

AN HISTORIC HOUSE.

FORD'S THEATER, WHERE LINCOLN WAS SHOT.

The Recent Collapse of the Ill-Starred Building Recalls the Horrible Crime of J. Wilkes Booth—Some Details of the Assassination.

A Page from History. Ford's theater, the scene of the recent terrible disaster at Washington, in which so many were killed and injured, was, as is well known, the scene of Lincoln's assassination.



ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

The most tragic as well as the most pathetic incident in all our national history. The superstitious may see in it divine interference, and it is at any rate a queer coincidence that at the very hour when words of prayer and benediction were being spoken over the lifeless clay of Edwin Booth, the brother of Lincoln's murderer, the building, which had witnessed John Wilkes Booth's awful crime, should crumble into dust.

Early April, 1865, marked a time of joy which this country had not felt for many years. The black and heavy storm clouds of war were passing away and the fair sun of peace was shining forth and fertilizing the seeds of hope in every heart. The Confederate government had evacuated Richmond on the 2d, Lee and Johnson had surrendered and those under the command of Gen. Kirby Smith had laid down their arms. April 11 President Lincoln had delivered an address in which, as if awed unconsciously by some dire feeling of the end creeping upon him, he spoke with a dignity and pathos never before heard. It was his last public utterance. He spoke of the recent victories for which he himself took no credit, and laid



JOHN WILKES BOOTH.

down certain broad lines for a policy of reconstruction. As to the question whether the Confederate States were outside the Union he said: "Let us all join in doing the acts necessary to restoring the proper practical relations between these States and the Union, and each forever after innocently indulge his own opinion whether in doing the acts he brought the States from without into the Union, or only gave them proper assistance, they never having been outside the Union."

At Ford's Theater. On the 14th, before his Cabinet, Lincoln developed the same policy and met with no dissent. At this time apparently he felt that the heavy load of responsibility being lightened from his shoulders he might well indulge in some amusement and relaxation. Accordingly he accepted a box from the management of Ford's Theater on 10th street, where Laura Keane was playing the comedy, "Our American Cousin." The house was crowded with the most distinguished people in Washington, for all the city felt the natural gaiety of the time, and as the Lincoln party entered, the audience rose and applauded tumultuously. The orchestra played "Hail to the Chief" and the President came to the front of his box, which was on the second tier immediately to the left of the stage.



FORD'S THEATER, WASHINGTON.

With him were Mrs. Lincoln, Miss Harris, daughter of Senator Harris, of New York, and Maj. Rathbone.

Miss Harris' betrothed. After receiving the Lincoln party the audience turned its attention to the stage and became engaged wholly with the play. Suddenly the report of a pistol was heard and the bewildered audience saw a man wrapped in a dark cloak leap from the President's box to the stage, a distance of nine feet. His spurred foot caught in a fold of the flag, which was used as a drape, however, and he fell heavily, breaking his leg. He stalked theatrically across the stage, and, in the middle, waving a bloody knife, cried out: "Sic semper tyranni. The South is avenged." The bewildered audience did not gain an understanding of the facts until he had disappeared and then wild and tumultuous cries broke out. "Stop him, he has shot the President." Some leaped upon the stage, while many rushed to the President's box. There Lincoln was found, the blood pouring from his death wound, while Major Rathbone was discovered to have been wounded in the side by the assassin's knife. Tenderly was Lincoln lifted and borne to a house across the way, where he died at 7:22 the following morning.

Lincoln's Assassination. The assassination of Lincoln was the sudden result of a plot in which

FORD'S THEATRE
 SEASON 1865-66
 Friday Evening, April 14th, 1865

BENEFIT!
 LAST NIGHT
 OF THE
LAURA KEENE
 IN THE
 ONE THOUSAND NIGHTS,
 OUR AMERICAN
COUSIN

MR. JOHN WILKES BOOTH
 MR. HARRY HAWK
 THE FINEST CELEBRATED ENGLISH COMEDY.
 THE MOST SENSITIVE AND INTERESTING SUBJECT.
 THE MOST SENSITIVE AND INTERESTING SUBJECT.

BENEFIT OF MISS JENNIE GOURLAY
 THE MOST SENSITIVE AND INTERESTING SUBJECT.
THE SCOTCHMAN
 EDWIN ADAMS

DIED WITH LINCOLN'S BLOOD
 (The programme found in President Lincoln's box after his assassination. It is stained with his blood as shown in the cut just above the word "Laura.")

several desperate men were engaged. They conspired to abduct President Lincoln, but the closing of the war rendered this impracticable. Then those who were most influential abandoned the matter, but there were still some who resolved on bloody and violent measures. Chief of these were John Wilkes Booth, Atzrott, and Payne. These men resolved to assassinate Lincoln, Grant, and Seward. Booth was chosen to assassinate the President, Atzrott was



HOUSE IN WHICH LINCOLN DIED.

to murder Grant, while Payne was to make away with Secretary Seward. Booth, on the fatal evening, knowing that the President was in the theater, went to the box office and, producing a card, told the attendant that Lincoln had sent for him. He was allowed access to the corridor on which Lincoln's box opened without question. He quietly bored a gimlet hole in the box door, and so obtained a view of his victim. Then he pulled a pistol and fired. As the President sank back unconscious Booth dashed into the box, and drawing a long knife stabbed Maj. Rathbone, who had grappled with him. Suddenly he let go his hold and leaped to the stage. Notwithstanding his broken leg Booth reached the street, being assisted by Ned Spangler, a stage carpenter, who was in the plot. Here a horse was waiting for him, and he rode thirty miles into Maryland. There he stopped to have his leg set by Dr. Mudd, another conspirator, and then crossed the Potomac into Virginia. A party of pursuers had started after him from Washington, and he was overtaken April 26 at

Garrett's farm, near Bowling Green, about twenty miles from Fredericksburg. He had taken refuge in a barn, and refusing to surrender was shot, dying soon after.

The Other Conspirators. Booth was the only one who managed to accomplish his desperate deed. Payne went to the house of the Secretary of State, who was in bed sick. He forced his way into the house and up stairs, where he was met by Mr. Seward's son. Payne grappled with him and wounded him quite severely. Then going into Mr. Seward's room, he hacked at the sick man and at the nurse, causing great bloodshed, though no death, and finally fled.

Atzrott found the murder of Gen. Grant impossible of accomplishment. Grant was surrounded all day long by friends, and the would-be assassin could get no chance at him. Mrs. Surratt, a boarding-house keeper, where Booth, Atzrott, and Payne lived, knew of the plot to abduct Lincoln, though probably not of the one to kill him. Her son was also thought at the time to be concerned in the murder. Other conspirators were McLoughlin and Harold, the last of whom was a somewhat weak-minded young man, who helped by having a horse in readiness for Booth's escape from the theater. These all were brought to punishment. Atzrott, Payne, Harold, and Mrs. Surratt were hanged; Dr. Mudd, Ned Spangler and McLoughlin were sent to the Dry Tortugas. Mrs. Surratt's son escaped to Canada. Eventually he was discovered serving in the Papal Zouaves. He was tried, but was found to have been innocent of any attempt at murder, and was acquitted.

Well Earned. "Though not a beauty, I have the reputation of being a popular woman," said Minerva, "but no one knows how hard I worked to gain my success. I have studied the art of conversation in all its phases, and know when to talk and when to be silent. I keep a notebook at hand, and every quaint expression, every good story, every amusing thing I see or read or hear, which I think will work up into a telling sentence, down it goes in classified order. Then I just sit down and cram for a dinner as a schoolgirl does for examination. My mind is like my gown; after it is once ready I think no more about it. I try to find out the people I am to meet, what they are interested in, and then I lead up to appropriate topics, introducing them as adroitly as possible, till in the gaps with my nonsense, and get people talking. That is the way to entertain them. Every human being is happier in telling a good story than hearing one. I once went down to dinner with a famous man talker, and not feeling as well as usual, contrived to keep him talking in order to prevent the people from noticing my silence. The next day he told everybody I was the brightest woman he ever saw. That was my cue, and I have never forgotten it. The machinery does not show; but I usually go home from a dinner as weary as a ballet girl after the performance. It is much easier to say the bright thing than to make some one else say it, but an avowedly smart woman is a mistake. Men are afraid of her, and even women are not at ease in her vicinity."

A Gentle Hint. The attorney had made a motion for a new trial in a civil action, and the Judge looked it over carefully. "Um," he said, thoughtfully, "am, this sets forth that the verdict was unsupported by the evidence, was contrary to the evidence, was against the weight of the evidence, and that the evidence was insufficient to support the verdict as to any or all of the issues; because of errors of the Justice in admitting or excluding evidence, errors of law in the instructions to the jury, and in bills of exceptions."

"Yes, your Honor," said the attorney. "And do you believe it?" "Certainly I do." "Well, well," and the Judge grew sympathetic, "it's a pity that the Judge, attorneys, officials, jury, and witnesses in that court don't know as much as you do. It really is, because if they did it would save me a great deal of worry and bother. Wouldn't you like to have a job as court instructor, or something of that sort?"

A Little Mixed. The editor of a weekly journal lately lost two of his subscribers through accidentally departing from the beaten track in his answers to correspondents. Two of his subscribers wrote to ask him his remedy for their respective troubles. No. 1, a happy father of twins, wrote to inquire the best way to get them safely over their teething, and No. 2 wanted to know how to protect his orchard from the myriads of grasshoppers. The editor framed his answers upon the orthodox lines, but unfortunately transposed the two names, with the result that No. 1, who was blessed with the twins, read in reply to his query: "Cover them carefully with straw and set fire to them, and the little pests, after jumping around in the flames a few minutes, will speedily be settled." While No. 2, plagued with grasshoppers, was told to "give a little castor oil and rub their gums gently with a bone ring."

For Purposes of Barter. The huckster was yelling "Strawberries" and the lady of the house hailed him. "Will you let me have three quarts for 50 cents?" she asked. "Yes, lady," he said, handing her out three boxes. "There aren't three quarts in them," she said, doubtfully, as she gave him the half dollar. "And there ain't 50 cents in this half dollar, either," he retorted, "but it passes for that much, just the same," and he drove on.

SOLDIERS' COLUMN

THE SWORDS OF GRANT AND LEE

"Fame hath crowned with laurel the swords of Grant and Lee." Methinks to-night I catch a gleam of starry light on the pines, and yonder by the lilted stream repose the foemen's lines; The ghostly guards who pace the ground a moment stop to see If all is safe and still around the tents of Grant and Lee.

'Tis but a dream; no armies camp where once their bayonets shone, And Keeper's calm and lovely lamp shines on the dead alone; And yet 'tis true on yonder rise beneath a cedar tree Where glist'neath the summer skies the swords of Grant and Lee.

Forever sheathed those famous blades that led the eager van! They shine no more among the glades that fringe the Rapid; To-day their battle work is done, so draw them forth and see That not a stain appears upon the swords of Grant and Lee.

The gallant men who saw them flash in comradeship to-day Recall the wild, impetuous dash of val'rous blue and gray; And 'neath the flag that proudly waves springs up a Nation free; They oft recall the missing braves who fought with Grant and Lee.

They sleep among the tender grass, they slumber 'neath the pines, They're camping in the mountain pass where crouched the serried lines; They rest where loud the tempests blow, destructive in their glee— The men who followed long ago the swords of Grant and Lee.

Their graves are lying side by side where once they met as foes, And where they lay in the wildwood died springs up a blood-red rose; O'er them the bee on golden wing doth flit, and in yon tree A gentle robin seems to sing to them of Grant and Lee.

To-day no whiffs of sections rise, to-day no shadows fall Upon our land, and 'neath the skies one flag waves over all; The Hine and Gray as comrades stand, as comrades bend the knee, And ask God's blessings on the land that gave us Grant and Lee.

So long as Southward, wide and clear, Phoebus' rays are seen, Their deeds will live because they were Columbus' heroes; So long as bend the Northern pines and bloom the orange tree, The swords will shine that led the lines of valiant Grant and Lee.

Methinks I hear a bugle blow, methinks I hear a drum; And there with martial step and slow, two columns meet to-day; They are the men that met as foes, for 'tis the dead I see. And side by side in peace repose the swords of Grant and Lee.

Above them let Old Glory wave, and let each deathless star Forever shine upon the brave who lead the ranks of war; Their fame re-echoes from coast to coast, from mountain top to sea; No other land than ours can boast the swords of Grant and Lee.

—Blue and Gray, of Philadelphia

A Northern Soldier's Prison Life. Our captors did not allow us to see their newspapers, but, happily for us, a true Union lady lived next door to the jail, and in the evening when all was quiet, she read the news aloud for our benefit. This lasted about a week, and then was re-ordered to headquarters by one of the guard. We were cut off from our evening readings, but soon one of the men (of course he was a Yankee) saw a quiet, boy, and we'll have a paper and read the news to-night. When it began to grow dark he tied a board-nail to a small string and threw it from the grated window into the Union lady's yard. In a few minutes he had a bite, hauled in his line, and dragging from the nail was the Charleston "Meatery." After that we went fishing every night, and always with success.

Some curious experiments were tried by those who were sufficiently daring to attempt to get to the Union lines, and some times the desperate movements met with success. One fellow who was acting as nurse told the men that if they would put him into a blanket and carry him to the dead house, which was outside the guard, and nail him crosswise in a coffin, he would make care of what followed. Accordingly, the thing was done, and the next morning the old dorky whose task it was to carry away the corpses of those who had reached the end of their sufferings during the night, started with his load for a burial place outside the city. When a safe distance had been reached, the nurse gave the coffin lid a kick and arose! The dorky gave one frightful yell and fled toward Richmond, while the dead man went on his way rejoicing. —Blue and Gray for July.

Somebody's Father. I think that one of the saddest incidents of the war which I witnessed was after the battle of Gettysburg. Off on the outskirts, seated on the ground, with his back to a tree, was a soldier, dead. His eyes were fastened on some object held tightly clasped in his hands. As we drew nearer we saw it was an amputated part of a small child. Man though I was, hardened through those one years to carnage and bloodshed, the sight of that man who looked on his children for the first time in his life, who swayed off in a secluded spot had rested himself against a tree, that he might feast his eyes on his little loves, brought tears to my eyes which I could not restrain had I wanted. There were six of us in the crowd, and we all found great lumping gathering in our throats, and mist coming before our eyes which almost blinded us. We stood looking at him for some time. I was thinking of the wife and baby I had left at home, and wondering how soon, in the mercy of God, she would be left a widow, and my baby boy fatherless. We looked at each other and instinctively seemed to understand our thoughts. Not a word was spoken, but we dug a grave and laid the poor fellow to rest with his children's picture clasped over his heart. Over his grave, on the tree against which he was sitting I inscribed the words: "Somebody's Father, July 8, 1865." —Blue and Gray for July.

Twain Lie. The following story is told of Mark Twain by a gentleman who lives near his residence at Hartford: One day Mark answered the telephone, and, after hallowing for some time without an answer, he used some language not generally seen in print, but which was certainly picturesque. While thus engaged he heard an answer in astonished tones, and recognized the voice of an eminent divine whom he knew very well. "Is that you, Doctor?" questioned Mark; "I didn't hear what you said. My butler has been at the telephone and said he couldn't understand you."

KEYSTONE STATE CULLINGS

A FATAL BOILER EXPLOSION.

TOWANDA—The boiler in the Towanda nail works exploded Tuesday afternoon. Andrew Benjamin was instantly killed. Ross Hatton fatally injured and a man named Bennett severely burned and bruised. Another man named McGovern is missing and thought to be in the ruins. Within a few minutes after the explosion the whole plant was in flames and the buildings were completely destroyed. The plant was owned by W. H. Godecharles and the loss is estimated at \$25,000 about half covered by insurance.

DROWNED IN EACH OTHER'S ARMS. BRADDOCK—Two small boys, S'anson and Harry Peterson, aged respectively 8 and 10 years, sons of a Pole employed at the Edgar Thompson Steel works, were drowned here in the Monongahela river. The remnants were brought up from the river with very little trouble, the little chaps clasped in each other's arms, and taken to an undertaker's establishment.

ANOTHER CIGARETTE VICTIM. BRADDOCK—Charles Lewis, of Denver, was suddenly attacked with heart failure on the street and fell to the pavement unconscious. The young man, who is only 18 years old, stated to his physician that his trouble was caused by excessive cigarette smoking. He is in a precarious condition.

OLD-FASHIONED POTATO BUGS BACK. WASHINGTON—The old-fashioned potato bug, which was some time ago crowded out by the modern striped jacket bug, has again made its appearance in Franklin township and is devouring all the potatoes, cabbage, and other growing plant tops in sight.

OSCAR KRATZER and Dr. Bagnal, fishermen, of Warren, claim the prize on a spoon-bill sturgeon 2 feet long. They pulled it out of the river just below the bridge, but evasive people are skeptical, and charge the lucky fishermen with putting up a job by fastening the sturgeon to a line before it was thrown into the Allegheny river. However that may be, the catch is in Warren on exhibition.

A PRINCESS WAS BORN on Blue Island, near Monongahela, last Tuesday night. She is a Bohemian girl, her mother being a gypsy who claims to be in the royal line. Dr. Charles Scott, who was called, suggested that the child be called Mary Queen of Scott, but the parents said the child would be named Eulalie.

The State Supreme Court granted an injunction to restrain the Mayor from interfering with the plans of the building of City Hall at Philadelphia. This completely knocks out the "ferocious" bill, which was a bone of contention at the last session of the Legislature.

The Pennsylvania railroad supported the surviving people and animals of Main's circus during 10 days' illness after the wreck, built a train of 13 new cars, paid for all repairs, completed the original number of wagons and also paid Mr. Main \$75,000 in cash.

A young farmer of Huntington township, Westmoreland county, has been fined \$23 for employing a keeper of a tollgate as to the distance he was going, thereby saving about 3 cents toll.

ANNIE BYRANT, of Ridgeview, near Derry station was bitten four times by a copperhead snake yesterday. All efforts to produce sleep have failed and the victim struggles violently.

BELLEFRONTE citizens have organized a boycott against members of the town council who passed an ordinance making it unlawful for cows to stray about the streets.

The name of the place known as Bethel, on the Somerset & Cambria railroad has been changed to Holsopple. It is hard to see where the improvement comes in.

JOHN CASPER, the 10 year old son of a Jeannette grocerman, took his father's loaded revolver from a bureau drawer, played with it and is expected to die.

Assessors' returns in Washington county show 51,000 acres short of the number of acres that ought to be taxed. Where the missing land is, is a mystery.

J. A. SUTHERLAND, of Beaver, claims to have the champion pumpkin vine, since by actual measurement it was found that it grew a foot in 24 hours.

ANNIE KREIDER, of Lancaster county, whose parents and four brothers and sisters were murdered in Dakota last week, is on the verge of insanity.

The colored people of Pennsylvania will hold their second annual State fair in Harrisburg, opening October 16 and continuing until the 24th.

The new directory of Johnstown places the population of that place at 21,544, and of Johnstown and the surrounding boroughs at 36,144.

WILLIAM MACEY, of Woodside, Fayette county, has a potato stalk that measured five feet and is coming out in bloom.

THOMAS WILSON, carpenter, fell off the barn of A. T. Pollard, near Rimersburg, a distance of forty feet and was killed.

JOHN C. BOWERS, of Bedford, aged 49 years fell asleep on a track and 69 cars passed over his legs. He died in a few hours.

THOMAS A. SEATON, of Bolivar, who was bitten by a copperhead last Saturday, died Friday in terrible agony.

STATE Superintendent of Schools Schaffer has decided that the free text book law goes into effect at once.

REXHO has 250 cases of typhoid fever and the number is steadily increasing.

A BATTLE WITH OUTLAWS.

Four Brothers Hold a Militia Company at Bay and Kill Half a Dozen Soldiers. One Outlaw Lost.

Word comes from Pikeville, Ky., of a bloody conflict across the State line in Wise county, Va., some days ago between the State militia and outlaw Fleming's boys. Half a dozen or more were killed.

Doc Taylor, one of the gang, was caught some months ago and hanged, and the brothers, four in number, are wanted for complicity in the murder. Two weeks ago they were located in Wise county, and the Governor of Virginia sent a company of 60 soldiers to assist the sheriff. The outlaws were surrounded and a bushwhacking siege of three days ensued. Calvin Fleming was mortally wounded and captured early in the fight, but the three other brothers killed a half dozen militiamen and succeeded in getting higher up in the hills, where friends are reported to be going to their assistance.

As the Flemings and their friends are all dead shots and desperate men, the ultimate result is a matter of anxious speculation. For years the Fleming boys and an innumerable following of relatives have terrorized the mountainous regions of southwest Virginia and southeast Kentucky, defying alike the authority of first one State and then the other. The family stands charged with almost all the crimes on the calendar from murder and stealing down to moonshining. Every member of the family is utterly fearless and all are well armed. Their strongholds in the caves of the Cumberland mountains are many and almost inaccessible.

About eight months ago a family of three were attacked in their cabin, the man shot at the door, his wife brutally treated and then shot, as was also their child. They were left for dead, but the woman lived long enough to make an ante mortem statement to the effect that the Flemings were the guilty parties. For a long time no effort made to arrest them. Finally the sheriff of Wise county secured the cooperation of the State and, backed by militia 60 strong and each member sworn in as a deputy, tried to capture the Flemings, but failed.

STARBOARD AND LARBOARD. The Italians derived "starboard" from quo ta borda. "This side," and "larboard" from qua la borda, which means "that side." Abbreviated, these two phrases appear as sta borda and la borda. Their close resemblance caused so many mistakes that the admiralty ordered the "larboard" to be discontinued and "port" substituted. "Port" for "larboard" is said to be first used in Arthur Pitt's "Voyage," in 1580.

MARKETS. PITTSBURGH. THE WHOLESALE PRICES ARE GIVEN BELOW.

GRAIN, FLOUR AND FEED.	QUANTITY	PRICE
WHEAT—No. 1 Red	68 @	67
No. 2 Red	66	67
CORN—No. 2 Yellow ear	49	50
High Mixed ear	48	49
No. 2 Yellow Shelled	42	43
Shelled Mixed	38	39
OATS—No. 1 White	35	36
No. 2 White	37	38
Mixed	34	35
RYE—No. 1	61	61
No. 2 Western	57	58
FLOUR—Fancy winter pat	4 40	4 65
Fancy Spring patents	3 75	4 00
Fancy Straight winter	3 25	3 50
XXX Bakers	3 50	3 75
Eye Flour	12 00	12 00
HAIR—Black No. 1 Timothy	15 00	15 00
Baled No. 2 Timothy	15 00	15 00
Mixed Clover	12 00	13 00
Timothy from country	18 00	21 00
STRAW—Wheat	6 50	7 00
Oats	7 50	8 00
FEED—No. 1 W H	19 00	19 00
Brown Middlings	14 50	15 00
Bran, sacked	13 00	14 00
Bran, bulk	13 00	13 50

DAIRY PRODUCTS.	PRICE
BUTTER—Elgin Creamery	23
Fancy Creamery	27
Fancy country roll	12
Low grade & cooking	8
CHEESE—Ohio full make	8
New York Goshen	9
Wisconsin Swiss	14
Limburger (Fall make)	11

FRUIT AND VEGETABLES.	PRICE
APPLES—Fancy, 3 bbl.	3 00
Fair to choice, 3 bbl.	2 50
BEANS—N Y & M (new) Beans 7 bbl	2 00
Lima Beans	2 00
POTATOES—Fancy Rose	2 25
No. 1 Extra live goose 3 bbl.	1 75
Sweet, per bushel	4 00

POULTRY ETC.	PRICE
DRESSED CHICKENS—Spring chickens 7 lb.	20
Dressed ducks 7 lb.	10
Dressed turkeys 7 lb.	14
LIVE CHICKENS—Spring chickens	30
Live chickens 7 lb.	25
Live Ducks 7 lb.	50
Live Turkeys 7 lb.	6
EGGS—Pa & Ohio fresh	14
FEATHERS—Extra live Geese 3 bbl.	55
No. 1 Extra live geese 3 bbl.	25
Mixed	25

MISCELLANEOUS.	PRICE
TALLOW—Country 7 lb.	4
City	4
SEEDS—Clover	8 25
Timothy prime	2 10
Blue grass	1 40
RAGS—Country mixed	1
GOONEY—White clover	17
Buckwheat	10
MAPLE SYRUP, new crop	60
CIDER—country sweet 3 bbl	5 00
BERRIES—per quart	8
Blackberries	8
Raspberries	10
Huckleberries	9
Gooseberries	7
Cherries	8

CINCINNATI.	PRICE
FLOUR—No. 1 Red	62
WHEAT—No. 1 Red	60
RYE—No. 2	60
CORN—Mixed	42
OATS	32
EGGS	11
BUTTER	14

PHILADELPHIA.	PRICE
FLOUR—No. 1 Red	62
WHEAT—No. 1 Red	60
CORN—No. 2, Mixed	48
OATS—No. 2, White	38
BUTTER—Creamery Extra	22
EGGS—Pa, Fresh	15

NEW YORK.	PRICE
FLOUR—Patents	9 00
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	67
RYE—Western	57
CORN—No. 2	48
OATS—Mixed Western	37
BUTTER—Creamery	15
EGGS—State and Penn.	14

EAST LEBURY, PITTSBURGH STOCK YARDS.	PRICE
Prime Steers	4 85 to 5 00
Good butcher	3 75 to 4 00
Common	3 00 to 3 25
Bulls and dry cows	2 00 to 2 50
Veal Calves	5 50 to 6 25
Fresh cows, per head	20 00 to 40 00

SHEEP.	PRICE
Prime 95 to 100 lb sheep	4 50 to 4 60
Good mixed	4 25 to 4 35
Common 70 to 75 lb sheep	3 00 to 3 50
Spring Lambs	3 50 to 5 50