Uz Gaunt's Snake Story.

From Dr. Abbott's Ramble's Around Home.

"Well, as a sort of a text to my discourse, let me say, when a snake's runnin away from you, you can measure it by inches, but when it's comin' after you every inch is a foot long. That' how one feels about it.

"Now, when the June fresh' was over the meadows, and everything that wasn't a fish was afloat I was busy after ducks and anything else worth shootin'. Well, one morning, as I was floatin about, seein' more curious objects at a glance than I ever did before or since, my eyes rested on a big water snake lyin' full stretch on a fence rail. He was a whopper, now, I tell you. The rail was eleven foot long—I measured it—and the head of the snake was at one end and the tail mighty close to the other."

"Are you sure of that, Uz?" I asked, doubtingly.

"Don't interrupt, boy; that's the easiest part of it," Uz continued. "Well, I wanted the skin of that snake just to show folks, so I blazed away. I aimed at the middle of the snake, and no sooner than I'd pulled the trigger when all of a sudden about a hundred snakes raised up on that rail and seemed to make for me. I came near upsettin the boat. I was so taken aback. What I'd seen wasn't one big snake at all, but a whole swad of 'em, and they had just twisted 'round each other like strands of a rope and lay there, baskin' in the sun, on that fence rail. So soon as I had taken it all in I laughed right out, and wasn't scared a bit then; but, boy, I wasn't out of the woods, by a long shot. Now here comes the toughest yarn you ever heard from me, at least you'll think it a yarn."

"Indeed I will not," I said, very earnestly.

"You say so now, but never mind and let me have all the say for awhile," Uz contianed, and I acquiesced by a nod of the head.

"Well, I was gazin' 'round at the snakes that were swimming all about, and some of 'em were climbin' back on the fence rail. There were lots of 'em, big and little, and every sort I ever saw about here, I believe. Not wantin' any, I turned off and sculled toward Swan Island flood gates. I found there was a big hollow buttonwood lodged right acoss the gates. I sculled up close to it, expectin' to see somthin' in or about it, for everything afloat then, you know, had its living freight. I held my gun ready, thinkin' there might be a mink or otter around, when, just as I was scrapin' against the tree, down rattled a whoopin' big snake into the boat, and another followin', and another and another after them, for all I know. I pushed off quick as I could, but was kind o' tangled in among the branches at the time, and before I got loose there were three thunderin' big snakes coiled up in the bottom of my canoe. I eyed 'em pretty close, and didn't recognize 'em. They had the look of the common puff-adder or 'hog-nose,' as you call 'em, but didn't look the same. They were most too big, and seemed to be spotted in a different way. Perhaps they were all right and harmless, but I didn't like their looks. In a minute I made up my mind to get rid of 'em if I could, and lifted my scull out of the water. One of 'em, coiled up nearest to me, raised his head as I did this, and set his tail a-buzzin' like mad. I heard the sound clear and clean, and saw that the critter was a rattlesnake. I gave one look at the other two, and they was the same. There I sat in the stern of the little boat with three rattlesnakes eyein' me and not one of 'em six feet off; don't quite remember just what I did, but somehow without accident got the scull back and started on. Either the near snake by his looks told me, or something else did, that if I put for dry land, they wouldn't make trouble. Now it's a good half mile to the hillside from the Swan Island gates and I took a straight course, I tell you. Big fool that I was for bein' so frightened; didn't keep much of a look ahead, and 'fore I knew it went bump into a big saw log that had come down the river. The boat came to with a jerk and up-raised every one of them snakes fully a foot or more and didn't say anything, but looked at me as much as to say, "Do that again, Uz Grant, and your goose is cooked.' I hadn't control of my scull as I generally have, but somehow I made out to get movin' again. Luck was against me somehow, and I got into a tangle of grass and brush, but didn't come to a stand-still. One of the snakes, though, didn't like the sound of the boat's bottom gratin' over the brush, so it raised up and coiled on a box that was lyin' at my feet. He settled on that box with one lap of his coils restin' on the toe of my boot. I didn't dare to stir. All of a sudden that foot began to tickle like and I wanted to wiggle my toes, but didn't dare to. Then that leg got to sleep, and I couldn't shift it. It hadn't any feelin' in it, and I felt as though I'd tumble over on one side. It was no use; there was that one snake on guard like, and it was evident to stir was certain death. The boat didn't seem to move ahead worth a cent; I kept my scull goin' but it didn't send the boat spinnin' along as I've often done when chasin' a wounded duck. But I did come up to the shore in time, right close by the Pearson house on the hilltop, and somehow everything came to me all of a sudden as the boat grated on the sand. I gave a jump, clearin' the length of the boat and made for the hilltop. 'Uz, you're a fool,' I said to myself before I'd taken many steps and came to a stop. There I was free as air, yet runnin' as though the snakes was after me. Soberin' down a bit, I walked back toward the boat, and peered 'round very careful, I tell you. There was no sign of the snakes on land and I went close up to the boat. There the three vermin were, sure enough. I didn't know just what to do; I'd left my gun in the boat, besides, forgettin' all about it in my hurry; besides, I couldnt have shot anyhow without hurtin' the boat, and it was my new cedar skiff. Thinkin' a minute I cut a stout saplin' and getting near enough I gave one of them a pat on the head and straightened him out, and then tackled t'other two. They didn't show any fight, and I got through all right and gettin' in my boat again I pitched 'em out on the sand. Somehow they'd a sort of natural look, now they were dead, and lookin' closer, hang me if every snake's tail wasn't as smooth as a whip-lash! Oh! but I was mad. To think of bein' scared out of my wits by next to nothin', for every one was a harmless adder. From then till now I've hated snakes, and always shall."

I laughed at his story and he joined me so far as to smile, for Uz never laughed aloud, I believe.

"I never supposed you saw anything that far wrong, Uz," I remarked, after a pause.

"I don't often, I believe; but when it comes to snakes, I'm sure of nothin'. It's with me, when I see snakes, as with many people who see commoner sights. I jumped at a conclusion, and being conceited, thought I never could jump in a wrong direction. Fact is, you've got to stop a bit and consider, whatever you do. With most of us it's a good deal like walkin' over Watson's meadows. Often greener grass grows on quicksand than the stiff dirt; but it don't do to walk on it, nevertheless."

The Transplanting Season.

The autumn season for transplanting trees will soon arrive, and all discussions as to whether fall-planting or spring-planting is best will give way to the fact that large numbers are set out, and how best to do it will be the great question. There is always one thing in favor of fall-planting, and that is, that whether it is in all cases the *best*, or not quite the best, there is so much to be done in the spring that is is a great gain to get all out of the way that can be done at all; hence what can be set out leaves us so much more free to work in the next busy season. However, it is well to remember that there is more to be done in the way of precaution at this time of the year than in any other.

It is well-known now that when trees of the regular planting size die in the winter season after transplanting, it is because the moisture is dried out of them by winds and frosts. The roots—more or less mutilated, as the roots of transplanted trees must necessarily be—cannot supply the waste as well as the tree not transplanted; hence, the planter's great object should be to check or guard against the waste of the tree's juices as much as possible. One of the best things is to plant as soon after the leaves are ripe as possible, and in this way the several roots have a little time to heal over before frost, and thus can play a better part in the system of waterworks. Then again something can be done in the way of trimming back the weak twigs and shoots which generally get killed anyhow, but do not die until they have played an important part in the great water-waste. Another matter of gain is in keeping the roots as much as possible from the frost. If the roots have to supply the waste of sap which goes on in the winter time, they will surely be better able to draw moisture out of unfrozen than frozen ground; and frost can be kept out considerably by mounding the earth somewhat up about the stem, and drawing it away as soon as the cool weather is gone in spring. This plan also operates against the tendency of plants to become drawn out by frosts, and is often done by planters without a thought as to the double benefit. Some people put a heavy mulch over transplanted trees in order to keep out frosts, and this is an excellent plan where there are no mice about, as there is danger of having the tress girdled.

Evergreens, having so large a mass of green surface, from which moisture escapes by drying winds usually suffer much more than deciduous trees; but Nature seems to have done her best to make up for this by giving them a greater share of roots. It is perfectly wonderful to note the immense mass of roots with which a spruce or an arbor-vitæ is furnished in comparison with the number of any deciduous tree; yet with this extra advantage we all know how the winds in winter "whip" a newly planted evergreen. This also requires that they should be more firmly staked.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

A Solid Home Virtue.

Economy is a virtue which is needed everywhere. No matter if persons are rich or have large incomes, they should be economical. To waste is wicked. There are better ways to spend money and goods than to waste them. It is the poorest use they can be put to. Many people would be economical if they knew how. It is an art to practice economy. To do it well one must know the art. All can have it if they will. It is an arithmetic. It is the conclusion of numbers. All must live well, but how to live best at the least expense it is the work of figures to tell. We must count the cost of ways and compare them. Many people use expensive articles of food and dress when cheaper ones would be in every way better and more serviceable. Especially in regulating the table expenses is there a great want of economy. A little useful information concerning the qualities of food, the amount and kind of nutritious matter they contain, the wants of the human system and the best way of cooking, would often save fully one-third, and, in many instances, half the expense. A wise economy in table expenses is favorable to health, and in this way saves time, drugs, expense and doctor's bills, flesh, strength and happiness.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25c per box.

For sale by C. N. Boyd. june20

Unprofitable Advice.

Honest Farmer—"These here agricult'ral papers don't know nothing. Anybody might see they was edited by city chaps."

Mrs. Honest Farmer—"What are they saying now?"

"Why, this paper says that on wet days, when a farmer can't work in the field, he ought to mend tools, oil the harness and pick out the decayed fruit and vegetables in the cellar."

"Well, it seems to me that's pretty sensible."

"Sensible! Why, what on earth is the use of picking out the decayed fruit and vegetables when it's so wet you can't take 'em to market?"

A Sensible Man

Would use Kemp's Balsam for the throat and lungs. It is curing more cases of coughs, colds, asthma, bronchitis, croup, and all throat and lung troubles, than any other medicine. The proprietor has authorized C. N. Boyd to refund your money if, after taking three-fourths of a bottle, relief is not obtained. Price 50 cts. and $1. Trial size free.

KING OF THE PORK BUTCHERS.

Something About Armour, the Man who Recently Reaped a Harvest of Gold.

Chicago Letter in the Galveston News.

A middle-sized man, with shoulders solid and broad enough to belong to a shoulder-hitter, was making his way across Washington street.

"The most talked-of man in the West," said a man at my elbow.

"Who is he?"

"Phil Armour," was the reply. The pork king's figure is worth looking at. One marvels in the first place where in the world the great operator got such a muscular frame. A large, square head, sits well upon the shoulders. The face is pleasant, broad, firm-looking and clean-shaven except for small side-whiskers under the temples. While he was getting across the street from a restaurant to his office a half a dozen people recognized him and spoke to him. It was a remarkable transaction, this last great deal of Armour, the cleverest and most profitable, say the provision crowd, since the gigantic one of 1879, which involved the pork of the whole globe, and netted a profit of $3,500,000.

Armour is a great trader, not a bizzarre speculator, nor a millionaire by crooked manipulation of railroads, nor a rich man by the possession of an easy monopoly. With the 10,000 men in his employ, with the lieutenants he so successfully selects, he annually distributes $40,000,000 worth of food products, undersells most of his competitors and controls the markets of the world. Because in two or three great struggles between him and speculators who thought to compass his ruin he routed his speculative adversaries and made vast sums of money out of them, he is popularly set down as a great produce speculator, but he is not merely a speculator.

"I have got 10,000 men in my employ, and my business supports 50,000 people, the wives and children of my men," he likes to say. "I have an agent in pretty nearly every good-sized city in Christendom. I have got 150 men in my office keeping my books and making out bills. I am no speculator; I buy on the speculative market—not to sell again on the speculative market, but to distribute to the people, who eat up the property."

A Chinese Barber.

"Wong Chin Foo" in a letter from New York to the Chicago *News* says: At 22 Mott street is the only Chinese barber in New York. He rejoices in the name of Ti Chow and in the possession of a lucrative business. His little shop is filled the week long, but on Sundays and Mondays it is overcrowded with patient and long waiting customers. For the Mongol knight of the razor is a far greater artist than his American cousin. He comes, indeed, very near to the barber of four centuries ago, who to tonsorial knowledge added skill as dentist, doctor, chirographist, oculist and surgeon. In China he has but low caste, receiving only four cents for a shave; and money in China measures things as well as in Wall street. Here he receives from 50 cents to one dollar.

Chinese shaving is a slow process. The customer seats himself erect upon a stool, with the knowledge that an hour must pass before he is released. The barber opens fire by carefully washing the victim's face, throat, head and ears with warm water, either plain or perfumed. He then begins shaving the head, beginning from over the right ear and moving toward the left until the forehead and lower part of the back head are cleaned. He then passes to the face and afterward to the neck. The ears are then shaved and thoroughly cleaned. This is done with delicate instruments that in appearance suggest a dentists implements. The face, head and neck are then rubbed until the skin assumes a healthy pink. The second part is somewhat like the Swedish movement-cure. The barber begins to turn and manipulate the head and neck until every chord and muscle has been stretched, pinched, and pulled. The shoulders, arms, and back are then pulled and pounded until the victim expresses a desire to stop; the queue is then unbraided, cleaned, combed and rubbed, and again braided and put in place. Occasionally the hands and feet are then washed and rubbed, and each toe and finger pulled until it cracks. They are then dried, perfumed and rubbed until the blood circulates in every capillary.

A Great Surprise

Is in store for all who use Kemp's Balsam for the throat and lungs, the great guaranteed remedy. Would you believe that it is sold on its merits and that each druggist is authorized to refund your money by the Proprietor of this wonderful remedy if it fails to cure you. C. N. Boyd has secured the agency for it.

Price 50 cents and $1.00. Trial size free.

In Scotland they have narrow, open ditches, which they call sheep drains. A man was riding a donkey one day across a sheep pasture; but when the animal came to the sheep drain he would not go over. So the man rode back a short distance, turned and applied the whip, thinking of course, that the donkey, when going to the top of his speed, would jump the drain. But not so. When the donkey got to the drain he stopped, and the man went over Mr. Neddy's head. No sooner had he touched the ground than he got up, and looking his beast straight in the face, said: "Verra weel pitched; but then, hoo are ye going to get ower yersel?"

A Great Discovery.

Mr. Wm. Thomas, of Newton, Ia., says: "My wife has been seriously affected with a cough for 25 years, and this spring more severely than ever before. She had used many remedies without relief, and being urged to try Dr. King's New Discovery, did so, with most gratifying results. The first bottle relieved her very much, and the second bottle has absolutely cured her. She has not had so good health for thirty years."

Trial bottles free at C. N. Boyd's Drug Store. Large size $1.

Bill Nye tells a pretty amusing story of a lecturer who in discoursing on the subject of "Health," inquired, "What use can a man make of his time while waiting for a doctor?" Before he could begin his answer to his own invuiry, some one in the audience called out, "He can make his will."

The Chinese Monks.

In the flowery kingdom, says Wong Chin Foo, in the Brooklyn *Eagle*, men get tired of life, of society, of the endless struggle for existence, and retire to some retreat where they can pass their remaining days in quiet, study, and benefaction. These retreats (mi-au) correspond to the monasteries of Christian lands. They are invariably long brick buildings, one story in height, simple and solemn in architecture, and located either upon the mountains or in the depths of forests. Around the building is a windowless wall, symbolic of the busy life forever shut out from view. In the grounds and upon the surrounding land nature is assisted, but never interfered with. The flowers bloom and die, the trees grow gnarled and crooked, the weeds and creepers thrive until sometimes it would seem as if no human being lived in the vicinity. Closer examination will show that every plant producing beautiful flowers and wholesome food and fruit is carefully watched and watered, and every resource of vegetation in supplying human wants husbanded to the last degree. This also is a symbolism of the brotherhood who tenant these retreats. To them the useful flower and tree represent the good of humanity; the weeds, the evil. The duty of a true manhood is to aid and develop those who are righteous, but not to injure the wrong doer, leaving to nature the task of eliminating the latter from her great economy. These retreats do not belong to specific orders, as in the western civilization, but are founded by one or more persons for the simple sake of rest. The forms and ceremonies of admission amount to nothing. Any person who has failed in life, who has lost those he loved, who has sinned and repented, who is old and unable to work, is eligible. He presents himself, giving his name, address, and history, transfers to the brotherhood all he possesses, promises obedience to all lawful commands of the brother superior, loyalty, friendship, and sympathy to his fellow-members and devotion and aid to all human beings in sickness or distress. He is then admitted, given a new name and a new costume, assigned a room, instructed as to his duties, and the initiation is complete. From now on his life is fixed. Study and conversation, the cultivation of the field and garden, or the improvement of the retreat and the instruction of brothers who have been less favored, are his daily duties. At times he is sent out to obtain subscriptions for the common fund, or to nurse the sick or feed the starving, but these occur infrequently.

The government of these brotherhoods is a pure autocracy. A brother superior governs for life. At his death he appoints a successor. If the appointment lapse or be not made, the brothers elect one of their own number. The regulations are about the same as in monasteries, omitting the element of religion. Cleanliness, sobriety, industry, chastity, intellectuality, charity, and humanity are the seven stars of their heaven. No woman is allowed to cross the threshold of the retreat; no wine, stimulant, or narcotic permitted except for medical use; no quarreling, loud conversation, game of chance, indelicate or vulgar talk is allowed. Disobedience is punished by reprimand, suspension, temporary ostracism or expulsion, according to the degree of the offense.

Imagination and Scotch Whisky.

The late Allan Pinkerton had a company of gentlemen at his country seat, near Chicago, one cold winter day a few years ago. For an hour he took them about his place, showing them this, that and the other, and when at length they arrived at the house, they were thoroughly chilled.

"Now, gentlemen," he said, "I want you to try some of this old Scotch whisky," and his guests partook quite freely of his hospitality. Then he invited them into the library, where there was a large stove of the type known as the gas burner, apparently glowing hot, and the party seated themselves about it holding out their hands to catch the warmth. Here they chatted for a time, when suddenly Mr. Pinkerton remarked:

"It strikes me that stove doesn't send out much heat. How do you feel?"

Each and every one replied that he felt delightfully warm, too warm in fact, and suggested that the stove door be opened. Mr. Pinkerton acted on the suggestion and, to the astonishment of his guests, revealed two lighted candles resting upon a huge block of ice as the only contents.

"See, gentlemen," said he, "what a vivid imagination and a little Scotch whisky will do."

The prettiest lady in Somerst remarked to a friend the other day that she knew Kemp's Balsam was a superior remedy, as it stopped her cough instantly when others had no effect whatever. So to prove this C. N. Boyd will guarantee it to all. Price 50 cents and $1. Trial size free.

Rats Set a Building on Fire.

NEW YORK, September 10.—At 2 o'clock this morning fire broke out on the third floor of No. 98 Walker street, occupied by R. A. Elshberg, embosser of silks and velvets, whose stock was damaged $15,000. H. H. Thayer, manufacturer of trimmings of neckties, lost $2,500; H. H. Upham & Co., sign painters, $2,500, and H. P. Williams, house furnishers, $3,000. The building was overrun with rats and it is supposed the fire was caused by one of them nibbling matches.

Hon. G. W. Hayzlitt, Waterloo, Iowa, a member of the State Legislature, keeps St. Jacobs Oil, the great pain-cure, on the family shelf, and says he considers it the greatest remedy ever used for bodily ailments.

A company of Mennonites, numbering 80 persons, arrived in this country a few weeks ago. They were under the leadership of a fine looking, silver-haired man, 95 years of age, who had been recently married to a girl of 16.

Never Give Up.

If you are suffering with low and depressed spirits, loss of appetite, general debility, disordered blood, weak constitution, headache, or any disease of a bilious nature, by all means procure a bottle of Electric Bitters. You will be surprised to see the rapid improvement that will follow; you will be inspired with new life; strength and activity will return; pain and misery will cease, and henceforth you will rejoice in the praise of Electric Bitters. Sold at 50 cents a bottle by C. N. Boyd.

A Foolish Fraud.

"You would be surprised," said a post-office official recently, "if you could know how often stamps are used a second or even a third time. And what is the most surprising thing about it is there is no profit for the person using a stamp the second time, as it requires more than two cents worth of application and ingenuity to cleanse a stamp; but the loss to the government is very considerable. I would be content to receive a sum equivalent to that stolen from the department every year in this way every year for my salary. Post-office clerks by long practice become very familiar with the appearance of good and bad stamps. They acquire perhaps the same degree of ability in the detection of the irregularities as do clerks who handle money, but in large offices there are so many letters and the work of cancelling is of necessity so rapid that few chances are offered for detection. It is only when letters are deposited in offices where the mail receipts are small that there is any considerable danger of detection in using stamps a second time. But the use cannot be profitable; packages or heavy-weight letters having sufficiently large postage stamps on them to justify their cleansing for a second use are subject to a somewhat rigid inspection and fraud can be detected. As I said, however, the use of smaller stamps a second time is large enough to make quite a hole in the department funds."

A Fortunate Discovery.

A new light is thrown on the subject of Consumption by Dr. Wagner Kemp, discoverer of Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs. A remedy that has proved itself to be a remarkable compound. It does its work thoroughly, stopping a hacking cough instantly.

Sold by C. N. Boyd. Price 50cts. and $1.00 Trial bottle free. Get one.

He had a bundle of papers under his arm, and was standing near the Brooklyn Bridge weeping.

"What is the matter little boy?" said a pleasant faced gentleman.

"If I go home without selling me papers me feyther and mither will bate the life out of me."

"That's bad."

"Yes, sor; but the worst of it is that I am an only orphint."

"Yes," replied the philanthropist, allowing a nickle to drop into his pocket, "only it dosen't often happen that a boy has such bad luck."

Some Foolish People.

Allow a cough to run until it gets beyond the reach of medicine. They often say, Oh it will wear away, but in most cases it wears them away. Cou'd they be induced to try the successful medicine called Kemp's Balsam, which we sell on a positive guarantee to cure, they would immediately see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Price 50cts. and $1.00.

Trial size free at C. N. Boyd's Drug Store.

Since boyhood I have been troubled with catarrh and hay fever, and had been unable to obtain permanent relief until I used Ely's Cream Balm. It has cured me. E. L. Clickener, New Brunswick, New Jersey. Price 50 cents.

A very unpleasant sect to disagree with is a new religious body whose existence has within a few months come to light in the Crimea. Members deem it their duty to kill, on the earliest opportunity, those who differ with them.

One and one-half bottles of Ely's Cream Balm entirely *cured* me of Hay Fever of ten years' standing. Have had no trace of it for two years.—Albert A. Perry, Smithboro, New York.

He was giving her an account of the origin of secret societies while she sewed a button on his coat preparatory to his going out. "And now," my dear, he concluded, "do you know why we call our section of the society a lodge?" "I suppose it is because you lodge there all the time evenings," she answered. He said no more.

When symptoms of malaria appear in any form, take Ayer's Ague Cure at once, to prevent the development of the disease, and continue until health is restored, as it surely will be by the use of this remedy. A cure is warranted in every instance.

A nap sack—a pillow.

If your hair is turning gray, don't use the poisonous dyes which burn out its life and produce many diseases of the scalp. Ayer's Hair Vigor is positively harmless and will restore the natural color to the hair, stimulate its growth, and bring back its youthful gloss and beauty.

St. Jacobs Oil. THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR PAIN. Believes and cures RHEUMATISM, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, BACKACHE, HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE, SORE THROAT, QUINSY, SWELLINGS, SPRAINS, Soreness, Cuts, Bruises, FROSTBITES, BURNS, SCALDS, And all other bodily aches and pains. FIFTY CENTS A BOTTLE. Sold by all Druggists and Dealers. Directions in 11 languages. The Charles A. Vogeler Co. (Successors to A. VOGELER & CO.) Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

SOMERSET MARKET.

(Corrected by COOK & BERKITS.

DEALERS IN

CHOICE GROCERIES, FLOUR & FEED

Apples, dried, ℔ ℔	5@6c
Applebutter, ℔ gal	40@50c
Bran, ℔ 100 ℔s	$1 00 to $1 25
Butter, ℔ ℔ (keg)	—
" (roll)	15c
Buckwheat ℔ bush	75c
" meal, 100 ℔s	3@3½c
Beeswax ℔ ℔	25c
Bacon, shoulders, ℔ ℔	10c
" sides, "	12½
" country hams, ℔ ℔	13c
Corn, (ear) new ℔ bushel	75@80
(shelled) old "	75@80c
meal ℔ ℔	3c
Calf skins, ℔ ℔	6c
Eggs, ℔ doz	15c
Flour, ℔ bbl	$5 50@7 00
Flaxseed, ℔ bu. (60 ℔)	75c
Hams, (sugar-cured) ℔ ℔	16c
Lard, ℔ ℔	12c@12½
Leather, red sole, ℔ ℔	30@33c
" upper, "	65c@70c
" kip, "	75c@90c
Mill dilings, and chop 100 ℔s	$2 00
Oats, ℔ bu	35c@40c
Potatoes, ℔ bu (new)	40@50c
Peaches, dried, ℔ ℔	8c@10c
Rye, ℔ bu	75@85
Rags, ℔ ℔	1c
Salt, No. 1, ℔ bbl, extra	$1 90@2 00
" Ground Alum, per sack	$1 40@1 50
" Ashton, per sack	$3 50
Sugar, yellow ℔ ℔	7c@8c
" white "	8c@10c
Tallow, ℔ ℔	5@6c
Wheat, ℔ bu	90c@$1 00
Wool, ℔ ℔	35c@40

ROYAL BAKING POWDER Absolutely Pure.

This Powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. *Sold only in Cans.* ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., N. Y. may28tf.

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Letters testamentary on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned by the proper authority, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same will present them duly authenticated for settlement on Monday, September 22nd, at the late residence of deceased. No account accepted unless duly presented according to law.

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