Faithful Unto Death.

A touching story is narrated in connection with the execution of Walter Watson at Highland, Ind., for the murder of Ezra Compton. The parties had quarreled about the charge of twenty-five cents for some soap made by Compton, who was a storekeeper. The wife of Watson, to whom he had been but a year married, endeavored to restrain him from the quarrel, but her entreaties failed. A week before the execution Mrs. Watson visited the governor with her babe in her arms, and made a strong personal appeal for mercy, but that official declined to interfere because the sentence had been confirmed by the Supreme Court. The faithful wife was a daily visitor to her husband's cell, and joined him in fervent prayers for forgiveness. During the last night most of the time she sat on his knee, breathing words of love and encouragement, or at his feet, caressing his hands. He was truly a penitent and expressed himself as having made peace with God. As the time approached for the execution she was for a moment overcome and fell on her husband's neck in uncontrollable anguish, but suddenly she raised her flaxen head and assisted in arraying him for his doom. She had contributed a necktie and a pair of slippers and put them on him with a fierce determination that overmastered her agony. She combed his hair, and seeing all was ready, said she would go with him. All present remonstrated with her, in which the minister joined. Her reply was a rebuke that few women would have ventured. "I should not have expected this from a minister. When I was married I promised to cleave to my husband for better or for worse. I promised this to a minister, and I am going to keep my word as far as God will let me." On reaching the gallows the pair soonto be sundered mounted the steps hand in hand. They were seated side by side over the fatal trap. She again took his hand and sobbed with her little head resting upon his shoulder, while the minister made the closing prayers.

Meanwhile the culprit sat in his chair, unmoved. A heart-broken wife was sobbing on his bosom, strong men sobbed, but the man about to be hanged seemed an uninterested spectator of the absorbing scene of which he was the central figure. For fully five minutes he sat there without the least perceptible twitch of a muscle. There was no bravado in this composure; it was rather the calmness of resignation. At the close of the religious exercises the two stood up, and for the last time she embraced her husband, kissed him passionately, and with "Good-bye, Walter," stepped back and fell into the arms of the good Christian ladies who were there to receive her. The last words of the unhappy man were a fervent prayer for mercy and for heavenly aid to his poor wife. At the sheriff's house she saw the remains of her husband in his coffin, and, kissing his lips and arranging the hair, turned away with a look of woe and said: "I can cry no more; I have no more tears. God have mercy on me and my little baby!"

An hour later the coffin was in an East-bound train, accompanied by the wife. At Richland, a bleak station seven miles from this point, it was deposited on the barren ground, and as the train moved on only one other person besides the widow was in charge. The face that broken-hearted woman turned up to the occupants of the passing train, most of whom had seen the hanging, will haunt many in their dreams.—*Baltimore American.*

A Governor's Arrest as a Horse Thief

It is related that while Thomas Mann Randolph was Governor of Virginia, he was once arrested within a few hundred yards of his home, in this county, and carried a prisoner to his own house. The story is to the following effect: The governor was on a visit to his own home, and finding that the fencing on his plantation was pulled down and burned by wagoners passing along from the Valley to Richmond, he determined to detect and punish them. One evening he observed a party go into camp on the roadside, and after dark he strolled down to a point where he could conveniently watch them. He staid out all night, but the wagoners made no depredations on his fences. In the early morning, however, when they were about to kindle the fires to prepare breakfast, they started out to gather up what fuel they might find for that purpose, when they spied a man sitting on the fence a short distance ahead.

Now, it appears that a short time before, Governor Randolph had issued his proclamation, offering a reward for the capture of an escaped horse thief, and the wagoners, who had seen the description of the convict, thought they discovered a close resemblance between the man on the fence and the escaped felon. So thoroughly satisfied were they that they would receive the reward for his arrest that they approached and announced that he was their prisoner. One of them proposed, as he cracked his wagon whip, to give him a thrashing and then let him go, but his companion protested that it was proper to ascertain whether he was the guilty party before inflicting the punishment, and proposed to take him to the residence of Governor Randolph, which was near by, and get his advice. Accordingly, they marched their prisoner up to the house, and knocking at the front door, a servant made his appearance, of whom they inquired:

"Is your master at home?"

The servant opened his eyes in astonishment at the inquiry, and replied, pointing to the governor:

"That's master!"

It is said that the governor then promptly confirmed the statement of the servant, and joined heartily in the laugh that followed. He then told the man who had proposed to whip him without the opportunity of defense to remain outside and he would send him refreshments, at the same time unbuttoning his coat, exposing a pair of pistols, and remarking that he should certainly have used them had an attempt been made to carry the threat of castigation into execution. The other wagoner he invited in to join him in a hot breakfast.—*Charlottesville (Va.) Chronicle.*

Proper Size of the Human Form.

The proper proportions of the human form, as laid down by the best authorities, are as follows: The height should be exactly equal to the distance between the tips of the middle fingers of either hand when the arms are fully extended. Ten times the length of the hand, or seven and a half times the length of the foot, or five times the diameter of the chest, from one armpit to the other, should also each give the height of the whole body. The distance from the junction of the thighs to the ground should be the same as from that point to the crown of the head. The knee should be precisely midway between the same point and the bottom of the heel. The distance from the elbow to the tip of the middle finger should be the same as from the elbow to the middle line of the breast. From the top of the head to the level of the chin should be the same as from the level of the chin to that of the armpits, and from the heel to the toe

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Four hundred Kentucky mules, for the use of the British troops in South Africa, have been shipped from New York.

A blundering Dubuque printer calmly alludes to an attorney-at-jaw.

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD

Orchard and Garden Notes.

Coarse fodder, such as corn butts, straw and over-ripe hay are improved one quarter to one-half of their value by steaming before feeding, But the gain in steaming good hay is considerable.

Liberal feeding is true economy. The aim should be to induce animals of all kinds to eat all they have a good appetite for and digest, by changing food and also changing methods of preparing it.

Pomologists generally disapprove of raising wheat and other kinds of grain in young orchards, on account of the tendency of such crops to dry up the soil in summer, leaving the trees to suffer for want of moisture. In wet soil the grains must be beneficial instead of injurious, especially in wet seasons; still, as a rule, we would prefer to plant the land in orchards with some kind of crop requiring cultivation in summer. Potatoes, peas, beans or other low growing kinds are preferable to corn or table crops.

It is well known among feeders that when an animal is once ready for fattening, the quicker the process is carried on the better and the more tender the meat. Above all, once an animal is being fed, it should not be allowed to shrink during the fattening. It is not only a loss of time, but the animal will not retain that uniform juiciness of flesh that it otherwise would. If the animal be intended to be fed right along from the calf, a plan usually practiced by the best feeders now-a-days, so that it may be turned off ripe at not more than three years old past, it must be forced right along from the time it is weaned. In fact the calf should never know the weaning process.

Few of us are sufficiently aware of the true value of our insectivorous birds. From early spring until late autumn these restless visitors hunt the fields and gardens in quest of food, prying into every nook and crevice where the destroyers of our crops lie concealed, a countless host of which falls a prey to their busy search during the season of planting and harvesting. Every bird that frequents a farm—if we except the henhawk and crow—comes to offer us an unpaid service whose importance we can hardly overestimate. Let any one who doubts this watch a phœbe-bird, or a sparrow for half an hour, and see how, with scarcely a moment's intermission, our little insect-hunter pursues his eager task; and then, let him reflect upon the necessity, the duty, of affording these birds every possible protection.

A simple and convenient method of obtaining a supply of radishes at any season of the year consists in steeping the seeds in water for twenty-four hours, and then exposing them to heat in small bags. In another twenty-four hours they will have commenced to germinate, and, if then sown in boxes of well-manured soil, and occasionally sprinkled with a tepid water, radishes as large as pickling onions will be ready for gathering in five or six days.—*American Cultivator.*

Recipes.

STUFFED EGGS.—Six hard-boiled eggs, cut in two, take out the yolks and mash fine; then add two teaspoonfuls of butter, one of cream, two or three drops of onion juice, and salt and pepper to taste; mix all thoroughly and fill the eggs with this mixture; put them together. Then there will be a little of the filling left, to which add one well-beaten egg. Cover the eggs with this mixture and then roll in cracker crumbs. Fry a light brown in boiling fat.

FROSTED CREAM PIE.—One pint of milk, three eggs, one-half a cup of flour and one cup of sugar. Beat the yolks and sugar together, and then add a little milk and put in flour and a little salt. Frosting for the same.—Take the whites of the eggs and beat to a stiff froth, add three tablespoonfuls of sugar, and flavor with lemon. Bake the pie first, and when cold add the frosting; drop on with a spoon, and set it in the oven till a light brown.

NEW WAY TO COOK CHICKENS.—Cut the chicken up, put it in a pan and cover it over with water; let it stew as usual, and when done make a thickening of cream and flour, adding a piece of butter and pepper and salt. Have made and bake a pair of short-cakes, made as for pie crust, but roll thin and cut in small squares. This is much better than chicken pie and more simple to make. The crusts should be laid on a dish and the chicken gravy poured over while both are hot.—*Free Press.*

INDIAN PUDDING.—This Indian pudding is so easily made I think you will like it: Scald a quart of milk (skimmed milk will do), and stir in seven heaped tablespoons of sifted Indian meal, a teaspoonful of salt, a teaspoonful of ginger or ginger and cinnamon mixed half and half, a tablespoon or more of chopped suet, a teacup of molasses; last, one egg. If you want whey, pour in a little cold milk after it is all mixed, ready to put in the oven. Bake one and a half or two hours.—*Rural Home.*

MEAT HASH.—Chop fine any kind of cold meat (before chopping dredge with salt and pepper. This is always the best manner of seasoning hash, as by this means all parts will be seasoned alike). If you have cold potatoes, chop fine and mix with the meat; if they are hot, mash. Allow one-third meat to two-thirds potato. Put this mixture in the frying-pan, with a little water to moisten it, and stir in a spoonful of butter, or, if you have nice beef drippings, use that instead of butter. Heat slowly, stirring often, and, when warmed through, cover and let stand on a moderately hot part of the stove or range twenty minutes. When ready to dish, fold as you would an omelet, and dish. Save all the trimmings and pieces that are left of all kinds of meat, and have a hash once or twice a week. It does not hurt a hash to have different kinds of meat in it. Avoid having a hash greasy.

Cultivating Roses.

I have for several years cultivated a few choice roses. Last spring I added twenty to the number, and nearly all of them I set out in three and four inch pots. In June I plunged these into the soil of my flower garden; two of my older roses and three of my new ones, however, were planted directly in the soil. All these roses were of the ever-blooming sort. One of the three new roses that were set in the ground, and only one, grew more luxuriantly and bloomed more abundantly than those in the pots. It was that charming rose *Bon Silene.* It gave me six roses in midsummer, and then a new shoot sprang up from the roots, grew very rapidly, and put forth three buds, and a branch put forth two more, so in the autumn I had five roses (eleven in all) on that tiny bush. After potting and removing to the house in October, let it rest a few weeks and then cut off nearly all of its leaves; from the shoot referred to I removed every one. At this time, two weeks later, there are vigorous shoots more than an inch long, with buds already peeping forth, where I cut off the leaves.

Several years ago I was forced to strip my bushes of their leaves, not knowing then how otherwise to get rid of the aphis, though I have since proved the virtues of hellebore. Soon after thus despoiling the plant, it would repay my harshness by putting forth new shoots at the leaf joints, crowded with buds. Some people are so careful of their barren rose plants that not a leaf must be cut off, not a branch pruned, so that they have naughtbut the unsightly bush to care for, whereas, if they would cut down the old wood they might be rewarded by a new growth. A good rich soil is quite as essential as pruning; also moisture and sunshine. I have seen people who became discouraged because their new rose plants dropped their leaves. No matter how green the stalk, they exclaim: "My rose bush is dead;" and by neglect they soon kill it. Had I pursued the same course, several of my choice plants, that have yielded lovely roses two months after setting out, would have been a failure. So long as there is life in the stalk there is hope that it will put forth and bud.—*M. D. W., in Vick's Magazine.*

A Cure for Boils.

Dr. Simon, a physician of Lorraine, in France, states that as soon as the characteristic culminating point of a boil makes it appearance, he puts in a saucer a thimbleful of camphorated alcohol, and, dipping the ends of his fingers into the liquid, rubs the inflamed surface, especially the central portion, repeating the operation eight or ten times, continuing the rubbing at each time for about half a minute. He then allows the surface to dry, placing a slight coating of camphorated olive oil over the inflamed surface. He states that one such application will, in most all cases, cause boils to dry up and disappear. The application should be made morning, noon and in the evening. He avers that the same treatment will cure whitlows, and all injuries of the tips of the fingers. As soon as pain and redness appear, the fingers should be soaked for ten minutes in camphorated sweet oil. The relief is said to be immediate, and three applications are generally enough to effect a cure.—*Old Paper.*

Jokes from French Papers.

At the Police Court.—Judge—Your age?

Woman—Just what you like.

Judge—Very well, forty-five; your profession?

Woman—Pardon your honor; you're ten years out of the way at the very least.

Judge—Well, fifty-five, if you like.

Woman—But I swear, your honor, I ain't a day over thirty-five.

Judge—There, you have answered my question at last.

There is a museum of curiosities where a visitor saw two tongues, a big and a little one, under a glass.

'Who do them there tongues belong to?'

'The biggest one was the tongue of King Louis XIV.'

'And whose was the little feller's?'

'That was Louis Fourteenth's when he was a boy.'

He entered the grocery store, said not a word, but allowed his cane to swing to and fro exactly as the pendulum of a clock. The grocer only said: "No; we sell nothing on tick," and the man with the cane passed sadly and silently out.

A young person at a concert conscientiously sang, so as to set your teeth on edge, the fine air:

'I sing well when he is near.'

An impatient listener arose and said, in a loud voice:

'It would appear that he has not yet arrived.'

A painter is carrying a portrait to the salon, all finished but the head. 'Is that a portrait of a cabinet officer?' 'Yes,' said the painter; 'but they change so often I haven't had a chance to put a head on him.'

A Drunken Deer.

It is stated by an authority that the deer—at any rate the French deer—for all his amiable qualities gets drunk. But only at this time of the year. He then 'throws himself with avidity' upon certain tender shoots containing a juice which ferments in his stomach and intoxicates him to such an extent that he strays from his usual haunts and 'follows his nose.' Thus it came to pass that a deer 'in liquor' was discovered by a peasant, also 'in liquor,' lying 'dead drunk' in a ditch on the road to the village of Queue-en-Brie. The peasant, delighted at the godsend, tied the deer's legs together with a handkerchief, and, having hoisted the animal on his shoulders, prepared to carry him off. The deer, roused from his drunken sleep by this treatment, became so troublesome that the peasant, who was of an inventive turn, took off his blouse, passed it over the deer's head and improvised by means of it a sort of strait-jacket, which paralyzed the beast's movements. He had just finished these intelligent proceedings when he perceived two gendarmes, who, without more ado, requested to be furnished with his name and address, in view of legal proceedings. In the meanwhile the deer, whose feet had been untied, scampered off, a little embarrassed by the blouse, to his doe and family, whose consternation at his strange appearance may be readily imagined. He probably had a bad time of it when he reached his own quarters, while the peasant had to reckon with the legal authorities. Thus we see how a deer, as well as a man, got into trouble through drink.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Kessenger's Komicalities.

Lockport's new mayor is a feather weight --one Pound.

A lover of a certain cut of beefsteak is like a plucky prize-fighter, always ready for another round.

The most economical man is reported as living in the second ward. He took a bung-hole to the cooper to have a barrel made around it.

An exchange asks: "Why do the horns of a cow grow up and the tail down?" We suppose it is because the horns do not grow down and the tail does not grow up. If this is not the answer we give it up.

A Roman says he has figured out the cause of the failures that overtake business men. When he went to school he was taught that the world was the shape of an orange---round, but a little flattened at the poles. He says that is where the trouble lies. If the world had not been flattened at the poles everything would have gone on all right.

A painter, who had already put seven coats of paint on the walls, remonstrated with the lady of the house because she wanted him to put on another coat, just to change the tint a little. "Why not put on more?" she said. "What will be the harm?" "Well, madam, if you keep on, you will take up all the room with paint, and then you will have no space for your furniture." Butshe insisted, and at last accounts he was still painting.---*Rome Sentinel.*

A Cornish miner was recently found dead in a mine, and was duly buried. A neighbor of the deceased the next night dreamed that a gentleman in a carriage and pair had driven up to the house of the mother of the deceased, and said her son was not dead, but had been buried alive. The dream being noised about, the next night seven or eight men went to the graveyard, dug up the coffin, and carried it to a chapel. They unscrewed the coffin lid and there was the body of their comrade apparently still living and breathing. So convinced were they of this that they set him up, and while some attempted to revive him by stimulants and friction, others ran off to the nearest surgeon, two miles distant. The surgeon arrived, and examined the body amid great excitement, and then stated that the man was dead, and had been dead some days.

THE GREAT MINING CAMP.

The Unprecedented Rush for Leadville, Col.—Precious Metals in Abundance—Strange Scenes of Miners' Life.

A year ago Leadville, Col., was a deserted mining camp. To-day it contains several churches and three theaters, and is the most bustling, exciting spot in America. Although distant twenty miles from any railroad, hundreds are pouring into the place daily, and the surrounding country is filled with eager searchers for the precious metals which are found everywhere in abundance. Writing from Leadville, a correspondent of the Louisville *Courier-Journal* says:

"I think I am fully justified in saying that new 'strikes' are being made daily. Prospect holes on the mountain sides for miles around are as thick as cheeries upon a tree in full fruit. Daily there comes to town some happy individual whose pick has struck into the precious stuff. The streets are full of men who are ready to buy claims and prospects, yet there is so great risk in buying that all are cautious and wary. Hourly, aye, constantly, the ripple of talk goes from center to circumference and back again—talk of mines, claims, prospects, strikes, prices paid and received. Every one nearly is interested, or seeking to become so, in claims. The demure-looking individual that looks at you over his gold spectacles, seeming calm and unconcerned, is anxiously waiting news from his claim up Big Evans, Little Evans or Stray Horse gulch. The clerk who is yonder measuring a rod of ribbon is in his thoughts measuring the distance from the surface to the deposit on his claim. That man reeling in drunkenness along the streets has just come in from his claim. So it goes. Everybody is interested, and hence everybody is excited over the news to be gathered. Nor is the mining excitement confined to this district. Carbonateville or Ten-mile, Kokomo, Granite, Eagle River, the Gunneson and many other places within a radius of forty miles of Leadville come in for their share of the excitement. Reports are constantly coming in of rich strikes at each of the places. But Leadville is the center. From this place go the prospectors; to this place come those who have prospered. This makes Leadville the wonder, and puts it far ahead of any camp known in the past or present. It is impossible to give a correct or definite idea of the camp. It must be seen to be known. Though thousands of letters go from here daily, both to the press and individuals, and each writer strives to tell those behind what it is and what it is like, yet every newcomer is surprised, and in no instance that has come under my observation has the camp failed to far exceed expectations.

"Take out the ringing of the church-bells and the small percentage of the population which attend church, and there is no Sabbath in Leadville. The saw-mills turn out just as much lumber, the blacksmith fires are just as hot, as much and more money is won and lost at gaming, as many goods are sold on the Sabbath as on a week day. In truth, in passing through the town on the Sabbath, if the street leading by the churches is not taken no imagination could torture it into a Sabbath day. There is the same whirr and buzz as on other days; or, if there be a difference, it is on the increase, for Sunday is the day that many miners come in from the mountains to do their trading. In justice to the carpenters, I should mention that I have noticed that not a great many of them thus desecrate the Lord's day; but it does really look as if nearly all who have come here have neglected to bring the fourth commandment with them.

"The universal inquiry is, will this rush continue, and, if so, how long? Shrewd men hold their business well in hand, so that if the crash should come their lamps will be burning. One thing is beyond doubt, and that is that the mountains are full of carbonates, and I now do not doubt that the richest discoveries are yet to be made, and that the half has not yet been dreamed of. In addition to the silver discoveries, gold has been found in its very richness up to the California gulch (the memorable gulch of the 1860 excitement). Capitalists have taken hold of it, and the indications now are that during the coming summer many gold leads will be found. As long as these discoveries are made Leadville will thrive; beyond this I will not attempt to prophesy, for the longer I stay here the more bewildered and puzzled am I. The enterprise here is astonishing. New houses are going up, as with a magician's wand, in all parts of the camp. A street that was familiar yesterday presents a wholly different appearance to-day, and yet there is a cry for more houses, more room, etc., etc. I succeeded in getting an office on Chestnut street, after waiting and watching two weeks. It was rented before the house was built, but the party failed to take it, and I happened to apply at the 'nick of time,' much to the discomfiture of two or three applicants, who came a hour later than I. My room is 10x12, and I am considered extremely fortunate in having to pay only forty dollars per month for it. I am still in receipt of letters asking advice about coming here. I can only say what I have said before. There is an abundance of mineral, and strikes are constantly being made. One coming here may become rich in a week, and he may fail. It depends upon his fortune in striking mineral. There is absolutely no room for clerks, bookkeepers, etc. Men of energy and will, who are willing to work in the earth, can find work to do in hunting for mineral, though it is proper to say that the stoutest men have to become inured to the climate before they can do much labor. On account of the rarified air, a walk of one hundred yards exhausts the breath, so a 'tender foot' (a name for new-comers) is illy prepared for labor until he is acclimated.

"Mortality is not so great here as I expected to find. A visit to one of the saloons at midnight would justify a conclusion of a fearful mortality. Hundreds sleep on the wet, cold floors, without cover or comfort. It has been my wonder that they do not die by the score. I believe that such would be the case in a damper atmosphere.

"I am acquainted with 'Chicken Bill,' a most remarkable character. He has found more paying deposits than any other one man, but he always sells out for a few hundred dollars. Lives and drinks it out and prospects again. He 'salted' a claim at Silver Cliff and sold it. The parties went to work and really struck a rich deposit, and have now a very valuable mine, which he chicken Bill's surprise."

Conjugal Solicitude.

Riding in a railroad car:

Husband—You are quite comfortable, dear?

Wife—Yes, love.

Husband—The cushions are easy and soft, ducky?

Wife—Yes, darling.

Husband—You don't feel any jolts, pet?

Wife—No, sweetest.

Husband—And there is no draught on my lamb, is there, angel?

Wife—No, my ownest own.

Husband—Then change seats with me!

Said a saloon-keeper to a reformed man whom he met on the street: "How drunk you have been in my place before now.' 'Yes," replied the other, "but remember how sober I have kept out of it.'---*Cincinna Saturday ight.*

It is when our budding hopes are nipped beyond recovery by some rough wind that we are the most disposed to picture to ourselves what flowers they might have borne if they had flourished.

"AS SIAM."—General Grant quietly asked the King of Siam if he would resign and accept a position in his next cabinet. The king rolled his eyes round toward the general in an incredulous manner, and, changing his "Jackson's Best" to the other side of his mouth, said, "I guess I am well enough as Siam."—*Lewiston Gazette.*

Wrenched and Racked

By the pangs of rheumatism, the joints eventually become greviously distorted, and sometimes assume an almost grotesque deformity. To prevent such results by a simple and agreeable means is certainly the part of wisdom. A tendency to rheumatic ailments may be successfully combatted with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a medicine with the prestige of a long and successful career, of unbounded popularity, and of emphatic professional indorsement. It removes from the blood those inflammatory impurities which pathologists assign as the cause of rheumatism, and not only purifies the

[redacted]

gans made; but they are not much more, while the quality is vastly superior. This has been so thoroughly proved by the results at all great world's expositions for many years that it is no longer a question. At the prices, they are the cheapest organs offered.

To Farmers and Fruit Growers.

We are requested to say that the American Drier Co., Chambersburg, Pa., will send a catalogue of the new process of fruit evaporation free. Nearly 100 first premiums awarded it in 1878. Prices, markets and buyers of evaporated fruit, etc., etc.

CHEW
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New York, Boston, and Chicago.

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Smoke Pogue's "Sitting Bull Durham Tobacco."

THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK.		
Beef Cattle—Med. Natives, live wt..	09¼@	09¾
Calves—State Milk	04 @	05
Sheep	04⅞@	06¼
Lambs	05 @	06¾
Hogs—Live	03 @	04
Dressed	05¼@	05¾
Flour—Ex. State, good to fancy	3 90 @	5 50
Western, good to fancy	4 00 @	6 75
Wheat—No. 1 Red	1 14¾@	1 11
White State	1 14½@	15 4½
Rye—State	60½@	61
Barley—Two-Rowed State	61 @	61
Corn—Ungraded Western Mixed	44 @	5½
Southern Yellow	49 @	49
Oats—White State	34½@	39¾
Mixed Western	31 @	32
Hay—Retail grades	60 @	70
Straw—Long Rye, per cwt	45 @	55
Hops—State, new crop	05 @	13
Pork—Mess	9 40 @	9 50
Lard—City Steam	06 50@	0609
Petroleum—Crude	07¾@08¼	Refined—32
Wool—State and Pennsylvania	30 @	50
Butter—State Creamery	10 @	12
Dairy	12 @	18
Western Creamery	17 @	23
Factory	07 @	12
Cheese—State Factory	03 @	09
Skims	03 @	04¾
Western Factory	02 @	08½
Eggs—State and Pennsylvania	15 @	15¼
PHILADELPHIA.		
Flour—Penn. choice to fancy	5 00 @	5 00
Wheat—Penn. Red	1 13 @	1 13
Amber	1 13½@	1 14
Rye—State	57 @	58½
Corn—State Yellow	44 @	33½
Oats—Mixed	30 @	31½
Butter—Creamery Extra	25 @	27
Cheese—New York Factory	09 @	09½
Petroleum—Crude	08¼@08¾	Refined, 09¼
BUFFALO.		
Flour—City Ground, No. 1 Spring	5 25 @	5 75
Wheat—Red Winter	1 08 @	1 09
Corn—New Western	39 @	39
Oats—State	32 @	33
Barley—Two-Rowed State	6: @	62
BOSTON.		
Beef—Cattle, live weight	04¾@	08¾
Sheep	05¼@	05¾
Hogs	04½@	04¾
Flour—Wisconsin and Minn. Pat	6 50 @	8 25
Corn—Mixed and Yellow	47 @	48
Oats—Extra White	37 @	40
Rye—State	65 @	64
Wool—Washed Combing & Delaine	35 @	3:
Unwashed, " "	21 @	26½
BRIGHTON (MASS.) CATTLE MARKET.		
Beef—Cattle, live weight	04½@	05¼
Sheep	04 @	06
Lambs	05 @	06
Hogs	04½@	7

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