

**LIVING OR DEAD.**

Did I love him? There never was a time I loved him not.

Even the green days of our early years were his.

When the soft folds of your sweet smock lay upon our paths, and of the world's strange way.

So very little came within our ken. As a sister-lover I loved them.

How many fair manhood's noble place. As years went by, And with his form his kindly soul kept pace.

To all he gave his love, he knew no guile. But for me he kept his tenderest smile. He filled my heart as never man could fill. The heart of woman, and I loved him still.

There came a time when we more fervent grew. And the world said: "You could not be parted—the world knew, So we were wed."

We did not change when skies were overcast. We sipped the same love-wine that cheered the past.

Heaven had planned it well, trust did not pall. Our love grew nobler, and that was all.

Yes, he is dead, I've heard that simple tale— What does it show? Do ye think death did ever once curtail Love's overflow?

Ah, no! the love that truth has touched and blessed. Throughout eternity must be expressed. While Heaven's records hold a true man's living or dead my love shall be the same.

—William Lytle, in *Quarterly*.

**MIRIAM.**

**The Romance of Heatherleigh Hall.**

By MANDA L. CROCKER.

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**CHAPTER XIV.—CONTINUED.**

"Alas! alas! another golden opportunity has been from me, and I am left in my house desolate!"

Sir Rupert rose from his chair, and, stretching out his arms as if to grasp some unseen object, took a step forward and fell prone on the floor. The terrified James new seized the bell-pull and sent his hurried summons loudly through the Hall.

In a moment hurried feet came up the staircase and wild, frightened faces looked in.

"The master's fainted," explained the butler, trying vainly to lift him up. "He imagines the mistress is here, and wants to know her to stay with him. And when they could not find him, and the little one also, they've just set up and took on awfully, and finally he fainted dead away."

They removed the inanimate form of their master to his sleeping apartment and applied restoratives, which they found at hand in a side cupboard there.

Sir Rupert slowly regained consciousness, moaning and murmuring Miriam. And all night long they stood, faithful servants that they were, by Sir Rupert, and did what they could to revive him. Once he opened his eyes very wide and started up, saying: "Oh! ask her, ask her—but stop, she is gone, you say!"

"Then he lay down again, turning his face to the wall, and shivered as if seized with an ague fit."

"Let him die," said Anclil, unfeelingly. "Let him, and it will be the end of it."

"Shut up, ye bastards," said Peggy, under her breath, as under the touch of her skillful, motherly hand the master fell into a troubled sleep.

Just as the day dawned the east, and the fresh breeze swept over the silent world in token of the coming morning, Sir Rupert sank into a quiet, restful sleep, and the servants retired, leaving their master in calm, untroubled repose.

But after that memorable day of angry meeting of regret and compunction, followed by an almost fatal hallucination bringing hours of wakeful agony, Sir Rupert was a strangely altered man.

Mild and gentle in tone and manner, even to the least of them, he commanded at last the love and respect of the much-tried household. They learned to pity him for his tottering step and whitened crown, and to love him for the sake of one whom fate had driven forever from Heatherleigh Hall. Invariably they seemed to "poor master" when he walked alone about the grounds, hating here and there to rest and to think.

The dwellers of the country side pined Sir Rupert from afar, and gradually, almost imperceptibly, drifted back to the long-avoided Hall. Dropping in on one pretext and another, they strove to console him and brighten the gloom of his declining years; but, after all, the master of Heatherleigh was slow in accepting any proffered kindness, and seemed to look upon even old acquaintances as intruders. It seemed, in spite of their endeavors to be friendly, that he had faded in impressing Sir Rupert favorably.

"The Percival girl was in him, bairn! all his lambe-like ways," Peggy said.

Occasionally Sir Rupert would ride out—sometimes to the churchman's, sometimes to the city to interview his attorney. And again he would spend a half day in leaning back in his favorite carriage and being driven slowly through the parks, across the commons or back and forth along the pleasant reaches and sunny slopes of Fairlight.

What his thoughts were during these long, solemn drives not a soul could guess, and he never conveyed by a single monosyllable one impulse of his soul. And the weary-headed coachman, who felt as if he were weary of his master's heavy or lonely, beaten ways rather than his animate self during these sorrowful, semi-depressing outings. Many pined Sir Rupert as he passed by, but many more sympathized with and pined the long-suffering coachman.

Perhaps the austere zeal of Sir Rupert was waning—was doing earnest penance in the wordless marches. Ah! it might have been deepest compunction was busy with the long-depleted heart, and doing the work in the dark depths of his silent soul; perhaps that calm serenity on his daughter's face as she called to him across the portals of the home he had denied her in that last good-bye; perhaps the beautiful features of the little son, framed in by its long golden ringlets, and a pair of baby arms outstretched towards him with a pleading look in the softening process of Sir Rupert's speech and manner. And perhaps it was on this sorrowful and affectionate picture that he dwelt in these dumb, lonely days. All conjectured, but none knew.

Once, after having been driven to Fairlight church, he wanted to be taken to Oak Lawn.

It was in the afternoon, and the day was cold for the season, and dreary enough to have remained indoors, especially for one so frail and weak-boned. But he wanted to go, desired to see "once more," he said, the beautiful grounds of Oak Lawn, where reposed the dust of Lady Percival.

And patient John had driven slowly,

silently through the bleak lanes and across where the heather-bells glowed like flame on the browning wold until the airy, breezy Chase came to view, which lay between them and the chapel at Oak Lawn.

The clouds sailed high and white with the deep blue rifts shining through them in long, calm belts, sweetly gleaming, as if Heaven smiled complacently down in unchanging love, in spite of all the tumultuous sorrows of earth.

The brown and russet leaves whirled hither and thither, and whirled on before in little eddies of death, and Sir Rupert sighed deeply and repeated to himself in a half audible voice: "We all do fade as a leaf—as a leaf."

"What is it, master?" asked John, thinking that for once in these lonely outings Sir Rupert had deigned to speak and that he had been addressed. So leaning over the seat he repeated eagerly: "What is it, master?"

"We all do fade as a leaf, John, and are forgotten, forgotten," repeated Sir Rupert once more, and sighed again.

The gates of Oak Lawn swung open to admit them, while the solemn-looking sexton stood respectfully by divining the reason of this visit. He had admitted Miriam Percival Fairfax some months ago, and—well, he remembered it; also that there was a message here awaiting the master of Heatherleigh.

Leaning on the arm of the trusty John he made his way with uncertain faltering step to the family tomb, which seemed to say: "Sir Rupert, they are nearly all here—nearly all here," as he stopped, weary and faint, at its portals. Poor old man! He took up the spirit echo and murmured: "Yes, nearly all here; all excepting Miriam and those other ill-fated ones and—and me."

The wind swept up from the sea, sighing and whispering in the dark yews of the sealed volumes of trouble, pain and tears laid away to molder in their dank shadows, breaking into requiems for the silent shades when gusty branches of the reddening oaks were reached. Up through the central passageway of the grounds bordered on either hand with aged, weeping cypresses the restless winds seemed to catch the peaceful inspiration of rest and lost them—



LEANING ON THE TRUSTY ARM OF JOHN.

selves in melodious chants for the dead. Sir Rupert drew his surcoat closely about his frail, shivering form, and heard with a sickening heart the dirges for the dead, echoing down the grand old aisles of the cemetery as when he heard them chanted over Lady Percival's bier on that awful day; the day when the light and sunshine went out forever for Heatherleigh, eclipsed by the shadow of the tomb.

Then he grew visibly agitated, and putting out his hand clutched the outer iron door to steady himself and gain sufficient composure and calmness of manner, if not of mind, to deceive his attendants as to the nature of his weakness.

As he did so a piece of paper dropped from his hiding-place in the interstices of the complicated fastening and fluttered to his feet.

John picked it up at his master's bidding and gave it into the trembling, outstretched palm.

**CHAPTER XV.**

Sir Rupert spread out his long-folded length on his hand, gazed intently at the chirography for some time, apparently trying to decipher its contents. Not making it out, he handed it to the sexton, who, who stood watching him, and said, hurriedly: "Read it to me, will you?"

The quiet sexton, having an idea of something of its contents, took the paper reluctantly and read in clear, modulated tones:

"This is the last letter I shall write to a relative. I want to say in talking to one who can make no response, as by these few lines I am saying farewell to my blessed dead—all I have left to talk to. Mother, I have been at Heatherleigh for the last time. I think; possibly, I have seen Heatherleigh. I imagine it is shining courts of your beautiful home you may still remember it, but certainly not for any good."

"I have forfeited all right to its doors, mother, as you decided I would before you were to die, and the respect of its master, my father, has gone with it. In all this I have sinned, as God is my judge!"

"The condemnation I have to bear I have not merited by word or deed, nor do I share it with thee; then the heart-aches and tears would have been unknown that now fill my bitter cup to the brim."

"I can return to the Hall, mother, if I beg forgiveness and ask pardon for the course I saw fit to take, but I, too, am a Percival, and will never humble myself enough to ask forgiveness of one of my own kin simply to indulge that hated austerity that curses my house."

"A few hours ago I bade them all good-bye, and looked my last on the paternal face full of furious pride and haughty severity. Now I am here, mother, beside the tomb of my ancestors; here where you are resting. But I shall not have the privilege of lying with you when the shadows fall across my sun, for even the repose of my dead kindred is denied me. My lot has fallen with the disinherited, and branded as Cain I seek the stranger's home in a strange land."

"Best ye, darling mother. The boom of the seas will roll between us and you will not know the fate of your heart-broken child, unless you can see from the region above the stars and love and pity me from the gates to which I trust to shortly come. Yet, mother, it is well. MIRIAM PERCIVAL FAIRFAX."

The sexton had finished reading the strange, weird epistle, and in such a place it seemed entirely in keeping with the sad, soul-communion with the dead.

Sir Rupert, who had kept his eyes riveted on the lips of the reader from the beginning, with a wild, unearthy stare and shriek staggered back into the arms of the white-faced coachman and lay quite still for some moments, giving but little sign of consciousness.

The frightened John held his master tenderly in his arms, as if he had been a sleeping child, while the sexton chafed the withered hands and face to hasten returning animation.

"I expected this," he said to the fearful sexton. "I looked for him to find that letter." "Yes," he went on, as John shot an inquiring glance at him. "I know it was here. You see Mrs. Fairfax visited Oak Lawn last spring, and she desired me to accompany her in the grounds as she left the boy outside with the carriage."

"I accompanied her, of course, wondering why she wanted me, but after I saw her write that letter there on the railing and deposit it in the bolt-casing, why, I understood. You see she wanted me to know it was there and to look after it, which I have done. I never read it until to-day, though, but I had an idea it was something awful-like, because she looked like death itself for shaft," and I kinder thought she was driven at revenge on him," muttering to Sir Rupert, who now began to revive.

Presently Sir Rupert opened his eyes with a piteous, appealing look in them, and asked in whispered accents: "Where is that letter? Give it to me! It is all I have left of her—of Miriam."

They gave him the fatal note, and he caressed it with a kiss, and put it in his inner coat.

"Now take me home, to that desolate Heatherleigh," he said, wearily. "And when I come again I shall not know aught of earth and its hard, hard ways."

The men exchanged significant glances and helped him to the carriage. It was with difficulty that they managed to get him safely among its cushions, and when they had accomplished it he was so exhausted in soul and body he seemed more dead than alive.

"You can't count on much speed," said the sexton, warningly, as John mounted the box, "but you must be as quick as you can under the circumstances, or—or ye'll have him to bring back here by to-morrow."

They turned away from Oak Lawn then, and the sexton shut the great double gates after them with an ominous clang.

When they left the beautiful repose of Oak Lawn behind them and turned into the highway, Sir Rupert revived enough to sit up and look about him. Suddenly, as if recollecting something quite forgotten, he drew from his pocket the fatal missive. Folding and unfolding the scrap of paper, as one might in a dream, he murmured in a vague, desperate way: "All I have left, all I have left of happiness is death!"

"Miriam is gone—gone—gone! It is too late, too late!" And bowing his head upon his trembling hands, he sobbed like a child in his great grief.

The autumn breezes came softly over the sleepy world and gently fanned the silky, gray hair on the aged crown; the sunset fire flamed low on the hills, and, stealing brightly across, kissed the bowed form, but heeded it not. What was nature's soothing pity for his loving father to him? He, with a sickening heart that he could bear, was at last succumbing to the inevitable.

Moving his lips as if in prayerful supplication, he raised his head and sank back among the crimson cushions of his easy carriage.

Who would have dreamed of anything but comfort and luxury to have seen the Heatherleigh turnout rolling along the picturesque lanes, with its embowered accents on the panel and sleek dappled grays manching along, resting enough under the tint of rain of a handsome, rich-dressed coachman! But ah! had they seen the sorrowful face within!

Miriam then had gone from the Hall on that fateful day directly to Oak Lawn and paid, as it seemed, her farewell visit to the dear, dead mother. And she had, under cover of all that stolid, outward composure, carried away from Heatherleigh a breaking heart, and felt her banishment keenly.

Godless, too, she had left the written good-bye addressed to her dead relative at the tomb purposely that it might some time fall into the hands of her unnatural father; putting the slip in the fastening in the presence of the sexton, she might have shrewdly guessed that he would lose no opportunity to discover it to Sir Rupert, which he attended to on his first visit thereafter.

If the design in leaving the paper at Oak Lawn was to break the austere, hardened heart of the master of Heatherleigh with its contents, the plan was well laid and executed to a fault, and the purpose had been accomplished without doubt. He sank visibly each day under the terrible blow dealt him by the proud, suffering daughter, and he would sit for hours, silently and alone, in his private apartments, with curtains drawn, and grove in the gloom of his desolated home, the weight of his misery fearful. Poor old man! that drive to Oak Lawn on that quiet autumn day was his last outing; he never recovered enough from the shock of that day's experience to warrant riding out again, not even over his favorite downs toward the sea.

Nothing so dark and sad had befallen the many-shadowed Hall since Lady Percival's death, not even the death of little Archer announced to the reader is aware, in the fair weather. Yes, in the floral sweetness of May that massive, all bordered with black, found its way to the Hall.

How well they remembered it. Not to the master exactly had it come, although to acquaint him with her second great loss had his stricken daughter written. The prescription, however, designated Peggy Clarkson as the recipient of the sad news.

And Miriam added: "Answer my baby boy is sleeping, too, under the dewy violets, and I believe my heart is broken utterly. Ah! why was I born for this desolate, loveless existence! God only can answer definitely. I presume mortals would only point to the terrible legend of the Percivals and say that, as I am the eldest, and a daughter, I have no right to question my mother's will."

That happened, as the reader is aware, in the fair weather. Yes, in the floral sweetness of May that massive, all bordered with black, found its way to the Hall.

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SIR RUPERT FAINTED IN JOHN'S ARMS.

destiny. But such an answer does not suffice the agonized questioning of my soul to-day. Indeed, this is more than I can bear."

At the close of this sorrowful letter Miriam had written: "Give my regards to Sir Rupert Percival, together with my best wishes for his health and happiness."

Peggy Clarkson had wept herself sick over the contents of this, the saddest letter she had ever received.

"Only to think," she sobbed, while the great tears of bring sympathy rolled down her withered cheek, "only to think O'! never clasp the wee darling in me arms again! Bad luck to the kilties or its old gran'fayther for the drivin' or 'em away!"

The servants desired to break the news to the master, thinking even at the last he might still regret him of his decision and

send for Miriam to cheer his few remaining days. How to do this was something which worried them considerably, but the next day after the receipt of the letter a bright thought struck Peggy's fertile brain, and when the butler carried his master's breakfast up to him she put the missive on the trencher, not having the heart to deliver it herself. James was also instructed "not to say a word."

Sir Rupert started and moaned piteously when he saw the letter; another letter in less than a year, with a heavy black seal, coming from—well, he knew where. He looked up in agonized inquiry, but the sorrowful James vouchsafed nothing in answer.

Sir Rupert made no effort to reach the letter on the trencher, seeming as if expecting James to say something, or perhaps offer to read it. Then, after some minutes, he said, gently: "You may get me some medicine, James, which you will find on the library desk below."

The butler understood this ruse of Sir Rupert's to get him away for a moment in order that no mortal eye might behold him peruse the contents of the letter, and, knowing that for once he was absent he was appointed for an hour before he came upstairs to announce that there was no medicine to be found on the library desk. James was not afraid of being censured for carelessness in not searching for it, because he knew as well as Sir Rupert that there was none in the library.

The master of Heatherleigh and his thoughtful servant, for once, understood each other perfectly, and James looked toward the trencher. Sir Rupert had drank his chocolate, and the massive was lying in a different position; that was all.

After exchanging glances with James, his master ordered his breakfast away, and leaning back wearily among the silken cushions of his deep chair, said huskily: "I am not as well as usual I believe, James."

Then he shut his eyes, and, folding his hands across his breast, sighed deeply. The butler stood for a moment undecided as to whether he ought to leave his master or ring for Clarkson. He remembered, vividly, an experience in this same ghastly room that kept him on the alert ever since. And Sir Rupert was beginning to look white and act strangely as on that other time when he fancied Miriam had visited him.

But James was relieved when, presently, driving his knuckles, Sir Rupert said, without so much as even opening his eyes: "I will not need you further now, James. I do not need the medicine; I will rest and be better by and by."

"The master's ever so much worse this morning, somehow," said the butler in an undertone to Peggy, who was polishing an ancient-looking silver tankard, which had seen too much conviviality in its time than would ever lighten the ways, right through the black covering, again at the Hall. "Ye ever so much weaker," he repeated, puffing down the trencher on the sideboard.

"What's that?" she cried, suddenly, looking up with an untold dread in her big blue eyes. "An' did ye say the master was wurru?"

"Ever so much," James repeated, handing the letter back to be housekeeper, "for you see he has eaten nothing of the nice breakfast Maria prepared for him."

"What's that?" said Peggy, throwing down the polish and sinking into a chair. "An' it was that letter that's gone an' kilt the master. O'! my shure it was the doin' of that same. Howdy mother! an' what if he draps off suddenly like, an the chunder not in spakin' distance! Woe be the day that he does!"

But that trying time had gone by and the master of Heatherleigh had revived through the successful medicine, only to sink again under a far heavier blow.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

**HOW BEADS ARE MADE.**

Jewels That Are Nothing More Nor Less Than Glass.

Most of the world's beads are Venetian. In the island of Murano a thousand workmen are devoted to this branch. The first process is to draw the glass into tubes of the diameter of the proposed bead. For this purpose the glass-house at Murano has a kind of rope-walk gallery one hundred and fifty feet long. By gathering various colors from different pots and twisting them into any mass many combinations of color are made. The tubes are carefully sorted by diameters, and chipped into fragments of uniform size. These pieces are stirred in a mixture of sand and ashes, which fills the holes and prevents the sides from closing together when they are heated. They are next placed in a kind of frying-pan, and constantly stirred over a fire until the edges are rounded into a globular form. When cool they are shaken in one set of sieves and the beads are separated, and in another series of sieves until they are perfectly sorted by sizes. Then they are threaded by children, tied in bundles and exported to the ends of the earth.

France has long produced the "pearl beads" which in the finer forms are close imitations of pearls. They are said to have been invented by M. Jaquin, in 1636. The common variety threaded for ornaments is blown from glass tubes. An expert workman can blow five or six thousand globules in a day. They are lined with powdery fish scales and filled with wax. It takes 15,000 fish to make a pound of the scale essence of pearl. Until recently the heirs of Jaquin still carried on a large factory of these mock-pearls. The best of them are blown irregularly to counterfeit nature, some in pear shape, others like olives, and they easily pass for genuine.

Imitation gems formerly employed the chief attention of the highest artificers in glass. They are still the chief idea of ornamental glass in China. In the ancient and middle ages they circulated everywhere without much danger of discovery, and their formulas were held as precious secrets. Blancourt first published their compositions in 1696. Now they are common property; and with the growth of science in the past century an expert knowledge has become widely disseminated which easily detects the fakes from the real jewel, particularly as the modern false stones are less so costly copies than the old glass-makers produced. More study is now given to artificial gems, which are true gems, being composed of the same materials as the genuine ones, but manufactured.—Harper's Magazine.

**New Use for Glycerine.**

Carpenters and other tool-users who keep up with the times now use a mixture of glycerine instead of oil for sharpening their edge tools. Oil, as is well known, thickens and smears the stone. The glycerine may be mixed with spirits in greater or less proportion, according as the tools to be sharpened are fine or coarse. For the average blade two parts of glycerine to one of spirits will suffice.

**Encouraging the Trust Counts.**

Employers as a class are prone, we think, not to let their employees know that they value their services; this we believe to be a mistake. The winning man is the man who loves his work, and to him who loves his work there is no encouragement so encouraging as the assurance that his employer likes him and likes his work.

**Entitled to the Best.**

All are entitled to the best that their money will buy, so every family should have at least a bottle of the best family remedy, Syrup of Figs, to cleanse the system when constive or bilious. For sale in 50c and \$1.00 bottles by all leading druggists.

**Good farming consists as much in overcoming adversities as in improving fully favorable opportunities.**

**A Bold Enterprise.**

"Any one who will read an advertisement of the New York Ledger printed elsewhere in this paper, will learn of an outbreak of enterprise in journalism such as has never been presented to the American people. The Ledger is out in a new form, and is printed on a fine quality of paper, with illustrations by celebrated artists. Not contented with this elegance, Robert Bonner's Sons have enlarged the Ledger from eight pages to sixteen pages, but have reduced the subscription price from three dollars to the absurdly low price of two dollars a year. In addition to all this, Robert Bonner's Sons announce as contractors to the Ledger a staff of popular, eminent and distinguished writers that is simply astounding."—Enterprise Advocate.

The advertisement referred to above is printed in this paper to-day. Read it for yourself.

**A PATIENT figure has found that in 21,000,000 years the sun will be as dense as the earth.**

**It Don't Pay**

to experiment with uncertain remedies, when afflicted with any of the ailments for which Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is recommended, as it is so positively certain in its curative effects as to warrant its manufacturers in guaranteeing it to be cured, or money paid for it is returned. It is warranted to cure all blood, skin and scalp diseases, salt-rheum, tetter, and all scrofulous sores and swellings, as well as consumption (which is scrofula of the lungs) if taken in time and given a fair trial.

Don't hawk, hawk, blow, spit, and disgust everybody with your offensive breath, but use Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy and end it.

**A COLORED man of Yorkville, S. C., on a small wagon, recently ate seven dozen fried eggs in four hours.**

**From the Centropolis, Kansas City, Mo., December 1st, 1897.**

There is nothing so valuable to us as health, but we do not realize this until we are deprived of it. How many of our readers awake in the morning with dull pains in the back, or find it a hard task to perform daily duties! These are symptoms of Malaria, and we know from personal trial they may be completely eradicated by Shallenberger's Antidote for Malaria. It is a simple and effective remedy, and we advise our readers to try it.

**A PHILADELPHIA man committed suicide rather than take some physic ordered by the doctor.**

**ALWAYS avoid harsh purgative pills. They first make you sick and then leave you with the bowels and make you well. Dose, one pill.**

**THE Duke of Edinburgh is a persistent but poor violinist.**

**Why wash, and wash, and wear out yourself and your clothes on washday, when ever since 1874, Dubouss' Electric Soap has been offered on purpose to lighten your labor. Now try it. Your grocery has it.**

**The Prince of Wales plays the barjo fairly well.**

**Don't neglect a Cough. Take some Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar instantly. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.**

**The Car of all the Russias plays a handsome silver cornet.**

**Best, easiest to use and cheapest. E. C.'s Remedy for Catarrh. By druggists. 50c.**

**THE GENERAL MARKETS.**

**KANSAS CITY, Oct. 28.**

CATTLE—Shipping steers... 4 30 @ 4 40  
Butcher steers... 3 80 @ 4 00  
Native cows... 1 50 @ 2 60  
HOGS—Good to choice heavy... 4 00 @ 4 05  
WHEAT—No. 2 red... 63 3/4 @ 67 1/4  
No. 2 soft... 62 3/4 @ 67 1/4  
No. 2... 57 3/4 @ 61 1/4  
OATS—No. 2... 15 @ 17  
RYE—No. 2... 24 @ 28  
FLOUR—Patents, per sack... 1 50 @ 2 00  
HAY—Baled... 6 00 @ 6 50  
BUTTER—Choice creamery... 15 @ 21  
CHEESE—Full cream... 6 @ 7  
EGGS—Choice... 16 @ 16 1/2  
BACON Hams... 10 @ 10 1/2  
Shoulders... 5 @ 6 1/2  
Sides... 7 @ 8  
LARD... 6 1/2 @ 6 5/8  
POTATOES... 2 @ 6

**ST. LOUIS.**

CATTLE—Shipping steers... 4 00 @ 4 70  
Butcher steers... 3 75 @ 4 35  
HOGS—Packing... 3 75 @ 4 10  
SHEEP—Fair to choice... 4 80 @ 4 60  
FLOUR—Winter wheat... 4 40 @ 5 30  
WHEAT—No. 2 red... 75 3/4 @ 78 3/4  
COEN—No. 2... 18 @ 21 1/2  
OATS—No. 2... 17 1/2 @ 17 3/4  
RYE—No. 2... 28 @ 30 1/2  
BUTTER—Creamery... 20 @ 22 1/2  
PORE... 11 50 @ 11 75

**CHICAGO.**

CATTLE—Shipping steers... 4 00 @ 4 80  
HOGS—Packing and shipping... 4 00 @ 4 15  
SHEEP—Fair to choice... 4 30 @ 5 30  
FLOUR—Winter wheat... 4 40 @ 5 30  
WHEAT—No. 2 red... 75 3/4 @ 78 3/4  
COEN—No. 2... 18 @ 21 1/2  
OATS—No. 2... 17 1/2 @ 17 3/4  
RYE—No. 2... 28 @ 30 1/2  
BUTTER—Creamery... 20 @ 22 1/2  
PORE... 10 75 @ 10 50

**NEW YORK.**

CATTLE—Common to prime... 4 00 @ 4 50  
HOGS—Good to choice... 4 00 @ 4 60  
FLOUR—Good to choice... 4 40 @ 5 10  
WHEAT—No. 2 red... 82 @ 85 1/2  
COEN—No. 2... 23 1/2 @ 26 1/2  
OATS—Western mixed... 23 1/2 @ 25  
BUTTER—Creamery... 22 @ 23 1/2  
PORE... 12 25 @ 12 50

**JOSEPH H. HUNTER.**

**PISO'S REMEDY FOR CATARRH.**—Best. Easiest to use. Cheapest. Relief is immediate. A cure is certain. For Cold in the Head it has no equal.

**CATARRH.**

It is an Ointment of which a small particle is applied to the nostrils. Price, 50c. Sold by druggists or sent by mail. Address, E. T. HAZELTINE, Warren, Pa.

**Oregon, the Paradise of Farmers.**

Mild, equable climate, certain and abundant crops. Best fruit, grain, grass, stock country in the world. Full information free. Address Oregon Immigration Board, Portland, Oregon.

**At a Cochocton (Pa.) picnic match last week the winner disposed of eighteen pies in one hour and a half.**

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