A THANKSGIVING PARTY.

Banks and his wife consulted,
One bright November day,
Planning a splendid dinner
In a pleasant airy way.
"We'll have a grand Thanksgiving,"
Said Banks; "grand, Polly dear,
You get the guests together,
And I'll provide the cheer."

Then Banks, with heart o'erflowing,
Said, "Now's the time, my dear,
To ask one's wife's relations;
So jot them all be here.
Yes, ask them all, my darling;
Your husband's not the man
To stop half-way in making
A pleasant family plan."

So Polly asked her people
(And they were not a few)—
Papa, mamma, and brothers,
And all her sisters, too.
These brought their little children—
A laughing, romping crowd;
And, in the after-dinner speech
Banks really felt quite "proud."

Yet through it all a shadow
Into his bosom stole;
He knew what bills were coming in;
They paralyzed his soul!
He knew that Mother Pippling
Was whispering good advice
In Polly's ear, and, somehow,
That wasn't very nice.

He knew the romping children
Had done him damage dire
(For Banks had dainty furniture
As any could desire);
But still the guests were merry,
The dinner "went off well,"
In spite of many vexing things
Which one don't care to tell.

And when, at last, 'twas over,
And ev'ry guest gone home,
The tumbled house quite still again,
And resting-time was come,
Sweet Mrs. Banks said, cheerily,
"My dear, how kind of them
To come to us! Though mother—"
(Banks softly coughed "Ahem!")

"Yes, mother noticed—bless her!—
One slight omission, dear;
She said Thanksgiving dinners
Without one 'thank' were queer.
I know you don't say grace, dear;
But don't it seem to you
That to give thanks at such a time
Is what one ought to do?"

He fell into a reverie:
"You're right!" he signed at last;
"Thank Heaven, the thing is over;
They're gone, and all is past!"
And so, in simple language,
By that good husband Banks,
The grand Thanksgiving dinner
Was crowned by hearty thanks.

MISS WING'S THANKSGIVING.

Miss Wing's kitchen was prim and clean as broom, soap and soft water could make it; and Miss Wing sat in it, rigid and warlike, before the blackest of stoves, her feet planted firmly on a square of rag carpet.

There was never an atom of dust, or even a skimmer or tin spoon out of place in that kitchen; for, in all the wide world, there was no one or thing that dared to enter without special permission, excepting a few stray sunbeams, and even they crept in and shimmered on the geraniums in the window as if they hardly dared.

It was Thanksgiving eve, and the faint odor of cranberry tarts and pumpkin pies crept out from the pantry, and gave a sort of festal fragrance to the room, which might have led a stranger to believe that Miss Wing meant to celebrate, and had been preparing for guests. It would have been difficult for her to tell you for whom, however, as all her nearest relations lay up on the hillside, and, driven by her own stern will, "lovers and friends had departed far from her."

The only person living who was at all connected with her was a poor, country minister, with a John Rogers sort of a family, whose life was a constant struggle to cover the body and satisfy the hunger of the ten healthy, growing children. We cannot wonder that he sometimes thought of Cousin Selina's age and nice little fortune, that "would go to some one." Neither can we wonder that, in a fit of desperation, he wrote and asked her to take his oldest daughter for the winter.

"Let the girl come," said Miss Wing. "I'll make her useful." So useful, indeed, that Milly Thorne never went to bed at night without seeing ropes of dried apples that she had strung, and acres of tallow candles she had dipped, swimming before her tired eyes.

But all things have an end, and patient little Milly Thorne, worn out with hard work, and in despairing of ever finding in Miss Wing that proverbial soft spot which is in every one's heart, packed her little sachel and went back over the hills to the crowded house, the tired mother and the many children, where there was dearth of everything but love. So Miss Wing threw away a golden opportunity of crowning her old age with love and happiness.

I think it must have been from force of habit that she had cooked her most golden pumpkin and stuffed her fattest pullet for a solitary Thanksgiving feast. For it was very certain she would bid no one to share it with her, and still more certain that no one would come unbidden. For she set her face like a flint against visits from grown-up people, and with every child in the village she was at open war. The meeker ones among them would run if they saw her coming, and not even the bravest dare ask her for a flower, while the lawless and ungoverned ones invented ways to torment her.

One little colored boy, especially, whom the children called Caterpillar, was the plague of her existence. His chief amusement was to perch himself upon her white gate post, his rags fluttering in the wind, the battered crown of an old straw hat clinging to his woolly head, and, playing an imaginary banjo, sing to an admiring dusky audience collected on the sidewalk:

"Ten little darkies stannin' in a line,"

At first Miss Wing affected a calm indifference which she was far from feeling. But when it grew to be a regular entertainment it was more than she could endure. So one day, when Caterpillar had just commenced his second stanza—

"Nine little darkies sitting on a gate,
One ob 'em tumbled off an' dar was only eight—"

she made an unexpected assault upon him with a broomstick, tumbled him over on the sidewalk and summarily dispersed his audience. Nothing daunted, however, Caterpillar picked himself up, shook the hostile dust from his garments, and, retreating to a distance, sang:

Ole Mam Wing,
Ugly ole thing;
Crack you ober de skull boys,
Just coz you wanter sing.

This act of Miss Wing's was taken as an open declaration of war, and peace and quietness were over for her.

The most mysterious things happened to her garden. Tomatoes, that hung ripe and red upon their stems at night, vanished before morning. The onion-bed looked as if an army had marched through it. Melons and green corn walked away together, and the grapevines hung their heads as if mourning the treasures of which they were despoiled.

But those were not the greatest annoyances. Every night her door-bell rang, moved by some mysterious power. It was of no use to wait in the hall, open the door suddenly and dive out. There was never anything to be captured but a dirty piece of cord.

One never-to-be-forgotten morning Miss Wing rose from her couch, prepared her solitary breakfast, and called the cat to get hers. For the first time in eight years Tabby failed to answer. She opened the wood-house door in fear and trembling. There, suspended from a beam by one of Miss Wing's own apron-strings, was poor Tabby, stone dead.

Pinned in the string was a dirty scrap of paper, on which was written: "Caterpilers compelmunts."

For the first time in many years Miss Wing sat down in a low chair, threw her apron over her head, and wept. Willingly now would she have held out the white flag if it would only bring back poor puss.

Strange to say, from that very day there was a cessation of hostilities. Whether it was because they were exhausted and needed rest to think of something new, or whether there was really nothing left for them to do, Miss Wing could not tell. As days passed on and no fresh mischief was done, she gradually gave up looking for it, and possessed her soul in quietness. And now as she sat grim and solitary by her kitchen fire, except for a vague feeling of bitterness as she looked at Tabby's empty corner, she had almost forgotten Caterpillar. It was quite a shock to her nerves, therefore, when her door-bell was rung with a violent jerk.

"That imp is at his mischief again," she exclaimed. The ring was repeated, but she paid no attention to it, and finally a shuffling, irresolute step was heard on the side stoop, followed by a knock on the kitchen door.

"Come in," said Miss Wing, in a most uninviting manner. The door was opened slowly, and a colored man appeared.

"Is you Miss Wing?" he asked.

"I be."

"There's a poor little nig up in the settlement, say he want to see you. Folks call him Caterpillar. Don' know he name?"

"What does the little scamp want of me?"

"He mos' gone, miss. He done got gallopin' consumption."

"Pity he hadn't galloped off somewhere before he killed my cat. I'd like to trounce him," said she.

The man looked at her a moment, and then said solemnly: "Missy, dat chile done got somefin on he mind. He axes fur you de whole bressed time; and, if you's a Christian woman, you'll go dar. Good night, Missy."

Miss Wing shut the door, and sat down again with her knitting. But somehow the room was not as pleasant as before. The fire didn't burn as clearly, and her chair seemed very uncomfortable. She couldn't compose her mind. Several very uncomfortable verses of scripture would force themselves upon her. In the little church over the way she could hear them practicing their anthems for the morrow. Clearly and distinctly out on the frosty air their voices rang. Over and over she heard them sing:

Peace on earth, good-will to men.

She knew very well that she felt neither peace nor good-will. "I wish they'd stop their noise," she said, as she fidgeted from her chair to the window and back again to the stove. Still they sang on, louder and clearer, stirring Miss Wing up in an unaccountable manner. Her better nature was having a terrible struggle with the other, and, being much smaller, was in great danger of defeat.

At last she started from her chair, snatched her hood and blanket shawl, and started towards the door. Little better nature had conquered. Miss Wing hardly knew herself as she stepped out into the frosty night. It was many years since she had visited the sick or gone out upon an errand of mercy. Such charity as she had given had been like throwing a bone to a dog. When she reached the tumble-down house where Caterpillar's mother lived and knocked at the door, she heard a shrill voice pipe up.

"Dar she am, mamma; mos' know dat's her." There was a hurrying over the floor, and a noise as if stray articles were being hastily shuffled into their places. Then the door opened and Miss Wing walked in.

"Bless us and save us!" said she. Bolstered up on a narrow cot was a pitiful little heap of skin and bones, all that was left of the mischievous Caterpillar. He smiled feebly when he saw Miss Wing, and held out a skinny little hand.

"Mos' awful sorry done kill your cat. 'Pears like I couldn't die 'out I tole you."

"Never mind the cat. I s'pose her time had come. What ails you, anyhow? Be you hungry?"

He shook his head.

"Nebber any more," he said; "got past dat."

There was a tugging at Miss Selina's rusty old heart-strings, and a suspicious moisture about her spectacles; so, to hide these unaccustomed emotions, she turned fiercely to the mother and demanded:

"Hain't you got no better bed nor pillow for that sick child?"

The woman began a long story which Miss Wing cut short by marching out of the door.

"There, she's mad!" exclaimed she.

"Nebber mind, mammy," sighed Caterpillar, turning wearily on his pillow, "I feels better."

But Miss Wing was far from being angry as she hurried down the street, and so Caterpillar's mother soon discovered, as the door opened again, and a man carrying a soft, single bed entered, closely followed by Miss Wing, herself laden.

"Sit down and take that child in your lap," said she, in a peremptory manner.

The woman meekly obeyed, and seated herself, with the wondering boy in her arms. I don't think Milly Thorne would have believed her eyes if she could have seen her cousin Selina then. She flew around the room with marvelous celerity, beating up the bed, spreading over lavender-scented sheets and soft blankets, and finishing off with a plump pillow, and a white spread quilted by her own hands. Caterpillar's delight was unbounded when, after being clad in a flannel night-gown, he was placed in the soft, fragrant bed.

"Like oranges, bub?" asked Miss Wing, as she plunged her hand into her pocket. Now Caterpillar and oranges had long been strangers, so his eyes glistened with pleasure when a huge yellow one dropped on his bed.

"May as well have this, too; 'tain't no use to me," said she, tossing a tinted picture card on the bed. Then, turning to the mother, he said: "Them sheets and things is to make the child comfortable as long as she lives; you'll find good vittles in that basket." And out she bounced, leaving Caterpillar and his mother in a confused state of gratitude and bewilderment.

The angel of mercy had touched Miss Wing's stony heart, and taught her the infinite pleasure of giving. And as some streams, when released from the icy fetters that have bound them, rush on with terrific force, overwhelming and submerging, so Miss Wing, suddenly set free from life-long bondage, yearned to do more for some one else. So she sent a telegram early next morning, which dropped like a bomb-shell into the little parsonage at Hopewell:

"Bring all the children to dinner; I'll pay the expenses."

There had been a great deal of commotion in that little house before, but never anything equal to that which followed the receipt of this telegram. Milly's heart misgave her as she washed faces and tied on hoods and tippets, for she felt that nothing less than a miracle could change cousin Selina. But after a grand sleigh-ride they found her ready to receive them, dressed in her best black silk and snowy apron—the grim look in her face very much softened.

The little Thornes had never in their lives eaten such a dinner as she had ready for them. They did everything they pleased, even to eating apples in the parlor and cracking nuts on that shining kitchen floor. But, best of all, when they were going home she tucked a $50 bill in Mr. Thorne's hand, and when he tried to thank her she said:

"Go 'long, Bob Thorne; there's plenty more where that came from."

So "Bob" Thorne went along, rejoicing for the spirit which had moved Miss Thorne's heart and given them all such a happy Thanksgiving.

THE war takes all the Russian rolling stock, and the Odessans cannot move the crops or get fuel.

VANDERBILT'S MILLIONS.

Mrs. Le Bau, One of the Commodore's Daughters, Contesting the Will—Remarkable Statements Made by Her Counsel.

Hon. Scott Lord, counsel for Mrs. Le Bau, who is contesting Commodore Vanderbilt's will, made some remarkable statements in the opening of the case in the Surrogate's Court of New York, the other day. Some of the charges which he made against Wm. H. Vanderbilt were of a very serious character. Mr. Lord, says the *Times*, admitted that it seemed hazardous to say that a man who accumulated $100,000,000, and was famous for his strength of will, had not the power to dispose of his fortune. Yet, there was not on record a more unjust disposition of a large estate. The deceased Commodore left two sons and eight daughters, who, under the statutes, were entitled to equal shares of the property. To one of his sons he gives $95,000,000. Both of the sons had equal claims upon him, and the one who had been practically disinherited, having been bequeathed only the interest at 5 per cent. upon $200,000, had an additional claim to consideration because he had all his life been the victim of a disease which, although it had not impaired his mind, had yet been very painful. The Commodore during his life had not shown so much favor for his eldest son as his will suggested. When he called him from the Staten island farm, and put him forward in his railroad enterprises he was mere potter's clay in his father's hands. The Commodore had put his son, who bore his own Christian name, under a revolting vassalage. Here Mr. Lord made the first specific charge against William H. Vanderbilt, and asserted that he was responsible for his father's will. The daughters were not treated in so unjust a manner as Cornelius by the will, but their injuries were scarcely less outrageous. The Commodore, for a long time before his death, was suffering great pain, to relieve which strong medicines were given to him, which were sufficiently powerful to weaken his mind. His desire to have his fortune perpetuated in his own name became a mania. Commodore Vanderbilt, Mr. Lord said, was addicted to a form of vice which had a direct influence upon his brain. Moreover, he was a sufferer from chronic maladies, Bright's disease of the kidneys being one of them, and cystitis another. The last mentioned was the most painful and most dangerous disease on record. The agony which the Commodore suffered from it was terrible. It caused him to writhe, and he frequently acted like a woman struggling with labor pains. Medicine strong enough to allay such pain must have weakened his mind, and, on the other hand, the pain itself must have affected the brain. Sometimes the Commodore exhibited a very violent temper. In his fits of fury he paid no heed to persons near him, and created havoc among the furniture. Then he would become at other times cheerful and tranquil. That his intellect was weak, Mr Lord asserted was shown in the fact that he was a believer in Spiritualism, not in its higher phases, but in its lower types. He believed in clairvoyance; that the nature of his diseases could be discovered from miniatures and locks of hair, and that they could be cured by mesmerism. He spent, counsel asserted, thousands of dollars upon such vagaries.

After his second marriage, in 1869, the Commodore became silly on occasions, and he was evidently entering his second childhood. Years ago he had been of the opinion that an equal division of a parent's property upon his children was the only proper distribution. He changed his mind in his dotage. More than twenty-five years ago, said Mr. Lord, Cornelius Vanderbilt became enamored of a governess, and to get the mother of his children out of the way he had her sent to a lunatic asylum. William Vanderbilt was the only son of the old man who sided with him and against his mother in this matter. In talking of the affair the son said that he sympathized with his motetr, but that it was not a question of sympathy with him, but one of self-interest. The old man was bound to have his own way then, but he, the son, would rule hereafter. His father, he said, was bound to be ruled by a woman, either the governess or another woman, and he (the son) was determined to govern that woman. When the mother was released from the asylum by the officers of it, William H. Vanderbilt joined with his father in demanding that she live in another house. He obtained the entire control of his father by these methods. He lost all sense of justice and honor, and he made use of the Commodore's susceptibility to falsehoods. His conduct toward his brother was always harsh and unjust, and was of late years worse than that. The contestant proposes, Mr. Lord said, to prove all these assertions, and also to prove that after his second marriage the Commodore, who had before been very harsh to his younger son, thought better of him, and talked about giving him a large sum of money to set him up in business.

Curious Thanksgiving Custom.

At the annual dinner at Clement's Inn (London), after the banquet of that learned society, members and guests rise on the removal of the white cloth and witness the fo lowing thanksgiving in pantomime: Before the President of the second table the butler puts a mass of bread, consisting of four loaves adhering to each other by their kissing crusts; taking this mass of bread in his hand, the said President of the second table slowly raises it above his head to the full reach of his arm, and after a few moments' pause brings it down with a thundering whack on the oaken table. A second time the bread is elevated and struck upon the board. Yet a third time the same feat is performed; and then, before the strangers have had time to recover from their astonishment, the grave actor has thrown the bread so that it slides and spins down to the bottom of the long table, where it is caught up by the butler, who instantly runs out of the dining-hall with it in his outstretched hands. The whole grace is typical. The four loaves represent the four gospels; the three elevations are in reverence of the three persons of the Sacred Trinity; the manner in which the bread is cast down the table indicates the liberality with which the bread of life was given to mankind; and the alacrity with which the butler ran out of the hall exemplifies the alacrity with which zealous servants hasten to distribute the bread of spiritual knowledge to those who hunger for it.

A Murderous Mayor.

A very unfortunate occurrence for the city of Hot Springs has just transpired. A new daily paper called the *Sentinel*, having commenced its publication only about forty days since, deemed it essential to criticise several classes and individuals in reference to their habits and occupations, among whom was the Mayor of the city, T. F. Linde. The Mayor, feeling aggrieved at the course pursued by the employes of the *Sentinel* office, met the city editor on the street, drew his revolver when near his victim, and commenced firing at Mr. Matthews, the city editor, who clinched with the Mayor after he had been shot through the wrist, and in the engagement with Mayor Linde received another shot through the right breast, also breaking his right arm below the shoulder-joint. The editor finally secured the pistol, which in the melee had fallen to the ground, but did not use it. The Mayor then drew another pistol and shot Ald. Davis (colored) through the thigh, and another man by the name of Atter, who was peddling canes, through the shoulder. Another colored man also came in for a share in the way of a wound for being in the vicinity of the random discharge of the revolver. The latter were probably not dangerously shot. Mayor Linde was psomptly arrested by the City Marshal, and was discharged, after giving the required bonds for his appearance.—*Hot Springs (Ark.) Cor. Chicago Times.*

LYNCH LAW IN IOWA.

Hanging of Reuben Proctor by a Mob at Indianola.

[From the Des Moines Register.]

Reuben Proctor, the man suspected of shooting Miss Cadigan in Belmont, Warren county, was taken from jail at Indianola to the nearest Justice to the scene of the crime for examination. A large crowd had gathered when the Sheriff and prisoner arrived, and it was evident there was trouble brewing. At the opening of the court it was reported that the girl was but just alive, when it was suggested that the court adjourn to the house to take her dying declaration. To this a strong objection was made by the crowd, accompanied with hurried consultations among them, but finally the crowd consented on a pledge of the court and officers that Proctor should be brought back, and the prisoner was taken before Miss Cadigan and identified as one of the three masked men who attempted to rob her father's house, and by one of whom she was shot while ejecting him from the house. She had known Proctor several years, and he passed the house every day. She knew his dress, walk, and voice. He had frequently visited the house within a few weeks, and at each visit was peculiarly anxious to find out whether he had sold his farm, hogs and grain, and how much he got for them, if he got the money, etc. On the night of the attack a man walked into the house with a mask on, and, without a word, drew a pistol and pointed it at her. She sprung to him, caught the pistol, and pushed it down, when it was discharged, and the ball entered her right breast. She tore off the mask and found the man's face blackened, so she did not recognize him. She pushed him out-doors, when he fired again, the ball entering her hand. As he went out the door another man outside said: "How do you like that?" and that man was Reuben Proctor. At the close of her deposition, the court started back, and, when about half way, was met by a crowd of about 300, led by two men with ropes over their shoulders. Surrounding the prisoner, they returned to the Justice's office, where other evidence was taken corroborating Miss Carigan's testimony, and fixing the crime on Proctor, until court adjourned to supper. After supper the Sheriff was notified that he would have to surrender Proctor. The Sheriff attempted to resist, when a rope was thrown over Proctor's neck, the crowd closed in around him, keeping back the officers, and he was run across the street, the rope thrown over a cross-beam of a pair of scales, and he was quickly run up. After he had hung about fifteen minutes, the leader of the vigilantes told them they could disperse until called out again. He made a speech, which was responded to by a citizen, who tendered thanks for the work they had done. Proctor's body was taken down and an inquest held, the verdict being that he came to his death by hanging by unknown men. Proctor spoke not a word. Not one of the crowd were masked. No attempt was made at disguise. The work was done openly and emphatically. Proctor was 25 years old, and one of the worst men in the country. Two brothers are in the penitentiary, and all have been identified with murder, robbery and various crimes for years, until the indignant people could bear no more, and are determined to rid the country of all such.

The Turf—East vs. West.

From the last *Turf, Field and Farm* we copy the following:

"Statements having been made to the effect that Mr. Pierre Lorillard had offered to match Parole against Ten Broeck for $20,000 a side, to run at Louisville next spring, at any distance from one to four miles, we addressed him a note requesting him to state if such reports had any foundation in fact. Here is his reply:

JERSEY CITY, Nov. 13.

Editors Turf, Field and Farm:

I have not challenged Ten Broeck, but I am willing to run Parole against him for $25,000 a side, $10,000 forfeit, two miles and a half, Western weights and dry track, the race to be run at Saratoga, and I will allow Ten Broeck $5,000 for expenses if it comes off. I will also run, from my Rancocus stable, a 2-year-old at three-quarters of a mile, a 3-year-old at one mile and three-quarters, a 4-year-old at two miles and a quarter, and a 5-year-old at three miles against Western horses of the same ages, excepting that I will run my 5-year-old against a 5-year-old or over, the four races to be run at Jerome Park or Saratoga for $2,500 a side each race, $1,000 forfeit, to be named at the post, the four races to be accepted or none. This offer means that I am willing to run my stable against the pick of the West. Yours respectfully, P. LORILLARD.

Assaulting an Editor.

Two men entered the office of the St. Louis *Volkstimme* and enquired for the city editor. They were shown to his room, and entered. One of them presented a copy of the paper, and, pointing to an article, asked Currlin if he wrote it. The reply was in the affirmative, at which one of them immediately locked the door of the room, while the other sprung upon Currlin and dealt him several blows. They then went to work in the most brutal manner, pounding and kicking the unfortunate man, who had fallen to the floor half unconscious. Tiring of this they drew rawhides and plied them with all their strength. The noise, after a few minutes, attracted the attention of the other employes, who, upon trying the door and finding it locked, broke it down and rescued Currlin. The two men were held until the police were called, when they were taken to the police station.

Hayes to Rice.

The Boston *Journal* prints the following congratulatory greeting from President Hayes to Gov. Rice:

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
WASHINGTON, Nov. 7.

MY DEAR GOVERNOR: It is a great satisfaction to be able to congratulate you on the gratifying result in Massachusetts. I am glad of it on general reasons, on your account and on my own. Your personal popularity had no doubt much to do with it. It is an example of what the Republicans can do when they unite, in spite of the blunders of the President. Sincerely, R. B. HAYES.

Gov. R. H. RICE, Boston.

THE name of Senator Morton's family was originally Throckmorton, and their ancestry is traced to the Earl of Throckmorton in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The Senator's father dropped the first syllable of his surname, and his son adhered to the example.

Rheumatism Quickly Cured.

"Durang's Rheumatic Remedy," the great *Internal Medicine*, will positively cure any case of rheumatism on the face of the earth. Price, $1 a bottle, six bottles, $5. Sold by all druggists. Send for circular to Helphenstine & Bentley, Druggists, Washington, D. C.

To Worry the Liver

And injure the system generally, take blue pills and calomel. To regulate it and endow the entire system with healthful vigor, use Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Bilious invalids, which of these two recipes will you adopt? We doubt not, the latter. By so doing, you will avoid the disastrous consequences which the persistent or frequent use of mercury entails, and effectuate the desired reform in the action of the biliary gland without danger, as well as speedily and thoroughly. The Bitters invariably remedy yellowness of the complexion and whites of the eyes, pains in the right side and under the right shoulder-blade, furred tongue, high-colored urine, nausea, vertigo, dyspepsia, constipation, heaviness of the head, mental despondency, and every other manifestation or accompaniment of a disordered condition of the liver. The stomach, bowels and kidneys also experience their regulating and tonic influence.

Gleason's Publications.

Great reduction in price for 1878 of GLEASON'S PICTORIAL to $2 a year. Single copies 5 cents.

THE HOME CIRCLE to $2 a year, single copies 5 cents; for sale by all newsdealers.

GLEASON'S MONTHLY COMPANION to $1 a year, single copies 10 cents. All postage free.

The price of Chromos has just been greatly reduced. No one now gives such liberal terms to agents as we do. Send for new free circular. Address F. GLEASON & Co., 738 Washington street, Boston, Mass.

True Economy.

It has been found that the only true economy is that which stops the little leaks and saves in trifles. For instance, one saves in milk, butter, eggs and flour by the use of DOOLEY'S YEAST POWDER, which is made from the purest cream-tartar, derived from grape-acid. Good housewives have proved this by experience.

Mrs. General Sherman,

Wife of the General of the United States Army, says: "I have frequently purchased Durang's Rheumatic Remedy for friends suffering with Rheumatism, and in every instance it worked like magic." Send for circular to Helphenstine & Bentley, Druggists, Washington, D. C.

BURNETT'S FLAVORING EXTRACTS.—There is no subject which should more engross attention than the purity of the preparations which are used in flavoring the various compounds prepared for the human stomach. BURNETT'S EXTRACTS are prepared from fruits of the best quality, and are highly concentrated. The "Fifth Avenue," "Continental," "Grand Pacific" and other leading hotels use and indorse BURNETT'S EXTRACTS.

THE Supreme Court of Tennessee has declared an act exempting butchers and hucksters from taxation unconstitutional.

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THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK.

BEEVES	$7 50	@10 50
HOGS	4 50	@ 5 00
CORTOS	11	@ 11¾
FLOUR—Superfine	5 00	@ 5 35
WHEAT—No. 2 Chicago	1 31	@ 1 32
CORN—Western Mixed	61	@ 62
OATS—Mixed	35	@ 40
RYE—Western	72	@ 74
PORK—New Mess	14 15	@14 25
LARD	8⅜	@ 8¾
CHICAGO.		
BEEVES—Choice Graded Steers	5 50	@ 5 75
Choice Natives	4 50	@ 5 00
Cows and Heifers	2 40	@ 3 65
Butchers' Stock	2 50	@ 3 60
Medium to Fair	3 75	@ 4 25
HOGS—Live	4 40	@ 4 70
FLOUR—Fancy White Winter	6 75	@ 7 25
Good Choice Spring Ex.	5 25	@ 5 50
WHEAT—No. 2 Spring	1 08	@ 1 09
No. 3 Spring	1 03	@ 1 04
CORN—No. 2	45	@ 46
OATS—No. 2	25	@ 26
RYE—No. 2	54	@ 55
BARLEY—No. 2	60	@ 61
BUTTER—Choice Creamery	31	@ 33
EGGS—Fresh	19	@ 20
PORK—Mess	12 20	@12 30
LARD	7⅛	@ 8
MILWAUKEE.		
WHEAT—No. 1	1 12½	@ 1 15
No. 2	1 08	@ 1 09
CORN—No. 2	46	@ 47
OATS—No. 2	25	@ 25¾
RYE—No. 1	55	@ 56
BARLEY—No. 2	63	@ 64
ST. LOUIS.		
WHEAT—No. 3 Red Fall	1 26	@ 1 27
CORN—No. 2 Mixed	43	@ 44
OATS—No. 2	26	@ 27
RYE	54	@ 55
PORK—Mess	12 50	@12 73
LARD	7⅞	@ 8
HOGS	3 00	@ 4 50
CATTLE	3 50	@ 4 85
CINCINNATI		
WHEAT—Red	1 20	@ 1 27
CORN—New	37	@ 38
OATS	27	@ 31
RYE	60	@ 61
PORK—Mess	12 40	@12 50
LARD	7⅞	@ 8
TOLEDO.		
WHEAT—No. 1 White Michigan	1 31	@ 1 32
No. 2 Red Winter	1 30	@ 1 31½
CORN	49	@ 51
OATS—No. 2	29	@ 30
DETROIT.		
FLOUR—Choice White	6 00	@ 6 50
WHEAT—No. 1 White	1 30	@ 1 31
No. 1 Amber	1 30	@ 1 30½
CORN—No. 1	51	@ 51
OATS—Mixed	28	@ 29
BARLEY (per cental)	1 10	@ 1 40
PORK—Mess	13 40	@13 50
EAST LIBERTY, PA.		
CATTLE—Best	5 25	@ 5 50
Fair	4 75	@ 5 00
Common	4 00	@ 4 50
HOGS	4 10	@ 4 60
SHEEP	3 50	@ 4 80

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Restlessness,
Jaundice,
Nausea, Colic,
Sick Headache,
Constipation and Biliousness.

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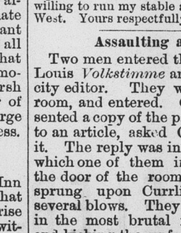

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