THE BOLIVAR BULLETIN.

Published Every Friday.

BOLIVAR, . . TENNESSEE.

## EASTER.

My sweet little neighbor Bessie
I thought was busy with play,
When she turned, and brightly questioned;
"Say, what is the Easter Day?"

"Has nobody told you, darling—
Do they 'Feed His Lambs' like this?"
I gathered her to my bosom,
And gave her a tender kiss.

Away went the cloak for dolly,
And away went dolly, too,
As again she eagerly questioned,
With eyes so earnest and blue:

"Is it like birthdays or Christmas—
Or like Thanksgiving Day;
Do we just be good like Sunday,
Or run and frolic and play?

"I know there's flowers to it,
And that is most all I know;
I've got a lovely rosebush,
And a bud begins to grow."

Then in words most few and simple
I told to the gentle child
The story whose end is Easter—
The Life of the Underfiled.

Told of the manger of Bethlehem,
And about the glittering star
That guided the feet of the shepherds
Watching their flocks from afar,

Told of the lovely Mother,
And the Baby who was born
To live on the earth among us
Bearing its sorrows and scorn.

And then I told of the life He lived
Those wonderful thirty years,
Sad, weary, troubled, forsaken,
In this world of sin and tears,

Until I came to the shameful death
That the Lord of Glory died,
Then the tender little maiden
Uplifted her voice and cried.

I came at length to the garden
Where they laid His form away,
And then in the course of telling
I came to the Easter Day—

The day when sorrowing women
Came there to the grave to moan,
And the lovely shining angels
Had rolled away the stone.

I think I made her understand
As well as childhood can,
About the glorified risen life
Of Him who was God and Man.

This year the fair Easter lilies
Will gleam through a mist of tears,
For I shall not see sweet Bessie
In all of the coming years.

When the snow lay white and thickest
She quietly went away
To learn from the lips of angels
The meaning of Easter Day.

We put on the little body
The garments worn in life,
And laid her deep in the frozen earth
Away from all noise and strife.

We took all the dainty playthings,
And the dollies new and old,
And placed them in a sacred spot
With a tress of shining gold.

Were it not for the star of Bethlehem,
And the dawn of Easter Day,
It would be to us most bitter
To put our darling away.

But we know that as the hard brown earth
Holds lilies regal and white,
So the lifeless, empty, useless clay
Held once an angel of light.

And I hope on the Easter morning
To look from the grave away,
Thinking not of the child that *was*,
But the child that *is* to-day.

—*Emily Baker Smalle, in Pansy.*

## A TRUE OFFERING.

### Dilly's Generous Act in Place of Easter Gifts.

"What are you going to draw, Dilly?" Chatty Arkwright's little plain face looked thin and sharp with anxiety as she asked the question.

"I've been thinking about drawing Crumple and her new calf, but I haven't quite decided," answered Dilly.

Chatty's face rounded and brightened. "I think you draw cows very nicely," she said. "I— Oh, Dilly, I'm so afraid I shan't do well! My uncle says that if I win the prize he will send me to the city to learn to be a real artist."

It was strange to see Chatty eager and flushed with hope; she was usually so pale and dejected. She was lame, and her uncle, her only relative, was a miserly old man. It was a wonder, every body said, that she had been allowed to go to the academy, she was so poorly clothed and scantily fed.

"There are only two or three girls whom I am afraid of," continued Chatty. "Sometimes you do a great deal better than I." Her voice trembled.

"How much she cares!" Dilly said to herself, watching Chatty as she stumped away on her crutch. "I didn't think she had any ambition."

Dilly herself had a great deal of ambition. She was fairly tingling to her finger-tips now with the excitement of the contest for the prize that had been offered to her class in the Cherryfield Academy for the best drawing from nature. It was not only the pleasure of excelling that moved Dilly now, although that was very dear to her heart; she wanted the prize, which was five dollars in money, for a particular purpose. She had overrun her allowance, and been bankrupt ever since Christmas, and had been forced to borrow so much of Sydney, her brother, that it would take almost all her next quarter's allowance to repay him. Sydney was not a pleasant person to borrow of. He was very wise and prudent himself, and always "saved up." He said money burned a hole in Dilly's pocket, and he quoted "Poor Richard" maxims, which were very wise and good, of course, but seemed very personal if you had a sweet tooth that would draw you like a magnet to the candy shop, and if your quarter's allowance never could be made to last more than a month. It was a very small allowance, Dilly thought, but Syd said it was large, considering there were nine children, and "it was more than girls needed, anyway, and just see how much Margery saved!"

Margery was fifteen and a half, two years older than Dilly; she had been saving all winter, in spite of Christmas and every thing, to give toward the new chancel window that was to be placed in the church. It was expected that the offerings of the coming Easter would amount to enough to buy it. Miss Sylvester, Dilly's Sunday School teacher, had said that she hoped her pupils would deny themselves, and make their Easter offerings as large as possible. If Dilly didn't get the prize, she wouldn't have a single cent for an Easter offering.

She went to the barn as soon as she reached home to take another survey of old Crumple and her new calf, and make up her mind as to their picturesque possibilities.

She seated herself upon an inverted cask and went to work at once. Crumple was a very obliging model, but the new calf was frisky and would not keep still. He had a queer, scraggy body, set up on four knobby, stilt-like legs. He had no tail to speak of, and seemed to be all ears.

It was a warm afternoon in March, the first spring-like day of the year. The great barn doors were wide open, letting in a flood of sunshine, and the hens and turkeys—regularly let out by Abram, the "hired man," for a Wednesday and Saturday half-holiday—were wandering in and out, clucking and scratching, their spirits evidently elated by the feeling of spring in the air. The old gobbler spread his wings until they scraped the floor, and strutted majestically before Dilly, as if to show her how much more worthy he was of being put into a picture than old Crumple and her calf, and the pert young bantam rooster was so anxious to bring himself into notice that he perched upon the ladder and persisted in crowing as shrilly as if it were five o'clock in the morning, although his mother and the other matrons loudly clucked scorn at him.

Syd came in, and began to reckon, with a piece of chalk on a barrel-head, the probable expense of keeping three guinea-pigs which had been offered him as pets; they were bewitchingly curly-tailed, and Syd wanted them—he was but a boy, although he had such a prudent mind—but he couldn't make the figures come small enough, and he renounced the guinea-pigs with a great sigh.

"Oh, Syd, I can't draw him, he is so ugly!" said Dilly, laying her pencil down and echoing his sigh.

"He looks somehow as if he didn't all belong together—like dissected animals when you get them mixed up," said Syd, surveying the calf with an unprejudiced air.

"I believe I can draw horses better, anyway," said Dilly. "I wish Beauty's colt hadn't grown up and been sold. There never was a colt like Aladdin, anyway."

"That 'Laddin of yourn? Well, he was fair to middlin' for looks."

They both started at the voice. Josh Haight was coming in at the barn door. He was an awkward, hulking fellow of sixteen, generally considered somewhat "foolish," who lived on "the back road," nearly a mile out of the village. He went about doing odd jobs, and was on familiar terms with every body:

"But I just wish you could see a colt that we've got to our place a-parsterin' for a city gentleman!" continued Josh.

"Oh, is he very pretty?" cried Dilly, eagerly. "And does he look at all like Beauty? Would you let me draw him?"

"I guess there's more'n you that wants to draw 'im," said Josh, shaking his head with an air of great importance. "But you're always kind o' friendly, an' them's uncommon good cherries you've got in your garden."

"You shall have ever so many when they're ripe, Josh," said Dilly, "if you'll bring the colt over here two or three afternoons. I want to sketch him standing beside Beauty."

"Just say it in quarts an' pecks," said Josh, who, although he was foolish, was still a Yankee.

"Five, six quarts—a peck," said Dilly, impatiently.

"I expect it's worth more'n a peck of cherries to draw 'im, but I'm one that likes to do a favor. You mustn't say nothing about it, 'cause mebbe his owner wouldn't want him drawed. I can't bring him reg'lar, but I'll bring him whenever I can. Them cherries must be blackhearts you know."

He was a prettier colt than Aladdin. Dilly clapped her hands with delight at the first sight she had of him; and when Josh brought him over, his naturally lively spirits were subdued by the strangeness of his surroundings, so that he stood quietly by Beauty's side, and Beauty turned her head with a motherly look toward him, and they both remained in a delightful position long enough for Dilly to make a rough outline sketch.

It was a graceful and spirited sketch.

"I shall succeed! I shall win the prize!" cried Dilly, whirling staid Margery into a wild waltz, in which the gobbler pursued them, enraged by Dilly's fluttering red sash, and got himself into difficulty with Sancho, the pug puppy, who was also moved to join in the dance, and there was a general uproar in the barn.

But Dilly sobered down again very soon, and worked on her sketch even by lamp-light.

Josh Haight was as good as his word; he was even better; he brought the pony over four times, because on the third occasion the pony's natural spirits overcame his discretion, and Dilly found it undesirable to finish him with his heels in the air.

Dilly's success was even greater than she had anticipated; she had never drawn any thing so well before.

It had become fashionable among the girls not to show their drawings, nor to reveal the subjects to each other. There was mystery in the air, and it added to the excitement. Chatty Arkwright was more worn and pale with anxiety every day, and as Dilly put the finishing touches to her picture, Chatty's face would rise before her and chill all her glowing pride. She couldn't keep Chatty out of her thoughts.

The afternoon before the drawings were to be sent in to the judges, Chatty ran out and called Dilly as she was going by. She had her drawing in her hand.

"I *must* show it to you, Dilly. I want you to tell me honestly whether you think yours is better or not. You can't understand how much difference it makes to me. There doesn't seem to be any chance for me unless I can be an artist."

Dilly took the drawing into her hand. It was a group of horses and a colt—the colt! Josh Haight's colt. There was no mistaking the long delicate limbs and the graceful, spirited arch of the neck.

"Josh Haight let me go over to his pasture and draw them. Isn't the colt a beauty? Josh promised not to let anybody else draw him. Did you draw the cow and calf? Is yours better than mine?"

The drawing was very well done, but it was not so good as her own; the touch was a little timid; it was not so free and spirited as hers.

There was a pause, in which it seemed to Dilly that her heart's beating was choking her.

"You mustn't ask me; I'm not one of the judges," she said at length, with a little forced laugh, and she thrust the drawing into Chatty's hands and ran away.

When she reached home she shut herself into her room, and took out the unfinished sketch of Crumple and her calf. "It might as well be finished, anyway," she said to herself.

She was a long time the next morning in making preparations to carry her drawing to the Academy, where there was a holiday, and nothing going on but the examination of drawings, which were all to be handed in before ten o'clock. She kept her two drawings on her table, and kept looking at them while she was dressing. Little Theophilus, the youngest of the nine, watched her, with childish wonder at her unusual silence. When she was ready she laid one of the drawings away in a drawer, shutting her lips as tightly together as she shut the drawer, and took the other in her hand.

It was a beautiful April morning. The next Sunday would be Easter, and every thing seemed to know it; but Dilly's face was clouded. When she reached the little bridge over Creeping Brook she heard a shouting behind her. Syd was running after her, waving something in his hand. "You're the *carelessest* girl!" he panted. "If Thoffy hadn't seen you take the wrong picture, you might not have got it there in time."

Dilly's heart beat quickly. It was not too late now to win the prize. But—

"I took the one I meant to," she said. "Oh, Syd!"—her voice broke almost into tears now—"I couldn't bear to win the prize away from Chatty Arkwright; it makes so much difference to her!"

"If that isn't the most ridiculous thing I ever heard of!" exclaimed Syd, with tremendous emphasis. "Hasn't she had a fair chance? Is it your fault if she can't draw as well as you can? I can tell you that isn't the way things are done in this world."

It was of no use to argue against Syd's worldly wisdom. She wished she had told Margery. Margery "saved up," but she would have understood.

"I have a right to do as I please, and you have no right to interfere," said Dilly, drawing herself up.

Syd looked thoroughly surprised; it was a new thing for Dilly to be self-asserting; and although his face was like a thunder-cloud, he did not try to hinder Dilly, as, after one last look at her pretty drawing, she tore it—lest her resolution should fail—into little bits, and threw the bits over the railing into Creeping brook.

"*You'll* never amount to much," said Syd, turning on his heel.

Creeping brook was not creeping today. It felt spring in every one of its drops, and it swirled the precious pieces around, and tossed them gayly along toward the mill-pond, where the great wheel would suck them down.

Dilly, watching, and choking back the great sob in her throat, did not once think that she had made an Easter offering, but I am sure the Recording Angel did.

Fathers and mothers, sisters and brothers, even uncles, aunts and cousins, flocked to the Academy hall the next Saturday morning to see the drawing and hear the prize awarded.

It was given to "Miss Charlotte Arkwright for a drawing of horses and a colt." Two or three other drawings received "honorable mention." But not even that was accorded to the sketch of Crumple and her calf.

Dilly's father adjusted his glasses and looked at her somewhat severely, and her mother looked disappointed and Margery sympathetic. Syd scowled fiercely, but Syd would never tell. He saved up his opinions and all the news he heard as carefully as he saved his pennies.

Dilly caught a glimpse of Chatty Arkwright's radiant face and her heart glowed.

"I'm glad I did it; if I could choose again I would do the same thing," she said to herself.

It was somewhat worse at Sunday school the next day. The superintendent read the names of those whose Easter offerings had helped to pay for the chancel window; all their nine, down to Thoffy, had given some thing. Syd had made an Easter offering.

Dilly sat, downcast and shamefaced, feeling as if every body were looking at her. She was sure that her teacher, Miss Sylvester, who was also the teacher of drawing and painting at the Academy, gave her two or three curious glances.

"Do you know," said one of the girls in Dilly's class to another, a few days after, "that Miss Sylvester has sent Dilly Dowden a beautiful Easter card that she painted herself? There are angels' heads on it, and a passion vine, and the text is: 'Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto me.' She didn't send any other girl a card. I don't understand it."

Dilly didn't know what that card meant. Could Miss Sylvester know?

Dilly met Josh Haight one day, and asked him if he had ever told anybody that she drew the colt.

"No, never, sure as you're born," said Josh, stoutly, "except, mebbe, I did kind o' let it out to Miss Sylvester. She was a-ridin' by, and, says she: "Is that the colt that Chatty Arkwright drawed?' And says I: 'She drawed him, but tw'n't nothin' to the way that the doctor's daughter drawed him; you'd a thought he was goin to prance right out o' the pasteboard.' 'Dilly?' says she; 'I suspected. But she didn't say what she suspected. She kind o' looked as if she wanted to cry. I expect she felt bad, 'cause she didn't get a chance to draw 'im. No, I won't tell nobody else, sure's I hope them cherries to get ripe quick. Blackhearts, you know."—*Sophie Sweet, in Harper's Young People.*

## JEWELRY NOVELTIES.

### Some of the Charming Articles to Be Worn the Coming Season.

White or colored enamel flowers are popular in silver.

Silver-handled riding whips begin to appear, in readiness for the season of outdoor recreation.

Large, hollow-wire curved-link bracelets of silver are becoming popular in both satin and oxidized finish.

Large intaglio sards, encircled with openwork or enameled-flower designs, have recently appeared as pins.

A brisk demand for silver glove pungents, ornamented with gold applied work or in chased finish, is expected this season.

The large ball ear-rings, in plain Roman gold now in vogue, frequently have small diamonds or other stones imbedded in them.

A novel pin recently consisted of a crescent of graduated daisies, embracing between its horns a fine enamel painting.

Large pansies carved out of amethyst and set with pearls or diamonds are used as pins, pendants and hairpins combined.

A heavy double ring was recently seen, one shank of which bore an antique crest while its companion was set with a diamond.

Broad woven-wire, or figure 8 bracelets, as they are termed, are worn both in silver and gold, and have the merit of flexibility.

A triple cluster ring, consisting of a row of emeralds, sapphires or rubies circled with diamonds, is a pleasing novelty in this line.—*Jewelers' Weekly.*

## FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

—For artistic effects pictures should be hung flat against the walls.

—Galvanized iron pails for drinking water should not be used. The zinc coating is readily acted upon by water, forming a poisonous oxide of zinc.

—Use great care when pickling or preserving in a brass kettle. Scour the kettle just before using, and never let food stand in it after it is cooked.

—To Cure Chilblains: Take ten pounds of oak bark, put it in a kettle and pour on it six quarts of water. Let it boil down to four quarts. Soak the feet in it and it will effect a certain cure.—*Detroit Tribune.*

—Lemon Drops: Upon a half pound of finely powdered sugar, pour just enough lemon juice to dissolve it, and boil it until it is like a thin syrup. Drop this on plates and put it in a warm place to harden.—*Good Housekeeping.*

—Brown Bread: One and one-half pints of milk, two cups of Indian meal, two cups of rye meal, one cup of graham meal, one large teaspoonful of saleratus, one-half cup of molasses. Sour milk will answer by using a little more saleratus, or, if you have neither warm water will answer.—*Chicago News.*

—The *Farm Journal* publishes the following recipe for mixing a home-made fertilizer: Keep all the good stock that you can make the farm carry profitably; feed well, bed liberally and save carefully all the offal. The more it is mixed with thought, care and study, applied every day, the better and cheaper will the fertilizer be.

—For fig pudding take six ounces of fresh grated bread crumbs, six ounces of suet chopped fine, five ounces of sugar, one-half pound of figs chopped fine, one cup of sweet milk, one-half glass of brandy, one-half a nutmeg, one-half teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of cream tartar and three eggs. Steam three hours and serve with wine sauce.—*Boston Budget.*

—Ordinary flat embroidery may be pressed with a hot iron on the wrong side, laying the piece on a damp cloth; but as this treatment would ruin raised work, like ribbon embroidery, arrasene work, etc., a better way is to lay a wet towel on the table or the carpet; spread over this the piece work, right side up, and tack tightly to the floor, taking care to draw it tight enough to remove all wrinkles; let it dry in this position.

—When a horse falls and finds it difficult to rise he may be greatly assisted, thinks *Agriculture*, by the following plan: "Spread a blanket, coat or robe out in front of the horse, pull his front feet from under him and spread them out on the blanket. Now when he attempts to rise and throws his whole weight on his front feet, they can not slip from under him, because the blanket keeps his feet from spreading apart. You will find this suggestion very convenient if your horse falls on a lonely road and you have no one to help get him up."

## BUYING FERTILIZERS.

### Why It Pays to Purchase Them in the Shape of Feed for Live-Stock.

Ordinarily the average farmer can not afford to buy feed, nor can he to any great extent afford to purchase manure. If the farm has been allowed to run down through continued cropping without manuring or rotating so that the field has run down below a profitable margin, it may do to purchase commercial fertilizers in order to increase the yield. The principal dependence of the farmers must be upon barnyard manure and rotation.

If by using commercial fertilizers you can increase the yield of the crops so that more stock can be kept, and thereby increase your supply of farm-made manure, there may be many Western farmers who can make the investment profitable. So feed. If you have a good supply of corn fodder, wheat or oat straw, timothy and clover hay, you can buy bran and oil meal generally and feed with profits. For this reason, wheat or oat straw in themselves are not a complete feed. In fact they are of considerable less value of either of the others. But by taking clover, wheat, or oat straw and bran or meal, say in a feed of twenty-five pounds, you can give eleven each of clover and wheat or oat straw and three pounds of bran, and you have a feed equal to or nearly so to twenty-five pounds of good timothy hay—by combining you make the straw nearly equal in value with hay—because it supplies what the clover and bran lacks and then makes up what is deficient in the other. This, of course, greatly reduces the cost of feeding and in many cases considerably increases the supply. Profitable feeding implies having good stock and then feeding so as to secure the largest gain at the smallest expense. It does not pay to feed stock unless you can secure a steady gain from the start. But at the same time the expenses should be made as light as possible in order to increase the profits; under such circumstances feed can be purchased and fed out with profit.

If properly managed securing a large crop should enable us to feed an increased number of stock. Then if fed under good shelter, using all necessary precautions to make and save all the manure possible, we can secure a larger amount of manure, and with good management this ought to increase the yield of the crops again.

In order to secure a start of this kind you can purchase fertilizers and often you can purchase feed with profit. If your farm is ordinarily rich, and is not cropped out by following one crop with the same year after year until all the plant food required for that variety of crops is nearly or quite exhausted. By adopting a plan of rotation and economical feeding the fertility can be gradually increased. More stock fed and marketed and your profits will be increased accordingly.

I buy bran for milk cows the year round because the larger flow of milk and the increased value of the manure is sufficient to give me a good profit. Good clover hay and bran as a staple food is one of the best and cheapest feeds for milk cows I can obtain, and the quality of the manure is considerably increased by this combination. I do not mean to imply that every farmer will find these his cheapest feeds, only give my experience. Bran in nearly all cases increases the value of the manure and in a run-down farm can nearly always be used in combination with other foods profitably. And it is good economy when you are attempting to build up the farm to take advantage of each combination as can be done profitably that will enable you to feed more stock and secure more manure.—*N. J. Shepherd, in Des Moines (Ia.) Leader.*

## BOXING WITH A HORSE.

### How an Oxford Graduate Tamed a Fiery Animal with His Fists.

A very vicious and ill-tempered horse was eating his head off in a very luxuriant loose box, because there was no one in the establishment of the gentleman to whom he belonged who had the courage or strength to enter his stable to saddle and bridle him, says *Outing*. If a groom approached for any other purpose than to give him his corn or hay he would speedily drive him away by a free use of his hoofs and teeth. One day at lunch the owner was lamenting the uselessness of the finest horse in his stud to a party of friends, and wound up by saying that he would gladly make a present of the horse to any one who could saddle and ride him out of the yard.

A young graduate of Oxford, Hon. Sidney Lawford, expressed his willingness to make the attempt, and, though warned by many a blood-curdling recital of what had been the fate of the grooms and stable-boys that had made the like effort, he persisted in his determination to try. After lunch all adjourned to the stable expectation of seeing the young fellow receive a lesson for his temerity. He was known to be an expert in every manly exercise, especially boxing, and was in perfect wind and training. Selecting a saddle and bridle from an adjacent rack, he approached the strong bars that opened into the brute's stall, speaking kindly and soothing to him. The horse turned and eyed the stranger, and, catching sight of the hated bit, became furious, lashing out madly with his heels and stamping wildly about the stall, making the straw of his bedding fly in every direction.

Without a word the graduate rested the saddle and bridle on the top rail; but the steady, undaunted fire of the eye, the firmly compressed lip, the backward poise of the shapely head, the swelling muscles of his lithe and active frame as he lightly vaulted into the box, told plainly of the iron, indomitable will and pluck within. Scarcely had he landed on his feet than the now thoroughly infuriated beast came rushing headlong at him, with its satin ears flattened closely against its lean head, its eyes aflame and bloodshot, its mouth agape and displaying a set of gleaming teeth, which he gnashed and ground with fury. Sudden and savage though the onslaught was the young Oxonian was prepared.

Throwing himself naturally and gracefully into boxing attitude, he met the maddened animal with a blow on the temple, just between the ear and eye, swift, straight and inexorable that brought him to his knees. Rearing up and squealing with pain and rage, the brute rushed again upon his foe, who stepped aside, but pale and determined, awaiting his coming. Again a levin bolt, straight from the shoulder, flew the clinched fist and down dropped the horse. Slowly he staggered to his feet and, trembling in every limb, while great patches of perspiration stained his flanks and sides, he cowered in a corner of the stall, completely vanquished. The victor soon had the bit in his mouth and, leading him out of the stall, cantered gayly on the prize his bravery and knowledge had won.

## SENSIBLE MISS WEST.

### How She Won the Cordial Respect of All the Young Men in Washington.

According to a Washington letter, a thing that rejoices young men more than the downfall of the theatre hat is the progress of a fashion inaugurated three years ago by Miss West, eldest daughter of the British Minister. In a society including so many young men of slender means Miss West, thought it unjustifiable for girls to accept costly bouquets from their partners in the german. To each man asking her to dance a german with him she frankly said: "I never carry any flowers, so you must not send me a bouquet. I can not accept it." For three winters, and now for a fourth, Miss West has gone to balls without a bouquet. She is one of the most beautiful women here, popular in all society, and a reigning young belle for the whole diplomatic corps, and her popularity with the young attaches, Lieutenants and ensigns is unbounded. Her two younger sisters carried bouquets the nights of the balls upon which their father introduced them to society, but never after their debuts. These three English girls, Miss Mattie Mitchell and a few others, are now conspicuous at all the balls and germans by not being cumbered with one of the huge, heavy bouquets that other girls carry. The big bouquets in some cases have been a great drain on the girls' pin-money, as they all like to keep up appearances and carry a bushel of flowers to outshine the rival with only one modest armful of roses. One ill-tempered young miss, who was holding a heavy bouquet of carnations, called to a rival one night: "Where'd you buy your flowers, Jennie?" Shaking up a bunch of roses as large as a wheat-sheaf, the rival calmly said: "At the same place where you got yours. The man told me how you tried to beat him down, and thought thirty cents a dozen too much for carnations."

### A Little Tot's Strong Argument.

A little girl of eight summers, so the story is told by the Boston *Budget*, stepped into the store of an Italian fruit vender the other day in order to secure some peanuts. She was going to make a call upon a little friend, and wished to bring something with her to add to the entertainment. Stepping up to the fruit vender she said: "I want five cents' worth of peanuts, and," looking appealingly into the Italian's face, "please give me a lot, for there's nine in the family."

1880 R. T. Leonard, Hamburg, Pa., wrote: "Had severe inflammatory rheumatism for weeks, a few applications of St. Jacobs Oil cured me." Oct. 19, 1886, he writes: "Confirm statement; was entirely cured." Price fifty cents. Sold by Druggists.

Mark A. Miller, Trav. Agent Erie R. R., writes: "Suffered with pleuro-pneumonia; one bottle of Red Star Cough Cure ensured my recovery." At Druggists.

Many men object to sitting in juries, and no wonder, as jurymen always get into a box.

**The Strongest Man in Ohio** is said to be George C. Arnold, of Cleveland, O., who less than one year ago, owing to chronic liver trouble and Bright's disease of the kidneys, weighed less than ninety-five pounds, but by using Dr. Harter's Iron Tonic has gained in strength and weight until now he is admitted to be the giant of Ohio.

## THE MARKETS.

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| NEW YORK, March 21, 1887. | | | |
| CATTLE—Native Steers | $4 60 | @ | 5 80 |
| COTTON—Middling | .... | @ | 10 |
| FLOUR—Good to Choice | 3 65 | @ | 5 10 |
| WHEAT—No. 2 Red | 92 | @ | 93½ |
| CORN—No. 2 | 48½ | @ | 48¾ |
| OATS—Western Mixed | 36 | @ | 37 |
| PORK—Mess (old) | 15 50 | @ | 15 75 |
| ST. LOUIS. | | | |
| COTTON—Middling | 9½ | @ | 9¾ |
| BEEVES—Good to Choice | 4 80 | @ | 5 25 |
| Fair to Medium | 4 50 | @ | 4 75 |
| HOGS—Common to Select | 5 00 | @ | 5 90 |
| SHEEP—Fair to Choice | 3 00 | @ | 5 00 |
| FLOUR—Patents | 4 15 | @ | 4 40 |
| Medium to Straight | 3 75 | @ | 4 10 |
| WHEAT—No. 2 Red Winter | 80 | @ | 80⅝ |
| CORN—No. 2 Mixed | 34¾ | @ | 35¾ |
| OATS—No. 2 | 28 | @ | 28¾ |
| RYE—No. 2 | 53¼ | @ | 54 |
| TOBACCO—Lugs | 1 75 | @ | 7 00 |
| Leaf—Medium | 4 00 | @ | 6 00 |
| HAY—Choice Timothy | 11 50 | @ | 12 00 |
| BUTTER—Choice Dairy | 22 | @ | 25 |
| EGGS—Fresh | 12¼ | @ | 12½ |
| PORK—Standard Mess (new) | .... | @ | 19 00 |
| BACON—Clear Rib | 8⅜ | @ | 8¾ |
| LARD—Prime Steam | 7 | @ | 7⅛ |
| WOOL—Fine to Choice | 34 | @ | 37 |
| CHICAGO. | | | |
| CATTLE—Shipping | 4 50 | @ | 5 50 |
| HOGS—Good to Choice | 5 70 | @ | 6 00 |
| SHEEP—Good to Choice | 3 40 | @ | 4 90 |
| FLOUR—Winter | 3 75 | @ | 4 10 |
| Patents | 4 25 | @ | 4 50 |
| WHEAT—No. 2 Spring | 75¼ | @ | 78 |
| CORN—No. 2 | 34½ | @ | 36⅛ |
| OATS—No. 2 White | 24 | @ | 24½ |
| PORK—New Mess | 20 00 | @ | 20 25 |
| KANSAS CITY. | | | |
| CATTLE—Shipping Steers | 4 00 | @ | 4 75 |
| HOGS—Sales at | 5 00 | @ | 5 60 |
| WHEAT—No. 2 | 72½ | @ | 74½ |
| OATS—No. 2 | 25¾ | @ | 26 |
| CORN—No. 2 | 31½ | @ | 32 |
| NEW ORLEANS. | | | |
| FLOUR—High Grades | 3 75 | @ | 5 25 |
| CORN—White | .... | @ | 50 |
| OATS—Choice Western | 37½ | @ | 38 |
| HAY—Choice | 15 00 | @ | 16 50 |
| PORK—New Mess | .... | @ | 17 50 |
| BACON—Clear Rib | .... | @ | 8½ |
| COTTON—Middling | 9 | @ | 9½ |
| LOUISVILLE. | | | |
| WHEAT—No. 2 Red | .... | @ | 84 |
| CORN—No. 2 Mixed | 41½ | @ | 42 |
| OATS—No. 2 Mixed | .... | @ | 31 |
| PORK—Mess | 17 00 | @ | 17 50 |
| BACON—Clear Rib | .... | @ | 9 |
| COTTON—Middling | .... | @ | 9 |

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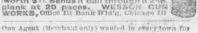

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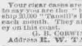

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