Like to that bird am I, Which, when the sky At night A deeper azure grows, No longer knows Delight;

Or like of flowers that one Which loves the sun And gives The beauty of its bloom To him for whom

It lives. Pleasure nor joy to bless Have I unless Your face Over my paper shines And lights the lip With grace

For me your smile is day-The golden ray That climbs Imagination's wall And sweetens all My rhymes.

The flower's fresh kiss And breath; Nor may their nightfall come Till both are dumb In death!

For you the bird's song, this-

-Frank D. Sherman, in the Century.

HIS SISTER.

BY MARY A. DENISON.

"Robert, I found the barn unfastened again to-night, and the rails in the corner pasture down. I declare, you de-serve to be flogged for your carelessness!

"You won't flog me, sir!" said the boy, in a low voice. His face flushed hotly. He had been reading, his hands on either side of his chin; now he pushed his book away, and sat looking doggedly

"Mercy on me!" murmured Grandmother Macy, who sat near the table knitting. "I do wish Jabez wouldn't speak that way!"

Aunt Mary, a visitor from the West, pushed her chair with an impatient movement further from the fire, frowning a little; but Bertha, Farmer Macy's only daughter, a girl of sixteen, looked scarlet, her eyes full of tears.

"I didn't say I would flog you!" said the farmer, harshly. "I said you de-served to be flogged for your carelessness, and so you do. Ever since that "If you only won't mind it, dear, I'll money was left to you, you've seemed to do everything I can to make you happy."

"Father, Robert didn't lock the barn,

came home." Oh. John told him not to, did he?

was the quick rejoinder, and then the and sat de girl was silenced. "I suppose John told to think. him not to put up the rails, also?" the farmer added, as if unwilling to end the controversy.

"John said nothing to me about that;
I simply forgot it," said Robert, sullenly.

"Of course you forgot it! You're al-ways forgetting. If rubber could be tied on to your memory to stretch it a little, it would be better for you. I don't forget: if I did, I wonder where you would

Aunt Mary looked at her brother over her spectacles. Her usually mild face quivered with excitement. "Brother!" she said, in a tone of dis-

"Of course you'd take sides against door. me! The boy has always been excused. His mother made a fool of him, and his sister ditto. By and by I shan't be allowed to speak in my own house."

Robert threw down the book which he had taken up again with an angry ges-ture, and stalked out of the room. He was a tall, good-looking boy of eighteen, large of his age, and clumsy in his move-ments. The farmer made as if he would call him back, but settled himself in his chair again, and frowned.

"The fact is, since his uncle left him

"Silence!" said the old man, testily. 'I tell you he is doing nothing but longing for the time when he is twenty-one, and can put his hands on that money. Castle-building and reading, that's what he gives his time to, and me slaving like

"It's a great pity." said Aunt Mary, and she spoke in her slow, sweet way, so that one could hardly imagine there was the least touch of sarcasm in what she said, "that George didn't leave the

money to you!" "Eh, you think so, do you:" said the farmer, his heavy features lighting up. "Look what I could ha' done with five leases. He'il go off as soon as he gets

"That depends upon how you treat him, my son," said Grandma Macy, looking up and resting her needles. "Treat him!" and the farmer leaned

forward, glaring at them all. "Don't I give him a roof and clothes and food? Would you have me knuckle to the boy. to my own son, because he is coming into possession of a little paltry money?
A pretty father I should be!"

Grandma Macy's needles clicked on, and Aunt Mary looked thoughtfully at the fire. The old-fashioned clock that woods?" had ticked in its ancient corner for over

"Robert!" she called. "Robert!"

"What is it, Bertha? I can't come down again, and —I'd rather be alone."

"But I want to speak to you. Oh, Robert, won't you let me in?"

"It's no use; I won't come down."

"No, you needn't, nobody has sent for you. I—I just wanted to see you!"

"Well, here II am," and the door opened suddenly, so that the girl who was leaning agest it almost fell into ast it almost fell into was leanip the roor recovered herself, howd there looking at her ever, broth bitiful eyes.

knew what to do," she ended with a long-drawn said,

what to do!" was the boy's and he set his mouth sternly, there was in his face a curious blance to the old man downstairs. You won't de anything wrong, bert, I know you won't!" she said, sping her hands. "I'm sure father eans to do everything for the best. Try ot to mind!

"I do try, I have tried, but it's no use. Think I can't see? Father is mad be-cause that money is coming to me, in-stead of him. I wish Uncle George had never left it to me; I could have got along without it. It only makes me wretched all the time, the way father treats me, and I'm tired of it."

"But, dear Robert, every one sees-I mean," she added, checking herself-"you have grandma and me, who love you dearly! Don't that make up to you for these little crosses? Father, though he is so rough, loves you very dearly; he is proud of you, but something has made him irritable of late, and--"

"Yes, ever since Uncle George died and left me that money," said Robert.
"And you know he has been making improvements on the farm. Perhaps he has got into debt."

"Well, that's not my fault," said Robert. "I believe in my soul you wish that money had gone to him or you." "O Robert!"

"Forgive me, Bertha! I know how girls feel about such things, and it's only natural that you should want to help father; but I tell you candidly, if I had the money to-morrow, I wouldn't lay out a cent on this miserable old place. I hate it, and I'm tired of being treated like a child of five years old! All my faults and errors talked over, no matter who is by! I'm not going to stand it any longer. If he can't be reasonable, he must get some one besides me to vent his spite on.'

Robert, what are saying?" "Just what I mean. I won't stand it! It's bad enough to be cooped up in this from her father to Robert, her cheeks old country place, and then to be tyrannized over from morning till night! What good does it do? I can't touch the money till I'm of age, even if I felt like giving it all to him.

"If you only won't mind it, dear, I'll want to go your own way."

"I will go my own way, too!" muttered the bey between his teeth. Bertha's suppose I see how uncomfortable he makes you all feel on my account? Come, with the cold. Take "Father, Robert didn't lock the barn, my candle and go to bed; I've got because John told him not to, till he another, and we'll talk it all over some other time."

Reluctantly Bertha obeyed, waiting How long since John took it upon him-self to issue his orders? I think I am When she reached her room she blew out the one to be obeyed on these premises," the candle, folded a wrapper about her,

> She felt as keenly as Robert did, her father's injustice, but what could she do? She had no mother to go to, and her grandmother was too loyal to her son to blame him in words. She could not talk to her father; he would have turned upon her as he had before, with the bittaunt that she encouraged her brother in his idleness, and excused all his short-comings.

> The clock struck eleven and found her still sitting up, trying to solve this problem, how to keep her brother from any rash act that he would regret in after Straining her ears to listen, she thought she heard the creaking of a

It sained hard now. She could see the tops of the trees moving in the wind,

A sudden terror sei ed her. That certainly was not the rain nor the wind, but the familiar clank of the heavy chain against the front door. She ran to her brother's room, her heart beating heavily, called him, but no answer came. Groping her way to the bed, she felt over Robert was not there-the bed had not been touched.

She could have screamed for terror, but that five thousand dollars," said Farmer Macy, "the boy hasn't teen worth his salt to me!"

"O father, you—"

She could have streamed for this, to master her impulses, and she crept downstairs, to find the front door unfastened. Unheeding rain and wind, she ran out in the darkness to the gate, which was also unfastened. Watch, the dog, was gone-he must have followed his young master.

As loudly as she dared, she called her brother's name, and then, sure that he was by this time out of hearing, she ran back to the house, found a shawl in the hall-closet, and left the house, shutting the door behind her, softly.

The next train was due at half-past

eleven o'clock. Robert must be waiting at the little station in the woods, half a mile away. The rain beat heavily, the wind blew so fiercely that she caught her breath with thousand dollars—and the place needing difficulty. The path was hard to keep. Improvement so much! Yes, even one Occasionally she staggered in among the thousand would set me up! And to thick bushes on either side the narrow think of all that money lying idle, for foot-way, and once something bounded Robert to come into, and spend as he across the road, but before she could nose give way to fright, she felt the cold nose

of Watch against her hand. "O Watch, where is Robert? Carry me to him!" she cried, somewhat re-assured now that she had a protector, Presently she stumbled against the platform of the little station, that rose like a huge, black shadow before her.
"kobert! Robert! It is L Bertha: are you here? O Robert, don't leave

"Are you crazy, Bertha? and such a thing as this! You will get your death-how dared you come through these

had ticked in its ancient corner for over seventy years struck nine.

Bertha had slipped out of the room, gone through the kitchen, and up the back stairs. The wind was rising, and the rain, which had just begun to fall, drove heavily against the window panes on the upper landing. The girl moved on the upper landing. The girl moved dark, toward a door at the further end, through the keyhole of which came a woods?"

'I came after you. Robert, you must the coal would burn. But when they told me that it was a matter that did not admit of an argument, as they had broken-hearied if you do. Can't you when they wet their coal than when they when they wet their coal than when they put it on dry. I was completely nounderly for the further end, through the keyhole of which came a you sto'c out of the house like a thief back stairs. The wind was rising, and the rain, which had just begun to fall, drove heavily against the window panes on the upper landing. The girl moved swiftly down the narrow passage in the dark, toward a door at the further end, through the keyhole of which came a you stole out of the house like a thief

faint light. Here she stopped, and tried the latch of the door. It did not let her in.

"Robert!" she called. "Robert!" say you had run away. O Robert, think, it will be disgrace for all of us—shame,

misery and disgrace." tell you I can't bear it!" he said. and stamped on the loose boards of the "I might as well go now as platform.

"No, not now, for my sake-wait at least till-till I talk to father. What would mother say, Robert? If she sees us now"—she broke down utterly, sobbing utterly as if her heart would break.

"Come or —I'll go back," said Robert, sullenly. "Here, Watch." the dog came bounding to his side. "Stop crying, Bertha—poor little thing, how you shiver! There! there!" he said, softening, as he put his arm about her, "we'll go on the run, to keep you from getting cold-but, mind, I don't promise to stay only I won't go this time."

It was a week after Robert's attempt to leave home and Bertha was very sick. The fright and exposure of that terrible night had brought on a fever.

"I can't think how the child took such a cold," said Aunt Mary, as she came into the living-room one morning.

"From the day she had that miserable chill she has been growing steadily worse. I'm worried about her, and so is the doctor. The poor child in her de-lirium imagines Robert is going away."

Grandma Macy let her knitting fall to her lap, folded her hands and looked sorrowfully into the fire.

"It's two years this month since her mother died," she said, softly. "Where's

"Upstairs, with her-you can hardly get him out of the room. The boy is very fond of her. It is for her sake, I fancy, that he didn't leave home months ago." Aunt Mary little knew how nearly she had hit the truth.

Day after day dragged on and the fever did its work. Robert hardly gave himself time to eat, so anxious was he to be by his sister's bedside. He grew haggard, watching night and day-reproaching himself constantly.

"You'll stay now, won't you, Robert?" she said, feebly, one day. "You won't leave the old home—you won't leave father alone? Father will be different when I-am gone."

"When you are gone—O Bertha" said the boy, brokenly. "Do as I did, when you begged me down there in the old depot, stay for my sake." "If I could, dear-but it isn't as I

say-and -I want you to promise me never to leave poor father -- and when the money comes -help him all you can-will you?"

"I'll do everything you ask me," sobbed the boy. "I'll give him all the the money. I don't want it—without "Don't you think," said Grandma

Macy, very softly, to Aunt Mary, one day, "that there's a great change come over Jabez? He hasn't spoken a cross word to Robert since our little girl came downstairs. And the boy seems like another person,—as willing and chipper about his work as can be."

And Robert was saying to Bertha, who sat, white as a lily, in her little splint rocker, by the window:

"I don't care how hard I work now, and I've told father he small have enough of my money to make all the improvements he wants to. I shall never make a farmer, he sees that now, but I'll find something more to my liking. I have been idle and careless, and probably the money did have something to do with it, but I've changed all that. made up my mind to it when I thought we were going to lose you. O Bertha, if you had died I should never have forgiven myself!"- Youth's Companion.

Street Car Conductors Big Walkers. A conductor on the Broadway line, in New York, estimates that, in collecting fares and in helping passengers on and off the car, he walks at least two miles a day. He goes into detail as follows:"A car is about fifteen feet long. When I walk from the rear platform through the car, turn and come back, I go over thirty-five feet, count ng the turn. I have watched myself often on trips and find that on an average I go as far as the center of the car and back, about twenty feet, fifty times on the round trip. There you have 1000 feet a trip, and eight trips a day make 8000 feet. Every time any one gets on or off a car we help them on, takea step forward and backward. When a woman gets on we frequently follow her part way through the door, so you sec we easily walk two miles a day while on duty. It is the most tiresome kind of walking, too, a sort of a cramped shuffle half the time. Conductors are hard on shoes for this reason."

Ready-Made Clothing Secrets.

"These are our patterns for next winter," said the head cutter in a leading wholesale clothing establishment, as he paused in his work, laid down his heavy shears, and leaned on the long board table. In front of him was a pile of coat and vest patterns cut from heavy paper, and his visitor had asked if they were for summer clothing. "No," he con-tinued, "the men here are just about finishing the making up of our summer stock and it is about all on the counters. In the spring we begin to make our winter goods, and I have got to get out these patterns as I have the time. Our traveling men are all out now with their summer samples, and it will be rather dull with me until we start in on winter clothing again. Go over there and take a look at our cutting machines. With them we slice out twenty coats at once. If you've got time to wait a moment I'll make you a vest."—Chicago Herald.

Mystery of the Burning of Water.

This burning of water is a curious thing. When I went to England many years ago, a perfect novice in matters relating to combustion of fuel, and aw the firemen and engineers pouring bucketfuls of water on their coal heaps just before shoveling the coals on to their tires, I at once told them that they were doing a very foolish thing, for it took a lot of heat to drive off the water before

SABBATH SCHOOL.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON FOR REBRUARY 10.

Lesson Text: "The Fierce Demoniac," Mark v., 1-20-Golden Text: Mark 5, 19 - Commentary.

After speaking the seven parables which are fully recorded in Matt. xiii., one of which, as given by Mark, was our lesson a week ago. He went the same day at evening into a boat to cross the Sea of Galliee to the other side and as they sailed He fell asleep, but a great storm arising, they awoke Him, and with a word: "Peace, be still," He rebuked the winds and the sea, and there was a great calm. He also said to the disciples: "Why are ye so fearful? How is it that ye have no faith?" Now, if the spirit of Christ is in us, why, indeed, is it that we are so often fearful instead of peaceful, and seem to know so little of His power?

1. "And they came over unto the other side of the sea, into the country of the Gadarenes." The ruins of the city of Gadara are about two miles in circumference; it was on the east of the Sea of Galilee, sixteen miles from Tiberias, and was captured by Vespasian on the first outbresk of the war with the Jews, its inhabitants massacred and the town reduced to ashes. The most interesting remains of Gadara are its tombs, which dot the cliffs for a considerable distance round the city. The Saviour certainly knew what He was crossing the sea for, and inasmuch as this fierce demoniac seems to have been the only one directly benefited, He must have gone there to rescue him as a trophy of His power over the adversary. We do well to remember that this great enemy, the devil, is as active as ever to-day in seeking to destroy both souls and bodies, and that the Son of Man is the only one who can deliver from him.

2. "Immediately there met Him out of the

of Man is the only one who can deliver from him.

2. "Immediately there met Him out of the tombs a man with an unclean spirit." The prince of the power of the air had withstood Him on the sea and now meets Him on the land, but "the Lamb shall overcome." This seems to be the worst case of demonism on record, and yet Jesus was victor.

3-5. Here is a description of the man, his dwelling place and his conduct. Matt. viii., 28, says that he was so fierce that no one could pass by that way. He must have been growing worse, for some men had approached him and again and again bound him with fetters and chains, but he had broken them all and his case seemed utterly hopeless; none could tame him, and his days and nights were spent in crying and cutting himself with stones. The demon-possessed of our day prefer to live in houses and destroy property, and cut and kill others rather than themselves.

and cut and kill others rather than themselves.

6. "When he saw Jesus afar off, he ran
and worshiped Him." The man in his affliction seems to know that here is help for him,
and he runs to seek it and not in vain. Many
afflicted ones who are troubled by a spirit of
anger, or envy, or unrest, or lust, and are
being consumed and destroyed thereby yet
longing in vain to be delivered, would soon
be healed and delivered if they would only
run to Jesus.

be healed and delivered if they would only run to Jesus,
7-8. "What have I to do with thee, Jesus,
Son of the Most High God?" The man ran to Jesus, but the spirit in him cried out against Him. It is often the case, perhaps in some measure always, that when one would come to Jesus for salvation, or deliverance from besetting sin, the evil spirit within cries out against it and still says: "I will not have to do with Jesus."

"I adjure Thee by God that Thou torment me not." The reason of their cry was that Jesus had said: "Come out of the man, thou unclean spirit," and nothing can withstand

"My name is Legion, for we are many."

9. "My name is Legion, for we are many."
A legion in the Roman army numbered, at its full complement, six thousand; the word legion evidently signifies a very large number. If a legion possessed this one man, how many must there be altogether?

10. "He besought Him much that He would not send them away out of the country." Luke viii., 31, says "that He would not command them to go out into the deep." Now, if by the deep they meant the Sea of Galilee, their request and after conduct would seem strange indeed; out the Revised Version helps us by translating "abyss" inwould seem strange indeed; but the Revised Version helps us by translating "abyse" instead of "the deep." The word is used seven times in Revelation (Rev. ix., 1, 2, 11; xi., 7; xvii., 8; xx., 1, 3) and in Luke viii., 31; Rom. x., 7. In the R. V. it is in all these places translated "abyse;" in the A. V. it is everywhere in Revelation "bottomless pit," and in the other two places "the deep." The request of the demons, then, was that Jesus would not shut them up in the abyss or bottomless pit.

would not shut them up in the abyss or bottomless pit.

11-12. "All the devils besought Him, saying, Send us into the swine." They prefer a
human residence to a bestial, but a bestial
rather than the abyss. What union there is
among them, they all besought Him; and notice the "I" and "my" of verses 7, 9; although legion they speak and act as one
demon. What would not such union among
Christians accomplish:

among them, they all besought film; and notice the "I" and "my" of verses 7, 9; although legion they speak and act as one demon. What would not such union among Christians accomplish?

13. "And forthwith Jesus gave them leave." Matt. viii., 32, says that He said unto them "Go." Luke viii., 32, says that "He suffered them." The devil and all His demons are only servants after all; they cannot move without permission, and must obey when Jesus speaks. All the mystery of His first entrance into this world, with His power in it ever since, will some day be made plain, and meanwhile we will rejoice in the Lamb who shall overcome him and obey Him with all our hearts promptly.

14. "And they that fed the swine fled and told it." They were now out of a job, and went off to tell how it came about; they told it as they went along and in the city, and they seem to have lost no time about it. When Jesus finally destroys the works of the devil, what a host there will be out of employment; but those who follow the Lamb shall serve Him day and night forever and ever.

14-17. "And they went out to see what it was that was done, and they come to Jesus." Matt. vii., 34 says that the whole city came out to meet Jesus. What a sight this is; here is a multitude of men, women and children who have for the time being left everything and gathered unto Jesus, their Creator, ready to be their Redeemer, and will surely be their Judge, but they know Him not. In the midst, at the feet of Jesus (Luke vii., 33), is the man known and feared by them all, the terror of the place; but what a change; he is sitting, and clothed and in his right mini. Those who kept the same instant all their swine became uncontrolable and rushed into the sea and well; but at the same instant all their swine became uncontrolable and rushed into the sea and were drowned. What will those Gadarenes now do? Here in their midst is the Healer and the healed; their eyes see them both—it is all real—the man is well; are there no more sick ones in Gadara, are there now homed bad cast out the legion of devils who oped Him, but the will of man turns Him

his benefactor.

19. "Howbeit Jesus suffered him not."
The domous and the Gadarenes got their requests, but this man's is denied. Learn from this that answers to prayer do not always indicate love, nor denials anger. To be one with Him and rest in His will is everything.

20. "He departed and began to publish in Decapolis, how great things Jesus had done for him." We are saved to be his witnesses, the sait of the earth, the light of the world, vities on a hill, fruit bearing branches, living epistles: and to this end He gives to each

believer His Spirt that He in them may bear witness to the truth, that is Jesus.

"All men did marvel." They might do that till doomsday and not be saved; it is only receiving, believing, that saves, so believe and keep right on believing.—Lesson Helper.

THE SAMOAN ISLANDS.

Their Location, People, Products and Religion.

With all the talk about Samoa, there are scores of people who haven't the least idea where it is. Samoa is a group of nine inwhere it is Samoa is a group of nine inhabited islands called the Samoan, or Navigators' Islands. They lie in the South Pacific, 400 miles northeast of the Feejee Islands. They were called the Navigators' Islands by Bongainville, who visited them in 1768, from the skill with which the natives propelled their canoes.

There has been no very late census, but the population of the whole group is probably not more than 50,000,

Tutuils is a thickly settled island, and has a good port—Pango-Pango—on its southern coast. The commerce of the islands is small, and the German and English ships are chiefly engaged in its carrying trade, a very small portion falling to the United States, though Commodore Meade, by a convention with the natives in 1872, took the harbor of Pango-Pango under the protection of this country.

Pango-Pango under the protection of this country.

In 1873, General Grant sent a special agent to the islands on a mission to the natives, who wished the whole group to be put under the protection of the United States. Two years later a native King was elected and Steinberger became his prime minister.

The natives are finely built, the men averaging five feet ten inches in height, and the women being remarkably graceful and symmetrical. Their tint is a clear olive and their hair is black and straight.

The largest island in the group is Savaii, which has not yet been fully explored. The climate is very even, though rain is pretty equally distributed through the year, the winter months of January, February and March abounding with heavy rain storms and northern winds.

Dried meat of the cocoanut, timber, tropical fruit, sugar-cane and tobacco are the

Dried meat of the cocoanut, timber, tropical fruit, sugar-cane and tobacco are the chief staples. Horse, cattle and swine have been introduced into these landa.

The old religion of the natives acknowledged one great God, but admitted several minor deities, especially war gods, who were more venerated. At present all the Samoans are nominal Christians, at least, consisting principally of Independents and Presbyterians. There are some Wesleyans and a few Catholics.

terians. There are some Wesleyans and a few Catholica.

Ten thousand tons of coppra, or dried coccanut meat, are shipped annually, mainly to Hamburg. Godeffroy & Co., merchants, of Hamburg, control most of the trade. They have several cotton plantations at Apia, the chief town of the island of Anuu. It is the next best port to Pango-Pango.

Among the imports of the island are lumber from California and Oregon.

BIG FIRE IN BUFFALO.

Forty Buildings Destroyed, Causing a Loss of Over \$2,000,000.

The most extensive fire that ever occurred in Buffalo, N. Y., started at 2:45 in the morning on the fourth floor of the five-story Root & Keating building at Carroll and Wells streets. The flames quickly reached the top story and roof, and also worked their way down to the lower stories, and by 3 o'clock the building was a seething mass of flames. The whole city was illuminated almost as bright as day, and people living three miles away were awakened by the brilliant reflec-tion on the windows of their houses. The fire extended steadily and rapidly along the east side of Seneca street, gutting the Broe-zel House. zel House.

The official records show that the wind

naintained a velocity of thirty miles an hour, and at times between three and four o'clock, reached thirty-five miles. The fire spread in all directions, but chiefly to the northward and eastward. Wells street is a complete desert from Seneca to Exchange streets—an appalling chaos of brick, twister At about noon a number of firemen were at work in the runs at the rear of the Arling-ton liotel, when the western wall of the rear

extension fell without any warning Moest, Foreman of Engine 2, was struck on the lead by some of the bricks, receiving a bad scalp wound and being otherwise injured. Dominick R. Marion, of Engine 10, was buried in the ruins.

The total area included in the burned dis-

trict is roughly estimated at seven or eight acres, and the total number of buildings de acres, and the total number of buildings destroyed or gutted at forty. The principal losses are figured about as follows:

Root & Keating, \$250,000; their tenants, \$200,000; S. S. Jewett & Co., \$200,000; Broezel House, \$160,000; Sibley & Holmwood, \$150,000; Fowler & Sons, \$00,000; D. F. Egan, \$40,000; Sidney Shepard & Co., \$50,000; Arlington Hotel, \$40,000; A. T. Kerr & Co., \$30,000; Strootman building and tenants, \$500,000. The losses on Exchange street are \$75,000; on the north side of Seneca street, \$20,000; other losses \$150-000. This would make a total of \$2,785,000. While busy at work Chief Hornung, of the Fire Department, had one of his wrists badly cut by pieces of failing glass. He had the wound dressed and returned to his post of duty. As to the origin of the fire nothing definite could be ascertained. definite could be ascertained.

King John, of Abyssinia, is making preparations to fight his vassal, King Meneick, of Shoa. Meneick can put 80,000 soldiers in the field armed with guns and lances, and makes his own gunpowder.

THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK.

Lambs 5 00 @ 7 00
Hogs-Live 5 45 @ 5 75
Dressed 694@ 734
Flour-City Mill Extra 5 00 @ 5 20
Patents 5 00 @ 7 00
Wheat-No. 2 Red 95% @ 96%
Rye-State 55 @ 59
Barley-No. 1
orn-Ungraded Mixed 37 @ 48
Oats-No. White @ 391/4
Mixed Western 28% (2) 32
Hay-No. 1
Straw-Long Rye 00 62 80
ard-City Steam @ 6.85c
Butter-Elgin Creamery 28 @ 20
Dairy fair to good 18 @ 23
West, Im. Creamery 16 @ 22
Factory 13 @ 19
Cheese-State Factory 121/6 121/
Skims-Light 936@ 9%
Western 10 @ 12
Eggs-State and Penn 16 @ 1614
BUFFALO.
Steers-Western 3 25 @ 4 0)
Sheep-Medium to Gool 4 25 @ 5 00
Lambs-Fair to Good 5 50 @ 6 00
logs-Good to hoice 1 orks 5 20 @ 5 51
Flour-Family 5 0) 62 5 25
Wheat-No. 2 Northern 68 1 06
orn-No. 3, Yellow 373/60 38
ats-No. 2, White @ 3114
Barley-State 68 68 50

Flour—Spring Wheat pat's. 6 50 @ 7 10 Corn—Steamer Yellow...... 4614@ 47 Onts—No. 2 White..... 5" @ 33 46)4@ 3° @ 63 @

WATERTOWN (MASS.) CATTLE MARKET. PHILADELPHIA

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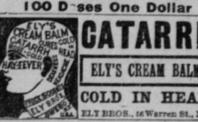
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