WASHINGTON.

Upon the scroll of honor, year by year,
In shining letters written, we behold
The names of those whose glory grows not old,
Whose memories remain forever dear.

Foremost among the stars, the splendid sun
Who gave to Liberty her path of light
And led her hosts victorious through the night
First of our nation's heroes—WASHINGTON!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

# LUCY'S HATCHET.

## A Story of Washington's Birthday.

[Original.]

"REALLY, it is too bad to be giving up our time to dancing and amusements when so many of the boys at the front are suffering," said Lucy Dean, a little regretfully, as she surveyed the arrangements for the great party in the rambling yet luxurious old homestead.

"I don't know," replied her friend Anna Tracy, as she stepped into a chair to straighten an engraving of "Washington and His Family," a household treasure that was gayly decorated for the occasion. "We can do nothing more to help them, and it would certainly add nothing to their comfort to sit here and mope."

"Then it is a kind of patriotic display, too," put in Lucy, brightening. "Celebrating Washington's birthday by a party will help make the guests love our country more."

Anna laughed a little at the logic of her friend, but was too anxious over the arrangements for the evening to discuss the matter further.

The Dean farm was near the fateful "border," and yet the two years of civil war had brought no inconvenience to its inmates. Lucy, the only daughter, rode at her will over the surrounding country, and the colonel, her father, whose warring days were past, hastened to the conflict only in fancy.

But in these midwinter days of 1863 there were more than the usual dangers to the quiet household. They had taken no active part in the carrying on of the struggle, though their sympathies were with the union army, where Paul, the beloved son and brother, was winning his spurs. The armies were camped nearer now than ever before, and no one relished an encounter or even a halt of armed forces on the well-kept lawns and fields of the farm.

Lucy had invited the young people of the neighborhood to spend the evening of February 22 with her, and had arranged to make the occasion consonant throughout with the anniversary it commemorated. Flags decorated the rooms, and portraits of the "Father of His Country" were seen in the most conspicuous places.

Late in the afternoon Lucy donned her riding-habit and mounted her pony for a brisk canter over the snow-laden roads. She spared not her horse and hurried through the drifts at a speed that meant some danger.

Suddenly she stopped. A gray coat was half hidden by a tree trunk, and in a moment the figure of a young man in gray uniform stood before her. He was thin and pale, but every motion and every word spoke of the training and instincts of a gentleman.

"Do not be frightened," he began, "I won't hurt you."

"I don't think you will," the girl sarcastically replied; "you look half-starved."

"I am."

"What are you doing in this country? I know by your clothes that you belong somewhere else."

"I've escaped—they were taking me north to prison—I was captured. For two days I have not dared to ask for food. I saw you coming and determined to try and see if you would not at least give me a piece of bread."

He limped as he came nearer, and the girl saw blood stains on the gray trousers that told of a wounded knee.

Kindness and partisanship struggled for the mastery in her heart.

"We are union—" she began, then with a glance at the deep sunken dark eyes her own moistened and she gave her decision promptly: "I will; maybe some southern girl will do something for Tom—but you must be very careful."

Eagerly the stranger promised and the two stood for several minutes in the early twilight counseling over the mode of assistance, the comradery of youth alone making a bond of sympathy between them.

When the hostess of the evening returned it was with heightened color. The ride had apparently done her good and if an unusual nervousness characterized her manners no one noticed it.

Team after team unloaded its fair burden at the gate, and the lads and maidens for ten miles around made the low ceilings ring with their laughter and badinage.

"The blue coats are over in Green Ridge," spoke one of the young men.

"What a pity we could not have some of the soldiers here in uniform tonight," replied Anna with a coquettish smile.

"You might have got 'em," put in the postmaster's son, "a squad of them were riding down the Chapman creek road this afternoon."

Lucy was listening and her bright checks suddenly lost their color.

"What—what were they doing?" she inquired slowly, trying with all her might to keep her voice steady.

"I don't know. You needn't get scared. Maybe they were looking for a deserter or something."

"Father says there's likely to be a battle over on the creek some day, the bluffs are so high," remarked Anna. "It's the best place around here to hide."

Lucy knew in a flash why the man in gray had been in the woods adjoining the creek, though she wondered a little why she had not seen any signs of the union soldiers the youth spoke of. Perhaps she had not gone far enough down the valley. Had the guests not been too intent on themselves they would have missed their hostess a few minutes later. Had the noise been a little less in volume the visitors might have heard an upstairs window open and detected a scratching sound on the wall of the house. But had they done so they would have thought nothing of it, nor did they notice anything amiss when Lucy came downstairs, flushed but smiling, and nervously anxious to forward any amusement of the party.

Dancing would not begin until after supper, and some good old-fashioned games had been prepared for the interim. Then there would be a recess for costuming and the gathering would take on an eighteenth century appearance.

As Lucy appeared the games had commenced. The postmaster's son stood on a chair holding in his hand a little hatchet.

"It goes to the one who cannot tell a lie," he was announcing in a mock-serious tone. "Three judges will be appointed and you will be examined one by one. He or she who answers the questions with, in the judges' opinion, the nearest approach to the truth, will get the reward."

With solemn visages the trio comprising the jury took places on a raised dais intended for the musicians later in the night. They were decorated with huge paper crowns and made a grotesque appearance.

Rapidly the guests were called out and questioned. The absurd queries put to them, the references to jokes which had attached to their history, embarrassing confessions as to their personal likes and dislikes came fast and kept the audience in constant laughter.

The quick wit of the leader and his knowledge of his subjects made the exercise one of lively amusement to all, and time after time did he announce that no worthy successor had been found for the venerated emblem of truth so closely identified with the nation's history.

Suddenly there was a sound of heavy feet without and a ring at the door that told of a sterner caller than some belated guest. A halt came to the merriment and all stood in silence while Col. Dean in person answered the summons.

In response to his greeting an officer with sword at his side stepped into the hall. He was in blue and had a stern face.

Again the color fled from Lucy's cheeks, and she sank back into the corner of a sofa where the shadows made the expression of her features of little consequence.

All could hear occasional words in the low conversation in the hall. Anna volunteered the suggestion that the officer wanted to make one of the party and was decidedly in favor of his doing so.

But the errand was of an entirely different tenor.

Mr. Dean, after a few minutes of conference, came forward and mounted the little platform, beside the judges.

"The gentleman in the hall," he began, "is Capt. Morris, of the union army, and his object here is not a pleasant or attractive one. A confederate soldier captured a few days ago by his command has escaped. The prisoner is believed to be in this vicinity. He is young and was wounded in the skirmish where he was taken. Knowing you all to be of the captain's faith I volunteered to ask you if anyone present had seen or heard of any suspicious person who might turn out to be the missing prisoner."

He halted, but no one spoke.

"I know this request is unusual, and it is made on my own responsibility, not the captain's. He has searching parties out and believes that he will recapture the prisoner before morning."

Again he looked over the little assembly, and the rosy-cheeked girls and bright-eyed young men smiled at one another and shook their heads.

All but one—she pushed farther back into the shadow and nervously twined and intertwined her slender fingers. But she did not speak.

The colonel returned to the hall and they heard him say: "I am sorry, captain, that we cannot help you, but no one here has seen or heard of the person for whom you are looking."

Then the two men exchanged goodnight greetings and the captain departed.

The postmaster's son went on with his game, although the crowd had lost interest in it.

"Only two more," he announced, and called Lucy Dean to the inquisition.

The questioning was rather tame now and she could easily answer all the queries. She was dismissed with flattering congratulations and the remaining "subject" was ordered forward.

The judges deliberated but a moment, and then with their minds somewhat biased by courtesy, perhaps, declared the hostess the winner, and the glittering toy was handed her with admonitions to let cherry trees severely alone.

It was a gorgeous train that trooped downstairs a half hour later. Powdered wigs and continental uniforms adorned the guests, and the old house seemed to have been set back a century in the twinkling of an eye.

Lucy was not with the merrymakers. Back in the servants' quarters was an unused closet large enough for a bedroom, but devoted to a storehouse of odds and ends.

There on a pile of worn-out bedding sat the stranger in gray. The hostess stood before him, her hatchet in hand.

"You must eat as fast as you can and go," she was saying. "They are looking for you all round here, and if they should search the house, think where we would be.

"I took that loaf of bread from the table for you and there is some liniment for your leg. Remember, you promised me not to fight any more."

"I promise," said the stranger, "this wound alone will stop that. I can't thank you enough for this."

"Don't try, then. Now you must go." She laid the hatchet on the floor and pulled from a pile of rubbish an antique coat and hat.

"You can pass for Miles Standish or Thomas Jefferson or somebody like that. They are all busy and will not notice you. Go down the front stairs boldly and out the front way."

His drooping spirits revived by the bounteous lunch and every faculty alert, the stranger prepared to obey her.

When he stepped out into the hall, the extra loaf hidden beneath the antique coat's ample folds, he was joined by a queer Puritan maiden who chatted and laughed until he could scarcely believe it was his serious-eyed rescuer.

As they descended the stairs she remarked, quite too loudly, he thought: "Let's go out and see if the soldiers are about," and with her dainty hand fluttering on his sleeve they stepped through the wide doors to the porch.

Quick as thought the stranger's dark mustache touched the slender fingers resting on his arm and he was gone.

No one noticed that the Puritan maiden returned alone or wondered what had become of the oddly-dressed individual who had accompanied her.

When just before the gray of morning the last guest had departed, Lucy Dean sat thinking before the fire in her room. Had she done right, she wondered, or had she done wrong? Almost the latter, she was afraid; but then as the haggard face and limping gait of the stranger—he was a Virginian, he said—came before her, she felt that she would do the same thing again.

But the hatchet! She blushed a little to think that she should have accepted the emblem of so much of truth and uprightness, even in the hilarity of a game, when in fact she was so little deserving of it. After all, she meditated, some people pronounced the hatchet story a myth. She would not worry about it.

But she would get the hatchet. She remembered now where she had left it—in the storeroom where the stranger rested.

HE LIMPED AS HE CAME NEARER.

Quietly she flitted along the hall and into the barren apartment. Her lamp illuminated the rubbish there gathered and showed a gray cape over by the window. She did not notice that, however, she was searching for the hatchet. She knew where she laid it—but it was gone!

The war ended, and one spring day Tom came home—pale and worn from an attack of fever.

"Tom," began Lucy the first afternoon, "I have a confession to make—I aided and abetted the enemy as the newspapers say."

Then she told him the story and added: "I have never told father, for he might be angry—I want you to do it. Besides, my conscience has troubled me for accepting the hatchet for superior adherence to truth—even if it was in jest."

Much to her wonder Tom roared with laughter. "Wait a minute," he said, and went to his knapsack. Out of it he took something bright and shining and held it up before her—the hatchet.

"When I was sick down among those Virginian swamps, a young fellow took me to his home and let me stay for three days until I could be removed to a hospital. He gave me this to return to the angel who saved his life. He also gave me a letter for her, which I will now deliver."

Lucy took both with downcast eyes and ran off to her room to inspect them.

She would not tell what the letter contained, but Tom noticed that a month later the mail contained a missive for her with a Virginia postmark.

The colonel scowled a little when he heard Lucy's story, but the scowl vanished when he heard Tom's.

Then, the next winter, the young Virginian came up to see them—to see Tom, of course. On the anniversary of his escapade beneath the same roof he sought the colonel in the library.

"Lucy has decided that she has no right to the hatchet," he began, "and will deliver up her prisoner."

He handed out the toy. The colonel took it and with mock solemnity replied: "Who is to be the jailer?"

"She will, and for life too, if you will allow it."

"Well," and the colonel gave a sigh, as if the fates were all against him, "I see no other way out of it—in fact, I have rather expected some such result as this ever since I learned how that gray coat found in the storeroom came into the house."

—CHARLES MOREAU HARGER.

## WASHINGTON THOUGHT SO, TOO.

**A Teamster Who Claimed to Have as Good a Right to the Road as the President.**

Despite his great personal dignity, reserved manners, and his aristocratic bearing, Washington had a warm heart for the humblest, and, especially after his revolutionary experiences, a sympathy with common folks. Besides the many anecdotes in print and well known, the following, we think, illustrates strikingly this trait. It was first told by Alfred Ely, D. D., who was, we believe, an eye and ear witness of the incident. Dr. Ely was afterwards for sixty years pastor of the church in Monson, Mass., and from his daughter I have heard it. We quote from "the written word:"

"In the autumn of 1789, during Washington's first presidential term, he made a journey to Boston, following up the west side of the Connecticut river, and crossing it at Springfield. He traveled in his English coach drawn by four horses, with footmen, postillions and outriders.

"As they approached the river in the town of West Springfield, one of the outriders galloped ahead and held a parley with the driver of a loaded hay-wagon, to induce him to turn out and allow Washington's chariot to pass. He refused to yield an inch of the road, and the state chariot patiently followed the wagon for some distance, until, at a safe point, it passed by to the bank of the river.

"While waiting for the ferry-boat, Washington stepped out of his coach, when one of the outriders approached, and, saluting him deferentially, said, with an air of injured dignity:

"'Your excellency, as I was riding along, a little way back, we overtook a man with a loaded cart, which occupied the entire road. I asked him to stop his team, and let us pass; but he refused. I then told him President Washington was in the coach. He refused again, saying that he had as good a right to the road as President Washington.'

"Washington's laconic reply was: 'And so he had.'

"The outrider, astonished at this reply, retired in silence."

Comment is needless. The essence of the declaration of independence and of the constitution of the United States is in that reply.—William E. Griffis, in S. S. Times.

### Washington's Coach.

In Philadelphia, in accordance with the spirit of the times and with what Washington believed to be the proprieties of his station, he lived in stately style. Not the least striking indication of the importance of the president and of the government was the splendid coach in which Washington rode to church and when traveling or on outings for health. Made in Europe and especially imported for the presidential use, it was of white decorated with medallions. When traveling, this white coach with four bay horses, two uniformed outriders and the same number of footmen and postilions, with its fierce-mustachioed coachman in white and red livery, with cocked hat and well-incased queue, "the president's chariot" was a sight to overawe the rural spectators. In our day such splendor of official dignity would not be relished. We are more democratic than our fathers.—William E. Griffis, in S. S. Times.

### A Much-Needed Lesson.

The anniversary of Washington's birthday recalls to mind a fact with regard to his death which is not often mentioned, and which contains a lesson that is much needed by a great many people. On October 12, 1799, the father of his country went out on horseback to ride round his farms—as was his custom. It began to snow, then to hail, and then to rain. Washington continued his ride for two hours, and on his return home sat down to dinner without changing his clothes. The result was an attack of chills, followed by acute laryngitis, of which he died. Many a wise man does very foolish things, and Washington was only one of a multitude of otherwise sensible men who have sacrificed their lives by carelessly ignoring the plainest laws of health. His death should be a warning to all that it is not only unwise, but positively wrong, to take unnecessary risks in such matters.—N. Y. Witness.

### Wondering About Washington.

"This is my and Gen. Washin'ton's birfday," said little G. W. Brown as he sat waiting for his "party" to arrive. "I wonder how he came to be borned same day I was. I wonder if he ever had a birfday party. I wonder if his mamma made him a big cake all full of raisins. I wonder if his papa gave him a pretty pony like mine. I wonder if his grandma used to hug him and call him 'Geordie' and give him chocolate drops? He most seems like some 'lation to me, bein' borned the same day and named the same name. Guess he must 'a' been named after me—no, I fink mamma said I was named after him. But I believe I'd rather be me than Gen. Washin'ton!"—Youth's Companion.

### Bits of Advice.

Don't wait for the wagon while the walking is good.

Don't grieve over spilt milk while there's one cow left in the pasture.

Don't say the world is growing worse when you are doing nothing to make it better.

Don't tell the world your troubles. You can't borrow ten dollars on them.

Don't let the grass grow under your feet. The cows can't get at it there.—Atlanta Constitution.

### Great and Small.

A very mighty man the Washington
Whom we adore,
Great was he in the honors that he won
In peace and war.

Yet as a boy he was unable to
Show strength, or why
So very small a thing could he not do
As tell a lie?

—Nathan M. Levy, in Judge.

### Rather Contradictory.

"Let me tell you the story of Washington and the cherry tree," said Mrs. Cumso to Freddy.

"But, mamma, how can there be a story about it? George himself couldn't tell one, you know."—Detroit Free Press.

### Quite Different.

'Tis said he could not tell a lie,
George W., noble youth.
With him my son George does not vie:
He cannot tell the truth.

—Judge.

## PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—A Lovable Man.—Miss Oldie—"O, how I could love the man who loved me." Miss Keane—"So could anybody."—Detroit Free Press.

—Figg—"I'll let you know I'm not the fool you think." Fogg—"Possibly not; which one are you?"—Boston Transcript.

—After the Meet.—Miss Harkaway—"And how did you get on at the first fence?" Mr. Newe-Nimrod—"O, I—er—got off at the first fence."—Tit-Bits.

—"Ya'as, Cholly gave her a piece of his mind when he met her." "It must have been a very small piece then, if he has any left."—N. Y. Press.

—Hungry Higgins—"Wot's right nowadays—t'ank you, or t'anks?" Weary Watkins—"I guess tanks would hit us about right."—Indianapolis Journal.

—Mrs. Houser—"What'd that furniture dealer say when you told him that mirror he sent up was cracked?" Houser—"Said he'd look into it."—Buffalo Courier.

—Poet—"I have called to learn what has become of my poem I sent you, entitled, 'The Brave Firemen?'" Editor—"It went to the fire."—Philadelphia Record.

—There were oysters in the church fair stew,
For hours no person spoke,
Twas sad to see them pining for
That dear old-fashioned joke.

—Washington Star.

—"Is there no way in which you can use this poem?" asked the despairing poet. "There is," said the editor. "We haven't had a load of wood in a week."—Atlanta Constitution.

—"Wagg, you have great luck with your jokes, I hear." "Yes." "Don't the editors ever sit on 'em?" "No. My jokes have such sharp points they're afraid to."—Harper's Bazar.

—"That young widow Flison is quite a dashing creature, don't you think?" "I guess you are right. She dashed my hopes most effectually when I asked her to marry me."—Indianapolis Journal.

—Nell—"How do you know she is in love with Jack?" Belle—"Because she told me he was perfectly horrid, and if she were in my place she wouldn't have anything to do with him."—Philadelphia Record.

—The average waist of woman, a woman's journal asserts, has increased from nineteen inches to twenty-four inches within five years. It looks elusive, but there are men who will endeavor to get round it.—Philadelphia Ledger.

—Judge—"Did the prisoner, when you arrested him, appear to be under the influence of liquor? In a word, was he intoxicated?" Police Officer—"O, no, your honor, not at all; nothing in that way; only just drunk."—Boston Transcript.

—Mr. Dinwiddie—"I see that Mrs. Gladstone has written an article on children, in which she says they need change." Mrs. Dinwiddie—"Don't I know that? Don't they come to me two or three times a day and ask for a nickel or a dime?"—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

—They're fools who try to put love on
A stupid scientific basis;
Who say, "With myths of days bygone
This silly passion's proper place is."
Despite their talk in its old grooves
It rolls with reinforced insistence,
Which shows love's not a force that moves
Along the plane of least resistance.

—N. Y. Herald.

—Resignation.—Jack—"I heard that that girl you have been going to see so long is to be married next month." Tom (sadly)—"It's true, she is." Jack—"That's pretty tough on you, isn't it?" Tom (resignedly)—"I guess I can stand it." Jack—"Who is the happy man?" Tom—"I am."—Detroit Free Press.

## TRANSPLANTING LARGE TREES.

**New Possibilities of Future Adornment of Parks and Estates.**

The notion of transplanting large trees has often been tried but generally with only indifferent success. Trees are so dependent upon large masses of feeding roots that when these are mangled or lost in the operation the result is disaster. In large specimens when the root systems are very extended the difficulties are much greater than in small trees. Removals are sometimes made in winter when the frozen condition of the earth is an assistance but the operation is very laborious and seldom practicable.

The world moves, however, and why should we not look for improved facilities in surrounding our homes with trees as well as better methods of lighting and heating them? In fact, the removal of trees from six to twenty inches in diameter of trunk is now undertaken at almost any season of the year and success guaranteed. By improved machinery very large trees are lifted, together with from one to four tons of soil, securing a sufficient body of the fibrous roots to insure, with proper care, their safety when reset in their new positions.

So confident are the contractors of success that trees are moved without even diminishing their tops and a large forest tree may be planted in full leaf before your door with almost entire certainty that it will live and thrive there. In the west, where the new method has been longest in use, the contractors show the longest list of references, but considerable undertakings are lately reported as carried out successfully in New England.

This opens a long vista of new possibilities, not only for the immediate dignifying of private estates but in the planting of parks and other public grounds. Is is a sign of the times.—Boston Transcript.

### Ducking the Duelists.

The mayor of a small village in Germany has discovered an effectual way of stopping dueling among the hot-headed citizens of that place. A few weeks ago two physicians quarreled at a public dinner and challenged one another to fight with pistols. The village chief magistrate heard of the quarrel. He informed the village firemen, and together, drawing a machine, they proceeded to the lonely spot in the woods where the encounter was to take place. Just as the seconds had stepped off the distance a heavy stream of water struck one of the physicians in the neck. A moment later the second doctor was drenched to the skin also. The would-be fighters in their dripping clothes looked so ridiculous that they both burst out laughing, shook hands, and returned to their homes, thanking the mayor for his intervention.—Chicago Tribune.

### Equality.

He (angrily)—Look at this bill. Forty dollars for perfumery—for mere odors that fade away forever!

She (calmly)—Gone to meet the smoke from the last eight boxes of cigars you have consumed during the last three months.—Judge.


ST. JACOBS OIL Is the MASTER CURE for . . PAINS AND ACHES.


## LITTLE WOMEN'S WEAR.

PALE blue is trimmed with white lace and a rich coral pink is appropriately made up with chiffon of the same color.

CHINESE silk or closely figured challies, now so abundantly displayed in every shop, make very pretty dresses for young girls.

DARK silk dresses, strange to say, are worn by young girls of school age at evening entertainments. Many lovely colors are chosen, such as violet, pansy, dark blue, all shades of red and dark green.

FRENCH cashmere, as shown this season, displays very beautiful designs of groups of flowers, such as violets, lilacs, morning glories, pansies and daisies. This material makes up very prettily for girls and is much made use of; as also is crepon, with or without a figure, and camel's hair, both plain and figured.

FOR dancing school are charming little gowns of white or delicate tinted crepons, made with straight plain skirts, very short full waists, giving an empire effect, short puffed sleeves and shoulder ruffles. Very often a bertha of lace surrounds the neck, and they are worn with or without guimpses.

SKIRTS are as varied as those for grown-up women. They are in circle shape, gored in front and on the sides, and straight. The straight skirts, however, predominate, and two breadths of double-fold goods or three of twenty-inch are used. The skirts may be lined or unlined. Most straight skirts are simply hemmed.

## NICKNAMES OF CITIES.

PROVIDENCE is known as Roger Williams' City.

VICKSBURG was during the war named the Key City.

DETROIT is the City of the Straits, from its position.

HARTFORD is the Insurance City, from its leading business.

LOWELL, Mass., is the Spindle City, from its leading industry.

SHEBOYGAN is the Evergreen City; most of its trees are cedars.

ST. PAUL is the North State City and Minneapolis the Flour City.

RALEIGH, N. C., is the Oak City, from the nature of most of the trees.

### Early Corn Over One Foot Long.

Salzer illustrates in a colored plate a new early corn, a giant of its kind, and offers $300 in gold for the largest ear in 1894. In addition to this early Giant corn, which yielded in 1893 110 bushels per acre, he has over twenty other prolific field corns. He has the best fodder corn in the world. He is the largest grower of farm seeds, oats, barley, wheat, millet, potatoes, etc., in America. Fifty kinds of grasses and clovers.

IF YOU WILL CUT THIS OUT AND SEND IT with 15c to the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., you will receive a large package of above Giant corn and his mammoth catalogue. [K]

WITTICRS—"Nobody ought to object to being called down." Quericus—"Why not?" Witticus—"Because he must stand higher than the man that does the calling down."—N. Y. Press.

### Ugly Tempers

Are a product of bad digestion. Your dyspeptic is almost invariably a cross-patch. The way to renew cheerfulness of disposition and an equable temper soured by indigestion, is to take a course of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which not only banishes dyspepsia, but also relieves biliousness, constipation, chills and fever, rheumatism and kidney trouble. Use it with persistence three times a day.

HE (sentimentally)—"Money isn't everything." She (practically)—"No; but it gets everything."—N. Y. Press.

## THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Feb. 12, 1894.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| CATTLE—Native Steers | $4 25@ | 4 65 |
| COTTON—Middling | 7⅞@ | 8 |
| FLOUR—Winter Wheat | 2 80@ | 3 50 |
| WHEAT—No. 2 Red | 63½@ | 63½ |
| CORN—No. 2 | 42 @ | 42½ |
| OATS—Western Mixed | 32½@ | 33 |
| PORK—New Mess | 11 00@ | 11 25 |
| ST. LOUIS. | | |
| COTTON—Middling | 7⅞@ | 7⅞ |
| BEEVES—Shipping Steers | 4 25@ | 4 90 |
| Medium | 3 75@ | 4 10 |
| HOGS—Fair to Select | 4 90@ | 5 20 |
| SHEEP—Fair to Choice | 2 75@ | 3 25 |
| FLOUR—Patents | 3 25@ | 3 40 |
| Fancy to Extra do | 2 25@ | 2 75 |
| WHEAT—No. 2 Red Winter | 58½@ | 58½ |
| CORN—No. 2 Mixed | 32½@ | 32½ |
| OATS—No. 2 | @ | 27 |
| RYE—No. 2 | 47 @ | 49 |
| TOBACCO—Lugs | 4 00@ | 11 00 |
| Leaf Barley | 6 00@ | 11 00 |
| HAY—Clear Timothy | 8 50@ | 11 50 |
| BUTTER—Choice Dairy | 18 @ | 21 |
| EGGS—Fresh | @ | 13½ |
| PORK—Standard Mess (new) | @ | 12 50 |
| BACON—Clear Ribs | @ | 7¾ |
| LARD—Prime Steam | @ | 7¼ |
| CHICAGO. | | |
| CATTLE—Shipping | 3 75@ | 5 25 |
| HOGS—Fair to Choice | 4 60@ | 5 05 |
| SHEEP—Fair to Choice | 2 50@ | 3 60 |
| FLOUR—Winter Patents | 3 55@ | 3 75 |
| Spring Patents | 2 15@ | 3 00 |
| WHEAT—No. 2 Spring | @ | 55½ |
| No. 2 Red | @ | 58½ |
| CORN—No. 2 | @ | 34½ |
| OATS—No. 2 | @ | 27½ |
| PORK—Mess (new) | @ | 12 00 |
| KANSAS CITY. | | |
| CATTLE—Shipping Steers | 3 75@ | 5 00 |
| HOGS—All Grades | 4 25@ | 5 15 |
| WHEAT—No. 2 Red | @ | 53 |
| OATES—No. 2 | 27 @ | 28 |
| CORN—No. 2 | 31½@ | 31¾ |
| NEW ORLEANS. | | |
| FLOUR—High Grade | 2 90@ | 3 30 |
| CORN—No. 2 | 44½@ | 45 |
| OATS—Western | 29 @ | 30½ |
| HAY—Choice | 16 00@ | 16 50 |
| PORK—New Mess | @ | 13 25 |
| BACON—Sides | @ | 7½ |
| COTTON—Middling | 7⅛@ | 7⅛ |
| CINCINNATI. | | |
| WHEAT—No. 2 Red | @ | 57½ |
| CORN—No. 2 Mixed | 36½@ | 37 |
| OATS—No. 2 Mixed | 31 @ | 31½ |
| PORK—New Mess | @ | 12 50 |
| BACON—Clear Rib | @ | 8 |
| COTTON—Middling | @ | 7⅞ |


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We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O.

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Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

Hall's Family Pills, 25c.


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PLEASANT, Wholesome, Speedy, for coughs is Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar. Piso's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.


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**HERNIA** (Breach), or Rupture, no matter of how long standing, or of what size, is promptly and permanently cured without the knife and without pain. Another

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**STONE** in the Bladder, no matter how large, is crushed, pulverized, and washed out, thus avoiding cutting.

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