with a spoon, to poor Sam Brightman.
"Now you jest set up and drink this,"
said she, and she might have been

Sam made an effort to get up, but sank back again, "Can't you sit up?" said she. "You try; you've got to drink this or you can't get home. I never see such work."

Sam made another effort and fell back.

"For the land sakes," said Sophia, and her voice had an odd, quizzical tender-ness. "Well, open your mouth."

feeding a child, and with it a curious

averted effect, as if she were turning

shamefacedly from her own eyes. When

her knees and carried it into the kitchen

"There, I guess you'll feel better now," said she with a half laugh. "You

lay still a few minutes longer an' I guess

She got a basket down from the top

shelf in the pantry and packed it with food. She set in one of the chicken pies

at the bottom. Presently she heard Sam

staggering into the room. "Here's a basket for you to take home," said she. "I never heard of such work." She did

not turn her head. Sam made no reply.

"Ain't you goin' to take this pasket?

entered and went to bed again.

She could not sleeplany, and heard the

town clock when "it struck the hours

until morning. She got up at the first light and dressed herself again. When

she brushed her hair before the glass she ran out her tongde and looked at it anxiously. "It looks feverish," said she. She made herself a bowlful of sage tea

for her breakfast. It was her panacea.

She had been brought up to consider it

a salutary and comforting draught, and this morning she really felt ill, she

thought. So seldom had her determined

calm been infringed upon that its dis-turbance impressed her like a real

After she had finished the sage tea

she heated the oven and put in the tur-

for dinner. At 11 d'clock the rich odor

of the roasting turkey permeated the whole house. The vegetables were

whole house. The vegetables were steaming. She sat down by the kitchen

The bells were ringing for meeting.

everybody in the village was going, ex-cept the housewives who needed to stay

at home to prepare the Thanksgiving

dinner. It was a pleasant morning, the

wind had gone down and there was a

heavy white frost, the yard and the fields were covered with it, the dry grass

bent stiffly and the rocks showed shining

"If I sent anythin' over there to eat," said Sophia, "I dunno what Sam would

say. I don't darse to."

There was no sound but the hissing

and bubbling of the boiling vegetables.

The parrot's eye, set like a vellow pearl

in his splendid mass of green feathers,

"I dunno, if I put on my other dress an' my best bonnet, an' went over an'

asked 'em all to dinner, as they'd resent

it," said Sophia, "sn' I could get Sam to one side an' tell him to keep dark about

last night, an' that I'd be glad to let him

have the wood in my woodland to cut; it'll last him all winter."

and coat and bonnet, going down the

Mrs. Packer henceforth cooked her

dinner with one eye on the window. First she saw Sophia return hurriedly;

headed children, all keeping step, as if to some gladness in their hearts, like a little gala procession, and they all went

A Child Enjoys The pleasant flavor, gentle action and soothing effects of Syrup of Figs, when in need of a laxative, and if the father or mother be

costive or bilious, the most gratifying re-sults follow its use; so that it is the best family remedy known, and every family should have a bottle ob hand

Reducing Vibration in Railway Cars.

A new invention embodies a principle

which will commend itself to all railway travelers. It is sought to lessen the dis-comfort and annoyance of travel on many

ines on which there is excessive vibra-

tion by the construction of a pneumatic car, "which embraces the application of an elastic fluid as an absorbent for vibration and oscillation." An air cushion is arranged on the cellular principle between the car body and the truck frame, and as there is an equal distribution of air under transing pressures all

tion of air under varying pressures, all oscillation is preyented. This elastic medium is said to completely absorb all

vibration resulting from rough tracks, jointing of rails, excessive speed, or any

other cause, and the car is carried smoothly and steadily along. This pneu

matic system can be equally well applied

to street cars, and instances are not hard

to find in which it unquestionably should

The joints and muscles are so lubricated by Hood's Sarssparilla that all rheumatism and stiffness soon disappears. Get only

What is claimed to be the largest catch of lake trout ever made in four hours' time in Upper Saranac lake, New York, was made recently. The catch included eleven trout weighing 125 pounds.

in Sophia Hurd's front gate.

window and reflected.

silver white surface.

watched her keenly.

He went straight toward the door, un

from

the bowl was drained she got up

Sam's mother from her tone.

face; he shut his lips tight.

last few months.

such work.

hurriedly.

you can get up.

asked Sophia.

A THANKSGIVING THIEF.

Lodies' Home Journal. Sophia Hurd stood in her front door and Mrs. Packer stood on the steps taking leave after a neighborly call. A stiff wind, with a chill of snow in it, blew straight in Sophia's face and ruffled her thin, light crimps. She took off her apron and put it over her head as a hint, but Mrs. Packer was in no

hurry to go; the wind was at her back and she did not feel it so much. "I heard the Hopkinses was goin' to have Emma's beau tomorrow," said she. "Be they?" returned Sophia indifferently. She looked down with a hard gaze at the old stringy black feather which adorned the top of Mrs. Packer's

every-day bonnet. Mrs. Packer stood so much lower that she had to wrinkle her forehead up to her straight line of gray hair when she looked at Sophia.

"Yes," said she, "they be. Mrs. Green said they'd got two chickens besides the turkey. She see Henry Hopkins carryin' of 'em home. I s'pose they're goin' to have chicken pie, too."

Sophia aroused to interest in spite of the icy wind in her face. "Terrible fine, ain't they?" said she, with a scornful lift of her nose. "Well, I guess they am't got so much more to do with than other folks."

"I guess they ain't neither. I heard Sam Brightman's folks was pretty bad off. I guess they won't have much Thanksgivin'."

Sophia jerked furiously when the wind struck her, and put her hand to her crimps, which blew back, and quite bared her high, flat forchead. "I don't know nothin' about it," said she harshly. "I can't keep track of all the poor folks in town, an' I dun know as I'm called on to. There was rich and poor ever sense the world was made, an' guess there always will be; there ain't no way to help it that I can see, except by shiftin' the money to the other side; like the weights in balances, one side s got to be up an' tother down. I dun know why them that's up has any call to go down, if they can help it. Gen'rally speakin,' folks have money because the Lord has given 'em faculty to git it, and keep it. If folks ain't born with I don't see as it's anybody's look out but the Lord's. Them Brightmans never had any faculty. Mrs. Bright-man, she can't cut out a calico dress to save her life, an' Ella she was just like

her, an' got married to a man s good deal more so.

It was lucky he died, I guess.

There's them three white-livered children, an' they don't look as if they had faculty enough to make mud pies, an't teeter, and as for Sam, he ain't never I dun know but he does his work well enough when he can git it, an' he's willin', but he's slow as old Tilly, an' he ain't never had no business faculty. Some men would have got work whether or no. He come to me one day last week an' wanted to cut up my wood, but I told him no, pretty quick. There's old Mr. Thomas will cut it cheaper, besides working faster, I guess, I ain't goin' to have Sam Brightman if know which side my bread's but-

Well, I dun know," said Mrs. Packer. Her dull, placid face took on a reflective east; she was thinking what next to say. Sophia pulled her apron closer and scowled against the wind.

"You said you weren't goin' to have any company Thanksgivin'?" said Mrs. any company Thanksgivin'?" said Mrs.

Packer, slowly.

"No, I ain't," returned Sophia, in a sharp, decisive tone. New topics were scarcely endurable and recapitulations bearcely endurable and recapitulations.

That had serverity.

When she had been a young girl, very young, still going to the academy, with her hair crossed in two tidy braids at the back of her head, her prim called the back of her head, her prim called "A dish, what kind of a dish?"

were maddening in the face of this north "Well," said Mrs. Packer, "I'm going to have Cyrus an' the children an' brother Ezra's folks, as I said before. It

makes considerable to do, but-"I should think you'd feel as if you'd got to be home seein' to things," inter-rupted Sophia, with a blue glare of her minent eyes; she was quite out of

Mrs. Packer looked up at her with innecent incredulty; she could not believe that she had heard rightly. "What

say?" she faltered.
"I say that I should most think, as long as it was the day before Thanks-givin', an' you'd got all that mess of company comin', that you'd have to go

home an' see to things."

"Fanny is to home," said Mrs. Packer, feebly. She had not yet fully taken in Sophia's meaning. Her own aggra-

vating points were such purely negative ones that people seldom felt at liberty to retaliate, and when they did she scarcely knew what they meant. How-ever, now a sudden red flushed over her large, dull face. Good afternoon, Sophia," she said with a sudden accession of dignity, and

went down the path to the gate with a clumsy sidewise jolt of her whole body. Sophia shut the front door with a bang and went into the warm sitting room. She stood close to the air-tight stove and spread her long, thin hands over it. "She's gone off mad, an' I don't care if she has," she said, "If folks don't know enough to go when they start to it's time they was told. She always makes the heft of her call in the doorway. Standing there in that awful wind! I shouldn't wonder if I caught my death."

There was pabody also in the recom-

There was nobody else in the room, nor even in the house, but Sophia shivered impressively with appealing groans, and finally, when she passed the looking glass on her way to the kitchen, woe-begone look at herself. look dreadful pinched up an' blue," she

The kitchen was full of warm, savory and spicy odors. A plum pudding and a chicken pie were baking; a row of new pies and some cake stood cooling under the pantry window. On the kitchen table was a great turkey and another chicken pie all ready for the even. Sophia looked into the stove even to

see how the pudding and pie were pro-gressing. The hot, fragrant steam rushed in her face. She turned the pie

The two kitchen windows faced south The two kitchen windows faced south-west and the afternoon sunlight, shift-ing and fluctuating as if itself blown by the wind, came in. A great, green par-rot in a wire, cage hung in one of the windows. He stood on his perch and watched Sophia with one yellow eye. Finally, when she arose, he called out in his dissonant voice—the greeting of a merry comrade: "Hullo, Sophi, how's your health? Want a cracker?"

Sophia went into the pantry and paid

Sophia went into the pantry and paid no attention. She had had the parrot for years. His conversational powers were limited to those three clauses of

friendly salutation and inquiry and one other—"Clear out." Presently he shricked out that also,

I'm going to find out who you are. It's bright moonlight. You'd ought to have thought of that, whoever you are, before you come thievin'. You've got yourself into a pretty scrape, I guess you'll find out. Now, I'm goin' to set right here an' hark. You can't stir without my bearin' o' you, and you needn' think you can.

Sophia sat down on the top stair and waited and listened. There was no sound from below. Suddenly the parrot fluttered and screeched his whole vocabularly in an agitated medley: "Hullo, Sophi! Clear out. Want a cracker? How's your health?" Sophia knew that Presently he shricked out that also, and then swung wildly back and forth by his strong beak.

Sophia cleared a space on the pantry shelf, then she carried the turkey in with a staggering rush. "I declare, I guess I've lamed my side this time," she groaned when she had set it down. "I nadn't ought to have lifted it, but I kind o' hated to leave it out on the kitchen table all night. It weighs a good lifteen pound. I wonder what Mrs. Packer would ha' said. She was dyin' to get out

here. I guess she heard I bought a big ope, an' mebbeold Mr. Thomas told how I got him to kill them two chickens. Well, it ain't nobody's business; if I ain't get folks to come to Thanksgivin' I guess I can have as good a dinner as them that

She mixed up another cake. When the pudding and chicken pie were done

she filled up the oven again. It was 8

o'clock that evening when her Thanks-

giving cooking was all finished, the dishes washed and the kitchen put in

order. Then she went to bed. She was

a lonely woman; her own kindred were

all dead and gone years ago; she had no

husband nor children, and nobody to

come home to Thanksgiving. But no

body in the village had a better filled

larder than she She was one of those

who found a certain joy independent of

ness could keep her tonight from com-

placent reflections upon those loaded

pantry shelves. There was more than

she needed, but she had it. And dfter all

it was not merely a question of material need and supply, but of all the natural craying of a lonely and self-centered

soul; it would necessarily take much of this grosser food to satisfy that, but sat-

always had. After Sophia's mother died and left her solitary in the house and in the world,

the beautiful black cashmere dress,

which she bought and wore to church the Sunday after, and also the fine, black, straw bonnet, with its tuft

of black satin roses, had brought her a

certain solace. Sophia's mother had been niggardly even with herself. When Sophia held the purse she was

not niggardly with herself; the neigh-

bors said she was extravagant. They watched some rolls of tapestry carpet, a

new stove, a new lamp, a new chamber

set and spring bed go into the house with wonder and doubtful approbation.

Well, I hope the money'll hold out,'

But Sophia was shrewd enough; she

knew that the money would hold out, and there was no risk in her feathering

her nest prettily, although there were no opening mouths in it, if she enjoyed

easily in her new stuffed chair over her

new carpet, and she slept comfortably

on her new spring bed, with the carved

headboard of the bedstead overshadow

ing her. She thought honestly in her

inmost soul that she was happier than many women she knew who had large

families and little money, and were wor-ried and overworked. Sitting early in

church on a Sunday with her nice black

skirt falling daintily over her knees,

her cashmere shawl arranged in studied

folds around her unbending shoulders, her thin light hair in two carefully

crimped scallops over her temples and

her bonnet strings tied in an unhurried

bow, she watched the women who had risen early, gotten breakfast for a large family, put the house in order, washed and dressed the children and laid out

the husband's clean clothes for him, toil

anxiously up the aisle, and felt a peace

in which she realized no savor or regret.

Sophia Hurd had never had a love affair

in her whole life; when she was a girl

She had always had a ready incisive

ness of manner, and never any prettiness to soften it. She had always been

daintily appointed; there had never been

an untidy lock nor a gaping seam but that had served only to intensify appar-

dress rustling stiffly at her heels, and

youth giving its one fleeting charm to

her clean, sharp blonde face, this very

Sam Brightman, whom she and Mrs.

Packer had discussed, had gone home

with her once from the singing school

had kissed her at the gate, and she had

Viciously slapped his face in return. That one kiss of boyish admiration had been her last, and it was strange, but

she had never forgotten it. She thought

of it when poor Sam Brightman, bent and haggard with his long toil in his fruitless vineyard of life, had stood by

her woodpile asking leave to cut it and so earn a few cents for him and his half-starved dependents. All the boyish spirit and prettiness had gone out o

him, and he had been a brave, pretty

boy. Sophia, elderly and enveloped in a hard and regretless maidenhood, had

stood in the doorway holding a shawl

well over her face that she might not

catch cold, trying to drive a sharp bar-gain, and yet had thought of that old,

childish kiss. She was conscious of no

sentiment regarding it; it was simply as

the one rhyme in the prose of her life, and kept singing itself in her ears, fool-ish as it was. That night before Thanks-

giving, when she lay drowsily in her chamber, she thought of it again, and a

vague and half-reluctant fancy came

into her mind of what her life might have been had she not repulsed that

"There'd been turkey 'nough to go 'round, and pies anyhow," she said to herself. "I s'pose he'd have lifted the

turkey in an' out of the oven, an' he'd

spilt the gravy, likely as not. Men folks are dreadfully unhandy. I guess he'd been pretty well off, though, to what he is now." Sophia pressed her lips contemptuously in the dark as she thought

of Sam Brightman's gentle, passive wife. It was a dark night, the wind still blew,

the sky was overcast and the moon would

that when she awoke with a great start she thought she had not slept at all.

But the moon was an hour high, the clouds had cleared before it and it was

so light that she could see everything

She sat up in bed and listened. She

had a confused idea that she had heard window opened somewhere in the house. Presently there came a sharp clatter from below. It sounded as if somebody had let a dish fall. Sophia got out of bed, slipped on her shoes and

stockings, put on her dress skirt and a shawl, then she went out boldly to the head of the back stairs, which were

nearly opposite her door.

She listened; there was certainly some one moving about below. She clutched the stair post. "Who's there?" she

There was no reply, the noise ceased. "Who's movin' 'round down stairs?"

she called out again, and the silence

continued.
"There's somebody down there," said

Sophia, and her voice sounded still firmer and bolder. "I heard you and

I'm going to find out who you are. It's bright moonlight. You'd ought to

called out in a bold voice.

Sophia fell asleep and slept so soundly

not rise till midnight.

quite plainly.

the young men were all afraid of her.

And enjoy it she did. She rocked

all associotions in possession; no loneli-

There was silence again. Sophia She sat there until the clock "Hullo, Sophi," screeched the parrot, struck 2 and heard nothing more. She was trying to persuade herself she imagined the terrifying sounds and might "Hullo, Sophi," screeched the parrot. which had been listening on calmly.
"As long as I ain't got a cat or a dog, it's lucky that I've got a parrot that can pick the bones, instead of a canary bird," said Sophia. "It's going to be considerable for me to cat, up all that great turkey an them two chicken pies." sudden choking cough from below. She arose and leaned far over the stair rail. "Sam Brightman," she

called, "you're down there. You can't cheat me. I know your cough. Now you just tell me what you're prowlin' 'round my house in the middle of the night for. I should call it pretty work. There was no answer. "Sam Bright-man," she said again, and her tone was

the unknown person below had moved. "You're movin'," she talled out when the parrot's clatter had fulled a little.

"I heard you. You needn't think you can cheat me."

quite fierce, 'you speak this minute. What are you doin' down there. You can't cheat me. I've heard you cough in meetin' for ten years. It's you, Sam Brightman, you that's a church member, with a wife that's a church member, prowlin' round women's houses in the middle of the night. I 'pose you think mebbe you've got a faculty for stealin' it you ain't got none for work. What you after down there? You speak or I shall get dressed and come down.'

There was silence still. "You, Sam Brightman," said Sophia, "jest as sure as you don't speak and tell me what you're after I'll have the sheriff come in the mornin' an' take you to the lockup. Now, what are you isfy that it did to a certain extent, and

There was another cough, and it sounded unexpectedly from just below her. "I'm after something to eat for my wife and daughter and grandchildren," answered a man's voice with a

gruff defiance in it. "Somethin' to eat? I should think you'd took a pretty way to get it. Ain't you ashamed o' yourself. Why don't you go to work?"

"Mebbe you can tell," replied the

voice from below.
"Well," said Sophia, and her tone was
a little subdued, "if you're so bad off as all that why didn't you come an' ask for victuals?

":Because I'd ruther steal than beg; when I've worked jest as hard as I knew how all my life it makes me feel more like a man," replied Sam Brightman. flercely. "I ain't no call to beg. If I can't have my share, an' them that be long to me can't have their share of the things in this world by any fair means, if folks won't let us. I mean to have 'em whether or no. I've made up my mind. I heard how you'd got a big turkey and chicken pies for nobody but yourself to eat, an' we ain't got a mouthful in the house, an' you wouldn't give me no work. I made up my mind I'd steal a little Thanksgivin', seein' as the Lord hadn't give me none. Now, you can do jest what you've a mind to do with me. Get me sent to jail: it won't make no difference to 'em. I ain't doin' anything for 'em, an' I'll get fed. They take some pains to keep thieves alive after they've caught 'em. Mebbe I'd better set 'em all to stealin'. Government has some lookout for wicked folks if it don't for good ones. You can do jest what you've a mind to. . I'm past

"You can have one of 'em chicken pies, if you are in such dreadful straits as all that comes to," said Sophia in a sarcastic voice. "I should think you talked real pretty for a church member, Sam Brightman. Take one of 'em ples, an' go home, an' mind you shut the pantry door."
"I don't want your pie," said Sam

Brightman, and he coughed again. Well, you can go without it then, if you don't want it after all this rumpus," returned Sophia. "There's one thing I want to know. What was it you tipped over and broke in the pantry?"
"I guess 'twas a dish," replied Sam

"I dunno. "I 'spose it was one of 'em nice covered Now, I think you'd better go nome. You can take that chicken pie or leave it, jest as you've a mind to. If your folks are starvin' the way you say they are, I guess you'll be glad 'nough to take it; an' if you try any such work again, you won't get off so easy. Sophia listened for a reply or Sam there was dead silence from below.

"Sam Brightman," said Sophia, "you speak." She trembled: vague alarm was stealing over her. "Sam Brightman," she called again imperatively: but the was no response. Sophia backed .nto her room, keeping her eyes toward the stairs. She shut the door and put a chair against it—there was no lock; then she lighted a lamp and dressed herself. She even smoothed her hair and looked, scrutinizingly in the glass. "I look awfully pale," she mut-

Then she took the lamp and opened the door cautiously. Everything was still. Sophia stole softly to the head of the stairs, held up the lamp before her and peered down.

There, indeed, lay Sam Brightman,

poor, old free-lance in the poverty and labor question, huddled in a forlorn heap at the foot of the stairs.

'Land sakes," gasped Sophia, "he's in She went down, her knees shook under her; she set the lamp on the stairs, bent over Sam Brightman and touched his shoulders gingerly. "Sam," she called loudly at him, "Sam, what's the mat-

Sam's face, upturned insensibly to the lamplight, was ghastly. Sophia trembled violently. "Sam," she called imperatively, with her shaking voice. "Sam, be you dead? Sam Brightman, for the land sakes, do speak to me."

Sam did not stir. Sophia stepped over him and ran into the sitting room for the camphor bottle. She poured some over his forehead and held her handkerchief wet with it to his nose.
"Smell of it," she panted. "Sam, smell of it. Be you dead, Sam be you dead?
Land sakes, what shall I do?"

Sam gasped faintly and tried to rise. She pushed him back. "Lay still," said she, agitatedly; "lay still. You've had a bad spell, but you're comin' to. Lay still. Smell of this camphire."

"Where be 1?" mouned Sam Brightman, looking with piteous, bewildered

eyes on hers.
"Right here in my house—Sophia's.
Don't you know? Don't you remember? You've known me ever since we were children. You're right here. Don't

Sam Brightman was, for the time, past worrying. He shut his eyes and lay with his mouth open, panting feebly. "Sam Brightman, look here," said Sophia suddenly.

He opened his eyes wearily.
"How long is it since you had anythin"

Sam did not reply; his pale face took on an obstinate look. "I believe you're starvin," said Sophia sharply. 'I never heard of such doin's.
A pretty piece of work I should call it.
Don't you know no better than to do this way? Now you lay still; don't you

try to get up." Sophia went hurriedly into her parlor sophia went hurriedly into her parlor bed room and got some pillows and comfortables; then she arranged Sam Brightman as easily as she could at the foot of the stairs. She kept enjoining him not to move lest he should faint again; and he showed little disposition to. His last stress of mind had quite exhausted him for the time; nobody

would ever know how little he had eaten and how much lie had worried for the

Sophia Hurd was methodicall in all her ways; at night she always left her kitchen fire ready to light in the morning. Now all she had to do was to touch a match to it and set on a little kettle of broth Heri over from her Receipts for Eleven Months at the Local Yards Show a Nice Increase.

chicken pies. When it was hot she emptied it into a bowl and carried it, CATTLE CONDITIONS ARE IMPROVING

> Cessation of the Run of Rangers and an Over Supply of Poor staff the Main Features-Hogs Still Mighty

SATURDAY, Dec. 2. The holiday Thursday disorganized receipts somewhat, but supplies for the past five market days, with comparisons, are as

Receipts this week. 15,152 20,845 4,948 Receipts last week. 22,452 18,129 7,210 Same week last year. 19,214 39,185 3,625 She extended a spoonful of hot broth the fragrant steam of it came in Sam's "You open your mouth this minute, Receipts for the month of November were said Sophia, and he opened it. Sophia fed the whole bowl of broth. chiefly notable from the fact that the run of cattle, 94.520 head, was the heaviest on rec spoonful by spoonful, to Sam Brightman, and, as she did so, an expression came into her sharp, homely face which had never been there before, which her friends would not have recognized as ord for November and next to the heaviest month's receipts on record. The figures are as follows: 95,492 107,581 122,247 hers, nor she, had she seen herself in the glass. It was the look of a mother

Increase..... 97,583 KANSAS CITY FIGURES. Increase...... 165,490 Decrease.....

CRICAGO FIGURES. Cattle, Hogs, Sheep. Past 11 months, 2,908,049 5,431,244 2,804,747 11 months, 1892 3,282,476 7,049,796 1,987,142

that Omaha is more than holding her own. Change for the Better Noted,

Early in the week the cattle market was bolted and opened it, and the night air quiet and rather weak, but light supplies the past few days have changed the aspect of affairs considerably, and prices have ad-Sam made no reply. He stepped out vanced substantially on all desirable killers. veakly. Sophia followed after him with There is little new in the situation. the basket. "If you ain't equal to carryin' o' it I'll go with you," she said. "I shan't be afraid to come home. It's Aside from the good to choice beeves the demand from slaughterers has been and continues to be very indifferent, as people are as light as day and the neighbors are all letting game, poultry and oysters take the abed, so there won't nobody see us."
"I don't want your basket," said Sam place of beef to a great extent just at present, and no material change is expected till after the first of the year. The range season is practically over. Open weather continued it longer than usual, but storms in with feeble gruffness, pushing it back as she approached him.
"Well, I should call it pretty work. continued it tonger than usual, our stopped the northwest have about stopped shipments from that direction and only a Why don't you wan't it?" Had you the northwest few straggling bunches are received. The big bulk of the offerings are made up of haif fat and short fee stock, cattle that have been on feed thirty to ninety days and buyers fairly despise it, so that sellers, un-less the supply happens to be short, realize "Yes, I had," said Sam fiercely. He went feebly down the walk, and she stood looking after him. "Hullo, Sophi," the parrot sung out with a wild flutter when she went in. She unpacked the basket and set the food carefully away. Then she locked the door, put a stick in the window whereby Sam Brightman had

very unsatisfactory prices.

The market today was good and lively. Receipts were not heavy and the demand from all sources was very good. There was a free movement and prices for all useful grades of steers ruled strong at Friday's advance. Prices of course, like the quality of the offer-Prices, of course, like the quality of the offerings, are very uncertain and uneven, but on an average 10c to 15c better than on Wednesday. Some very fancy, finished 1,459-1b. Christmas beeves, better than anything seen here this year, topped the market, bringing \$5.00, the highest price paid in over tweive months. Fair to very good 1,100 to 1,450-1b. beeves sold at from \$4.10 to \$4.25, while the under grades sold all the \$4.75, while the under grades sold all the way from \$3 to \$4. The snow storm delayed several trains, but the cattle sold freely and the close found very few in first hands. the cow market was active and stronger all around. Probably a fourth of the offer-ings were cows and mixed lots, and with all local houses in the field after them they were not long in changing hands. Choice to fancy cows and heifers sold at from \$3 up to key to roast, then cleaned the vegetables \$3.50, with fair to good butchers cows at grades at from \$1.25 to \$2. The calf market was stronger. Prime veals sold up to \$5.25 and very common stock brought \$2. Choice

fat stags sold up to \$3.50, with poor stuf Business in feeders was not very rushing today. It never is on Saturday and the snow storm did not help matters any. Yard traders did most of the buying, paying good firm prices for the desirable offerings and not caring to take the poor, thin, light and rough stuff at any price. Good to choice feeders are quoted at \$3 to \$3.60, fair to good at \$2.70 to \$3, with inferior to fair

grades at \$2.10 to \$2.65. Situation in Hogs

Notwithstanding the omission of one day's (Thursday's) receipts the supply of hogs was nearly 3,000 heavier than last week. A Chicago the increase was even more marked This fact, and probably this alone, will account for a 20c drop in prices during the Packers insist on lower prices Provisions for January delivery are selling on the basis of \$4.75 hogs, so that in the very nature of things hogs must go down or provisions up. With no speculative sup-port there is little prospect of provisions going up, while with any increase of sup-plies of hogs prices are bound to go lower. This is the situation in a nutshell. If the number of hogs available in the next 60 days was even approximately known by any one the markets would soon adjust them-selves on that basis. Reports from all sources are conflicting and every one is grop-

The bell had long stopped ringing, there was a hum of thanksgiving in the church and all the village dinners were fast cooking, when Mrs. Packer saw Sophia Hurd, arrayed in her best dress, ing in the dark.

The week closes with a fairly liberal supply. With lower eastern markets, buyers proceeded to try to fill their orders at a 5c to 10c decline. Sollow are never anylous to hold decline. Sellers are never anxious to hold hogs over Sunday, but they were also unwilling to accept so heavy a cut and trading was slow. The shipping demand was better than expected, in fact, about the best of the week, and this fact caused the market to improve as the morning advanced, narticularly "I'd like to know where she's goin'," she said. "It't too late for meetin' an' I don't b'lieve she's invited anywheres for prove as the morning advanced, particularly on the light and butcher weight grades for which the demand was strongest. The heavy hogs, especially the very heavy hogs, were slow sale throughout and closed mean. Light and butcher weight hogs sold largely at \$5.20 and \$5.25, while the heavy and mixed then, when it was almost time for meet-ing to be out, Sam Brightman and wife, his daughter and the three little white-

DO YOU COUGH ALSAM

SOUTH OMAHA.

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Market reports by mail and wire cheerful

packers brought \$5.15 and \$5.90. A load of two of prime heavy weights brought \$5.2 and low mark for rough packers was \$5.10. About everything finally sold the bulk at \$1.15 and \$5.20 against \$5.20 to \$5.30 Friday and \$5.30 to \$5.35 one week ago today.

Average Price of Hogs for November. Showing the average of prices paid for full loads of hogs on this market on each day of the month of November for the past seven

Day. [1893, 1892, 1891, 1890, 1889, 1888, 1887 5 37 Sup. 3 78 3 73 5 18 3 72 Sup. 3 72 Sup. 3 72 Sup. 3 72 Sup. 3 72 5 Sup. 5 32 5 Sup. 5

theep Trade. Receipts of sheep were light and the quality of the offerings was nothing extra. The demand was good, and what killers could use went readily at steady to strong prices, but the trade in the under grades was slow. Fair to good natives. \$2.75@3.30; fair to good westerns. \$2.25@3.15; common and stock sheep. \$1.50@2.25; good to choice 40 to 100 ib. lambs, \$2.50@4.00. Representations.

Kansas City Lave Stock Market.

Kansas City, Dec. 2.—Carthe—Receipts, 3,700 head; shipments, 2,600 head; narket steady to strong; Texas steers, \$2,400 £,35; bipping steers, \$4,000 £,35; Texas and native cows, \$1,25@3,25; butchers' stock, \$2,85@4,16; stockers and feeders, \$2,00@3,50; Hoos—Receipts, 4,500 head; shipments, 500 head; light hogs were 5c higher; hoavy, steady; bulk, \$5,25@5,35; heavy, packing and mixed, \$5,10@5,40; light, Yorkers and pigs, \$4,50@5,45;
Sherr—Receipts, 400 head; shipments, 300 head; market steady.

St. Louis Live Stock Market.

St. Louis Live Stock Market.

St. Louis, Dec. 2.—CATTLE—Receipts, 2,200 head; shipments, 400 head; market steady; no natives on sale; Texas steers sold, \$2.40 (2.90; cows, \$2.00(2.30).

Hogs—Receipts, 1,800 head; shipments, 3,100 head; market strong; top price, \$5.50; bulk of sales, \$5.10(2.5.40).

SHEEF—Receipts, 100 head; shipments, 300 head; market nominal, not enough supply to

Receipts of live stock at the four principal western markets Saturday, December 2:
 Cattle, Hogs.
 Sheep.

 South Omaha
 2.251
 3.722
 424

 Chicago
 15.000
 12,000
 7,500

 Kansas City
 3.700
 4,500
 400

 St. Louis
 2,200
 1,800
 100
 424 7,500 400 100 Total..... 23,151 22,022 8.424 Cure indigestion and biliousness with

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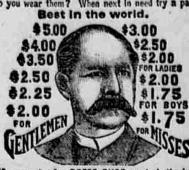
"The past summer and early fall have been periods of worry, of care and exhausted vital ity caused by the strains incident to business." The speaker was a prominent man. Contin-uing, he said: "This has naturally caused men to become run down, nerveless and really unable to properly attend to business. But man's worr'es because of her superior intuithat concerns her hisband, her brothers or her lover. All these things cause great exhaustion, and it is not surprising that physiclaus report a state of weakness which has

"It is true that our financial troubles are largely over, but the system needs building up to the condition and tone of six months ago. It is evident that this can only be done by the careful and systematic use of some pure, health-impartiar, life-giving stimulant, and this can be found only in that grand pre paration which has stood the test of a score of years, Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey."

years, Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey."

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Ignatz Newman, Elsas Svenson, S. W. Bowman & Co., C. W. Carls, n; F. S Cressey, South Omaha.

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Castoria. "Castoria is so well adapted to children that

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