

### A Boy Exhibitor.

Thomas Harrison, a boy exhibitor, has been conducting a remarkable revival in the Foundry Methodist church, Washington. He is eighteen years old. His entrance to a meeting is thus described: "Crack! snap! crack! sound upon the waiting air with the thrilling sound of pistol-shots in rapid succession. The explanation appears as the evangelist comes in slapping his white hands from excess of nervousness. He is dressed in a tight-fitting black coat, whose skirts are as long as to give it the air of a priestly robe. A white tie shows above the close-buttoned coat. A chained tiger is not more restless. He is never still. His feverish unrest infects his audience. The never-failing wonder of what he will do next and the failure to correctly anticipate keeps up an unflagging interest. He uses simple language, and expresses his ideas clearly, but has none of the style of a trained speaker. But his energy is tremendous, and his power over an audience wonderful. His descriptions of a sulphurous hell for sinners are terrifying to most of his hearers, and the excitement is always great by the time his sermon ends with an appeal to sinners to go forward for prayers. A reporter gives the following account: "He ran down from the platform and stood on the front seat. He was pale with excitement. He outstretched his hands downward, and the heads went down from him as if he were a magnet. Then he said in a low voice: 'The Spirit of God is present with more remarkable power than I have ever felt in all my experience.' A fervid exhortation followed. Persons began to quit their seats and rush forward. In a minute the front seats were full. Old and young struggled with each other to be first. The leaders met each new comer with a hand shake and a shout. One fashionably-attired young man fainted, but a friend near him caught him, and she fell prostrate over the channel rails." Harrison is from Boston. He has been remarkably successful in inciting religious fervor wherever he has worked, and is in great request by Methodist churches. He is said to be so engrossed with his mission that he often breaks into exhortation at hotel tables, in street cars, and anywhere else at the impulse seizes him.—*New York Sun.*

### A Female Hermit.

The Sutor (Nov.), Independent says: Mother Dildine, the female hermit who lives in the mountains about fifteen miles northwest of town, has made her annual visit to Sutor to sell a few groceries and lay in a scanty supply of groceries and other provisions. In conversation she seemed quite self-possessed and intelligent. She says she is sixty years old; that she has lived alone in the mountains for twelve years, and that she is perfectly happy in living secluded from the outside world. Her support is that which she derives from two hundred and sixty Agnora and eight-hundred Agnora. She says she is visited by the whites, and preaches never to see one about her premises, in nearly every instance they tease about her mode of living, and after her departure she worries over their conduct toward her. She likes the whites, and even seeks their companionship. They have never yet seen her in but that they would shoot her in bits or kill a few birds for her relief, in cold weather have even shared warmth of their blankets with her. This singular woman is about five feet six inches, and in actions lightly. Her dark burn hair lies wavelets about her forehead, and she has about her head in long curls. Her dress is neat, and in no way contrasts with that she is reported to wear the mountains. She is a native of Massachusetts, has two brothers living Westport in that State, and a sister living in Lowell. Her living a recluse brought about by trouble in marriage years ago.

### A Disappointed Editor.

We suppose it is as much as our life worth, but they are telling a little story about the editor of a little contemporary, that he shall have a little week the journalist in question at deer hunting in the distant back of Marin county. Somehow the editor said such a short time in any one that he missed every one he saw, late in the afternoon brought up by hand in the cabin of a sturdy steamer, who was feeding a cage cat he had trapped the day before, and suddenly occurred to the disappointed Nimrod. If he could only take to the office a genuine wild cat, killed by his own hand, too. "How will you take that best?" he said. The man said twenty dollars, the editor was paid over. "Now," the editor, putting a fresh cartridge in his gun, "I am out of a strong to that tree and another round the neck, and then open the cage." This was done with some difficulty, and the fierce animal stood straining at the cord. The hunter threw himself into the international gun No. 4 and blasted away. The animal was a terrible yell and disappeared into the woods. His bullet had cut the—*that was all.*—*San Francisco Bulletin.*

The seven colors of the rainbow are red, indigo, blue, green, yellow, orange, and red. The three primary colors are red, blue and yellow.

### FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE.

#### The Dog Tale.

Who'll buy my dogs? who'll buy my dogs? I'll sell them cheap indeed; The nicest pups you ever saw, And of the purest breed. I'd like to keep them all myself, If mamma would agree; She won't have five dogs at a time, Though why I cannot see.

Who'll buy my dogs? who'll buy my dogs? Speak quick, or they'll be sold; They're going, going, for a song, Though worth their weight in gold. How bright and intelligent they are, And so what lovely eyes! I tell you, sir, if you take one, You'll get a perfect prize.

Who'll buy my dogs? who'll buy my dogs? A little baby-pup, My papa says, is best of all, 'Cause you can bring it up, And these I'm sure are 'bout as young As any dogs can be; For three have just unshed their eyes, And two of them can't see.

Who'll buy my dogs? who'll buy my dogs? Please take them right away; Mamma says she won't have them here With her another day. Four splendid dogs—for one is mine— All going cheap indeed; The nicest pups you ever saw, And of the purest breed.

From "Jack-in-the-Pulpit," in St. Nicholas. CATCHING BIRDS ON THE WING.—As if a man could ever hope to do that, or even to do so much as fly! And yet, word has already come to me of a man who has made a machine with which he actually has flown, up, down, with the wind, and, in fact, any way he wished!

The particular machine he used looked, I'm told, rather like a big boiler-case blown full of air, and with a light frame-work of hollow brass tubes strapped to it underneath. In this frame-work was a seat for the man, and near him were two circular fans, which he turned round very fast indeed; one of the fans made the machine fly backward or forward, and the other made it go up or down, as he liked.

Now, this certainly seems to be a step ahead, or, rather, a flap upward; but you needn't expect to be chasing and catching eagles or albatrosses on the wing by dropping sail on their tails; at least, not just yet. The time for that sort of fun may come, perhaps; but it would be well not to crow too loudly at present.

A SEALED POSTMAN.—You've all heard of sealed letters, of course, and seen some too, no doubt; but did you ever hear of the letter-carrier, also, being sealed? Well, a bit of news has come saying that, among the Himalaya mountains, the men who carry the mails on horseback are sealed to their saddles, in such a way that while they can ride easily enough and cannot get down from their seats; and, what is more, the mail-packages are sealed to the men! One started on the route, the seals are not allowed to be broken, except by the postmaster at the next station; and if they happen to get broken otherwise than by accident, the carrier is severely punished.

The result of this sealing is that a mail-carrier who wishes to steal the letters in his charge is obliged to steal also the saddle and horse—and himself as well, I suppose. Nice places these carriers have to ride through, at times! Why, in some parts, the road is so steep that, in going down, the rider is kept upright by a rope passed under his arms and held in the hands of two men who are above him on the mountain. If it were not for this, the rider would fall over the head of his horse, or else cause the horse itself to go over head first.

Altogether, the postmen of the Himalayas must have a hard time of it.

#### The Feminine Exhibitor at Paris.

She, too, was surprised with joy when destiny gave her an opportunity of seeing Paris. She was the envy of one in the family, the store, the workshop. She has also tasted sufficiently of Paris, and found some of it bitter. She would go to home. Life here lacks freedom, because she must preserve the proprieties which Paris imposes upon her position and condition. She cannot go out after working hours and "gad around," as in New York. She is immersed in the respectable boarding-house, and when the long seven o'clock dinner is over, she may only sit in the garden till bed-time. There is little or no young man to take her out. He is elsewhere enjoying himself. Paris offers him the largest liberty so long as his money lasts. To her it gives a tantalizing slavery. She may hear the roll and clash of the gay, mad world without mingling with them. She longs to put on her bonnet and "run down the street," but it won't do here. A garrulous, tiresome French landlady stands in the way, who is forever bothering her about what is proper and is not. She hates her. She hates the thin soup. She has begun to hate the French. Her life is a daily slavery, with her hand at the Exposition at one end and her boarding-house at the other.—*San Francisco Bulletin.*

"A frontiersman of experience," is credited by the San Francisco Call with the statement that each prairie dog village has a well of water with a concealed entrance—sometimes as much as 200 feet deep—and accessible to the plucky little burrowers by a circular staircase.

### Origin of "He Has an Axe to Grind."

We owe more of our common sayings and pithy proverbs to Dr. Franklin than many of us think or know. We say of one who flatters or serves us for the sake of some secret, selfish gain or favor, "He has an axe to grind." In the doctor's "Memories" is the following story, which explains the origin of the phrase. Franklin says:

"When I was a little boy, I remember, one cold winter morning I was accosted by a smiling man with an axe on his shoulder."

"My little boy," said he, "has your father a grindstone?"

"Yes, sir," said I.

"You are a fine little fellow," said he. "Will you let me grind an axe on it?"

Pleased with the compliment of "a fine little fellow," "Oh, yes, sir," I answered; "it is down in the shop."

"And will you," my man," said he, patting me on the head, "get me a little hot water?"

How could I refuse? I ran and soon brought a kettleful.

"How old are you? and what's your name?" continued he, without waiting for a reply. "I'm sure you are one of the finest lads that ever I have seen. Will you turn a few minutes for me?"

Ticked with the flattery, like a fool I went to work, and bitterly did I rue the day. It was a new axe, and I toiled and tugged till I was almost tired to death. The school bell rang and I could not get away; my hands were blistered and it was not half ground. At length, however, the axe was sharpened, and the man turned to go saying:

"Now, you little rascal, you've played the truant; now send away to school or you'll get it."

Alas! I thought it was hard enough to turn a grindstone this cold day, but now to be called a rascal was too much. It sunk deep in my mind, and often have I thought of it since.

When a merchant is over-polite to his customers, begging them to take a little brandy, and throwing his goods on the counter, thinks I, "That man has an axe to grind."

When I see a man flattering the people, making great professions of liberty and prating loudly about economy, who is in private a tyrant, methinks, "Look out, good people, that fellow would see you turning a grindstone."

Beware of people who pay compliments when doing. There have an axe to grind, and it is not yours.

#### Trial by Bread.

Among the trials of guilt common in remote ages, besides the ordeals of single combat, of fire, and water, there was a still more singular trial of credulity and superstition—the trial by bread.

It was thus conducted. A piece of bread or of cheese was consecrated with a prayer, desiring the Almighty that it might cause convulsions and palsy, and find no passage, if the man was guilty; but might turn to health and nourishment if he was innocent. This piece of bread, called the *corneuse*, or "morsel of cursing," was then given to the suspected person. Our historians assure us that Godwin, Earl of Kent, in the reign of Edward the Confessor, abjured the oath of the king's brother, appealed to his *corneuse*, which stuck in his throat, and killed him. Though this custom has been long abolished, we are often reminded of it by the very unwarrantable language of inconsiderate people, in such phrases as, "May this morsel be my last!" "May this piece of bread choke me!" The superstitions people who practiced this mode of trial were very particular in the making of their bread and cheese. The bread was to be of unleavened barley, and the cheese made of ewe's milk in the month of May, no other of the twelve months having any power to detect a criminal.

#### End of the British Empire Foretold.

A curious East Indian "legend," treating of the future of the Mogul empire, and based upon the prediction of a priest made many years ago, has been put into verse in Dresden, and is now in circulation in that city. It describes how the great Mogul monarch, Arungzeb, when following his resolution to exterminate the English from Hindostan, was stopped in his work by a holy Brahmin, who held before his face a magic mirror, in which he saw the continued growth of the British power until only a shadow remained of his own. At length the shadow itself was swept away and another imperial throne was set up, with a lady seated in its chair. The priest had given assurance that 300 years of oppression and servitude were necessary in order to free Hindostan from the evil powers that controlled her destinies, and for that reason all prisoners had been set free by Arungzeb. The legend goes on to say that when the lady becomes seated on the throne, the scene suddenly dissolves in a thunder clap, and India resumes her sway. The priest's prediction is well known, says the legend, to the natives of India. The first part of the prophecy, it continues, has been fulfilled already—a woman sits on the Mogul throne.

"There are seventeen sculptors and painters from the United States now residing in Rome," read Mrs. Bemis from the newspaper. "H'm!" grunted Mr. Bemis, who was anointing his feet covering with the extract of hog; "no wonder I couldn't get a painter to whitewash that shed." Mrs. Bemis glared an awful glare at him.—*Rockland Courier.*

### Two Adventuresses.

The elderly Spanish woman, arrested recently at Autenil, a suburb of Paris, by order of the Spanish government, and about whom so many different stories have been told, proves to be the notorious adventuress that swindled the Madridenos, two or three years since out of nearly \$2,000,000. She opened a banking house in the capital; received deposits, paying twenty per cent. on receipt thereof, and at the end of the fourth month gave eighty per cent. more, still owing the original amount. Strange, as it may seem, the Madridenos, so dazzled were they by the prospect of gain, allowed her to have their money to the extent of \$2,500,000. In a few months she disappeared, and when her bank was opened by the police, of course, nothing of value was found. She had paid about \$700,000 interest, and made off with the rest. The government agents had been looking for her a long time when they traced her to Autenil, where she was living with her sister in great luxury. She is the widow of Senor Larra, the popular satirist, who, not long since, as a satire on himself, blew out his brains. She has been sent to Madrid, where justice will promptly be meted out to her. This case closely resembles the case of Franklin Adele Spitzeder, who set up a similar bank in Munich some years ago. She paid ten per cent. a month, and lent money to the aristocracy whose members were temporarily embarrassed at rates still more exorbitant. Millions of florins passed through her hands. She lived like a princess; started and supported a newspaper; was very charitable to the poor, and won a good name which various accusations could not hurt. She continued her bank for eight years, employing fifty clerks and book-keepers, and would have continued it longer had she not suddenly been arrested for fraud and thrown into prison. That caused her downfall. Her credit was ruined; her shop was forced to shut up. Her liabilities were five times greater than her assets. She was tried and condemned to three years' imprisonment for swindling.

The Queen and the Admiral. There is a pretty story to the effect that Admiral Sir Edward Ingfield, when a young officer, had the luck on one occasion to be particularly handy in assisting the queen down a ship-ladder. Her majesty took a fancy to the young fellow, inquired his name, and then said: "You have helped me down the ladder; I must try and help you up it. If ever you need any special aid, let me know."

Years went by, and the admiral was too smart an officer to need adventitious assistance, but at length he found himself in a hobble, since, under certain admiralty regulations, he would be compelled, in the ordinary course of events, to accept a rank which probably would practically "give up" him. At this juncture he found means to remind the queen of the ladder episode.

Her majesty, who never forgets her friends or their faces, was as good as her word, and the admiral, by being sent out here as a naval attaché, contrived, under some lamination exempting from the rule officers on special service, to gain his desired object. In common with all his officers, he cannot but feel highly gratified at the more than cordial reception accorded to the queen's ships at Newport, and, on the other hand, it is fortunate that the British admiralty should be represented by a gentleman of such peculiarly agreeable social qualities. Besides this, his residence at Washington made him intimately acquainted with many leading Americans, and rendered him therefore a particularly fitting officer to come in command to these shores.—*Exchange.*

#### More than 6,000,000 human beings have died from starvation within a year in Asia.

In China whole districts have been depopulated.

Environment or temporary sojourner in a malarious region of country is not without danger. Besides inhaling at every breath an atmosphere saturated with an infectious poison, he also drinks water which is in most instances heavily impregnated with the fever and ague breeding malarial. If a bilious subject, infected in stomach, or irregular in habit of body or digestion, his peril is much increased, as these abnormal conditions are extremely favorable to the contraction of malarial disease. But this danger may be safely encountered with the assistance of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which completely nullifies the atmospheric virus, and neutralizes the constituents of malarial-tainted water. This benign antidote to disease eradicates and prevents fevers of an intermittent and bilious remittent type, besides effecting a thorough and permanent reform of the system which invites not only malarial, but other diseases equally to be dreaded.

#### Two Noted Grave Robbers.

Our readers will remember the account given in these columns of the robbing of the grave of the Hon. Scott Harrison, in Ohio, last May, the body being found in the dissecting-room of the Ohio Medical College. Public indignation justly brands any man as a scoundrel who will rob the grave of the dead. But there are two noted grave robbers in the country, so far from being the subjects of the people's wrath, are universally lauded for their fever and ague breeding malarial. If a bilious subject, infected in stomach, or irregular in habit of body or digestion, his peril is much increased, as these abnormal conditions are extremely favorable to the contraction of malarial disease. But this danger may be safely encountered with the assistance of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which completely nullifies the atmospheric virus, and neutralizes the constituents of malarial-tainted water. This benign antidote to disease eradicates and prevents fevers of an intermittent and bilious remittent type, besides effecting a thorough and permanent reform of the system which invites not only malarial, but other diseases equally to be dreaded.

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Clock work is not more regular than the liver, the stomach, and the bowels when they are put in order with Dr. Mott's Vegetable Liver Pills, a supremely effective and safe alterative, cathartic and blood purifier, which promotes thorough bilious secretion, a regular habit of body, sound digestion and nervous tranquility. It is the best possible substitute for that terrible drug mercury. For sale at all druggists.

For the benefit of our readers we give this week a sure cure for colic or biliary colic in horses. To one bottle of Johnson's Anodyne followed by a glass of warm water, and a small quantity of water, and pour down the horse's throat.

A man recently asked in a drug store for a box of rough diamonds, but the druggist knew no such remedy. After much parley the druggist found that his customer wanted Parsons' Purgative Pills. He says, "That's the only fit name for 'em."

CHEW—The Celebrated "MATCHLESS" Wood Tag Plug THE PRINCIPAL TOBACCO COMPANY, New York, Boston, and Chicago.

For upwards of thirty years Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for children with never-failing success. It cures acidity of the stomach, relieves wind colic, regulates the bowels, cures dysentery and diarrhoea, whether arising from teething or other causes. An old and well-tried remedy. 25 cts. a bottle. Packet Gelling Gun \$5. Arms Co., Lawrence, Ma.

#### Dr. J. P. & P. O. DIRECTORY.

J. P. & P. O. Co., of Chelsea, Mass., are arranging a Business Directory, in which will be recorded one trader in each town and city who has for sale Pike's Centennial Salt Rheum Salve. For diseases of the skin, such as Salt Rheum, Scrofula, Chapped Hands, Ooze, Burns, Scalds, Piles, Corns, Bunions, Ingrowing Nails, etc., this salve has no equal.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.—Farmers, Families and Others can purchase on Remedy equal to Dr. TORIAN'S VENETIAN LINIMENT for the cure of Cholera, Diphtheria, Dysentery, Cholera, and Scurvy, taken internally it is perfectly harmless; see the following list of ailments cured externally by Chronic Rheumatism, Headache, Toothache, Sore Throat, Burns, Scalds, Sprains, Bruises, Bites, Old Sores, Pains in Limbs, Back and Chest. The Venetian Liniment is sold in bottles of 12¢ and 25¢, and no one who has used it but continues to do so, many of the most difficult cases of the above ailments can be cured without it. Thousands of Certificates can be had from the proprietors. Sold by the Druggists at 40 cts. per bottle. 42 Murray St., New York.

#### The Markets.

NEW YORK.	
Beef—Cattle—Native	98 00 09 00
Do—Foreign	98 00 10 00
Milk—Cows	35 00 00 00
Hops—Live	04 00 04 00
Do—Dried	04 00 04 00
Sheep	11 00 08 00
Lamb	11 00 11 00
Wheat—No. 1 Red	40 00 6 00
Do—No. 2 Red	39 00 5 00
Do—No. 3 Red	38 00 4 00
Do—No. 4 Red	37 00 3 00
Do—No. 5 Red	36 00 2 00
Do—No. 6 Red	35 00 1 00
Do—No. 7 Red	34 00 0 00
Do—No. 8 Red	33 00 0 00
Do—No. 9 Red	32 00 0 00
Do—No. 10 Red	31 00 0 00
Do—No. 11 Red	30 00 0 00
Do—No. 12 Red	29 00 0 00
Do—No. 13 Red	28 00 0 00
Do—No. 14 Red	27 00 0 00
Do—No. 15 Red	26 00 0 00
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Do—No. 49 Red	00 00 0 00
Do—No. 50 Red	00 00 0 00

#### PHILADELPHIA.

Beef—Cattle—Native	98 00 09 00
Do—Foreign	98 00 10 00
Milk—Cows	35 00 00 00
Hops—Live	04 00 04 00
Do—Dried	04 00 04 00
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Do—No. 48 Red	00 00 0 00
Do—No. 49 Red	00 00 0 00
Do—No. 50 Red	00 00 0 00

#### BUFFALO.

Beef Cattle.....	68 00	07 00
Sheep.....	06 00	08 00
Lamb.....	09 00	08 00
Hog.....	07 00	09 00
WATERBURY, MASS.		
Beef Cattle—Poor to Choice.....	80 00	6 50
Sheep.....	11 00	11 00
Lamb.....	11 00	11 00

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AND STEREOPTICONS  
AT PUBLIC SUNDAY-SCHOOL HOME EXHIBITIONS  
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