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Transitory.

The spring-time comes, the wild bee hums,
And birds make music everywhere;
From windy March to tranquil May
Fresh flowers expand from day to day,
And heaven and earth become more fair.
Oh, hours of childhood and delight,
When pleasures bloom like wayside flowers,
How soon, how far, ye wing your flight!
How storms of care your fragile bowers
How childish joys, like visions, fly!
How childhood and how spring go by!

The summer comes with thunder-drums
And with the lightning's fashion keen;
The rose's breath perfumes the air,
And love cheers many a wedded pair
Of birds amid the branches green.
Oh, hours of summer and of love—
Elysian hours for human hearts,
How transitory, too, ye prove!
How soon the rose's tint departs!

How youth's bright dreams, like visions, fly,
How summer and how love go by!

The autumn comes, the golden fruits
His death march 'mong the withering leaves;
The golden grain has long been reaped;
With golden fruit the bins are heaped;
But fade the flowers, the west-wind grieves.
Oh, hours of autumn and decay—
Commingled hours of trust and fear,
Ye, also, quickly glide away!

We know the end is drawing near.
How hopes mature, like visions, fly!
How manhood and how fall go by!

The winter comes, the frost benumbs
All tribes that walk or creep or fly;
From the chill north fall tempests blow;
The streams are frozen, and fast the snow
Is sifted from the cloudy sky.
Oh, hours of winter and of gloom,
When no bird in the woodland sings,
Ye, too, are fleeting—such the doom
Of man and all sublunary things.

How pain and dread, like visions, fly!
How winter and how age go by!

—W. L. Shoemaker, in *Home Journal*.

A Wild Western Adventure.

Sam S. Hall, "Buckskin Sam," and
old Rip Ford were trapping in the Ar-
kansas river region. They were men of
desperate courage, who had taken their
lives in their hands too often to care for
the danger they were exposed to. Old
Rip was a man who stood five feet eleven
in his moccasins—a man whom you would
hardly care to meet in the close tug of a
desperate battle. His hard brown face
was scarred with scars from bullet, knife
and claws of wild beasts, and his muscu-
lar body showed the marks of many a
desperate struggle. "Buckskin Sam"
was the beau ideal of a mountaineer and
plains man; the Western hunter that the
novelist paints and the school boy dreams
of and wishes some day to be. Although
not so powerful as old Rip, he was a man
of great personal strength and desperate
courage. For many years these two had
roamed the trapping grounds together,
fighting Indians, grizzlies and wolves,
chased by night over the burning prairies,
defending their camp against the
sudden attacks of red fiends, or spend-
ing recklessly at the monte board the
money they had earned so hardly on the
trapping ground.

They had been out all winter, and as
spring approached, the last cache was
covered and the trappers now began to
think of returning home. The camp was
built up, near the river, a tributary of
the Canadian, which flowed through the
dismal canons in which the light of day
never shows, under the shadow of giant
cliffs upon which human beings never
yet set foot, and only spreading out at
places where the cunning beaver had
built his dam. The river was broken by
great rapids, and the river was broken by
upon which they had fished royally for
many a day. They had a canoe, and had
been discussing the chances of going
down the stream in that in order to save
time.

"I am ready to take the chances, if
you are, Rip," said Sam.
"I don't like to give myself away,"
said Rip. "What do you know about
the river after we get down to the big
canon, and whoever passed through it?"
"That's the fun of the thing, Rip.
We do what no one else dare do," said
Sam.

"I don't like it," replied Ford, who
was by far the more prudent of the two.
"I—ha! what in Jehu is that?" They
seized their weapons and ran to the door
of the hut, just in time to see a dozen
Indians running down through the
grass, blocking up the only way of
escape. The moment the repeating
rifles began to play upon them they went
out of sight among the rocks and began
their gradual approach, which could
only end in one way—the white trappers
would be overwhelmed!

"There's only one chance, Rip," cried
Sam.
"And that?"

"The canoe."
"I am your man," cried the giant
trapper. "You push the canoe into the
water and throw in the weapons while I
keep those fellows at bay. Oh, would
you? Take care!"

An Indian had raised his tuffed head
to get a better shot at the trappers, but
before he could get back the unfailing

eyes of the trapper had looked through
the double sights and the rifle cracked.
The Indian sprang suddenly to his feet,
spun sharp around upon his heel and
fell dead in his tracks.

The next moment the canoe shot from
the bank and headed down through the
boiling flood, plunging in the canon be-
low so rapidly that the Indians had
scarcely time to recover from their
amazement at the sudden exodus before
the trappers were out of sight. One of
the Indians bounded to his feet and ut-
tered a low signal-whoop, and two large
canoes, containing in all about fifteen
men, rounded a point in the river above
the canon and came flying down under
the strokes of the paddlers. The Indians
on the shore simply pointed down the
stream, and the canoe dashed by at a
furious speed; the wild yell of the pad-
dlers announcing to the white men that
they were pursued. The first rapid
passed, they entered a long stretch of
water where the current was only four or
five miles an hour, and where the pro-
pelling force in the other canoes began
to tell, and the Indians gained rapidly.

On each side of the canoe the canon
was like a wall, 200 feet in height, and
the trappers could only put all their
strength in the paddles and dash on as
fast as they could. Two miles further
and the pursuing canoes were scarcely a
hundred yards behind, the Indians yell-
ing like demons as they saw the white
men almost within their grasp. Rip
Ford shook his head as he looked over
his shoulder, when suddenly his canoe
was seized by a mighty force and hurled
downward, like a bullet, from a rifle.
They had struck another rapid more
powerful than the first, and the rocks
absolutely seemed to fly past them.

"This is something like it," cried the
luring Buckskin Sam. "How we do
move!"
"I should say we did, old boy," re-
plied Rip. "I am only afraid we are
moving too fast."
"Don't you believe it, those fellows
seem to be standing still," said Sam.
"They will get in the current in a
moment," gasped Rip. "Look at that."
The headmost canoe of the Indians
appeared upon the crest of the rapid and
came flying down after the trappers at a
furious speed. The Indians no longer
used their paddles with the exception of
the man who sat at the stern, and by a
touch on the water, now on one side,
now on the other, regulated the course
of the canoe. The second canoe follow-
ed in a moment, a little further in shore.
As they gazed, the bow of the last canoe
was suddenly lifted into the air as if
struck a brown rock in the channel,
which the occupants tried in vain to
avoid. The fierce current, caught by
the stern, and in an instant there was
nothing left of the craft save broken frag-
ments, while the occupants, with loud
cries of terror, were borne swiftly on
by the resistless tide. "That ends
them," said Rip Ford. "Be careful,
Sam, for your life!"

On, on, borne by the power which
they could not resist, the two canoes
were hurled. There was a sense of wild
exultation in the hearts of the white men,
for they could see that their enemies
would have gladly escaped if they could
from the perils that surrounded them.
Their mad desire for scalps and plunder
had led them into a trap, and they no
longer thought of the canoe in advance.
They knew, as the whites did not, the
terrible danger before them, for they
had explored the banks of the stream on
foot many times. The river suddenly
narrowed, and the trappers rushed into
a canon barely twenty feet wide and
nearly roofed over by the cliff on each
side. The current was not quite so
rapid here, and they guided the canoe
easily.

"This gets interesting, Rip," said
Sam, as they went on through the nar-
row pass. "We are going!" "To our
death," interrupted Rip Ford, in a
solemn voice. "Do you hear the falls?"
Through the splash of water and the
dip of the paddles they heard a low,
deep, tremulous roar, which was the
sound of falling water. For a moment
the bronzed face of Sam blanched, and
then he drew his figure up proudly, say-
ing: "Better than the scalping knife
or stake, old friend. As the French-
man says, 'Vive la mort!' Long live
death!"

It was, indeed, before them, for as
they shot out of the narrow pass they
saw the falls—how high they could not
tell, but the smoke which arose showed
that it was not a small one. "Keep
her head to it," cried Rip. "If we don't
get through, it's good-bye forever, Sam."
The swift current caught them, and
the canoe, hurled forward with terrible
force, went flying toward the verge.
A moment more and it shot out into the
mist and went down into the unknown
depths. Each man clung to his paddle
as he went down, held by an invisible
power, whirled to and fro, as in a mel-
strom, and then shot up into the light

below the falls. Far below them the
canoe floated, and as the current swept
them down the two men looked back
in time to see the Indians' canoe come
over the falls sideways without an occupant.
It was hurled far out and fell lightly on
the water, only to be arrested by the
strong hand of Buckskin Sam.

The Indians, appalled by their danger,
had upset the canoe in their frantic ef-
forts to escape. What became of them
the trappers never knew, for when they
reached the foot of the rapid, far below
the falls, and righted the canoe, they
made no pause, but hurried down the
stream, and before night were safely
floating in the waters of the Canadian
river. Two days after they reached
Fort Sill in safety.

England and Afghanistan.

The trouble between England and
Afghanistan, arising out of the refusal
of the ruler of the latter country to per-
mit a British mission to pass through
his territory, leads a New York paper to
give some facts relative to an earlier
difficulty between the two countries.
The paper says: The smallness of the
force employed in it, has given to Eng-
land's Afghan campaign of 1841-2 a less
prominent place in history than it de-
serves. In reality, it was the severest
check ever experienced by the British
arms in Asia, and quite as disastrous,
in proportion, as Napoleon's retreat from
Moscow; the destruction barely stopping
short of absolute annihilation. The
crisis of irresolution have seldom been
more fatally exemplified. When the re-
volt first broke out in November, 1841,
the city of Cabul itself was held by 16,000
Anglo-Indian troops, who might either
have crushed the nascent rising with
one vigorous blow, or have maintained
themselves in the impregnable citadel of
the town till the arrival of reinforce-
ments. But Gen. Elphinstone, a sickly
old man, lingered inactive day after day,
till at length the capture of his commis-
sariat by the insurgents, leaving him
almost destitute of supplies, opened his
eyes to the necessity of retreat, when
retreat was already too late. The scene
which followed has no parallel in mili-
tary history. Half starved, and already
running short of ammunition, the ill-
fated army, in the depth of a winter
whose intolerable cold swept down the
Hindoo soldiers like leaves, dragged
itself wearily through a gloomy gorge
many miles in length, shut in by un-
scalable precipices, which were all one
blaze and crackle of hostile musketry,
every bullet telling fatally upon the
helpless mass below. "The breath
froze upon our mustaches," said one of
the few officers who survived that fatal
day, "and the fingers of the men were
so numb that many of them fell their
muskets." A regimental surgeon
named Brydon was the only man who
reached Jellalabad, and but few of the
captured officers escaped the treacherous
claws of Akbar Khan. The heroic de-
fence of Candahar by Gen. Nott, and
of Jellalabad by Sir Robert Sale, did, in-
deed, retrieve the lost prestige of Eng-
land, and Cabul was again occupied in
the ensuing autumn; but with the
tragedy of the Khord-Cabul Pass ended
all thoughts of conquering Afghanistan.

A Ballad of Ice Cream.

Tell us not in mournful numbers that
this life is but a dream, when a girl that
weighs one hundred gets outside a quart
of cream, and then wants more.—*Elmira
Gazette*. Life is real, life is earnest,
and the girls know what they need, but
on cream they are the blindest set on
earth. "N. Y. News. Let us, then, be up
and doing, with a heart for any fate;
but never let us go a-wooing girls who
want a second plate. How's that?"
—*Newsboy*. Lives of such girls all re-
mind us, as we float down the stream,
that the boys who come behind us, have
to pay for lots of cream. N. Y. T. I—
Yonkers Gazette. Be not like the dumb
driven cattle, be a hero in the strife;
never with your mother battle, save the
ice cream for your wife. Proceed.—
Boston Transcript. Ice cream that
perhaps a sister, trailing through the
pelting rain, walked her feet into a blister
that she might her share obtain.
Give her some too.—*High Private*. Art
is long, and time is fleeting, and our
hearts, though stout and brave, can't
endure this ice cream eating; we shall
have to quit and leave. March on.—
First Corporal. Not enjoyment, and not
sorrow, is our destined end or way;
let the girls have cream to-morrow, let
them have it every day. Pass it along.
—*Orderly Sergeant*. Still achieving,
still pursuing, learn to labor and to wait;
no more billing, no more cooing, no more
ice cream from this date. Scot.—*Rome
Sentinel*. Trust no future, however
pleasant, get ice cream for girls now,
for there's no time like the present—get
it, least you have a "row." And "no
cards."—*Meriden Recorder*.

FOR THE PAIR SEX.

News and Notes for Women.

The British medical association still
declines to admit women to its ranks.
Nevada ladies run "egg races," each
contestant being required to carry an
uncooked egg in a tablespoon.

A Chinese exhibitor at the French ex-
position has imported 30,000 Chinese
peaked hats, and it is said that the
Parisians will wear them.

French grandmothers are said to be
the best dressed in the world. They
wear quantities of lace and gauze near
their faces, gray silk gowns, and loves
of cape.

The Memphis *Avalanche* says that
although parents deserted their children,
and children their parents, and husbands
their wives, in Memphis, not one wife
deserted a husband.

Rosina Stolz, the singer, is going to
sue for the annulment of her marriage
with the Prince of Feoco, a descendant
of Godoy. She has published a volume
of "Thoughts," ostensibly dictated to
her by Joan of Arc.

It is asserted that the yellow-clay
colored suits, fashionable in Boston this
year, were introduced by a young man
who wished to make his dress harmonize
with the surroundings when standing on
his sweetheart's doorstep.

The imperial decree, requiring the
wives of all Japanese office-holders to
dress in the European fashions, has
flooded the French market with Japa-
nese dresses, and the French ladies are
wearing them for dressing gowns.

Ladies buying perfumes of any kind,
whether French or American, should
beware of those which are put up in
showy bottles with gay labels. Square
or octagonal crystal bottles with glass
stoppers, and with the name of a good
firm on the label, are to be preferred to
any amount of gilt and colored paper
and green glass.

Fashions.

Old gold color and pink is a favorite
mixture for bows.

Black velvet dresses are to be trimmed
with peacock feathers.

Plain black velvet slippers are most
desirable for house wear.

Silver bangles at some of the jeweler's
are thickly studded with diamonds.

The latest novelty in veils is black
dotted net, lined with white illusion.

It is said that moire antique silk will
be used for trimming hats and bonnets.

Among novelties for trimming are
plaid foulards. Plaids will be worn
early this winter.

Two, three and four kinds of material
will be used in the fabrication of fall
and winter dresses.

Satin and brocade are the most popu-
lar materials in the imported dresses for
fall and winter wear.

A gold cord passed around the crown
and knotted on the top, is the sole trim-
ming of some black velvet bonnets.

Toile de sanglier is the name of a new
rough, loosely-woven fabric of worsted
that comes in all colors for winter suits.

Flat fur collars, with long narrow
fringes finished with fur tassels, will be
more stylish but less common than those
this year.

Stephanotis is the newest sachet pow-
der. Its scent is like that of the extract
of piony, but is a little more pungent.

What they Studied.

One of the first proofs that "the
world moves" is seen, of course, in the
changes of the world's text-books—the
different kind of lessons deemed neces-
sary for young students to learn.

The change in educational methods
and aims in the last century has been
most extraordinary. Dr. Noah Porter,
of Connecticut, father of the present
president of Yale College, gives a sketch
of his college studies in a letter to a
friend. He entered Yale in 1799, the
same year that the late Prof. Silliman
became professor. He says:

"As though we had come fresh from
the common school, we were put back
into our grammar, geography, and the
common learning, and kept in them a
great part of the first two years, so that
at their close we had scarcely advanced
farther than is now requisite for admis-
sion. And what poor barren things our
grammars, lexicons and text-books then
were, compared with such as are now
furnished.

"And our teachers were as scantily
furnished as our books. I wonder that
any of us came out men, or ever became
such. And yet we were fully employed,
and on such things as were put into our
hands we were kept hard at work. Though
we were perhaps half a year on
Morse's two large volumes of geography,
we were required to recite the whole of
them, and our memories, if no other
faculties, were severely tasked."

Natural History in Small Chunks.

"What is this?"

"This is a lion, called by some folks
the king-of the beasts. Take a sharp
look at him so you may hereafter tell
a lion from a mule."

"What is the color of a lion?"

"Their natural color is tawny. Where
you see one fixed off with red, white
and blue you may be sure that some
circus man has been painting him."

"Lions must be very strong?"

"So they are. It is a pity that their
strength cannot be used in drawing
street cars."

"Are there any wild lions in this
country?"

"Not very many; but then we'd ad-
vise you to get into the house as soon as
night comes. Africa is the home of the
lion. He has every chance to spread
himself there; the nights are so warm
that he doesn't have to draw his tail into
his den for fear of frost."

"Can a lion carry off an ox?"

"It is said that he can, but it would
be far better for the ox to carry himself
off before the lion got hold of him.
There isn't much doubt that a lion could
trot off quite easily with a rabbit."

"Does a lion ever attack a white
man?"

"Very rarely. When a man is home
at reasonable hours, keeps plenty of
wood split, buys his wife four hats per
year and votes our ticket, he is not of-
ten disturbed by lions. They walk right
past him to grab one of those fellows
who will never lend his wheelbarrow or
snow-shovel, and whose sidewalk is al-
ways in need of repairs."

"Do lions roar very loudly?"

"They do. The sound is almost as
loud as that of a dish-pan falling off its
tail in the dead of night."

"Why do they roar?"

"Naturalists differ about that. Some
say that he roars to let other denizens of
the forest understand that he is on deck
and ready to argue matters, and others
assert that he roars when he has nothing
else to do—just as Congressional speech-
es are made. The roar won't hurt you,
no matter how they decide it."

"Can a lion catch a horse?"

"Yes, unless he stubs his toe or stops
to pick up a tender and juicy child for
luncheon."

"Can a man look a lion out of counte-
nance?"

"That depends. Some of these mod-
ern defaulters could look a lion out of
countenance with one eye shut. In
ordinary cases it is better for the man
who tries the experiment to be up a
tree."

"Can the lion vanquish the elephant?"

"If the elephant had sore eyes, and
had been speering around all night, and
the agues was kind of hovering up and
down his spinal column, a lion would be
apt to do so."

"Can a lion ever be tamed?"

"Never. After one has been jolted
around the country with different cir-
cuses for twenty years, sold at bankrupt
sale a dozen times, fed on shin-bones
and shavings, and poked up with hot
crowbars, he no sooner gets out of his
cage than he eats ten or fifteen people
and half kills as many more. You will
always see an account of it in the papers
just before the menagerie comes around."
—*Detroit Free Press*.

Wonders of America.

The greatest cataract in the world is
the falls of Niagara, where the water
from the great upper lakes forms a river
of three-fourths of a mile in width, and
then being suddenly contracted plunges
over the rocks in two columns to the
depth of 165 feet. The greatest cave in
the world is the Mammoth cave of Ken-
tucky, where any one can make a voyage
on the waters of a subterranean river
and catch fish without eyes. The great-
est river in the known world is the Mis-
sissippi, 4,000 miles long. The largest
valley in the world is the valley of the
Mississippi. It contains 5,000,000 square
miles, and is one of the most fertile re-
gions of the globe. The largest city
park in the world is in Philadelphia.
It contains over 2,700 acres. The great-
est grain port in the world is Chicago.
The largest lake in the world is Lake
Superior, which is truly an inland sea,
being 430 miles long and 1,000 feet deep.
The longest railroad at present is the
Pacific railroad; over 3,000 miles in
length. The greatest mass of solid iron
in the world is the Pilot Knob of Mis-
souri. It is 350 feet high and two miles
in circuit. The best specimen of Gre-
cian architecture in the world is the
Girard college for orphans, Philadel-
phia. The largest aqueduct in the world
is the Croton aqueduct, New York; its
length is forty and a quarter miles, and
it cost \$12,500,000. The largest deposits
of anthracite coal in the world are in
Pennsylvania, the mines of which sup-
ply the market with millions of tons
annually and appear to be inexhaustible.

Time is money—there's something in it.
For silver dollars are coined in a min't.

Items of Interest.

A starving fellow—A cooper.

Watches were first made in 1476.

A taking person—The policeman.

Postoffices were established in 1464.

Watered stock—Cows from the brook.

Paper money—A newsboy's receipts.

Never stroke a mustache when it is
down.

The German and Austrian law forbids
the sale of dead fish.

There are sixty thousand commercial
travelers in the United States.

A medical report gives a case of poi-
soning from wearing a green shade over
the eyes.

Horses are different from men in this,
that when they get on their last quarter
they are glad of it.

Nature very properly located the nasal
organ midway of the head—simply be-
cause it is the head-center.

Two pieces of ice may be rubbed to-
gether until sufficient warmth is de-
veloped to melt them both.

What is the difference between fixed
stars and shooting stars? The first are
"suns," the second "darters."

Nothing betrays the innocence of
men's natures more than to see one feel-
ing all over his coat-tails to find a pocket
which is in his coat at home.

Near Fort Osborne, Manitoba, is a
dwelling-house sheeted and roofed with
tin obtained from old oyster and tin
cans. All the joints are perfect and the
house is water-proof.

Some time since the *Detroit Free
Press* inquired incidentally if fish could
could talk. One paper answered, "Seal
skin." Another, more recently, says,
"Certainly; out in Colorado, Pike's
Peak."

There is a touching beauty in the pale
wild-rose that grows by the dusty way-
side, half choked with thistle-down; but
it is all lost upon the man who breaks
both his back snappers when he stoops to
pluck it.

Flowers are so universally loved, and
accepted everywhere as the necessities
of the moral life, that whatever can be
done to render their cultivation easy,
and to bring them to perfection in the
vicinity of, or within the household, must
be regarded as a benefaction.

A suggestion is made by the corres-
pondent of a French paper that bodies
might with advantage be buried in the
sea, which he considers to be the
natural cemetery for the dead. He pro-
poses that funeral boats, large enough
to contain several bodies, be periodically
despatched from convenient places on
the sea shore, and that the bodies be
committed to the deep at such a distance
from the land as will prevent all possi-
bility of their interfering with the public
health.

A WESTERN IDYL.

The setting sun glows o'er the western hills,
The murky mists rise slowly in its wake,
The evening air is full of quarts and chills,
And I am left to darkness and to shake.

Can stoned men or animated bust
Aval the man who chills alternate days
Or can he bless the quinsies got on trust?
Or hymn the Colosseum's scintillating rays?

Full many a gem of purest cheek serene
The dark and dreary heights of sanctum
bear,
Full many a poet's brow to eat quinine
And shake with ague while the printer
sweats.

Some Nice Executions.

Mr. Sala says in the London *Illustrated
News*: Hoedel, the would-be
regicide, has had his head duly cut off
at Berlin; and, assuming that we are
entitled under any circumstances to in-
dict capital punishment, the cowardly
and concealed assassin of the aged sov-
ereign of Germany certainly deserves
his fate. Civilization, nevertheless, must
score a good many points when we con-
trast the comparatively merciful execu-
tion undergone by this wretched man
Hoedel with the dreadful torments wren-
ed on Count Ankerstrom, the assassin of
a masked ball of Gustavus III.,
Sweden, and the yet more horrible ag-
nies endured by Damiani, who wound
Louis XV., of France, very slight
with a penknife. Ankerstrom (who
was living within the recollection
of persons still surviving) was scourged
with iron chains for three consecutive
days preceding his execution, until he
was nearly fayed alive. As for the mi-
serable Damiani, we have all read as
shuddered at the account of the "bed
steel" to which he was strapped; the
"questionnaire et extraordinaire" to
which he was subjected; the melt
lead and boiling oil, pitch and sulphur
which were poured into the wound
which the pincers had made in his
limbs; and his final exhortation,
the pulling of him to pieces by four
horses. The horses were sluggish
the performance of their abominable
task, and it was necessary to stimulate
them by the lash.

or coughs and colds
ever fails. Hold by
ruggists. 50c. a box.
No list free. Address
York, Pa.
to Nassau Delight.
J. Jones, Nassau, N.Y.
Lancashire (leg. for
Indian Contn. N.Y.
Household Article.
E. B. Martin, Ohio.
Wanted—345 bees
old. Catalogue free.
N. St. Boston, Mass.
male 3000. PIANOS
only \$150. Grand
F. Washington, N.J.
ing for the Firestone
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Household Article.
E. B. Martin, Ohio.
Wanted—345 bees
old. Catalogue free.
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Deer Hair as a Life Preserver.

A few years ago a shrewd hunter in the Western country set about discovering why the deer, an animal not especially adapted by nature and keep longer than any other quadruped. The result of his investigation was the discovery that the hair of the deer differs from the capillary covering of other animals in being remarkably cellular and extremely well adapted to retain air. Experiments with deer hair proved that it was wonderfully buoyant. A man named Peck was the first to utilize the discovery, and, after taking out a patent for the invention, he sold it to Col. M. A. Bryson of St. Louis, who, associated with Mr. Thomas Knight, is applying the material to practical uses. The "Deer Hair Manufacturing Company" have their factory in New York, where they make various articles intended to keep mankind from drowning. Their life buoy, in use in the United States States navy, weighs only 2½ pounds, but it will sustain the weight of two men. Their life corset, weighing only half a pound, will support the heaviest man, and their mattress, weighing eight pounds, will support a quarter case, will sustain the weight of five persons. The mattresses are supplied with life lines at the sides, and, by uniting a number of these, a life raft can be provided in a few moments. All these appliances are made of duck web packed with deer hair. Another novelty is a life-preserving pillow, which can be used as a rest for the head, and, at a moment's notice, converted into a life preserver. The life jacket fastens without straps, and can be worn under the coat without inconvenience.

The most interesting of the many inventions of the company is a raft formed of two cigar-shaped cylinders, each twenty inches in diameter, packed with deer hair and connected by a flooring of wood. The cylinders are fifteen feet long, and the whole apparatus weighs only 800 pounds. It has a sustaining capacity of 3,600 pounds, and room for thirty persons.

In 1876 a government commission made experiments with the deer hair, and reported that one pound of it would sustain a weight of ten pounds for three days. The latest test was by a board of naval officers, who reported that after the deer hair had been saturated for seven days it sustained in water twelve times its weight, thus showing a buoyancy five times greater than that of cork. Recently the company have adopted a method of removing the oil and other extraneous matter from the hair, and by this means its buoyancy has been increased more than 100 per cent.

A Bustle about a Dog.

A thrilling occurrence is reported from Evanston, Ill., and it is probably the first instance in which the bustle of a woman became an implement of crime. The case is thus immortalized by the *Cleveland Leader*: There was a boy in that town named Daley. The boy had a dog, which he was accustomed to take with him on his daily excursions, to certain suburban pasture fields to drive home the cows. On the sixth instant young Daley found on his way to the pasture something white and fluffy and mysterious. He did not know what it was, but it was too beautiful to throw away, and the happy thought struck him that it might be intended as an ornamental portable awning for a dog. So he called his dog and tied the device around his body just behind his forelegs. This held the wavy ruffles in front of his master to where the cows were quietly grazing in the field. Immediately there was wild commotion. The cows knew in a general way something about dogs, but an animal half dog and half bird, with a towering banner of "halibone and wire and maulin floating in the summer wind, was to them a new and terrifying spectacle. They eyed the approaching terror a moment, then tossed their heads, turned tail and broke in a wild stampede for town. The frantic herd burst from the end of the lane into the main road just as a grave and serious individual came driving along. Him the cows headed not. The dog, with his phenomenal attachment waving up and down, was behind, and they cared for nothing in front. One jumped across between the horse and the vehicle, and then dashed against the wheels, capered the man into a ditch full of muddy water, and left the buggy standing on its beam ends with two wheels in the air. Then the horse caught sight of the dog and ran after the cow, smashing the vehicle to atoms and distributing it along about two miles of the public highway. The cows, reinforced by the flying herd, tried the village like an invading army, and such was the terror and surprise of the people that they have since a little else but talk about it. The man crawled out of the ditch and began legal proceedings against the boy, who came into town by a side street, and slipped up the back stairs unperceived. The dog with the bustle saw that he had overdone the thing and crept under a barn. The problem that absorbs mankind is where to classify the crime that boy under the statutes of Illinois.

It has been asked, when rain falls, does it ever get up again? Of course it does, in dew time.

FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE.

"Playing Grandma."

From a dainty little frame
Looks a winsome maiden down
Ruffled cap of snowy white,
Trailing skirts of somber brown.
Kerchief pinned with wondrous care,
Golden ringlets tucked away,
Quite demure—if hazel eyes
Did not Midget's mirth betray.
Baby fingers plump and white,
Circled by a ring of gold,
Grandma's knitting-work of gray
With an awkward firmness hold.
"Little woman dressed in brown,
Sunshine of our hearts and home,
On thy snowy brow may care
Lightly rest in years to come!"
—Mary P. Rollins.

Parlor Magic.

This series of experiments is designed for the use of young people who are interested in the wonders and the beautiful realities of nature, and who delight to observe for themselves how curious are the phenomena revealed by scientific knowledge. Simple instructions are given for the performance of a number of pretty experiments, all of which are perfectly safe, and cost very little money. For "evenings at home," it is hoped that these experiments will be found indefinitely amusing and recreative, at the same time they will lead the minds of boys and girls to inquiries into the entire fabric of the grand sciences which explain the principles on which they are founded. All the materials spoken of, and all the needed apparatus, which is of the simplest and most inexpensive kind, can be obtained at a good chemist's. It is of the highest importance that all the materials be pure and good.

MAGNETIC SUNSHINE.—Obtain a yard of "magnetic tape" or "magnetic wire," add very cheap by most drug-gists. Cut a length of six or eight inches; bend one extremity so as to get a good hold of it with a pair of forceps, or even a pair of ordinary scissors, or attach it to the end of a stick or wire. Then hold the piece of magnetic tape vertically in a strong flame, such as that of a candle, and in a few seconds it will ignite, burning with the splendor of sunshine, and making night seem noonday. As the burning proceeds, a quantity of white powder is formed. This is pure magnesia. While performing this splendid experiment, the room should be darkened.

CADAVEROUS FACES.—This is an amusing contrast to the lighting-up by means of magnesium. Again let the room be nearly darkened. Put about a tea-spoonful of the spirits of wine in a strong common dish or saucer, and place the dish in the middle of the table. Let every one approach to the distance of about a yard. Then ignite the spirit with a match. It will burn with a peculiar yellowish-blue flame, and in the light of this the human countenances, and objects of similar color, lose their natural tint, and look spectral. The contrast of the wan and ghostly hue with the smiling lips and white teeth of those who look on, is most amusing. The effect of this experiment is heightened by dissolving some common table-salt in the spirit, and still further by putting into it a small quantity of saffron. Let the spirit burn itself away.

ROSE-COLOR PRODUCED FROM GREEN.—Obtain a small quantity of rosin—one of the wonderful products obtained from gas-tar, and employed extensively in producing what are called by manufacturers the "magenta colors." Roseine exists in the shape of minute crystals, resembling those of sugar. They are hard and dry, and of the most brilliant green. Drop five or six of these little crystals into a large glass of limpid water. They will dissolve; but instead of giving a green solution, the product is an exquisite crimson-rose color, the color seeming to trickle from the surface of the water downward. When the solution has proceeded for a short time, stir the water with a glass rod, and the uncolored portion of it will become crimson.

THE MAGIC APERTURE.—Put several lighted candles upon the table, in a straight row and near together. Lay upon the table, in front of them, a large piece of smooth, white paper. Have ready a piece of pasteboard, large enough to conceal the candles, with a small hole out in it above the middle. Place this so as to stand upon its edge between the row of candles and the sheet of paper in front, and there will be as many images of flames thrown through the hole and upon the paper as there are burning candles.

GREEN FIRE.—Obtain some boracic acid, mix it with a small quantity of spirits of wine, or alcohol, place the alcohol in a saucer upon a dish, and then ignite it with a match. The flame will be a beautiful green. To see the color to perfection, of course, the room should be somewhat darkened.

A green flame may be also produced by using chloride of copper instead of boracic acid. And instead of mixing it with the alcohol, a small quantity may be imbedded in the wick of a candle.—*Leo H. Grindon in St. Nicholas.*

A German Mouse.—I want to give to the "children's column" a true story about a real, live, musical mouse.

Some wise people say that there is no such thing as a singing mouse, but listen! you and I are wise too, and after you have heard my story, you can form your own opinion.

I was in Germany when I saw and heard my mouse.

I lived in a queer, tall, old-fashioned house of brick and stone; the room where high, the windows deep and wide. Sitting on one of the broad window-seats late one night, watching the few passers-by in the moonlit street below, I was suddenly aroused by the sound of the watchman's voice, calling the hour, twelve o'clock.

Rising, I was about to turn back into the room, when all at once I heard the most delicate note, soft and clear, like a far away flute! I listened.

What could it be? It was not like a bird's cry; and more over, there were no birds about, for it was midwinter. Still, I said to myself, what else could it be?

Some pet bird, perhaps, escaped from its cage, was seeking shelter here. It might be on the sill outside the window. Crossing the room, lo! the mystery was solved.

On the sill inside, there he sat, the wee singer, as much at home as I was—a little, bright-eyed, glossy, gray mouse. Noisily I seated myself near him, and listened to the strange music; for I confess that I had then never heard of a singing mouse, and did not more than half believe that the sound proceeded from him.

As if guessing my thought, and determined to convince me that in musical Germany even beasts can sing, away he scampered from the window, ran across the room and up the cushioned side of my sofa.

Perching himself on one of the arms, his eyes twinkled with a knowing look, as much as to say, "Now doubt, if you dare!" and then he lifted up his voice and sang.

I have read that their song is much like a canary bird, but this did not bear the slightest resemblance to the singing of any bird; it was much softer and lower, and had a strange, far-away sound, as I said before, more like a flute softly breathed upon than anything else I can think of.

There were no sharp, shrill notes, nor was there any approach to the clear whistle of many of our birds; and instead of the long sustained trill of the canary, there was only a gentle "tremolo."

Very likely, however, mice differ as much as people do in their manner of singing; and my mouse sang according to the German "method," I suppose.

The entertainment lasted for about half an hour, and then before I could reward him with a crumb of cake, he shot away as fast as any mouse can run, and vanished through a little hole in the floor. Now remember, children, that this is a true story, and that some mice do sing.—*Youth's Companion.*

Kosciusko Did Not "Fall."

The jingling couplet which tells that the Polish patriot Kosciusko fell in battle, is not truthful. Every school-boy remembers Campbell's lines:

"Hope for a season, bade the world farewell,
And freedom shrieked as Kosciusko fell."
But a writer, by a statement of the facts, destroys the veracity of the couplet.

He did not fall from his horse, covered with wounds, at the engagement of Macieioice (1794), with the words: "This is the end of Poland." Taken prisoner, and held as such for some time, the Emperor Paul of Russia, on his succession, gave him liberty, an estate with 1,500 serfs, and a sum of money, and restored his sword. He afterward returned the money and resigned the estate, having declined or the spot the sword, with the remark that he had no further need of it, as he no longer had a country in whose service he might draw it. He revisited the United States, was granted a tract of land and a pension, and went back to France, engaging in agricultural pursuits near Fontainebleau. Later he went to Switzerland, making his home in Solerue, whence he sent a deed of manumission to all the serfs upon his Russian estate. The year following he was killed by the fall of his horse over a precipice, the fatal accident occurring twenty-three years after the battle of Macieioice.

When to Paint Houses.—Paint applied to the exterior of buildings in autumn or winter will endure twice as long as when applied in early summer or hot weather. In the former it dries slowly, and becomes hard, like a glazed surface, not easily affected by the heat of the sun, or worn off by the beating of storms.

But in very hot weather, the oil in the paint soaks into the wood at once, leaving the lead nearly dry and ready to crumble off. This last difficulty, however, might in a measure be guarded against, though at an increased expense, by first going over the surface with raw oil.

Furthermore, by painting in cold weather the annoyance of small flies, which invariably collect during the warm season on fresh paint, is avoided.

As an offset to this, there is a trouble with slow-drying paint—it is that the dust, which always will collect upon exposed surfaces, will keep collecting as long as the paint is not dry, and stick to it; so that to obtain a smooth surface, free from adhering dust, it is necessary to secure quick drying.

This is especially the case when varnishing. We have often been disappointed, and no doubt so have many others, that the varnish used to dry so slowly that dust had time to settle on it before it became hard.

Compressed Coffee.

A patent has recently been issued in Germany, says the *Deutsche Industrie Zeitung*, for a process of compressing ground and burnt coffee, for the purpose of making it more readily transportable and unalterable for a length of time. For this purpose the coffee is subjected to a pressure of from forty to seventy atmospheres in suitable cast-iron molds. The coffee is thus made into cakes, and comes into market in the form of a chocolate, divided as the latter is by ribs to facilitate breaking into pieces of suitable size for use. The interior surface of the molds is highly polished, by which artifice the outer crust of the compressed coffee is made sufficiently smooth and hard to prevent the tendency of the ethereal oil of the coffee to escape from the interior of the cakes. The volume of the coffee thus prepared is reduced to less than one-third of that of the original. It is asserted that the operation does not in the least affect the good qualities, and that it can be packed and transported in tin foil or other packages, preserving its aroma indefinitely.

The Finest Residence in America.

Flood, the California millionaire, is building what will, it is said, be the finest private residence in America. The grounds include 1,500 acres on San Francisco bay, comprising a natural park ready for improvements to any desired extent. The house is 100 by 200 feet in area, and resembles a French chateau of the old style. Verandas surround it, and the roof is broken with many gables and two towers 140 feet high. The entire exterior is very ornate. Among the apartments are several parlors, music room, library and wine room, the latter being of uncommon size. The dining room is 100 feet long, so that great dinners may be given in it; most of it can be shut off, leaving a room of comparatively small size for ordinary use. Five years will be consumed in completing the house and its surroundings. Mr. Flood also contemplates a city residence of corresponding magnificence.

Bashful lover—"Ah, miss, I, I wanted to see your father. I've some important business matters to propose to him." Benevolent young lady—"Well, I'm sorry father is not in—but can't you make the proposal to me?" The wedding cards were soon ordered.

A Word of Warning to Counterfeiters.—The wide-spread fame of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters causes a necessity on our part to remind you from time to time, whom it may concern, of the fact that imitating said article is a punishable offense, and we now give this word of caution: that we will most anxiously have all those persons engaged in refilling our second-hand bottles, selling by the gallon or barrel, or in any manner whatsover palming off on the public a spurious article purporting to be our preparation, punished to the full extent of the law. Penalty for counterfeiting, or dealing in counterfeit trademark goods, as set forth in a law recently passed by Congress: "Fine not exceeding \$1,000, or imprisonment not more than two years, or both, such fine and imprisonment."

We never fail to convict. NOTICE TO DEALERS AND PURCHASERS.—Hostetter's Bitters are never under any circumstances, sold in bulk, but always in bottles, with a finely engraved U. S. Internal Revenue stamp, covering the cork, and the cork itself, and the bottle is sealed with a cork and a cork cap. There is but one remedy that positively cures these affections, and that remedy is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It is the best known tonic, alterative and solvent. It speedsily cures pimples, blotches, liver spots and all diseases arising from impure or unclean blood. It also cures dyspepsia, and regulates the liver and bowels. Sold by druggists.

THE POOR MAN'S FRIEND.—Doctors' bills are too long for the poor man's pocket, but many of them may be avoided by keeping Grace's Salve in the cupboard. It is the "precious pot of ointment," curing burns, cuts, scalds, sprains, chilblains, chapped hands, &c. Prudent housewives will save their husbands' hard-earned money by purchasing a box of this salve.

Experience has conclusively shown that for cutaneous eruptions, open sores, leprosy, eruptions, and rheumatic complaints, Henry's Carbolic Salve is more efficacious than any ointment, lotion or embrocation that has ever been devised. Physicians admit this, and the popular verdict confirms and ratifies the professional dictum, and assigns this salve the foremost place among remedies of its class. Sold by all druggists.

OWEN
The Celebrated
Wood Tag Plug
TOBACCO
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 colic, flatulency 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.

There is nothing so essential to health and happiness as pure rich blood. It prevents exhausted vitality, premature decline, nervous and physical debility, besides untold other miseries. Parson's Fargate Pills purify and enrich the blood, and will change the blood in the entire system in three months.

The Grand Central Hotel, of New York, is making great inducements for the fall and winter months, with all modern improvements and every convenience. Parties can find a pleasant home at very moderate prices. Early application should be made. Transient rates reduced to \$2.50 and \$3.00 per day.

If you fall to find Pike's Centennial Salt Rheum Salve in your city or village, we will send you the address of your best druggist, we will put him in a way to supply you.
J. J. PIERCE & CO., Chelsea, Mass.

There is no pain, no matter how severe nor what the cause, that cannot be partly or wholly relieved by Johnson's Anodyne Liniment, used internally and externally. It is the most powerful remedy known to medical men.

To cleanse and whiten the teeth, to sweeten the breath, use Brown's Camphorated Saponaceous Dentifrice. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

A cable dispatch to the Associated Press says that Miss & Hamilton have been awarded the highest gold medal at the Paris Exposition for their Cabinet Organs. Thirty best makers of this world were competitors.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.—Farmers, Families and Others can purchase on Remedy equal to Dr. THOMAS' VENETIAN LINIMENT for the cure of Cholera, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Grippe, Cholera and Sea-sickness, taken internally (it is perfectly harmless, and safe accompanying each bottle) and externally for Chronic Rheumatism, Headache, Toothache, Stomachache, Neuralgia, Pains in Limbs, Back and Throat, Sprains, Burns, Swellings, Bruises, Dislocations, Cuts, Scalds, Frost-bites, Blisters, and Ulcers. The VENETIAN LINIMENT was introduced in 1847, and no one who has used it but continues to do so, many stating that it was the only thing that saved them from the most terrible of diseases. It is sold by the Depot, speaking of its wonderful curative properties. Sold by the Druggists at 40 cts. per bottle. 42 Murray St., New York.

The Market.

NEW YORK.	
Beef—Native	10 00
Do—Foreign	10 00
Mutton—Native	10 00
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Sheep—Native	10 00
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Pork—Native	10 00
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Do—No. 14 Red 10 00
Do—No. 15 Red 10 00
Do—No. 16 Red 10 00
Do—No. 17 Red 10 00
Do—No. 18 Red 10 00
Do—No. 19 Red 10 00
Do—No. 20 Red 10 00
Do—No. 21 Red 10 00
Do—No. 22 Red 10 00
Do—No. 23 Red 10 00
Do—No. 24 Red 10 00
Do—No. 25 Red 10 00
Do—No. 26 Red 10 00
Do—No. 27 Red 10 00
Do—No. 28 Red 10 00
Do—No. 29 Red 10 00
Do—No. 30 Red 10 00
Do—