PA'S ALMANACK.

There's lots of books in our house, Esop and Thomas Hood,
Josephus, Poe and Parley's tales, and others just as good;
In fact, up in the garret, for I've seen them there myself,
Are half a hundred dusty books piled on a yellow shelf.
But Pa he never touches one from out that musty stack,
For when he has the chance to read, he reads the Almanack.

He reads the leading "Hints to Health" and what will cure an ache
And when there's uric in your blood the pills that you should take.
The symptoms of black measles and the points on heart-disease;
And as Pa turns the pages back he thinks he has all these.
"By gum!" he'll say with troubled look, "I've sharp pains in my back,
And that's the way lumbago comes—it's in the Almanack."

We like to see Pa winter nights sit by the open grate
And read aloud his Almanack and tell us just the date
That Nero played his fiddle while old Rome was burning red,
And when that wicked English king cut off poor Raleigh's head.
It's mighty interesting, and the jokes that Pa will crack
Are just the kind that fill each page of his old Almanack.

Pa reads the tide a hundred times and when's the next eclipse,
And he has all the weather news right at his finger-tips.
He knows just when dry spells are due and when wet weather's near,
And sometimes he puts on his gums when all the weather's clear;
"It is n't raining yet," he'll say, "but it will ere I get back,"
And if it don't we dassn't laugh—'t was in the Almanack.

—Victor A. Hermann, in Puck.

The Amateur Revolutionist.

The Revenge of a Lover and a Child.

By JOHN FLEMING WILSON.

If you should see bronzed men or men with soldierly bearing frequenting a certain office in a small street in San Francisco, and if you knew who the men were or what they represented, you could predict to a nicety the next Central American revolution, its leaders, and its outcome. That is because San Francisco is the place where everything commences, and many have their end in the way of troubles in the "sister republics."

Three years ago the present government of Guatemala missed overthrow by just a hair. As the man who had been financing the insurrection said bitterly when the bottom fell out: "If it weren't for women there'd be no revolutions, and if it weren't for a woman every revolution would be successful." He said this to the man who knows more about troubles political where there's money and fighting than any other man in the world. This man nodded his head with a smile not often seen on his spare face. The financier didn't like the look, and he growled some more: "They might at least have let me hold the government up for my expenses before calling the whole business off. I could have got everything back and interest on my venture."

The other man kept on smiling. "That's the way you fellows look at it. If you can't win sell out at a good price. But that don't win in the long run. One woman can spoil the scheme."

Two years before this a young woman landed from the Pacific Mail steamer City of Para, and registered at the Palace as from Mazatlan. She had a little maid who giggled and talked Mexican, some luggage with Vienna and Paris hotel labels over it, and the manner of a deposed queen. She signed herself as "Srta Maria Rivas."

In due time Senorita Rivas left the hotel for quiet lodging on Vallejo street. But before she disappeared from the court, a gentle-mannered old man with knotty hands, called and introduced a companion. "This is the young man I spoke to your excellency about. I present Senor Thomas Vincent." Then the gray-haired man slipped away, and Thomas Vincent was left looking down into the dark face of Maria Rivas. He did not know why he was there, nor who she was, nor even the name of the man who had introduced him. But he was not sorry.

She let him stand while she glanced him over. Vincent drew himself up at her some[illegible]at insolent manner, and was rewarded by a smile.

"Will you accept an invitation to supper tonight if I press you very hard?" she asked him in smooth English.

Vincent turned his eyes about the court. Then he looked down at her again, and nodded curtly. "Certainly, madam." He flushed, and went on, "But I failed to catch your name. I am awfully embarrassed."

She got to her feet, and held out a slender hand. "I am Miss Mary Rivas," she said, quietly. "My father was formerly the president of Honduras. I went to school at Bryn Mawr, and I met your sister there. That's why, when I found you were in San Francisco, I asked to have you brought and introduced."

Vincent loked at her very soberly, almost pityingly. Then he offered her his arm, and they went into the supper-room, where everybody turned to watch their progress, knowing neither of them.

When she removed to the flat on Vallejo street, Miss Mary Rivas told Vincent to come and take the first dinner with her. "We'll christen the new place," she said gayly, "and, besides, I hope you'll find that I'm really American and can cook."

That night at nine o'clock when the Mexican maid had departed giggling to the kitchen, Vincent's hostess leaned forward over the table at which they sat, and rested her elbows on it. Her bare arms framed her face in a sudden way that took Vincent's heart out of its regular beat. He leaped to his feet when Maria Rivas, dropping her head, burst into a torrent of sobs, her white shoulders heaving as her agony got the better of her.

As he stood there biting his lips she threw back her head and darted up and to the window. He heard her moan, as if she saw and heard something too awful to comprehend. He walked over and stood back of her till she swung round, and he saw the tear-stained face relax and the swimming eyes close. He carried her to the table, and laid her down across it, and rubbed her hands. Then the maid came in, still giggling hysterically, and together they revived her until she sat up between Vincent's arms and slid from the big table to the floor. Vincent sent the astonished maid out by a gesture of command.

"Now what's the matter?" he demanded, hoarsely. "If you're in trouble tell me."

She panted before him. "It was what I remembered," she replied. "How can I forget?

"After I had been five years in the States papa sent for me to meet him in Colon. I got off the steamer, and he was waiting on the wharf. I knew he would do it just that way. He put on his glasses with both hands, and looked at me as if he were very glad, and oh! I loved it, for it was just like it was when I was a little girl and ran into the big room.

"But trouble came in Panama, and papa thought we'd better come up to San Francisco. 'I've been so busy down here one way and another,' he said, 'that I'm always suspected of conspiracy. Your mother is dead, and the fun of life is out of it. We will live peaceably as befits an old man and his daughter.'"

Vincent's voice broke in on her story. "When was this?"

"Five years ago. And everything went all right till we got to Amapala. There a friend of papa's came on board and showed me a paper. It said papa was not to be allowed to land in Honduras, as he was plotting an insurrection. He put on his glasses to read it. When he looked up at me, he said: 'We shan't see where your mother is buried, nor the place where you were born.' He shook hands with the friend and said nothing more.

"On the day we were in Ocos, in the afternoon, I saw the comandante come on the steamer with some soldiers. He said he wanted to arrest papa, but that if he came along willingly he would not use force.

"'I am under the American flag,' papa said. 'I know who has done this. It would mean my death if I went with you.' Suddenly I heard a shot and then another. I hurried to papa's room. Outside there were two soldiers aiming into it. I saw papa sitting on his camp-stool and his two revolvers were in his lap. He was hunting for his glasses, but the chain had slipped down. He could not see to shoot. One of the soldiers, after a long time, fired his gun again, and father suddenly picked up his revolvers, and I cried out again. He didn't shoot, and I know now that he was afraid of hitting me. Then he fell. The soldiers fired again and ran away, panting and yelling to each other. I went into papa, and he asked for his glasses, sitting up on the floor very weakly. When I found them and gave them to him, the blood was running very fast down his breast. He put on his glasses with both hands, wrinkling up his forehead in the old way, and looked at me very—— He looked. . . . He said, 'I am glad I could see you, little one . . . before I go.' That was all."

She went to the window and stayed there, immobile, while Vincent walked up and down behind her. At last she turned around. "That was five years ago. No one has done anything to punish them."

Vincent, because she was suddenly to him the woman, did what every man once in his life will do for one woman: he sacrificed his sense of humor. With all seriousness he stiffened up. "It was under my flag he was shot down. I've served under it. Give me another flag for Guatemala and I'll go down there and those murderers shall die against a wall, with your flag flying over their heads, its shadow wavering at their feet on the yellow sand."

Marie Rivas, because she was the Woman in this case, understood perfectly. "A revolution?" she said, very quietly. He bent over her hand gravely and youthfully. His manner was confident, as if he saw very clearly what was to be done and knew how to do it, not as if he had promised a girl with tear stains on her cheeks to overturn a government because of a murder one hot afternoon on a steamer in a foreign port.

This was the beginning of the affair. Its continuation was in a little town on the Guatemalan coast, where Vincent landed with a ton of munitions of war, marked "Manufactures of Metal," and thirty ragged soldiers. A month later he had a thousand insurgents and twenty tons of munitions, and his blood had drunk in the fever that burns up the years in hours. The first thing Vincent did under its spell was to march on Ocos and take it. When the town was his and the commandante in irons, the young man took out of his pocketbook a little list of names, made out in Maria Rivas's hand. He compared this list with the list of prisoners and ordered out a firing squad. Half an hour later the shadow of the flag made by the Woman in the Vallejo street flat waver over the sand on which lay six men in a tangle. Generalissimo Thomas Vincent went out into the sun and looked at the last postures of the six, and then out across the brimming waters of the Pacific. A mail steamer lay out there in the midst of a cluster of canoes, the American flag drooping from her mast.

An Irishman in a major's uniform came out of the cool of the barracks and stopped beside Vincent. "Another week ought to see us in the capital," he said slowly. "But I don't like this business, general. These beggars don't amount to anything. Why did you order them shot?"

A barefoot girl of some ten years crept around the corner of the sun-baked wall. She picked her way over the sand, darting hot glances fearfully at the two officers. Suddenly she stooped over the crooked body of one of the motionless ones. She tugged at the sleeve of a shirt, and as the face turned slightly upward to her effort, she fell to beating on the ground with both hands, and sobbed in the heat, dry eyed.

Vincent strode over to her, and gently picked her up. Her quick sobs did not cease as he carried her into the shade, his own face drawn and white. He looked over at the major, who stood gnawing on his stubby moustache. He did not reply to the question until the major repeated it angrily. "It was because . . . they deserved it. . . ." Vincent stopped and then went on, almost inaudibly, "God knows why I did it, and then there's . . . the——" He stopped once more, for the girl's hard sobs had ceased, and her little hands had darted from the folds of her scanty gown to the young general's throat, and the major saw him set the burden softly down, and athen fall forward, the blood pouring round the blade of a knife deep in his throat.

With an oath the major leaped over to him and lifted his head. Vincent's eyes looked clearly into his. Then the wounded man looked over at the little girl, poised for flight a dozen feet away. He nodded at her with an air of absolue comprehension, and then died.—San Francisco Argonaut.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

An English police court comes to the front with an antiseptic New Testament for oath-taking purposes. The covers are guaranteed to be death to germs.

Editor Barnett of the American Grocer, New York, is advocating the establishment of a school for grocers and a state board of examiners for its control.

The combined salaries of the presidents of the 14 leading universities in the United States do not equal the amount paid the head of one life insurance company.

An elephant at Jena, Germany, seized a man who was teasing him with a knife and dashed him to the ground. Three days later the man succumbed to his injuries.

A couple of cyclists in Epping, near London were the principals at a wedding, and they added a new wrinkle to marriage etiquette. The bride and groom rode to the church on single machines, but they returned on a tandem.

The English delight in odd rents, but the oddest is a tenancy at Brookhouse, in Yorkshire, where the rental is one snowball in June and a red rose in December. The rose is easily arranged and the snowball is now made of shaved ice.

A rich gold strike in the Kantishna diggings, 300 miles away, left Fairbanks, Wash., practically without officers. The mayor and all the councilmen joined the rush. All the principal saloon keepers closed up and accompanied them.

Algeria has a river of genuine ink, caused by the joining of two streams, one of which comes from an iron region, while the second stream flows from a peat swamp. On meeting, the acid of one stream blends with the iron solution of the other, and ink is the result.

City Crop of Tan.

There is a great comparison of complexions going on these days whenever returning vacationists get together. The one who can show the deepest brown is the proudest, but this does not always fall to the lot of the sojourner at the seaside or in the mountains.

The girl with the richest and deepest tan in a good-sized crowd the other day had not been out of town this summer, but every day had taken a long walk hatless through Central park. The spending of much money for railroad fares and hotel bills is not at all necessary to acquire a bronze complexion. Old Mother Nature with summer winds and sunshine and soft rains is the one to get it from, and she gives it just as quickly on a city roof or in a city park as she does in the distant country or on the mountain top.—New York Press.

Decrease of Mortality.

Mortality in every occupation has decreased in the last ten years. This is due to the better means of ventilation and sanitation which we have at present and the greater precautions exercised in every field of endeavor.

The Elephant and His School.

The great white elephant left the show
He said he was too refined;
The ways of a circus did not suit
His most superior mind.

"A creature as big and as wise as I
Should be teaching school," said he;
"And all the animal little folk
My scholars they shall be."

So into an empty schoolhouse near
He marshaled them all one day;
('Twas in vacation time and so
The children were all away.)

The kittens and puppies, the pigs and geese,
Were put to work with a will;
But the squirrel and fox to the platform went
Because they would not keep still.

And then he began to teach his school
The various things he knew;
"There's much not down in the books," said he,
"That you ought to know how to do."

And first he showed how to flap the ears,
But their ears were far too small;
And then he showed how to wave the trunk,
But they had no trunk at all.

The only thing that he taught his school
That the scholars accomplished well,
Was when he called in the peanut man,
And taught them the nuts to shell.

Why the Ocetn Doesn't Freeze.

If the ocean did not have salt it would freeze somewhat more readily than it does now, but there would be no very marked difference.

The ocean is prevented from freezing not so much by its salt as by its size and by its commotion. On account of its size, large portions of it extend into warm climates at all seasons, and by reason of its great depth it is a vast storehouse of heat. Its currents distribute much warm water among the cold.—St. Nicholas.

Encouraging the Birds.

Any one who has watched a pair of robins or catbirds in nesting time cannot fail to be impressed by the quantities of insects which they catch and carry to the young birds, who are voracious feeders, and like Oliver Twist, are always ready for more. Without intention on their part they are doing good service to the farmer.

On our place everything is done to encourage the birds on account of their value in destroying insects, and also because we like to see them flying about among the trees and enjoy their cheerful songs. Nest boxes are put up and pans of drinking water provided, while a large Downing mulberry furnishes fruit for hundreds of birds who make their nests in the trees and shrubs, on the vines of the veranda, and sometimes on the window sills. As they are never molested or frightened they have become very tame and show little fear, even allowing us to gather mulberries without being disturbed, merely flying away a few feet and continuing to eat as before. Catbirds allow us to approach near to the branches on which they are sitting, while the wrens and chipping birds are even bolder. A young bird having fallen from the nest I picked it up, when presently the mother bird came with a worm and fed it as I held it in my hand.

In winter several kinds of woodpeckers, snow birds and bluejays come daily for scattered bread crumbs and suet fastened to the veranda rails and nearby trees.

As we raise considerable fruit some may wish to know if the birds trouble it. I am sorry to say that they are not content with the free feast on the mulberry tree but take the cherries as their right, eat the finest strawberries and sometimes strip the peas. Raspberries are an especial feast for them and they sit on the branches and eat the choicest pears. However, we do not blame the birds as they are good judges of fruit, and do not know anything about the rights of property. So we use netting and paper bags to some extent, and of fruit that cannot be covered, if there is enough for both, we take what is left.—(Mrs.) Egbert N. Moore, in The Tribune Farmer.

Robert's Visit.

Robert was very fond of his neighbor, Captain Somes. It seemed so wonderful that this man had been round the Horn—to the head of the Baltic Sea and to Spain and Australia; it was more wonderful that he had found his way back.

"But, Captain Somes," Robert asked one day, "the waves all look alike. How did you know whether to turn to the right or the left?"

"You come over to supper with me tonight and I will show you a little instrument that told me just which way to go," said the captain; and this invitation filled Robert with importance for the remainder of the afternoon. When he was being washed and combed and made ready for the visit he began to have some misgivings, and to wish that his mother were going too. There would be no one to attend to his napkin—for he was only six years old, and he knew things were so apt to go wrong at table. He wished that the captain had brought that queer little instrument down to the wharf, whare, where they could talk quite naturally about it. But it was too late to change the plans, for there was to be an early supper for him, so he could be back at bedtime.

"Now remember, Robert," his mother said, "be sure to say 'Yes, I thank you,' and 'No, I thank you.'"

Robert remembered this when he saw the table set in snowy linen and when the captain helped him into a great leather chair at the end of the long table. All went well until the maid passed some delicious tarts. "Yes, you can eat some of those," said the captain, "can't you?"

Then Robert blundered. "No, I thank you," he said, and then he could have cried for the maid took him at his word, and set them out of his reach. He looked down at his plate and turned very red.

The captain sat eating the tarts with a relish, and telling him funny stories all the while. Presently he said, "Aren't you a little sorry you didn't have a tart?"

Robert choked and answered hurriedly, "Yes, I thank you." At least this was true.

"Well, well," said his friend, "that is a mistake that is easily corrected," and smiling a little, "Kifty, you put the tarts right beside Robert's plate and let him help himself."

Pleased at being right this time, Robert's spirits revived, and he was soon talking and laughing in his old, happy way. He was not sure, however, that he really liked visiting until they were in the library, and there he saw the wonderful compass and heard the strange things about the little finger always pointing to the north. It seemed a very small thing to be so much help in finding Australia.

When Robert's big brother called for him, he told the captain what a splendid visit he had.

"You aren't sorry you came, then?"

"No, I thank you," said Robert.

"And you will come again?"

"Yes, I thank you," said Robert; and then he went home, feeling that he had the right words in the right place, and that he had an uncommon reason for being proud of himself.—Myra Jenks Stafford, in Youth's Companion.

How Tonto Found His Master.

Some weeks ago while in the country, I visited the circus the last day of its stay. When I got home, I noticed a small brown and white spaniel crouched by the stoop. He jumped up and followed me upstairs, but I saw that he had a license on him, so I left him, thinking that his master was in a nearby store.

The next day I found him asleep on the stoop, so I took him in the house and fed him. He proved a lively companion, and when I started to teach him tricks he proved a very apt pupil. I kept him for nearly six weeks, during which time he made friends with every one. Then the circus came around again, and as we all wanted to go I started with Frisky (for that was the name I gave him) to the box office.

Walking in front of me was a portly old gentleman, whom Frisky attacked with numerous spells of barking. At first I took no notice of it, but suddenly Frisky darted forward, the chain slipped from my hand and he was instantly jumping and fawning before the old gentleman. Suddenly he picked up the dog, looked at it intently, turned to me and said, sternly, "You young scamp, where did you get that dog?"

I was startled and amazed, but I answered as calmly as I could, "I found him asleep on our stoop about six weeks ago. Why do you ask?"

"You impudent young rascal!" He roared, "I ask because the dog is mine," and turning to the dog he said, "Here, Tonto, old boy, come home with me."

The dog looked first at me, then at the man, and stood stock still between us. "You ungrateful old wretch!" cried the old gentleman, "don't you know me? You're the cause of this," he continued, pointing to me. "What have you got to say for yourself?"

I then explained to him all I knew about his Tonto or my Frisky, and I told him he might come home with me and see my father and mother, who I knew would vouch for the veracity of my story.

He reluctantly consented, and we arrived quickly. My parents received him courteously, and when I explained to them the purpose of his visit they told him that what I had said was entirely correct, but that if he could prove the dog was his they would gladly give him back.

He seemed satisfied with this, and told us the license number and also showed us the name "Tonto" underneath the collar. We were all quite satisfied with the proof, and then my father asked the name of our guest. He instantly produced a card which read:

WILLIAM H. CLAYTON,
Manager and Proprietor,
of
Clayton's Greater Circus.

We were surprised and delighted to have so distinguished a visitor, and when he told us that Tonto's former keeper had been cruel to him and that he had run away the last night of the stay of the circus, my possessing him was readily explained.

Thus I lost Tonto's or Frisky's companionship, but I now enjoy Mr. Clayton's friendship, which is equally as good, if not better.

All Wabbly in Their Walk.

"Nobody in New York walks straight," said the gray-headed man. "Watch a score of pedestrians on the sidewalk and not one of them sticks to a straight path. Those deviations are not always due to the crowded condition of the pavement, either. During the rush hours a man is supposed to dodge this way and that in his efforts to make progress, but when given a clear road there is no excuse for so much sidetracking. Yet no matter how favorable the condition the New Yorker zigags just the same. He might have a stretch of sidewalk a block long all to himself, and be perfectly sober, yet in that distance he would veer from curb to stoop line and back again several times.—New York Press.

Nome, Alaska, is 300 miles west of Honolulu.

Woman Maker of Violins.

To play the violin is the accomplishment of hundreds of young women, but few have constructed the beloved instrument from which such wonderful melody can be obtained. Miss Grace Barstow, of San Jose, Cal., has the unique distinction of being the only woman violin maker in America, if not in the world, and, moreover, she is a noted performer on the instruments of her own making. Possessing a fitting environment and intelligent sympathy, when her desire to make a violin became known, Miss Barstrow's family gave her every encouragement, and sent to Germany for the necessary woods. Altogether, six violins have been completed by her, each one a noted improvement on preceding effort, until the last instrument is said by experts to possess a delightfully rich and brilliant tone. Miss Barstow has shown considerable inventive genius in constructing her violins, successfully experimenting with the native redwood as a base bar, and will use more of that wood in her next violin.—Philadelphia Press.

Training in Obedience.

A fault of many of our young men and growing boys is their disregard for authority, whether parental or civil, and, accompanying this, a seeming lack of respect toward their elders. Anything that will tend to remedy these characteristics without lessening a proper independence and individuality is a wholesome and useful influence. The essential of all things military is prompt and unquestioning obedience, and when this obedience is required of students it cannot fail to inspire in them a certain degree of respect for authority and regard for discipline: results beneficial both to the individual and to the state. Such results are, in part, the object of the military training.—St. Nicholas.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.
FRANK J. CHENEY make oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY.
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D., 1886. A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public. (SEAL.)
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free. F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.
Sold by all Druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

An Australian Mystery.

With the death of Sir Augustus Gregory the last of the great Australian explorers has passed away. His demise recalls the most remarkable mystery in the annals of the commonwealth. Fifty-seven years have passed since an exploring expedition commanded by a German scientist, Ludwig Leichardt, set out from Sydney to cross Australia from east to west. To this day no body knows what happened to that exploring party. Not a scrap of paper, not a solitary relic of its fate has ever been discovered. It must have been either overwhelmed in some natural convulsion or absolutely annihilated by the blacks. Sir Augustus Gregory led two expeditions in search of it, one of them organized by the Royal Geographical Society.—Chicago Journal.

A Queer Barometer.

The inhabitants of Southern Chile are said to fortell the weather by means of a strange barometer. It consists of the cast-off shell of a crab. The dead shell is white in fair, dry weather; but, indicating the approach of a moist atmosphere by the appearance of small red spots; as the moisture in the air increases it becomes entirely red and remains so throughout the rainy season.

Prices are High.

Prices up in Nome correspond with the latitude. The Semi-Weekly News sells for 25 cents a copy or $1 a month. It appears from advertisements that milk brings 25 cents a quart and eggs $1 a dozen.

OLD FASHIONED FARE;
Hot Biscuits, Griddle Cakes, Pies and Puddings.

The food that made the fathers strong is sometimes unfit for the children under the new conditions that our changing civilization is constantly bringing in. One of Mr. Bryan's neighbors in the great State of Nebraska writes:

"I was raised in the South, where hot biscuits, griddle cakes, pies and puddings are eaten at almost every meal, and by the time I located in Nebraska I found myself a sufferer from indigestion and its attendant ills—distress and pains after meals, an almost constant headache, dull, heavy sleepiness by day and sleeplessness at night, loss of flesh, impaired memory, etc., etc.

"I was rapidly becoming incapacitated for business when a valued friend suggested a change in my diet, the abandonment of heavy, rich stuff and the use of Grape-Nuts food. I followed the good advice and shall always be thankful that I did so.

"Whatever may be the experience of others, the beneficial effects of the change were apparent in my case almost immediately. My stomach, which had rejected other food for so long, took to Grape-Nuts most kindly; in a day or two my headache was gone, I began to sleep healthfully and before a week was out the scales showed that my lost weight was coming back. My memory was restored with the renewed vigor that I felt in body and mind. For three years now Grape-Nuts food has kept me in prime condition, and I propose it shall for the rest of my days.

"And, by the way, my 2½ year old baby is as fond of Grape-Nuts as I am, always insists on having it. It keeps her as healthy and hearty as they make them." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. There's a reason.

Read the little book "The Road to Wellville" in pkgs.

BUSINESS CARDS.

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Notary Public, real estate agent, Patents secured, collections made promptly. Office in Syndicate building, Reynoldsville, Pa.

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MARKETS.

PITTSBURG.

Grain, Flour and Feed.

Wheat—No. 2 red.....$	75	77
Rye—No. 2.....	72	73
Corn—No. 2 yellow, ear.....	61	62
No. 2 yellow, shelled.....	60	61
Mixed ear.....	48	49
Oats—No. 2 white.....	53	54
No. 3 white.....	29	30
Flour—Winter patent.....	4 25	4 30
Fancy straight winters.....	4 00	4 10
Hay—No. 1 Timothy.....	13 00	13 50
Clover No. 1.....	10 00	10 50
Feed—No. 1 white mid. ton.....	19 50	20 00
Brown middlings.....	16 50	17 00
Bran, bulk.....	15 50	16 00
Straw—Wheat.....	7 00	7 50
Oat.....	7 00	7 50

Dairy Products.

Butter—Elgin creamery.....$	22	24
Ohio creamery.....	20	22
Fancy country roll.....	16	18
Cheese—Ohio, new.....	11	12
New York, new.....	11	12

Poultry, Etc.

Hens—per lb.....$	14	15
Chickens—dressed.....	16	18
Eggs—Pa. and Ohio, fresh.....	24	26

Fruits and Vegetables.

Apples bbl	2 50	3 25
Potatoes—Fancy white per bu.....	65	75
Cabbage—per ton.....	13 00	15 00
Onions—per barrel.....	2 00	2 25

BALTIMORE.

Flour—Winter Patent.....$	5 05	5 25
Wheat—No. 2 red.....	83	84
Corn—Mixed.....	51	52
Eggs.....	24	25
Butter—Ohio creamery.....	24	26

PHILADELPHIA.

Flour—Winter Patent.....$	5 05	5 25
Wheat—No. 2 red.....	84	85
Corn—No. 2 mixed.....	50	51
Oats—No. 2 white.....	31	32
Butter—Creamery.....	24	26
Eggs—Pennsylvania firsts.....	26	29

NEW YORK.

Flour—Patents.....$	5 00	5 15
Wheat—No. 2 red.....	95	96
Corn—No. 2.....	59	60
Oats—No. 2 white.....	31	32
Butter—Creamery.....	24	26
Eggs—State and Pennsylvania.....	24	26

LIVE STOCK.

Union Stock Yards, Pittsburg.

Cattle.

Extra, 1,450 to 1,600 lbs.....$	5 20	$ 5 50
Prime, 1,300 to 1,400 lbs.....	4 90	5 20
Good, 1,200 to 1,300 lbs.....	4 50	4 75
Tidy, 1,000 to 1,150 lbs.....	4 25	4 40
Fair, 900 to 1,100 lbs.....	3 40	4 10
Common, 700 to 900 lbs.....	3 00	3 40
Common to good fat oxen.....	3 00	4 00
Common to good fat bulls.....	2 00	3 50
Common to good fat cows.....	1 50	3 40
Heifers, 700 to 1,000 lbs.....	2 75	4 00
Fresh cows and springers.....	15 00	50 00

Hogs.

Prime heavy hogs.....$	5 20	$ 5 25
Prime medium weights.....	5 10	5 10
Best heavy Yorkers.....	5 00	5 05
Good light Yorkers.....	5 25	5 30
Pigs, as to quality.....	5 10	5 25
Common to good roughs.....	4 25	4 70
Stags.....	3 25	3 75

Sheep.

Prime wethers.....$	5 25	5 50
Good mixed.....	5 00	5 25
Fair mixed ewes and wethers.....	4 50	5 00
Culls and common.....	2 00	4 00
Culls to choice lambs.....	5 00	7 75

Calves.

Veal Calves.....$	5 00	7 25
Heavy and thin calves.....	3 50	4 50

LABOR NOTES.

A State convention of machinists' lodges met at Boston, Mass.

An apprentice boys' society is being organized at Boston, Mass.

Kansas City, Mo., is going to have its Labor Temple erected next spring.

A number of grievances of the stage employes of Lynn, Mass., have been settled.

Automobile glasses are being used quite extensively by enginemen as a protection to the eyes.

At Buffalo, N. Y., the strike of the riveters at the Empire Shipbuilding Company's yards is still on.

Los Angeles, Cal., Labor Temple sells enough union igars to keep twenty union cigarmakers employed.

The old jurisdiction dispute between the woodworkers and the carpenters has broken out again in Milwaukee.

The Shipping Trades Federation, a defensive alliance of union freight handlers and teamsters, has been launched at Chicago.

Eighty miners at the Alta mines, Telluride, Col., went on strike when requested to take out cards in the Mine Owners' Association.

The Supreme Court of Michigan has held that the law requiring that a clause be inserted in contracts for public works to employ union men is constitutional.

Union painters of Pittston, Scranton, Carbondale, Wilkesbarre, Pa., and vicinity organized a district council to be known as the Painters' District Council.

Signatures of every job printer in San Diego, Cal., have been secured by the representative of the Typographical Union to an eight-hour day, beginning next January.

Wages of firemen, oilers, water tenders, seamen, second cooks and porters were advanced October 1, when the lake carriers' fall schedule of wages went into effect.