

COMMODORE NICHOLSON RECOMMENDS PE-RU-NA.



COMMODORE Somerville Nicholson, of the United States Navy, in a letter from 1837 R Street, Northwest, Washington, D. C., says:

"Your Peruna has been and is now used by so many of my friends and acquaintances as a sure cure for catarrh that I am convinced of its curative qualities and I unhesitatingly recommend it to all persons suffering from that complaint."

Our army and our navy are the natural protection of our country. Peruna is the natural protection of the army and navy in the vicissitudes of climate and exposure.

We have the thousands of testimonials from prominent people in the army and navy.

We can give our readers only a slight glimpse of the vast array of unsolicited endorsements Dr. Hartman is constantly receiving for his widely known and efficient remedy, Peruna.

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. S. B. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio, and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice.

Workman's Ancestral Fallings.

The strictures passed upon the working men as a whole might have been passed ever since Tacitus described our Anglo-Saxon ancestors, but the brighter facts are comparatively modern.—Christian Commonwealth.

10,000 Plants for 16c.

This is a remarkable offer the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., makes.



Salzer Seeds have a national reputation as the earliest, finest, choicest the earth produces. They will send you their big plant and seed catalog, together with enough seed to grow:

- 1,000 fine, solid Cabbages,
- 2,000 rich, juicy Turnips,
- 2,000 blanching, nutty Celery,
- 2,000 rich, buttery Lettuces,
- 1,000 splendid Onions,
- 1,000 rare, luscious Radishes,
- 1,000 glorious, brilliant Flowers.

This great offer is made in order to induce you to try their warranted seeds—for when you once plant them you will grow no others, and

ALL FOR BUT 16c POSTAGE.

providing you will return this notice, and if you will send them in postage, they will add to the above a big package of the earliest Sweet Corn on earth—Salzer's Fourth of July—fully 10 days earlier than Cory, Peep o' Day, etc. [A. C. L.]

The Public Health Committee of Camberwell, London, proposes to fit up the public baths in the borough for cricket practice during the winter months. Apparently the Camberwellians do not bathe in winter.

The Automobile in England.

The use of automobiles is increasing rapidly in England, and this year promises to be an excellent one for the trade. On April 1, 1904, there were 14,887 cars in use in that country—representing an increase of 25 per cent during the past two years. There was also a corresponding number of accidents. Take London alone for example. During the year ending May 1, 1904, there were 510 accidents to automobiles, of which 13 proved fatal. This will make the enemies of the automobile hold up their hands in horror, but the figures will not seem as bad when placed in comparison with the accidents caused by and happening to horses and carriages during the same period. There were 7,584 of them, and 190 were fatal. But the automobilist must remember that there are far more horses in London than automobiles.—Springfield Republican.

A WOMAN'S MISERY.

Mrs. John LaRue, of 115 Paterson Avenue, Paterson, N. J., says: "I was troubled for about nine years, and what I suffered no one will ever know. I used about every known remedy that is said to be good for kidney complaint, but without deriving permanent relief. Often when alone in the house the backache has been so bad that it brought tears to my eyes. The pain at times was so intense that I was compelled to give up my household duties and lie down. There were headaches, dizziness and blood rushing to my head to cause bleeding at the nose. The first box of Doan's Kidney Pills benefited me so much that I continued the treatment. The stinging pain in the small of my back, the rushes of blood to the head and other symptoms disappeared."

Doan's Kidney Pills for sale by all dealers. 50 cents per box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

LOVE TRIUMPHANT.

Helen's lips are drifting dust; Lion is consumed with rust; All the gallies of Greece Drink the ocean's ceaseless peace; Lost was Solomon's purple show Restless centuries ago; Stately empires wax and wane— Babylon, Harbary and Spain; Only one thing, undefaced, Lasts, though all the worlds lie waste And the heavens are overturned, —Dear, how long ago we learned!

There's a sight that blinds the sun, Sound that lives when sounds are done, Music that rebukes the birds, Language lovelier than words, Hue and scent that shame the rose, Wine no earthly vineyard knows, Silence stiller than the shore Swept by Charon's stealthy oar, Ocean more divinely free Than Pacific's boundless sea; Ye who love have learned it true. —Dear, how long ago we knew!

—Frederic Lawrence Knowles (Dana Estes & Co.).

The HEART OF LUCILLA.

By ELLICE BEERE.

LUCILLA had fallen madly in love with Vincent Keith at first sight. She fancied, with fluttering hope, that he also was attracted by her. She had had many admirers, but hitherto not one of them had stirred her heart. Now, as the weeks passed, she began to experience the joy of being wooed when the lover is also beloved.

She knew so certainly that she had loved him that she trembled in doubt whether he loved her. She waited for the declaration she longed to hear before revealing herself.

She was now cool, now tender to him as hope and fear alternated in her heart, and he, manlike, was equally cast down by her rebuffs and elated by her favors.

One evening he brought her a cutting of verbenas, and they went together into the garden to plant it. The surroundings inclined to sentiment, and he broke off a flower, a red rose with a golden heart, kissed it, and asked her to wear it for his sake.

Her hands trembled as she fastened it into her low cut bodice, and he caught them in his. She did not withdraw them.

A moment more and the eager question might have sprung to his lips, but they were interrupted. Hal and Edgar, Lucilla's brothers, made a noisy appearance on the scene, and carried off her lover to the billiard room.

Seeing there was no help for it, he yielded with a good grace, and Lucilla chafed. She wished now she had not let him hold her hands. He would remember that sign of yielding on her part, and she had nothing to console herself with. Yes, the rose! It nestled warm against her breast. She would put it in water, that it might last the longer.

So thinking, she made her way up to her room. But, after all, the flower was still quite fresh, and it seemed a pity to disturb it from where his hand had helped to place it.

Now that Hal and Edgar had him at their mercy, there was little hope of seeing him again that night, unless she cared to join in their game, and for that she was not inclined.

She sat down by the open window and watched the dusk gather. The wallflowers and the roses threw up an intoxicating perfume, and a thought came to her. She would watch for a glimpse of him as he left the house. Yes, it was worth the long wait!

The moon rose; a silver crescent in an unclouded sky; and presently in a distant tree a nightingale began to sing its song of love. The liquid notes thrilled her; her heart went out to the night. But time sped on; it was growing late; her exultation died down; the nightingale ceased; the rose had begun to droop on her breast. "Flowers fade on flirts!" She smiled at the thought.

Her own heart was true and steadfast enough, she knew. Nevertheless, she took the flower now and placed it in water. As she withdrew into the warm room she shivered slightly and wrapped a light shawl round her bare neck and arms, that her evening dress left exposed, ere she seated herself again at the window.

Then came the sound of the hall door banging, and her lover's swift tread crunched over the gravel. She leaned from the casement.

Right past her window he came, and suddenly stopped. Was it love's presence that he stopped and stood looking up at her window? Certainly with even less thought of seeing her there than she had of such an unexpected move on his part. She was not warned in time to retreat.

"Love! Love!" he whispered, "throw me down the rose!"

But she drew hastily into the shadow with burning cheeks.

Did he guess she had waited three, perhaps four hours, waiting for a sight of him, who had never yet so much as told her he loved her? She would die of shame! He assumed, at any rate, that she cherished his flower. He took much for granted. And he dared stop under her window and beg a love token as if—as if she had given him her heart without the asking!

Lucilla's pride was up in arms. She pulled down the window with an anger that was manifest.

And he, ignorant of the intricacies of the feminine heart, with a sudden hopelessness upon him, went sadly home.

How small a misunderstanding can create a barrier between two lovers whose love is as yet unsigned, unsealed and undelivered.

That night made a breach between Lucilla and Vincent that was not long in the widening. "Pride properly belongs to a woman," Lucilla told herself, "and not to a man." And Vincent, conscious only of her rebuff, waited vainly for the encouragement she had not grudged him before.

And one day, when the young moon rose on just such another summer eve-

ing as had seen the little rift within the lute, when the nightingale sang over again his tender raptures, now passionate, now pleading, and Lucilla, with falling tears bent her head over the withered leaves of a faded rose. Vincent sailed to seek a better fortune, a kinder fate in other lands. And Lucilla waited to see him again, counting the hours, while time sped into years.

"You must really come with us to the theatre to-night," declared Lucilla's great friend, Elsie Southwood. "Felix has such a nice box, and is going to bring Mr. Glenroy. You know, Lucilla, you always wanted to meet him."

Lucilla roused herself; she was nearly always absorbed in a reverie now.

"The man, you mean, who has the gift of reading in people's faces their fate?"

"Yes. I wonder if he will tell us ours. Of course I know mine; I'm always going to be as happy as the day is long, with my precious Felix, a regular Darby and Joan couple. But aren't you longing to have yours told, to know whether you'll marry for love or money, and wander far or live and die at home, and all that kind of thing? Felix says he is wonderful when he can be persuaded to do it for anyone, but he won't tell some people at all—if he can see death or misery in their faces, or anything like that."

Instantly Lucilla said: "Oh, then he won't tell mine!"

Elsie stared. "But you're not going to die, Lucilla; you're too young. You're a year younger than I am, and people don't die at twenty-four unless they're ill. And you're not miserable, you're everything to make you happy. It's other people you make miserable. When are you going to marry my brother Fred? Every one knows he's deeply in love with you."

"Perhaps some day, perhaps never," said Lucilla, indifferently; "but I'll go to the theatre, Elsie, if it's only to see Mr. Glenroy, and in the hope that he'll read us our fate. I confess I am intensely interested. Indeed, I long above all things, to know what the future holds in store for me."

Lucilla found herself seated with her back to the stage, with Mr. Glenroy at her elbow. The play was a popular melodrama, in four acts, and with three long intervals.

Lucilla did not give much of her attention to the play, so occupied was she with her companion. He was a gray-haired man of middle age and middle height.

His features were good and regular, with a well-formed nose, and large, rather full blue eyes. His face wore an expression of great kindness and intelligence, and he had a peculiarly sympathetic voice and manner which won the confidence at once.

He appeared deeply interested in Lucilla, and talked freely to her between the acts, and not the ordinary small change of conversation either. Soon they were discussing personalities.

"You're not happy," he said, under cover of the orchestra; "you must not mind my saying so."

"But what makes you say so?" asked Lucilla, quickly.

"I generally speak the truth to people," he said, whimsically, "if I speak at all; but sometimes they contradict me."

"You are right," she said, in a low voice. "I won't gainsay you."

"And if you are not careful you have more unhappiness to come."

"Oh, don't, don't say that," she cried, alarmed. "Tell me what is this strange gift you have of reading people's future in their faces."

"It is no gift," he responded, smiling, "merely the faculty of observation and deduction very acutely developed. And then, my theory is character makes fate—is fate. Gauge thoroughly a person's character, and you may predict with more or less certainty her fate."

"And my character—my fate?" she breathed.

"The keynote of your character," he said, promptly, "is pride. Pride through and through, always pride, and pride again. It has shipwrecked your life already." In a low voice he added: "There is always the danger it may do so again. Don't let it."

"It is hard," she responded, "that one's temperament should predetermine one to disappointment."

"Yes, if you ask too much of life," he said, quickly. "But don't you add: 'Just the balance yourself?' Can you, of all people, say that no one pays the price of your suffering with theirs?"

A picture of Fred Southwood's face, now with the love light on it, now darkened by despair, rose up before her. She dropped her eyes, unwilling to return a truthful answer.

The curtain had gone up, and in the slight confusion which ensued in the boxes, consequent on the return of many occupants to their places, she noticed a young man, whose appearance seemed familiar, yet unfamiliar, make his way to his seat.

"You young girls," went on Mr. Glenroy, in a lighter tone, "don't understand what that kind of a thing may mean to a man. Faint heart never won fair lady" is all very well in its way; but take a sensitive fellow, for instance. Well, here is a case in point. I came from the Carlton to-night, where I was dining with a friend; oddly enough, there he is, that young fellow just settling into his seat. He made his pile out in Australia a short time ago. Before that he was in a bad way about some girl—one of those stiff-necked damsels, I should say, who ought to be queens in their own right—the role of simple woman isn't good enough for them; or, rather, it's away up beyond their ken. Now this man I'm speaking of, my friend, has a strange dislike for red roses—can't bear the sight of them. There were superb ones on our table to-night—just like what you are wearing, Miss Woodford—and he had them all taken away; so I suppose there's some memory of her bound up in them. He's not one to wear his heart on his sleeve, but little things like that betray a man to his friends."

Lucilla was making an effort at self-control, a tumultuous joy was tugging at her heart. She strove to make some adequate reply to Mr. Glenroy.

All through the rest of the evening she surreptitiously watched the fair head of the man she loved, the torment of the last few years changed to tremulous doubt and hope.

Did he see her, recognize her? Once or twice she thought his eyes were on her, earnestly gazing, but she had not strength or courage to meet his glance.

The curtain was rung down at last, and a feeling akin to despair began to settle on Lucilla as reluctantly she made preparations for departure, and with the others left the box.

There was a long wait in the vestibule till the carriage was called, and Lucilla suddenly started at the sound of a well-loved voice and a hand-clasp that set her pulses beating. Vincent Keith stood at her side.

In her nervousness and confusion her hand went up to her throat. The abrupt movement detached one of the crimson roses at her breast, and it fell on to the ground at his feet.

Gravely he stooped to pick it up.

Her seizures were all in a whirl, and as he offered it her, she whispered, faintly:

"Won't you keep it—a belated gift?"

He surveyed the flower—a full-blown rose; and at the instant's hesitation the color flamed over her face, and she would have recalled her words, if she could.

"It has a golden heart," he said, softly, "and I have always wanted the heart of Lucilla!"

She faltered a moment, then, with eyes downcast, murmured:

"You have always had it."—New York Weekly.

No Room in the Safe.

The Traveling Man was standing, looking disconsolately at the Floor.

The Hotelkeeper was watching Him. By and by the Hotelkeeper said to the Traveling Man:

"Lose Something?"

The Traveling Man nodded.

"Something valuable?"

Another Nod.

"Sure you had it when you came here?"

Another Nod.

"Don't you see that Sign, 'House not responsible for Valuables lost unless they were put into the Office Safe'?"

Another Nod.

"Then why didn't you put it in the Safe?"

"Couldn't."

"What was it?"

"My Job."—Baltimore American.

Entitled to Enter.

Walter B. Stevens, Secretary of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, recently was down for an address of welcome before the Congress of Deaf and Dumb held at the World's Fair. Usually punctual, he was a few moments late, and by way of preface apologized for his tardiness, his explanation being interpreted to his "audience" in the sign language by an instructor on the platform.

"When I reached the door," said Mr. Stevens, "I was stopped by a Jefferson guard, who told me that no one was admitted except deaf and dumb persons. I told him that I was deaf and dumb and had a right to enter."

"Oh, if that's the case, sir, pass right in," the guard replied.—Minneapolis Journal.

Killed by Imagination.

A workman on the Siberian Railway was accidentally locked into a refrigerator car and was afterward found dead. Imagining that he was being slowly frozen to death, he had recorded his sufferings with a piece of chalk on the floor. The refrigerating apparatus, however, was out of order, and the temperature in the car had not fallen below fifty degrees Fahrenheit throughout the journey.—Chicago News.

Whistling.

We consider that the ridicule which has greeted a notice in a Glasgow music hall to the effect that "Whistling or cheering with the feet is strictly prohibited" is undeserved. While it may be difficult to cheer with the feet, we believe that it is by no means impossible to whistle with the feet. We imagine that instead of two fingers being placed in the mouth the whole foot goes in.—Punch.

Sixty Miles Long and a Mile Wide.

Friday's peculiar snowstorm extended from Broad Mountain to above Wilkesbarre, a distance of sixty miles. Although the snow fell to a depth of two inches, many towns experienced the full effects of the blizzard, while neighboring towns within walking distance were not affected at all. A high wind accompanied the storm.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Farm

Practical Poultry Points.

Keep your fowl stock young; old hens are wholly unprofitable to keep. Cocks as well as hens eat a lot of food, and no cock is necessary except during the hatching season.

Grade your eggs as to size; it improves the sample, and consequently the price.

Large, loose-feathered hens of the Cochon or Brahma type lay small eggs, and but few of them. They are also large eaters and poor rangers.

Close-feathered, medium-sized hens of the Leghorn type are non-sitters, good rangers and great layers.

It costs nearly as much to keep a hen that lays eight eggs in the year as one that lays 130.

Fowls should not be fed near the door of your dwelling house, or they will stand about all day looking for food.

Fowls roosting in trees and open buildings seldom lay many eggs, and those they do lay are often laid astray and lost.

Gate Latch.

This is a simple thing, but will save many a crop from total destruction by stock if adopted. This gate will open only by human hands, never out of order. Cut or saw two elbow slots as indicated in the latch, large enough to slide easily on a large nail driven through the cross-piece into the slots of the latch as indicated by the two dots. The upright slots should be about one and a half inches long, and the horizontal ones about four inches long, space above latch about two inches, morise in the post about two inches longer than width of latch.—J. D. Bible, in The Epitomist.



Fattening the Old Cow.

Permit me to relate my experience. I once had a cow that I considered an extra good milker. It was before the days of butter fat and Babcock tests, so I might have been mistaken. Surely she was one of the best in the herd, so I kept on milking her much too long. When at last I was compelled to turn her off I purposed to make beef for my own family use. I commenced feeding corn, but she soon refused to eat. She was always thin and rough looking, as some good milkers used to be. What was I to do? The nearest mill where I could get corn ground was twelve miles distant, and it was the beginning of winter, with bad weather and bad roads. The patent feeds were not then invented, so I offered her shelled corn. She ate eagerly, and in six weeks I had the very finest beef in all my forty years of farming, tender and juicy, just the thing for one's own eating. She had with the shelled corn only common prairie hay; not a tight, warm barn, but a cheap stable of a single thickness of common boards. I would not guarantee the same result another time, but I would certainly try the shelled corn.—J. G. Osborn, in the Tribune Farmer.

Feeding From Large Silos.

I covered the ensilage with chaff and tarred paper and put on the weight. The ensilage kept well until opened, when it troubled about heating and moulding, and nearly one-half was spoiled. In the first silo each pit had 144 square feet, and I could feed fast enough from the top to prevent moulding; now I had 256 square feet, and I was in trouble again. I read everything published about ensilage, yet nobody told me what I wanted to know.

The sixth winter I covered with chaff, then a layer of boards, then tarred paper, followed by a second layer of boards, and then a foot of straw to keep the boards from warping. During the winter I blundered along, trying several ways to keep the ensilage. As a last resort, I began on one side and took out ensilage one foot in depth and then covered with boards behind me as I proceeded across to the other side. After I had gone across and dug down another foot and began to go back I found the ensilage very hot and mouldy under the boards. As I proceeded along backward, I thought of something new, which has proved to be just the right thing in the right place. I put poor ensilage on top of the good and then two layers of boards, breaking joints, and the good ensilage remained good. The poor ensilage and the boards excluded the air, and that ended the trouble. For five winters the same plan has been followed with good results.

It makes no difference how warm or how cold the winter, the ensilage always comes out warm, fully up to blood heat, and there is no chance for any to mould, for very little is exposed at one time. On no other farm do they handle ensilage in this way. Too often in other silos I have seen mouldy and frozen ensilage, both unfit for feed. In a round silo boards could not be handled very well for covering, and that is why I prefer the square one.—N. B. White, in The American Cultivator.

Spraying Potatoes Paid Five Fold.

A bulletin of the Vermont station says:

Did you spray your potatoes this year? If not, what per cent. of them did you lose by rot? The Vermont experiment station furnishes some interesting data upon this subject. Last August it sprayed a portion of a potato field located beside one of the most traveled roads leading into Burlington. The soil was a well-drained sandy loam soil, well manured, plowed in the spring and planted late in May. Two-thirds of the piece was sprayed on Aug. 9 and Sept. 5 with standard Bordeaux-Paris-green mixture (six pounds copper sulphate, four pounds stone lime, one-half pound paris green, forty gallons of water); one-third was sprayed solely with paris green.

The late blight (which directly or indirectly causes most of the loss from the rot of the tubers) was first seen on the unsprayed rows on Aug. 21. It spread very slowly, but when the tops were killed by frost Sept. 23, fully 90 per cent. of the foliage on the unsprayed rows were dead, being most killed by the disease. No late blight could be found at this time on the sprayed rows, where fully 90 per cent. of the leaves were alive.

The crop was dug Oct. 3. The sprayed rows yielded at the rate of 344 bushels per acre, and the unsprayed rows at the rate of 201 bushels per acre, a gain in total yield of only 43 bushels. But when the rotten tubers were sorted out the sprayed area produced at the rate of 317 bushels per acre of sound, marketable potatoes, and the unsprayed area at the rate of 56 bushels per acre of sound and marketable potatoes. Eight per cent. of the crop on the sprayed area was rotted, while 80 per cent. of that grown in the unsprayed area was lost by rot. The net gain was 201 bushels per acre as a result of spraying with Bordeaux mixture. Potatoes sold in Burlington for 60 cents per bushel. The gain amounted, therefore, to \$150. It cost about \$6 per acre to spray, leaving a net gain of \$150.

These results are exceptional; but there were many fields this fall, especially in northern Vermont, where there was as great or even greater loss from rot. Some were hardly worth digging. Are you planning to harvest 50 or 317 bushels of potatoes per acre next year? Do you expect to leave 80 or only 8 per cent. of your crop in the field? Why not plant less land and still raise as many bushels? It is one way to solve the help problem. Bordeaux mixture ought not to cost over three dollars per acre for each application; in practice it usually costs much less than that. Is it not better to lay copper sulphate than copper stock?—Mirror and Farmer.

Cut and Unset Silage.

There are some farmers in this vicinity who still put their silage in without cutting. It is not convenient for some to secure cutting machinery, and others think they cannot afford this expense of cutting. There appears to me to be a marked difference in the quality of the cut and the uncut silage, enough certainly to warrant quite an additional expense for the cutting if necessary.

I visited the barn of a good farmer recently who is feeding silage for the second season. His silo is well built, his corn was secured without frosting and has kept without the least indication of mould; still there is a strong odor from it, sufficient to attract the attention of any one before entering the barn, even at a time when the silage was not being disturbed. I saw his cows fed upon this silage. They ate it greedily, and I was told there was no waste, and that the cows responded well at the pail. Still, that strong and rather unpleasant odor hung to everything.

On my return I passed another barn, where whole silage was being fed, and I smelled it in passing. I said to the boy: "We will notice when we reach home and see if any such smells reach us."

We accordingly did so. I may say the boy has been away to school for several weeks and has not been handling any silage during that time, and consequently is an impartial judge.

When we reached home we noted conditions at once, and both were firmly of the opinion that if we had not known there were silo in the barn we could not have determined that there were by any smell. I am very sure this different condition comes from the cutting, and I am firmly of the opinion that the finer the cutting is done the better. It would be interesting to note the difference between silage from the shredder or blower, which has been thoroughly fined and mixed in the process, and that obtained from the ordinary cutter and elevator. The Pines silage has been cut in one-fourth inch lengths until this season. It was cut this year in one-half inch lengths, but is not so satisfactory as when cut finer. There are more leaves not fully cut, and it is not so light in color. It also appears to cool more quickly and have more tendency to freeze. Where cutting machinery can be secured at reasonable rates or where there is a permanent farm power, silage can be cut in cheaper than it can be packed in without cutting, more can be put in a given space and the feeding is easier and more even between different animals.

The silo is to be one of the principal factors in advancing New England agriculture, and every feature necessary for perfect work should be kept constantly before the people.—B. W. McKee, in the Tribune Farmer.

Tibet Snow-Blindness.

To prevent snow blindness the natives of Tibet grease their faces and then blacken the skin all around their eyes with burnt sticks. Most foreigners when exposed to the snow in Tibet wear colored glasses.

BUSINESS CARDS.

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MARKETS.

PITTSBURGH.

Grain, Flour and Feed.

Wheat—No. 2 red	\$1.04	1.05
Bye—No. 2	85	88
Corn—No. 2 yellow	82	82
No. 2 yellow, shelled	50	51
Mix	45	45
Oats—No. 2 white	35	35
No. 3 white	34	35
Flour—Winter patent	6.20	6.30
Straight winters	5.70	5.85
Hay—No. 1 timothy	12.50	12.60
Clear No. 2	12.00	12.10
Feed—No. 1 white mid. ton	22.50	23.00
Brown middlings	19.00	19.50
Brass—bulk	29.50	21.00
Straw—Wheat	7.00	7.50
Oat	7.00	7.50

Dairy Products.

Butter—Ely creamery	30	31
Ohio	25	19
Fancy country roll	14	14
Cheese—Ohio, new	11	12
New York	11	11

Poultry, Etc.

Hens—per bushel	12	13
Chickens—Dressed	13	16
Turkeys, fresh	16	17
Eggs—Pa., and Ohio, fresh	23	25
Butter—Creamery	35	26

Fruits and Vegetables.

Potatoes—New per bu.	55	63
Onions—per barrel	75	1.00
Apples—per barrel	1.75	2.25
Apples—per barrel	1.75	2.25

BALTIMORE.

Flour—Winter Patent	\$5.55	5.80
Wheat—No. 2 red	1.10	1.12
Corn—No. 2 yellow	85	88
Eggs	24	25
Butter—Creamery	35	26

PHILADELPHIA.

Flour—Winter Patent	\$5.15	5.75
Wheat—No. 2 red	1.10	1.11
Corn—No. 2 yellow	85	89
Oats—No. 2 white	35	37
Butter—Creamery, extra	35	26
Eggs—Pennsylvania	24	25

NEW YORK.

Flour—Patent	\$6.00	6.50
Wheat—No. 2 red	1.15	1.18
Corn—No. 2 yellow	85	89
Oats—No. 2 white	35	37
Butter—Creamery	35	26
Eggs—Pennsylvania	24	25

LIVE STOCK.

Union Stock Yards, Pittsburg.

Cattle.

Extra heavy, 1400 to 1600 lbs.	\$2.35	2.60
Fine, 1400 to 1400 lbs.	5.20	5.50
Medium, 1200 to 1400 lbs.	4.00	5.10
Fair, 1000 to 1200 lbs.	3.50	4.50
Butcher, 900 to 1100 lbs.	3.00	3.75
Common to fair	2.50	3.75
Open, common to fair	2.75	4.00
Common to good fat bullock and cows	2.50	3.50
Milk cows, each	10.31	20.93

Hogs.

Prime heavy hogs	\$4.95	5.00
Prime medium weight	4.85	5.00
Good heavy Yorkers and medium	4.80	4.95
Good pigs and light Yorkers	4.70	4.80
Flue, common to good	4.50	4.60
Scrawls	3.75	4.10
Stags	3.25	3.50

Sheep.

Extra, medium wethers	\$3.75	6.00
Good to choice	3.55	5.65
Medium	3.25	4.91
Common to fair	2.90	5.30
Spring Lambs	4.00	6.00

Calves.

Veal, extra	\$3.00	7.50
Veal, good to choice	2.50	4.91
Veal, common heavy	3.00	5.70