TEMPERANCE READING.

TOUCH NOT!

"Touch not the glass!" the old man said,
"Mark gathering gloom in yon clear sky!
I will have in thy cheer deep and dread,
And the fierce lightning's arrows fly.

"Wouldst thou overcloud that sky of thine,
Now bright with love and promise fair?
Then dash in that cup of sparkling wine
And yield thee to the tempter's snare.

"Ah! darkly will the shadows fall,
And veil the light of I. e's young morn;
While horrid, through the darkening pall,
Wild lightnings flash through fiery storm!"

"Touch not the glass!" the mother plead;
"Dear son of manhood, my hope and pride,
Remember him who now is dead
Sooth may they lay me by his side."

"And there, in that bright home above
We'll wait for you, we'll wait for you to come, too;
Another's prayers in vain shall be prove,
A faithful promise—'tis the true."

"Touch not the glass!" the maiden cried;
A tear stood in her laughing eye
"O, think of all the woe to be your guide,
For love, for God, wine is victory."

"Touch not the glass!" the trembling wife
Sighed for the pale, pale lips.
"Ah, better hour!
When he I loved more than life
Felt the poison fiend in its demon power."

"Look!" and three years, with wasted form
The drunkard's wife stood by a grave was there;
Other mourners wept, and he is gone—
In prison hands—and all for the!"

"O God!" when from the mother's prayer,
The wife's plead, the sister's wail,
The child's lisped accents in vain
Rose, "Touch not, taste not, touch not the day
The young man's resolve is gone
Broken, break, these fetters which enchain
Man's noble powers!
God given rule power that would be naught
Thy aid!"
"Touch not the glass!" in echoing thunder
Rolls
Now over the land. Hear it the people's
Voice!
Chicago Standard

A DOCTOR'S STORY.

Crazed with Drink, a Distinguished Gentleman Fatally Pounds His Young and Devoted Wife.

"You know nothing about intemperance," said a noted physician. "I could write volumes that would amaze you."

"Write one," I said.

"It would be a breach of honor. A physician, like a Roman priest, may not betray the confessional." After a moment he added: "Our profession takes us into homes, and lives and hearts that seem all bright and happy are often dark, and miserable from sickness of the soul."

"There must be some scenes that it would be proper for me to tell you." I urged: "please think of one."

"I was called to the house of a distinguished gentleman. Her husband carried her, and a lovely bouquet of flowers was on the stand by her side. Two little girls were playing quietly in the room. It was a charming picture of love and devotion.

"My wife fell down stairs," said her husband, "and I fear has hurt herself seriously."

"I examined her shoulder. It was swollen and almost black, and one rib was broken.

"'How do you find her?' asked her husband, anxiously.

"'I will ask the questions, if you please. How did you say you came down?'

"'I fell on the stairs.'

"'I doubted. I was not in a good humor, but in the house of a well known and distinguished man. I re-examined her side.

"'When did she fall?' I asked.

"'Last night,' she said, after a second's pause and a glance at her.

"'My reader was there.'

"'Please show me the place on the stairs where she struck.' I said to the husband, twice, and going out. He followed me.

"'I was not with her when she fell,' he said.

"'The injury was not from a fall, and it was not done last night. Never try to deceive a doctor.'

"'She begged me not to tell you the truth.'

"'Then get another physician,' I said.

"'I will tell you the whole truth. Night before last I had been out to dinner.'

"'I saw your brilliant speech in the papers. Was it uncensored?'

"'Partly. Most after-dinner speeches are to a degree.' I came home excited by the fine dinner, wit, wisdom and wine of the evening, and went, not to bed, but to the closet and drank heavily. My wife heard me and came down, hoping to coax me up-stairs, as she had done many times.

"But she was too late. My reason and manhood were gone, and I pounded her, and left her. She tried to follow me, but fell on the stairs. After a time she crawled, she says, up-stairs, and went into the nursery and slept with the little girls. I slept late, and woke with a terrible headache, and went out at once, thinking no breakfast and the outdoor air would clear my brain for my morning engagements. I pledge you my honor I had forgotten I struck my wife. When I came back last night I found her suffering, but she would not permit a physician should be sent for lest it should disgrace me. I think she really tries to believe that she hurt herself, more or less, when she fell. And with an honest quiver of the chin he added: 'She is an angel', and wine is a devil.'

"'What are wine bibbers?'

"'Own children of their father. Is my wife seriously hurt?'

"'I can not tell yet. I fear she is.'

"More absolute, untiring devotion no man ever gave a wife than he gave her while she lived and suffered. When her noble, true, loving heart ceased to throb he was inconsolable. His love and devotion were the theme of every lip, and the providence that so afflicted him was called 'strange' in a tone of semi-censure. On the tomb is cut the 'loved wife'. He has gone to her now, in that land of no license.

"No one but myself ever knew the truth."—*National Temperance Advocate.*

A GREAT TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

A Claim That John Wesley, the Founder of Methodism, Was the Pioneer in the Temperance Movement.

With great interest I read in the New York Observer of February 26 the editorial entitled "Origin of Religious Newspapers and Temperance Societies." Forces having their origin as far back as 1814, 1811 and 1810 were noted, which had a very important bearing upon the Temperance Reform, extending and increasing in power down to the present time. But there are historical facts which, it seems to me, show very clearly that the things said and done in those years were only factors in a movement having a much earlier origin. In the year 1743 John Wesley, the founder of Methodism, prepared the "General Rules" for the guidance of his societies, and one of these rules required the members of these societies to refrain from "drunkenness, buying or selling spirituous liquors, or drinking them, unless in cases of extreme necessity." Mr. Wesley constantly insisted that this rule, with the others, should be obeyed by his preachers and enforced by them in the societies. About this time, in preaching a sermon on "The Use of Money," he uses language as follows: "All who sell them (liquors) in the common way to any that will buy are poisoners general. They murder his Majesty's subjects by wholesale, neither does their eye pity or spare. They drive them to hell like sheep, and what is their gain? Is it not the blood of these in it? Who then would envy their large estates and sumptuous palaces? A curse is in the midst of them: the curse of God cleaves to the stones, the timber, the furniture of them. The curse of God is in their gardens, their walks, their groves, a fire that burns to the nethermost hell! Blood, blood is there: the foundation, the floor, the walls, the roof are stained with blood. And canst thou have, O man of blood! though thou art clothed in scarlet and fine linen and fareest sumptuously every day, canst thou hope to deliver down the stream of time to the latest generation? Not so, for there is a God in Heaven, therefore lay aside—shall he soon receive out!"

It is well noted Mr. Wesley labored to sing side and carry forward the Temperance Reform. And Methodists claim, therefore, that he was the pioneer in the movement. After the organization of Methodism in this America in 1784, and the organization of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Baltimore in 1784, the same report in public. It was adopted to be received in the Methodist societies in this country. At the time of the organization of the Methodist Episcopal Church in 1784, when it became a church entirely separated from the Mother Church of England, and from Mr. Wesley, as an organ and authority, the "Book of Discipline," compiled and adopted by the General Conference, then in session, contained the same "General Rules"; and this is evidence to prove that every member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, for the period in this country, until the present day, by professing to be governed by the rules of the Methodist Episcopal Church, has joined a Church Temperance Society among the best and most of modern times.—*Rev. A. H. Ridge, in N. Y. Observer.*

A WHISKY HORROR.

A Drunken Brute Scalds His Child to Death and Is Killed by His Infuriated Wife.

One of the most frightful occurrences that have ever resulted from drink took place in Brooklyn last week. William George Fox, of 120 South First street, E. D., went home far advanced in intoxication and, after abusing his wife, flung a tub of boiling porridge on his sleeping infant. Driven to madness by her own and her children's danger, his wife seized a hatchet and struck him several fearful blows on the head, fracturing his skull. Both the child and father are dead. In the hospital Fox said that he could not blame his wife for killing him, and that his terrible fate was entirely due to the curse of drink.

Before the Coroner Mrs. Fox told the following horrible story:

"My husband came home on the night of February 27 and asked me for ten cents, after he had abused me.

"I told him I did not have a cent, and then he said:

"'I am going out to pawn some books and you can say your prayers, for I am coming home to murder you and the young one.'

"He went out and came in at 12:30. I had put bath of my little children to bed, and had a hatchet down on the foot of the bed for fear he would see and use it. He told me to hurry up and make some coffee, and I said 'Certainly.' Then he said:

"'I'll let you live until the coffee is made. It has got to be done to-night. I am going to throttle you and make away with the little ones.'

"I put some oatmeal gruel on the stove, and so did my husband muttered:

"'Won't they look nice with their necks wring, and won't she look nice with her face all blackened and her eyes lying out on her cheeks.'

"He would not wait for the coffee, and suddenly seized the tin with the boiling oatmeal in it and threw it at me. It must have struck my little George, for he woke with a terrible scream. Then he threw the iron kettle at me. It was full of boiling water. Then he seized and tried to choke me. I succeeded in pushing him away and ran out in the hall crying for help. He cursed me, and I ran into my bedroom, where my children were lying, and took the fire shovel with me. My little boy was crying, and I said:

"'Don't cry, darling, mamma is here.'

"'Come out' my husband shouted.

"I said no, and barricaded the door. Then he said: 'I'll keep you in there and roast you.' I heard him coming toward the bedroom door and I said:

"'Keep out of here, William. I'll defend my own life and the lives of my children at all hazards.'

"He pushed the door in and seized me by the throat. I picked up what I thought was the fire shovel and then, as I saw him lean over the crib to choke the children, as I thought, I struck him. Lord knows how many times, and the woman began to cry.

"He fell on the door bleeding, and then I ran out in the hall and cried out:

"'Mr. Cramer, go around for Dr. Van Brakle for I have hurt him terribly. I know.' Mr. Cramer said, 'Don't hit him, Mrs. Fox.' I said 'It is too late. I have struck him with the axe.' I went back up-stairs, and I found that my little boy had crept over the bed to the front of it, at the foot, and I lifted him over his father, placing him in the rocking-chair in the outer room, thinking even then that the child was only frightened. The body was still lying and I brought it down to the front room, when Mrs. Cramer came up she took the child Georgie and carried him down stairs, she then said: 'What's the matter with Georgie?' and then we saw he had been scalded, his skin being off his hand. I took the crib with the baby in it, also down stairs, after I came up Fox nose, and I said to him.

"'Keep away from me, for you have a desperate woman to deal with now. you have nearly killed one of the children.' The ambulance surgeon attended to my husband and deceased, and they were both taken to the hospital.'"—*Irish World.*

Dr. Franklin said: "Intemperance drives wit out of the head, money out of the pocket, health out of the body and elbows out of the coat"—and finally the body into an untimely grave.

Henry Clews, a wellknown Wall street man, says that the men who drink whisky are sure to fail in Wall street. Men in the stock business have excitement enough without alcohol.

HOME, FARM AND GARDEN.

—For nose bleed, get plenty of powdered alum up into the nostrils.—*Exchange.*

A suggestion is given for cooking rice to be eaten with meat. Tie the rice in a strong cloth to a fork, and boil in salted water one and one half hours, when cooked it will be tender enough to cut with a knife.—*Shoeshield.*

—To cure hoarseness. When the voice is lost, as is sometimes the case, from the effect of a cold, a simple, pleasant remedy is furnished by beating up the white of one egg, adding to it the juice of one lemon and sweetening with white sugar to taste. Take a teaspoonful from time to time. It has been known to effectually cure the ailment.—*Turf, Field and Farm.*

There is a great increase in vine-planting in Southern California. In every direction, the Los Angeles *Herald* says, the land is being ploughed for this purpose. "People are beginning to learn that grapes may form a large part of the food of a family. They are also good feed for hogs, and will produce large crops where corn will not grow without irrigation.

Rust can be removed from steel as follows: Rub the article with kerosene oil and leave it to soak for a day. Scour with fine flour, emery and oil, with kerosene and see if the article, finishing with rotten stone. To prevent rust, heat the steel and rub paraffine on it, and when cold polish with a soft cloth dipped in paraffine. No oil, varnish, should be kept in cellar or damp place—not in a dry place, either.—*Scientific Indigo.*

It is thought that an asphalt floor is one of the cleanest and dry floors for stables. It can be made so for ease, facile and easier with a concrete of coarse gravel and hydraulic lime, or gravel, sand and common lime. Melt the asphalt and saturate the concrete with it, leaving a thin coating of the asphalt on the surface. Heat can be put over the and roll or float in brush. The floor thus produced is water-proof, antiseptic and vermin-proof.—*Prairie Farmer.*

A sweet sauce for pudding. Stir to a foam one cupful half and two cupfuls of sugar; pour into it one cupful boiling water; beat an egg light and add it; grate in to the froth a nutmeg; beat while over the fire and before it be entirely hot, mix half a teaspoonful of flour in a little cold water, perfectly smooth and free from lumps; stir it into the sauce and heat the whole once and let it thicken. Flavor well with nutmeg, vanilla or lemon as preferred. This is very nice for any boiled pudding or dumplings.—*The Housekeeper.*

POTATOES.

A Discussion of Points of Interest Respecting this Excellent.

With many it is a question when the potatoes ripen, which is to be better planted as soon as they are thoroughly ripe or wait until they in the fall, when it is desirable to dig and store away. My rule has always been to dig when they are ripe. It always seemed to me there was less risk in having the potatoes out of the ground than in allowing them to remain in the ground. After the potato's sure ripe, a shower of rain will cause them to sprout and start to make a second growth, and the whole crop is injured, or they are left to rot in the ground, and be injured by worms or rich overmuch. If potatoes are taken to dig and store away in a proper manner, there is very little danger of losing any of the crop. They should be tolerably ripe, before digging and then be thoroughly dried before storing away. They are should be taken out to put in to large piles, causing them to heat and rot. In digging I find it a good plan to sort as I dig, having baskets to throw them into as fast as they are dug; this always seemed to be the easiest way of avoiding handling. I never like to have potatoes lie out in the hot sun any longer than possible. The rays of the sun shining directly upon them injures them very rapidly. When dug early, and it is desired to keep them, they should be dried a little in the shade and then stored in a dry loft where there is a free circulation of air as possible. As I said before, my plan is always to pick out the seed potatoes when digging. Late potatoes can be dug and dried thoroughly and then stored away, excepting what is designed to be marketed are sold soon. I prefer putting away in cellars keep much fresher and better than when stored in the cellar. If stored a few dollar they should be dried thoroughly and then put in cellar boxes or bins. They should be raised a few inches above the bottom of the cellar, and stand a few inches from the wall. In extreme cold weather a covering of straw over the top will help consideration in keeping them from freezing. In putting potatoes a location should be selected that can be easily well drained. If a small number of bushels only is to be put in a small pit is the best, but if quite a number of bushels is put together a long pit is best. I prefer to dig out very little on account of the risk of water settling in. I put on a light layer of cleanses straw or leaves, pile up the potatoes as seven's as possible, on all sides and then cover with a thin layer of straw sufficient to keep the soil from getting down among the potatoes. Commence covering at the base of the pile and cover at least eighteen inches thick. Commencing at the bottom all around and work up evenly all around the work can be done much better than any other plan I have tried. And this is the simple plan of covering an uniform depth of covering. If a well enough to level a hole in the top to admit of ventilation and after in the fall when before cold freezing weather sets in put a straw, be then out and the hole filled up at all. Before the severe weather set in it is to cold it is a good plan to have a thin straw or other manure and cover well all over. Hay can be used provided it should be laid long to keep the wind from blowing it away. I find straw and covering a great help in keeping out the rust.

Whether it is better to put away and save until spring or sell in the fall is a hard question to determine. This must, of course, depend upon the supply and demand and at best only guess work. My rule has always been to put out and save plenty for seed and for use in the family, preferring to have a few more than needed than not sufficient, and then sell the balance when they were ready for market unless the price was very low and I have good reasons for believing they would be considerable higher in the spring. Keeping them over is always more or less risky, and I always thought the farmer should be paid for running this risk. And to secure this, pay the interest on the money and the expense of putting them away and taking out in the spring, would require a considerable advance, more than is often realized.—*N. J. Shepherd, in Burlington Hawkeye.*

SERGEANT BUZFUZ.

A Tribute to a Legal Luminary by an Illinois Lawyer.

Of the veteran lawyers who rode the circuit with Abe Lincoln, one of the sharpest set was O. B. Ficklin, or "Old Fick," as he is fam liarly known. The following good story of his ability to squirm out of a bad hole is told by Hon. George M. Haynes, of the city law department:

Hon. G. W. Wall, who is now one of the Judges of the Appellate Court of the Fourth District, was some years ago attorney for the Illinois Central Railroad Company. The company was sued in the Circuit Court at Effingham, in this state, for the killing of stock, and Judge Wall went up to attend to the matter for the railroad. The plaintiff was represented by the venerable and ever ready O. B. Ficklin, and another attorney whose name is not now remembered. The evidence was all in and counsel went to the jury. Ficklin's associate opened the case for the plaintiff, and instead of argument the latter's story was humorous and bombast about giant corporations and soulless monopolies, etc. Wall, in reply, in a very clear and dignified manner, presented the defense, and in conclusion took occasion to refer to the gentleman who had preceded him as a demagogue, and compared him to Dickens' Serjeant Buzfuz. Serjeant Buzfuz, in no very complimentary form to either Ficklin or the gentleman who had led him and it was the signal for those who had learnt the game to leave in in favor of the defense. Wall carried a full verdict of a verdict but he had not counted upon the resources of Ficklin. The latter had given close attention to the remarks of Wall, and, while Wall had provoked much amusement among the bystanders, had never smiled, but, upon the contrary, he seemed to be displeased. Ended as Wall's remarks. The latter arose and Ficklin arose to make the case for the plaintiff. After a brief sentence in the expression in which there was but little reference for his adversary, he soon faded in the balance of a very patriotic and inspired address. "And now, gentlemen of the jury, it becomes my painful duty to reply to the misrepresentations and unmanly attack upon one of the best men in the country ever produced, a man who has long enough lived with his fellows, and upon whose past and unsullied character no stain until to-day, has dared to cast a shadow of suspicion. I allude, gentlemen of the jury, to the unmanly attack of my friend Wall upon the memory of that good and brave man Serjeant Buzfuz. Gentlemen, it perhaps was not your privilege as it was mine to have known him personally. I remember him well in the early and trying times of this country. He was a pioneer on the roads through this country. He was the earth pioneer to whom the present generation owes so much, ever ready and willing with honest heart and active hand to aid a fellow or neighbor in distress. Your fathers, gentlemen, were doubtless recipients of his kindness. In fact, gentlemen, there are few men, living and dead, this country owes more to than it does to Serjeant Buzfuz. It is true, gentlemen, that he was somewhat plain and a stranger, and perhaps blunt to his way, but his every action was prompted by a noble and honest motive. He was not blessed with the brilliant accomplishments of my young friend. He wore no starched shirt and red necktie, he was humble and retired. In his leather leggins and hunting shirt he went about the country, not as the representative of a rich railroad monopoly, but as an humble citizen doing good to his fellow man. His bones have long since moldered to dust, the sod grows green over his grave, his work is done, and he is gone from among us forever. I was surprised to hear his blameless life held up to ridicule in the manner it has been here to-day, and it is impossible for me, his last remaining friend, to permit it to go by unnoticed, and to you, sir," turning to Wall, who was by this time completely dumbfounded, "I say no better man ever lived than he whom you have so unjustly abused. Youth, sir, should have more respect for the men who have made life pleasant for those who come after them than to assail their character as you have done."

At the close the jury found for the plaintiff in the full amount claimed without leaving their seats, and it is said, had to be restrained by the Sheriff from doing Wall personal violence.—*Chicago Times.*

THE BARBADOES.

Tendencies of the Inhabitants to Indulgence in Chicken and Cane Stealing.

As thieves the negroes are most expert, and burglaries are frequent, especially in the smaller houses. A lock proof it is almost impossible to preserve from them, and if they get into one they will sweep it clean. Their mode of proceeding on such occasions is, I am told, as follows: Having obtained an entry, they seize each bird from the perch, put its head under its wing, and wind the unfortunate fowl round and round in the air five or six times. The result of this is, I am testily to tell the bird remains torpid and apparently dead, and it is then quietly stowed away in a bag without danger of disturbing the rest. Nor is it against birds alone that such attacks are directed, for they prey equally upon each other. Every night in Barbadoes I hear shots, the discharge of carbines and firearms out of the windows of the quarters as a warning that the inmates are on their guard.

The depredations of the negroes is not unnatural, considering the extreme misery in which he lives in his native island. Food is extraordinarily cheap, and a shilling will keep a man for a week. Further, alongside of every plantation and unguarded the sugar cane, of which he is particularly fond, lies open to the hand, and thus, if he is liable to prosecution for theft, detected, and all desirable means are employed to check this evil, yet, as it is called, there can be no doubt that incalculable damage is done to the crop in this way. To the small proprietor, especially, it is a very serious evil, as he can not afford the decimation of his crops, and it also tells severely on the larger land owners. The mischief prevails throughout the West Indies, and though somewhat discouraged by summary imprisonment, will never, I take it, be even approximately stamped out. Thus, as the ordinary laborer's wages are one shilling per day, and two days' work, or one day's if he steal successfully, will buy him corn, meat, salt fish and rum enough for a week's living, it is no wonder that he will not work for six days.—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

—Mrs. W. E. Dodge, of New York, is worth $4,000,000. She spends her money in missionary work.—*N. Y. Mail.*

A Good Effect.

"Yes," said Mr. Dinks, a self-important little man who had just married a very big woman, "I think every household should have a set of rules."

"Oh, yes, of course," assented Mrs. D., with a queer look in her eye.

"Well, then," continued Mr. D., not noticing the glance, "I will at once prepare a set which will be observed hereafter."

"Oh! don't trouble yourself," replied his spouse, suffering her upper lip, "Rules for the government of this house already exist."

"Indeed! What are they?"

"The Marquis of Queensbury rules."

Mr. D. changed the subject.—*Philadelphia Call.*

A Great Horseman.

Mr. J. H. Goldsmith, owner of the Walnut Grove stock farm, N. Y., says of the wonderful curative qualities of St. Jacobs Oil, that having long used it for rheumatism and on his breeding farm for ailments of horses and cattle he cheerfully accords this great pain-cure his preference, as the best he ever used, in an experience of twenty years.

A man doesn't know the true import of wealth, as the until he gets a bride in his hall.—*Merchant Traveler.*

Mr. James Bryant, Deputy Sheriff, Baltimore, Md., writes: Suffered some time, deeply-seated cough. Astonishing: Few doses of Red Star Cough Cure cured me. No harm to the system.

A man is often call a bartender when in reality he is a bar tender.—*Boston Saturday Night.*

"The Slough of Despondency"

in which you are wallowing, on account of some of those diseases peculiar to you, madame, and which have robbed you of the rosy hue of health, and made life a burden to you, you can easily get out of, Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" will free you from all such troubles, and soon recall the roses to your cheeks, and the elasticity to your step. It is a most perfect specific for all the weaknesses and irregularities peculiar to your sex. It cures ulceration, displacements, "internal fever," bearing-down sensations, removes the tendency to cancerous affections, and corrects all unnatural discharges. By druggists.

Man wants but little here below, but wants that little paid.—*Rochester Times.*

Young Men, Read This.

The Voltaic Belt Co., of Marshall, Mich., offer to send their celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belt and other Electric Appliances on trial for 30 days, to men (young or old) afflicted with nervous debility, loss of vitality and all kindred troubles. Also for rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis and many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigor, and manhood guaranteed. Not cured, as Polaris' trial is allowed. Write them at once for illustrated pamphlet, free.

Shad jokes are being-fish humor.—*Philadelphia Call.*

Young or middle-aged men suffering from nervous debility, loss of memory, premature old age, as the result of bad habits, should send three letter stamps for illustrated book offering sure means of cure. Address World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

The law of the road—"Be sure you are right, then go ahead."—*Detroit Courier.*

An Extended Popularity. Brown's Bronchial Troches have been before the public many years. For relieving Coughs and Throat troubles they are superior to all other articles. Sold only in boxes.

Velocity is defined as "what a man puts a hot potato down with."

Piso's Toothache Drops cure in 1 minute. Piso's Catarrh Snuff, heals and beautifies. 25. German Corn Remover kills Corns & Bunions.

The inventor of a flying machine is nearly to be pitied.—*Boston Times.*

Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures when every other so-called remedy fails.

If afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

THE GENERAL MARKETS.

KANSAS CITY, April 13.		
CATTLE—Shipping steers	$4 [illegible]	$5 00
Native cows	3 30	4 00
Butchers steers	4 20	4 40
HOGS—Good to choice heavy	4 [illegible]	4 25
Light	3 [illegible]	4 10
WHEAT—No. 2 red	[illegible]	[illegible]
No. 3 red	[illegible]	[illegible]
Rejected	46	47
CORN—No. 2	34	34½
OATS—No. 2	22	22½
RYE—No. 2	57	60
FLOUR—Fancy, per sack	1 [illegible]	1 85
HAY—Large baled	[illegible]	8 00
BUTTER—Choice creamery	28	29
CHEESE—Full cream	11	11
EGGS—Spring	9	10
PORK—Ham	[illegible]	10
Shoulders	4	4½
Sides	5	6½
LARD	5	5½
Wool—Missouri unwashed	15	16
POTATOES—Nebraska	50	55
ST. LOUIS		
CATTLE—Shipping steers	4 [illegible]	5 50
Butchers steers	4 40	4 [illegible]
HOGS—Packing	4 [illegible]	4 [illegible]
SHEEP—Fair to choice	4 [illegible]	4 [illegible]
FLOUR—Choice	4 00	4 25
WHEAT—No. 2 red	87	88
CORN—No. 2	41	41½
OATS—No. 2	26	26½
RYE—No. 2	57	58
BARLEY	50	55
BUTTER—Creamery	28	29
PORK	12 [illegible]	12 [illegible]
COTTON—Middling	10	10½
CHICAGO		
CATTLE—Good to choice	4 [illegible]	5 00
HOGS—Packing and shipping	4 00	4 [illegible]
SHEEP—Fair to choice	3 [illegible]	4 [illegible]
FLOUR—Winter wheat	4 00	4 [illegible]
WHEAT—No. 2 red	87	87½
No. 3	74	75
No. 2 spring	81½	82
CORN—No. 2	34½	34½
OATS—No. 2	22	22½
RYE	56	58
PORK	12 [illegible]	12 [illegible]
NEW YORK		
CATTLE—Exports	5 [illegible]	6 [illegible]
HOGS—Good to choice	4 [illegible]	4 [illegible]
SHEEP—Fair to prime	4 [illegible]	5 [illegible]
FLOUR—Common to good	3 [illegible]	3 [illegible]
WHEAT—No. 2 red	90	90½
CORN—No. 2	[illegible]	[illegible]
OATS—Western mixed	30	31
PORK	12 [illegible]	12 [illegible]
PETROLEUM—United	[illegible]	[illegible]

ST JACOBS OIL
TRADE MARK
THE GREAT
GERMAN REMEDY
For Pain
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"Which made me delirious!
"Days and
"It took three men to hold me on my bed at times!
"The Doctors tried in vain to relieve me, but to no purpose.
"Everything and other opinions!
"Had excellent!
"After two months I was given up to die!
"When my wife
heard a neighbor tell what Hop Bitters had done for him, she at once got and gave me some. The first dose eased my brain and seemed to run thinking my system for the pain.
The second dose eased me so much that I kept it up, continuing I had not done for two months. When I had taken five bottles I was well and at work as hard as any man could. For over three years I worked hard for my strength, and not a bad week. I was taken with the same severe and painful prostration all through my system that ever was known.
I tried the doctors again and other remedies, they did me no good. I was sinking fast and would have died. I put a few bottles of Hop Bitters into my house, and through my wife's persuasion I commenced to use them. I drank two bottles and was entirely well. I have kept my health ever since, and I think it is the best medicine in the world. I have given it to my children with the best results. I have recommended it to many friends, and will do so to the end of my days. I cannot say too much in its favor.
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