ANDY'S WIDDA.

WE allus fix his grave up good,
Car'line 'n' me—
at least she does.
Poor Andy! When
he fell I stood
Right by him—so
—as if it wuz
Me here—him
there. I broke
his fall
With a quick grab,
but—that wuz
all—
He left his wife a
widda.

'N' that wuz what
he dreaded, too.
From firs' to las',
He used to say:
"Oh! you're all
right. If I wuz you
I wouldn't car' much either way;
But when you know you're goin' to leave
Some one behind to fret 'n' grieve
'N' live a lonely widda!"

He had her pictur'—jes' a girl,
A pleasant young thing—well enough;
But Andy 'lowed she were the pearl;
The best, tip-topest kind of stuff!
He used to look 'n' look 'n' smile
'N' say: "Old boy! she ain't the style
Now, is she, fer a widda?"

'N' my! I got that pictur' yet.
I kep' it kinder for his sake
When I fetched home his things 'n' met
His folks 'n'—her. I had to break
The news, 'n' mighty hard to do,
Seein' I'd brung poor Andy, too,
Home to his little widda.

Hard work, I tell ye, boys, that's so!
'N' sakes! yo'd oughter heard her cry!
Be good 'n' glad you didn't though;
But—well, she c'amed down by 'n' by,
'N' then I hed to tell about
Jes' how the whole blame scrape come out.
To that inquirin' widda.

'N' so on Decoration day
I git his grave up extra fine.
Or—Car'line does. I hev to stay
Most of the time in marchin' line—
A-him' here, salutin' there—
Us veterans got to do our share
Fer every soldier's widda.

But Andy, poor old boy! his grave—
He tend to that, or—Car'line does;
'N' then, of course, she likes to have
Her little quiet cry, becuz—
Well, jes' becuz—'twixt you 'n' me
It's on'y natural—for, you see,
I married Andy's widda.

'N' so it's kinder comforting
When Decoration day comes round
With the remembories it bring
Of them old comrades underground,
It's really comforting to drink
Poor Andy's health 'n'—well, to think
His wife ain't left a widda.

—Madeline S. Bridges, in Judge.

ON SOLDIERS' GRAVES.

A Pathetic Story of Two Kind Little Girl Decorators.

"TAKE me back to mother," said the pallid lips of a bronzed young face, as it gazed beseechingly from one to another of the bystanders. "Take me back to old Tennessee," and the entreaty in face and form moved the people about him strangely, although he was their enemy.

A torrid afternoon in July of 1863 was dragging slowly along toward night. The little Indiana town, that for many days had been disquieted by martial sights and sounds, was deserted by nearly all the male population. Morgan, the raider, had whirled through it four days previously, after scattering the bands of citizens and militia who had gathered to oppose him. The next day Hobson had followed him, and was joined in his pursuit by the reunited home guards. Several of Morgan's wounded who were too severely injured to take along had been left in the care of the ladies of the place, who had hastily changed a church into a hospital.

The nurses were now gathered around this boy's couch, awaiting the arrival of the death angel. He was delirious, but his poor homesick heart could prompt one thought that seemed somewhat coherent; the thought that many a brave lad, southern and northern, voiced with his latest strength: "Take me home."

Little Lila Reynolds stood in the group surrounding the dying confederate. Her tears were falling fast, while the ladies were trying to hide their emotion. These mature women felt ashamed to weep over the death of a foe, when only a few days before they had assisted in every way they could to bring about that death. Lila's little sympathetic heart could feel only how horribly wrong it was for this beautiful boy to die so far away from home. The feverish glances of the dying youth fell upon her, and he piteously begged:

"Little girl, make these people take me home."

The child was so overwhelmed that she turned upon the ladies and said:

"Why don't you take him home?"

Mrs. Reynolds here stepped forward and led the little girl away. The last words she heard Charles Wallace utter were:

"Little girl, they're cruel; they won't take me home."

As the sun was setting he died. The next morning early his remains were buried in a corner of the village graveyard. Lila visited the grave in the evening with flowers from her mother's garden. She tenderly smoothed the mound and tastefully arranged her

"WHY DON'T YOU TAKE HIM HOME?"

floral tribute upon the fresh-turned earth.

As long as there was so much as a chrysanthemum in bloom Lila placed fresh flowers upon that lonely Southron's grave. She saved her pocket money and had a cedar plank painted white. Then she had the painter to place upon it the inscription:

CHARLES WALLACE,
A
CONFEDERATE SOLDIER
WHO
WANTED TO GO HOME,
BUT I COULDN'T TAKE HIM.
LILA REYNOLDS.

The next spring Lila sodded the grave, planted a rose bush near its head and cared for the little mound as tenderly as her own bit of flower garden at home.

The summer of 1864 brought the sad intelligence to Judge Reynolds that his son, a soldier in the federal army, had fallen in an affray with guerrillas near Memphis. Harry Reynolds' captain wrote to the judge that Harry had been buried in a village cemetery a dozen miles from Memphis, and a cedar plank, upon which his name was carved, had been placed at his head.

Lila passed through a tempest of grief over the death of her brother, and then said:

"Maybe some little Tennessee girl that hates this wicked war like I do, will take care of brother's grave; so I'll keep poor Charley Wallace's grave nice, anyhow."

The tide of war flowed here and there throughout the south. As a rule, the women of the south were engaged in the sterner duties of life occasioned by the absence of so many of the male population. The terrible reality of war was ever near, and they, in many cases, became inured to the bloody scenes of those times. No sympathy could be wasted upon even their own dead, and of course they had little to spare for the northern troops.

In the town of Barrett, Tenn., where the remains of Harry Reynolds lay, the ladies were especially vindictive against the federal troops. Capt. Leslie had buried Harry in the village graveyard, because he wanted to leave a well defined clew to his resting place, by which his friend, Judge Reynolds, might find the grave of his son. The act was bitterly resented by some of the ladies of the place, and a few even talked of removing the body. One of them said:

"After all we've suffered from the ruthless tramping of northern soldiery over our homes, they place their dead alongside of ours. I say, take the Yankee's body up, and put it off to itself."

A little child with dark brown eyes here spoke:

"But, mamma, this Yankee can't do our dead any harm. The Yankee captain said his people will come some day and take him away. If he is left where he is, his father can find him easily. Captain Minter wrote from Chicago where he is in prison, that Charley was killed in the Morgan raid through Indiana. Maybe he was buried in some graveyard, and perhaps we we will some day find him. I should feel awful if we treat this poor Yankee boy badly, and then find out that my brother's grave had been cared for by northern people."

The ladies gathered at Mrs. Wallace's were touched by these tender words of little Cora Wallace. She saw her advantage, and continued:

"I think you might let me take care of Harry Reynolds' grave. I was standing by when they put him in the coffin. He was an awful pretty man. Not the same kind of pretty that my brother Charley was. His hair was light, but it clung to his forehead in the sweetest curls. Brother was dark, and I used to play with the coal-black hair on his head as it clustered about his temples. We think the northerners are wrong, but I suppose they think we are wrong. Anyway, this poor Yankee soldier and brother Charley cannot do any harm to either side. Let's treat the Yankee right, and maybe some one will treat Charley right."

One of the visitors here said:

"Cora is right, Mrs. Wallace. We cannot afford to carry our resentment into the graves of our enemies. Let us remember that once we were Christian people, and the day may come when we can again be such; and let us not do too much now, that we may regret after awhile."

Under the mellowing influences of talk like this, Mrs. Wallace softened, and her little daughter asked:

"May I fix up the Yankee's grave mamma?"

"Yes, dear, do as you wish."

So it transpired that Cora Wallace performed the same sad sweet offices for the grave of Harry Reynolds, that Lila Reynolds had been performing for the grave of Charles Wallace.

The war closed, thank God. The soldiers of both armies returned home, and purple pinioned peace spread her beauteous and benign wings over the land. The nobler hearts of both sec-

"YES, SIR; THIS IS IT."

tions set steadily to work to heal the wounds of war. Among these peace makers were Col. Wallace of Tennessee, and Judge Reynolds of Indiana.

The judge had been deterred by official duties from visiting the south, and removing his son's remains until the summer of 1865. He started about the first of July, accompanied by Lila, upon this sad errand. He arrived in the middle of an oppressively hot afternoon. Lila insisted upon proceeding immediately to the grave. Getting directions from the hotel keeper, they passed down the shady streets and out to the cemetery. Entering the inclosure, they saw a little girl about Lila's age arise from a grave, from which she had been pulling the weeds. Lila whispered:

"O, papa, that little girl looks like my rebel."

As Cora gazed at them she thought:

"How much like my Yankee that little girl looks!"

"My child, can you show me the grave of a northern soldier named Harry Reynolds?"

"Yes, sir; this is it," was the low sweet reply.

The strong man and the little girl knelt reverently by the grassy mound. Cora drew back a few paces, and viewed the scene. She understood the case, and was in thorough sympathy with it. After the judge could control his emotion, he asked:

"Who has cared so tenderly for my boy's grave?"

"I, sir," again came Cora's low sweet voice.

"And what is your name my, child?" he asked, arising, and taking her hands in his.

"Cora Wallace, sir."

Here Lila eagerly inquired:

"Did you have a brother Charley in the Morgan raid through Indiana?"

"Yes, he was killed on that raid."

"And I have been keeping his grave up, in the same way you've done for Harry's."

The two children here flew into each other's arms, and clasped each other in a long embrace of subdued joy, while Judge Reynolds shook and swayed with uncontrolled emotion. He and his little daughter were that night the guests of Col. Wallace.

The following day the remains of Harry Reynolds were placed in a casket and started north with Judge Reynolds and Col. Wallace accompanying them. The children sat with arms entwined during most of the journey. Three days later, Col. Wallace, in gray regimentals, gave the command "Fire" to the company of union soldiers as they fired the military salute over the last grave of Harry Reynolds.

Three days still later, Charley Wallace was laid in his new grave at Barrett. Cora wrote a description of the funeral to Lila, who said, as she finished the letter:

"He got home to Tennessee at last."
—Mrs. J. Byrde, in American Rural Home.

HOW PHRASES ORIGINATED.

Curious Expressions That Have Become Household Words.

The origin of the phrase, "I can't see it," is traced to Lord Nelson, who at the battle of Copenhagen was told that a signal was given to cease firing and the direction pointed out to him. Seizing a telescope he applied it to his blind eye and exclaimed: "I can't see it."

"Hauling over the coals" dates six or seven centuries back, when fendal barons often used harsh methods of extracting gold from the rich Jews by suspending their victims above slow fires until they paid ransoms or died. There was a scene of this sort in "Ivanhoe," in which the Front de Boeuf endeavors to extort money from Isaac of York, father of Rebecca.

The term "blue stocking" was originally used in Venice about the year 1400 to designate literary classes by colors. In Mill's "History of Chivalry" we are told that members of the various academies were distinguished by the color of their stockings, blue being the prevailing color. The application of the term to women originated with Miss Hannah More's admirable description of a "Blue Stocking club" in her "Bas Bleu."

"Corporations have no souls" is a much older expression than most people imagine. It originated with Sir Edward Coke, who, in the sixteenth century, was considered one of the best legal writers of the age. He says in one of his treatises: "Corporations cannot commit trespass, nor be outlawed, nor excommunicated, for they have no souls."

The phrase "I acknowledge the corn" originated with a slave. He was charged with stealing corn found in his possession. Having a sack with him he was also charged with stealing that. His reply was: "No, sar; I 'knowledge de corn, but I ain't gwine to 'knowledge to de sack."

"Any color so it's red," originated among the class of characters called Jakeys in the local drama. One of them being on a committee appointed to procure a new fire engine was asked what color the company desired the apparatus painted. He replied: "Why, any color so it's red."

"Drowning the miller" originated from the following fact: If the mill stream below the mill is dammed or stopped the water is pounded back and the mill becomes what the millers call "tailed." There is too much water, the mill will not work and the miller is said to be "drowned out." Hence when too much of any one article is put into a mixture it is called "drowning the miller."

"Better late than never," was used over three hundred years ago by Thomas Tucker in his "Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry." Later on Bunyan used it in his "Pilgrim's Progress."

Not a few of the phrases in use at this day originated with Lyly and are found in his Euphues, a popular book published in 1580. Among them might be mentioned "caught napping," "a crooked stick or none," "brown study," "catching birds by putting salt on their tails," etc.

When people do not particularly like each other it is sometimes said "there is no love lost between them." The phrase occurs in the old ballad, "The Babes of the Wood," and in a tale of the days of Shakespeare entitled "Montchensey."—Chicago News.

THE CIRCUS IN MEXICO.

An American Institution Which Is Very Popular.

Crude entertainment as it is, the circus is gradually replacing in Mexico the wanton brutality of the bull fight. In many of the states the bull fight is prohibited by law, and in Mexico City and the largest state capitals the revolting exhibitions are becoming more and more infrequent. The reputation of the circus, meanwhile, is steadily increasing. It is the most popular American institution in Mexico. There may be a deep-rooted dislike of the invading host of American railway operatives, mining engineers, contractors, speculators and tramps, but the prejudice does not extend to the American clown who can crack jokes in tolerable Spanish. Let him be careful to avoid wounding national susceptibilities and he will be the most popular American in Mexico, but if he once gives occasion for offense he will be hissed whenever he reappears in the town and never forgotten. Mexicans have tenacious memories when their dignity is compromised. They love those who flatter them. They resent unnecessary and wanton affronts. The successful American clown of the evening could give diplomatists, if he would, useful hints for regulating their dealing with the Spanish race. His keen wit leaves no sting behind it. His merry jests keep the audience in a tumultuous state of merriment from nine until midnight. Then the cafes are filled with loungers for another hour.—Chicago News.

SCATTERING FLOWERS.

Scatter your flowers alike to-day,
Over the graves of the blue and gray.
Time has healed all the nation's scars,
Peace has hushed all the noise of wars,
And north and south, and east and west
There beats but one heart in the nation's breast;
The grass is green and the flowers bloom
Alike upon soldier and sailor's tomb;
So scatter your flowers alike to-day,
Over the graves of the blue and gray.

Ah! each was gallant and brave and true,
Whether he wore the gray or the blue;
Alike each sought for a soldier's fame,
Alike each won him a soldier's name;
Yet what the guerdon each soldier found?
A dreamless sleep 'neath a grassy mound!
O let us forget what coat each wore,
Let us scatter our flowers freely o'er
The sacred spots where sleep to-day
The dead who once wore the blue and gray

Alas! for the tear drops shed like dew
Over the gray and over the blue;
Alas, for the eyes that sought in vain
For the soldier dead on the battle plain—
Came death alike to friend and to foe,
To wives and mothers like grief and woe!
And the bitter sorrow our sad hearts knew
Was felt for the loss of both gray and blue;
Then scatter your flowers alike to-day,
Over the graves of the blue and gray.

Oh! by the bitter tears we shed
Alike o'er our lov'd ones lying dead,
Oh! by the common grief we knew
Whether we mourned the gray or blue;
By the drops scarce dry on the widow's cheek,
By the common language our children speak,
We have bid all malice forever cease,
We have blessed the land with a lasting peace,
And scatter our flowers alike to-day
Over the graves of the blue and gray.

—Mary N. Robinson, in Good Housekeeping.

The Alternative.

Smudge—Why did young Snooks give up cigarettes?

Grudge—The doctor told him he would give him up if he didn't.—Munsey's Weekly.

THE FARMING WORLD.

SPLENDID SECOND CROP.

As an Autumn Salad No Other Variety Can Equal Endive.

We cannot easily have too much of really good salad material. While we might extend the season of cooling lettuce very considerably by successive planting, and perhaps by shading during the summer heat, or by the selection of semi-shady locations, yet it is true that the hot season is not favorable to the production of lettuce, and in most cases it will be simpler and safer to rely on plants for salad material that are well suited to the atmospheric conditions as found in midsummer and autumn. Sometimes we wonder why endive, which stands foremost among these our autumn salad plants, is not more appreciated by the average home gardener. It really makes a fine and wholesome salad, and when well-blanched it has a mild nutty flavor that is exceedingly gratifying to our taste.

A LEAF OF DWARF GREEN.

Seed may be sown in June or July, and transplanted into rich, well prepared soil, having rows about twelve

ENDIVE DWARF GREEN CURLED.

or fifteen inches apart, and plants ten to twelve inches apart in the rows. If planted too early it is liable to run up to seed.

When large enough for blanching, in September or October, the leaves of each plant are gathered up and tied around their middle with string or matting. In about three weeks they will be blanched enough for use. We have blanched them in less time, and very beautifully, by putting a large bottomless flower-pot over each plant.

The sort most commonly grown in

WHITE BATAVIAN.

this country is the Dwarf Green Curled, shown in left figure of illustration. The single leaf also belongs to that variety. The figure at the right represents the broad-leaved White Batavian.

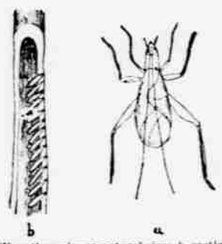
Of course this vegetable can be and is grown as a second crop, after peas, radishes, early cabbage, early beets, beans, etc.—Popular Gardening.

SNOWY TREE CRICKET.

How This Insect Plays Havoc in Raspberry Plantations.

The raspberry probably suffers more from the attack of this insect than any other. Every little while we receive canes from various persons asking for the cause of injury. This injury can be very easily detected from outside appearances and when the cane is split open it looks very much like the one in the figure.

The snowy tree cricket (Œanthus niveus) is the one that does the harm. No doubt all have seen this white



a, Œanthus niveus natural size; b, section of cane showing eggs.

cricket and heard its chirp among the foliage in the fall, as it is quite common at that season. The crickets become full grown at this time and it is then that the female, in order to propagate her kind, instinctively becomes an enemy to the raspberry producer. With a long ovipositor which she knows how to use, an incision half way through the cane is made and in this is placed a yellowish white egg about one-eighth of an inch long. Then others are placed by the side of this till there are often fifteen or more in a row as seen in the figure. The wood dies around the punctures and the cane often dies above the wound or is weakened enough to break off. It may survive the winter and not break till some windy day when the foliage has issued, but a cane badly punctured is almost worthless.

Strange as it may seem, the cricket feeds on the raspberry at no time in its life. When the eggs hatch in early summer, the young crickets leave the canes and live upon plant lice at first and later upon ripe fruits and succulent foods. The eggs are probably placed inside the canes for better protection from the depredations of predacious and parasitic insects that would otherwise devour them.

Every cane that contains the eggs of this cricket should be cut off below the wound and burned. If care is taken in doing this, the crickets for this year will nearly all be destroyed while yet in the egg state and the canes next fall will be nearly exempt from such attack.—G. C. Davis, in Farm, Field and Stockman.

POULTRY PICKINGS.

PULLETS that are hatched early and are kept growing will begin laying early.

THE young poultry should have a good range as soon as their growth will permit.

SOME ventilation is necessary, but in giving it good care must be taken to avoid direct draughts.

BUMBLE foot is nearly always caused by having the roosts too high. The best remedy is to lower the roosts and use vaseline.

IF well fed from the start ducks ought to be ready for market at ten weeks old, and at that age should average five pounds.

AS THE weather gets warmer more care is necessary to pick up the eggs regularly: a day or two under a hen in hot weather will spoil eggs.

A YARD is best for turkeys. While they should not be allowed a free range, at the same time they will not bear close confinement as well as other fowls.

PEAFOWLS usually lay in June. Though not generally used, they make a very acceptable table fowl. Their noise is objectionable, but they are very ornamental.

SUICIDE BROUGHT FAME.

A London Paper Tells How Tom Thumb Made His Hit.

The beginning of Tom Thumb's career of almost unexampled prosperity was not without vicissitudes, says the London Telegraph, in its Barnum obituary. He made his first bow some five-and-forty years ago at the Princess' theater, in Oxford street, but the patrons of a house then dedicated to the performance of English and foreign opera could see nothing worthy of applause in the clumsy antics of a diminutive brat dressed up as a caricature of the great Napoleon.

The "general" was a complete fiasco on the stage of the Princess. The show was transferred to the Egyptian hall, and there, by what appeared to be a stroke of ill luck, but which practically turned out to be an extremely fortunate contingency for the dwarf, he unwittingly came in collision with the brave but hapless English painter Haydon.

The huge pictures of this ill-understood artist were being exhibited in one section of the hall, and attracting only a few shillings, while the "general" in another part of the building was drawing a hundred pounds a day. Shortly afterward Haydon, in a paroxysm of insanity, engendered by sheer despair, destroyed himself.

According to the fitness of things, this lamentable catastrophe should have been the ruin of Barnum and his exhibition. In the newspapers of the time he was held up to execration as a "Yankee showman" with "yawning pockets," and the diminutive urchin whose popularity had maddened the poor painter was denounced as "a disgusting dwarf." The takings at the turnstiles, nevertheless, increased daily, and Tom Thumb only suspended his crowded seances in Piccadilly to make a triumphant tour in the provinces, and an equally remunerative Continental round.

GOLD-INCASED BODIES.

How Dr. Variot Electroplates the Honored Dead.

Dr. Variot, one of the most distinguished physicians of the Paris hospitals, makes a striking propostion for the transformation of human bodies into indestructible mummies by means of a process of electroplating. By this means the entire form is surrounded by an envelope of metal which preserves each feature in the semblance of life, says the Scientific American.

The process is somewhat complicated in practice although simple in principle. The skin of the cadaver is first painted or sprayed with a solution of nitrate of silver, which turns the skin an opaque black. The body is then placed under a bell receiver in a partial vacuum, into which vapor of white phosphorus dissolved in bisulphate of carbon is allowed to enter. This reduces the nitrate of silver and leaves the skin a grayish white, like a plaster cast.

The next step is the application of the metallic coating. The frame supporting the body is immersed in a bath of sulphate of copper, electrical connection having been made with the top of the skull, the bottoms of the feet, the hands and several other portions of the body and limbs.

Dr. Variot uses three small Chaudron thermo-electric batteries to supply the necessary current, the passage of which causes the uninterrupted deposition of the metal. A continuous layer is soon formed over the body, and the metallic skin may be made of any thickness desired, but a coating of one-twenty-fifth to one-fiftieth of an inch is sufficient to resist blows and shocks and still preserve the features in every delicate detail.

Good Bye!

This is a sad word when taking leave of the beloved, but when Hostetter's Stomach Bitters enables us to say it to an attack of liver complaint, it is by no means sad, but decidedly jolly. Similarly, if the great tonic alterative relieves from dyspepsia or kidney trouble we experience joy. Malaria, rheumatism and neuralgia are also tenants which this remedy dispossesses.

THE most polite man we know of is one who never permits himself to look over his own shoulder.—Boston Transcript.

ALL who wish to aid Nature in her efforts to maintain good health should use Dr. John Bull's Sarsaparilla. It is as pleasant as wine, and far more strengthening. It is beneficial to every part and every function of the body. It is truly the old man's need and the young man's friend. In cases of debility and weakness it acts like a charm.

"TO THE victor belongs the spoils," said the gallery god who was heaving eggs at the tragedian.—Washington Post.

Syrup of Figs,

Produced from the laxative and nutritious juice of California figs, combined with the medicinal virtues of plants known to be most beneficial to the human system, acts gently, on the kidneys, liver and bowels, effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds and headaches, and curing habitual constipation.

WHEN a woman wants to drive anything out of the house she "shoos" it. A man usually boots it.—Yonkers Statesman.

YOU hardly realize that it is medicine, when taking Carter's Little Liver Pills; they are very small; no bad effects; all troubles from torpid Liver are relieved by their use.

THE young fellow in his mad struggle with an incipient mustache raises a terrible furr.—Washington Star.

LADIES can permanently beautify their complexion with Glenn's Sulphur Soap. Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye, 50 cents.

THE only thing that a miser ever loses is his appetite—the cost of a meal scares it away.—Texas Siftings.

MANY little children owe their good health to Dr. John Bull's Worm Destroyers. "Nice Mammas to give them such nice candies."

DON'T flatter yourself that it can't get away just because you have bolted your food at sea.—Elmira Gazette.

THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, May 26, 1891.			
CATTLE—Native Steers	$5 10	@	6 50
COTTON—Middling	8⅞	@	9
FLOUR—Winter Wheat	3 90	@	6 15
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	1 11⅝	@	1 13½
CORN—No. 2	67	@	69½
OATS—Western Mixed	47	@	52
PORK—New Mess	12 00	@	13 25
ST. LOUIS.			
COTTON—Middling	8⅜	@	8½
BEEVES—Fancy Steers	5 90	@	6 10
Shipping	5 60	@	5 85
HOGS—Common to Select	4 25	@	4 60
SHEEP—Fair to Choice	3 75	@	4 50
FLOUR—Patents	5 00	@	5 10
XXX to Choice	3 40	@	4 25
WHEAT—No. 2 Red Winter	1 01⅛	@	1 01⅝
CORN—No. 2 Mixed	51½	@	52
OATS—No 2	44	@	44¼
RYE—No. 2	82	@	85
TOBACCO—Lugs	1 10	@	5 10
Leaf Burley	4 50	@	7 00
HAY—Clear Timothy	14 00	@	17 00
BUTTER—Choice Dairy	12	@	14
EGGS—Fresh	----	@	14
PORK—Standard Mess	----	@	11 25
BACON—Clear Rib	----	@	6⅞
LARD—Prime Steam	----	@	6⅛
WOOL—Choice Tub	----	@	33½
CHICAGO.			
CATTLE—Shipping	4 40	@	5 50
HOGS—Good to Choice	4 25	@	4 60
SHEEP—Fair to Choice	4 00	@	5 75
FLOUR—Winter Patents	5 00	@	5 25
Spring Patents	5 00	@	5 10
WHEAT—No. 2 Spring	1 02½	@	1 04
CORN—No. 2	----	@	55
OATS—No. 2	----	@	45¼
PORK—Standard Mess	10 55	@	10 60
KANSAS CITY.			
CATTLE—Shipping Steers	3 75	@	5 85
HOGS—All Grades	3 90	@	4 47½
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	94½	@	95
OATS—No. 2	41	@	41½
CORN—No. 2	----	@	66½
NEW ORLEANS.			
FLOUR—High Grade	4 75	@	5 25
CORN—No. 2	----	@	67
OATS—No. 2	----	@	57
HAY—Choice	----	@	19 00
PORK—New Mess	----	@	12 00
BACON—Clear Rib	----	@	6⅞
COTTON—Middling	----	@	9⅛
LOUISVILLE.			
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	----	@	1 02
CORN—No. 2 White	----	@	67½
OATS—No. 2 Mixed	----	@	55
PORK—Mess	----	@	12 50
BACON—Clear Rib	----	@	6⅞
COTTON—Middling	----	@	9

GUS. A. DUBOIS, a well known resident of St. Louis, says: "I have used several bottles of Prickly Ash Bitters for biliousness and malarial troubles, so prevalent in this climate, and heartily recommend it to all afflicted in a like manner. It is the best remedy I ever used."

PEOPLE borrow trouble because it is easy to get, and need not be paid back.—N. O. Picayune.

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