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and suffering all winter, I became so crippled that I had to walk with the aid of crutches. A friend prevailed upon me to take Hood's Sarsaparilla and it has fully restored me to health and I think it also saved my life." A. W. COOLEY, Clifford, North Dakota.

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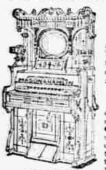

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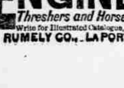

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## A MEMORY.

If you've ever been a rover
Mid the fields of fragrant clover,
Where life is all a simple round of bliss,
When at eve the sun is sinking
Or the stars are faintly blinking
You can call to mind a picture such as this:
Hark! the cows are homeward roaming
Through the pasture's dewy gloaming,
I can hear them gently lowing through the dells.
While from out the bosky dingle
Comes the softly tangled jingle
And the oft-repeated echo of the bells.

Strange how memory will fling her
Arms about some scenes we bring her,
And the fleeting years but make them fonder grow.
Though I wander far and sadly
From that dear old home, how gladly
I recall the cherished scenes of long ago;
Hark! the cows are homeward roaming
Through the pasture's dewy gloaming,
I can hear them gently lowing through the dells.
While from out the bosky dingle
Comes the softly tangled jingle
And the oft-repeated echo of the bells.

—Nixon Waterman, in Chicago Journal.

## ARIZONA'S WILD CAMELS.

### Descendants of a Herd That Were Imported from Africa.

The camels now running wild in Arizona are the descendants of a small herd originally imported for use in the state of Nevada, says the San Francisco Chronicle. In the early days of mining on the Comstock, long before there were any railroads in the Great Basin region, it was thought that camels might be profitably used about the mines, particularly in packing across the surrounding deserts, and twelve "ships of the desert" were accordingly purchased and brought to Virginia City. They were wanted for use in packing salt from the Hot Springs salt marsh to the Comstock reduction works. This salt deposit lies far out in a desert region, and to reach it many waterless stretches of sand and alkali had to be traversed.

The camels were able to cross all the deserts in perfect comfort, carrying heavy loads of salt and finding means of subsistence in the prickly and bitter plants and shrubs everywhere to be found in abundance. In short, the animals did as good work here in our deserts as they are able to do in any country in the world, but they were too slow. The camel may be fast enough for an Arab, but he is too slow for an American.

When the occupation of the camels as packers of salt was gone they were sold to some Mexicans, who used them for a time in packing wood down out of the mountains. The Mexicans took them up rocky trails into the rugged hills and used them the same as they use a mule—unmercifully. They soon killed three of the wretched beasts and would have killed the remainder had not a Frenchman, who owned a big ranch on the Carson river, below Dayton, taken pity on the poor, abused creatures and bought the whole of them. This Frenchman had been in Algeria with the French colony, where he had developed an affection for the camel—probably owed the animal a debt of gratitude for having saved his life on some occasion. He had no use for the beasts, therefore turned them out to roam the desert plains at will.

The animals, left to shift for themselves, soon waxed fat, and increased and multiplied. In a few years from nine the herd had increased to thirty-six, old and young. The Frenchman then sold the whole lot to be taken down to Arizona to be used in packing ore down off a big mountain range. It was said there was a good smooth trail, but the animals found all the rocks and soon became footsore and useless, when all were turned adrift to shift for themselves. They have regained the instincts of the original wild state of their species and are very wary and swift. They fly into waterless wastes impenetrable to man when approached. Some of the old animals, however, occasionally appear in the vicinity of the settlements. Of late it is reported that the cattlemen have been shooting them for some reason, perhaps because they frighten and stampede their horses. No one knows how many camels are now running at large in the wilds of the Gila country, but there must be a great number. One is occasionally caught. Four years ago one was captured near to Gila Bend that measured over nine feet in height. It appeared to be a stray from one of the herds in that region.

With the herd of camels when it was owned by the Frenchman on the Carson river was a huge old bull camel known as "Old Heenan," because of his fighting proclivities. He was a giant, and the patriarch of the herd. He had hair on parts of his body that was a foot or eighteen inches in lengh. The animals ranged down the valley of the Carson nearly to old Fort Churchill. At Sam Buckland's ranch, a mile above the fort, several Mexican vaqueros were employed. These men had seen the big camel, and looked with envious eyes upon the long, silken hair that hung from the huge frame. They thought this hair might be spun into beautiful riatas, bridle reins and ornaments for bridles.

One fine Sunday morning in spring two of the Mexicans—Antonio and Gedonio—equipped themselves with a lasso and a pair of sheep shears and set out to catch and shear Old Heenan. Gedonio found the big animal easy of approach. The old fellow stood stock still. He was dreamily chewing his cud with half-closed eyes. The lasso swished through the air, and in a moment was about the big animal's neck. Then, as the patriarch felt the rope tighten about his throat, the fun began.

Alongside the giant beast the Mexican looked a mere pigmy. When Old Heenan realized that the small two-legged creature was actually trying to gather him in his little eyes turned green with rage. Hissing like a red-hot locomotive he charged Gedonio. The little Mexican held to the rope for a time, hoping to choke the camel down, but found the animal apparently able to subsist as long without "wind" as without water. Besides, Heenan made for him so rapidly that he could get no pull on the old fellow. At last Gedonio was so hard pressed that he was obliged to drop the lasso and take to his heels.

By this time Old Heenan was wild with rage. The Mexican tried to dodge the irate beast among the bunches of grasswood, but these being only two or three feet high, afforded poor cover. He then struck for the river, intending to climb one of the cottonwoods on its banks, but Heenan was too close upon his heels. There was no time for climbing, and he was obliged to plunge into the river. Not being able to swim, Gedonio was constrained to halt when the water came up to his chin. Heenan charged down to the water's edge and there stood on guard. Though the old fellow would not enter the water yet he made Gedonio very unhappy by spitting showers of acrid saliva into his face and eyes.

Meanwhile Antonio, who had witnessed his partner's inglorious retreat and almost split his windpipe in laughing thereat, became uneasy. He began to fear that Gedonio was either drowned or killed, as he could see neither man nor camel after they had plunged down over the bank of the river. Leading the mustangs he ventured near the bank of the stream and shouted: "Gedonio! Gedonio! mio amigo!"

Gedonio heard and shouted lustily for Antonio to come to his relief. He instructed Antonio to tie the two mustangs fast together and leave them, then slip quietly down the bank, get hold of the trailing end of the lasso and tie it to a tree.

All went well until Antonio was about to pass the end of the lasso round the tree. It would not reach by a foot or two, and he hauled upon it. Instantly Heenan wheeled about and went for Antonio open-mouthed. Up the bank went Antonio, with the big camel close at his heels. He tried to reach the horses to mount and ride off, but at sight of the camel the mustangs gave a snort of terror and dashed away up the river. Heenan's attention being attracted to the horses he gave chase to them, much to the relief of Antonio, who had plunged head first into a big bunch of sagebrush to conceal himself from the enemy, though his hiding was merely that of the ostrich.

Presently the two men got together and went in search of their horses. Half a mile up the river they found both animals drowned in a deep hole, with Old Heenan upon the bank looking down at them. It was only after infinite trouble that the two Mexicans were able to recover their saddles and bridles. As they sneaked home to Buckland's that evening they were sadder and wiser men. They "went for wool and came back shorn"—even their shears were lost.

The pair told all manner of lies to account for the drowning of their horses, but as it happened the Frenchman who owned the camels had climbed a tree to watch the Mexicans, not knowing what they were after, and had been an amused witness of the whole affair. When the true story reached the ranch there were a thousand jokes among the men about the fun to be had in "shearing the bull camel in the rutting season."

When the camels were first taken down to Arizona to be used in packing ore one of them was shot and killed by a German miner. The man who did the deed suffered about as much distress of mind as did the sailor who killed the albatross. The German was working for a mining company at a place about three miles from where were located the men who were trying to use the "ships of the desert" as "prairie schooners" in carrying ore down out of the mountains. The man did not know there was such an animal on the American continent—probably in all his life had never seen a camel.

One Sunday Hans came tearing into camp about ten times as wild-eyed as usual. "Poys," cried he, "I shoot a belick."

"A what?" asked one of the men.

"A bel-ack—belik," cried Hans. "Mine Gott, the biggest belak in all Arizona."

"He means he has shot a monster elk," said some one.

"Yas, a beik," said Hans. "So wohr mir Gott helfe, es ist de biggest in de mountains."

"Big horns like this?" queried an old miner, drawing his neck down into his chest and spreading his arms abroad.

"No horn at all," said Hans. "She was a frau belak; she wos de grandmudder of all de belick."

As Hans was able to show blood on his knife, gun and hands, the men concluded he had at last really killed a beast of some kind. Horses were caught up and two men sent with Hans to bring in the meat, of which he said there was "more as a vagon load."

Hans insisted upon all hands taking guns, as he said he had seen a large herd of the elk just across a little valley from where he had downed his victim. As the party rode along with him to find his game, Hans honestly owned that he had never before seen an elk. He had heard so much about the elk, however, that he thought he knew the animal.

Presently Hans put spurs to his mustang and proudly dashed to the spot where lay the dead camel. Dismounting, he threw his beloved "jager" across his game, then as the others came up laid a finger on his lips. He pointed in the direction of some low hills. He wanted no noise made. He was in just the right humor to creep over the hills and slaughter the whole herd. In his anxiety to make sure of his victim, Hans had nearly sawed the head off the poor camel with his knife.

When his companions came up they were for some moments at a loss as to what kind of a huge creature Hans had slain. Presently one of them, Tom Alchorn, the well-known Comstock millwright (now dead), cried out: "By the holy poker, it's a camel. He has killed one of the camels that belong over at the other camp. Here is a nice mess. I've no doubt the animal is worth all of one thousand dollars."

"Wort a tousand dollar?" cried Hans. "Gott in Himmel! If we could kill dem all it is more as twenty tousand dollar in our pocket."

It was long before Hans could be made to understand that the "boot was on the other foot;" that the owners of the camel would demand one thousand dollars for it.

"Ach, der teufel!" cried Hans, with rueful face. "Potz wetter. Das kameel, das kameel. Is it den one kameel I haf killed?"

"Yes, a camel," said Alchorn, "and the men who own the camel will be after you."

"Donner wetter!" groaned Hans.

As the men did not wish to be caught near the dead camel, all hands beat a hasty retreat for home.

When they got back to the mine and told of Hans' latest exploit with his old "jager," the whole camp was in a roar. Every man who looked at Hans burst into a horse laugh, and wherever he went he heard the cry: "Hi! here comes the man that killed the camel."

For about a week Hans endured the gibes and jeers of the camp, then he came up missing and his old "jager" with him. The men had made the camp too hot for him.

## BENEVOLENCE DISCOUNTED.

### The Enterprising Newsboy Was in the Business for the Money.

The resourceful newsboy is not a product of America alone. He is found in London as well as in New York, as the following story, told by a clergyman some years ago, attests.

A benevolent old gentleman, having observed for several nights in Trafalgar square a youngster selling "evenings," who seemed particularly sharp and above the average in every way, conceived the idea of benefiting him, and, as he expressed it, putting him in the way of earning a living. One night, therefore, the boy was accosted with:

"I say, my boy, wouldn't you like to give up selling papers and have a situation where you could be good, and away from bad company?"

"How much a week?" promptly inquired the lad.

The old gentleman was taken aback at such a very practical question, and hardly knew what to answer. At last he said:

"Well, I don't know. Perhaps four or five shillings."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the lad, "that's good. Why, I pay my mother fifteen bob a week now."

The old gentleman collapsed, and has given up trying to get "paper" boys into situations.—Harper's Young People.

## HOME HINTS AND HELPS.

—Jenny Lind Pudding: One cupful of milk, one cupful of flour, one egg one-half teaspoonful of salt. Mix and bake in pattypans and serve with.—Good Housekeeping.

—Baked Parsnips: Boil in as little water as possible, with a few slices of salt pork. Cut parsnips into quarters, turn into a pan with the pork and bake till brown, season and serve.—Housekeeper.

—Deviled Crackers: Split the crackers and butter both halves generously; sprinkle over a rich layer of grated cheese; set in the chafing dish; dust with a little cayenne; cover, placing the dish over the lamp until the cheese melts. They must be eaten while hot. —Christian Inquirer.

—Old-Fashioned Cup Cake: Five cups of flour, three cups of sugar, one and one-half cups of butter, one and one-half cups of milk, four eggs, half a large nutmeg, one and one-half tablespoonful of warm rum mixed with the milk, one teaspoonful of soda, one and one-half pounds of raisins.—Boston Budget.

—Open Apple Pie: Stew some apples until soft, take out hard pieces, beat them to a pulp. To half a pound of pulp allow six ounces of sugar, five eggs and the grated rind of a lemon. Heat together, then add gradually five ounces of melted butter. Line a dish with pastry, pour in the mixture and bake at once.—Prairie Farmer.

—Ox Tail Soup: Chop the ox tail up into small sections. Brown them a little in a tablespoonful butter, add as much water as needed for the soup when done, and boil slowly until the meat is very tender, then add a few sliced tomatoes, or canned ones if not in season, and season to taste with salt and pepper. Boil fifteen minutes more, then serve with the meat picked up fine in the broth. Pour it into the tureen over pieces of broken cracker or serve with it bread cut in bits and fried in butter to a delicate brown.—Orange Judd Farmer.

—The meat cut from the soup bone after cooking is generally wasted or used in some very undesirable form. It is too coarse to serve in plain cold slices and too tasteless, most of the nutriment being left in the soup, for croquettes or hash. Here are two ways to prepare it for the table so that it will be quite edible. Chop very fine while warm and pour over it a teacupful of the soup before adding vegetables. Pack in a dish and when cold slice for lunch; or, slice the cold meat and lay in a deep plate, salt and pepper freely, and cover with vinegar.—Farm, Field and Fireside.

—Peach Pudding: Peel, stone and stew twelve large, ripe peaches in as little water as possible. Put two cupfuls of milk on the fire, and when it boils, pour it over one cupful of bread crumbs. Let it soak a few minutes, then with a spoon, mash them smooth. Stir in a heaping tablespoonful of butter and five tablespoonfuls of sugar, and when it is cool enough, five well-beaten eggs; lastly add the peaches mashed fine and cooled. Beat the whole until it is very light, put it in a buttered pudding-mold, which set in a pan of boiling water, cover the pan, cook the pudding an hour in a hot oven. When done, turn out on the dish upon which it is to be served. Eat it with rich, sweetened cream.—Woman's Work.

## RANDOM NOTES.

### Fads of the Moment and Items of Interest to Women.

The tint for your stationery nowadays is that peculiar tint known as Highland heather.

Even if a woman is not "in society," she should set aside some particular day in the week when she is at home.

It is said that if the white of an egg is immediately applied to a burn, it will take away the pain and prevent a scar.

Among the many recipes for preventing one from taking cold from wet feet, one of the most plausible is to bathe the feet in cold water immediately after getting them wet.

An early death is predicted for the overskirt. Really smart women are not ordering them, as the fear that if any encouragement is given the dreadful much-draped overskirt and bustle will return.

The latest fad is the fad party. The people who are invited to a fad party are expected to bring some object which represents their pet fad, and each must talk about that fad, tell the reason of its existence and everything of interest about it.

The incroyable bow is in great vogue, and is extremely stunning. One costs a lot if bought ready made, but it can easily be made at home, as it only consists of several yards of wide watered sash ribbon and some frills of lace sewn to the ends.

Fluffy tresses are the rage. Women were wont to brush their hair down; now they brush it up, comb it up, blow it up with a fan to produce the effect of the thistledown and corn tassels. The hair is first done up dry, then crimped all over, and finally dressed, the coiffure being suggested by the style of the hat.

A pretty fad of recent birth among members of New York society is to personate mythological nymphs and goddesses in classic drapery, in their photographs. The effect of wind-blown hair and drapery, usually a feature of these photographs is produced by a powerful electric fan in operation near the subject.

### Begging as a Wholesome Business.

"Professional begging is a wholesome and, at pleasant seasons of the year, an agreeable occupation," said the observer about town. "The professional beggar is warmly clad in winter, and his constant life in the open air tends to give him rugged health. A miserly instinct saves him from temptation to gluttonly. He is free to dress as lightly as he will in summer time, and to seek the shady side of the street where the crowd is. His business of necessity calls him to busy and fashionable streets, so that he sees the town at its gayest. The natural regret at the absence of one member or another is tempered by the fact that such lack is to be esteemed in the light of an asset, as business capital. Professional beggary in this town, where there are many good natured and innocent persons, is an excellent trade."—N. Y. Sun.

### Strong Enough to Break His Fall.

He was on the car late at night, and his breath was redolent with the perfume of several different brands of liquors, peppermint and lozenges of one sort and another. He was very sociable, and the whole car was entertained by his talk. When he got up and started for the door the car didn't slow up, but went right along. He stood on the step and prepared to take a header. "The conductor had better be careful how he drops him," said one of the passengers. "He might fall."

Then the woman with the acid voice spoke up: "I guess if he falls on his breath it won't hurt him."—Indianapolis Journal.

### Great Inventions.

Teacher—Name some of the great inventions of the age.

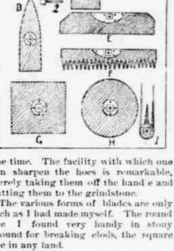
Little Girl—'Lectric lights, telephones, talkin'-dolls, an' safety-pins.—Good News.

# THE FARMING WORLD.

## USEFUL COMBINATIONS.

### Detachable Hoes and Handle for Use in the Garden.

Herewith pen sketch of a combination detachable hoe and handle for use in the garden, which I have used to advantage. The handle is of wood, like the ordinary hoe handle, but the ferule at the business end is square and of steel, tempered hard, with a threaded hole running through the solid end (mine was three inches solid) for a threaded steel screw bolt. The hoe blades have a round hole for the insertion of the screw bolt and a plate of steel with a square hole riveted firmly to the blade. The square end of the ferule on the handle fits snugly into the square hole in the plate, holding the hoe blade in a fixed position and preventing any stress on the screw bolt tending to unscrew it. The advantage of this hoe is the saving of storage room, for here you have as many different shaped hoe blades as your fancy or necessity may dictate, and only one handle, though it were better to have two made in case of wishing to use more than one blade at one time. The facility with which one can sharpen the hoes is remarkable, merely taking them off the handle and putting them to the grindstone.



The various forms of blades are only such as I had made myself. The round one I found very handy in stony ground for breaking clods, the square one in any land.

All of my blades were made of old blades, and were light; the long-toothed and also smooth-edged blades I found very handy for young weeds.

I had also several blades of the shape "D" of various lengths and widths, the longer the blade the heavier the steel and the thicker the riveted plate.—B. W. Drinkard, in American Gardening.

## MILKING IN THE STABLE.

### A Practice Which Has Many Points in Its Favor.

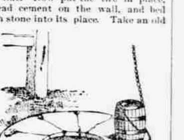
We are asked if we would milk in the stable in summer. The objection is often made to milking in the stable that it is close, hot and dirty, and that the open yard is preferable, even with its annoyances of running cows and flying milking stools. To all this we think these valid answers: First, cows need some kind of an extra feed, of either a soiling crop or a little grain, daily, for there are not thirty days in the year when a feed of some kind will not pay, and the stable is the place in which to feed it. Then the stable wants lots of windows, and a cheap screen over them does not stop the circulation of air and one is not smothered by any means.

The Practical Farmer has hit on several things that help—not new and are of value. The cows are let in the yard for five minutes each time before going to the stable, and that saves about all the summer filth objected to. The cows are fed their dish of oats just as soon as milking begins. As fast as a cow is milked she is loosened and sent out of the barn; then one does not have a hot cow with swinging tail at her back. In the yard is a large tank of water, and the cows, in addition to what they drink in the pasture, take two more drinks from this long box, and are ready to go to the night or day pasture as the case may be; and in this way by having each cow have her own place in the stable, and seeing that she goes there every time, she quickly learns to go there, and a dairyman soon finds that the place to milk a cow is in the stable, and if there is more discomfort there than in the open yard it is his own fault, and can be remedied by a little work, and the result will be a substantial gain all around and dairy work will become one of the pleasantest things of the day, instead of a task that repels instead of invites.—Farmers' Voice.

## GOOD WELL PLATFORM.

### An Ingenious Idea Which Deserves Practical Application.

A stone platform over wells or cisterns is better than one of wood, but flags of sufficient size cannot always be obtained easily, and a pieced one can be made in this way: Take an old wagon tire and lay it down in a smooth place. Get flat stones four or six inches thick; chip them to a triangular form with a stone hammer; round off the end to fit the tire, and put them in until the tire is full. Smaller stones may be put in the next tire now and then if you like. Now put the tire in place, spread cement on the wall, and bed each stone into its place. Take an old dragtooth or the like, drive it into the seams and pound in chips of stone or bits of iron until every stone is fast in its place. Now force cement into all crevices and it is done. The closer the stones fit the better, but you need not be very particular. Stones can be wedged into the holes both between the tire and the stones and into the seams, and the cement completes it all. If a wooden casing is to be fastened to it, put bolts up through the seams with blocks or cleats screwed fast to them. —E. S. Gilbert, in N. Y. Tribune.



STONE PLATFORM FOR WELL.

### For the Protection of Trees.

To prevent sun scald, which is the drying of the bark on young fruit trees, lean the tree strongly toward that point of the compass at planting. In some sections the prevailing wind will in time overcome this inclination. It is advisable also to whitewash the trunks, or even to protect them permanently by tying thin strips of wood about them; for this purpose lath may be used, but they should be tied once or twice each year with fresh t ing material. The whitewash is bene ficial also in killing moss and preven ing the attacks of insects. Labor never wasted in keeping the barks the trees clean and healthy, but work to that end can be success without at the same time securing vigorous growth by proper attention the soil.

## POSTAL POINTERS.

POSTAL notes will cease to exist on July 1.

DURING the last year the postmasters of this country handled nearly 4,000,000,000 stamped pieces of paper.

IT is proposed that postage stamps be numbered so that when stolen from post offices the rogues may be traced.

IN the judgment of First Assistant Postmaster General Jones, as expressed in his annual report, it would require an appropriation of at least $20,000,000 to inaugurate a system of rural free delivery throughout the country. He does not, therefore, believe the extension of the system justifiable.

IN the annual report of the superintendent of foreign mails, made public recently, the assertion is made that the ocean mail subsidy act of March 3, 1891, "has proven a flat failure." On this account $406,927 has been paid, "and for this sum nothing has been realized. There has not been any increased service either as to frequency of trips or reduced running time in consequence of it."

## THE STAGE.

MLLE. CORALIE BRACH, a dancer at the Paris opera, has died leaving $600,000 earned by dancing.

IN Russian theaters, when the auditors desire to express extreme disapprobation, they throw dead cats at the actors.

EMILY SOLDENE, once well known as a burlesque actress in this country, is now said to be a dramatic critic in Australia.

**$100 Reward, $100.**

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THE first lesson in deceit is often taken by going in debt.—Ram's Horn.

## THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, May 14, 1891.

| | |
|---|---|
| CATTLE—Native Steers | $4 20 @ 4 60 |
| COTTON—Middling | 7¼ @ 7⅜ |
| FLOUR—Winter Wheat | 2 75 @ 3 75 |
| WHEAT—No. 2 Red | 60 @ 61 |
| CORN—No. 2 | 41 @ 41½ |
| OATS—Western Mixed | 30½ @ 31 |
| PORK—New Mess | 13 75 @ 14 00 |
| **ST. LOUIS.** | |
| COTTON—Middling | 7 @ 7¼ |
| BEEVES—Shipping Steers | 4 15 @ 4 50 |
| Medium | 3 90 @ 4 35 |
| HOGS—Fair to Select | 4 90 @ 5 20 |
| SHEEP—Fair to Choice | 3 50 @ 4 30 |
| FLOUR—Patents | 2 80 @ 2 95 |
| Fancy to Extra do. | 2 20 @ 2 60 |
| WHEAT—No. 2 Red Winter | 51 @ 52⅛ |
| CORN—No. 2 Mixed | 38¼ @ 38½ |
| OATS—No. 2 | 37 @ 37½ |
| RYE—No. 2 | 48 @ 49 |
| TOBACCO—Lugs | 4 50 @ 11 00 |
| Leaf Burley | 7 00 @ 16 00 |
| HAY—Clear Timothy | 9 00 @ 11 50 |
| BUTTER—Choice Dairy | 10 @ 12 |
| EGGS—Fresh | @ 8 |
| PORK—Standard Mess (new) | @ 12 87½ |
| BACON—Clear Rib | @ 7⅛ |
| LARD—Prime Steam | 7⅛ @ 7¼ |
| **CHICAGO.** | |
| CATTLE—Shipping | 2 75 @ 4 50 |
| HOGS—Fair to Choice | 5 00 @ 5 20 |
| SHEEP—Fair to Choice | 3 00 @ 4 75 |
| FLOUR—Winter Patents | 2 80 @ 3 00 |
| Spring Patents | 3 40 @ 3 50 |
| WHEAT—No. 2 Spring | @ 56⅜ |
| No. 2 Red | @ 56½ |
| CORN—No. 2 | 37½ @ 37¾ |
| OATS—No. 2 | @ 31 |
| PORK—Mess (new) | 12 25 @ 12 37½ |
| **KANSAS CITY.** | |
| CATTLE—Shipping Steers | 3 20 @ 4 10 |
| HOGS—All Grades | 4 80 @ 5 05 |
| WHEAT—No. 2 Red | 51 @ 53½ |
| OATS—No. 2 | @ 30 |
| CORN—No. 2 | 30¼ @ 30½ |
| **NEW ORLEANS.** | |
| FLOUR—High Grade | 2 80 @ 3 10 |
| CORN—No. 2 | @ 48 |
| OATS—Western | @ 43 |
| HAY—Choice | 16 00 @ 16 50 |
| PORK—New Mess | @ 13 25 |
| BACON—Sides | @ 7½ |
| COTTON—Middling | 6⅞ @ 7 |
| **LOUISVILLE.** | |
| WHEAT—No. 2 Red | 54 @ 55 |
| CORN—No. 2 Mixed | 42½ @ 43½ |
| OATS—No. 2 Mixed | 40 @ 41½ |
| PORK—New Mess | 12 62½ @ 12 87½ |
| BACON—Clear Rib | 7⅝ @ 8 |
| COTTON—Middling | @ 7⅜ |

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WORDS are the overcoats of ideas.—Ram's Horn.

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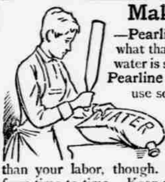

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