4

A LOVE STORY.

O, lay that dreary book away,
And list to me—O, list to me!
While wanes the purple of the day,
A story I will tell to thee.
Lay not the book away in ruth,
With longing look or feigned sighs;
You know you'd rather read the truth
Within the iris of my eyes.

The swift air murmured silver clear,
A moment since, "She comes to thee;"
Your pulses told you I was near,
So don't pretend you do not see.
My brief, brief story never rare,
Is only sweet as it is true;
O, don't pretend you do not care,
When all the while you know you do.

For from the winy warmth of spring
A fancy flashed in ruby gleams—
"You'd teach my heart a deeper thing
Than it had ever dreamed in dreams."
Well, I have learned your lesson now,
Have learned it all—O, look and see!—
The brief sweet lesson in your vow
You said your heart would teach to me.

Man, eager in his quest for power,
For fame, to live for evermore,
Will always use a vagrant hour
To teach a woman love's dear lore;
For, after all, the praise afar,
Acclaim that pierces aisle or dome,
Is never dear as voices are
That tell him he is loved at home.

'Tis hardly worth your while to-day
To look so very, very wise;
You'll lay that dull old book away
To read the story in my eyes,
To list the story on my tongue,
The one you wish to hear from me,
The story sweet if said or sung—
"I love but thee, I love but thee."

HOW SHE WAS RIGHTED.

"Have you any references?"

"No, madam, I am a stranger in the city. But if you would only try me!"

There was an appealing look in the soft gray eyes, and a quiver of the nether lip that went straight to Mrs. Mayfield's heart. She looked again at the applicant.

She was dressed plainly, yet neatly in black; but the look of settled sorrow that appeared in the curve of her mouth, and in her sad eyes, might or might not be wholly occasioned by the loss of friends. Altogether there was an air of refinement about her that marked her as a lady, and one not used to brave the world alone.

Mrs. Mayfield was at bottom a kind-hearted woman; and after some hesitation, and with misgivings that were natural to one governed rather by custom and the opinions of others than her own judgment, she finally consented to receive the new governess on trial, and Miss Compton entered immediately upon her duties. Mrs. Mayfield was pleased to find that the children took to her kindly; and when she saw with what cheerfulness the governess entered into all of their childish pursuits, and her tact in everything, she felt a sense of quiet satisfaction in her choice.

"I believe that we shall like her ever so much, Tom," she said to her cousin, Mr. Harkworth. "She seems to take such an interest in the children, and she is really an accomplished musician. I got her to play for me this morning while I was feeling somewhat unwell."

"I am getting quite impatient to see your paragon," replied Tom. "Do trot her out, Lib, as soon as convenient."

Mr. Harkworth was lounging in an easy chair, with an air of perfect comfort, listlessly glancing over the paper. The words were scarcely out of his mouth when the door opened, and Miss Compton appeared on the threshhold. There was a momentary hesitation, a slight opening of the eyes, and just a suspicion of heightened color in the cheeks, and then the governess advanced with quiet self-possession.

With Tom the effect was electric. All appearance of ennui disappeared in an instant, and upon presentation by his cousin he bowed with all the deference he would have shown to the finest lady in the land.

This was the beginning of Miss Compton's life in her new position. She proved herself eminently qualified as an instructress, and her lady-like bearing and modest retirement won for her the esteem and confidence of her employer.

Delicacy of feeling prevented Mrs. Mayfield from trying to penetrate the reserve with which she spoke of her early life, and all that was known of her was that her father had died leaving her unprovided for, and that she had chosen to rely upon her own efforts rather than be dependent upon relatives.

As for Tom, he was a marked man from the first; only he was shrewd enough to conceal his feelings from his cousin, whose devotion to Mrs. Grundy might interfere with his purposes. If he seemed to take an unusual interest in the children, it was all in such an off-hand manner as to attract no attention. At the same time his treatment of Miss Compton, while it was lacking in no degree in respect, was so familiar and free from anything like restraint, as to awaken in Mrs. Mayfield's mind not the slightest suspicion of his true feelings.

One day Mrs. Mayfield went out, accompanied by her children, but leaving Miss Compton in her boudoir in charge of the baby. Upon her return she found her governess in a state of nervous agitation. She left the room somewhat hurriedly, evidently to cover her discomposure. As Mrs. Mayfield stepped to her dressing-table, she discovered her portmonnaie lying open and several bills beside it.

"How careless I am!" she said, hastily replacing the money in the pocket-book, and putting it into her pocket. And then: "I wonder what was the matter with Miss Compton; she seemed disturbed. There must be some trouble in her life, poor soul!"

Presently the door bell rang. It was a milliner's girl with a new bonnet for Mrs. Mayfield. The lady was pleased with it, and took out her portmonnaie to pay for it. She had the money all counted out and rolled up. Upon counting it again before handing it to the girl, she was surprised to find it five dollars short. There was no other money in her purse except some small change. She ran up stairs and looked on her dressing table, where the money had lain. It was not there, and further search proved fruitless.

The lady called to her governess had she seen any money lying about? Miss Compton had not. She joined in the renewed search, and seemed disturbed that the missing bill was not found.

"Never mind, it may come to light," said Mrs. Mayfield; but, as such things always do, it left a feeling of dissatisfaction on her mind.

Later in the day a visitor called. After exhausting all other items of gossip, she said:

"And your governess. It is sad, isn't it, that she should be annoyed by such a fellow?"

Mrs. Mayfield looked puzzled.

"Ah, Miss Compton?"

"Yes. He has just broke jail. Didn't you notice it in last evening's paper? It is terrible to have such relatives."

Mrs. Mayfield was more mystified than ever.

"Her relative? I don't know that I understand you. Miss Compton has been somewhat reserved in speaking of her people and her life before coming here."

"Is it possible that you don't know?"

The visitor's eyes dilated with astonishment, and Mrs. Mayfield colored slightly at her ignorance of the antecedents of her governess.

"Miss Compton came to me a stranger in the place, and without references—"

"And you took her in without knowing—"

The enormity of the thing seemed to overcome the visitor, and she broke off without giving the enlightenment that would have relieved her auditor's outgrowing curiosity.

"She appeared like a lady, and seemed in distress," began Miss Compton's employer, by way of extenuation.

"Why, bless your dear heart!" cried her guest, "if we took in every one who looked like a lady or gentleman, we should all be murdered in our beds!"

"I am sure there can be nothing terrible connected with Miss Compton," said Mrs. Mayfield, with apprehension awakened by the words and manner of the other.

"Have you yesterday's paper!" asked the visitor. She had an eye to dramatic effect, and knew that every moment of suspense was fitting her auditor for the final denouement.

Mrs. Mayfield remembered that the paper was in her boudoir, and sent for it. When it was brought the visitor pointed to a paragraph among the "dispatches for the Associated Press," and said impressively:

"Read that!"

With some trepidation Mrs. Mayfield complied.

"NEW YORK, July 23.

"The noted defaulter, John Compton, whose apprehension recently cost our detectives so much time and ingenuity, has managed to elude the vigilance of his keepers and is again at large."

When the lady raised her eyes from the paper the other said:

"That is her brother!"

"Impossible!" cried Mrs. Mayfield; nevertheless she was fully satisfied of the truth of the statement.

"I always supposed you were informed in the matter when you took her."

"What! place my children knowingly in the charge of a person of such disreputable connections!"

"O, of course, she may be none the worse on that account; only fancy his coming to her for money, or to be secreted until the heat of the search for him was over. I have read of such things. Ugh!"

And the lady shuddered at the bare idea.

Like a flash, Mrs. Mayfield's mind reverted to the missing five dollar bill and Miss Compton's agitation. With the readiness of many another of her turn of mind, she "put this and that together," and jumped at a very rational conclusion that she was harboring a monster. It was all clear to her. The culprit had fled from the metropolis and come immediately to his aid. She, to eke out her little store, had been tempted to appropriate some of her employer's money.

When Tom came he was met by a very solemn face.

"Halloo, Lib! What's up? Has the baby got the measles, or have you got rain on your new bonnet, or—"

"Don't trifle, Tom," said his cousin. "The case is a serious one."

"Well, out with it. There's nothing half so terrible as suspense."

Tom was used to his cousin, and expected nothing more than a very moderate sized mountain.

"Tom I have every reason to believe that we have been harboring a most ungrateful woman. I am forced to suspect Miss Compton of dishonesty."

The idea struck Tom as so absurd that he went off in a roar of laughter.

"O, Lib!" he cried when he could fetch breath, "let up! That's the biggest bugaboo yet. Has she made off with the plate?"

Few of us can with equanimity bear being laughed at. Mrs. Mayfield colored.

"Your merriment cannot alter the fact," she cried.

"Nonsense, Lib! What can have led you to such an absurd suspicion?"

"I left a roll of bills on my dressing-table when we went out to drive, and upon my return one of the rolls was missing. There was no one in the room but Miss Compton and baby. How will you explain that?"

"Why, you made a mistake in counting the money, and left less than you supposed?"

"Didn't you give me thirty dollars this morning?"

"Yes."

"Well, just before going to drive I counted out enough to pay for my bonnet and left it lying on the table beside my porte-monnaie. The rest I put into the inside pocket, and it is there just as I left it."

"Might not the bill have blown out of the window?"

"Miss Compton sat in the window; the distance was too great, and there was not draft sufficient."

"She may have left the room a moment, and one of the servants entered and taken the money."

"They were both out. She and baby were the only persons in the house during our absence."

"Any way," said Tom, with a frown, and the air of a man who discredits for no better reason than because he is determined not to believe, "it's preposterous to think for a moment that Miss Compton is capable of a petty theft. Where is she?"

"In her room, I presume," replied Mrs. Mayfield, with the quiet satisfaction of one who had beaten the enemy at every point.

"Of course you have not insulted her by letting your suspicion be known?"

"I have said nothing to her since she helped me in the fruitless search for the bill."

Tom frowned.

"And, Tom."

Mrs. Mayfield had reserved a cap for her climax.

"Well?"

"Read that."

And she pointed out the newspaper paragraph. When she saw that he had read it, she said simply:

"Her brother!"

Tom frowned again.

"Lib," he said, "you'd make an excellent detective. It's a pity your sex shuts you out from so congenial a field of action."

Mrs. Mayfield smiled quietly. She could afford to be tolerant. She would not quarrel with the patient for making a wry face over a bitter pill.

"At any rate," said Tom, "don't act hastily in this matter. The bill may turn up, but then it may be too late to heal the wound you may inflict by undue precipitation."

With that he left the room.

Miss Compton did not appear at the tea-table. Mrs. Mayfield looked significantly across at her cousin, but he sat looking doggedly down into his plate.

In the evening, while working in the garden in moody thought, he suddenly came face to face with the governess. She had a shawl thrown over her head, and was hastening toward the house. Upon seeing him she started back, and would have avoided him; but he was at her side in an instant, a recollection of Mrs. Mayfield's suspicion of her meeting her brother flashing through his mind.

"Miss Compton!"

She turned upon him, and her frame was almost fiercely.

"Do you believe her?" she demanded.

"I heard her telling you."

"Then you must have heard my reception of her absurd suspicion."

"That is true," replied the governess, with an air of relief.

"Miss Compton," said Tom, taking her hand, "I cannot express my regret that you should have overheard my cousin, who, at best, is but a woman easily influenced by outward appearances. But since you did hear her, I am about to prove to you that in my mind, at least, not a shadow of suspicion rests against you. Miss Compton—Jessie—let me call you so—I love you, and ask you to be my wife!"

With a sharp cry, she snatched her hand away, and broke from him.

"Don't! don't!" she cried. "I am satisfied that you believe in my innocence in this case; but, aside from this, I am unworthy of you. Do not entertain the thought for a moment."

"Jessie, I know all; but, if you return my love, I will brave the opinion of the world. O, let me stand between you and it! Give me the right to be your protector."

"No, no, Mr. Harkworth. I cannot accept the sacrifice your generosity would prompt you to make. I cannot drag you down with me. And now let me pass, please."

"Jessie, is this your final answer?"

"Yes, final. It must be so," she said in a broken voice.

"One moment," he said. "Do not think that I give you up. I do not believe I am indifferent to you, and some day I shall renew my suit."

With that he stepped aside and let her pass.

The next morning Mrs. Mayfield's maid came to her and said:

"Just see, ma'am, what I found in baby's clothes."

And she put into the lady's hand a crumpled five dollar note. It was mutilated and wet, indicating that it must have been in the child's mouth.

"Dear me!" said Mrs. Mayfield, with a look of distress, "it must have blown down on the floor, where baby could get it. Then he got it into his mouth and afterward dropped it down into the bosom of his dress. It must have been overlooked in undressing him."

She hastened with the bill and her explanation to Tom.* He compressed his lips.

"This is very poor salve for the pain your tongue caused her yesterday," he said, gravely.

"I'm sure I didn't mean to be unjust," said Mrs. Mayfield, with a whimper.

Then she ran to Miss Compton's room to apologize. The chamber was empty. A note explained the matter.

"Of course, I cannot stay under your roof with the suspicion of theft resting upon me. The money due me will more than repay you the amount you suspect me of having stolen from you—the injustice of which may never be known save to God and myself. Do not think that I entertain hard feelings toward you. I do not. Appearances are certainly against me. But my uselessness would end with the loss of your confidence, and hence I go. Jessie Compton."

Mrs. Mayfield wept over the note. Tom put it into his pocket without comment. He immediately employed a private detective and hunted her up.

"Miss Compton," he said, "it would be only generous in you to return and receive my cousin's apologies."

When he had carried his point, and Mrs. Mayfield had again and again begged Jessie's pardon with tears, he said:

"You cannot better show your perfect forgiveness than by consenting to retain your position."

That was purely selfish. However, he was ably seconded by Mrs. Mayfield, and between them they almost constrained compliance with their wishes. Tom had a quiet laugh in his sleeve, noting his cousin's enthusiasm, and thinking how it would be cooled down by a little peep into his mind.

While they were talking a tragedy was being enacted in another part of the city. A fugitive from justice, being hard pressed by the police, shot himself rather than be captured. Tom took charge of the body of John Compton, and secured for it decent burial.

Six months after that he shocked his cousin and the devotees of Mrs. Grundy generally by marrying Mrs. Mayfield's governess.

Air Walking.

Richard Sands, a well-known circus performer and manager, was the first to perform the feat popularly known as ceiling-walking. In 1852 he performed it at Drury Lane Theater, London, Eng., and the apparatus used and his performances were thus described: "From two lofty draped supports was placed a temporary ceiling, 20 feet in length, and consisting of a stout timber framing, with a smooth surface; at each end was a slung seat, and beneath the ceiling was a net, provided in case of accident. Mr. Sands prepared himself by lacing sandals over his boots, to which were attached brass loops; and these were connected by springs with a pair of platter-like soles, in which lay the secret, as they were brought to the theater in a locked box, and conveyed away with similar caution at the close of the performance. Mr. Sands commenced by ascending by a ladder to one of the slung seats, and, lying upon his back by aid of the ropes, placed his platter-shod feet upon the ceiling, then gently detached himself, and very slowly walked across the platform, occasionally poising himself on one leg. Thus he reached the seat at the opposite end, and descended by the ladder." He subsequently succeeded in walking upon a large slab of polished marble. The platter-like soles above described were made of soft leather and moistened with water. These, when pressed firmly by the feet, so as to expel the air, enabled the performer to maintain his hold upon the slab, and by a movement of the foot a valve was opened and forced beneath the leather, so that the soles could be readily detached from the polished surface. It was simply a scientific application of the principle manifested in the child's toy commonly called "a sucker."

What Lace Costs.

If it is no longer worn by men over the tops of their boots, there are still wedding orders received at Alencon for $30,000 worth at a time, and considerable, though smaller, sums are expended at Honiton, in Devonshire. For Valenciennes, made at Ypres, $50 per metre is paid, but the lace-maker, working twelve hours a day, can only produce one-third of an inch in a week. Every piece of Alencon passes through the hands of twelve workmen. The best Brussels thread is spun in cells under ground, because the dry air above would cause the thread to snap. Upon the worker, as she sits in the dark, is directed one ray of light, but the thread is so fine that her delicate fingers are better guides than her eyes. Very many lose their sight, and the high pay the lace-worker earns is proportionate to the acknowledged unhealthiness of the occupation. The handspun thread made at Brussels of flax of Brabant costs before it is yet made up into lace $1,200 per pound, and the process of manufacture more than doubles the value. Old lace is more valuable in price, and some of it can be counterfeited by imitations. Of some varieties, however, the secret is lost, as of point d'Argentine, which continued to be made upon the banks of the Orne till the French revolution stopped the demand for a time, and gave the peasants other means of earning their bread.

"Tote."

The Mobile (Alabama) *Register* resents an imputation cast upon a legitimate Southern word, saying: "The other day a Georgia paper said that Mr. A. H. Stephens could not have made a certain remark because he understood the English language too well to make use of such a slang word as 'tote.' We resent the indignity cast upon 'tote.' We cling to 'tote' as the Anglo-Saxon nations cling to Magna Charta. It reminds us of our descent from a liberty-loving people, and preserves the memory of justice. The writ by which a peasant aggrieved in the Baron's court was enabled to carry (*tollere*) his case up to the county court was known as the writ of *tolt*, pronounced commonly *tote*. This privilege which the humble farmer had of toting his case up from his own landlord to a less prejudiced court was dear to every Englishman. The people of the South will not surrender that word. It is as dear to our yeomen as the common law itself."

EVERY New Bedford (Mass.) vessel to arrive, and those now in port, will be straightway fitted for sea as whalers. It is discovered that for some purposes there is nothing after all like sperm oil and whalebone, and this once rich industry promises to again attain a respectable position.

BRITISH BARMAIDS.

Described by Emily Faithfull.

The strong desire of smart, respectable young women to obtain the place of barmaid behind a public-house counter is evinced by the number of applicants offering their services in the licensed victualers' newspapers, describing themselves as tall, genteel, well-educated, attractive, never been out before, and ready to serve months without wages. I have in my time known many attractive barmaids, and have often heard from their lips tales of misery, whilst others, full of gayety, would not exchange their position except upon a "very eligible offer." Numbers of young females have been brought to the bar through unthinking friends of "mine host"—the latter taking the maids upon the sole recommendation of customers; and, once installed barmaids, barmaids they must continue, unless married, for few would accept their services in any other capacity. A great many undoubtedly like the position from the pure love of admiration and vanity. They like to be talked to, and converse with flatterers and admirers; and their fondness for dress is considerably heightened by the opportunities afforded of "showing off" to the "fellows" using the tavern. It would be far from the truth to assert that all this allurement to improprieties with men leads to evil courses as a rule, for as a class, placed in so many ways of temptation, barmaids are far more moral than many other female employes that could be easily named. They have no objection to be made love to and accept presents from "softheads" and "spooneys," but catch them outside the bar with such! In many houses at the West End and the City used by clerks, lawyers, and shopmen, the landlords find it greatly to their interest to have handsome, fine, showy, attractive, and talkative "young ladies" behind the bar. The conversation at these houses is by no means of the "goody school of alphabet." Many of these "young ladies" have rich dresses in the height of fashion, found them by their employers, and only serve at those hours when the "giddyites" look in to liquor-up and feed. It may be piety, or something else, that causes this branch of bar-maidenhood to forsake the taps on the seventh day, but certain it is they always have their Sundays out, and are to be seen at Kew, Richmond, and even the "Zoo," escorted by rich admirers. Many marry rich men, and not long since a Jermyn street barmaid was united to a wealthy shipowner and member of Parliament. The old gent in this case married out of gratitude for the young lady's civility at a time when he was taken queer at the bar. Most barmaids possess the virtues of civility and politeness, until their customers get queerly otherwise, and are asking for "tick," when the virtues disappear altogether, and instead of "please give your orders, gentlemen," the gentlemen are "ordered out." With respect to remuneration being an inducement to enter the services of the "bar," it must be otherwise, for the general wages average only £10 to £12 per year. In regard to easy and pleasant duties as encouraging females to seek such employment, those who have thought so at first must have been sadly disappointed. In many West End houses, barmaids are down by 5 o'clock in the morning, and, with the exception of three hours' rest in the less busy hours of the day, they are at work until half-past 12 at night. They have to clean the floor of the bar, the taps and glasses. They are in many cases never still or off their feet from early morn till the middle of the night. On Sundays they have a few hours to themselves, which are taken up in cleaning out their garret, and arranging or mending their clothes. Once a month they are allowed a "day out." They have to silently bear the filthiest language and disgusting sights, particularly from their own sex. They have to put up with insults from the lowest of the low without a murmur, and all this for less wages than is paid for maids-of-all-work.

Woman's Energy.

Says the *Pall Mall Gazette:* Woman often complains that hers is comparatively a fixed, a secluded, and a meditative life. Yet it is not always so; she occasionally emerges from a life of seclusion and meditation and displays an energy and a versatility of talent which throw man completely into the shade, and would, but for his moral blindness, awaken him to a more vivid sense of his own inferiority. Such a career, for instance, as that of a lady, by name Elizabeth Taylor, who was charged on Friday last before the magistrates at Warrington with being drunk and disorderly, and fined five shillings and costs, is one that may be studied with advantage by many a frivolous man whose life is spent in indolence and ease. Mrs. Taylor, who appeared in the dock in "male attire," was stated by the chief constable to be the daughter of a gentleman who formerly lived at Penketh, near Warrington. She had been married, but her husband was killed twenty-one years ago, and for the last thirteen years she had adopted the garments of man. She was employed as a sailor during the American war, and made several voyages from South Wales to the American coast in vessels sent out to supply the Alabama and blockade runners with coal. She was known by the name of "Happy Ned" and "Navy Ned." For some time past she has worked as a laborer on several farms in the neighborhood of Warrington, and so late as the 12th instant helped to kill thirteen pigs for a farmer at Croft. Altogether Mrs. Taylor seems to be a singularly industrious and persevering person, and well fitted, with any extraneous aid, to fight the battle of life.

A White Rose on an Apple Tree.

On the premises of Mr. N. F. Bechtel, Perkiomen avenue and Franklin street, is to be seen one of the most remarkable curiosities ever heard of, of the kind. A large crab-apple tree is growing in the yard, and on the top of the tree is blooming a pure white rose. The rose stem, which is growing from the apple branch, is over two years old, as it has already bloomed two years. The flower can be best seen from the second story of the house.—*Reading (Pa.) Eagle.*

GLAD TIDINGS FOR THE SLAVES OF KING ALCOHOL.—How many a manly form is palsied; how many a noble mind is destroyed; how many a priceless soul lost through the curse of strong drink! To the despairing victims of the Satanic tyrant, Alcohol, whose shattered nerves, and trembling limbs, and racking headaches, seem to find no relief except in the renewed use of the fatal poison which brings them every day nearer to their miserable end, we announce glad tidings of great joy! DR. WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS contain not a single drop of alcohol in any form, but are a sovereign remedy for the ills of drunkenness. They restore tone and strength to the system, and entirely eradicate the pernicious appetite for liquor. Try a few bottles of VINEGAR BITTERS, and you will never crave strong spirits again, but find your health repaired, your mind restored, and be once more a man in the best sense. Health is cheap when VINEGAR BITTERS are $1 a bottle. 40

WILHOFT'S TONIC is not a panacea—is not a cure for everything, but is a catholicon for malarious diseases, and day by day adds fresh laurels to its crown of glorious success. Engorged Livers and Spleens, along this shady banks of our lakes and rivers, are restored to their healthy and normal secretions. Health and vigor follow its use, and Chills have taken their departure from every household where Wilhoft's Anti-Periodic is kept and taken. Don't fail to try it WHEELOCK, FINLAY & Co., Proprietors, New Orleans.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

GLEN FLORA SPRING WATER, at Waukegan, Ill., cures all kidney diseases.

FINANCE AND TRADE.

Weekly Review of the Chicago Market.

FINANCIAL.

The financial situation is without particular change. The offerings of loanable funds were large, and the market was dull. Government bonds firm.

	Buying.	*Selling.*
U. S. 6's of '81	125⅛	125¾
U. S. 5-20's of '62 (ex. int.)	117⅞	118¼
U. S. 5-20's of '64 (ex. int.)	118⅛	118¾
U. S. 5-20's of '65 (ex. int.)	122¼	122¾
U. S. 5-20's of '65 January and July	123⅞	123¾
U. S. 5-20's of '67 January and July	124¾	125
U. S. 5-20's of '68 January and July	124¾	124¾
U. S. 10-40's	118¾	119
U. S. new 5's of '81 (ex. int.)	117⅛	117½
U. S. currency 6's	122½	122½
Gold (full weight)	116¼	116¾
Gold coupons	116¼	116¾
Gold exchange	116½	116¾

BREADSTUFFS.

The movement in the grain markets has been moderately active during the past week, speculators taking hold freely, and liberal sales were made for July delivery. The prevailing feeling was generally a trifle firmer than during the preceding week, and the closing quotations show a slight improvement on wheat, corn and barley, while oats were weak and easier. The forward movement was fair of wheat, but light on the other grains, and the stock in store is still considerably larger than usual at this season of the year. Wheat was higher almost all week. Corn was irregular, ruling higher and lower alternately. The warm weather on Friday caused a pressure to sell and values were 1c lower. Saturday the cold weather caused an advance. Oats were weak and lower, the favorable weather increasing the pressure to sell. Rye was quiet and steady. Barley was firm and in demand.

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

	Opening.	*Closing.*
No. 2, sp'g wheat, cash	$ .95 @ .96	$ .98¼@ .98½
No. 2, seller June	@ .95	@ .98¼
No. 2, seller July	.97 @ .98	@1.00½
No. 2 seller August	.99 @ .99¾	1.00¼@1.00¾
No. 3 corn, cash	.67 @ .68	.67¼@ .68
No. 2 corn, seller June	@ .67	@ .67¼
No. 2 corn, seller July	.69¼@ .70	@ .69
No. 2 corn, s. August	.72¾@ .73	.71½@ .71¾
No. 2 oats, cash	.62½@ .63	.58¾@ .59
No. 2 oats, seller June	.62¼@ .63	.58½@ .58¾
No. 2 oats, seller July	.57 @ .57¼	.56¾@ .57
No. 2 oats, s. August	.42 @ .43	@ .41½
No. 2 rye, cash	@ .98	@ .98
No. 2 rye, s. August	@ .78	@ .78
No. 2. rye, s. Sept	@ .75	@ .75
No. 2 barley, cash	@1.18	@1.15
No. 2 barley, s. Sept	.98 @1.00	@1.03¼

COOPERAGE, LUMBER, AND WOOD.

There was but little done in cooperage during the week, and prices were a shade easier for lard tierces, but the other descriptions remain unchanged. Quotations range at $1.10@1.15 for pork barrels, $1.35 for lard tierces, $1.90@2.00 for whisky barrels, and 50@53c each for flour barrels. Lumber was fairly active, but an easier feeling was developed and prices were a trifle weak. At the close of the week but few cargoes remained unsold. Quotable at $10.00@11.50 for common boards, $10.00@12.00 for joist and scantling, $14.00@15.00 for square to round pickets, and $1.25@3.00 for No. 1 to 4 sawed shingles. In wood there was no change of importance noticeable. Prices remain steady at $7.50 per cord for hickory and maple, $6.50 for beech, and $6 for slabs at the yards.

SEEDS AND HIGHWINES.

There was a fair demand for Hungarian and millet seeds, and prices were very firm, but for the other descriptions the inquiry continues light, and, although but a limited number of sales were made, prices remain steady and firm. Sales of timothy ranged at $2.30@2.40 for fair to good, and $2.45@2.55 for prime. Clover was inactive and nominal at about $6.40@6.50 for prime medium; flax quotable at $1.60@1.65 for good crushing; Hungarian sold at $1.40@1.50 for prime, and $2 was paid for prime millet. There was quite a good demand for buckwheat and a fair business was reported at $1.35@1.40 for prime.

PROVISIONS.

The movement in this market shows a slight increase over the amount of business transacted during the previous week. The feeling was somewhat unsettled, and prices were rather irregular, although the fluctuations were not severe. The advices from Eastern markets were somewhat varied in tenor, while foreign were firmer for lard, but quoted an easier feeling in meats. Cash mess pork closed steady at $19.37½@19.40; seller August was in fair request at $19.60@19.67½, and closed at $19.62½@19.65. Cash lard quiet but firm at $13.30; seller July closed at $13.35@13.37½, and August at $13.60@13.65.

LIVE STOCK.

The cattle market was active and higher all the week, but closed easier on Saturday. Native steers $5.00@7.00; bulk of sales $6.00@6.50; Texans $2.50@4.50; stockers $2.50@4.50. Hogs were also higher, but closed easy. Yorkers $6.90@7.40; heavy $6.90@7.50. Sheep dull at $2.50@4.50.

PRODUCE.

There was no particular change noticeable in the condition of the butter market during the past week. The receipts were liberal and there was quite an accumulation in the supply. The inquiry was chiefly on local account, though occasionally shippers bought a few lots, but the latter class of buyers, as a rule, were not willing to pay the prices asked by holders, and the movement from this source was light. The feeling throughout was one of weakness and prices suffered a slight depreciation. Quotations ranged at 23@24c for extras, 18@22c for firsts, 14@18c for seconds, 12½@14c for thirds, and 9@12c for grease and common old stock. There was a good demand for Eastern beans, and a fair business was reported at $1.90 for prime, but for Western the sales continue slow and prices were irregular. Quotable at $1.00@1.80, according to quality. Broom corn was moderately active and firmer prices were maintained; quotable at 11½@14c for No. 1 to extra hurl, and 10½@11½c for good to choice stalk brush. Beeswax quiet at 26@28c for good to prime yellow. Cider was dull and easier; quotable at $4.00@4.50 per brl for choice sweet, and about $3.00 in bulk. Cranberries were also dull at $8.00@10.50 per brl for good to choice cultivated, and about $3.50@3.75 in one bu boxes. There was a fair movement in cheese, but prices were a shade easier. The principal sales of new were made at 9¼@10c for prime; common old sold at 3@6c. Dried fruits under more liberal offerings were a shade easier; quotable at 8¼@8½c for Michigan and New York apples, 9@9¼c for halves peaches, and 9½@9¾c for blackberries. Dried peas sold slowly at $2.00@2.10 for choice green, and about $1.65@1.75 for marrowfat. Eggs were in fair request, and the market during the week ruled quite steady; closed at 14½c. Feathers remain dull at 48@52c for prime live geese, and 20@35 per lb for prime turkey tail feathers. Green fruits were very dull, and the apples offered on the market were nearly all in bad order. Sales were made in lots at $1@1.50 per brl for good, and in a retail way at $1@2.50, according to quality. Hides were firm, but quiet. Green salted quotable at 8c all round; calf, 12½@13c, and dry calf, 18@19c. Honey was almost unsalable, and prices were weak at 18@23c per lb for comb, and 10@11c for strained. The season for brewing is about over, and the demand for hops was very light. Prices were a shade lower. Quotable at 20@30c per lb for common to choice from first hand. Maple sugar dull, with speculators about the only buyers. Quotable at 8@12½c per lb for pure new. There was a fair demand for choice fresh receipts of new potatoes at $4.00@4.75 per brl, but common lots were very dull and sales ranged at $2.50@3.00. Potatoes remain rather quiet. Eastern peachblows sold at 70@75c in car lots, and Western do at 60@65c. Poultry was rather quiet. Turkeys sold at 11@12c per lb, old chickens at $3.50@4.25 per doz, and spring at $2.00@3.00 per doz, according to size and quality. Vegetables remain dull at $2.00@3.00 per brl for onions, and $1.25@1.50 per barrel for parsnips. There was a fair demand for choice carcases of veal, but common sold slowly. Sales ranged at 3@7½c for poor to choice.

Telegraphic Market Reports.

NEW YORK.			
BEEVES	11	@	13
HOGS—Dressed	9	@	10
COTTON	15½	@	16¼
FLOUR—Superfine Western	4 60	@	4 90
WHEAT—No. 2 Chicago	1 15	@	1 16
No. 1 Spring	1 22	@	1 24
CORN	84	@	86
OATS	69	@	71
RYE	89	@	1 00
PORK—New Mess	19 25	@	19 75
LARD—Steam	11	@	13
ST. LOUIS.			
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	1 35	@	1 36
CORN—No. 2 New	67	@	69
OATS—No. 2	58	@	60
RYE—No. 2	1 10	@	1 12
PORK—Mess	19 50	@	19 75
LARD	11	@	13
HOGS	6 25	@	7 50
CATTLE	4 75	@	6 50
MILWAUKEE.			
WHEAT—No. 1	1 03	@	1 05
No. 2	1 00	@	1 01
CORN—No. 2	67	@	69
OATS—No. 2		@	56
RYE	93	@	95
BARLEY—No. 2	98	@	1 00
CINCINNATI.			
WHEAT—Red	1 20	@	1 25
CORN—New	71	@	73
OATS	64	@	68
RYE	1 08	@	1 10
PORK—Mess	19 00	@	19 50
LARD	12	@	13
TOLEDO.			
WHEAT—Extra	1 27	@	1 29
Amber	1 24	@	1 26
CORN—New	75	@	77
OATS	63	@	65
DETROIT.			
WHEAT—Extra	..	@	1 25
Amber	..	@	1 20
CORN	69	@	73
OATS	60	@	62
CLEVELAND.			
WHEAT—No. 1 Red	1 22	@	1 24
No. 2 Red	1 17	@	1 19
CORN	73	@	75
OATS	65	@	67

FACTS WORTH KNOWING.—The Wilson shuttle sewing machine is to-day the simplest, most perfect, most easy operated, best made, most durable, and, in every way, most valuable sewing machine in existence, and it is sold fifteen dollars less than all other first-class machines. Machines will be delivered at any railroad station in this county, free of transportation charges, if ordered through the company's branch house at 197 State street, Chicago. They send an elegant catalogue and chromo circular free on application. This company want a few more good agents.

IF *Johnson's Anodyne Liniment* is half as valuable as people say it is, no family should be without it. Certainly no person, be he lawyer, doctor, minister, or of any other profession, should start on a journey without it. No sailor, fisherman, or woodsman should be without it. In fact, it is needed wherever there is an ache, sprain, cut, bruise, cough, or cold.

FARMERS and "Horse Men" are continually inquiring what we know of the utility of *Sheridan's Cavalry Condition Powders*, and in reply, we would say, through the columns of this paper that we have heard from hundreds who have used them with gratifying results; that is also our experience.

HOW TO GET A HOME. See advertisement.

WHAT WE KNOW ABOUT IT.

ST. MARY'S CHURCH, ALLEGHENY CITY, Pa., November 10, 1874.

MESSRS. CRADDOCK & CO.:

The East India Hemp has been taken by Rev. Mathias Binder, O. S. B., and Rev. Sebastian Arnold, O. S. B., both assistant pastors of this Church, and so far has given relief to both. They suffered from affections of the LUNGS AND BRONCHIAL ORGANS. We have recommended, through charity to sufferers, the Cannabis Indica to different persons, and continue the same in good conscience, knowing the effects by experience. Please find inclosed check for twelve bottles of syrup, pills and ointment. We shall inform you in due time what further success the medicine shall meet with.

Yours truly,

REV. FERDINAND WOLF, O. S. B.

N. B.—This Remedy speaks for itself. A single bottle will satisfy the most skeptical. There is not a single symptom of **Consumption** that it does not dissipate—Night Sweats, Irritation of the Nerves, Difficult Expectorations, Sharp pains in the Lungs, Sore Throat, Nausea at the Stomach, Inaction of the Bowels, and Wasting of the Muscles.

$2.50 per bottles, or three bottles for $6.50. Pills and Ointment, $1.25 each.

Address CRADDOCK & CO., 1032 Race Street, Philadelphia.

Send for circular.

SILVER TIPPED SHOES Did you ever see a child that did not have holes through the toes of its shoes? If you did they were protected by SILVER TIPS. They never wear through at the toe. Try them.

If you want to know what CABLE SCREW WIRE means, ask your Shoe Dealer, and if he can't tell you make up your mind he has some pegged work on hand that he wants to sell before he dare tell you. CABLE SCREW WIRE

OPIUM HABIT Cured Cheap. No Publicity. Dr. Armstrong, Berlien, Mich.

$10 to $25 PER DAY—Send for "Chromo" catalogue. J. H. BUFFORD'S SONS, Boston.

$200 a month to agents everywhere. Address EXCELSIOR M'F'G Co., Buchanan, Mich.

EVERY FAMILY WANTS IT. Money in it. Sold by Agents. Address M. N. LOVELL, Erie, Pa.

$5 to $20 per day at home. Terms free. Address GEO. STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

$3 SAMPLE Free and Big Pay to Male and Female everywhere. Address, THE UNION PUB. CO., Newark, N. J.

Guns Catalogue Free. Rudolph & Co., 1018 N. 5th St. Louis, Mo.

SOMETHING for you. Sells at sight. Our Agents coin money. We have work and money for all, men or women, boys or girls, whole or spare time. Send stamp for Catalogue. Address FRANK GLUCK, New Bedford, Mass.

10 DOLLARS PER DAY! AGENTS WANTED to sell THE IMPROVED HOME SHUTTLE Sewing Machine. Address Johnson, Clark & Co., Boston,