The burn of wasp and ity makes hot
The spaces of the garden plot;
And from the orchard, where the fruit
Ripens and rounds, or loosed with heat,
Rolls, hornet-clung, before the fest,
Sounds warm the veery's golden flute,
That mixes with the sleepy hum
Of bees that drowsity go and come.

The podded musk of gourd and vine Embowers a gate of roughest pine. That leads into a wood where Day Sits leaning o'er a forest pool. Watching the lities opening cool. And drugor-files at airy play. While, dim and neur, the Quietness Rustles and stirs her leafy dress.

And now a powee plaintively Whistles the Day to sleep again; A rain-crew creaks a rune for rain, And from the ripest apple tree A great gold apple thinds, where, slow. The red cock curves his neck to crow.

Hens cluck their broods from place to

Hens cluck their broods from place to place.

While, clinking home, with chain and trace.

The carri-horse plods along the road Where Afternoon sits with his dreams: Het fragrance of hay-making streams. Above him, and a high-heaped load Goes creaking by, and with it, sweet, The aromatic soul of Heat.

"Coe-ee! Coe-ee! the Evenfull
Cries, and the hills repeat the call;
"Coe-ee! Coe-ee!" and by the log
Labor unhurnesses his plow,
While to the barn comes cow on cow!
"Coe-ea! Coe-ee!" and, with his dog,
Barcfooted Boybood down the lane
"Coe-ees" the cattle home again.

-Madison Caine in The Outlook.

\*\*\*\*\*\* The By ROSA KELLEN HALLETT. \* 

now from a blue and perfect sky the sun shone forth, sending arrows of light through the mist-wet foliage of the great elms that guarded the Torbolton Home for Indigent Females, and finshing into a myriad rainbows the spray of the tiny fountain that played merrily on the green lawn beneath.

"HI! HI! HI, there!" That was Betty Macdonald, a white cap on her red locks, and snowy apron tied nearly about her trim waist, dashing down the wide graveled path and frantically waving a freekled hand toward the approaching electric car.

Behind her trailed a small procession of women, some elderly, some venerable, while still in the rear hovered Miss Timpkins, the matron of the home, shooing forward the company as one might shoo a flock of hens, and murmuring, agitatedly:

"We'll lose that car! I know we shall!" Then she called, shrilly, "Call again, Betty! Call louder!" And thus adjured, Betty uttered another earsolitting shrick:

"HI! HI! HI-1-1-1!" "Take your time! Take your time, ladies!" shouted the conductor from

the platform. "What's the place and who are they?" queried a tall young man on Dodd.

the back seat. "It's our Old Ladies' Home, and they're the old ladies," was the reply, and as the motorman twisted the brake the conductor sprang off and greeted

them: "Howdy-do! Howdy-do, ladies! Upsy daisy, grandma!" With one effort of his stalwart arms he lifted little Mrs. Wells bodlly to the running-board, in a trice had bundled the other women into the car, and climbing back and ringing the bell, remarked genially:

"A splendid lot of old ladles, and I know every one of them by name and fame. There's been the top of the town among them before now, and fign't you forget it! But," scanning the party more closely, "where's Mrs. Codd?

He stepped along to the matron's side, demanding, "Where's Mrs. Dodd? Don't like to see her left out!"

wasn't left out," Miss Timpkins. "She just, wouldn't come!' And being engrossed in the distribution of nickels to her charges, that each might enjoy the pleasure of paying her own fare, she said no more antil after the conductor had returned from his round. Then she went on:

"These new electrics are so much higher than the old horse-cars that she lames her knees frightfully every time she rides on them. Didn't get down to meals for three days after her last trip! And when I invited her this noon-we're all going down to Ageram Point to the four-o'clock bake-she said. 'No!' She knew when she was licked! And she'd stay home and keep house with Betty Macdonald and the cook!

"But," opening her capacious holdall and displaying a shining tin can, "we're doing our best for her. I'm taking this to bring some chowder in, and Mrs Wells-she's Mrs Dodd's room mate, you know-has brown paper and string in her pocket for clain cakes Mrs Dodd loves clam cakes!"

The conductor shock his But I expect the old lady would like whole clam dinner and all the fix-

He made his way pack to the platbrm, and glaring at a pair of prancing bays and a glittering victoria just passng, he grumbled, "Pesky shame! Folks kercising fat, lazy horses before empty carriages, and nice old ladies sit-Ing at home just plning to get some-Phere!

"What's the matter?" asked the tall

joung man, with interest. "They're going to Ageram Point to the four o'clock bake," answered the conductor, "but Mrs. Dodd wouldn't tome, and I tell you, I miss her! Miss Impkins thinks she knows why Mrs. Dodd wouldn't come, but I know. You see, the old lady's pretty sizable, and last time she rode with me I had a tough job getting her aboard. But I wildered but docile to the voice of did it, and she was all comfortably man, followed the colonel through an settled when a critter sitting right adjacent door. where you're sitting now winked and grinned at me and said, 'Say! I don't | Before them was a table spread with ave to go to no circus to see a baby I knew Mrs. Dodd heard was later established by Miss Sally

It was a fine August afternon. The | him, for she colored up red's a beet fog that had hung in the air through- and I snapped him up, 'Naw! And I out the morning had cleared away, and don't have to go to no circus to see a jackaus!' Mrs. Dodd was mighty grateful, and pressed my hand good when I got her out. Hurt feelings is a sight worse than hurt knees." Then, with a softening of his tone, he added, "I like old ladies, My grandma brought

me up. "So did mine!" averred the young man. "Well," rising to his feet, "here's where I leave you."

Half an hour later Mrs. Serena Dodd, rocking to and fro wside the window in her room at the Torbolton Home for Indigent Cemales, was startled by the appearance of Betty Macdonald at her door, announcing:

"A visitor for you, ma'am." Mrs. Dodd dropped the fan that she had been resignedly plying. "A visitor!' she exclaimed. "A visitor! Why, 'tain't visiting-day!"

"Sure not!" agreed Betty, amiably. Thats what I told him. But he-" "A him! A he!" repeated Mrs. Dodd, vaguely.

"Yes, ma'am!" said Betty, with decision. "A him, a he! With gray eyes and a clean shaven chin with a dimple in it. A lovely young fellow! And when I told him 'twa'n't visiting day, said he, 'I can't help that. I'm from out of town, and must see Mrs.

"Well," said Mrs. Dodd, glancing at the mirror, "it's lucky I put on my purple foulard even if I did stay to home. But my breastpin's on crooked, You straighten it before you let him IID.

Meanwhile Miss Timkins and her little band had salled happily down the bay, landed at Ageram Point, and were trudging up the wharf to where rosy, rotund Colonel Pepperlee, the proprietor of the Point, was roaring: "Right this way! Right this way! Best bake on the bay? Only fifty cents

a plate, I say!" He halted in his "patter" as the group of women paused before him, and muttered, "Nine old ladies in bunnits and a middling young one n hat and feathers. Now, then, Pep-

perlee, tact, tact!" He smiled ingratistingly, his white eeth gleaming, and swept off his lowrowned slouch-hat in a profound bow

to the matron. "Is this Miss Timkins and her ladies from Torbolton?"

"Why, ye'cs," hesitated Miss Timpkins, "but-" The colonel broke in, hurriedly.

"Pleased to meet you, ma'am," he said. "Your bake won't be ready for quite a spell yet, and my advice is for you all to go right over to the piazza and sit tight and take it easy. Don't worry about anything. I'll keep my eye on you and let you know when the dinner's served. No, no," as Miss Timpkins produced her purse, "we'll arrange that later."

And with another bow, he restored his hat to his head and resumed his rhythmic harrangue.

"My, but ain't he curchus!" gurgled little Mrs. Wells, trotting beside the matron toward the spot indicated by Colonel Pepperlee.

"He's courteous enough," assented Miss Timpkins, warily, "but how on earth did he know us?"

Miss Sally Sloane bridled, "Well, now, we ain't quite so no-account as all Good's far's it goes,' he admitted that!" she commented. "There's more know us," complacently, "than know. We're public characters, Miss Timpkins!" And pluming themselves on this solution of the riddle, the company waited patiently during the

next three-quarters of an hour, At last there was wafted to their nostrils the mingled aroma of steaming rockweed and clams, and Mrs. Wells sniffed exultantly.

"The bake's open!" she piped. "I

smell it! Ain't it delicious?" With one accord the ten women started for the big dining hall with its ong, bare trestleboards flanked both sides by rows of round, unpainted wooden stools; but they were intercepted by Colonel Pepperlee, more

smilling, more "curchus" than ever. Not there! Not there! This way, if you please!" And the women, be-

They were in a private dining room. table cloth, p linen table

Sloane's rubbing a fold of the material betwixt thumb and forefinger. With napkins! Real napkins, not squares of pink, green and yellow tissue paper, as in the public hall, scalloped along the edges it is true, but nevertheless, only tissue paper. Real chairs, too! Chairs with cane seats and good thigh backs in one of which Miss Sally Sloane promptly deposited her plump person, breathing gratefully:

"Praise be! I'd rather have half a dinner with a whole back than a whole one with none!"

But the others held aloof, but Mrs. Wells clutching at the matron's arm and warning her excitedly: "This ain't any fifty-cent dinner, Miss Timpkins! It's a seventy-fiver! My nephew, Peter Rawdon-" and Miss Timpkins spoke hastily:

"I must be a mistake, sir! I can't pay-

"You don't pay a penny," reassured the colonel. "Not a penny! It's a trent!"

Miss Timpkins gasped. Mrs. Welis

gasped. They all gasped. But Mrs. Wells was the first to recover her speech, and exclaimed, treat! A treat! Do you hear, ladies? Colonel Pepperlee's treating us!" and beaming joyously upon the colonel, she

bobbed a courtesy. "Thank you, colonel! Thank you

"Not at all! Not at all!" said the proprietor, his rosy face quite pale with consternation. 'Twan't me. 'Twas an order from

the city. A telephone order." A chug and a whir outside interrupted the colonel; he almost ran to the door. There was an anxious question, a satisfactory reply, and the next instant he ushered in a tall young man a young man with pleasant gray eyes and a clean-shaven, dimpled chin, escorting an old lady in a purple foulard gown, a black chip bonnet trimmed with violets, and a lace veil swinging jauntily over the shoulder, a ponder-ous old lady with curly white hair

heat. "Why-ee! It's Serena?" cried Mrs. Wells. "Serena Dodd! How come you here?"

and sparkling black eyes and a coun-

tenance aglow with happiness and

"In an automobile!" affirmed Mrs. Dodd, raptuously, "In an automobile! A lovely low one! I slid into it slick's a whistle! "Twas him," nodding toward her companion, "brought me. We flew like Old Nick was chasing us, and I wa'n't scared a mite."

She surveyed the table joyously. 'My suzzy me! Ain't it elegant? Cowcumbers and cracked ice, Bermudy onions and celery, plum brow bread and white biscuit! Ah-h-h-h!" Mrs. Dodd would have smacked her lips had it been quite lady like.

"And it's all my party! He said so. Set you down, ladies, and make yourselves to home," hospitably. "Leastwise," with a glance at Miss Sally Sloane, "those of you as ain't done it already! Samanthy Wells, you quickstep it right over here. Miss Timpkins, you look out for Mrs. Prendergest. She's new and she's bashful, won't get a mouthful 'less you 'tend to her. Now, now, now!" severely, perceiving that the matron was about to speak. "This ain't any time for probing into things. I want my dinner."

Then the waiters swarmed in, and it was hot clams here and hot clams there, and more hot clams. There was a clatter of dishes and a hubbub of tongues and presently Mrs. Dodd's astonished accents soared high above the din as she gazed dismayed at the young man beside her;

"You poor lamb! Where were you dued? Massy salest Vou don't est clams with a fork! Just you watch me. You open the shell, so. You pull out the clam, so. You dip in into melted butter, so. And you bite it off, so. Now you try."

And beneath the sympathetic contemplation of eleven pairs of eyes her pupil endeavored to show that he had acquired the art.

There were chowder and lobsters and clam fritters and broiled bluefish and fried tautog, green corn, watermelon, Indian pudding and whipped cream, pineapple sherbet and little frosted

"To think, oh, to think," sighed Miss Sally Sloane, "of having money enough to pay for a feast like this!

She carefully polished her sherbet saucer with a scrap of one of the little frosted cakes of which she had eaten a greater number than she would have wished to count. Then, peering over her glasses at the long expanse of table, she whispered to her righthand neighbor a triumphant, "We've eat every speck of the sherbet, but," disappointedly, "there's a round doz-

en of those darling cases left yet!" Mrs. Dodd, too, had been eyeing the table. "Samanthy Wells!" she cried. "Your ma and mine taught us always to remember the absent. Where's that brown paper and string you were so

brash about?" The boom of the sunset gun floated over the water. Chairs scraped back and all trooped out to the veranda to find, beside the car that had whisked Mrs. Dodd and the known down from the city, Colonel Pepperlee's own huge touring car and the colonel himself to drive it. Yes. indeed! It was a snug fit, but would you not be willing to be packed in like a sardine if you had never had an automobile ride in your life before

and never expected to again! The horns tooted gloriously, the two cars sped along the boulevard. dived through the east entrance to the park, whirled about the lakes, and popping out of the west entrance, raced down the avenue, and cross ing the lower bridge puffed up Fort Hill to where Betty MacDonald was waiting at the gate.

"Betty! Betty!" halled Mrs. Dodd. and as the girl put up her hand to assist the old lady to alight, there was thrust into it a brown paper bag tied about with hempen string and bulging richly with a round dozen of frosted cakes. The absent had been remembered.

A moment later Mrs. Dodd was toiling up the path upon Betty's supporting arm, while Miss Timpkins, balancing herself, one foot on sea, and one on land, that is to say, one foot on the motor car step and the other on the concrete, and staring after the other car that had just disappeared about the corner, ejaculated in dismny:

"Why, he's gone! Mrs. Dodd, Mrs Dodd, who is he?"

But panting Mrs. Dodd had no breath with which to answer, and it was not until seated in her rocking chair, her bonnet and veil off, a has sock beneath her feet and a glass of good cold water disposed of, that she rejoined, composedly:

"Don't know, Never asked him."
"Don't know! You never asked him!" The matron stood aghast. You went without even knowing his name."

"Yes, I did!" retorted Mrs. Dodd. 'He came here and said he'd seen you on the car and had come to take me to the bake. That was recommend enough for me, and I went. My, O my!" ecstatically, "Didn't we have a bee-yutiful time? He was a terrible nice young fellow, but I couldn't tell you who he was any more'n the man in the moon."-Youth's Companion.

#### QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

New York is the greatest hotel city in the world and its hotel property is valued at \$92,000,000.

While the great zoological garden of London has 1621 birds, there are 2530 in New York's Bronx zoological park.

Hendwear made of straw was already in use among the ancient Greeks but straw hats, like those we wear, did not come into use in Europe until half a century ago.

Investigation shows that the colum habit is growing in New York city. Besides about six hundred Chinamen who use the drug there are five thousand white persons addicted to its use. A very curious and exceedingly elev

er dance may be witnessed in Fiji, called by the natives "the sugar-cane meke," or sugar-cane dance. It represents the growth of the sugar cane While many Manhattan people are

moving into Brooklyn Borough, there are nearly the same number of Brooklyn people moving into Queens, Nassau and Suffolk counties and into New

One of the biggest pieces of engineering in New England is a 2500horsepower dam in the Union river, at Ellsworth, Me. It is constructed of hollow concrete, and cost nearly Germany's annual emigration has

decreased from 210,547 to 31,000 within a quarter of a century, while the emigration from Austria-Hungry has increased from 74,000 in 1890 to 262,, 822 in 1907. If each inhabitant of the city of New

money in the United States there of it?" Tenant (nervously)-"Oh, yes. it is not divided on a per capita basis

An old judge of a New York court ing an attorney of the courts to be of good moral character was strictly enforced about ninety-two members of the bar out of each hundred would have to go into some other business.

surf birds in the Hawnifan Islands delphia Press. should leave that paradise of the Pacific to go and rear their young in the tundras of Alaska would seem to many an extraordinary proceeding. Yet the tunstone and the black-bellied plover and the Pacific golden plover make the long journey of about 4000 miles thither annually.

The Body Sellers. Mayor Speer of Denver was talking the other day about a pair of politi-

cal tricksters. "They gave themselves away," he said. "Don't tricksters always give themselves away? It reminds me of the two men who wanted to sell their corpses for dissection.

"These two men, miserably elad, called on the dean of a medical college in New York.

We are both on the verge of starvation, sir,' the spokesman said. 'We are well on in years, and it is clear that we haven't much longer to live. would you care to purchase our bodies for your dissecting room?" The dean hesitated.

'It is an odd proposition,' he muttered.

"'But it is occasionally done,' said the spokesman in an eager voice. "'Well,' said the dean, 'we might arrange it. What price do you ask?'

"'Over in Philadelphia,' said the spokesman, 'they gave us \$40.' "-Washington Star.

Misplayed His Hand. "But, Tommy," said his mother,

'you asked for two cakes, and I have them to you. Aren't you satisfied?" "No. I ain't," growled Tommy, "you delphia Prass.

#### THE SACRED TREE.

Woodman, spare that tree, Touch not a single bough;
It has betriended me,
And I'll protect it now,
'Neath it a hummock hung,
And there, when it was hot
I often gladly swung;
Thy ax shall harm it not.

Beneath that spreading tree
One in a gausy gown
Oft snuggled close to me
And let her feet hang down;
Woodman, forbear to back!
"Twas here a lovely maid
First dared to call me Jack,
As carelessly we swayed.

When I was free from care
And she was trim and slim,
We often dangled there
Beneath you spreading limb;
"Twas there that first she hild
Her hand within my hand
And ccased to be afraid;
Fray, woodman, let it stand.

Harm not that sturdy oak;
One night—I mind it well—
The rope, grown fragile, broke,
And in a heap we fell.
She put the binme on me.
And said she'd have me not.
So, woodman, spare the tree;
This is a sacred spot.
S. E. Kiser in Chicago Decord-Her.

-S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.



"Is your husband a Congregationalist, a Presbyterian, or a Swedenbor-"No'm; he's a plumber .- Balgian?" timore American.

"Well, the late Congress didn't make much history. "Naw. Didn't even make good newspaper copy!"-Louisiana Courier-Journal.

Mother-"Why, Bobbie, how clean vour hands are!" Bobble-"Aren't they! But you ought to have seen 'em before I helped Bridget to make the bread!"-Life.

Magistrate-"So you acknowledge having stolen the overcoat. Anything more to say?" Prisoner-"Yes, your Honor. I had to have the sleeves relined."-Punch.

Landlady's son (addicted to nickel literature)-"Say pardner, what's meant by 'stand by to repel boarders?" Mr. Newcome (sadly eyeing dessert)-"Stewed prunes!"-Judge. "I tell you," said Mrs. Lansing,

Johnny made a splendid impression while he was speaking his piece at the school exhibition last Friday afternoon. He was the syndicate of all eyes."-Chicago Tribune. Miss Ascum-"When Mr. Richley

saw my photograph yesterday he said

it was very pretty, didn't he? Come now, honest?" Miss Chellus--"No; quite the reverse. He said it was a good likeness."-Philadelphia Press. "This milk is sour, and I won't take declared the lady. "That's your own fault, ma'am," retorted the deal-

er. "I offered ft to you day before

yesterday when it was fresh and you wouldn't take it."-Cleveland Leader. Winning Lady (triumphantly)-"I am sure none of you could guess where I learned to play bridge," Her Friendly Foe-"You have never told me; but it was a correspondence school, was it not?"-Harvard Lam-

Policeman (to tenant of fint)-"And you say the rug was stolen from your York had his per capita share of the hall. Can you give me any particulars would be \$144,000,000 in cash in the It was a fancy reversible rug-red on city. There is more than that, but one side and green on the other." Poiceman (impressively)-"Ah - and which was the green side?"-Punch.

Mrs. Nuritch-'I told Widow Downes of record says, that if the law require to send her boy to you and you'd give him a position-." Mr. Nuritch-"Well, I didn't give him no position. He came with a note from her an' she said in the note: 'I must find employment for my boy, even if he works for a mere pittance.' The nerve of her That birds of the family termed callin me 'a mere pittance!" -- Phila-

"As a member of Congress, his attitude was ever statesmanlike. When the question was one which didn't matter one way or the other, and which nobody with a vote was interested in, he urged prompt action."
"Indeed!" "And when there was a difficult matter, not to be decided without offending somebody who was somebody, he was always ready to suggest the creation of a commission."-Puck.

Tea as a Germ Killer.

Tea is now evelated from the posi tion of a social beverage to the dig nity of a germ destroyer. Dr. Mc-Naught, the medical investigator, has found that typhoid bacilli placed in cold or lukewarm tea are greatly diminished at the end of four hours, and have completely disappeared at the end of 24 hours. The value of this finding is obvious to military surgeons. Sterilized water may become infected after it is placed in the canteen. Canteens which have once been filled with infected water may retain the infectious germs for some time. In filling the canteens with ten the infection with typhoid bacilli would, after a few hours, be almost nil --Army and Navy Journal.

## His Walking Boots.

Wife (at 7 a. m.)-Now, deny your condition last evening! Here you are with your hat and shoes on. Don't tell me you didn't come home the worse

Husband-Not a bit, dear. You know was so easy I am kickin' myself I have lately taken to walking in my cause I didn't ask for four."—Philapared -Illustrated Bits.

## BUSINESS CERDS.

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office on second floor of the Syndicate building, Main street, Reynoldsville, Pa. HENRY PRIESTER

### UNDERTAKER. Black and white funeral cars. Main street. Reynoldsville, Pa.

FEMININE NEWS NOTES. Women typewriters receive more than \$200,000,000 a year in wages. Mrs. William Thaward her daughter, formerly the Countess of Yarmonth, rented a house in New Ro-chelle, N. Y.

According to Human Life the Princess Andress of Greece has recently been publicly declared to be the most beautiful princess in the world.

The Princesses Zenia and Vera, daughters of Prince Nicholas of Montenegro, headed a parade of women at Cettinje, clamoring for war. Miss Mary E. Cheek, of Toboso,

Ohio, is the only regularly appointed woman rural mail carrier in the State. She has served in this capacity for

husband left her because she refuse to kiss his mother.

Miss Mary Boyle O'Rellly, daugh ter of the dead poet, John Boyl O'Rellly, is a Massachusetts priso commissioner, and is giving talks i her State on "Women in Prison an Afterward."

Mrs. J. M. Barrie, wife of the at thor, is one of the most expert motor ists in Great Britain. She owns thre cars, in which she takes long tour with her husband, but she alway manages the car herself.

Goldthwait as chemistry assis ant, Miss Maud L. Menten, Miss Ma-bel P. Fitzgerald and Miss Wollstein as fellows, and Miss Bertha L. Barker as scholar of the institute.

Biray Wheat ..... Dairy Products.

Poultry, Etc. Fruits and Vegetables.

PHILADELPHIA. Flour-Winter Patent 5 5 60 5 75
Wheat-No. 2 red 97
Corn-No. 2 mixed 58 88
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Extra, 1470 to 1600 pounds, Prime, 1300 to 1480 pounds, Gnod, 1200 to 1480 pounds, Gnod, 1200 to 1480 pounds. Tidy, 1650 to 1130 pounds. Pair, 903 to 1100 pounds. HOOS.

Prime wethers .....

At St. Joseph, Mo., Mrs. Carolyne Sullivan, wife of Maurice Sullivan, obtained a divorce. She testified her

The Bronx Chapter of the Daugh ters of the American Revolution de cided to bury fifty-one skeletons du up at Tuckahoe. The ceremony will be that for heroes slain on the battle

Five women have been appointed to the staff of the Rockefeller Insti-tute for Medical Research—Miss Nel

# MARKETS.

PITTSBURG.

BALTIMORE. 

Butter-Creamery..... Eggs-Pennsylvania firsts...... NEW YORK.

food mixed eves and we bers.
Cuils and common.
Spring lambs.
Veal calves.
Heavy to thin calves.

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Prime, heavy.
Prime, medium weight
Best heavy Yorkers
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