

IN THE AIR CHAMBER.

By STEPHEN HALLETT.

JOHN BLATCHFORD, civil engineer, sat out in the open, with his eyes resting reflectively on a round instrument, with figures encircling it, and a needle. It resembled an aneroid barometer, but it was not. It was a peculiar air gauge, a Scottish invention, and Blatchford had not seen one of the kind since he had helped build the great bridge at Chepeutepec, in Mexico. Then he was a subordinate assistant; now, at eighty-and-twenty, he was engineer of the Marbury Tunnel, under the river of that name, just outside the important manufacturing town of Belchester.

Blatchford's recollections of tropical Chepeutepec, although doubtless exciting, were, however, suddenly interrupted by the advent of a young girl, whose footsteps he had not heard, and who now stood timidly before him.

The young engineer was on his feet in an instant. He had a very gallant bearing with women—irrespective of class—but he was particularly attentive if they happened to be pretty women.

"Did you wish to see me?" he asked, smiling.

"Oh, no, sir," faltered the girl; "I thought that is—I came with a message to—"

"One of the men, perhaps?"

"Yes."

"You have a brother working down in the air chamber?"

The girl blushed. "Not a brother—a friend."

"Ah! Well, the men will be up shortly for dinner. You had better wait. You see, we are rather short-handed at present, and I am obliged to tend the gauge myself. Sit here and wait."

She seated herself, looking very pretty, Blatchford thought, with her neat, simple attire and thick auburn tresses; and the very first thing that caught her eye was the clock-faced object which Blatchford had called the "gauge." He saw her glance riveted upon it, and good-naturedly undertook to explain that it registered the amount and pressure of air in the working chamber far beneath the river, where, at that moment, seven stalwart men toiled at the tunnel.

"Is it very dangerous?" she asked.

"What—the work? Well, that depends. You see, air seems innocent enough, but it is a power not to be trifled with. Every man down at the bottom of this shaft is working at a pressure of thirty-five pounds to every square inch of him. It is almost like being hugged by a bear. When I press this lever—this way—more air is forced down." He touched one of the levers just below the gauge and pointed to the needle. "There, you see, it is now thirty-six, thirty-seven, thirty-eight, thirty-nine pounds to the square inch; and by a mere touch of my finger it could be forced higher—even up to sixty-five. This is almost strong enough to crush a man."

"How wonderful that mere air should be so strong!" exclaimed the girl. "But what is the use of it—this air?"

"Use? Why, we harness it and make it work. It helps us dig our tunnel under the river, by forcing out the water and mud. Then, besides, it is for the workmen to breathe. But, hello! why are you so pale?"

Kate Maxwell smiled nervously, displaying twin rows of perfect teeth.

"Oh, nothing. Only I was thinking it must be very terrible to work down there. Suppose something was to go wrong with the air-pipes, and they were to get too much or too little air?"

Blatchford, who, young as he was, was familiar with death and danger, shrugged his shoulders.

"We must take risks in every trade. If the men got too little air, the river—or part of it—would pour in and drown them; if they got too much and there was no way for it to escape, it would crush them. But, after all, it is little likely that either of these terrible things could happen, because, you see, it is so carefully regulated and the gauge is so accurate and reliable. Anyone of intelligence could keep the supply at thirty-five pounds, which is as much as a man ought to stand."

He pulled out his watch and looked at the time.

"Hello!" he ejaculated, in surprise, "the men are late in coming up today."

The girl shuddered at his words and cast an ominous glance at the great iron door which barred the entrance to the air lock and led to the working chamber, as it was called, under the river.

"Robert!" formed itself involuntarily on her lips.

Although none knew it, Kate Maxwell's unaccountable misgivings were not without justification. Even as the pair had been talking, seventy feet below where they stood, a terrible scene was being enacted. It had been a struggle for life in the darkness and oppressed atmosphere of the subterranean air chamber, and her lover, Robert Leslie, was one of the actors. A feud had for some time existed between young Leslie and another of the pressure-workers, Edward Dart, and this feud, of which Kate Maxwell was the hapless origin, had led, for some cause or other, increased, at least on Dart's side, to great intensity.

Dart had always borne a good reputation in Belchester, and was the sole support of a widowed mother; but his temper was none of the best, and it was known that he could be vindictive. It was rumored that his attentions to Kate had extended over a couple of years, and had never been

discouraged until the flaxen-haired Leslie appeared on the scene.

At first the feud took the form of sarcasm, but this quickly developed into great bitterness of language. Bury Jim Burns, the foreman of the gang, was obliged to act the part of peacemaker a dozen times a day, when, as he put it, "the youngsters' tongues got a-waggin'."

"Let him alone, Ned," he would say to Dart; "what d'ye want to be always worrying Bob for?" Or it would be, "Drop it, Bob, or I'll set old Widow Dart on ye. She'll make it lively for ye, I reckon."

On this particular June day, the altercation between the pair began on their way to the tunnel; and Kate, who had heard of the angry dispute, experienced a dread of open trouble between them which greatly affected her spirits all that morning. The flash of gibe and repartee continued as the two rivals descended the narrow tube at the base of the shaft into the bowels of the earth; and so far from bettering the situation, Leslie's self-satisfied air and affected carelessness only made matters worse. For he was not without reason for satisfaction, although the truth was known to only one other man in Belchester. Kate Maxwell had promised, on the previous evening, to be his wife. And Edward Dart, the rejected suitor, knew this—knew it from Kate's own lips. This fatal knowledge, fatal to all his hopes and dreams, entered the soul of Edward Dart like a bar of red-hot iron.

He was a bigger and stronger man than Leslie, and would relish nothing better than to carry the quarrel to blows. There was something grim, uncanny, in the idea of these two mortal rivals being shut up together in a narrow, dimly lighted box, seventy feet underground, for hours at a stretch.

Once inside the air chamber, they worked for several hours silently. Then, just about noon, Leslie's pick accidentally struck upon Dart's foot. There was an oath, a shuffle, and, like a mastiff, Dart was at Leslie's throat.

In this small space—hardly bigger than a ship's cabin—five men fattened themselves against the sides while Dart and Leslie fought like demons in the darkness, for in the struggle the lamp had been extinguished. Then there was a piercing cry—Dart had got his hands on a pick; he was seemingly about to wield it. But too late! his antagonist forced him backward; he fell with a crash upon a heap of tools, and Dart's arm and ankle were broken, snapping like faggots.

For many weeks there had been peace between the successful and the unsuccessful suitor for the hand of Kate Maxwell. The affair in the air chamber, which had deprived the tunnel of Dart's services, was put down to an accident. Mr. Blatchford never heard of the battle between the two men. Leslie made a point of looking in at the Dart cottage on his way home from work to see how the man with whom he had so long been at enmity, and with whom he had so lately come to blows, progressed toward recovery. Dart had been rather a favorite of Mr. Blatchford, and was not unpopular among the men, so that there was general regret at the injury he had sustained.

When the news came, therefore, that the engineer of the works had offered the convalescent man the not very arduous post of lock-tender, Leslie was one of the first to congratulate Dart.

But in her timorous, illogical, womanly fashion, Kate, remembering the conversation she had had with Mr. Blatchford, was not much pleased at the news, though she brought herself at length to laugh at her fears. There was safety in numbers, and after all, it was not likely that even ten times more vindictive than the man she had rejected as a lover, would injure seven men in order to gratify a grudge to a single one. Besides, did Dart still cherish a grudge? Is it, it was so well concealed that nobody noticed it, not even Kate Maxwell?

But one day, coming across the fields, she observed a small launch in the river just over where the tunnel lay, making rapidly for the other shore, where similar works were also in progress and had been for months. On it she recognized the forms of Burns, Tyler, Pocock, and several of the workmen employed in the tunnel. As the gang were usually at work on the north side of the river at this hour, she stopped an acquaintance in the vicinity of the tunnel, now approaching completion, and asked him what it meant.

"Oh," said the man, "they're gone over with Mr. Blatchford to work at the other end of the tunnel."

Kate closely scanned the occupants of the boat, and even took out her handkerchief and fluttered it in hope of a reply from her lover. There was no response. Perhaps he was there and did not see her. Disappointed, she turned away, but wended her way to the head of the north tunnel shaft, thinking he might have been left behind.

As she drew near, the sight that met her gaze sent a chill of apprehension through her, she scarce dared tell herself why. It was only the lock-tender Dart, with his arm still in a sling, studying the indicator. One hand was on the lever. It was the expression of his face which repelled Kate.

"If there is no one down in the air chamber," she thought to herself, "why is he here?"

Quite close she came, without Dart's

perceiving her proximity. His whole mind was intent on the gauge, his lips were slightly parted in a most unpleasant smile, and he muttered phrases to himself as he scanned the motion of the needle. The young woman was about to accost him, but before a syllable had left her lips, her eye fell on the figure to which the fatal needle pointed.

The gauge registered already fifty-seven pounds of air to the inch, and was going higher. In other words, that powerful, relentless, modern force, compressed air, was flowing fiercely, yet silently into the chamber far beneath the river, which did it possess an occupant, would prove perhaps a chamber of death.

"Edward Dart!" cried Kate passionately, pointing to the gauge, "what does that mean?"

The man's hand sprang back from the lever, as to wrench the latter in its socket.

"What are you doing here?" he asked roughly.

"Tell me—is any one inside the lock?"

"Tell you? What for?"

"Because I must—I will know. Because Mr. Blatchford explained to me the working of this lock, and I know that that pressure is dangerous. I cannot trust you." Then she added, trembling like a leaf, "Where is Robert—Robert Leslie?"

"How do I know?" he sneered, although beads of sweat stood out on his brow. His hand was back on the steel rod.

"Then take your hand off that lever, I tell you—reduce that pressure of air!"

Dart made no movement. The needle now pointed to sixty-four. In her frenzy for the supposed safety of her lover, Kate sought to drag Dart away from his post. He seized her instantly with both hands, thus showing that his broken limb had suddenly healed, although he had seen fit to hide the cure, for purposes of his own.

"Help! Help!" she screamed. A piece of iron lay near by. She seized it and struck him a blow full on the temples, and the fellow collapsed like an emptied sack.

Then she instantly clutched the right lever and lowered it, gasping and choking in her excitement. She expected it to turn the opposite direction, but to her terror, it continued to revolve as before.

Sixty-five—sixty-six—sixty-seven—Merciful heavens, what should she do?

Instantly she grasped the other lever and exerted all her strength. Every second of suspense seemed an eternity. Kate Maxwell was now firmly convinced that her lover, Robert Leslie, was in the air chamber at the bottom of the shaft. How could she save him? She pictured him fallen upon the slime of the river bed, with the terrible compressed air, gripping his body and slowly crushing it, as a boa constrictor would crush a bound.

To reduce the volume of air would bring relief at once—perhaps save his life. Her lips formed a silent prayer, and as if in answer to that supplication, the needle of the gauge at last wavered in the balance, then began to slowly move in the opposite direction.

When it got to thirty-five she would depress the lever and stay it (the needle's) course. Fifty—forty-five—forty—figure by figure it turned slowly. Thank God, the danger was past!

But horrors—what was this! Although she pressed with all her might, the needle continued to turn, after thirty-five was passed. She sprang at the other lever; she gripped it with both hands; she shrieked for help.

If it reached a certain point, the water would be unchecked, and it would flow into the air-chamber, and Leslie would be drowned like a rat in a trap.

Thirty—twenty-five—twenty-four—twenty-three—twenty-two! Could nothing be done!

Twenty-one—twenty—nineteen—eighteen. In vain the young girl put forth her full remaining strength. Dart's fall must have destroyed the vice mechanism of the instrument, and Kate had thus become, unwittingly, an accessory to her lover's murder.

The needle pointed to nine and was still descending when she fainted at the door of the lock.

A few moments later, John Blatchford, engineer of the Marbury Tunnel, at last completed after many months of labor, came up the shaft, smiling, followed by his little gang of faithful workmen.

At the spectacle which met their eyes, they stopped short, and Robert Leslie, as pale as death, flung himself beside the recumbent form of his sweetheart, who lay white and still, scarce two feet from the great iron door which barred the way into the tunnel. Several of his comrades turned their attention to Dart, who was subsequently borne home, suffering from shock.

When Kate Maxwell recovered consciousness, she clasped her lover closely. "The gauge," she murmured, stretching out her finger. "I thought you were dead down there. And the levers would not work."

Mr. Blatchford examined the indicator and levers while she spoke. Then he gave a low whistle.

"By Jupiter!" he said quietly, "you turned on less air at the right moment, Mistress Kate. I was out six feet in my reckoning, and the two ends of the tunnel met sooner than I expected. But if we had met, with the pressure here at sixty-five, whether there had been an explosion or not, it would have been rather rough on Leslie. He would have been paralyzed for life. That's the worst of putting a sick man on duty: there's always the risk of a relapse at the wrong moment."

Kate Maxwell, looking up into her lover's face, was silent.—New York Weekly.

A Hero of Panama.

Career of Herbert O. Jeffries, of New York, Commander of the Pacific Flotilla—Stormy Incidents of Guatemala Under the First Barrios, Tyrant and Despot.

IT is ever written, the story of the life of Herbert O. Jeffries, commander of the Pacific flotilla of the new Panama Republic, will make the lurid tales of our Western scouts seem to fit only for the nursery. Said the member of the Geological Survey, who has spent considerable time in Central America, says the San Francisco Bulletin.

"It was my privilege to be on terms of good fellowship for several months with this daredevil soldier of fortune, and I gathered sufficient information concerning his remarkable career in the turbulent Central American republics to satisfy me that he has not had a surfeit of the commonplace. Very little of this information was obtainable from him, for, like many men of his peculiar type, he was not given to talking about his own deeds."

"Jeffries is a New Yorker by birth, a graduate of West Point, and a natural born fighter. He is an athletic blonde, of five feet nine inches in height, of calm and quiet temperament."

"In his seventeen years in Central America he has been a prominent factor in every important revolution in Guatemala, Salvador, Honduras and the United States of Colombia, leading the forces of the Government or the revolutionists with equal courage, and usually with success. It cannot be said that his rewards were ever commensurate with his works, the adage, 'Republics are ungrateful,' proving true in his case."

"Jeffries was the general in charge of the forces that fought Guatemala under the first Barrios, a tyrant and despot. Several of the battles which he directed were marked by deeds of heroism, and were full of slaughter."

"In those fights, as in all others, Jeffries led his forces, a custom which, perhaps, it is unnecessary to remark, is uncommon in those countries, where marksmanship is not a strong point, and where the machete has a more prominent place in battle than the musket. You see, your average Central American, being afraid of his gun, shuts his eyes as he pulls the trigger, and the commander in front stands a good chance of being perforated in the back."

"Jeffries fell out with Barrios, and was exiled, and a price set upon his head. He fled to Guatemala with Gen. P. P. Brannon, a redoubtable Pennsylvania fighter."

"Both were welcomed by Don Luis Bogran, known as the Diaz of Central America, then President. They planned the ambushade which resulted in the slaughter of nearly 400 Guatemalan invaders."

"Under President Bogran's administration Americans were strictly in it. Concessions were granted them for nearly everything they asked, and peace prevailed throughout the land."

"An American named Cecil was made administrator of the telegraph lines; a Virginian built the water works and a wagon road to the Pacific coast; a Louisianian was chief of police, and Major Burke, once State Treasurer of Louisiana, managed the mineral resources."

"Among the Americans who flocked to the capital at Tegucigalpa was a New Yorker named Palmer, a polished gentleman and the possessor of a magnificent baritone voice. Palmer and Jeffries became chummy at once, and for months were inseparable. Both were in demand at social functions. Jeffries being a fine tenor singer and passionately fond of music."

"Their popularity aroused the jealousy and envy of Cecil, who, while carefully avoiding Jeffries, constantly sought a quarrel with Palmer. On the night of a Presidential ball, Cecil, drunk and noisy, met Palmer in the barroom of the Picadilly Hotel, grossly insulted him, and then shot him dead. So powerful was Cecil's influence that he was not even arrested."

"Jeffries was at Yucatan, two days distant by the usual mode of travel, but he made the journey in twenty-four hours, killing two mules en route. He wired Cecil that he was coming to kill him."

"When Jeffries rode up to the hotel, fully twelve hours before he was expected, he found Cecil in his barroom surrounded by a number of native officers, boasting of what he would do to Palmer's friend. Jeffries' entrance was the occasion of a stampede on the part of the natives, many of whom threw themselves headlong out of the windows in their frantic efforts to escape the calm, determined looking man in the doorway, whose big revolver seemed to cover every man in the room."

"Two shots rang out almost together. Jeffries strode into the yard, quietly mounted his mule, and, without a look backward, rode away."

"Cecil was found a few minutes later, dead, with a bullet in his heart. Just over the panel of the door through which Jeffries entered, on a line with his head, was the mark of Cecil's bullet. It was a duel to the death, and Palmer was avenged. There was no trial."

"Peace proving tiresome, Jeffries and Brannon wandered over into Salvador, where they engaged in railroad building. When Brannon presented a bill of 200,000 pesos President Ezeta, 'Lion of the Frontier,' and the biggest robber that ever went unbug, promptly

arrested them and sentenced them to be shot.

"They were chained to a stake in the court yard and doomed to die at sunrise. In some manner, which neither would ever explain, they extricated themselves and clambered over the wall."

"On stolen mules they started in the darkness for the Honduras border. Before daylight a party of Ezeta's noted black rangers was in hot pursuit."

"Near the border Brannon's mule was killed and he received a bullet in the thigh. Jeffries strapped him to his own mule, and in the darkness they crossed the line into Honduras, where they were safe. It was five days before Brannon received proper medical care."

"In 1893, under the rule of the benevolent old Don Ponciano Leizaola, his nephew, Nulla, started a revolution at Truxillo, and Jeffries was sent out with a small party to capture the rebel. The task proved an easy one, and Nulla was captured in a narrow mountain pass in less than a week, losing only a few men."

"From Honduras to the United States of Colombia was only a short step for Jeffries. His work in behalf of the Government last year is quite well known."

"He came to New York two years ago and married the girl of his boyhood choice, and she remained with him during his last campaign. Jeffries owns about 50,000 acres of valuable timber land on the line of the Panama Canal, so that his interests, naturally, are with the new republic. He can be counted upon to give a good account of the little flotilla under his command if the opportunity is presented."

Trains Come From the Farm.

"The Chautauque meetings in the country are the manufacturing centres of material to re-enforce played out and sluggish cities," said the Rev. Frank W. Gunsalus before the fifth annual session of the International Chautauque alliance in Victoria Hotel yesterday afternoon.

"The country boy's best chances for education are found at the summer meetings. How many have benefited? A recent canvass of the city has shown this:

"Out of one hundred of Chicago's prosperous business men I found that eighty-four, beginning with Marshal Field, came from the country. Seventy-six out of one hundred of the best lawyers came from the country. Seventy-one out of a hundred of the best physicians came from the country."

"The idea prevailed that the best privileges of life belong to a class of self-constructed aristocrats, but the fact is that these privileges belong to the poor, ordinary man, and the Chautauque meetings have taken them to him. The purpose of the meetings is to build the real American civilization."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Interest in the Flamingo.

There are larger birds than the flamingo, and birds with more brilliant plumage, but no other large bird is so brightly colored, and no other brightly colored bird is so large. In brief, size and beauty of plume united reach their maximum of development in this remarkable bird, while the open nature of its habits and its gregariousness seem specially designed to display its marked characteristics of form and color to the most striking advantage. When to these more superficial attractions is added the fact that little or nothing is known of the nesting habits of this singular bird, one may, in a measure, at least, realize the intense longing of the naturalist, not only to behold a flamingo sight—without question the most striking sight in the bird world—but at the same time, to lift the veil through which the flamingo's home life has been but dimly seen. From Frank M. Chapman's "A Flamingo City," in the Century.

Kitten Aroused Dog's Jealousy.

A curious instance of a dog's intelligent jealousy is reported from Llanishen.

A happy family there consisted of a lady, a cat, a kitten and a Yorkshire terrier. All four were on excellent terms until the terrier took umbrage at attentions which his mistress bestowed upon the kitten.

The terrier straightway began to dig a hole in the garden, and finished its task to its satisfaction in three days.

Then the kitten disappeared. A search was made, and as the terrier was seen patting down the earth over the hole which it had refilled, the soil was removed, and the kitten was found to have been buried alive.

The dog was punished, but it took the kitten to the grave again, and the following day took it to a ditch and left it there.—London Daily Express.

Colorado Potatoes.

The largest potato ever raised in the State and probably anywhere in the world was grown this season by James Warren on the Hoover farm, nine miles east of Greeley. It weighs nine and three-fourths pounds and is composed of several outgrowths. It shows only one stem and gives no indication of ever having been more than one potato. The Hoover farm is located on the extreme eastern edge of the cultivated section and close to the open range. The field from which the tuber was dug produced 200 sacks to the acre and it was an easy matter to find hundreds of potatoes in the field weighing from three to four pounds each.—Denver Republican.

Yankee Modesty.

Venus, she of the broken arms, and the discus thrower have been indignantly banished from all buildings controlled by the school board of Gloucester, Mass. Poor Venus, she has been gazing unabashed upon the world these many centuries, and the discus thrower has been making his cast with never a thought of sweaters, but Gloucester has cried, "To the basement with the baggage and her trousersless fellow!" Naked Truth had better lie low in her well or the school board of Gloucester will send the hussy packing with her classical companions.—Portland Oregonian.

LIGHTNING RODS ON SHIPS.

Several of Many Years Have Proved Them Useless.

Several European shipping periodicals are advocating the use of lightning rods on ships which convey explosive compounds. One of these papers notes that on a recent voyage the foremast of the Umbria was struck by lightning, which shattered it to bits. The writer of the article stated that "if the ship had been fitted with lightning conductors the current would have been deflected from the ship."

The value of lightning rods for ships was investigated by Captain Folger of Nantucket, Mass., a brother-in-law of Benjamin Franklin, the inventor of the types of lightning rods in common use the world over until a few years ago. After Folger, many other American and British shipmasters studied the lightning rod question, with the final result that thousands of experiments with masts fitted with lightning rods advanced the belief that they are of no value in warding off lightning.

As a matter of fact, abundant evidence exists in the archives of American, British and French scientific societies that thousands of ships protected by lightning rods were struck by lightning. These were when naval and army magazines were fitted with lightning rods. That practice ended years ago. It is only among believers in divining rods and fortune tellers that confidence in lightning rods exists.—American Steam and Shipping.

WISE WORDS.

Some men think they have nothing to be thankful for unless their neighbors have had hard times.

He that overcometh shall inherit all things; and I will be his God, and he shall be My son.—Rev. xxi, 7.

When a man has his treasure in Heaven he does not wake up in a fright every time he hears a mouse in the house.

The kingdom of heaven is heart recognition and heart obedience to a Father's spirit living and ruling within our own.—John Hamilton Thom.

Take thyself denials gayly and cheerfully, and let the sunshine of thy gladness fall on dark things and bright alike, like the sunshine of the Almighty.—J. F. Clarke.

"I have to work like a slave," said a good woman, weary with her worries, but the answer came from a more way-wise comrade: "Oh, but, my dear you can work like a queen."—Frances Willard.

A Test That Failed.

Two men were walking along a Kansas City business street. "Do you know," said the Kansas City man to his country uncle, "that you can hear all sorts of subjects discussed in a barber shop?" "I always shave myself," replied the country uncle. "I haven't been in a barber shop for years." "Well," continued the city man, "get into a barber's chair and you'll hear one barber talking to a customer about the war; another will be talking politics or football; a third discussing shows, and so it goes. Here, come in this shop and wait while I get a shave. You'll hear a lot of free discussion." They entered the shop and found three barbers working and one idle. The Kansas City man got into the empty chair and was there ten minutes. The only words they heard in the shop were "Next!" and "Thank you."—Kansas City Times.

BALTIMORE.

Flour—Winter Patent.....\$1.55 5.80
Wheat—No. 2 Red.....1.10 1.11
Corn—No. 2 Yellow......85 86
Oats—No. 2 White......85 86
Butter—Creamery, extra.....25 26
Eggs—Pennsylvania.....24 25

PHILADELPHIA.

Flour—Winter Patent.....\$1.55 5.75
Wheat—No. 2 Red.....1.10 1.11
Corn—No. 2 Yellow......85 86
Oats—No. 2 White......85 86
Butter—Creamery, extra.....25 26
Eggs—Pennsylvania.....24 25

NEW YORK.

Flour—Patent.....6.00 6.50
Wheat—No. 2 Red.....1.10 1.11
Corn—No. 2 Yellow......85 86
Oats—No. 2 White......85 86
Butter—Creamery, extra.....25 26
Eggs—Pennsylvania.....24 25

LIVE STOCK.

Union Stock Yards, Pittsburg.

Cattle.

Extra heavy, 1400 to 1600 lbs.....\$5.20 5.45
Prime, 1200 to 1400 lbs.....5.00 5.15
Medium, 1000 to 1200 lbs.....4.50 4.65
City, 800 to 1000 lbs.....3.75 3.90
Butcher, 600 to 800 lbs.....3.10 3.25
Common to fair.....2.90 2.75
Open, common to fat.....2.75 2.60
Common to good fat bulls and cows.....2.50 2.35
Milk cows, each.....10.11 10.00

Hogs.

Prime heavy hogs.....4.80 4.85
Prime medium hogs.....4.50 4.55
Best heavy Yorkers and medium.....4.25 4.30
Good pigs and light Yorkers.....4.00 4.05
Pigs, common to good.....3.80 3.85
Hogheads.....3.70 3.75
Sigs.....3.55 3.50

Sheep.

Extra medium wethers.....\$ 5.10 5.25
Good to choice.....4.75 5.00
Medium.....4.50 4.65
Common to fair.....3.75 3.90
Spring Lambs.....4.00 4.00

Calves.

Veal, extra.....5.00 7.50
Veal, good to choice.....3.50 4.00
Veal, common heavy.....3.00 3.75

NEW USES FOR POTATOES.

Grated potatoes soaked in water in the proportion of two medium-sized potatoes to the quart, make an excellent liquid for washing woolen goods or for washing delicately colored fabrics.

A slice of potato will clean oil paintings without injury, and dipped in baking soda will brighten silver.

Chopped potatoes and a little soda or ammonia will remove all cloudiness or discolorations in carafes or wine glasses.

Brighten the zinc under the stove by rubbing with raw potatoes.

If quickly done, raw potatoes will remove spots from a polished dining table. Finish with equal parts of turpentine and melted beeswax.—Home Science Magazine.

Some women will believe things in novels that their husbands couldn't make stick with affidavits, declares the Galveston News.

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