THE HUNTED FAMILY.

I suppose that San Francisco is as safe and pleasant a capital to reside in as any in the world now; but it was not so when I first went there—some twenty years ago. It had sprung up like Aladdin's palace on the discovery of gold in California, and as the thousands who flocked thither were too delirious with the yellow metal fever—too wild to get up to the beds of wealth, to think about laws, regulations, or police, every one did what was right in his own eyes; and Vice and Crime went to the wickets together, got hold of the ball, and had a grand in his own to the Angle Savernian with the Angle Savernian w grand innings. When the Anglo-Saxon love of order began to resume its sway, matters grew worse, for the vilest crimi-nals managed to assume the chief authority, and carried on wholesale murder and pillage under the guise of protecting the citizens. This kind of thing could not last long; self-protection necessitated the establishment of lynch law, carried out by a Vigilance Committee, of which I was one of the most active members. I was very young, indeed I ought pro-perly to have been an Oxford freshman at the time; but my poor father took a very harsh view of a little peccadillo I got into, and—ah, well, well!—I was young, I repeat, but knocking about the world matures a man rapidly, and some-how I took a lead, and it was generally considered that I was the principal agent in bringing certain members of the most dangerous confederation in the town to rough justice. This was a band of desperadoes, headed by a clever, daring, enterprising villain, known as Tom Blood—probably a sobriquet, and if so, one as appropriate as horrible. We could not eatch this leader, but we hung up his four most reckless followers. Mr. Blood was aware to whom he was indebted for this spoiling of his game, and honored me with an autograph letter, in which he confessed that it was my hour of triumph just then, but promised to be even with me one day. And he con-firmed this assertion with oaths which might make a Ribbonman's blood run

Some time after that I joined an expedition to Nicaragua, where I happened to become very intimate with a Spanish family. I played chess with the father, the sons taught me how to use the lasso, and the daughter lassoed me herself. So I married and settled—settled literally, not in your sense. I bought land, and sheep, and oxen, and built a house, and led the life of the early colonist who has to clear away the forest before he can plant his crops. It was rather lonely, when one had time to think about it, for our nearest neighbor lived ten miles off, and he was a deadly enemy. The fact was that he and I had both wanted the same land—a fertile tract on the inland slope of the mountains rising to the south of the Great Lake; and I believe that I was unduly favored in the allotment through the influence of my fatherin-law, which was considerable. At all events, the other fellow, Enrico, thought so, and loved me accordingly. Indeed, I happened to be the only "Yankee," as I was considered, in the immediate district, and my matrimonial success had excited some jealousy in Granada. Another matter affected me much

pore. I often had to make the journey o Greytown on business, and on one of caught hold of my pistol, expecting him to shoot, but he didn't. He only smiled, if you call the grimace the fellow made by that name and mid that the control of the contr

replied, as defiantly as possible. But I was startled; I had a wife and child now. The course of events did not tend to reassure me; the country was in a very disturbed state, and Tom Blood, whose name soon began to grow a terror, espoused the political cause which was favored by Enrico, and the two were seen together by one of my brothers-in-

One day I had been out felling trees at a distance, and was returning in the evening, when, about two miles from home, I met my wife, with her baby in her arms, and looking wild. A stranger had ridden up, and asked for me, saying that there was an appointment. She had invited him in and given him food, but his manner was so queer that she took fright, and, making an excuse about attending to supper, had slipped out. Surprised not to see any of our people about, she went to the stable; it was empty! the horse of the stranger being picketed in front of the house,

and our own—gone!
Thoroughly alarmed, she had come to meet me, and now urged immediate flight. I demurred to this—the man might really have come to buy bullocks; but the disappearance of the horses? Queer, certainly; yet it was a serious thing to leave home and property, not to mention the exposure of a woman to a long night march.

I determined to go back, and judge whether her presentiment was well founded. Before we had gone far, however, I saw a glint among the trees in the distance, and threw myself down amongst the brushwood, whispering my

rush in and-"

Here the cold-blooded villain threatened horrors, in language the brutality of which I was thankful for: it prevented my wife, whose acquaintance with English was as yet imperfect, from understanding him.

I recognized the voice of Tom Blood!

They passed on. There was no question now about the necessity of flight. My plan was to cross the mountain ridge, strike the bridle-path, which took the route of the cataract, descend to the shores of the Once down by the lake we were safe; for, though I could not reckon the peodieir own security. The distance was was—for I had to use my ax too often to be able to carry the child—how could she bear it? No use asking that; it of disease by its decay in the water.

Night soon fell upon us with tropical saddenness; and, after we had gone ing a rush for General Schenck's daugh-some five miles, our progress was slow, ters in London.

for I had to clear the brushwood at every step, disturbing many a noisome, deadly reptile, which glided hissing away. We feared them not, for they sought not to harm those who left them in peace; it was Man, Cain-stamped Man, that we

Five hours' work, and the wood grew Five hours work, and the wood grew thinner, huge masses of rock bulging up amongst the trees. Then I was able to take the child, and we pressed on, up, up, toward the summit of the ridge. The trees grew yet sparser, until there were but a few clumps of dwarfed firs here and there; and then we were often forced to halt. I heard the sound of the ever-roaring cataract, and we knew we were roaring cataract, and we knew we were among the precipices. Nothing but the most immediate peril would have justified our pursuing our course by night; for though the path was familiar to me by daylight, it was easily missed in the dark, and there were many places where a false step would be fatal. Then how should our enemies trace us? how guess the route we had taken? We crouched under the lee of a sheltering rock-for at that altitude the air was cold, and my wife was lightly clad— and rested. Fortunately, my flask was not empty, and I had the remains of my midday meal in my pocket; we finished what there was, and watched for the dawn. The baby cried with the cold, and even in that solitude I shuddered, lest the sound should betray us.

Light in the east at last. We hastened on, and soon came in sight of the bridge over the cataract. One of the tributaries of the Great Lake made two leaps here as it rushed along its rocky course-the first, a shorter one of some thirty feet, into a pool where its volume was swelled by the rush of another mountain torrent which sprang simul-taneously from the side; then a terrible, appalling, suicidal dash into the un-known depths. The edge of this waterpaved abyss was broken by a mass of rock which rose above the torrent, and this had been made use of as the centre buttress of a rude bridge. A fragile passage over such a nasty place—merely a couple of poles laid perpendicularly from a peak which actually hang over the cataract, and a few logs nailed across them; then a similar continuation to the further side. But the traveller to the shores of the Great Lake must cross there, or go ten miles out of his way; so that the most delicate nerves must have braced themselves to the passage Of course, we inhabitants thought nothing of it; we hailed the sight of it now

with joy indeed.

Hark! the bay of a bloodhound! glanced along the way we had come, and saw our pursuers—a dozen of them at least, two of them on horseback. "Take the child !- quick !" cried I. Cross the bridge, turn to the left, keep

to the natural steps close to the brink and you are safe!" She ran lightly over, holding the child. I followed as far as the centre rock, and commenced cutting away the main poles of the bridge with my ax, and I doubt whether woodman ever made his tool fly faster or bite deeper. On they came—it was time-work with a vengeance! Not on my wedding-day did I feel half the joy with which I now saw that frail wood-work part, swing back, and flash down the precipice just these occasions f went into the bar of the principal hotel, and suddenly found my. the other balf of the bridge to where principal hotel, and suddenly found my-self face to face with Tom Blood. I to shoot, but he didn't. He only smiled, if you call the grimace the fellow made by that name, and said that he was glad to see me.

"I can't jest pay thet little account we hev together on the nail," he said, "but I won't keep yer waiting long; no!"

"Take your time; I have a receipt in full ready for you at any moment," I replied, as defiantly as possible. But I and slippery. I had cut the wrong bridge! The only remedy was to chop this down, too, and I began to do it. The cloud of spray partially concealed me; but that the villains could make out what I was at was proved by several more pistol-bullets pattering against the rock behind me. But the rascals

> oursuers, and to the side of my brave ittle wife.
> "Safe!" I shouted in her ear, I took the baby from her-my girl, whom you know.

straight. Half-a-dozen blows, and the

few steps took me out of sight of the

Before the heat of the day, we were afe at the lake; on the following morning we crossed to Granada. It was touch and go, though; the bloodhound nearly beat us.

That wretch, Tom Blood, got off scotfree for the time; but I had the pleasure of witnessing his being hanged, six months later. Mrs. Mildmy never liked the old place afterward, though, so I freight, and are gone. sold everything off at an alarming sacri-fice, and went back to California, where I made my pile, as the Yanks say. But I doubt if I should ever have come back to the old country, if it had not given me a sort of disgust to have been hunted like a nigger—hum—I mean like a fox.

How to See Down a Well.

It is not generally known, says the Lancaster (Pa.) Intelligencer, how easy a matter it is to explore the bottom of a well, cistern, or pond of water, by the amongst the brushwood, whispering my wife to do the same and keep the child from crying. Two men rode leisurely up, following the path close to which we lay hid. One of them was speaking:

"Oh, he is strong enough to hold half-a-dozen such as Mildmy. He will seize the bottom, so light as to show the smallest object plainly. By this means we have examined the bottoms of wells are fact dozen when half full or more of him when he hears the whistle; then we | fifty feet deep, when half full or more of water. The smallest straw or other objects can be perfectly seen from the surface. In the same way one can examine ponds and rivers, if the waters be somewhat clear and not agitated by winds or rapid motion. If a well or cistern be nder cover, or shaded by a building so that the sunlight will not fall near opening, it is only necessary to employ two mirrors, using one to reflect the light to the opening, and another to re-flect it down into the water. Light may be thrown fifty feet or a hundred yards cataract, descend to the shores of the lake, take boat, and cross to Granada. downward. We have used the mirror with success to reflect light around the house to a shaded well, and also to carry ple in the small settlement there as my it from a south window through two friends, they were honest folks, and rooms and then into a cistern under the would not see me ruined and murdered north side of the house. Half a dozen by men like Tom Blood, were it but for reflections of light may be made, though Gieir own security. The distance was each mirror diminishes the brilliancy of shoot thirty miles only, but such miles! the light. Let any one not familiar part through tangled forest; part over steep mountain paths. Alone, indeed, I only find it useful, but a very pleasant should have thought nothing of it; but experiment. It will perhaps reveal a how could my wife, burdened as she mass of sediment at the bottom of the

"Titled admirers" are said to be mak-

Spelling Schools,

Have you forgotten them? When from all the region about they were gathered in the log school-house with its huge fireplace yawning like the entrance of Avernus? How the sleigh-bells, big in the middle of the string and growing small by degrees, and beautifully less towards the broad brass buckles, chimed in every direction less had in every direction long before night—the gathering of the class! There came one to school, "the Master." Give him a capital M, for he is entitled to it— Master, and all bundled into one huge red, double sleigh, strewn with an abundance of straw, and tucked up like a Christmas pie, with half a score of buf-falo robes. There are a dozen cutters, each with a young man and a maiden, they two, no more. And there again a pair of jumpers, mounting a great out-landish looking bin heaped up, pressed down, and running over, Scripture measure, with a small collection of humanity picked up en route from a dozen homes, and all as merry as kittens in a basket of wool. And the bright eyes, and ripe red lips that one caught a glimpse of beneath those pink-lined, quilted hoods, and the silvery laugh that escaped the mufflers and fur tippets they wore then-who does not remem-Who can ever forget them?

The school-house destined to be the arena of the conflict has been garnished, boughs of evergreen adorn the smoked, stained and battered walls. The pellets of chewed paper have all been swept from the ceiling, and two pails of water brought from the spring and set on a bench in the entry, with an immemorial tin cup—a wise provision, indeed, for warm is that spelling room!

The big boys have fanned and replen-ished the fire, till the old chimney fairly jars with the roaring flames, and the sparks fly out of the top like a furnace, and as a flame of the battle. The two "Masters" are there, and

swarm ? The ferule comes down upon the desk with emphasis. What the roll of the drum is to the armies, the "rule" is to

his whispering, laughing company. The challengers are one side of the house, the challenged on the other. Back seats, middle seats, low front seats are all filled. Some of the fathers and grandfathers, who could, no doubt, upon occa-

"Shoulder the crutch And show how fields were won," occupy the bench of honor near the

Now the preliminaries. The reputed best speller on each side chooses. "Su-san Brown." Out comes a round-eyed creature, blushing like a peony. Such little thing.

Moses Jones. Out comes Moses, an wkward fellow, with a shock of red hair, shockingly harvested, surmounting his brow. The girls laugh at him, but what he don't know in the Elementary,

what he don't know in the Elementary, isn't worth knowing.

Jane Murray. Out trips Jane, fluttering as a bride, and takes her place next to the caller. She's a pretty girl, but a sorry speller. Don't you hear the whispers round the house? "Why, that's John's sweetheart." John is the leader, and a battle lost with Jane by his side, would be sweeter than a victory without

And so they go, "calling names," un-til five or six champions stand forth to do battle, and the contest is fairly be-

Down goes one after another, as words of three syllables are followed by those of four, and those again of similar pronunciation and divers signification, until Moses and Susan remain. The spelling-book has been e

and still they stand. Dictionaries are turned over, memories are sacked for

"Words of lengthy sound," until, by-and-by, Moses comes down like a tree, and Susan flutters there still, a little leaf aloft, that the forest and fall

have forgotten. Pollysyllables follow, and by-and-by Susan hesitates just a breath or two, and twenty tongues are working their way through the labyrinth of letters in a were out of breath, and could not shoot twinkle. Little Susan sinks into the ruin of the bridge was complete; then a chink left for her on the crowded seat, and there is a lull in the battle. Then all get in solid phalanx by schools, and the struggle is to spell each other down. And down they go, like leaves in winter weather, and the victory is declared for

our district, and the school is dismissed. Then comes the hurrying and bundling, the whispering and glancing, and pairing off and tumbling in. There are hearts that flutter, and hearts that ache; "mittins" that cannot be worn, hopes that are not returned. There is a jingling among the bells at the door, and one after another dash up, receive their

"Our Master" covers the fire and snuffs the candles (don't you remember how he used to pinch the smoking wick with his forefiger and thumb, and then thrust each helpless luminary head first in the socket?) and we wait for him. The bells ring faintly in the woods, over the hill in the valley. The school-

house is dark and tenantless, and we are alone in the dark. Merry, care-free company! Some of them are sorrowing; some are dead, and all we fear are changed! Spell! Ah! the "spell" has come over that crowd of dreamers—over you—over us; will it ever be dissolved? In "the white radi-

ance of eternity?"-B. F. Taylor.

A Vessel's Crew Saved by a Dog. The brig Emma, from Liverpool, was lost one stormy night last winter, near St. John's, Newfoundland. A heavy swell setting into the night, the vessel became unmanageable, and finally went on shore. The cook, an Italian, jumped overboard, with the intention of saving the crew by means of a rope attached to his person, but the surf on the shore cost the noble fellow his life. The captain and crew succeeded in getting on shore, the vessel parting shortly afterward. Here we must record one of those instances of sagreity peculiar to the dog, which are much oftener read of than witnessed so near home. A fisherman, of the name of Mayo, living near the scene of the wreck, with two sons, was aroused from sleep by the barking and scratching of their dog outside the door, and supposing some person was lurking around the premises, they got up, when the movements of the animal attracted their attention, and they followed him to the edge of a precipice, some seventy feet high, at the foot of which the captain and his men had landed. This circumstance saved their lives, for the surf was beating so furious-

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

HOW TO SWARM AND HIVE BEES .- I have kept bees for thirty-one years; have had good luck with them and a great deal of pleasure with them. You have, no doubt, often heard bee men speak of bees hanging out, or in other words, coming out on the outside of the hive and play there for several days. I have had them commence making combs under the hive; for fear that I should lose a swarm I have spent a great many weeks in watching them. Two years ago, I thought, as I was watching them, I could hear them whispering and saying, "Do give us a home." So I went and got an empty hive and washed it out with salt and water and molasses, and set it close by the other hive where the bees were hanging out, took a big pan and a house brush, wet the pan and brush with the sweetened water, then brushed the bees very carefully into the pan and turned it up against the empty hive and let it remain there while I took the old hive away about ten or fifteen feet. Then I returned and shook the pan very gently and the bees all went in and went to work like busy bees, I assure you. I made five swarms in the same way, and I never had bees work better. Last season I had but two swarms; they came out at the same time and settled on a tree close by, and I hived them in the old-fashioned way. I use the square hive, thirteen inches frightened with what would fill her square and fourteen inches high, with a brother with a paroxysm of delight; she pane of glass on the back side, the whole oigness of the hive covered with a slide. For a cap I made a box eight by ten, with a glass eight by ten on the back side, with a slide so I can look in and see when the cap is full. I have a twoinch hole directly in front, under the cap, through which the bees go into the cap. Had I made the above discovery of swarming bees thirty years ago I could have saved hundreds of dollars. For my caps on the same hives I have such a moving to and fro! Will they tin frames seven by nine, filled in with glass, except the lower part, which sets on the main hive, on the two-inch hole. When I take off the cap I have a tin cover to fasten on with little wire hinges. I put the eight by ten wooden caps over the glass caps and putty them down so the millers cannot get in. My hive sets on wire cloth raised one inch, with a drawer under each hive for the millers to work in. I have taken out fifteen

> millers in one morning. USEFUL HERBS,-There should be good collection of useful herbs in every rarden, or in some other place adjoining the homestead. Some persons find the apiary to be an excellent place for growing herbs, as many of them produce an abundance of flowers early in the spring, and all furnish very desira-ble food for the bees. A small bed of each kind will supply the requirements of a large family. The following are some of the most desirable herbs, etc.: Balm-a hardy perennial plant, the leaves of which have a lemon-like odor and an agreeable aromatic taste. They are used for flavoring dishes. A solution of them is beneficial in diseases of the ungs. Basil-the leaves when bruised have the odor and flavor of cloves, and are used for seasoning. Caraway—a hardy perennial plant, valuable for its seeds, which are used in confectionery and also in distillation. Coriander—a hardy annual cultivated for its seeds, which are used by confectioners, druggists and distillers. The young leaves are used in soups and salads. Lavender -a hardy, shrubby plant, of which there are several varieties. It is sometimes used for seasoning, but it is more esteemed for making the distilled water which bears its name. Common marjoram-a shrubby perennial plant, which may be raised from seeds, but is generally propagated by dividing the roots either in the spring or autumn. The young shoots, cut at the time of flowerng and dried in the shade, are used for seasoning. The plant is highly aromatic. Sweet marjoram is raised from seeds sown annually in the spring or early in autumn. This plant is highly aromatic, and is much used both in the green and dry state for flavoring soups, etc. Rosemary is a half hardy, shrubby plant, which requires a light, dry soil and shel-

> tered situation. CULTIVATION OF CORN.—Success in corn growing depends very materially upon early cultivation. If this crop is neglected in its early growth it will not recover from the effects during its entire season of development. With a good start a fair crop at least may be expected, even if no attention is given it after the first of July. The cultivator should be started as soon as the rows may be distinctly seen, and the stirring of the ground should be repeated often enough to entirely prevent the growth of weeds. Every farmer knows that weeds may be very easily kept in subjection if attended to when they first make a start, and that if allowed to get a firm root-hold days of labor will be required to work the same effect that is the result of early attention. The killing of weeds is not the only benefit derived from stirring the soil in the forn field, and even if the ground is entirely free from the pest the plough should not be allowed to lie idle. So much nourishment is drawn from the atmosphere that poor soil will yield a fair return if the land is kept loose. Especially is this so in a dry season. If the horse and cultivator are kept going during a drought of several weeks in the growing season the corn will not appear to be checked in its advance. Loose soil absorbs the dews and dampness from the atmosphere, while a crusted surface will take in but little, and that little will not reach the roots of the growing crop. We have seen corn in early summer suffering for the want of moisture to such an extent that the leaves of the stalks were rolled up, put on an appearance that would follow a refreshing shower by simply receiving a thorough dressing out. If twenty days' work in a field of ten acres of corn will make an increase of one-half in the yield, to what employment can the farmer better give

his time than to this work? BONE DUST FOR POULTRY.-Last win ter I procured two barrels of bone dust, intending to use it for Irish potatoes and other garden crops. My wife ap-propriated some of it for her roses in the ower garden by simply strewing it on the ground around the bushes. fowls, having free access to the garden, were discovered eating the meal very eagerly. Thinking it might be of service to them we gave them some for several weeks, and I assure you it was but a short time before the eggs began to come in such numbers as we had never known before. If a nest was broken up to prevent a hen from setting, it was but a few days before she was laying again, and thus it continues to the present time. One hen has taken possession of a barrel that has some bone meal in it and is laying in the meal. Whether she will lay the barrel full or not time to prevent a hen from setting, it was but a few days before she was laying again, and thus it continues to the present time. One hen has taken possession of a barrel that has some bone meal in it and is laying in the meal. Whether she will lay the barrel full or not time springiled, Mass. to prevent a hen from setting, it was

will show. My wife thinks that care AVOID LEAD POISON. and bone meal are great institutions for her poultry yard, and very extraordina-ry in their effect.

Boys and Girls. Boys and girls are not the same. They are born different, and show it while they are infants. The boy baby is restless and uneasy in his mother's arms. He is never still except when asleep, and even then tumbles from side to side in his crib, with sudden flings of arms and legs. When he grows beyond baby-hood he plays differently. Without ever being told of it, he instinctively turns away from dolls, lays them aside in indifference, and freely gives them to whatever little girl will have them. He demands tops, and marbles, and drums; turns down chairs for horses, lays hold of all the strings in the house for lines, wants all the little sticks made into whips, mounts sofas and drives four in hand; he asks for guns, and wants you to tell him stories of bears, and lions, and tigers, and is amused beyond measure at their leaping upon and eating up cows and oxen. The girl baby is gen-tle, even from the first, and looks quietly out of the blue eyes, or laughingly out of the black ones. She takes naturally to her dolls, and never wearies of dress ing them and arranging the baby-house she is gentle in her plays, and would be brother with a paroxysm of delight; she loves fairy tales, and will not laugh and ask some absurd question about the Babes in the Woods, but rather cries over their sorrows. The sister will smooth pussy, and hold her lovingly in her lap, while the brother wants to see if the cat can jump; and when she tries to get out of his undesirable company, will detain her by the leg or tail. And these same divergencies of disposition and character perpetuate themselves as the boy or girl grows older. There are exceptions, it is true; some boys have all the tastes and gentleness of a feminine nature, and some girls have much that is masculine. We do not regret seeing it in each. The gentle boy will not make any the less noble man be-cause there was so much that was girllike in his childhood; nor will the girl that was, in her rudeness, often called a boy, be any the less, but, perhaps, all the more, a true and lovely woman.

CAUSES OF MODERN DISEASE .- Many of the seeds of disease which seem to spread so much more rapidly, virulently, and fatally, may be found in the pernicious method of heating adopted in houses containing the so-called "modern improvements." Instead of the oldfashioned fireplaces, which consumed a large amount of fuel and caused a current of fresh, pure air from the outside to rush into the apartment through every possible avenue, we now have stoves which burn a small amount of fuel, and the necessary heat is gained by tightly closing the doors and windows to prevent the access of air, or, what is far worse, heated air from a furnace is conveyed to the room and there confined. The result of this effort to conomize fuel is plainly manifested in the pallid cheeks and excitable nervous systems of those who are constantly subjected to its influence.

BURNET'S COCOAINE. The best Hair dressing

New York Markets.

FLOUR AND MEAL—Liberal receipts and a dull trade in flour again forced prices dewn 5 a 10c. 49 bbl, and this concession did not atminiate business. Rye flour weak. Corn meal less active. We quote: Superfine Western and State, 55.35 a \$5.75; shipping extras, \$5.90 a \$6.85; trade and family brands, \$6.50 a \$6.50; southern shipping extras, \$6.00 a \$7; hakers' and family brands, \$7.40 a \$9; rye flour, \$4.75 a \$5.70; corn meal, \$3.40 a \$3.90 for Western, etc., with sales of yellow at \$1.75; Brandwine, \$4.10 a \$4.15.

SUNDRIES—Petroleum was fairly active and high-er for refined, on the spot at 25 %; crude in bulk quot-ed 14 kc. Rosin was firmer at 25 %. Spirits turpen-tine firm at 47 kc. Tallow dull at 2 k a 2 k. Whis-key was active at 2 kc. Freights were higher; to Liverpool by steam, 5 kd. for corn, 5 kd. for wheat. GROCEHHS—Coffee active and higher; sales 5,000 bags Rio, 134 a 154c., gold. Rice dall; Southern, 84 a 94c.; and foreign, 7a 74c. Sugar—Rawactive and firm at 54 a 94c. for fair to good refining; refined a little stronger; hard, 124 a 134c., and softwhite 12 a 124c.

white 12 a 12%c.

PROVISIONS—Pork was firmer and in fair demand; sales at \$15.20 \$15.25 for July, \$15.37% for August, and \$14.50 for January, with fair trade in Jobbing lots at \$15.25 for meas, and \$13 for Western prime mess. Beef dull and nominal. Gut meats in moderate demand and firm. Smoked hams 13% a 15%c. Bacon Jobbing at steady prices; Western long clear, 7%c; city, 8%c. Dressed hogs casier at 5% a 5%c. Lard firm but quiet; sales, at 16%c, for new Western to arrive, and 9% a 10c. for city; also, July at 10%c., and August at 11%c.; prime Western on spot, 11%c. Butter steady. Chesse dull.
GRAIN—Wheat was dull and unsettled; sales at \$4.7 on spot, 114c. Butter steady. Creese duit.

GRAIN—Wheat was dull and unsettled; sales at \$1.70 for spring, and \$1.56 a \$1.70 for amber winter
Barley was itm. Rye dull. Oats were in good demand and firm; sales at \$5 a 70c., for white thio,
and \$5 h a \$7c. for new mixed and white Western. Corn was active at 1c. decline; at 72 a 724c.
for mixed Western, and 75c. for Western yellow. COTTON-The market on the apot was quiet at ke, advance. Sales 25%c, for iniddling uplands, and 19%c, for low widdling. For future delivery active at 4 a %c, higher prices. Sales at 19%c, for Jung, 1913 16c, for Juny, 1918-16c, for August; 19%c, for September; 18%c, for October, and 18%c, for November and December.

vemoer and becember.

Live Stock Market—Prime steers were not plenty, and were held a little firmer, but altogether no material improvement in the market can be reported. Native steers were selling at 10 a 124c. by lb., with a few at 13c.—mostly at 11 a 12c. Sheep and lambs 4% a 6%c. \$\Phi\$ b. for ordinary to prime cheep, and 7% a 10%c. for poor to prime Ismbs, with a few extra Jersey lambs sold at 11c. \$\Phi\$ lb. Dressed hogs 5% a 6%c. \$\Phi\$ lb.

Don't despair because you have a weak constitution. The vitalizing principle embodied in Dr. Walker's Vinegar BITTERS will assuredly strengthen it. In every drop of that combination of vegetable curatives, there is a stimulating, a regenerating, a regulating power unequaled in the whole range of proprietary and officinal remedies. It is to the inert physique what steam and oil are to the locomotive engine. Yet it contains no fiery excitant, nothing but the juices of rare medicinal herbs and roots, intended by the Great Physician for "the healing of the Nations."

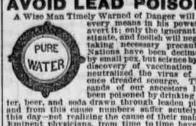
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