

THE "HOME, SWEET HOME" HOUSE.

Still stand the maples at the gate,
The dark fir-trees beside the door;
The hob-white calls his pensive mate
As sweetly as he did before.

I still behold my mother's face,
Her singing voice drifts down to me;
But vacant now her waiting place,
Where she had always loved to be.

AN EXPERIMENT :
: IN REALISM

How the Jimmy
Supplemented the Pen.

BY JULIEN JOSEPHSON.



If you have ever tried to
write a story in which
a burglary forms a vital part
of the plot, you will agree
that for this sort of work—
theoretically, at least—there
should be no time so prolific
as the midnight hour; no place so
propitious as a bare, dimly lit
room in a rambling, deserted old
house, where cold draughts, and eerie,
unaccountable creakings conspire to
add just the right flavor of ghostliness
to the situation. It was exactly upon
this theory that I rented such a room
in such a house in a lonely suburb of
San Francisco, and on a certain bitter
cold evening in December prepared to
pass the night there.

My desire was to work up a vivid
account of a burglary in all its fascinat-
ing details—depicting the entrance
of the burglar, the feelings of the un-
fortunate individual whose lot it was
to be the victim, and all that sort of
thing. Naturally, I spared no pains
to make my environment as suggestive
as possible. On the table at which I
intended to sit while recording my im-
pressions of the situation, I placed a
loaded magazine pistol. The blinds I
had drawn so closely that from the
outside the room must have seemed
to be in darkness. My only light was
a dark lantern, which I had bought
that day from a benevolent-looking
Hebrew patriarch, who recommended
the lantern most highly. He evidently
had mistaken my calling.

I did not at once feel in the mood
for writing. And so, as there was a
comfortable fire going in the old-fash-
ioned grate, I got out my pipe and
smoked until the midnight hour—with
all the weird, fantastic images that it
calls up in the imagination—was almost
at hand. At such a time and such a
place, sterile, indeed, were the imagina-
tion that did not feel itself aroused. I
was soon scratching away quite merrily.
I had been working thus for
perhaps twenty minutes, and had just
reached the point where the burglar is
due to make his entry on the scene,
when I fancied that I heard a faint
scrapping sound at one of the windows.
It startled me for the moment. Then
I concluded that it was nothing, con-
gratulated myself on having brought
my imagination to such a responsive
pitch, and laughed at myself for hav-
ing been frightened by a monster of
my own creation.

I resumed my writing. But I had
not completed a dozen lines when
something occurred which was not
down on my program. It was a rep-
etition—this time unmistakably real—
of the sound which had startled me a
few moments before. In a flash I shot
the slide of my lantern, picked up my
revolver, and slipped quickly and
noiselessly into a closet. I pulled the
closet door almost shut—just leaving
a sufficient opening to enable me to
see what was going on in the room
without myself being seen. I did not
have long to wait. The window at
which I had first heard that faint,
scrapping sound was slowly, carefully
shoved upward. The blind was then
cautiously thrust aside, and a masked
face appeared in the opening. For a
moment it glanced warily about the
room. Then, apparently satisfied with
what he saw, the prowler raised the
blind and climbed in softly through
the open window. This was realism
with a vengeance.

I shifted my feet silently, and took
a new grip on my revolver. For a
moment I thought of sallying forth
from my hiding place and giving battle
to my nocturnal visitor. On second con-
sideration it seemed better for me to
remain where I was and await develop-
ments. Then if the burglar did dis-
cover my hiding-place, I would have a
decided advantage.

While these speculations had been
forming in my mind, the burglar had
pulled an ugly-looking pistol from his
pocket, examined it, and put it back.
Then with the slide half closed he be-
gan to flash his lantern about the room.
He was in truth a burglar to satisfy
the requirements of the most san-
guinary youth who ever lived in a
lime novel. He was short and squat
of figure, shabbily dressed, and pos-
sessed of a gait which for pure burglar-
iousness far surpassed anything I have
ever seen on the stage. He wore a
sollid muffer about his throat, for
the night was bitter cold. Now catch-
ing sight of my watch—which, in my
excitement, I had left lying on the
table—he slid over to the table, picked
up the watch, and after a moment's
scrutiny he thrust it into his pocket
with a grunt of satisfaction. He con-
tinued his search of the room, but
could find nothing else worthy of his
attention. Once he seemed to be look-

ing rather queerly at the closet, as if
he thought it might be profitably in-
vestigated. I had a rather bad minute
just about this time, and felt greatly
relieved when he went silently from
the room, leaving the door open behind
him. For some minutes afterward I
could hear him walking down the halls
and through the uncarpeted rooms of
the old place. I was just beginning
to hope that he would find his investi-
gation so barren of results as to cause
him to leave the house in disgust, when
his footsteps now sounded in the hall
leading to my room, and an instant
later he was with me again. He looked
about him; then walking over to my
table, he picked up my unfinished man-
uscript, contemplated it a moment, and
thrust it into his coat pocket. Then
going over to the coal box he scooped
up a generous shovelful of coal and
threw it upon the fire, which had near-
ly gone out. After which he calmly—
almost luxuriously—drew my chair up
to the fire, laid his pistol on the table
within easy reach, and proceeded to
read my manuscript. He was clearly
a most extraordinary burglar.

At first the unexpectedness of his
singular actions dazed me; then the
boldness of them fairly took me off
my feet. I watched my felonious
friend narrowly, noting with pardon-
able pride that he seemed interested in
my story. Then a sudden wild idea
seized me. Why not enlist the aid
of my degenerate guest in the noble cause
of literature? Indeed, could anything
be more appropriate? Surely, I reason-
ed, it does not necessarily follow
that no good can come from a burglar.
And this one seemed unusually intelli-
gent. The more I thought of the idea
the more it pleased me, the more it
took hold of me. Still I hesitated.
The thing was undeniably dangerous.
To be sure, I had obtained my knowl-
edge of guns on a cattle ranch, and
felt that I could shoot about as fast
and as straight as nine burglars out
of ten. But what if this burglar hap-
pened to be the tenth? I had just
about come to the conclusion that I
had better lie low until my knight of
the dark lantern had departed, when
something occurred that suddenly
changed my plans. As the burglar
finished the manuscript, he yawned
and laid it back on the table with the
muttered remark: "Nobody but a
blamed idiot would act like that
burglar!"

Those were unfortunate words for
him. For no sooner had he delivered
himself of this caustic and unmerited
aspersion on my powers of character-
ization than I sallied forth with blood
in my usually tranquil eye. He
reached as if for his pistol. "Cut it out
—quick!" I snapped, with as much in-
cisiveness and determination as a mild
and peaceable author could reasonably
be expected to muster. Then I picked
up his gun and placed it in my pocket—
after which I addressed myself again
to my burglar. "Now, my good friend,"
I said, pleasantly, "seeing that you
have expressed dissatisfaction at my
conception of your calling, I shall be
indeed grateful to you if you will give
me some idea of what a true burglar is
like. You will find my fountain pen an
exceptionally smooth writer."

The burglar regarded me for a mo-
ment with puzzled face. "I'm not a
burglar any more than you are!" he
then said, with a short, snappy laugh.
His statement almost made me drop
my pistol. But I never took my eyes
off him. Then a sudden idea occurred
to me. "Take off your mask!" I
commanded.

Off came the black cloth. One look
at that thin, scarred face, with its
crooked mouth and restless, shifty blue
eyes, convinced me that if ever a
burglar lived, here was a choice speci-
men. But I determined to humor him.
"That may be," I said. "At any rate,
will you have the kindness to place on
paper—and perhaps hand down to a
grateful generation of authors—a true
description of the most exciting bur-
glary you have ever committed?"

He looked at me in apparent aston-
ishment. "Why," he replied, smiling
broadly, "I'm a writer myself. I just
fixed up in these togs for a bluff. I'm
not for the same thing you are. I
thought this old place was deserted.
That's why I came here. I'm an Am-
herst man," he said, with a tinge of
pride that was either real or else ex-
ceedingly well done. "Class of ninety-
four."

But the farce had proceeded far
enough.

"Will you kindly explain to me in
what way you expect your literary
experience to be enriched by purloin-
ing my watch?" I asked, politely, wish-
ing to bring matters to a head.

For reply the burglar sprang at me,

But I had seen his sharp eyes meas-
uring the distance between himself and
my pistol-hand, and I was prepared.
Springing back quickly, I avoided
his grasp, and dealt him a chopping
blow on the head with my heavy pistol.
He went down like a log.

I was sincerely sorry that the neces-
sity for violence should have arisen—
and up to a certain point in our inter-
view I had even hoped that I was
about to secure some bits of realism
that would be real contributions to the
common literary fund. But as mat-
ters now stood, there seemed but one
thing to do. So I bound the burglar
hand and foot with some rather feeble-
looking rope that I found in the closet
where I had been hiding. Then going
to the window, I blew shrilly upon the
police whistle with which, in my strenu-
ous endeavor to attain the realistic
atmosphere, I had previously equipped
myself. Before many minutes a couple
of blue-coats were on the scene—and a
little later the patrol wagon was clat-
tering over the pavement with my
burglar inside. At that moment he
probably did not know just what was
going on. No doubt, however, the true
situation occurred to him later.

And now for the sequel—which con-
cerns itself with the fate of the man-
uscript and of the burglar. The fate
of the manuscript, like that of the
burglar, was cruel. After many trips
across the continent, it was finally ac-
corded an entire pigeon-hole in my
desk, where it will probably rest to the
end of my days. And the question of
why an unavailable manuscript should
be preserved and given an entire
pigeon-hole brings me to the second
part of my sequel. Shortly after the
arrest of the burglar he was identified
as one Nicholas Ware, a man wanted
by the police in half a dozen cities.
The aggregate reward offered for his
arrest amounted to some two thousand
dollars, and as the chief of police was
a man of small experience in such mat-
ters, we divided the money.

All of which, I humbly submit,
merely goes to show that the pen is
mightier than the Jimmy.—The Ar-
gonaut.

Brave Man Papa.

Evelyn is the little daughter of a
Marshall County family, relates the
Chicago Chronicle. She is very timid.
Her father, finding that sympathy only
increased this unfortunate tendency,
decided to have a serious talk with his
little daughter on the subject of her
foolish fears.

"Papa," she said, at the close of his
lecture, "when you see a cow ain't you
'fraid?"

"No, certainly not, Evelyn."

"When you see a horse ain't you
'fraid?"

"No, of course not?"

"When you see a dog ain't you
'fraid?"

"No," with emphasis.

"When you see a bumblebee ain't you
'fraid?"

An Irving Story.

Sir Henry Irving tells that at one
time visiting Shakespeare's birthplace
he had a slight experience with a rattle
of the vicinity. Being in a quizzical
frame of mind, Sir Henry addressed
a few questions to the fellow, and in
reply obtained some illuminating in-
formation, according to the Buffalo
Commercial.

"That's Shakespeare's house over
there, I believe," Sir Henry innocently
remarked.

Meaning of Storching.

The storching, which has deposed
King Oscar from the Norwegian throne,
is, being interpreted, the Great Court,
and should be pronounced to rhyme
with "courting." The second part of
the word is identical with our "thing,"
however, as the Scandinavian lan-
guages, in common with Anglo-Saxon,
have the same word for "thing" and
"council." In modern English a tract
of the second sense survives in the
word "hustings," which came to mean
the public platform upon which a can-
didate appeared at election time, though
originally the "husting" was the
council at which the candidate was
selected, the "house-thing" or house-
council.

How Does a Fly Light?

"It's odd," said the casual diner in
the quick lunch restaurant, to his
neighbor, a stranger, "and it's an old
query, but did you ever stop to think
how it is that a fly lights on the ceiling?
Now, a fly, you know, naturally
flies with his legs hanging down. He
flies from the table, for instance, up to
the ceiling and there he halts for a
moment to wash his face, but presto
he is upside down. How does he do
it? Does he grab hold with his front
hands and swing himself under? Does
he do a corkscrew curve and catch
with all fours, or sixes? Or how does
he do it?"—New York Press.

The Professional Gossip.

In Arabia the trade of "gossiper" has
many followers. The "gossiper" col-
lects all the news, title-tattle, jokes
and stories he can get hold of, and then
goes from house to house retailing
them. If he has a good manner, and
can adapt his recitals to his audience,
he makes a very fair income.

Pluck and Adventure.

A STRANGE POCKETBOOK.

SARAH CALDWELL was a
little girl thirteen years old,
when, toward the close of
the Civil War, she had a
perilous drive, and yet one
which I am sure any of you
boys and girls would envy her. One
night, after she had prepared her
lessons for the next day and had little
thought of any adventure it might hold
in store for her, her father asked,
"Well, little woman, how would you
like to drive with me to-morrow to
Louisville?"

Now, Louisville was thirty miles
from the little Kentucky town in which
they lived, and there was at that time
no railroad between the two places.
The drive was one full of danger.
Sarah knew, for the guerillas, a des-
perate band of plunderers and high-
waymen, who did so much harm during
the war, were constantly waylaying
travelers, robbing banks and raiding
the little towns. So when her father
proposed the drive her feelings were
a mixture of surprise, doubt and de-
light. Our little heroine was always
ready for adventure; and having the
greatest confidence in her father's ab-
ility to defend her, if necessary, she
seized the chance to go to the city with
him. She cared not to know his er-
rand, but felt instinctively that it was
an important one, for he was a busy
lawyer, a judge and president of the
bank of their town.

No, unquestionably, Sarah prepared
that night to start early the next
morning. She noticed her mother was
usually busy sewing on the dress she
was to wear, although she knew of no
stitches necessary to be made on it.
Yet she did not wonder, but with child-
ish confidence of the coming day's
pleasure. You children who travel so
frequently these days, in which trains
run everywhere at all times, cannot
appreciate the keen delight of a boy
or girl forty years ago, whose trips
from home were red-letter days.

The next morning found Sarah up
for an early start. It was late spring
and the day a glorious one. The drive
lay over the "State Pike," and led past
grassy fields and woods full of great
beech and oak trees, whose tender
green leaves were peeping forth. The
country is so exquisitely roaming that
often at the top of a gently sloping hill
high hill a great panorama of beauty
lay before them. Along the roadside
ran gray stone fences, and now and
then an only chipmunk would bob up
from a crevice between the stones and,
scouring along, disappear as if by
magic. The noisy bluejays were dis-
cordantly crying in the trees, and the
busy woodpeckers industriously ham-
mering, while from time to time a gor-
geous robin would fly by, and all the
birds seemed inspired by the splen-
dor of the morning to sing their sweet-
est.

Watching eagerly all this, and un-
heeding any danger that might lie in
their way, our travelers reached Bos-
ton Tavern, midway between their
town and Louisville. It still stands at
the foot of Boston Hill, and is a long,
low, rambling structure, closely re-
sembling the inns of old England.
There excitement reigned. The stage
coach stood at the door, and its pas-
sengers were telling of an attack made
on them a few miles back by a band of
guerillas who had stolen their money,
watches and the mail carried by the
coach. Here Sarah's courage wavered,
for she had heard so much of these
terrible men. But on her father's reas-
suring her that they would be too busy
escaping after this robbery to molest
them, she was eager to start again.
He must have felt great uneasiness,
but his daughter felt that her father
was all bravery and that nothing could
harm her under his care.

And nothing did harm them, although
along the path through a big woods lay
many a man strewn by the escaping guerillas.
They reached Louisville in safety. In
spite of the fact that they were to be
there but for the day, Sarah's father
took her to a hotel. On reaching their
room, he gravely told her to take off
her dress; and not being accustomed
to questioning him, she wonderingly
obeyed. Reaching out his hand for the
dress and opening his knife, he began
to rip the skirt from its lining; and to
our little lady's astonished eyes ap-
peared bank note after bank note,
amounting to thousands of dollars. Her
mother had carefully sewed them in
her skirt the night before, that the
money which her father had to take
from his bank for deposit in the city
might be carried in safety from the
guerillas.

This was the end of an adventure,
but the very beginning of a romance;
for that day Sarah met the young man
whom in after years she married; and
the long drive, which might very easily
have proved so disastrous to her, was
in the end worth a good husband and
many years of happiness.—From Mary
Caldwell Laurens' "A Strange Pocket-
book," in St. Nicholas.

KILL WHALES WITH LANCES.

The tug Wyadda has arrived at Neah
Bay with a whale captured yesterday
ten miles off Flattery by six canoeists
of Neah Bay Indians. When the Wy-
adda reached the Indians they were
killing the monster with lances.

Another tugboat had been lying by
during the chase, which was a long
one. Members of the crew state that
it was a most interesting sight to
watch the maneuvers of the Indians
and the great dexterity with which
they handled their frail craft in the
nasty sea, several canoes being fast-

ened to the whale. The Leviathan's
wild plunges all but swamped them.—
Tacoma Correspondence Los Angeles
Times.

LIONS AT THE DOOR.

News is at hand from two independ-
ent sources, says South Africa, of an
extraordinary adventure that recently
befell Mr. Dickert, a farmer living
about fifteen miles from Malindi Sid-
ing. Mr. Dickert went to bed at ten
o'clock, and was just going to sleep
when he heard what he thought was
a pig grunting and sniffling outside
the door.

He got up and stepped outside to call
his dogs, when he was seized by a
lion. He shouted, and Mrs. Dickert
ran out with a rifle, with which she
hit the animal on the head and caused
it to loose its hold.

Mr. Dickert immediately snatched at
the rifle and fired pointblank. Fortu-
nately, he killed the lion at the first
shot. The whole affair was over in a
few seconds, and occurred close to the
bedroom door, where the hungry ani-
mal had evidently been waiting. Mr.
Dickert was badly scratched, and his
arm was lacerated where the lion
seized him.

The people at Malindi Siding have
been annoyed by a lion that developed
the habit of coming close to the sta-
tion, and was heard in the neighbor-
hood of the railway men's house. A
short time ago the conductor of the
Falls train and several of the passen-
gers saw two young lions playing be-
tween the rails near the Gwaii.

Further up the line, in the direction
of the Zambesi, the lions appear to be
much more numerous. Not long ago
the native commissioner at Matetsi is
reported to have lost fifteen head of
live stock, which had been killed in
broad daylight by nine lions which
were hunting together.

MAN-EATING PIKE.

Dr. G. V. A. Robertson, of Pickering,
reports: "On Saturday I received a
call to visit the son of a farmer. The
message was: 'The lad has been bitten
by a fish.' On my arrival I found the
lad suffering from a severe wound of
the right foot, which required several
stitches. On making inquiries I was
told the lad had been bathing, along
with two others, in the River Leven,
which runs near to the farm at Sin-
nington, and on getting out of the
water he sat on the bank, as lads are
wont to do, when suddenly a large
fish jumped out of the water on to
the bank, seized the lad by the foot and
jumped in again. The distance from
the water to the edge of the bank was
quite two feet and the lad's foot was
three feet from the edge of the bank.
A lady who was passing and heard his
cries went to his assistance and car-
ried him home, as the foot was bleed-
ing profusely. A gentleman who stays
at the farm and is an enthusiastic
angler, asked to be shown the place,
and said he would try to catch the
fish. On taking his fishing tackle he
had the gratification of catching the
fish in a few minutes with an artificial
bait. It turned out to be a fine pike,
measuring two feet one and one-half
inches long, and weighing six pounds.
'There can be no doubt,' adds the
doctor, 'as to the truth of the occurrence,
for I not only saw the lad and the fish,
but I also saw the fish measured and
the gentleman who caught it.'—York-
shire Post.

W. B. Edwards, a Shoal Creek farm-
er, came to Joplin with a four and a
half foot black diamond rattlesnake in
a frail wooden box covered with win-
dow screening and treated the vicious
reptile in a spirit of friendliness that
caused more cautious people to shud-
der.

"I caught the snake yesterday after-
noon by lassoing it," said Edwards.
"My sister-in-law was walking along
a path when the snake struck at her.
It was coiled up in the grass along-
side the path. It sets its fangs into
her dress and fell back to the ground.
This attracted her attention and she
called to me to come and kill it. She
was carrying a little child in her arms
at the time.

"I saw what it was, and had my sis-
ter get out of the way, as it was pre-
paring to strike her again, and then I
got a little rope and made a lasso,
which I dropped over its head. It was
easy after that, and I just set my foot
on its neck, reached down with a pair
of pincers and pulled out its fangs.
Don't you want to buy it?" he added to
the stream of questions fired by each
interrogator.

Edwards appeared to have no fear
of the snake. Failing to find a pur-
chaser, he sought to effect a bargain
by giving the crowd a better view of
his snakeship. He deliberately lifted
one of the boards from the top of the
box, exposing his hand and wrist to
the lightning stroke of the snake, had
the reptile chosen. Evidently his faith
in the tooth pulling was perfect. But
as the lid was raised, and the snake
twisted around into position to strike,
forming the coil that has meant the
death of hundreds of people, the crowd,
not having the same faith, drew back
in apprehension of an attack. But the
snake made no effort to leave the box.

The snake is a splendid specimen of
the black diamond rattler. It measures
four and a half feet in length and is
larger than a man's wrist. Nine rattles
and a button constitute the rattle box
attachment, showing the age of the
reptile to be ten years. Last year
Mr. Edwards killed a diamond rattler
on his farm that measured six and a
half feet in length and had sixteen
rattles.—Joplin (Mo.) Globe.

An ingenious Greene County (Mo.)
farmer has rigged his farm wagon up
with a gasoline motor, and runs into
Springfield several times a week auto
style.



Tomfoolery

EFFECT OF WEALTH ON LEARNING.
A brilliant and learned prof.
Became of great wealth the poss.
Said the voters in town,
"Give a job to Prof. Brown;"
So now he's become an ass. —Puck.

AN IMPORTANT STEP.
Ella—"I suppose May is busy prepar-
ing for her wedding."
Emily—"Oh, yes. She has just rec-
eived her advertising agent."

IMPRUDENT.
Ethel—"Is she very extravagant?"
Helen—"Yes, indeed. She spends so
much money that she sometimes has
little or nothing left for her complex-
ion."

YES, THEY KNOW!
Bertha—"He had the insolence to
imprint a kiss upon my lips."
Ethel—"But then that kind of print-
ing doesn't show, you know."—Boston
Transcript.

ONE THING LACKING.
"Then goes a man who says he has
the key to the situation."
"Yes; he was in here a while ago,
trying to borrow a dollar to get the
lock"—Atlanta Constitution.

A GOOD THING.
Mrs. Hicks—"John, I'm sure there's
a burglar down in the dining room."
Mr. Hicks (sleepily)—"Good! If we
keep quiet maybe he'll take away that
chafing-dish of yours."—Philadelphia
Press.

A MEAN ADVANTAGE.
Mrs. Jones (reading)—"A man in
Ohio tells his wife to a blind peddler
for ten cents. Isn't that awful?"
Mr. Jones—"It certainly is—anybody
who will stick a blind man is no good."
—Puck.

NO REASON FOR PRIDE.
Fuddy—"Don't you think Frost rat-
her opinionated?"
Duddy—"I don't see why he should
be. He is one of the chief men in the
Weather Bureau, you know."—Boston
Transcript.

THE TALE OF A DOG.



(To be continued.)
—Philadelphia Record.

PREFERS A HEAVY TOMBSTONE.
Mrs. Hanks—"What sort of tomb-
stone shall we get for dear mother—
something elaborate or a plain one?"
Mr. Hanks—"Well, I think some-
thing good and heavy will be best."
—Cleveland Leader.

HE WAS SATISFIED.
Sister—"What! You engaged to
Miss Prettyun? Why, she has no fam-
ily tree."
Brother—"Oh, I guess she has—and
judging from her appearance it must
be a peach."—Columbus Dispatch.

IN OTHER WORDS,
"Those who dance," remarked the
man with the quotation habit, "must
pay the fiddler!"
"Or, in other words," said the grass
widower, with a sigh, "those who wed
must pay alimony."—Chicago News.

SOMETHING SUBSTANTIAL.
She—"Do you go to the opera much?"
He—"Never."
"But I understand your wife to say
you were passionately fond of Italian
productions?"
"So am I. I love macaroni."—Chi-
cago Journal.

MIGHT HAVE WON MORE.
"And you promised me you would
never speculate again."
"I know it, but it was such a tempta-
tion. I bought steel at sixty and
sold at sixty-eight."

"Oh, Algernon, how could you! It
went to seventy-three."—Brooklyn Life.

THE INEVITABLE FRONT.
"I wonder why it is that we are al-
ways short of money?"
"That's easy, my dear. Because,
whenever we get prosperous in one
home, you always insist on our moving
to a more expensive one and living be-
yond our means."

"But how can we be happy other-
wise?"—Life.

THE KINDEST THING.
Ranter—"I thought this paper was
friendly to me?"
Editor—"So it is. What's the matter
now?"
Ranter—"I made a speech at the ban-
quet last night and you don't print a
line of it."

Editor—"Well? What further proof
did you want of our friendship?"—
Philadelphia Press.

BUSINESS CARDS.

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MARKETS.

PITTSBURGH.
Grain, Flour and Feed.
Wheat—No. 2 red..... 75 80
Rye—No. 2..... 85 90
Corn—No. 2 yellow, ear..... 61 62
No. 2 yellow, shelled..... 61 62
Mixed ear..... 40 40
Oats—No. 2 white..... 34 34
No. 2 white, heavy..... 35 35
Flour—Winter patent..... 5 03 5 04
Fancy straight winter..... 5 81 5 82
Hay—No. 1 Timothy..... 18 04 18 05
Clover No. 1..... 11 00 11 00
Feed—No. 1 white mid. ton..... 19 50 19 51
Brown middlings..... 16 50 16 51
 Bran, best..... 10 50 10 51
 Straw—Wheat..... 5 50 5 51
Oats..... 6 50 6 51

Dairy Products.
Butter—Eggs creamery..... 22 24
Ohio creamery..... 22 24
Fancy country roll..... 16 14
Cheese—Ohio, new, factory..... 11 12
New York, new..... 11 12

Poultry, Etc.
Hens—per lb..... 14 15
Chickens—dressed..... 15 16
Eggs—Pa., and Ohio, fresh..... 21 21

Fruits and Vegetables.
Apples—Delaware..... 2 51 2 50
Potatoes—Fancy white per bu..... 50 51
Cabbage—per ton..... 18 00 18 00
Onions—per barrel..... 2 50 2 50

BALTIMORE.
Flour—Winter Patent..... 5 03 5 05
Wheat—No. 2 red..... 92 94
Corn—Mixed..... 51 52
Eggs—Creamery..... 21 18
Butter—Ohio creamery..... 20 22

PHILADELPHIA.
Flour—Winter Patent..... 5 50 5 75
Wheat—No. 2 red..... 92 94
Corn—No. 2 mixed..... 51 52
Oats—No. 2 white..... 35 37
Butter—Creamery..... 20 22
Eggs—Pennsylvania..... 16 17

NEW YORK.
Flour—Patent..... 6 00 6 25
Wheat—No. 2 red..... 1 02 1 04
Corn—No. 2..... 55 56
Oats—No. 2 white..... 37 38
Butter—Creamery..... 20 22
Eggs—State and Pennsylvania..... 17 18

LIVE STOCK.
Union Stock Yards, Pittsburg.
Cattle.
Extra, 1450 to 1600 lbs..... 5 85 5 60
Prime, 1300 to 1400 lbs..... 5 25 5 25
Medium, 1200 to 1300 lbs..... 4 80 4 50
City, 1050 to 1150..... 4 40 4 40
Butcher, 900 to 1000..... 4 00 4 00
Common to fair..... 3 50 3 75
Oxen, common to fat..... 2 75 2 90
Common to good fat and cows..... 2 50 2 50
Milk cows, each..... 16 00 15 00

Hogs.
Prime heavy hogs..... 6 35 6 40
Prime medium weights..... 6 50 6 55
Best heavy Yorkers and medium..... 6 75 6 80
Good pigs and light Yorkers..... 5 75 5 75
Pigs, common to good..... 4 75 4 80
Hogchoppers..... 3 75 3 80
Stags..... 4 25 3 50

Sheep.
Extra..... 5 25 5 40
Good to choice..... 5 00 5 15
Medium..... 4 50 4 65
Common to fair..... 3 50 4 00
Lamb..... 5 00 5 00

Calves.
Veal, extra..... 5 00 5 20
Veal, good to choice..... 4 50 4 50
Veal