CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

Coldly and bright draws in the day;
Gloomy and drear it steals away;
For slowly now comes up the sun,
His summer's ardent labors done;
And low his golden wheel declines
Where winter shows his starry signs.

No more to earth the fervid beams
Give beauty such as poet dreams;
No more descends the glorious ray,
The rapture of the summer day.
The sky's deep blue is waxing pale;
The sun's inspiring fervors fail;
The slanting beam he gives is chill
Within the vale and on the hill;
And now, with many a jealous fold,
The clouds would all his cheer withhold,
Nor would on plain or height bestow
The soothing of his waning glow.

The flowers are gone, save those that still,
Like friends who cleave to me through ill,
Outbrave the bitter wind that blows,
And deck their season to its close.
The leaves that late were only stirred
By gentlest breath, that only heard
The song-bird's note, round these the blast
Blows keen and fierce, and rude and fast
The rising gale flings far and wide
Their withered bloom and idle pride.
The birds have fled; the wind alone
Makes song in many a sullen tone.

But sudden through the bursting sky
The sun again comes out on high;
The clouds fall back to yield him way,
And fly before his eager ray;
And gladness fills the breast again—
The glimpse of summer come again!
Ah! sweet the beam, but, like the smile
With which the dying world beguile
The mourning heart—the last sad ray
Love gives to cheer our tears away—
The light is gone, the moment's bloom
Is sunk again in cold and gloom.
So pass away all things of earth,
Whate'er we prize of love and worth—
The form once dear; the voice that cheered;
The friend by many a tie endeared:
The dreams the aching heart forgets;
The hopes that fade to cold regrets.

Sweet scenes, dear haunts, that once I knew,
My heart yet fondly turns to you.
Let seasons change, and be ye bright
With all the summer-tide's delight,
Or let the winter's gloom be yours,
Your beauty still for me endures;
For memory keeps your faded yet
What love would have me not forget.
—*Chambers' Journal.*

ONE NEW YEAR IN A THOUSAND.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

Betty Wilmarth—and a quaint, piquant little beauty she was. They used to call her a changeling; for where she found that Spanish face of hers nobody knows. Yes, Betty Wilmarth was a beauty, and somehow as fascinating as beautiful; full of innocent caprices that set you to wondering what would be the next, and kept your interest alive; with a temper that struck sparks, but which was in the next moment all sweetness; impulsive, warm-hearted, a charming, willful piece, setting her lovers by the ears, and making all the other girls devoutly wish she would be married and done with it; for of course there was no chance for anybody else so long as Betty Wilmarth was around.

But Betty Wilmarth was in no sort of hurry to marry; one by one she filliped off her lovers lightly as thistle-down. Petted and caressed and indulged to death, as people said, she declared she wanted neither to be an old man's darling nor a young man's slave; and old lovers consoled themselves and new lovers took their turn, and she was heart-whole and happy, singing her way through life, and counting her 20 years in the sunshine as a child might count a row of brilliant beads.

But one of these lovers was not to be filliped off as lightly as the rest; and that was her mother's young step-cousin, Will Maunder. He had come down to Freneborough from his mountain home in the deep forests, after the disastrous fire that left him only bare rock for his inheritance; and where, save for his mother, and some old goodies, he had never seen a woman; and Betty had struck him as a goddess might have struck a clown. Not that Will Maunder was a clown, by any means—his mother, a lady who carried her ladyhood into the woods, had attended to all that; and a certain wild grace and rude courtesy accompanied his every action. But he was a brawny, long-legged, stalwart fellow, for all that, and his fair face had been sun-kissed with many a freckle, and his hair curled close to his head in tight rings but Betty knew nothing about any Greek head with close curls of the same description, and would have liked it no better if she had; and of all things, she despised freckles. She had an ideal of the face and form and mind and manners that were to win her on some distant day—a day distant enough to borrow enchantment—a slender knightly shape, perhaps, a perfect countenance, long auburn locks—

discolored, as if a crown
Encircled them, so frayed the basnet where
A sharp white line divided clean the hair,
Glossy above, glossy below.

She would not have liked it at all if she had seen it so; and, if she had but known it, the massive limbs and shoulders of Will Maunders were much more like the ancient knights she dreamed about than possibly could be this obscure and puny ideal she had set up.

"The days of chivalry are over now," said Betty, with a sigh.

"Mighty disagreeable, cold, cheerless, dangerous, and uncomfortable days you would have found them," said Will.

"Cheerless or not, they're over."

"What makes you say so, Betty?" he asked, from where he sat at her feet.

"Oh, because they are!" she answered, throwing up her pretty arms and clasping them above her head as she leaned it back among the honeysuckles, and looked as sweet as they, and made poor Will's heart beat with looking at her. "Oh, because they are! Who would dare great adventures for anybody now—scale castles, kill giants, enter the dens of wild beasts—"

"I would—for you, Betty."

"Oh dear me! How tired I am of hearing you say so! They would, for anybody. Now please don't, Will dear, any more! There are no castles here; I don't want anything of wild beasts; and you're a giant yourself, you know."

"I wish I wasn't, Betty. I'd change with that little Hop-o'-my-thumb, Fred Sammis, if—"

"Oh, that shrimp! I do detest him—he's such a—such a spoon!"

"I thought you didn't like slang, Betty,"

"I don't—from anybody else."

"But if you use it yourself, you've no right—"

"Oh dear me! if only those criticised who were perfect themselves, what a delightful, easy-going world it would be! It seems to me, Will Maunder, that you are always finding some fault with me, and—"

"You've not been used to it. I don't see any fault in you, Betty," he added, presently.

"Oh, there, there, Will! Do be still with your mooning! Come in and sing this new song with me: it needs a great rolling bass." And so Will would go in and sing with her, his voice trembling as he heard hers; would go out and walk with her, to be left for the next gallant who sought her side; would be her abject slave, waiting on her least wish and every breath, and would get no thanks for his pains.

It was when affairs were in this posture, Will pursuing, and, with the vantage-ground of residence in the house, Betty retreating, yet half relenting, that Mr. Valerino, the young exile, came to Freneborough to give lessons in music and in his native tongue. Of course his supposed story fired the Freneborough heart—the feminine auricle of it—and all the romance of Betty's dreams rose to meet it. As for the young exile himself, he was the very creature of romance—so tall and pale and dark and melancholy; his immense dusky eyes seemed full of the strange, sad memories of wonderful adventure and experience in the Apennines, and on the Campagna, and among the brigands of the Romagna, and the light of heroic days and nights made, as one might say, a halo round him as he walked.

Certainly, now, it was hardly Mr. Valerino's fault; he never said he was an exile; he never said he was a patriot; he never whispered of conspiracies among old ruins and in the Catacombs; he couldn't help being tall and pale and melancholy; and there was no reason why he should mention that his father had for forty years played the piccolo in the orchestra of a New York theater. If people chose to take him up and make his way easy for him, it seemed all right and natural. After he discovered the reason, his lessons being nearly through, and his vanity too sensitive for an explanation, he quietly left town on ending his engagements. But, meanwhile, this little Betty Wilmarth was frightfully beautiful—to a man who knew she was as much forbidden to him as though she lived in one of the fixed stars. It was very pleasant to receive the admiration of such a being; he had not the strength of mind to indeceive her; and Betty went on, making a simpleton of herself, studying, and conversing of such Italian literature as was a *terra incognita* to the teacher; asking the youth unanswerable conundrums concerning Italian history, which he evaded with what she deemed a delicacy of reticent modesty; and when she saw the slender, sinuous shape of the young exile, and the proud, sad beauty of his face, beside Will Maunder's burly thews and sinews, his bluff and commonplace honesty of countenance, she grew impatient at the contrast, and wondered at herself to think she had once been almost on the point of relenting and being kind to Will. It annoyed her, at that time, even to look at Will; the sight of him may have been a reproach for her folly; his hearty ways offended her, so much higher breeding there seemed to be in the insinuating air of the Italian; and then his affection irritated her, for she was on the point of a grand poetic passion for an unhappy exile whose consolation she was to be. And thus the man who belonged already to her prosaic, every-day life, and would have bound her down to it—the life she had always known, without a charm of imagination, of the unknown or the ideal in it—and toward whom she felt a kindness that might possibly grow kinder, and make her yield one day to his persistence if he were still here to continue it—that man was becoming intolerable, and she wished him out of her way. And out of her way she became determined he should go.

She couldn't stroll with Mr. Valerino down a lonely lane, talking nonsense far too high for the youth's comprehension, but there was Will just stepping over a fence, or lying under a tree, or, very possibly, laughing at her—if he was not angry. What right had he to be angry? She couldn't go into the church on a week-day, and take her seat in a pew alone, to hear Mr. Valerino practicing in the organ-loft, and making roof and rafters ring and vibrate with delicious melody, but there was Will before her, in the porch. "I like music, too," said Will. She couldn't pass an evening with a friend, where Mr. Valerino was one of the company, but, as soon as the time for parting came, the bell rang, and there was Will to act as escort and spare Mr. Valerino the trouble. Once, on such an occasion, she gave her arm to the exile, and suffered Will to stalk on in silence beside them, while she talked a broken lingo of Italian phrases with the young master, which, for the time being, she felt, put Will Maunder entirely outside the pale of civilization. "I won't be supervised in this way!" cried Betty to herself, for her sisters were not of fit age to receive the confidence. "It's as bad as having a spy at one's feet. I can't endure it another day, and I shall tell him so!" And, unfortunately, just as she was irately brooding over these wrongs, her father sent for her, that he might ascertain her feeling in regard to a proposition he was inclined to make Will—a proposition to take him into his business, allowing him an interest now for his work and oversight, and finally retiring in his favor. Owing to her mother's ill-health, her father had fallen into a habit of consulting Betty rather than disturb the invalid, sufficiently occupied with her ailments.

"Oh, father, father! You don't mean that you ever thought of doing such a silly thing!" cried Betty, in free disgust. "And when he pesters me so! I never should have another day's peace in my life. You might just as well put me in prison, with a spy and master over me. Oh, no, indeed! Give him anything, but send him away. Start him in business in Australia, buy him a farm in the West, but don't, father, pray don't keep him here."

And Betty's voice settled it. Mrs. Wilmarth told his wife's young step-cousin that he had changed his mind, and had no place for him in his business, but knew of an opening, and would establish him in it, in a Western city. "Is it Betty's wish?" said Will. And he refused the proffer, and one evening, catching Betty's hand, as he bid her good-by, and lifting it to his lips with a kiss that burned in upon it, he left the place, and buried himself, unknown, among the Southern mountains with some flocks of sheep.

One might suppose that Betty would have been satisfied then. Not she. She was as restless as a bird. Perhaps she missed the pleasure of having Will behold her conquests; perhaps she missed the adoring slave; perhaps she missed the constant, tender service. A month afterward, when Mr. Valerino drew his lessons to a close, and betook himself to other fields—vexing and mortifying her, it may be, but not grieving her a particle—she certainly missed the old friendship and sympathy, the kindness in which she could confide and with which she could advise; and little Betty Wilmarth's black lashes were wet with tears that she could not account for, and that surely she never dreamed she should be shedding because Will Maunder was away. She had reason, presently, to miss that kindness to some purpose. Her father was that same year thrown from his wagon; and he lay but partly conscious for weeks afterward, and for months he never left his room nor quite recovered his intelligence. In those weeks and months unfaithful clerks and bookkeepers enriched themselves and impoverished Mr. Wilmarth; and when he finally recovered, it was to the wreck of what had once bid fair to become a great fortune. "If Will Maunder had been with me," said Mr. Wilmarth, "strangers and hounds would have had no chance to fleece me!"

It was true. Betty heard it with a shiver. She had thought as much many a time, yet had put the thought away; but now, her father declaring it so seemed to make the fact sure. And why was not Will with her father? For no reason but that she had in reality driven him away.

If crying would have brought him back, Will Maunder could have sailed to Betty on a flood of tears; but, tears being useless, Betty scorned to shed them. She had no idea where he was, except for the vague rumor that spoke of him as sheep-raising somewhere in the Carolinas. If she had, having sent him off in her prosperity, she could not call him back in her calamity. So she braced herself to bear her trials as she might, and to bear them, as she sometimes said to herself, in a way Will would have approved; and she laughed bitterly at herself to think of the sentimental idiot she had been, and of the innocent young Italian on whom she had poured out the burden of her vain fancies; and her clear dark cheeks reddened redder than their wont at thought of the light in which the clear-headed Will must have held her infatuation.

And then the long war broke out, and in all its course no word of Will. She was sure that his blood must be stirred. She looked for his name in the bulletins, in the promoted, in the dead and missing, in the discharged, in the forlorn-hopes; she longed to do something for him, now that it was impossible—to encourage him, to help him, if she could only once find his name. She never did. And when at last peace was declared, there came through the obscure channels in which all such news runs, not verified, and yet too authentic for disbelief, the report that he had been a conscript of the Confederates, had fallen in his first battle, and had died in hospital.

And her act had killed him! Betty Wilmarth sat down that day in despair. For what had she been born, when, out of her insignificance, she had wrought such evil as this? A murderess—that was what she was! The murderess, too, of the best friend a woman ever had. By a whim, a mere whim, she had brought disaster and ruin on her family—she had brought a strong man down to his grave.

And then, her thoughts getting too much for her, Betty would start up and walk for miles to walk off the horror that oppressed her; the horror that made life seem not worth living; that made life seem impossible to live, and yet did not dare to die. Nothing was any pleasure to Betty now. Her father's affairs had brightened; they had retaken their old house; her mother's health was restored; the girls had come from school, content and happy, and ready to take Betty's scepter where she dropped it. But she was pleased for their sakes—for herself it made no difference. The color had forsaken her sweet cheeks at length; her eyes were dim with her long crying; she sat for hours together staring straight before her, conscious of nothing whatever but that she had been the death of Will Maunder.

How she missed him now at every turn! the ready smile, the tender word, the helping deed, the admiring look, the persuasion that she could do nothing wrong! If he were only here in her trouble, he would clear it all away, as a strong west wind blows the clouds. But, no; she would be having no trouble if she had not sent Will out of reach; she would see him again neither here or hereafter, for the place where Will Maunder went with his white soul would be no place for his murderess. How strong he was in those dead and gone days! how generous, how brave and true! and all for her it might have been. And she had been blind till the need of his daily care had made her turn and look; and now it was too late. When the first snow-storm of winter came, and she remembered that it was heaping his unknown grave, the cold terror of it chilled her marrow. All the gay Christmas season that he used to like so much she sat in darkness. She forgot her father, and all the need of household cheer, and it was only when she saw the pitying faces down-stairs that she resolved to forget herself, her sin, and her grief, and help them all to gather what sweetness there was in this life she had found so bitter. And she made her New Year's gifts ready, and helped her young sisters decorate the rooms and the simple table they could spread, and lent them her dainty ornaments that she used to value so, and that now, at 25, she was done with.

It was a great white snow-storm, though—a fierce, driving, drifting snow-storm—that wrapped earth and sky when that day dawned, beginning the eventful year. They would be friends indeed who adventured through it. The girls and their chosen companions, nevertheless, were just as gay in the parlors as they could have been in the sunniest of weather, imagining arrivals, and, when nobody arrived, receiving each other in turn, as if there were a procession of callers at the door. They were none of them so sweet, so willful, so charming as poor little Betty had been; not one of them had the dark, rich beauty that belonged to her yet; they never would have the train of gallants at the door that used to cross its threshold for Betty's sake. She wondered what they found to laugh at; in all the wide sad world there was nothing at which she could smile; the very blowing of the gale, the whirling of the snow and sleet through the white, cold heavens, seemed only to answer her own misery. She sat in the little side parlor off the others, staring through the window with her wild and wretched gaze, though, for appearances, a book lay open in her lap. Her thoughts had gone upon their long flight; and, after the first grate and jar of it upon her, she heard nothing of the laughing and twittering, of the suspended music, and the opening and shutting doors. The joyousness of the day, like sunshine breathing through storm, was nothing to her; she noted none of the fragrance of the flowers, none of the gay cries of the echoing voices; her thoughts were under that snow-heaped sod with Will. It seemed to her that if she could only once see him, and see him alive, the very relief would kill her; but, oh, how hard it would be to go if he were in the breathing world! She longed for him back with fresh longing to take the stain and burden off from her; and then she longed for him back that he might just put his arms round her and take her, that she might rest in his presence. Why had she never loved him till he was lost? And now he would never know it. "Oh, Will, Will, Will!" she cried—and cried half aloud, all unaware—"if you only knew how I loved you! If you only forgave me—" And there the words were stayed by a pair of bearded lips, the arms she had wearied for were about her, her head was pillowed on a breast. Did the dead walk? Did the grave surrender then? Had he come from heaven to take her, to forgive her? Was it Will—with her father, with her sisters, crowding in behind him? Had he never died at all, but gone back from hospital to sheep-farm, and only come at last, drawn by some wild magnetism in the strength of her longing for him? The questions surged through her mind as the snow-flakes surged outside; and then it seemed that he must be some great accusing apparition, come only to destroy her; the world was reeling blackly away from her, and it was, maybe, nothing but the kisses on her lips that held her firm to life, that called her back to light and joy in Will Maunder's arms, on this one New Year's in a thousand.—*Harper's Bazar.*

A PIECE of Annie of Austria's skin will soon be in the market. Her body was burnt in a church she founded, and the piece of skin is said to have been taken from her arm in 1800 by a physician, and preserved in her family until now.

THE Texas Legislature has passed an act requiring all railway trains to stop not less than five minutes at any station,

FARM NOTES.

Holidays.

The holiest of all holidays are those
Kept by ourselves in silence and apart—
The secret anniversaries of the heart,
When the full river of feeling overflows—
The happy days unclouded to the close.
The sudden joys that out of darkness start
As flames from ashes; swift desires, that dart
Like swallows singing down each wind that blows.
White as the gleam of a receding sail;
White as a cloud that floats and fades in air;
White as the whitest lily on a stream,
These tender memories are; a fairy tale
Of some enchanted land we know not where,
But lovely as a landscape in a dream.
—*Longfellow.*

Around the Farm.

FARM YARDS.—A good, well-hung gate will save its cost the first year in the time saved by stopping to put up bars whenever any one passes. Farm gates are pleasant for master and men, and in England there are good, substantial ones opening into every field, so that the farmer can go all over the farm without dismounting. There are no wagon-ways of any kind, without gates for the convenience of equestrians, in that country.

TO RELIEVE CHOKED COWS.—In the always-interesting proceedings of the Elmira Farmers' Club, as officially reported in the *Husbandman*, we find the following: "My way is to open the mouth of the choked animal and insert a clevis wide enough to keep the jaws distended, and give space for the passage of a boy's hand. I hold the clevis in place, while my boy passes his hand through and picks out the apple or other obstruction. Any boy whose hand is small enough to pass without crowding, can easily remove the trouble with entire safety. I have tried to do it myself, but my hand is too large. There is no difficulty or danger if the clevis is firmly held in position." Another member said that an easy way to bring relief is to cause the choked animal to jump over high bars, as high as may be leaped with considerable exertion. It never fails to eject the offending substance or cause it to pass downward. He has tried it many times, always with success.

SAVING SEED CORN.—There has been a good deal said about saving seed corn, and a good many foolish notions advanced, such as ransacking the field before the corn is cut, and selecting the ears that ripened soonest, leaving on about one-third of the husks to be hung up in the peaks of some building; others recommend putting into barrels or boxes, etc. To put seed corn into a tight barrel or box would be the worst treatment it could have. It should be put where it can dry out as soon as possible. In going around the field, picking ears before husking, you will not get the best, but will fritter away much time; besides, selecting seed corn is a common-sense business operation, with no fine or critical points about it. All will admit that the best-developed and best-matured ears are the right ones to be saved for seed, and the easiest way to obtain these ears is the best. I have raised the same kind of corn for fifteen years without changing the seed, and it has steadily improved all the time. And yet, I don't attribute all the improvement to the selection of the seed, but part of it to cultivation, for no variety of corn can be kept up to a proper standard without good cultivation. Any corn will degenerate and run out if not half cultivated although great pains may be taken in selecting the seed; but, by obtaining good crops, the variety will improve. Now, for the way to save the seed: After the corn is husked out of the shock and thrown on the ground, take a basket and go from one pile to another. The ears will all be in sight, and in this way the best in the field can be obtained with little trouble. Put it where it will dry out quickly, the quicker the better. I have practiced this plan for fifteen years, and never missed having excellent seed that sent up a strong and vigorous stalk. Never plant the butt or tip kernels, never pick the largest corn, but good, fair-sized kernels, closing well over tip of ears.—*Practical Farmer.*

Something for the New Year.

The world-renowned success of Hostetter's Bitters, and their continued popularity for a quarter of a century as a stomachic, is scarcely more wonderful than the welcome that greets the annual appearance of Hostetter's Almanac. This valuable medical treatise is published by Hostetter & Smith, Pittsburgh, Pa., under their own immediate supervision, employing 80 hands in that department. Ten cylinder printing presses, 8 folding machines, 5 job presses, &c., are running about eleven months in the year on this work, and the issue of same for 1879 will not be less than ten millions, printed in the English, German, French, Welsh, Norwegian, Swedish, Holland, Bohemian and Spanish languages. Refer to a copy of it for valuable and interesting reading concerning health, and numerous testimonials as to the efficacy of Hostetter's Bitters, amusement, varied information, astronomical calculations and chronological items, &c., which can be depended on for correctness. The Almanac for 1879 can be obtained free of cost from druggists and general country dealers in all parts of the country.

"What Are You Going to Do About It?"

Because the penalties of physiological laws are not executed speedily, some fancy they are void. But when the system breaks down, and almost hopeless complications arise, which the family physician, by reason of his limited experience, fails to relieve, the pertinency of the above inquiry is apparent. Many remedies have been specially prepared for these cases, and many physicians are bidding for their patronage. As before making a purchase of land, a "search" is required, and the title carefully examined, so invalids should carefully investigate the claims of any physician offering to treat chronic diseases. Dr. Pierce's Family Medicines are well known, and have effected many cures where eminent physicians have failed, yet to accommodate surgical and complicated cases, and those desirous of being restored speedily, Dr. Pierce has erected an elegant sanitarium, at a cost of nearly half a million dollars. No institution in the world offers advantages superior to those found in this establishment. Half a score of physicians are in attendance, several of whom have been prominently connected with leading American and European Hospitals. Every improved facility for hastening a cure that a liberal expenditure of money could secure can here be found. Before fully deciding where to go, address Invalids' and Tourists' Hotel, for circular.

CAN you any longer doubt when we bring you such positive testimony as this that Dr. Graves' HEART REGULATOR is a cure for Heart Disease:

Mr. Ingalls:—In 1862 I was troubled with a derangement of my heart; was so I could do no work; took various remedies, with little relief; procured a bottle of Dr. Graves' HEART REGULATOR, and one bottle did what other remedies failed to do—removed the trouble; and since 1863 have had no return of the trouble. You are at liberty to use this if you wish.
MRS. W. C. WELLS.

Among the many forms of Heart Disease are Palpitation, Enlargement, Spasms of the Heart, Stoppage of the action of the Heart, Trembling all over and about the Heart, Ossification or Bony Formation of the Heart, Rheumatism, General Debility and Sinking of the Spirits. Send your name to F. E. INGALLS, Concord, N. H., for a pamphlet containing a list of testimonials of cures, &c.

Dr. Graves' HEART REGULATOR is for sale by druggists at 50 cents and $1 per bottle.

A WONDERFUL discovery. Freckles, Pimples, Moth, Sallowness, Tan, Black Heads, Blotches, Rough Skin, etc., positively cured by Mrs. Shaw's Moth and Freckle Lotion. By druggists, $1. Particulars free. Address Mrs. Dr. L. K. Shaw, 140 E. 28th St., N. Y. Mrs. Shaw's Liver Pill—best in the world.

NEGLECTED COUGHS AND COLDS.—Few are aware of the importance of checking a Cough or "Common Cold" in its first stage; that which in the beginning would yield to "BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES," if neglected, often works upon the lungs.

VALUABLE information—*Johnson's Anodyne Liniment* will positively prevent diphtheria, that most to be dreaded of all dreadful diseases. Don't delay a moment; prevention is better than cure. No family should be without the Anodyne in the house.

TO PARTIALLY atone for our many sins during the year now closing, we wish to expose a fraud. We refer to the *large* packs of horse and cattle powders now sold. Sheridan's are absolutely pure and immensely valuable. This statement is true.

MASON & HAMLIN Cabinet Organs are furnished, for cash, from $54 each, upward; every one being of the same highest excellence.

NO FAILURES ARE RECORDED of the famous outward specific, HENRY'S CARBOLIC SALVE. It is invariably successful in healing sores, curing eruptions, removing proud flesh, and overcoming suppuration and inflammation. These sanative results it accomplishes without leaving any scar or discoloration of the skin. As a local application for chronic Rheumatism, sore throat and tightness of the chest, it is also highly spoken of. Sold by all Druggists.

FOR upward of 30 years Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for children with never-failing success. It corrects acidity of the stomach, relieves wind colic, regulates the bowels, cures dysentery and diarrhea, whether arising from teething or other causes. An old and well-tried remedy. 25 cts. a bottle.

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

CHEW Jackson's Best Sweet Navy Tobacco.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.—Farmers, Families and Others can purchase no remedy equal to Dr. TOBIAS' VENETIAN LINIMENT, for the cure of Cholera, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Croup, Colic and Sea-sickness, taken internally (it is perfectly harmless; see oath accompanying each bottle) and externally for Chronic Rheumatism, Headache, Toothache, Sore Throat, Cuts, Burns, Swellings, Bruises, Mosquito Bites, Old Sores, Pains in Limbs, Back and Chest. The VENETIAN LINIMENT was introduced in 1847, and no one who has used it but continues to do so, many stating if it was Ten Dollars a Bottle they would not be without it. Thousands of Certificates can be seen at the Depot, speaking of its wonderful curative properties. Sold by the Druggists at 40 cts. Depot, 42 Murray street, New York.

THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK.		
BEEVES	$7 00	@11 50
HOGS	3 00	@ 3 30
COTTON	9	@ 9¼
FLOUR—Superfine	3 30	@ 3 65
WHEAT—No. 2	96	@ 1 08¾
CORN—Western Mixed	45	@ 47
OATS—Mixed	29	@ 31
RYE—Western	58	@ 59
PORK—Mess	7 20	@ 7 60
LARD	5¾	@ 6
CHICAGO.		
BEEVES—Choice Graded Steers	4 50	@ 4 75
Cows and Heifers	2 00	@ 2 75
Medium to Fair	3 15	@ 3 65
HOGS	1 50	@ 2 80
FLOUR—Fancy White Winter Ex.	5 00	@ 5 00
Good to Choice Spring Ex.	3 75	@ 4 25
WHEAT—No. 2 Spring	82	@ 83
No. 3 Spring	70	@ 71
CORN—No. 2	30	@ 31
OATS—No. 2	19	@ 20
RYE—No. 2	44	@ 45
BARLEY—No. 2	98	@ 1 00
BUTTER—Choice Creamery	23	@ 27
EGGS—Fresh	18	@ 20
PORK—Mess	6 50	@ 7 65
LARD	5½	@ 5¾
MILWAUKEE.		
WHEAT—No. 1	88	@ 93
No. 2	82	@ 83
CORN—No. 2	30	@ 31
OATS—No. 2	19	@ 20
RYE—No. 1	42	@ 43
BARLEY—No. 2	88	@ 89
ST. LOUIS.		
WHEAT—No. 2 Red Fall	92	@ 93
CORN—Mixed	30	@ 31
OATS—No. 2	22	@ 24
RYE	42	@ 43
PORK—Mess	7 60	@ 7 70
LARD	5¼	@ 5½
CINCINNATI.		
WHEAT—Red	88	@ 97
CORN	31	@ 32
OATS	24	@ 26
RYE	52	@ 53
PORK—Mess	7 90	@ 8 00
LARD	5½	@ 5¾
TOLEDO.		
WHEAT—No. 1 White	96	@ 97
No. 2 Red	95	@ 96
CORN	32	@ 33
OATS—No. 2	22	@ 23
DETROIT.		
FLOUR—White	4 40	@ 4 75
WHEAT—No. 1 White	93	@ 94
No. 1 Amber	92	@ 93
CORN—No. 1	32	@ 33
OATS—Mixed	24	@ 25½
BARLEY (per cental)	1 00	@ 2 00
PORK—Mess	8 25	@ 8 90
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CATTLE—Best	4 00	@ 4 25
Fair	3 50	@ 3 80
Common	3 25	@ 3 40
HOGS	2 25	@ 3 05
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