FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

SOME GOOD STORIES FOR OUR JUNIOR READERS.

A Little Cyclone, How the Boys Discovered a New Amusement—A True Story — An Embarrassed Student — Gladstone as a Boy.

A Mystery.

Flowers from clods of clay and mud!
  Flowers so bright, and grass so green!
Tell me, blade, and leaf, and bud,
  How it is you're all so clean.

If my fingers touch these sods,
  See, they're streaked with sticky earth;
Yet you spring from clayey clods,
  Pure, and fresh, and fair from birth.

Do you wash yourself at night
  In a bath of diamond dew,
That you look so fresh and bright
  When the morning dawns on you?

God, perhaps, sends summer showers,
  When the grass grows gray for rain,
To wash the faces of His flowers,
  And bid His fields be green again.

Tell me, blade, and leaf, and bud;
  Flowers so fair, and grass so green;
Growing out of clay and mud,
  How it is you're all so clean.

—Gabriel Setoun.

A Little Cyclone.

Bertram was born and had spent all his life on a Kansas prairie. He had never watched the waves rolling in from the ocean, nor picked up shells along the shore, nor dug wells in the sandy beach. He had never listened to the wind as it sighs gently through the tops of the pine trees. Indeed, he had never seen any real woods at all, nor any high hills; and he knew nothing about great rocks that are so nice to climb upon and that make such lovely caves to hide oneself under. But he knew all about how the men on the plains ride over the range to bring the cattle together in a spring "round-up." He had often played at "throwing a rope" to lasso the stalks of the tall sunflowers that bloom so thickly over the western plains. He had seen great fires rushing madly through the dry prairie grass. He had even seen half a dozen fires at a time far off on the great round line in which the wide sky shuts itself down over the wide earth. He also knew how hard the winds could blow across the great open plains. When the spring winds came blowing all the way from the Gulf of Mexico or the Polar ocean, Bertram used to watch the great round "tumble weeds" as they rolled rapidly along faster than a horse could gallop. Sometimes when the wind grew fiercer than usual, it brought a thick cloud of dust to choke the breath and blind the sight. Then Bertram would run into the house as fast as his legs could carry him, and shut his eyes, almost fearing that the little house would be lifted from its foundations and be shaken to pieces by the fierce wind of the prairie. When Bertram was five years old his mother took him to New England to visit his grandmother and some cousins that he had never seen. Bertram thought the rooms in his grandmother's house were very large—large enough for houses, he said. He was never tired of running up and down the stairs, because he had never before lived in a house where there were any stairways to be climbed. One day Bertram's uncle brought home from the city a large box, and told Bertram and his little cousin Frank that this contained something which they would like to see. When they opened the box they found in it—a toy village. There was a church with a steeple, a postoffice, a school house, a store and some smaller houses. There were a good many little trees to shade the village, and a number of little men and women to walk about its streets. There was also a depot and a train of cars to bring people to and from the town. Both of the children were delighted. They took the little things out of the box and looked at them one by one. Then they began to build the town. Frank had often been to the city with his father, and thought that he knew all about how a town should be built. He did not think that Bertram knew much about towns. So it happened that almost all the things that Bertram set up Frank would soon change to another place. Bertram soon began to feel that it was all Frank's town, and that he was being left out of the play. He looked very sober for a few minutes. He stopped working and watched the little town as it grew up under Frank's busy fingers. But he was all the time thinking how he could have a share in the play himself. At last a new thought came to him. The town was just finished, with all the trees and houses set up in beautiful order, and the little men and women walking quietly around the streets. Then Bertram cried out, "Here comes a slycone!" and filling his little lungs with air, he blew out a great wind of breath. In two seconds half of the town lay in a heap, with the frightened little men and women buried under the overturned houses. Frank looked up, feeling half angry. But Bertram's eyes were shining. He was not cross or naughty; he only wanted to have a part in the play. Frank's eyes began to shine, too. This was a new kind of fun. So he said, "That was a blizzard, sure enough! Now all the men will have to go to work and build the town over again." Then with a good laugh both of the boys set to work with a will, and soon the town was built up again as good as ever. When it was finished the second time Frank ran to his grandmother and whispered something in her ear. Grandmama smiled, went up to the attic, and brought down an old pair of bellows that used to blow up the fires in the great kitchen chimney a hundred years ago. Bertram now looked on with great curiosity while Frank took the bellows, and made a wind that blew several of the little men and women half-way across the dining room carpet. After this, whenever Frank and Bertram set up the toy village, the very best part of the play was the time when the cyclone came, and trees and houses and men and women tumbled down together in a heap of ruins.

—Mary Hall Leonard.

A True Story.

Old Dapple was so tired when haying-time was over that grandpa said he should rest a whole week, with oats for dinner every day. "You're the faithfulest old fellow!" grandpa said, warmly stroking Dapple's old nose back and forth—back and forth, lovingly. "Now you shall have a holiday and munch hay instead of rake it. Wait; I'll trundle the big rake under the mow, out of your sight, so you'll forget there was ever any such thing in the world as work." Then grandpa went in to dinner with grandma and The Twins—everybody called them The Twins, with capital T's in their voices when they said it. It was quite late in the afternoon when grandpa asked The Twins to lead out old Dapple to water. "Let him stay and drink as long as he wants to," he called after them. "You needn't wait—he knows the way back alone." So old Dapple stood and drank his fill of the clear, sweet water, and The Twins ran back to their play. But it wasn't long before grandpa saw them coming toward him at a scamper. Both their faces were excited, and they shouted in a little, breathless chorus—The Twins usually spoke in chorus—"O, grandpa! grandpa! quick! look up in the mowing field! Old Dapple's up there rakin' hay all alone, 'thout any rake or any hay! He's goin' back and forth and back and forth like everything!" And when grandpa got on his "fur-offs" and looked, sure enough there was faithful old Dapple up in the mowing-field, patiently trudging up and down, making neat turns at the end of every "bout!" His tired old legs wavered unsteadily, but kept on. The afternoon sunshine lay on his rough back and dazzled his old eyes on the return trips, but he never thought of stopping. Something suddenly dimmed grandpa's "fur-offs," and he took them off. "Faithful old fellow!" he muttered. "Go lead him back, children, and give him oats for his supper. And how The Twins hugged him while they were doing it!

Constance Hamilton.

Gladstone as a Boy.

William Ewart Gladstone, at the age of 12, was the best looking boy who ever entered Eton, and the brightest fellow who ever left it. He was always proud to claim membership with one of the old families of commerce, and to the last declined all honors and titles offered him by the queen, preferring to remain "one of the people." His mother traced her ancestry to the royalty of the fourteenth century. She was a woman of very great accomplishments, and exacted obedience from her six children. Gladstone's earlier life was passed under the direct care of this wise and watchful mother. Her boys were required to perform some manual labor, and to take much physical exercise, and were instructed in wood-sawing and carving. A man's treatment of his wife is a reflection of his mother's memory. In Gladstone's beautiful study, called the "Temple of Peace," were three desks—one for political and business correspondence,one for literary work and one for Mrs. Gladstone, who was a most discreet, as well as able, woman, and had not only the gift of silver-tongued speech, but of golden silence when occasion required.

An Embarrassed Student.

Mr. Spurgeon used to tell a good story about one of his divinity students. It was his custom, in order to test the powers of the young men for speaking, to give them, as they were about to ascend the pulpit, a text to discourse about on their own plan and in their own words. This, of course, was not before an audience, but simply among themselves for practice. On the occasion referred to, he gave to a young man, who as yet had not tried the ordeal, the simple word, "Zacchaeus." The young man, trembling from head to foot, said: 'I will divide my subject into three parts. First, We read that Zacchaeus was small of stature, and I never felt smaller than at the present moment. Second, We read that Zacchaeus climbed a tree, which reminds me of my ascent into this pulpit. Third, We read that Zacchaeus made haste to come down—which accordingly I will now do." Whether this man ever became a great preacher or not, we are not told, but he certainly showed that he possessed ready wit.

Bean Game.

Here is a noisy, jolly game. A bag of beans is brought in and every one present puts his or her hand in it and takes a few beans, which are held in the hand until all are served. Then they are to count the beans, and all who have odd numbers to form in line on the right, and all with even numbers to form in a line on the left. Then the first person on the right line starts over to the left side and gives one in that line a bean as long as they last, and then he or she sits down. The same time the first one on the left begins to give out what beans he or she has on the right line, and when they are all gone, he or she sits down. The next couple do the same, and so on until all the beans are given out. The last couple by this time has all the beans, and if one is dropped a burnt cork is brought and a little mark is put on the face of each one, and when the total is counted the one having the odd number is to have the black marks put on for every bean in excess of the number the other has. The one having the odd number at the end of the game is "old maid" or "old bachelor."

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"HEALTH RESORTS," THE SUBJECT LAST SUNDAY.

"A Pool That is Called in the Hebrew Tongue Bethesda, Having Five Porches, Where Lay a Great Multitude of Impotent Folk." John v., 2, 3.

Outside the city of Jerusalem there was a sanative watering-place, the popular resort for invalids. To this day there is a dry basin of rock which shows that there may have been a pool there three hundred and sixty feet long, one hundred and thirty feet wide, and seventy-five feet deep. This pool was surrounded by five piazzas, or porches, or bathing houses, where the patients tarried until the time when they were to step into the water. So far as reinvigoration was concerned, it must have been a Saratoga and a Long Branch on a small scale; a Leamington and a Brighton combined—medical and therapeutic. Tradition says that at a certain season of the year there was an officer of the government who would go down to that water and pour in it some healing quality, and after that the people would come and get the medication; but I prefer the plain statement of Scripture, that at a certain season an angel came down and stirred up or troubled the water; and then the people came and got the healing. That angel of God that stirred up the Judean watering-place had his counterpart in the angel of healing, who, in our day, steps into the mineral waters of Congress, or Sharon, or Sulphur Springs, or into the salt sea at Cape May and Nahant, where multitudes who are worn out with commercial and professional anxieties, as well as those who are afflicted with rheumatic, neuralgic and splenetic diseases, go and are cured by the thousands. These blessed Bethesdas are scattered all up and down our country.

We are at a season of the year when rail trains are laden with passengers and baggage on their way to the mountains and the lakes and the seashore. Multitudes of our citizens are away for a restorative absence. The city heats are pursuing the people with torch and fear of sunstroke. The long, silent halls of sumptuous hotels are all abuzz with excited arrivals. The antlers of Adirondack deer rattle under the shot of city sportsmen. The trout make fatal snap at the hook of adroit sportsmen, who toss their spotted brilliance into the game basket. The baton of the orchestral leader taps the music-stand on the hotel green, and American life has put on festal array, and the rumbling of the ten-pin alley, and the crack of the ivory balls on the green-baized billiard tables, and the jolting of the bar-room goblets, and the explosive uncorking of the champagne bottles, and the whirl and the rustle of the ball-room dance, and the clattering hoofs of the race courses, and other signs of social dissipation, attest that the season for the great American watering-places is in full play. Music! Flute, and drum, and cornet-a-piston, and clapping cymbals wake the echoes of the mountains. Glad am I that fagged out American life, for the most part, has an opportunity to rest, and that nerves racked and destroyed will find a Bethesda. I believe in watering-places. They recuperate for active service many who were worn out with trouble or overwork. They are national restoratives. Let not the commercial firm begrudge the clerk, or the employer the journeyman, or the patient the physician, or the church its pastor, a season of inoccupation. Luther used to sport with his children; Edmund Burke used to caress his favorite horse; Thomas Chalmers, in the dark hour of the church's disruption, played kite for recreation—so I was told by his own daughter—and the busy Christ said to the busy apostles, "Come ye apart awhile into the desert and rest yourselves." And I have observed that they who do not know how to rest do not know how to work. But I have to declare this truth today, that some of our fashionable watering-places are the temporal and the eternal destruction of "a multitude that no man can number;" and, amid the congratulations of this season, and the prospect of the departure of many of you for the country, I must utter a warning, plain, earnest and unmistakable.

The first temptation that is apt to hover in this direction to leave your piety at home. You will send the dog and cat and canary bird to be well cared for somewhere else; but the temptation will be to leave your religion in the room with the blinds down and the door bolted, and then you will come back in the autumn to find that it is starved and suffocated, lying stretched on the rug, stark dead. There is no surplus of piety at the watering-places. I never knew any one to grow very rapidly in grace at the Catskill Mountain house, or Sharon Springs, or the Falls of Montmorency. It is generally the case that the Sabbath is more of a carousal than any other day, and there are Sunday walks, and Sunday rides, and Sunday excursions. Elders and deacons and ministers of religion who are entirely consistent at home, sometimes when the Sabbath dawns on them at Niagara Falls or the White Mountains, take a day to themselves. If they go to church, it is apt to be a sacred parade, and the discourse, instead of being a plain talk about the soul, is apt to be what is called a crack sermon—that is, some discourse picked out of the effusions of the year as the one most adapted to excite admiration; and in those churches, from the way the ladies hold their fans, you know that they are not so much impressed with the heat as with the picturesqueness of half disclosed features. Four puny souls stand in the organ loft and squall a tune that nobody knows, and worshipers, with two thousand dollars' worth of diamonds on the right hand, drop a cent into the poor box, and then the benediction is pronounced and the farce is ended. The toughest thing I ever tried to do was to be good at a watering-place. The air is bewitched with the "world, the flesh and the devil." There are Christians who, in three or four weeks in such a place, have had such terrible rents made in their Christian robe that they had to keep darning it until Christmas to get it mended.

The health of a great many people makes an annual visit to some mineral spring an absolute necessity; but take your Bible along with you, and take an hour for secret prayer every day, though you be surrounded by guffaw and saturnalia. Keep holy the Sabbath, though they deride you as a bigoted Puritan. Stand off from gambling hells and those other institutions which propose to imitate on this side the water the iniquities of Baden-Baden. Let your moral and your immortal health keep pace with your physical recuperation, and remember that all the sulphur and chalybeate springs cannot do you so much good as the healing perennial flood that breaks forth from the "Rock of Ages." This may be your last summer. If so, make it a fit vestibule of heaven.

Another temptation hovering around nearly all our watering-places is the horse-racing business. We all admire the horse, but we do not think that its beauty or speed ought to be cultured at the expense of human degradation. The horse race is not of such importance as the human race. The Bible intimates that a man is better than a sheep, and I suppose he is better than a horse, though, like Job's stallion, his neck be clothed with thunder. Horse races in olden times were under the ban of Christian people; and in our day the same institution has come up under fictitious names. And it is called a "summer meeting," almost suggestive of positive religious exercises. And it is called an "agricultural fair," suggestive of everything that is improving in the art of farming. But under these deceptive titles are the same cheating and the same betting and the same drunkenness and the same vagabondage and the same abomination that were to be found under the old horse-racing system.

Long ago the English government got through looking to the turf for the dragoon and the light-cavalry horse. They found out that the turf depreciates the stock; and it is worse yet for men. Thomas Hughes,the member of parliament and the author known all the world over, hearing that a new turf enterprise was being started in this country, wrote a letter in which he said: "Heaven help you, then; for of all the cankers of our old civilization there is nothing in this country approaching in unblushing meanness, in rascality holding its head high, to this belauded institution of the British turf." Another famous sportsman writes: "How many fine domains have been shared among these hosts of rapacious sharks during the last 200 years; and unless the system be altered, how many more are doomed to fall into the same gulf!" With the bull fights of Spain and the bear-baitings of the pit, may the Lord God annihilate the infamous and accursed horse racing of England and America!

Now, the watering-places are full of temptations to men and women to tipple. At the close of the ten-pin or billiard game, they tipple. At the close of the cotillon, they tipple. Seated on the piazza cooling themselves off, they tipple. The tinged glasses come around with bright straws, and they tipple. First, they take "light wines," as they call them; but "light wines" are heavy enough to debase the appetite. There is not a very long road between champagne at five dollars a bottle and whisky at ten cents a glass. Satan has three or four grades down which he takes men to destruction. One man he takes up, and through one spree pitches him into eternal darkness. That is a rare case. Very seldom, indeed, can you find a man who will be such a fool as that. Satan will take another man to a grade, to a descent at an angle about like the Pennsylvania coal-chute or the Mount Washington rail-track, and shove him off. But that is very rare. When a man goes down to destruction, Satan brings him to a plane. It is almost a level. The depression is so slight that you can hardly see it. The man does not actually know that he is on the down grade, and it tips only a little toward total darkness—just a little. And the first mile it is claret, and the second mile it is sherry, and the third mile it is punch, and the fourth mile it is ale, and the fifth mile it is whisky, and the sixth mile it is brandy, and then it gets steeper and steeper and steeper, until it is impossible to stop. "Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder."

Whether you tarry at home—which will be quite as safe, and perhaps quite as comfortable—or go into the country, arm yourself against temptation. The grace of God is the only safe shelter, whether in town or country. There are watering-places accessible to all of us. You cannot open a book of the Bible without finding out some such watering place. Fountains open for sin and uncleanness. Wells of salvation. Streams from Lebanon. A flood struck out of the rock by Moses. Fountains in the wilderness discovered by Hagar. Water to drink and water to bathe in. The river of God, which is full of water. Water of which if a man drink he shall never thirst. Wells of water in the Valley of Baca. Living fountains of water. A pure river of water as clear as crystal from under the throne of God. These are watering-places accessible to all of us. We do not have a laborious packing up before we start—only the throwing away of our transgressions. No expensive hotel bills to pay; it is "without money and without price." No long and dusty travel before we get there; it is only one step away.

In California, in five minutes, I walked around and saw ten fountains all bubbling up, and they were all different; and in five minutes I can go through this Bible parterre and find you fifty bright, sparkling fountains bubbling up into eternal life—healing and therapeutic. A chemist will go to one of these summer watering-places and take the water, and analyze it, and tell you that it contains so much of iron, and so much of soda, and so much of lime, and so much of magnesia. I come to this Gospel well, this living fountain, and analyze the water; and I find that its ingredients are peace, pardon, forgiveness, hope, comfort, life, heaven. "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye" to this watering-place. Crowd around this Bethesda. O you sick, you lame, you troubled, you dying—crowd around this Bethesda. Step in it, oh, step in it. The angel of the covenant today stirs the water. Why do you not step in it? Some of you are too weak to take a step in that direction. Then we take you up in the arms of prayer, and plunge you clear under the wave, hoping that the cure may be as sudden and as radical as with Captain Naaman, who, blotched and carbuncled, stepped into the Jordan, and after the seventh dive came up, his skin roseate-complexioned as the flesh of a little child.

A STRONG BABY.

Regimen on Which One Infant Is Making Astonishing Growth.

There is a doctor in West Philadelphia who has a son one year old, and this baby is probably the strongest human being for its age and weight in the world. Its father will hold a cane in his two hands, and the baby, grasping it, will draw itself up to its chin three times. That is but one of its numerous feats of strength. The physician says that his boy's unusual muscular development is due to a daily massage treatment. Every morning he lays the little fellow, naked, on a blanket, and kneads his muscles for thirty minutes. Once a month he weighs the baby and measures its calves, chest, arms, etc. The monthly increase of weight and girth are remarkable. The baby has never had shoes or stockings on its feet or a hat on its head, and in the summer it wears only a little sleeveless dress that comes to its knees. It gets a cold bath every morning. "If nothing goes wrong," the physician often declares, "this child will be one of the strongest men the world has ever seen. He will never get bald and he will never lose a tooth. As for his muscles, with massage and a course of exercise that I have laid out, they will be big and supple all over his body. All his flesh will be, when tense, hard as steel, and when relaxed as soft as the flesh of a young girl."

Loss of Hair Due to Mental Shock.

In a French medical journal M. Boissier relates the following remarkable case, which is an addition to the group of cases in which sudden loss of hair or change of its color followed mental shock. The subject was a vigorous peasant, aged 38 years, who was not of a nervous temperament beyond being slightly emotional. His hair was abundant, and a dark chestnut color and not even slightly interspersed with white filaments. One evening, as he was returning home, preceded by his mule, on which was mounted his son, aged 8 years, the animal slipped, and the child was thrown off and trampled on several times. He was only severely bruised, but the father thought he was killed, and in endeavoring to save him was terror-stricken. He trembled, and had palpitations and a feeling of cold and tension in the face and head. On the following day the hairs of the head, beard and eyebrows commenced to fall in quantities, so that after eight days he was absolutely bald. At the same time the skin of the face and head become paler. Without delay the hairs began to grow again in the form of a colorless down. Soon all the affected regions were covered with finer, more silky, and a more thinly sown, completely white hair. The hair of other regions was not affected.

Her Ashes in the Mortar.

An odd monument was desired by an elderly maiden who died a few weeks ago in Athlone, Ireland. She left a fortune of $135,000 to be spent in the erection of a church, provided that her body should be converted into ashes and used in making the mortar for building the edifice.

Just Think of It.

Tommy Scroggins—"I'd hate to be dat two-headed boy at de museum."
Jimmie Wiggins—"He has lots o' fun."
Tommy Scroggins—"I know dat, but jes' t'ink o' havin' two faces to warsh."—Ohio State Journal.

Danger.

The Bank President—Are you aware the cashier has taken a half-interest in a yacht? The Confidential Adviser—No. Perhaps we had better see he does not become a full-fledged skipper.—Indianapolis Journal.

IN GENERAL.

The forest fires in the Adirondacks, New York state, are under control.

Chicago has 168,000,000 eggs in cold storage, and the season for traveling theatrical companies is just opening.

Oklahoma has now the youngest adjutant general in this country. He is Bert C. Orner and is but 24 years of age.

The collector of the New York custom house courteously paid the Shamrock port charge of $40 out of his own pocket.

A postoffice has been established at Barnum, Johnson county, Wyoming, and Thomas Freeguard appointed postmaster.

Gus Ruhlin, Jack Stelzener, Charley Goff and Paddy Purtell have been matched to fight at Chicago during the week of September 25.

John I. Blair, the aged multi-millionaire of Blairstown, N. J., and foster parent of Blair, Neb., celebrated his 97th birthday last Tuesday.

It is reported that Maurice Grau has engaged Her Drouck, leader of the Royal German opera at Berlin, for the season at a salary of $27,000.

Fire at Milwaukee caused $70,000 damage to the B. Uhrig Coal company and Foster Lumber company in the loss of stock and buildings.

The contract for carying the mail from Bridge to Basin, Wyo., has been awarded to Josiah Cook and O. C. Morgan, both of Basin, at $4,898.

The price of structural steel has been advanced $5 per ton. This was decided upon at a meeting of structural iron and steel manufacturers.

The discharge of Private James M. Conner, company A, First Nebraska, at San Francisco, with travel pay, is directed by the assistant secretary of war.

Miss Helen Gould will be present at the ceremonies at Three Oaks, Mich., when the Spanish cannon, captured by Admiral Dewey, are presented to the town.

Dr. Benjamin F. Decosta, rector of the Protestant Episcopal church of St. John the Evangelist, in New York, has resigned on account of his advanced years.

Surgeon Heiser at Naples cabled the marine hospital bureau that there was absolutely no truth in the report that the plague had appeared at Naples and Palermo.

Agents of Mexican companies are in Cuba contracting for workmen to proceed to Mexico. This is a source of danger to Cuba, where there is already a scarcity of labor.

Judge Lewis A. Groff, formerly of Omaha, and who served two terms on the bench in Nebraska, is a candidate for postmaster at Los Angeles, Cal., where he has been a resident for several years. His chances for the appointment are very favorable.

Archbild A. Glenn, formerly state senator and lieutenant governor of Illinois, has just been elected city treasurer of Wichita, Kan. Judge Glenn is 80 years old, but discharges all of the duties of his office without the aid of a bookkeeper or clerk.

As a means of furnishing in popular form the necessary information in relation to methods of protecting crops from frost, the United States department of agriculture has had prepared and will soon issue farmers' bulletin No. 104, entitled "Notes on Frost."

The Herald says: Arrangements are maturing for the organization of a $50,000,000 dry goods corporation in that city to control and operate dry goods and department stores throughout the country. The Mercantile Reorganization company has recently been incorporated in Trenton, N. J., as a preliminary to creating the big corporation.

Assistant General Superintendent Avery Turner, of the Santa Fe, on the 24th drove the last spike completing the only double track division in Kansas—that between Emporia junction and Florence, forty miles. It was a golden spike made expressly for this purpose. The ceremonies took place near Strong City.

That Darwinism is wrong in asserting we are always greatly affected by the nature of our environment, would seem to be shown by the case of an old printer named Edwin Thompson, who lately died in a Missouri town. In his early life he set type from the original manuscript of Fenimore Cooper, Hawthorne and others. But for the last forty years he has worked at nothing but different editions of the bible, and yet died an ifidel.

LIVE STOCK AND PRODUCE.

Omaha, Chicago and New York Market Quotations.

OMAHA.			
Butter—Creamery separator	20	@	21
Butter-Choice fancy country	14	@	18
Eggs—Fresh, per doz	11	@	11½
Chickens—Spring, per lb	9	@	10
Pigeons—Live, per doz	75	@	1 00
Lemons—Per box	3 75	@	4 00
Oranges—Per box	4 50	@	5 00
Cranberries—Jersey, per bbl	6 25	@	6 50
Apples—Per barrel	2 00	@	2 50
Potatoes—New, per bushel	25	@	30
Sweet potatoes—Per bbl	2 00	@	3 25
Hay—Upland, per ton	5 00	@	6 00
SOUTH OMAHA.			
Hogs—Choice light	4 55	@	4 65
Hogs—Heavy weights	4 25	@	4 30
Beef steers	2 00	@	5 30
Bulls	3 00	@	4 00
Stags	4 75	@	5 00
Calves	5 15	@	6 25
Cows	1 25	@	4 00
Heifers	4 00	@	4 55
Stockers and feeders	4 00	@	4 10
Sheep—Lambs	5 00	@	5 25
Sheep—Good grass wethers	3 65	@	3 75
CHICAGO.			
Wheat—No. 2 spring	68	@	72
Corn—Per bushel	32	@	33½
Barley—No. 2	34	@	41
Oats—Per bushel	21	@	21¾
Rye—No. 2	52	@	54
Timothy seed, per bu	2 55	@	2 60
Pork—Per cwt	7 60	@	8 35
Cattle—Stockers and feeders	3 35	@	5 00
Good to choice cattle	5 65	@	6 65
Hogs—Mixed	4 40	@	4 80
Sheep—Prime natives	3 00	@	4 60
Sheep—Western rangers	3 15	@	4 15
NEW YORK MARKET.			
Corn—No. 2, red	39	@	40
Oats—No. 3	26	@	27
Wheat—No. 2, spring	78	@	78½
KANSAS CITY.			
Sheep—Mutton	3 50	@	4 25
Hogs—Mixed	4 55	@	4 65
Cattle—Stockers and feeders	3 75	@	4 75