MAN AND MIND.

BY S. D. SIDDET.

[Upon the wall of the class-room of Logic and Metaphysics, in the University of Edinburgh, the late Sir William Hamilton has left the following words: "There is nothing great on earth but man; there is nothing great in man but mind."]

"There's nothing great on earth but man;
There's nothing great in man but mind."
Brave words, Sir William. Let us scan
Them well, their hidden wealth to find.

Creation's work was not complete!
Till man appeared to crown its plan.
To him was given regal seat—
To him the royal title—man.

To him was given reason, will,
And power to grasp the mighty thought,
Which worked so potent, yet so still:
By which the universe was wrought.

How great, how wonderful is mind!
How absolute its source must be.
Space limits have no power to bind
The all-pervading Deity.

In Him alone all power resides;
From Him alone all forces flow.
The note that on a sunbeam rides,
Alike with worlds those forces show.

An all-embracing space to fill,
With rounded worlds for mind to scan,
Hath pleased the great Creative will,
But greater far than these is man.

Time must endure, and space extend—
Their limits can be nowhere found;
Hours, days and years must ever blend,
And space reach on without a bound.

Can man, with finite powers, embrace
The infinite involved in time;
Or measure endless, reaching space
With what at most is finite line?

In language low, but deep and clear,
A voice within replies, "Not so;
Great is the mind within its sphere,
Beyond it has no power to go."

Within its sphere its sweep is wide,
Far-reaching and sublimely grand;
The universe few secrets hide
But what comes forth at its command.

What mind has done shows large and grand;
What mind can do we yet shall know;
Its limits must through time expand,
And ever must its knowledge grow.

I would not limit or confine
The reach and grasp of thought. Ah, no!
But God has fixed a bounding line—
What lies beyond we cannot know.

What lies this side is ours to scan;
And reason's power doth most appear,
When laws of nature, mind and man
Employ their highest efforts here.

THE LOST WAGER.

The trunks were all packed and corded, and the carpet-bags were piled up in the corner of the capacious, old-fashioned hall.

How melancholy they looked, those emblems of parting and adieux. Not even the merry laughter of the two or three young girls, who were gathered around a stalwart, handsome fellow of about twenty-five, could entirely banish an impalpable something of sadness from the scene. Cousin Jack was going away, the general mischief-maker, torment and tease of the whole family, and Mr. Chester, sitting by the distant window, wiped his spectacles every five minutes, and declared, pettishly, that the type of the evening paper was a terrible trial to old eyes.

"Aye, you may laugh, girls," said Jack, applying himself vigorously to the refractory lock of a portmanteau. "Perhaps you may one day discover that it isn't such a laughing matter. Think of the loss the family is going to sustain in my excellency."

"But you'll come back soon, Jack, dear," coaxed Minnie Chester, the prettiest and most roguish of all cousins, and the one who kept up a perfect fire of practical jokes and girlish tricks at his expense.

There she sat, on the biggest trunk of the collection, her brown curls hanging about her round face, and her eyes sparkling with a curious mixture of fun and tears.

"I'm not at all certain of that, Miss Minnie," said Jack, decisively. "If I succeed in finding a location to suit me, I shall probably decide to settle permanently at Thornville and turn landed proprietor on my own account."

"Only imagine our Jack a gentleman of property!" laughed Minnie, appealing to her sisters.

"I don't see anything so very ridiculous in the idea," remarked the young man, rather piqued at the amusement of his relatives. "At all events, there's one incalculable advantage that will result from my departure."

"And what is that, Mr. Oracle?"

"The fact that you've played your last freak on me, you tormenting little minx!"

"Don't be so certain of that, Cousin Jack!" said Minnie, shaking her long curls. "What will you venture I don't bestow a parting trick on you yet? Ah! I haven't settled with you for several little pieces of impertinence; but pray don't imagine they are forgotten, sir!"

"My diamond sleeve buttons to your coral necklace that you don't impose on me within the next three months, Minnie," said Jack gaily.

"Done!" said Minnie. "Girls, you all hear the wager, don't you? I always coveted Jack's diamonds."

"But you won't have them, mademoiselle! How dark it is getting in this cavernous old hall. Shall I ring for lights, Uncle Chester? and, by the way, have you written that letter of introduction to Mr. Thorne?"

"All in good time, my boy—all in good time," said the old gentleman, depositing his huge, silver-bound spectacles in their case. "You young men are all in such a desperate hurry. Tell Betsy to carry a lamp into the library, girls. And Minnie, where is my gold pen? I won't be very long about it, and then we will have a nice long evening to gossip over Jack's prospects."

While Mr. Chester sat in his cosy, red-curtained library, revising the letter which he had been writing to his old friend Jabez Thorne, of Thornville, to the effect that his nephew, John Lacy, was in search of an eligible piece of land, and wished to settle down in that vicinity, and requested Mr. Thorne's aid and co-operation in the selection of the same, Minnie opened the door.

"Papa, there is some one down stairs who wishes to see you immediately for a minute."

"Very annoying!" said the old gentleman, "just as I was finishing this letter of Jack's. However, I can seal it afterward. Minnie, suppose you glance over it and dot the i's and cross the t's; I'm not so much of a penman as I used to be."

And old Mr. Chester pushed back his chair and rose from the antique table to attend the claims of his urgent guest.

Olive Chester was brushing out the heavy braids of her luxuriant hair before the dressing-mirror of her own apartment, two hours later, when Minnie ran in, with a countenance comically divided between dismay and delight.

"My dear Minnie, what has happened?" exclaimed the elder sister, dropping her hair brush and letting all the raven tresses ripple down unheeded over her shoulders.

"I've won the diamond sleeve-buttons, Olive! but oh! I didn't mean to. What would papa say if he only knew it—and Cousin Jack, too?"

"Sit down, you wild little elf," said Olive, gently forcing her sister into a chair, "and explain this mysterious riddle!"

"Well, you know papa left me to look over his letter to Mr. Thorne—and he was detained longer than he expected—almost an hour in fact, and I couldn't help amusing myself by writing a parody on the letter."

"A parody?"

"Yes—you remember somebody was telling us what a beautiful daughter Mr. Thorne had—so I wrote that Jack was in search of a wife, and had heard of Miss Thorne, and wanted to settle in life, and all that sort of thing. In short, wherever papa had written land, or estate, I wrote wife! Wasn't it fun?" ejaculated the little maiden, her eyes dancing with *diableric*. But you know I never once thought of sending the letter; I only wanted to read it to Jack when I went down stairs. Well, I signed it, with a great flourish of trumpets, and just then who should come in but papa and the stranger. Of course I fled—and when I came back the letter was sealed and safe in Jack's pocket-book, and Olive, it was the wrong letter."

"It was rather a dim light—and papa's eyes are not as keen as they were wont to be, and my impertinent missive was gone, while the real *bona fide* letter lay there, amongst a heap of discarded papers. And I hadn't courage to confess my misdemeanors, papa is so opposed to my innocent little jokes—and Jack is off with that indescribable letter! I shall certainly win the sleeve buttons, Olive, but what a tornado there will be, when my mischief leaks out."

And Minnie looked so bewitchingly lovely in her alternate paroxysms of terror and laughter, that Olive, grave old sister though she was, had not the heart to lecture her as roundly as she deserved.

The crimson sunset of the very next evening shone radiantly into the special sanctum of the worthy old Jabez Thorne, of Thornville, Justice of the Peace, and chairman of all the agricultural meetings for ten miles around. It was no scholarly-looking library, like that of his ancient comrade Chester, but a square, light room, with four uncurtained windows, and ornamented with numerous black-framed engravings of prize cattle and giant turnips. He was seated in a feather-cushioned arm-chair, looking over the files of an agricultural journal, to find some coveted information on the subject of "phosphates" and "super-phosphates," when a servant brought him a card and a letter.

"The gentleman is in the parlor sir."

Jabez Thorne laid aside his newspaper, glanced at the card, which bore the simple inscription, "John Lacy"—then at the letter, which purported to be the introductory to that individual.

"How--ha—from my old college chum, Chester, as I live. Remarkable change in his hand-writing, but time alters us all. Haven't heard from him in twenty years, and—hallo! what is this? A pretty cool request, upon my word—nephew wants a wife, and has heard that I possess a daughter—has lots of money—wants me to aid him with my well-known experience in such matters. What does the rascal mean?" ejaculated Jabez, the fringe of gray hair that surrounded his bald head standing absolutely erect with indignation. "I'll send Jeffers to kick the impudent young scamp out of the house."

But with a moment's reflection came calmness.

"Well, after all, I don't see what there is in the matter to make me so foolishly angry. Guess I'll see what Mary says. An excellent family these Chesters—and this letter is just like Zebedee Chester—he always was singular in his notions. Rather unlike the ordinary method of coming to an understanding on such matters, but there's nothing like a dash of originality in this world, and if the boy is rich and Mary don't object— At all events I'll see him on this subject."

And Jabez Thorne thrust the letter into his pocket and strode determinedly into the parlor, where young Lacy was quietly awaiting his appearance. The old gentleman's face was scarlet with embarrassment; he was half disposed to be angry with his guest's cool self-possession.

"I had thought of settling in this vicinity, Mr. Thorne," said Jack, after the ceremonies of greeting had been exchanged, "and understand from my uncle that you had a desirable piece of property you might be disposed to part with."

"Piece of property!" thought the old gentleman, beginning to fire up again; but he controlled his emotion and only answered: "Really sir, this is a very strange request. One can hardly be expected to answer definitely upon so very short notice."

"Certainly not, Mr. Thorne. I have no wish to hurry you," said Jack, politely; "but I am rather anxious to see for myself, and if you will favor me with a brief description of the prominent features of——"

But Mr. Thorne was fidgeting uneasily on his chair.

"What do you mean, sir?" he exclaimed wrathfully.

Jack was rather perplexed at this cavalier reception, but he answered, as courteously as possible—

"Why, sir, of course it is not best to be too precipitate on a matter of such importance."

"If this is a fair specimen of the rising generation," though the indignant Jabez, "they are about as impudent a set of jackanapes as I want to see. But I owe something to my long friendship with old Zebedee Chester—I won't turn the puppy out of doors quite yet."

"I suppose it is healthy?" asked Lacy, blandly.

"What is healthy?"

"Your property. Sometimes in these low grounds diseases are apt to prevail, and—"

"Does he expect my Mary has the fever and ague?" thought old Thorne, leaping briskly out of his chair as if an insect had stung him. "I'll send my daughter to you, young man—that will settle the business at once."

And before Lacy could express his surprise his choleric host had banged the door behind him and disappeared.

Mary Thorne's astonishment was even greater than her father's had been. She was attired in white muslin, with a bouquet of crimson moss rose-buds in her hair, for some rural party or picnic, and at first absolutely refused to enter the parlor.

"What an idea!' she exclaimed, blushing to the very tips of those tiny shell-like ears. "To be put on exhibition like one of your prize cattle! No, indeed! Let the young man go back where he came from! A pretty impression he must have of the ladies in this quarter of the globe!"

"But, my love, Zebedee Chester is one of my oldest friends, and the young man is really a very fine looking fellow, and rich into the bargain. Go in and talk to him a little while, there's a good girl! I can't stand it a minute longer."

And old Jabez wiped his forehead, on which the perspiration was standing in big beads. And Mary burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter.

"The whole affair is so ridiculous!" she exclaimed.

But she adjusted the moss roses nevertheless and tripped demurely into the parlor.

Now, if there was a determined point in Jack Lacy's character it was his aversion to women in general, and if there was any one thing on which he prided himself it was his decided old bachelorism. Imagine his vexation and dismay, therefore, when, after a formal introduction, old Mr. Thorne withdrew, leaving him *tete-a-tete* with the pretty creature in white muslin and roses. It was embarrassing enough, particularly as Mary blushed every time he looked at her, and evinced an exceedingly great disposition to laugh.

"Well," thought Jack, "the manners and customs of this locality are rather odd, to say the least of it. I came to consult an old man about purchasing land of him, and he bounces out of the room, and sends in his daughter. What on earth am I to say to her, I'd like to know?"

And Mary, glancing shyly in the direction of her companion, came to the conclusion that he had "beautiful Spanish eyes," and a mustache decidedly superior in style to the hirsute adornments of the young gentlemen at Thornville.

Mr. Lacy looked up at the ceiling and down at the carpet, and wondered what the consequences would be were he to escape incontinently through the open French window. That would not be a very dignified proceeding, however, so he resigned himself to destiny by making some original remark on the weather. It had the much desired effect of breaking the ice, however, and he was agreeably surprised with the arch vivacity of Miss Thorne. Only once did she seem confused; it was when she had been describing a fine grove of cedars that belonged to her father's land, regretting at the same time that he had contemplated the sale of it.

"I believe I should like to become the purchaser," said Jack. "Your father has told you that I had some idea of setting here?"

Mary grew scarlet, and murmured some sentence or other. The conversation was effectually checked, and Jack, perplexed at the effect, for which he could perceive no visible cause, rose to take leave.

"Will you mention to your father, Miss Thorne, that I shall call to see him about this matter to-morrow morning?" he asked.

All the moss roses in Mr. Thorne's rose-garden could not have rivalled the hot glow on Mary's cheeks as she fled out of the room without a word of reply.

"Very singular family this," muttered Jack, slowly drawing on his gloves and walking down the broad garden path. "But she is an uncommonly pretty girl—and I shall certainly take an early walk through that grove of cedars to-morrow morning, before breakfast."

He dreamed of blue-eyed Mary Thorne that night, and arose decidedly pleased that he should have a reasonable excuse for calling at her father's house so soon.

"I certainly can't be in love!" quoth he, mentally. "But how Minnie would tease me if she thought I was in danger of suing for not only a farm but a wife."

Old Jabez Thorne was busily engaged nipping the dead leaves off his pet lauristinus with a gigantic pair of garden-scissors, that morning, when young Lacy sprang over the hedge and saluted him with a buoyant "good-morning."

"Well, sir," he went on gaily, "I have seen the property, and am perfectly delighted. A fine, healthy investment—no disease about it, I'm convinced."

"Hem!" said Mr. Thorne, dubiously.

"And I would like to take a second, more thorough inspection in your society, sir, if you please."

"Really, Mr. Lacy," said the old man, sharply, "my daughter has not yet come down stairs, and—"

"What the mischief has his daughter to do with the matter," thought Lacy, but he said politely:

"Of course I will await any time that may be convenient to you, sir. I observed a good deal of native roughness, but I cannot doubt that there is a very great susceptibility of improvement. A little judicious cultivation will accomplish wonders."

"Let me tell you, young man," began Mr. Thorne in a towering rage, but Lacy saw that he had unconsciously committed some arch blunder, and hastened to say:

"In short, sir, I am determined to secure the rural gem at any price. What is the sum you demand?"

Mr. Thorne fairly sat down on the gravel walk, overpowered with the avalanche of wrath which he found impossible to shape into words.

"Upon—my—word—sir!" he began; "you talk as if this was a mere matter of business!"

Jack was puzzled enough. "It is the way in which I have always heretofore been accustomed to treat such affairs, sir."

"Heretofore you have been accustomed! and pray, sir, how many such little affairs have you had on your hands?" shrieked old Thorne, growing purple in the face.

"Oh, several, sir. I am not so inexperienced as you suppose," replied Jack, smiling.

"Are you not ashamed to confess it?"

"No; why should I be?"

"Get out of my garden, you young reprobate!" screamed Jabez, leaping up with lightning rapidity. "To come here and offer to buy my daughter, as if she were a patch of potatoes! Go, I say!"

"Your daughter, Mr. Thorne!"

"Yes, my daughter, you Jack-a-dandy!"

"But I'm not bargaining for your daughter. I'm bargaining for that land across the river."

"Don't tell me!" ejaculated Mr. Thorne, tugging away at the fastening of his pocketbook; "your uncle's letter has informed me of your atrocious intention."

"Will you allow me to see the letter, sir?"

Thorne jerked it out of the compartment where it lay, and tossed it angrily toward Lacy. He opened it, and in spite of his annoyance and mortification burst into laughter at the sight of Minnie's dainty handwriting.

"It's nothing to laugh at, sir," exclaimed Thorne.

"My dear Mr. Thorne, we are all the victims of a ridiculous mistake," said Lacy. "My uncle never wrote this letter; it is the work of my mischievous cousin Minnie. The genuine document must have been left behind."

"And you didn't come to look for a wife!"

"I came to purchase real estate."

"Whew-w-w!" old Jabez Thorne whistled loud and long, then offered his hand to his guest with a hearty laugh.

"Well, my boy, I'm heartily sorry I called you so many opprobrious names, but Mary and I supposed you were after her. I must go and tell the little minx what a blunder we've made."

"Stay a moment, sir," said Jack, laying a detaining hand on the old gentleman's arm, as his quick eye detected the distant flutter of Miss Thorne's light dress among the trees; "will you allow me to make the necessary explanations myself? I am not at all certain that, after I have selected a home, I shall not enter into business-like negotiations for a charming young wife to preside over it."

"As you please, my lad," said the old gentleman, chuckling. "I'll give my consent, if only to atone for my villainous treatment of you a little while ago."

He resumed his gardening operations, occasionally pausing to laugh all to himself, while cousin Jack sprang up the path to seek Mary.

They were absent a long time—in fact, as old Jabez thought, an unreasonably long time, before he discerned through the dense foliage of the accacia hedges their advancing forms, Mr. Lacy looking exceedingly proud and self-satisfied, and Mary leaning on his arm, with her pretty cheeks flushed, and her lips wreathed in timid smiles.

"What does she say?" roared the paterfamilias.

"She says she'll consider it!" answered Jack, demurely.

A week or two afterward Minnie Chester received a neat little package containing the diamond sleeve buttons and the following billet:

"DEAR MINNIE: I've lost my wager, but I cheerfully deliver over the forfeited stakes, for I have won something of infinitely more value—a wife! COUSIN JACK."

From which we may conclude that the result of Mary's "consideration" was favorable.

COLORED CAMP MEETING.—I heah der car a rumblin', a rorin'frou der land. I heah der steam a buzzin'. No second class on board dis yer train. We's bound for Canain's land. Come, children git aboard. Everybody git right aboard dis yer train, while we heah der steam a buzzin', an' while we heah der car a rumblin'. Come, children, git aboard.

FINANCE AND TRADE.

Weekly Review of the Chicago Market.

FINANCIAL.

Currency has been going into the interior quite freely during the past week, indicating the early marketing of crops. Money is abundant and borrowers with good collateral have no difficulty in obtaining favors. Rates 7@10 per cent., according to time and security. Bonds firm and steady at former quotations.

BREADSTUFFS.

The grain markets have attracted considerable attention from speculators and operators generally, and quite an extensive business was transacted. Values have been somewhat irreg ular on the whole range, but the closing quotations show some improvement on wheat and oats, although the fine weather for the growing crop prevents any material advance or permanent improvement in the corn market. The September shorts have been making provision for their contracts, and at the close of the week the trading had settled mainly in the October option. The receipts of all kinds of grain except corn are increasing, while the shipments were somewhat larger, especially of corn. The bulk of shipments of the latter were of corn received on matured or maturing contracts of options and forwarded by the receiver. The demand from August shorts forced wheat up to $1.17½ early in the week, but the market closed easier under less activity in the demand. Oats were fairly active on speculative account. Rye and barley quiet.

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

	Opening.	Closing.
No. 2 sp'g wheat, cash	@$1.13¼	@1.14¼
No. 2 sellerSeptember	1.13¼@1.13¾	@1.14¾
No. 2 seller October..	@1.13½	@1.13¾
No. 2 corn, cash.....	@ .62	.62 @ .62¼
No. 2 corn, seller Sept	@ .62	@ .62¼
No. 2 corn seller Oct..	@ .63	@ .62¾
No. 2 oats, cash.....	.34 @ .34¼	@ .35¼
No. 2 oats, s. Sept....	@ .34	.34¼@ .35
No. 2 oats, s. Oct....	@ .33⅞	@ .34¼
No. 2 rye, cash.....	@ .81	@ .78¾
No. 2 rye, seller Sept.	.78 @ .79	@ .78¾
No. 2 barley, cash....	@1.10	1.08 @1.09
No. 2 barley, s. Sept..	@1.08	@1.08
No. 2 barley, s. Oct...	@1.04	@1.04
No. 3 barley, cash....	@ .94	@ .85

PRODUCE.

Trade in butter during the past week was again only moderate and transactions were confined mainly to the local trade. The arrivals during the week were rather meager, particularly of choice, of which the supply at the present time is very light. The advices received from the East continue unfavorable and the demand on shipping account consequently was limited. For the better qualities of butter the demand continues good, and prices ruled firm, but medium grades were but little called for, and for those it was found difficult to make sales. There was no change of importance in prices. Beans under a light demand ruled dull and very quiet. Prices were unchanged and quotations range at $1.75@1.80 per brl for good to prime Eastern medimms, and $1.00@1.75 for Western, according to quality. There was nothing of consequence done in beeswax—quotable at 26@28c for prime yellow. The reports received from the country in regard to broom-corn were more encouraging, and holders were more disposed to realize. There was rather a weak feeling developed, though no particular alteration was exhibited in values. We quote lint at 10½@12c for No. 1 to extra, such as can be worked into a choice hurl broom 10½@11c, and good do 9@10c, crooked 6@8½c. The arrivals of berries were fair and they consisted mainly of blackberries, for which there was a fair demand when in prime order, but there were some received that were common lots on the market which were slow sale. The market closed at $3.50@4.00 for choice Wilsons, in sixteen quart cases, $3.00@3.25 for Lawtons, and $1.00@1.06 for wild, according to quality. There has been some accumulation in the stock of cheese but there was no improvement in the demand and the market was a shade easier. Quotable at 10c for prime factory in lots, and at 11c in a retail way; common ranged at 5c@9c. There were some new cranberries on the market but they were not desirable and could not be sold. Dried fruits were steady and firm, though the amount of business transacted was light. Eastern apples quotable at about 10c when choice and repacked. Halves peaches firm at 11c, and blackberries quotable at about 11c. There was no sale for dried peas and prices were nominal at $2.00@$2.50 for choice green and $1.60@$1.75 for narrowfat. The supply of eggs was ample, but there being so many lots in bad order, buyers were rather reluctant about purchasing. The market closed at 13½@14c for guaranteed in cases; lots in tubs and barrels were almost unsalable. Prime live geese feathers were a shade firmer, but the other kinds remain unchanged; quotable at 52@53c for the above-named kind, 25c for turkey tail, and 3@5c for chicken. The receipts of all kinds of green fruits were more than sufficient to supply the demand, and the market ruled dull. A good many consignments were received in poor order, and these in a good many instances had to be thrown away. Apples ranged at 50c@$2.00 for poor to fair, $2.25@2.75 for good cooking, and $3.00@3.50 for choice eating. Peaches sold all the way from 10c to $3.00 a box for Eastern, and the market closed at about $2.00@$2.50 for good to choice. The majority of the pears offered were in poor order, and for this reason sales were exceedingly slow. Quotable at $2.00@2.50 for Eastern in good order in ½-bu boxes, and 75c@$1.00 for ½-bu boxes. Plums quiet at $1.00@1.25 for baskets of damsons; wild were unsalable. Grapes sold at 5@10c per lb, according to quality. The game received was in very poor order, and but few lots sold at remunerative prices. Choice of all descriptions was in fair demand. Prairie chickens in good order sold at $2.00@2.50 per doz. Hides were as active as the offerings would admit and former prices were maintained. Quotable at 8½c for green salted, 13c for cured and 6½c for damaged. Honey was unsalable. There was a fair demand for choice nutmeg melons at $1.00@1.25 per crate, but the bulk of the offerings were green or else in poor order. Potatoes remain dull at 75c@$1.00 per brl. Sweet potatoes sold slowly at $3.50@3.75 per brl for yellow Jerseys, $3.00 for yellow Illinois, and from 200@250 per third bushel boxes. Veal was dull and prices were rather weak, receivers generally being anxious to keep their stock well closed out, on account of the warm weather that prevailed. Sales ranged at 4@8c for common to choice carcasses. Vegetables were also dull, and the offerings of all kinds were in excess of the demand. Prices were nominal, as follows: 50c per bu for tomatoes, $1.00@1.50 per brl for onions, 75c@$1.00 per doz for egg plant, and $1.00@2.00 per doz for cauliflower.

COOPERAGE, LUMBER AND WOOD.

There was no business of consequence doing in the market for cooperage. Notwithstanding transactions were limited a steady feeling prevailed, and there was no change to note in prices. Quotations range at $1.12½@1.15 for pork barrels, $1.35@1.45 for lard tierces, $1.90@2.10 for whisky barrels, and 45@55c for flour barrels. There was a good supply of lumber on the market and there the demand was also very good. Prices were steady at the following quotations: Joist and scantling, $8.00@8.25; boards and strips, $8.00@16.00, according to quality; shingles, $2.00@2.70; and lath, $1.50. The movement was again very light in wood, and there was no alteration to note in values. Quotable at $8.00 per cord for hickory, $7.00 for maple, $6.00 for beech, and $5.00 for slabs at the yards.

SEEDS AND HIGHWINES.

There was quite a brisk movement in timothy during the week, but prices under largely increased offerings were a shade easier. The arrivals consisted largely of common qualities, but the offerings of really prime were light. The market closed at $2.20@2.50 for poor to good, and $2.50@2.60 for prime. Clover was very quiet, and light sales of prime medium were reported at $8.00. Flax was steady and in fair demand. Sales at $1.40@1.50 for fair to good crushing. The other kinds were entirely nominal. Highwines were quiet, and the market closed a shade easier, sales being at $1.18½.

PROVISIONS.

There was more interest developed in thi market during the week just past, and transactions were generally made at a shade better prices, excepting lard, which was a trifle weaker. The market was governed mainly by local speculative influences. The receipts of hogs during the week were only moderate and for these prices were generally maintained. Mess pork was in good demand and closed firm at $21.00 cash and seller September, and $20.85 seller October. Cash lard closed at $13.00@13.10, seller September at $12.95@13.00, and seller October at $13.05.

Telegraphic Market Reports.

NEW YORK.

BEEVES	$8 00	@13 00
HOGS—Dressed	10	@ 10¾
COTTON	14½@	14½
FLOUR—Superfine Western	4 10	@ 5 70
WHEAT—No. 2 Chicago	1 24	@ 1 25
CORN	69	@ 72
OATS	48	@ 53
RYE	90	@ 96
PORK—New Mess	20 25	@20 75
LARD—Steam	13¼	@ 13½

ST. LOUIS.

WHEAT—No. 2 Red	1 18	@ 1 40
CORN—No. 2	58	@ 59
OATS—No. 2	34	@ 35
RYE—No. 2	71	@ 72
PORK—Mess	21 25	@21 75
LARD	12¾	@ 13
HOGS	7 85	@ 8 10
CATTLE	5 25	@ 6 25

MILWAUKEE.

WHEAT—No. 1	1 19	@ 1 20
No 2	1 13	@ 1 15
CORN—No. 2	56	@ 58
OATS—No. 2	33	@ 35
RYE	77	@ 79
BARLEY—No. 2	1 05	@ 1 10

CINCINNATI.

WHEAT—New	80	@ 1 30
CORN	70	@ 73
OATS	30	@ 50
RYE		@ 82
PORK—Mess	20 75	@21 00
LARD	13	@ 14

TOLEDO.

WHEAT—Extra	1 38	@ 1 40
Amber	1 28	@ 1 30
CORN	58	@ 64
OATS	39	@ 42

DETROIT.

WHEAT—Extra	1 36	@ 1 39
No. 1 White	1 25	@ 1 27
No. 2 White	1 19	@ 1 21
Amber	1 20	@ 1 21
CORN	62	@ 65
OATS	39	@ 42
BARLEY—No. 3	..	@ 1 25
PORK—Mess	..	@22 00

CLEVELAND.

WHEAT—No. 1 Red	..	@ 1 25
No. 2 Red	..	@ 1 33
CORN	60	@ 70
OATS	43	@ 44

Wonders of Colorado.

The reports of the Hayden survey indicate the most flattering results in the way of discovering ancient ruins and a new domain of canons and mountain landscape never before visited by explorers. The discoveries promise much in the way of further geographical knowledge of the great West, and, in the discovery of ancient ruins, will add many important chapters to our early history. Prof. Hayden, in a letter to the Interior Department, in speaking of these discoveries by Mr. Gannett's division of his party, says this subject will be thoroughly investigated, and sketches, photographs, and other material will be secured for a most valuable report. The subject is one which is attracting the attention of the whole civilized world. Mr. Gardner, one of Prof. Hayden's principal assistants, in one of his letters, after describing a dry and heated march of 18 miles without water, under a broiling sun, over a bare, ashen soil, in which the mules sunk to their fetlocks, has says: "Next morning we turned to seek a ford of the Grand river, up over which Lieut. Gunnison had passed, with wagons, in 1855, the deeply-cut wheel-ruts being still visible. Far off over the plain came a small cloud of dust, in whose center the glasses showed a galloping horseman. It was Mr. Gannet, the topographer, surveying this district. He came to guide the supply-train, and to show us a shorter way to the the Sierra La Sal, which avoids the desert valley of the Grand. A remarkable and hitherto unknown canon, 2,000 to 3,000 feet deep, and 40 miles long, is cut from the Gunnison to the Dolores river. Through it leads an Indian trail. By the timely arrival of Mr. Gannet much suffering from the desert heat was saved. In exchange for this we have ridden through one of the grandest and most beautiful canons in Colorado." This canon is thus more minutely described: "But the strangest topographical feature that I have ever seen is a cross canon, connecting the Gunnison with the Dolores. It is about 30 miles long, with a straight course, about 30 degrees north of east and south of west. It enters the Gunnison about six miles above its mouth, in the lap of the Uraweep canon. The height of the walls increases quite regularly with the slope of the great Roy-back, until at its summit they reach a height of 3,000 feet. The walls are, for most of its course, granite, in vertical cliffs, 1,500 to 2,000 feet high, capped by layers of red sandstone. Except near the Gunnison river, the valley is nearly a mile wide, grassy, and with a stream on each side of the divide. The divide is a mere prairie swell. The slope is much greater on the east than on the west side. Whether this canon be the ancient course of the Dolores, flowing to the Gunnison, future exploration will determine. There is no sign of disruption anywhere about. It is evidently a canon made by erosion. Mr. Atkinson, of the party, has made careful notes of this canon, and will be prepared to make a detailed map of it, on a scale of one mile to the inch."

A NEW steam-engine for street rail roads has been introduced in London. It is entirely inclosed, and presents the appearance of a small street-car. The advantages claimed for this new pattern are a saving of £300 per annum in the working expences of each car; an increase of speed when desirable; a more perfect control for stopping and starting than at present; and that at each terminus it can be disconnected and brought to the front of the car in less time than that taken by horses. The trials were considered very satisfactory. This engine is to be brought into use immediately in Paris also.

Geo News from Washington City.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE,
WASHINGTON, Aug. 23, 1875.

WILSON SEWING MACHINE COMPANY, Cleveland, Ohio:

There have been received at this department a MEDAL and a DIPLOMA awarded to WILSON SEWING MACHINE COMPANY, as an exhibitor at the Universal Exposition, held at Vienna in 1873.

I will thank you to inform me what disposition you desire to have made of them. The department will deliver them to such agent as you may suggest, or to Adams Express Company, addressed as you may indicate upon the return to the department of the inclosed receipt, duly signed. When the same are delivered in either way the responsibility of the department will terminate.

Your obedient servant,
W. HUNTER, Acting Secretary.

SAFE, PERMANENT AND COMPLETE!—Wilhoft's Tonic cures Chills and Fever, Dumb Chills and Bilious Fevers—those Titans that kill their thousands where this remedy is unknown. It cures Enlargement of the Spleen. It cures Hypertrophy of the Liver. It hurts no one. It cures all types of Malarial Fevers, and is perfectly protective in all its effects. Try Wilhoft's Tonic, the great infallible Chill Cure. WHEELOCK, FINLAY & Co., Proprietors, New Orleans.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

HON. JOSEPH FAREWELL, Mayor of Rockland, Me.; Isaac M. Bragg, Bangor, and Messrs. Pope Bros., Machias, Me., lumber merchants, fully indorsed the *Sheridan's Cavalry Condition Powders*, and have given the proprietor liberty to use their names in recommending them.

THE most astonishing cure of chronic diarrhea we ever heard of is that of Wm. Clark, Frankfort Mills, Waldo county, Me.; the facts are attested by Ezra Treat, Upton Treat and M. A. Merrill, either of whom might be addressed for particulars. Mr. Clark was cured by *Johnson's Anodyne Liniment*.

By a new French apparatus plates of glass may be safely and rapidly pierced by means of the electric spark.

HOW TO GET A HOME. See advertisement.

SCHENCK'S PULMONIC SYRUP, FOR THE CURE OF CONSUMPTION, COUGHS AND COLDS.

The great virtue of this medicine is that it ripens the matter and throws it out of the system, purifies the blood, and thus effects a cure.

SCHENCK'S SEA WEED TONIC, FOR THE CURE OF DYSPEPSIA, DEBILITY, ETC.

The Tonic produces a healthy action of the stomach, creating an appetite, forming chyle, and curing the most obstinate cases of indigestion.

SCHENCK'S MANDRAKE PILLS, FOR THE CURE OF LIVER COMPLAINT, ETC.

These Pills are alterative and produce a healthy action of the liver without the least danger, as they are free from calomel and yet more efficacious in restoring a healthy action of the liver.

These remedies are a certain cure for Consumption, as the Pulmonic Syrup ripens the matter and purifies the blood. The Madrake Pills act upon the liver, create a healthy bile, and remove all diseases of the liver, often a cause of Consumption. The Sea Weed Tonic gives tone and strength to the stomach, makes a good digestion, and enables the organs to form good blood; and thus creates a healthy circulation of healthy blood. The combined action of these medicines, as thus explained, will cure every case of Consumption, if taken in time, and the use of the medicines persevered in.

Dr. Schenck is professionally at his principal office, corner Sixth and Arch Streets, Philadelphia, every Monday, where all letters for advice must be addressed. Schenck's medicines for sale by all Druggists.

SILVER TIPPED SHOES. Ragged stockings and prunting toes are not seen on the feet where SILVER TIPS are worn. Parents remember this, they last twice as long. Also, try Wire Quilted Soles.

Something for everybody. Cable Screw Wire Boots and Shoes, elegant, durable, easy, and keep the feet dry. Also, try Wire Quilted Soles. CABLE SCREW WIRE

ON SALARY only. Agents wanted. Male or Female. Address, G. B. Christian, Marion, Ohio.

$10 to $25 per day. Send for Chromo Catalogue. J. H. BUFFORD'S SONS, Boston, Mass.

$5 to $20 a day at home. Samples worth $1 sent free. STINSON & CO., Portland, Me.

$12 a day at home. Agents wanted. Outfit and terms free. Address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

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

Chicago Business Directory.

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.
CHICAGO SCRAPER & DITCHER CO., 56 LaSalle.

AWNINGS, TENTS, TWINES AND CORDAGE.
GILBERT, HUBBARD & CO., 202 to 208 South Water.

BAKING POWDER AND EXTRACTS.
DR. PRICE'S, Steele & Price M'f'rs., 201 & 203 S. Water, Chicago, 304 N. 2d, St. Louis, 244 Main, Cincinnati.

BANNERS AND GLASS SHOW-CARD WRITERS.
MUNN & DRUM, 215 W. Madison.

BOOTS AND SHOES—AUCTION AND COMMISSION.
JAS. P. McNAMARA & CO., 27 E. Washington.

CANNED FRUITS AND CRYSTAL LAKE PICKELS.
F. A. WAIDNER, 45 and 47 River.

COWING'S DRIVE AND WELL PUMPS, &c.
DOWNER & WOOLNER, 98 and 100 Franklin.

CROCKERY, CHINA AND GLASSWARE.
ABRAM FRENCH & CO., 101 and 103 Wabash-av.

ENGRAVER, SEALS, PRESSES, STEEL AND BRASS STAMPS, STENCIL TOOLS AND STOCK.
C. H. HANSON, 38 South Clark.

ENGRAVERS.
S. D. CHILDS, JR., & CO., 115 Franklin.

ENGRAVER, DIE SINKER & MANFR. OF STENCILS.
L. BOCHE, 171 E. Randolph.

FLOWERS AND STRAW GOODS—SPECIALTY.
DALY, HENROTIN & CO., 144 and 146 Wabash-av.

FURNITURE.
A. L. HALE & BRO., 200, 202, 204 and 206 Randolph.

GRASS SEEDS.
ALBERT DICKINSON, 117 Kinzie.

GUNS—CUTLERY MANUFACTURERS.
W. R. SPENCER & CO., 54 State. Send for price-list.

HARDWARE AND CUTLERY—WHOLESALE.
EDWIN HUNT & SONS, 58 and 60 Lake.

HEAVY HARDWARE—WHOLESALE.
KIMBARK BROS. & CO., 86 to 94 Michigan-av.

HOTELS.
WOOD'S HOTEL, 116 & 118 Fifth-av. Enoch Wood, prop., late proprietor of Wood's Hotel, State-st.
BREVOORT HOUSE, 143 and 145 E. Madison. On the European plan. H. M. Thompson, proprietor.
METROPOLITAN HOTEL—$2.50 per day. Cor. State & Wash'n, site of old St. James, opp. Field, Le