the old Indian (who was as nimble as a cat) slid down to the bottom, and we lowered our packs to him, one by one.

"That's all right," says Seth; "and now we'll just take it easy till dark, and then take passage by this new overland line of ourn."

But one don't take it very easy when there's a gang of bloodthirsty rascals, twice your strength and armed to the teeth every man Jack of 'em, sitting waiting barely eighty yards off to cut your throat; and I think I never found any time yet go so slowly as those two last hours before sundown.

"Naow," says Seth at last, when the darkness had fairly closed in, "I guess we'll begin to leave."

But just then, as if this had been a signal, there came a flash and a bang from the other side of the clearing, and half a dozen bullets came peppering in among the trees. I felt something warm spurt over my hands, and the nigger who stood beside me fell all of a heap. Like lightning I up piece and let fly, and I heard somebody give a yell that sounded as if that letter had gone to the right address, and then, for a few minutes, it was just flash, flash! bang, bang! like a firework—Seth and I kept 'em in play while the rest slid down one by one. And mighty ugly work it was, too, I can tell you, blazing away in the dark with nothing to aim at, and hear the bullets come rattling about you without ever seeing who sent them. But the rope was soon clear, and then Seth stuck up the dead nigger against a tree, with his gun across the fork of it, that they might see the glint of the barrel, and think we were still on the watch. Then he slid down, and I after him.

The first thing we did was to take the gold out of the poor old nigger's pack, and part it among us. The rest of the things we threw away, as we had thrown away our tools long before (for our only chance now was to march as light as possible), and then we set forward along the gully. For some time we could hear the rascals banging away overhead, but that died away by degrees, and there was a silence as if the world had just been created and no life come into it yet.

All that night we stumbled along the bottom of the ravine like men groping in a tunnel, sitting down every now and then to rest; but when day came we saw the rocks on each side getting lower and lower, and the great black pit spreading out broader and shallower, till at last, a little after sunrise, we came out into the forest again. But just then the other nigger sat down and put his hand to his side.

"No can go farther, senor!"

I ran up to him, and blest if he hadn't got a big bullet-wound in his side from last night's scrimmage, and the brave fellow had actually dragged on all night without saying a word about it, lest he should keep us back! I sat down and took his head on my knee, and he died as quietly as a child; and we covered him with leaves and left him lying there in the bright morning sunshine, and went forward on our weary tramp again.

It was harder than ever for us now, for we had eight loads among six men, and already I could see one of the Spaniards beginning to stagger and the old Indian trembling like a leaf. Then a horrible kind of fear crept over me that we should keep dropping that way, man after man, till there was only one left; and then—but at that thought I threw up my arms and gave a sort of yell like a man starting up from a bad dream. But Seth punched me in the ribs with his elbow, and whispered.

"'Sh! don't frighten the rest."

And I set my teeth and choked it down.

It may have been an hour or two after this—I was beginning to lose all count of time now—that Seth, who had got a little ahead of the rest, suddenly sang out:

"Hurrah!"

We all looked up.

"Here's somethin' civilized at last, by hoe-cake!" says he. "Guess we've struck the right track without knowin' it. Look here."

Just in front of us was a gully about forty feet deep, through which ran a small stream, and across it lay a bridge—not one of the rope bridges you see in Lower Peru, but good solid wood—two long beams from bank to bank, with cross-pieces lashed to them, just like the sleepers on a railway. Then we all shouted at once and stepped out to cross it; but, all in a moment, the poor old Indian, who was one of the hindmost, lurched over the edge and went slap down into the water, and the gold he carried just sunk him like a stone. Whether he'd got hurt in the fight, too, or whether he was just tired and dizzy like the rest of us, I can't say—but down he went, and we never saw him more. So now we were cut down to five, and had lost our guide into the bargain.

"That's a bad job," says Seth; "but never mind, boys—we must jest steer by the light of natur' now. Whar thar's a bridge like that thar oughter be a trail somewhar."

Sure enough there was a trail, and we tried to follow it, but we soon lost it again, and tramped on all day at haphazard, trying to steer by the sun.

Toward evening we halted to eat, and then pushed on again hot foot; for that was the last of our provisions.

Just as the moon rose we came upon a gully with a bridge across it, and there we all stopped dead and looked at each other—a look I shall never forget. It was the same bridge that we had crossed twelve hours before!

That minute's one of the things I never like to think of. There we were, lost in a tropical forest, our guide gone, every man of us as weak as a child, and not a morsel of food left!

"Well, boys," says old Seth (who was our mainstay throughout), "we're in a kind of fix, thar ain't no denyin' it. Naow, I cale'late this bridge ain't big long built by the look of it, and so, instead o' goin' losin' ourselves outer everybody's way, I guess we'll jest stick here till some party picks us up—it won't be long, I reckin. That's my idee; how does it strike yew?"

We all agreed at once; and, indeed, we were too far gone now for any more marching. So we sat down there for three days, bearing it as well as we could, and trying to shoot game between whiles. But our eyes were too dim and our hands too shaky for that; and the birds and monkeys scurried past, chattering and screaming as if in mockery. And at last we couldn't keep it off any longer, and it came.

The Spaniards died first, and no wonder, poor fellows! for though some of them are as brave men as ever stepped, they haven't the pith and fiber of an Englishman. The Portuguese held out longer, for he had the heart of a lion; but at last he went too, and old Seth and I were left alone.

"Seth," says I, "let's bury these poor fellows while we can; for if they're left lying here, and our hunger gets worse, we might be driven to—you know!"

So we wrapped the poor fellows in their blankets, with a heavy stone in each, and rolled them over the edge of the ravine down into the water. We buried the gold, too, and marked the spot, in case anything should turn up to save us at the last; and then we lay down again, as if we had nothing left to do but to die.

And after that everything seems blurred and hazy, like an ugly dream. The trees and the rocks and the sky seemed to go round and round in a whirl, and old Seth stood up as tall as a steeple, and great black things came out of the bushes and made faces at me; and then I was sitting under the old tree in the churchyard at home, and heard my old mother's voice (who's been dead this five and twenty years) as plain as print; till all at once there were men's faces and men's voices all around us, and I felt somebody lifting my head and pouring something into my mouth, and then I fainted right off.

We had been picked up by a party coming back from the mines, and they carried us down with them to Arica; and when we got round again we went back and dug up the gold, and gave a lumping lot of it to the wives and children of the poor fellows that had died for us.

But when I got back after that last week's work my hair was quite gray—as gray as you see it now. And that's all the story.

Francis Conroy had a great deal of confidence in his constitution when at 80 years of age he came to this country from Ireland twenty-three years ago. He sawed wood for a living in New York until one day last week, when he caught a cold, which developed bronchitis, and he died, aged 103. There is no knowing how long he might have lived if he could have kept from taking cold. His wife died three years ago, aged 91, and he left four or five children ranging from 60 to 70, who will now have to saw their own wood and take care of themselves. It is a very healthy family of orphans, and all expect to step into the next century.

REMARKABLE STORY.

A Wounded Hunter Lives on Raw Meat for Seven Weeks, Dresses His Wound with Snow and Gets Well.

The Vallejo (Cal.) *Chronicle* contains the following singular story:

About fifty miles from Virginia City, as the crow flies, is a little mountain vale known as Gravelly Valley. In the summer season it is a beautiful spot, green and luxuriant, but it is snowed in during most of the winter. In February last two hunters, named M. H. Robinson and David Knox, were in the neighborhood looking for game. At night they camped in a small cabin which had been used in former years by sheep herders. During the day they explored the surrounding mountains, looking for bear and deer. They succeeded in killing a large cinnamon bear, which they dragged to the hut. The steaks cut from its quarters served as an agreeable change from their usual diet of cured bacon and jerked venison. On the morning of February 15, when twelve miles from camp, Robinson, in getting on his horse, accidentally discharged his gun, and the ball, an ounce in weight, passed through his right heel, shattering it to fragments. His companion enveloped the wound in snow and tied it up in a piece of saddle-blanket, and they started immediately for the cabin. Upon their arrival Knox saw at once that it was necessary to go for a physician. Robinson was weak from loss of blood, was utterly unable to ride to the nearest settlement, a distance of forty miles, and the nature of his injury was such that he must surely die unless medical assistance was procured. It was probable that it would be judged necessary to amputate the limb to save his life. They were sworn friends; and Knox, after placing the wounded man in a bunk, covering him with a blanket and leaving him two days' provisions, bade him be of good cheer until his return. He rode all that night through a blinding storm, which set in soon after his departure, and arrived in Lake Valley soon after daylight. The road passed over a high range of mountains which separates the two valleys. There was no cessation in the storm, but having procured the assistance of a physician who was well known to Bobinson, they started to return. As they descended the steep side of the mountain the determined men soon found that it was impossible to proceed further. The snow was already four or five feet deep, and was accumulating in great drifts. Half a dozen times their horses fell into deep ravines, from which they were extricated with difficulty, and they were at last compelled to turn mournfully back for their own preservation. The regrets they felt at Robinson's fate were of no avail; but all through the winter his untimely end was discussed by his friends around their firesides. About ten days ago, when the snow was pretty well off the ground a party of men thought it their duty to go into the deserted valley and bury his body. They had also some curiosity to see whether he had left any account in writing of his approaching decease, and ascertain whether he supposed he had been abandoned without cause. He was a boon companion, liked by everybody, and had a host of friends. They crossed the mountain and came in sight of the spot where the disaster had occurred, nearly two months before, with mournful feelings. They arrived at the door of the cabin and were alighting from their horses when a voice within was heard joyfully to exclaim: "Well, have you fellows got here at last?" and Robinson came limping out upon a pair of crutches. The amazement of the party may be imagined. Noticing their surprise he said: "You all thought I was dead, did you? I am not, but am as well as ever I was in my life, except this leg." And so it proved. He was aware that the storm which set in upon Knox's departure would prevent his return, and at once set to work to make the best of the situation. He kept his wound dressed with snow, and when his ready provisions were exhausted, dragged himself to the carcass of the bear at the door of the cabin and cut off a slice with his butcher-knife.

Raw bear meat and water from a mountain stream, which ran near by, was all the sustenance he had for over seven weeks. This meagre diet no doubt kept his foot from mortifying. The fever subsided, the inflammation went down, and it soon began to heal. With a wire which he tore off an old broom, he probed the wound and drew out several pieces of the bone. He then made a pair of crutches and was able to get about without difficulty. He was a man of intelligence, but the only thing in the nature of literary matter he had was the half of an old New York *Tribune*, which, as he lay upon his couch during his isolation, he perused until he said he believed he could repeat every word it contained advertisements and all. He considers the snowstorm a lucky thing, as his leg would probably have been amputated had the physician arrived. Upon his return to Lake Valley he was welcomed as one come back from the dead, and the affair is the great theme of conversation throughout the whole neighborhood.

A Chinaman Gored to Death and Then Impaled.

At the Devil's Elbow, about six miles below Black Hawk, on the line of the Colorado Central railway, where the bed of the road is hewn out of the solid rock, owing to the extreme narrowness of the valley of Clear creek at the point, an accident occurred on Wednesday evening last, which takes rank as one of the most horrible and terrible on record.

A Chinaman, Lin Wau, working in the gulch mines along the creek, was pursued by a wild and furious bull, which had wandered away from his herd up the creek. For safety the Celestial took to the track, but was closely followed by the infuriated animal, to the Devil's Elbow, where the bed of the creek is about twenty feet below the track, and the top of the telegraph poles on a line with the rails. One hurried moment had the Chinaman to realize that his enemy was upon him, when with all the force of brute power one horn went piercing through the back, passed through the abdomen and came out in front. It was the work of an instant to raise, like a feather, the mass of bleeding, screaming human flesh, and with a toss, to hurl it across the track and into the gulch. The unfortunate Chinaman, thus gored unto death and tossed into air, in his descent struck upon the end of a telegraph pole, which entered the very same gaping wound made by the horn of the brute in his back, and the pain-tortured blood-besmeared victim was impaled mid-air. Without speech, and pale with horror at the sight, his companions stood powerless, until the heart-rending cries of the unfortunate awoke them to duty. He was then taken from his appalling position as speedily as possible, but died in a few minutes. The bull, after accomplishing this deed, passed up the canon, and had not been captured at last accounts.

The *Times* says Dr. Walpole has lost his beautiful chestnut mare. She died suddenly in harness, it is supposed, from bots or pin worms. If the Doctor had used *Sheridan's Cavalry Condition Powders*, he would, no doubt, have had his mare to-day—they are death on worms.

The end of everything—the letter g.

How to Get a Home. See advertisement.

FINANCE AND TRADE.

Weekly Review of the Chicago Market.

FINANCIAL.

There was a better local inquiry for favors at the banks from local speculators. The supply of funds was large and rates are without change. Government bonds firm.

BREADSTUFFS.

The grain markets have attracted a large share of speculators' attention, and an active business was transacted. The June option was the favorite, the bulk of the sales being for this delivery. Seller May was at a discount, nobody wanting the cash property, shippers being out of the market. May shorts bought quite freely, but not until values had sustained a general and quite severe decline, and then the shorts were willing to take in their profits. The stock in store is steadily and rapidly accumulating and there was a general local pressure to sell. Wheat was weak and lower and the other grains shared in this weakness, sympathy with wheat being the principal cause of the reductions. The advices from New York and Liverpool were of an unfavorable tenor, and the receipts were large, while the shipments were light.

The following tables shows the prices current at the opening and close of the past week:

	Opening.	Closing.
No. 2, sp'g wheat, cash	$1.05¼@1.05⅜	$1.01⅛@1.02⅛
No. 2 seller May	1.04¼@1.05⅛	@1.01⅛
No. 2, seller June	1.06⅝@1.08⅝	@1.04⅝
No. 2, seller July	1.09⅝@1.10⅝	@1.06⅝
No. 2 corn, cash	.75⅝@ .76⅛	@ .72⅝
No. 2 corn, seller May	.75⅞@ .76⅛	@ .72⅝
No. 2 corn, seller July	.76⅛@ .77⅞	@ .74⅝
No. 2 oats, cash	.62½@ .63⅛	@ .62
No. 2 oats, seller May	.62½@ .63⅛	@ .62
No. 2 oats, seller June	.63⅝@ .64⅝	@ .63⅝
No. 2 rye, cash	1.07 @1.08	@1.07
No. 2 barley, cash	1.30 @1.32	@1.34
No. 2 barley, s. May	1.28 @1.30	1.30 @1.32
No. 3 barley, cash	1.17 @1.18	1.15 @1.17

LIVE STOCK.

The cattle market has been fairly active and steady, with no important changes to note. Receipts materially lighter and quality good. Shipping steers, $5.25@6.30; fair to choice, $6.50@6.75 for extra. Bulk of sales to shippers at $6.00@6.25. Stock cattle steady at $4.00@5.00. Butchers' stock dull at $4.00@5.50 for poor to choice; $3.00@3.75 for inferior. Hogs dull and 20@35c lower. Yorkers, $7.00@7.75; heavy, $7.50@8.25. Quality poor. Bulk of sales at $7.30@7.75. Sheep steady and quiet at $3.00@5.00 for shorn and $5.00@6.50 for wooled.

PROVISIONS.

There was a fairly active business transacted in this market on speculative account, but the feeling under unfavorable advices from the East and Europe was rather easier. The arrivals of hogs were also liberal and this aided somewhat in the depreciation of values. Quotations of mess pork ranged at $21.55@21.65, and $21.55@21.90 seller June; seller July sold at $21.90@22.05, and closed easy. Cash lard quiet but steady at $15.40@15.45. Seller May closed at $15.40@15.42½, and seller June at $15.50@15.55.

SEEDS AND HIGHWINES.

There was considerable activity in the seed market, but the interest manifested was centered chiefly in Hungarian. During the early part of the week, there were numerous outside orders on the market for the latter article and prices were higher, but towards the close of the week, the demand was less urgent and the market closed rather easy. Timothy was quiet but firm at $2.25@2.45 for fair to prime and $2.50@2.55 for choice; clover firm at $7.00 for prime medium, and $7.75 for mammoth; Hungarian sold at $1.40@1.60 for prime, closing at about $1.40; millet quotable at $1.45@1.50 for fair. The offerings of highwines were light and the market for this reason ruled quiet. Closed at about $1.15 for spot.

PRODUCE.

There was a good demand for butter and the supply of choice grades was barely sufficient to meet the requirements of the trade. Prices were firm, but no material alteration was noticeable. Fresh made quotable at 16@18c for fair streaked and white colored, and 20@26c for good to choice. Old butter ranged at 11@16c for poor to fair, and sales of roll were made at 12½@20c according to quality. In broom corn the movement was rather light, but prices remain steady at 11¼@14½c for No. 1 to extra hurl and 11@13c for good to choice stalk. Beans were a trifle firmer toward the close of the week, but there was no increase in the amount of business transacted. Quotable at $1.70@1.75 for eastern mediums in bags, and about $1.80@1.85 for the same in barrels. Western were dull at $1.00@1.75 for poor to good. Beeswax quotable at 26@28c. There was a fair local demand for prime old factory cheese and choice new at about 15@16c for the former, and 13@13½c for the latter; but the common grades were dull and slow sale. Cranberries were dull at $6.00@10.00 per brl for poor to choice cultivated, and $3.50@3.75 for boxes containing one bu. Choice sweet cider was in moderate request at $5.75@6.00 per brl; common was very difficult to sell. Dried fruits were dull and very quiet. Apples quotable at about 8½c for Michigan and New York, and at 7@7½c for Southern. Halves peaches quotable at 9@9½c, and blackberries at 9½@10c. Eggs were rather weak and the market closed at about 13@13½c. There was some improvement shown in green apples, and prices were a shade higher. Sales ranged at $2.50@2.75 for choice in lots, and $3.00@3.50 was paid in a retail way, according to the quality. Hides were dull at 7½c for heavy green salted and 8c for light do; calf about 12@12½c. Hay was in demand and firm at $16.00@19.50 for No. 2 to prime timothy, and $9.00@15.00 for fair to prime prairie. Potatoes were steady and quotable at 95@98c for Eastern peachblows in car lots, and $1.05@1.10 for the same from store. Western peachblows sold at 80@90c in lots. Eastern Early Rose slow at 70c in car lots, and 80@90c from store. There were less onions and turnips offered on the market, and prices under a fair demand were firmer. Sales were made at $2.50@3.00 per brl for onions, and 50@65c per bu for rutabaga turnips. Veal was dull, the market being largely overstocked with common carcasses; quotations range at 4@8c for common to choice.

COOPERAGE, LUMBER AND WOOD.

Cooperage met with a fair demand for the packing descriptions, and prices were a shade firmer. The offerings were only moderate, and quotations range at $1.12½ for pork barrels, $1.40 for lard tierces, $1.90@2.10 for whisky barrels, and 45@55c for flour barrels. The arrivals of lumber were quite liberal, but there was a good country and local demand, and the market ruled fairly active and firm; quotable at $8.50 per 1,000 feet for joist and scantling, and $8.50@14.00 for strips and boards in cargo lots, according to quality. Trade in wood was rather light, but the supply is not excessive, and prices remain unchanged. Quotable at $7.50 per cord for hickory and maple, $6.50 for beach, and $6 for slabs at the yards.

Telegraphic Market Reports.

NEW YORK		
Beeves	11 @	13
Hogs—Dressed	8 @	9
Cotton	15⅛@	16⅛
Flour—Superfine Western	4 70 @	4 85
Wheat—No. 2 Chicago	1 17 @	1 19
No. 1 Spring	1 25 @	1 27
Corn	87 @	89
Oats	76 @	78
Rye	1 05 @	1 07
Pork—New Mess	21 50 @	21 75
Lard	15¼@	15½
ST. LOUIS.		
Wheat—No. 2 Red	1 43 @	1 45
Corn—No. 2 New	72 @	74
Oats—No. 2	64 @	66
Rye—No. 2	1 05 @	1 06
Pork—Mess	21 75 @	22 00
Lard	14 @	15
Hogs	7 00 @	7 75
Cattle	5 00 @	5 75
MILWAUKEE.		
Wheat—No. 1	1 03 @	1 05
No. 2	1 00 @	1 01
Corn—No. 2	70 @	72
Oats—No. 2	@	61
Rye	1 10 @	1 12
Barley—No. 2	1 30 @	1 32
CINCINNATI.		
Wheat—Red	1 28 @	1 33
Corn—New	77 @	80
Oats	70 @	72
Rye	1 23 @	1 25
Pork—Mess	21 00 @	22 25
Lard	15⅛@	15¾
TOLEDO.		
Wheat—Extra	1 32 @	1 34
Amber	1 27 @	1 29
Corn—New	77 @	78
Oats	67 @	69
DETROIT.		
Wheat—Extra	.. @	1 27½
Amber	.. @	1 26
Corn	76 @	78
Oats	66 @	67
CLEVELAND.		
Wheat—No. 1 Red	1 31 @	1 33
No. 2 Red	1 26 @	1 28
Corn	76 @	78
Oats	68 @	70

Common sense reasons why Dr. Walker's California Vinegar Bitters should be used:

1st. They are an entire Vegetable Bitters, free from all alcoholic stimulants.

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3d. The greatest care is taken to secure Medicinal Virtues, and exclude everything objectionable.

4th. They unite, as a life-restoring scientific tonic, the greatest strengthening and vitalizing principles.

5th. Persons of Sedentary habits and over-worked, find in them a specific for *want of appetite, palpitation, debility, constipation*, and many other nameless ailments.

6th. The aged find in them guarantee of *prolonged health* and *life*, and weak and delicate females and mothers find especial benefit from their use.

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Consumption,

the scourge of the human family, may in its early stages be promptly arrested and permanently cured.

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Sir—For the last year I have been using your Golden Medical Discovery. I owe my life to it, having been afflicted for years. Did not use it but a short time before I was benefited; at that time I was very bad, not able to sit up much, was suffering greatly with my throat, was getting blind, had a dry cough, and much pain in my lungs. I have used twelve bottles of the Discovery and am almost well.

Ralt. T. Wardner.

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