

IN MY CASTLE IN THE SKY.

Silver bells gaily chime
In my castle in the sky;
Dreamin', dreamin', all the time
In my castle in the sky.
Free from sorrow, free from care
Happy all the time up there;
Birds are singin' everywhere
In my castle in the sky.

All the chests are filled with gold
In my castle in the sky;
Priceless treasures quaint and old,
In my castle in the sky.
One thing only makes me pine,
Makes the chills creep down my spine,
That is when I have to dine
In my castle in the sky.

—R. B. Garrison.

THE TRAMP'S ROMANCE.

A huge pile of long hickory sticks, a tiny little heap of sawed wood, a long, lazy boy lying in the grass beside the idle saw and buck—that was what the tramp saw as he looked over the high board fence into the barn yard.

"Oh, how I do wish I'd let me go fishin' after dinner, and then I'd finish this wood pile to-morrow! But he won't!"—that was what the tramp heard as at last the big lazy boy got up and went to work again.

"Say, sonny, don't you want somebody to saw that wood for you?" asked the tramp.

"You bet!" responded John, turning around.

"I'm the man will do it, if you'll give me a bite to eat."

"All right," assented John, eagerly. Why not give a poor tramp his dinner, besides securing for himself the promised dime with which to buy fish hooks and such?

Over the fence came the tramp with a bound, and at once began work. He had the appearance of being a happy fellow—and not one bit sad, nor had, nor hungry looking, such as a tramp generally is. He was smiling all the time he worked, or else was whistling, and a millionaire could not have seemed jollier or better contented with his lot in life. He had curly, black hair, a clean shaven face, dark blue eyes, and his clothes were far above the average for a tramp. Johnnie laid down in the grass again and stared at his employee—not that a tramp was by any means a rarity in Duldale, but this one was such a queer tramp.

"Guess you can get me my grub now, sonny," he remarked after a bit. "I'm most through with this job, and as I ate a remarkably early breakfast, and have tramped twelve or fifteen miles, I'm about ready to dine."

Chance favored Johnnie as she does many a worse rogue, so that just as his mother returned from a neighbor's, where she had gone to borrow some little thing for dinner, her scheming son disappeared through the barn yard gate.

"La—that boy couldn't wait till dinner!" exclaimed the good lady as she brushed up the crumbs Johnnie, in his haste, had left behind. "Poor child! he must be hungry." So she poked up the fire, and made everything burn for an early dinner.

Johnnie brought his tramp a cup of hot coffee, and good substantial lunch.

"How long have you been tramping?" he inquired, as the tramp began his meal.

"About six years, I reckon."

"Gee whiz! don't you get awful tired?"

"Stop and rest when I get tired. No, I like tramping first rate, besides something new going on, and, besides, I'm always free to do just as I please."

"Ain't it pretty tough in winter?" was Johnnie's next question.

"I generally steer southward when winter is coming on. I've been in a good many places in these United States, youngster, and I bet I get more fun out of life—more real, honest fun, that don't hurt nobody, than a dozen of these fellows all put together, that stay at home."

"Ye-es," assented Johnnie, "but don't you want to see your folks, nor nothin' like that?"

"No. Ain't got any folks. That don't need to worry me any."

"Yes, but I'd think you would want to stay in one place and get rich and have nice clothes, and all that," persisted Johnnie, who was almost convinced of the glories of tramp life.

"See here, sonny, I've had more money than you ever seen," retorted the tramp, looking toward the house, by which he could form some estimate of its financial standing. "Ten years ago I was worth forty thousand dollars." And the tramp looked impressive.

"My-y stars!" ejaculated Johnnie, catching his breath. "Well, you ain't got it now—what's gone with it?"

"Oh—no need to talk about that," replied the tramp airily. "Had a jolly good time with it, and ain't one bit sorry it's gone. Dress nice? There wasn't a bigger swell in town than me, and I drove fine horses, and all that sort of thing, you know. But when the cash was gone, and you bet I made it fly after I was 21, my aunt, who raised me, didn't have any more use for such as me, so I skipped out, and I've been skipping ever since."

Quite a little pause, then he continued: "Some of these days when I get rheumatics or something of the sort, so tramping won't be so jolly, I'm going to settle down and write a book about where all I've been, and all I've seen. Once in a while I run over some old fellow I used to fly around with at home, and before he gets away from me he will have 'most a notion to take to tramping himself, seeing that I have so fine a time of it." Then he was quiet for a good while, and a pucker settled down over his eyes as he finished his dinner.

"I've only time I ever wished I was

something else was about a week ago, but it didn't last long," he said, as he set aside the basket and cup. "Maybe ten miles from here, I came to a little town, and the first house I come to was a cute little frame concern, all built up new and nice, and made me think that like as not some young couple just starting out in life was beginning there—that kind is always the best to tackle.

"Well, I went around the house, and when I got to the corner, I was just struck to the ground with surprise. There on the back porch, behind the vines, sat the first girl I was ever engaged to!—she was singing and sewing and rocking a cradle. Fact is, I cared more for that girl than I ever did for anybody, and I'd have known her most anywhere. How it come we never got married, we were neither of us of age, so we concluded to wait until we were, which would be about three years. Well, three years is a good long bit, when you're young and full of devilment, so to fill up that time I got to smiling pretty much on one or two other girls, which set her to flirting with the boys, till I was beat at my own game. Then we had a high old racket, for I saw she didn't object to another fellow who wanted her as bad as I did, and it riled me considerable and just ended it for always, for me. I was engaged two or three times after that, but before my money ran out, but it got monotonous, and I couldn't like anybody very long after that. I reckon that if I had had good sense on the start, everything would have been all right to-day, and she would have been boss in my house; and—"

"Thought you wouldn't like to stay here?" began Johnnie as the story teller paused a moment, but he was interrupted.

"I'd have given a quarter to get away, but she seemed to feel me looking at her, for she turned around, and seeing me, looked mighty scared."

"I don't mean any harm, ma'am," says I, "but won't you please give me something to eat? which of course was all I could say, and under the peculiar circumstances it wasn't any more than natural that I'd think of the dozen times I'd danced with that very girl, and took her buggy riding, and kissed her—yes, and hugged her, too!"

"Certainly," says she, "just come here to the step." Then she went in the house and brought out a tray with a napkin on it, which was a little politeness I hadn't known for some time, though for a tramp I generally get treated pretty fair. Maybe she thought it was me, or some sixty-third cousin of mine, for she brought cake and pie, and bread with butter and jelly spread on, some sliced ham and pickles, and some more stuff. Lord! think of it!—when I might have been eating with her three times a day for the last six years.

"Well, I sat there eating what she gave me, feeling like a regular dumb fool for the first time in my life, and looking at her just as much as ever I could without her knowing it. She used to be right plump, and had the cutest frizzes and blackest eyes ever you seen and beat all to be seen, and comical in her sayings. That was eight or ten years ago. She is somewhat thinner now, and her hair isn't frizzed, and she seemed then to be very quiet and steady, but she looked good and happy and contented, for which I was very glad, and I know she wouldn't have looked so much so if she had married me—I guess I'm naturally wild."

"I was as long eating that dinner as I could manage it, but all things has to end, so every crumb got away at last, and I had to go."

"Would you object to telling me your name? I says, looking straight at her."

"Mrs. William Bates," she says, very quiet.

"That's what I supposed it was. Just then a little shaver about five years old, with big black eyes, came walking out on the porch and rubbing his eyes like he had been to sleep. At sight of me he tucks his head in her arm, and looks at me kind of shy, and laughs—one of her old tricks right over again."

"It seems to me I have seen you before," she says, still in that quiet way that made me certain she knew me.

"I'm sorry you said that—Kate," I was going to say, but before I got her name out, I was getting out of that yard quick, for there was a lump in my throat, and a storm in my chest, and I felt worse than I had since she and I said 'tra-la-lee, love!' It's the first time ever I didn't step up and shake hands with an old friend whether they wanted me to or not."

"Seeing there was only that one street, I kept a lookout for Bill Bates."

"Sure enough! There was a store, with the sign, 'Wm. Bates, boots and shoes,' and sitting on a box in front of the store was Bill Bates himself. He was laughing and talking—happy as a clam. I didn't care about looking him in the face, but he stopped his talking as I went past. I felt like hitting him a lick under the chin, and I ain't a fighting man, either. Still, it was all my own fault. Kate had as good a right to flirt as I had, but then I had never counted on her caring more for anybody than for me."

"Johnnie, Johnnie, come to dinner, dear!" called his mother.

"Here—go out of this gate," ordered Johnnie, as the tramp started to reclimb the fence. At the same time he tucked the basket and cup amongst some weeds in the fence corner, and then began energetically jumping up and down.

"Ah—I see—a young schemer, eh?" laughed the tramp as he opened the alley gate.

"I wish I was a—like you," sighed Johnnie, as he hooked the gate. "I'd like to do just as I pleased."

"Better stay at home, sonny. No danger but you'll make both ends meet. Good bye, and I'm much obliged for

your dinner. Maybe we'll meet again some day," and the tramp went his way, whistling as he went.

LAKES OF VITRIOL.

Workers in Its Manufacture Take Their Lives in Their Hands.

The whole world is said to owe gratitude to Widnes, that strange little town on the banks of the Mersey. It is the home of the trade in chemicals.

In Widnes men spend their lives under the most terrible conditions that many of the chemical compounds familiar in commerce may be produced, and a chemical factory is simply an inferno on a small scale.

In some of the workshops the fumes are something awful. They grip the nostrils and throat of the intruder, and he feels that he is being choked and tortured; yet in such atmosphere the daily tasks of thousands of men are carried out.

For instance, in the manufacture of muriatic acid, which is produced by mixing common salt and sulphuric acid, the vapors produced are almost unendurable.

The acid seizes the soda in the salt and liberates the muriatic gas; this flies up glass tubes into water tanks where it is dissolved into acid. It is then distilled in platinum retorts worth thousands of pounds; platinum alone will serve for such a purpose, as earthenware would break and other metals dissolve.

Vitriol is made there by burning sulphur and salt-petre together in long brick furnaces; the weird, bluish flames dart out of the doors when they are opened, and it is the duty of the men to face the awful heat and breathe the vapors while attending these fires.

Vitriol, carbonate of lime, coal dust and common salt are mixed and burnt for some hours, and the white glare given off is almost blinding.

The stuff has to be raked frequently while it burns, and the workmen have to control the process of burning continually. And what is the result? Merely carbonate of soda, the stuff your seditious powder is partly made of, the material also which is used in soapmaking, glassmaking and other trades.

When it has been burned it is put in a bath, and flame is blown on it fiercely, so that the impurities are carried up a flue, and the soda is thrown down in crystals.

But one of the most fearful of all the processes in the conditions it produces is the making of bleaching powder.

You see a lot of men, indifferent, apparently, to the biting, suffocating atmosphere, and neither gasping nor blinking, as the visitor does, stir up a mixture of hydrochloric acid and manganese.

These materials, operating on one another, produce chlorine gas, which is caught and led into chambers partly filled with powdered lime.

The gas acts on the matter, and in course of time transforms it into chloride of lime, or bleaching powder.

The enormous quantities of chemical products issuing from Widnes are scattered to all parts of the globe, and there is always enough vitriol stored in the town to swallow up and consume it.

It is kept in great leaden vats—large enough, as seems, to make a mansion of, and the cheerful person who may, as a great favor, expound the mysteries of the works will certainly remind you that to remain in the neighborhood of these receptacles is to be in constant danger of death, and that to be burned to death by vitriol is very horrible.

One little crack in a vat, or the yielding of a weak place, and the awful liquor would find an exit, and gradually force its way out, until as a torrent it flooded the neighborhood, burning and corroding all it touched.

There is a theory that all the fumes produced at Widnes are deodorized and made innocuous before they leave the flues. But trees find it hard work to grow round the town still, and the odor of a Widnes fog is perceptible at Garston, several miles away. And at that, after a hasty intrusion into the vapor-filled torture chambers, no one need wonder.

The life of the soldier on active service is one of safety and luxurious ease compared with that of the Widnes workman; yet the latter goes about his work cheerfully and uncomplainingly.

Watched a Boy's Heart Beat.

The pulsations of a human heart were watched by scores of trained eyes recently in Exhibition Hall at the Mechanics' building, where were gathered physicians from all parts of the State. Standing between a Crookes tube and a large box in which the observer shut himself out from the sunlight, was a youngster it was something of a "circus," but to the physicians, who, one after another, took their place in the box, it was an exemplification of science. For the X rays laid open to the human eye the interior of the boy's chest, and there, pumping steadily away, was to be seen his heart, every throbbing of which could be discerned so clearly that any irregularity might easily have been detected. So simple is the apparatus required and so startling the results that the physicians became enthusiastic over what they termed the opening of a new era in medicine and surgery.—Boston Globe.

Five years ago Mrs. Katherine G. Reed, of Sisterville, W. Va., was a poor widow, her only possession being a farm considered worthless. Gil was unexpectedly found upon it, the flow was immense, and she has just died, worth over \$1,000,000.

TOWN DESTROYED.

Two Thousand People at Ontonagon Lose Everything.

HARDLY A HOUSE LEFT.

Business Houses, Residences, and Factories Wiped Out by Fire—Loss Estimated at \$1,500,000—Communication Cut Off.

Ontonagon, Mich., was destroyed by fire. Of the city of about 2,000 population hardly a house is left standing. Among the property destroyed is the extensive plant of the Diamond Match Company and 60,000,000 feet of lumber in their yards. Conservative estimates place the loss at \$1,500,000. No lives were lost.

The fire has been burning in the woods southwest of the city for two weeks. It was nearly out when a southwest gale swept it upon the town. At noon it was seen that the city was doomed. A message was sent to Supt. Minturn, of the St. Paul Railroad, at Green Bay, asking for a train to take the people away.

The operator who sent the message was driven away from his instrument by the burning of the building. A train was ordered there from Port, twenty-six miles south. The train reached Ontonagon and took a load of people to Rockland, ten miles away. It left again for Ontonagon for another load, and nothing has been heard from there.

At 5 o'clock the flames had swept through the main part of the city, destroying all the business houses, many residences, the match company's mills, the water works, electric light plant, courthouse, jail, etc. The flames then worked up the river to the rest of the city.

LINCOLN MEMORIAL UNIVERSITY

The Great Institution to Be Established at Cumberland Gap, Tennessee.

The Manufacturers' Record of this week says: "General O. G. Howard and Mr. Cyrus Kehr of Chicago, and others are preparing to establish at Cumberland Gap, Tenn., a great educational institution to be known as the 'Lincoln Memorial University,' in honor of Abraham Lincoln. While their plan includes the general work of a University, they expect to devote special attention to the organization in connection therewith of a great technological school which they hope will take rank as one of the greatest technical institutions in the country. In a detailed statement furnished the Manufacturers' Record by Mr. Kehr, it is said:—

"The institution is to be called Lincoln Memorial University in honor of Abraham Lincoln, the great representative of the common people, and a product of the region in which the university is to be located and an advocate of universal education. Lincoln's ancestors emigrated from Virginia through Cumberland Gap during the days of Boone, and some of his kindred still live in the mountain districts. The university will be the successor of a strong school already established, having near 300 students. This it is proposed to take and develop and broaden as indicated. Arrangements have been for some time pending to expand this work so as to comprise the various courses of a university, giving particular attention to civil engineering, mechanical engineering, mining engineering, electrical engineering, architecture, agriculture, forestry and horticulture."

Large properties have been secured at Cumberland Gap, including some considerable buildings, and the plan of General Howard and others who are interested in the matter, contemplates securing large endowments for this Lincoln memorial. It is stated that General Howard will probably be President of the Board of Trustees.

FOUGHT TILL DEATH.

A Pickle Girl Causes a Duel Which Cost Two Lives.

With their left hands clasped George Pace and Will Morgan shot each other to death near Madison, Fla. A pickle girl was the cause of this remarkable duel.

For several months Pace and Morgan, who were prominently connected, have been paying court to a pretty young woman. The girl showed no special partiality for either, but treated them in such a way as to madden them with jealousy. The three met at an entertainment near Hixdon, and the girl's tactics were more tantalizing than usual.

Soon the rivals were almost crazed by the girl's conduct and Morgan proposed to Pace to step out and settle it. Pace agreed and the young men walked out into the yard. There they agreed to clasp their left hands and to shoot until their pistols were emptied. The rivals lost no time in beginning the duel and soon the crack of their pistols startled the dancers, who rushed out and found Morgan dead and Pace dying.

Each had shot five times each shot had taken effect, and then with hands still clasped they had fallen. The young lady who caused the tragedy was among those who rushed to the scene and heard the dying Pace tell of the duel. She was not much affected and declared she loved neither of the men and that she thought they knew that she was already affianced.

BILL DOOLAN KILLED AT LAST.

United States Officers Surprised the Noted Outlaw at His Home.

A special to the Kansas City Star from Guthrie, Okla., says: "United States Marshal H. Beck Thomas, and deputies are en route to this city from forty miles east, with a body of Bill Doolan, the noted outlaw. They killed him in a battle near Clayton, Payne County. One deputy was wounded. Doolan had been staying with his wife in Payne County since his escape from the Federal jail, July 4, and officers had been watching a chance to surprise him for several weeks."

DISASTERS AND CASUALTIES.

No lives were lost by the fire at Ontonagon, Mich., which destroyed 55,000,000 feet of lumber.

Five French-Canadian fishermen from Berchier were drowned last week off Gros Isle, Gulf of St. Lawrence.

Harold, the young son of Prof. A. D. Morse, of Amherst College, was drowned while playing in the river near the college.

An explosion of gas in New York wrecked the house and destroyed the furniture of M. F. Wynn. The loss is placed at \$10,000.

Lightning struck the North Beach, Maryland Life Saving Station doing considerable damage and stunning three of the crew.

By the explosion of the dry house in the Miami Powder Company's mills near Xenia, O., Charles Figgis and Frank Elche were killed.

An explosion of gas occurred at the Maul coal mine, at Princeton, Ind. Charles Gasmer is missing, and it is feared that he was killed.

A runaway trolley car dashed down the Catochin Mountain near Frederick, Md., and jumped the tracks. About 30 persons were injured.

Nicholas Jenkins, at work on the New Brown hoists at Ashtabula, Ohio, fell from a ladder to the dock, 50 feet below, and was instantly killed.

An express train on the Boston and Maine Railroad was thrown from the track by a defective switch at Concord, N. H. Fifteen persons were hurt, several fatally.

An open switch on the Boston and Maine Railroad, in Charlestown, Mass., caused a collision between a passenger and a freight train. The engineer and fireman of the freight train, R. E. Tucker and Wm. Noyes, were seriously injured.

The British steamer Moldavia ran into an iceberg on the New Foundland banks and sank soon afterwards. The crew took to the lifeboats, and thirty-five hours later were rescued by the steamer Circassian.

A collision occurred between two freight trains on the Pittsburg and Western Railroad at Valencia, near Pittsburg. Three cars of pipe were hurled against the express train that was passing, forcing the coaches over an embankment. Over 20 persons were injured, several fatally.

BOLD BANK ROBBERY.

Over a Thousand Dollars Taken From a Desk in Kansas City, Kan.

Across the line in Kansas City, Kan., an unknown thief entered the branch of the American National Bank during the momentary absence of the cashier, and prying open a desk, secured \$1,000 in currency or more, and made his escape.

Two hundred dollars in silver was untouched by the robbers. The act was most bold and was apparently committed by someone familiar with the premises. The bank is situated in a busy portion of the place, making the robbery more daring.

E. R. Boswell, cashier and teller, opened the bank shortly after 9 o'clock. After counting several thousand dollars taken from the safe he remembered he had a message to deliver to a neighboring business house. He hurriedly returned the bulk of the money to the safe and the rest of it to a drawer in the cashier's table desk.

Across the hall from the bank sat J. R. Stoller, president of the Kansas City Live Stock Exchange. He was only a dozen feet distant and Boswell felt safe in going out.

Although he returned within five minutes, the robbery had been committed without anyone knowing it. The robber had come behind the railing, pried open the drawer, probably with a small bar, taken what currency he could easily carry and carefully closing the receptacle, departed. The exact amount taken is not known and may exceed \$1,000.

MONOACOY REPORTED LOST.

Washington Officials, However, Say the Report is Not True.

It is reported from San Francisco that the United States ship Monoacy has been lost at Tien Tsin, China. The report was received there in a letter from a man-of-war's man on the Yorktown, now lying at Yokohama.

The Navy Department declares the reported loss to be absolutely without foundation. A despatch from Admiral McNaught, in charge of the American fleet in Pacific waters, was received in which there was no mention of any disaster to the Monoacy.

On August 15 the department received a message from McNaught, mentioning the fact that Captain Risinger, of the Monoacy, was to leave on the following day for home. This was two weeks after the date of the reported loss. The vessel at present is in the Tien Tsin River, China, and the water in that strait has been so low for some time that the Monoacy has been stuck in the mud. This fact may have given rise to the rumored loss.

RIOTING AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

Armed Men Invade the Ottoman Bank and Take Possession.

A score of men, armed with revolvers and bombs, invaded the Ottoman Bank, killing a number of gendarmes on guard.

Closing the doors of the Ottoman Bank to prevent the onward advance of the mob, the employees of the bank fled to the quarters in the bank building occupied by the Tobacco syndicate, which has control of the collection of the taxes on tobacco throughout the Turkish empire.

The invaders mounted the roof of the building and from the open windows fired at the police in the street below. The police returned the fusillade in a vigorous manner and several persons were killed and wounded.

The riot then became general. Shops were sacked and bazars invaded and the wildest excitement prevailed throughout certain quarters of Constantinople.

It is reported that the provisional government of Cuba has issued a proclamation ordering the total destruction of property of all kinds and the prevention of any preparation for the coming sugar season.

CABLE SPARKS.

A revolutionary conspiracy has been discovered and frustrated in Gerona, Spain.

The Scotch oil companies have called a meeting to devise ways to meet American competition.

There has been an alarming increase in the number of accidents to tourists in the Alps this season.

The eighteenth congress of the International Literary and Artistic Association opened in Bern, Switzerland.

Two men, claiming to be Americans, have been arrested in Barcelona, Spain, in connection with the revolutionary movement.

Order has been restored in Constantinople. Minister Terrell telegraphed hundreds of Armenians were killed in the riots on Wednesday.

Professor Andros has arrived at Tromsø, Norway, from Dane's Island, having abandoned for this year his attempt to cross the arctic regions in a balloon.

Mr. Alexander W. Terrell, United States minister to Turkey, has notified the Turkish government that the answer of that government concerning indemnity for the attack on missions is not satisfactory.

It is rumored in Rio Janeiro that the entire Italian legion will be withdrawn in consequence of the recent political conflicts in San Paulo between Italians and Brazilians.

The British fleet at Zanibar bombarded and destroyed the Sultan's palace, which had been seized by Sali Khalid, who proclaimed himself Sultan in defiance of British opposition. Said Khalid took refuge in the German consulate. After landing a force of British marines Admiral Rawson appointed Hamoud Sultan. All American interests are safe.

WORK AND WORKERS.

The tin plate strike at Elwood, Ind., has been ended by the company signing the scale.

Thirty-five cotton mills in Fall River, Massachusetts, out of a total of eighty-one, will shut down this week.

The miners on strike at Leadville, Colorado, are armed, and if new men arrive it is feared there will be serious trouble.

The Illinois Steel Company's plant, at Hammond, Ind., has shut down for an indefinite period. Three hundred men are thrown out of employment.

Over 1800 knee pants makers went on strike in New York. A committee was appointed to draw up a new agreement, which the contractors will be asked to sign.

At a meeting of the Kanawha Valley coal operators in Charleston, W. Va., it was decided to notify the miners that beginning September 1, the rate would be two cents a bushel, a cut of one half cent.

Employees of the Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railway system engaged in its train service, with the exception of locomotive engineers, have united under one federation, and will hereafter act together in all matters affecting their common interests.

MARKETS.

BALTIMORE.

GRAIN ETC.

FLOUR—Baltic, Best Pat. 9	@	415
High Grade Extra		375
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	60 1/2	61
CORN—No. 2 White	24 1/2	24 1/2
Oats—Southern & Penn.	22	23
RYE—No. 2	35 1/2	36
HAY—Choice Timothy	16 00	16 50
Good to Prime	15 00	16 00
STRAW—Rye in car lots	10 00	10 50
Wheat, Blotcks	7 00	8 00
Oat Blotcks	8 50	9 00

CANNED GOODS.

TOMATOES—Std. No. 3 1/2	@	65
No. 2		58
PEAS—Standards	90	125
Seconds		85
CORN—Dry Pack		70
Molst.		50

HIDES.

CITY STEERS	5 1/2 @	6
City Cows	4 1/2	5
Southern No. 2	4 1/2	5

POTATOES AND VEGETABLES.

POTATOES—Burbanks	\$ 1 25 @	1 50
ONIONS	1 00	1 15

PROVISIONS.

BOGS PRODUCTS—shls. 2	6 @	6 1/2
Clear, ribbles	5	