

THE SHEAF OF RICHEST GRAIN.

He saw the ripe wheat waiting,
All golden in the sun,
And strong and stalwart reapers
Went by him, one by one,
"Oh, could I reap in harvest!"
His heart madder biter cry:
"I can do nothing, nothing,
So weak, alas! am I."

At eve, a fainting traveler
Sank down beside his door—
A cup of cool, sweet water
To quench his thirst he bore,
And when, refreshed and strengthened,
The traveler went his way,
Upon the poor man's threshold
A golden wheat sheaf lay.

When came the Lord of harvest,
He cried: "O Master kind!
One sheaf have I to offer,
And that I did not bind;
I gave a cup of water
To one athirst, and he
Left at my door in going
The sheaf I offer thee."
Then said the Lord of harvest,
"We'll glean with this am I;
One of my angels left it
With thee as he passed by,
Thou mayest not join the reapers
Upon the harvest plain,
But whoso helps a brother,
Binds sheaves of richest grain."
—American Cultivator.

FRONTIER LIFE.

Seven years since, when I was quite a young man—and gray is now silvering my hair—I had occasion to visit the far West in government employ, with a party of surveyors. The nature of our errand, our numbers, and the elaborate preparations we had made against any hostile demonstrations, insured us from any molestation, save in a few rare instances; yet in that wild country it was impossible that we should remain long without witnessing many scenes not familiar in law-abiding and cultivated districts. To be sure, we were not beyond the pale of law—that is, there were certain officers, widely scattered, who occasionally shot down some drunken desperado, if his friends were not too numerous; but beyond such heroic acts they seldom exercised the powers they were supposed to possess. Generally, each separate community had a recognized leader, some man more muscular and reckless than his fellows, and who by virtue of his qualities had a certain number of followers, who were ready to see that his will was the ruling power in that vicinity. Of course, such men were the real law-makers, and they were very seldom opposed or molested.

Such a one was Jack Dunlaw. Jack's headquarters were at the station on the Overland Mail route, where we chanced to be located for a few weeks, while surveying in that vicinity, and we had a good opportunity to witness a most interesting incident in his experience, which transpired while we were there. In appearance he was formidable enough, as we saw him on the morning after our arrival. Fully six feet six inches in height, with long arms and legs, slightly stooping, with a ponderous frame, immense masses of hair, and beard, clothing in keeping with his general appearance, and neither over-cleanly nor attractive, a bowie knife and revolver thrust into his belt as he walked about the station, Jack was certainly the man to intimidate any person of moderate nerves.

For many years he had been recognized as the leading spirit in that vicinity, and from that position he had grown independent of all restraint save his own will. He had a chosen band of followers, who were ready to support him in any villainous undertaking. We were not long kept in waiting before some of his peculiarities were brought to our notice. The keeper of the station, Frank Russell, was a medium-sized man, some forty years of age, who had recently come to the place, bringing with him a family, consisting of one daughter, his wife, and a young man who had been in his employ several years, and who was said to be the accepted lover of the daughter Cora. Stephen Ranney was his name, a very quiet, gentlemanly-looking young man, some five feet nine inches high, and weighing at a moderate estimate, a hundred and fifty pounds. He seldom spoke unless addressed, when his words were brief and to the point.

On the morning following our arrival, while the chief engineer of our corps was preparing the work for the day, the remainder of the party, after examining their instruments and putting everything in readiness for service, disposed ourselves about the station to smoke and wait for orders. While wreathing ourselves in vapor, and longing for a day or two of rest, in strolled Jack Dunlaw, and demanded a dram of whiskey. The barkeeper produced the beverage, and Jack, who was already more than excited by the potations of vile liquor which he had swallowed, turned it down with a gurgle. Just as he lowered the tin cup which served instead of a tumbler, Cora Russell entered the room, looking for her father.

"Here, gal, give us a kiss!" Jack exclaimed, as he caught sight of her. Alarmed at his brutal manner, the girl turned to leave the room, but before she could do so the bully had caught and kissed her repeatedly, with his liquor-fumed and tobacco-stained lips.

As she broke from his grasp and escaped at length, he turned to the bar again, and with some beastly remarks, threw down a coin and sauntered out, those of his admirers present laughing heartily as he left the place. As she crossed the porch I sprang from my seat and took a step toward the ruffian, but a surveyor pulled me back, and with a diffidence and cowardice of which I ever since have been ashamed, I did not make a second movement.

I saw the father turn slightly pale, but he made no protest, only following his daughter from the room, and returning several minutes afterwards as calm as ever. No one seemed to resent this fearful insult, which, perhaps, nowhere else in the civilized world would have been permitted to go unpunished; and in a day or two we almost ceased to think of it, as other brutal acts on the part of Dunlaw came under our notice.

The third day after the above incidents took place we were off duty. It had threatened rain during the morning, and the day proved dark and cloudy. Shortly after noon one of our party, anxious to see some specimens of the famed rifle shooting of the west, took from his baggage a finely mounted powder flask, which he offered as a prize to the best shot.

There were half-a-dozen volunteers, and the details were speedily arranged. Three shots each were to be allowed, at one hundred and fifty paces, and the man whose shots made the shortest string, measuring from the centre of the bull's eye, was to receive the flask. Jack Dunlaw and Stephen Ranney were among the contestants. I had been quite curious to see how these two persons would meet, but I noticed no change in the young man's deportment. He spoke but little, and when the list was arranged for the precedence, voluntarily took the last place, then folding his arms and leaning against the doorway, he carefully watched the trial.

Jack was one of the first to try his skill, and when three shots had been fired, it was found that one of his bullets had struck within an inch of the centre, while the other two were not more than half an inch further removed. Four inches! the surveyor announced after carefully measuring the several shots.

"Yaas," growled Jack, throwing himself upon a bench; "I'll wait here till you beat that, some on yer, and when yer dew yer kin take on that little powder box."

The others fired in their several turns and our party was quite surprised to find the shooting no more accurate. Indeed we began to look with disgust upon the wonderful stories of romantic writers.

All had fired at last save Stephen Ranney, and Jack had much the shortest string. The young man took his place, and raised his rifle, which was considerably shorter than any of the others. "Look here, youngster," growled Jack, with a wink to his admirers, "you better have a pop-gun; that wouldn't hurt anybody, and you'd be just as likely to hit the mark as ye will with that boy's plaything."

Stephen made no reply, but placing his weapon in rest, bowed his cheek to the breech, and the next moment the sharp report rang out. "In the edge of the bull's-eye, half an inch from the centre!" shouted the marker, "The best shot yet."

UNCLE SAM—PRINTER.

THE OLD HAS A BIG SHOP OF THE OWN.

The Bindery Division is One of the Most Sought Departments—Putting the Gold Leaf Lettering on the Books.

The Star has printed from time to time during the past month articles about the government printing office, in which the methods of work and volume of business transacted by the various departments have been elaborated upon. With all that has been written, one can visit the big printery and find something of interest well worth closer investigation.

The bindery division is so comprehensive and covers so much of industrial value to the mechanic, the lover of machinery and the trained eye of the artist that it is quite naturally one of the most sought departments of the printing office work.

The work of the bindery is separated into departments also, and doubtless none is more interesting to the student of industrial life than that done in the finishing room. It is certainly one of the busiest rooms in the big new building, and is the most up-to-date and largest book finishing room in the world. It is located now on the fourth floor of the new building, and is not yet fully equipped to the extent of plans in contemplation.

Finishing is really the most important and artistic branch of the bindery work. Here the finest kind of tooling and lettering and line work is done by hand on Levant, Morocco and Russia leathers, and also all the blank books used in the government offices throughout the country. Probably the largest portion of these blank books go to the various branches of the treasury department, yet the extension of the functions of Uncle Sam's big government to the islands of the Pacific has largely increased the demand for blank books to other departments besides the treasury. There are 50 men employed in the finishing department and they belong to the most skilled and educated class of artisans in the government service.

Your Uncle Samuel has secured his trained force of workmen from the very best private workshops of the country and inquiry among them reveals that they fall from nearly every state in the Union.

The work of the finishing department is that which the name implies. Here the fine binding in leathers and best grades of cloth is done and the books come in from the forwarding division, where they are prepared for the binder or finisher. One sees piled up many fine volumes from the Congressional library and departmental libraries under processes of binding.

It is estimated that fully 7800 books of the very best dark gold leaf are used by the letterers in finishing during a year. This is the real thing, too. A system of checking is used on material and tools employed. The workman receives so many books of gold leaf or so much leather, and it must be duly accounted for. When closing time arrives material and tools are put under lock and key. This is a procedure that is mutually agreeable, because the workmen are particularly people engaged in particular work and they are only too glad to work for your Uncle Sam, who, bless your heart, is particularly itself.

Now, if the visitor will watch the man who is using the gold leaf to do his lettering of the fine books, he will notice that he has a three-sided paste-board frame placed in front of him, which partly incloses the cloth pad upon which he lays his gold leaf. The frame is to keep any draught of air from blowing away the leaf or disturbing it. When the leaf or any portion of it is laid upon the book where the lettering is to be made a piece of cotton twine drawn tight across the face of the leaf makes a temporary line for a guide upon which the lettering is done. Brass type is used, for the type must be heated before it can be used, and, as you will readily perceive, if you have ever melted and molded old type into fish-line slugs or bullets when a boy, the ordinary metal would never stand the degree of heat necessary to make the lettering perfect.

After the lettering or lining is done with the gold leaf you will notice that the workman picks up what looks like a small ball of putty.

It is not the glazier's well known material but it is a ball of soft, crude rubber, whose adhesive qualities are best adapted to picking up and retaining all the waste particles of gold. But soft: was the words waste used? It was a case of lapsus calami. There is no such word as "waste" in the use of gold-leaf in the bindery division. Here the rubbers are collected when they are well filled with gold waste and sent to the refineries, where it is extracted and Uncle Sam given due credit. The government receives a considerable sum of money each year from this apparently inconsequent source.

By way of parenthesis, it is stated that in another section of the bindery division where the job binding for the government is executed a good sized force of young women is employed handling the gold leaf. Here are machines and methods that will be made subjects for later reference. The printery is certainly a palace of wonders!

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the room near the windows, and there is, besides light, plenty of room to work and good air. A lavatory and closet at one end of the room would be a credit to any of the finest hostleries of the city and in superior to many. It is natural that there is an air of neatness and order about the room, because of the workmen are neat themselves.

Here, too, where one can see genius with tools and artistic intelligence and taste to a marked degree, the time saving machine has entered and taken its place alongside of brains and brawn. It is in the new dynamo apparatus for lettering.

The old style of heating lettering, tools by gas stove is to be dispensed with and electric three-plate tool heaters substituted. Two fine new dynamos, with motors attached equal to 60-horse power, for producing an altering current, have been installed. Then there is a machine for putting a sort of flange on the edges that hold the cover of the book. You will also find there a cutting machine that will cut up more cardboard accurately for the cases, or what you would call covers for the back of the book, in an hour or two than a man can do in a day. But the machine that will attract your eye and hold your attention spellbound is the casting machine. In the language of the street, it is a peach! It is the creation of a man who said he could do it when everybody else who had for years used primitive methods said no. The two pieces of cardboard that form the two sides for the back of the book pass into the machine. The cloth, cut to correct measure for the book's back, goes into the machine at the same time. It passes around a cylinder covered with glue. A mechanical device equipped with tubes raises the two pieces of cardboard by suction.

They are lifted and placed on the cloth, and carried along to another human-like appliance which presses and crimps the corners with a neatness and accuracy that doubly discounts any hand operator. Each machine requires two men operators, and it will do a day's work not only equal to a half-dozen hand laborers, but of superior workmanship.

There are 25 cabinets filled with all styles of brass type, two workmen sharing a cabinet. Slugs are used for lettering the names of senators and representatives on their books, and the work can be done very quickly. What is a slug? Why, it is a word or name made in one solid piece of metal.

There is another machine, operated by one man and occupying a small corner to itself, which does its work quickly and cleanly. It cuts the inside edge of the pages for the index letters. There are three of these machines, but two of these are usually sufficient to keep up with that kind of work.—Washington Star.

EARLY DAY HUNT IN OHIO.

In the "Bag" Were 17 Wolves; 21 Bears, 800 Deer and a Few Foxes and Raccoons.

Doubtless the most successful hunt ever conducted in Ohio took place on Dec. 24, 1818, in Medina county. It is known in the annals as the "Great Hincley Hunt," and it was certainly great from any point of view. Hincley is the northeast township of Medina county, and the centre of the township is only about fifteen miles in the air line from Cleveland. In the time of the great hunt it was a heavily wooded district, and was especially well stocked with game. All of the settlers in and near the woods had guns as effective as any of that day.

Bears raided the pig pens at times, and wolves were a great obstacle to keeping sheep. Partly to stop these losses and facilitate farming, and in part, no doubt, for love of sport, the most elaborate preparations were made to clear the wild beasts out of the great forest in Hincley township. Captains of companies were appointed by the committee in charge or chosen by common consent, and the coming of the hunt was well advertised for many miles around. Men and boys from Cleveland joined in the "beat," and more distant towns were represented. After all the firearms within reach had been put in more or less reliable hands, weapons were improvised by mounting bayonets and butcher knives on poles and using axes and hatchets for work at close quarters.

Many of the hunters reached the edge of the woods the night before the grand raid on the home of the wolves and bears, camping out for the night. At sunrise about 600 men and boys were ready for action, and the signal to start was passed clear around the forest, some six miles square, in 40 seconds. The lines of advancing hunters, deployed like skirmishers in battle, made a great noise with horns, shells and voices, and they gradually penned the game in the woods closer and closer to the centre of the narrowing circle.

The final slaughter at the centre of the forest was great. Most of the large animals surrounded were killed, and when the hunt ended, late in the afternoon, the "bag" was no less than 17 wolves, 21 bears, 300 deer and a few foxes, raccoons and wild turkeys. Many of the hunters remained in the woods all night, camping by the scene of the final round up, and the occasion was one of much festivity. Only one man was hurt by glancing his gunshot, and he was not much injured.—Cleveland Leader.

The harbor of Valparaiso, the important port of Chile, is only an open roadstead, in which 152 ships have been wrecked through storms causing them to drag their anchors.

AUTOS.

Chug, chug, chug, chug; toot, toot, toot! Hear 'em whizz, see 'em whizz, watch 'em scoot.

Half a thousand devil carts comin' down the Pike,
Motors workin' overtime, horses on a strike,
Comin' from the east an' south, comin' from the west,
Every fellow a-singin' that he's in front of all the rest.

Comin' from Senecahatchy, Birmingham and Butte,
Chug, chug, chug, chug; toot, toot, toot!

Gears and sprockets, tanks and chains, cylinders and brakes,
Ratchets, pistons, clutches, sprags, half a hundred makes;
Sparkers, plugs and steering posts, batteries and coils,
Bearings, generators, guards, lubricating oils,
Carburetors, solid tires, governors and jacks,
Cars that look like skeletons, cars that look like ghosts,
Some that glide along like ghosts, some that sizz and whizz and scoot—
Chug, chug, chug, chug; toot, toot, toot!

Tonnes and mufflers, hoods and pumps, odometers and lamps,
Foot throttles, cinchers, goggles, masks, and hand levers, and give 'em room to sizz and whizz and scoot—
Chug, chug, chug, chug; toot, toot, toot!

The world has never seen the like, nor ever will again.
Now stand aside and give 'em room to sizz and whizz and scoot—
Chug, chug, chug, chug; toot, toot, toot!

Divorces are multiplying. "That's odd, I thought that their function was to divide."—Town Topics.

Downton—How did Binkers, the rich architect, become so poor? N.—D.—He built a house for himself.—New York Weekly.

The Lady—That isn't the same story you told me before. The Beggar—No, lady; you didn't believe the other one.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

"A woman," remarked the bachelor boarder, "always reminds me of an egg." "The answer?" "You can never tell her age by her looks."—Chicago News.

Little Willie—Say, pa, what is a man whose wife is dead? Pa—A widower, my son. Little Willie—And if he marries again he's a widower, isn't he, pa?

Artist—This mermaid is my masterpiece. Mrs. Gushly—Dear me! How did you ever get a model to pose in the water all that time without moving?—Detroit Free Press.

The Bridegroom—You said you were to give me a grand present on our wedding day. How about it? His Father-in-Law—Didn't I give you my daughter?—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Hicks—Sussex seems to be in a highly prosperous condition, and yet you told me he was only going on from hand to mouth. Wicks—That's right. He's a dentist, you know.—Boston Transcript.

Smithers says he lights one cigar from another now, he smokes so much. "I don't wonder, considering the kind of cigars he smokes."—Modern Society.

"A man who is addicted to the tobacco habit," remarked the moralizer, "will do anything for a smoke." "Yes," rejoined the demoralizer, "he will even travel in a smoking-car."—Chicago Daily News.

Tess—What's the celebration at Bess's house this evening? Jess—She's keeping her birthday. Tess—Well, it will be a great success if she only keeps it as well as she keeps the date of her birth.—Philadelphia Press.

Brown—Green sent a dollar to a man who advertised a method for beating the slot machines. Smith—Did he get the information? Brown—Yes; he received a card on which was printed, "Keep your money in your pocket."

"These hot flashes through my head," remarked the pepper box, "are simply awful." "You have my sympathy," rejoined the salt cellar; "I'm not feeling very fresh myself." And I, said the vinegar cruet, "have a sour stomach, as usual."

"Did you tell my wife that I had made my will and left all my property to her?" asked the sick man. "I did," replied the lawyer. "What did she say?" inquired the invalid. "Oh," answered his legal adviser, "she glanced in the mirror and asked if I thought she would look well in black."

Question of Provincialism.

A senator of Missouri tells of the reply made by a Kansas City man, who was visiting New York city, to a man somewhat disposed to patronize the westerner. Said the latter: "We visited Missouri. It's a fine state, and I like the people. There's only one fault in the inhabitants, and that is they are too provincial."

At this the Missouri man became very angry.

"Let me tell you one thing!" he shouted. "Missourians may be provincial in some things, but in one, at least, they're far less provincial than are the people of New York."

"Indeed?" queried the New Yorker, provokingly. "And in what respect, pray?"

"In this respect, sir," responded the Missouri man. "No one in New York knows much about Missouri; but every one in Missouri knows all about New York."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

BUSINESS CARDS.

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World's Best Timekeeper.
The best timekeeper in the world is said to be the electric clock in the basement of the Berlin Observatory, which was installed by Professor Foerster in 1865. It is enclosed in an airtight glass cylinder, and has frequently run for periods of two and three months with an average daily deviation of only fifteen one-thousandths of a second. Astronomers are making efforts to improve even this and to secure ideal conditions for the clock by keeping it not only in an airtight case but in an underground vault, where neither changes of temperature nor of barometric pressure shall ever affect it.—Electrical World and Engineer.

Searching the Ruins.
The inhabitants of Martinique have become treasure hunters, and spend much time in digging in the ruins caused by the eruption of Mt. Pelee in hope of finding gold and other treasure lost at that time.

MARKETS.
PITTSBURG.
Grain, Flour and Feed.
Wheat—No. 1 red..... 91 08
Rye—No. 1..... 61 01
Corn—No. 2 yellow, ear..... 63 64
No. 2 yellow, shelled..... 61 62
Middling ear..... 59 60
Oats—No. 2 white..... 34 35
No. 3 white..... 41 42
Flour—Winter patent..... 6 10 60
Straight winter..... 5 60 55
Hay—No. 1, timothy..... 12 75 12 25
Clover No. 1..... 11 75 12 25
Feed—No. 1 white mid. ton..... 24 51 25 00
Hogging middling..... 20 00 20 00
Brass, bulk..... 7 00 7 50
Straw—Wheat..... 7 00 7 50
Cut..... 7 00 7 50

Dairy Products.
Butter—Eggs creamery..... 22 24
Ohio creamery..... 18 19
Eggs country roll..... 14 14
Cheese—Ohio new..... 9 00 9 00
New York, new..... 9 10

Poultry, Etc.
Hens—per lb..... 12 13
Chickens—dressed..... 10 11
Eggs—Ohio new..... 22 23
Eggs—Pa. and Ohio, fresh..... 22 23

Fruits and Vegetables.
Potatoes—New per bu..... 51 55
Cabbage—per bu..... 17 18
Onions—per barrel..... 12 00
Apples—per barrel..... 15 00 15 00

BALTIMORE.
Flour—Winter Patent..... 7 55 8 00
Wheat—No. 2 red..... 1 12 1 14
Corn—mixed..... 65 66
Eggs—Ohio new..... 9 00 9 00
Butter—Creamery..... 22 23

PHILADELPHIA.
Flour—Winter Patent..... 5 15 5 75
Wheat—No. 2 red..... 1 11 1 12
Corn—No. 2 mixed..... 58 59
Oats—No. 2 white..... 35 37
Butter—Creamery..... 22 23
Eggs—Pennsylvania fresh..... 22 23

NEW YORK.
Flour—Patent..... 6 00 6 50
Wheat—No. 2 red..... 1 11 1 12
Corn—No. 2 mixed..... 58 59
Oats—No. 2 white..... 35 37
Butter—Creamery..... 22 23
Eggs..... 22 23

LIVE STOCK.
Union Stock Yards, Pittsburg, Cattle.
Prime heavy, 1250 to 1300 lbs..... 30 00 30 75
Prime, 1100 to 1200 lbs..... 25 00 25 50
Medium, 1000 to 1100 lbs..... 20 00 20 50
Fat heifers, 1000 to 1100 lbs..... 19 00 19 50
Butcher, 800 to 1000 lbs..... 18 00 18 25
Common to fair..... 15 00 15 50
Oxen, common to fair..... 12 00 12 50
Common to good fat bulls and cows..... 10 00 10 50
Milk cows, each..... 10 00 10 50

Hogs.
Prime heavy hogs..... 3 50 3 85
Prime medium weight..... 3 25 3 50
Best heavy Yorkers and medium..... 3 40 3 50
Good pigs and light Yorkers..... 2 40 2 45
Pigs, common to good..... 2 00 2 05
Slaught..... 4 00 4 15
Hogs..... 3 50 3 65

Sheep.
Extra, medium weight..... 4 10 4 25
Good to choice..... 3 75 3 85
Medium..... 3 50 3 60
Common to fair..... 3 00 3 10
Spring Lambs..... 3 00 3 10

Calves.
Veal, extra..... 5 00 5 50
Veal, good to choice..... 4 50 4 80
Veal, common heavy..... 3 00 3 50