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Will visit MARION at each of the regular county courts. June 16-17

Commissioner's Office, MARION, SMYTH CO., VA. April 28, 1871.

To John T. Johnston, trustee in a deed of trust executed by W. & G. W. Killinger to Wm. Killinger, George W. Killinger, Peter Killinger, Jos. J. Holt, George Killinger, Andrew P. Scott, Sarah Fulcher, John Anderson, Isaac C. Anderson, Abraham Goodman, John Copenhaver, adm'r of Henry Copenhaver, Catherine Grosch, John J. Lampe, Phillip Pickle, John Buchanan, G. W. Buchanan, Wm. Buchanan, George E. Thompson, John Young, John Barnes, P. C. Buchanan, Abraham Snavely, A. F. Buchanan, Walter Thompson, James L. Cole, McClellure, and Jacob Gassel, defendants, and William H. McDonald and Absalom Beattie, plaintiffs.

You are hereby notified that I have fixed upon Saturday, the 1st day of July, 1871, to take and settle, at my office, the account of the trust fund and property conveyed to John T. Johnston, trustee, by Wm. and G. W. Killinger, and the disposition of said fund, &c., required to be taken by the decree of the Smyth circuit court rendered on the 20th day of August, 1867, and by subsequent decrees, in a suit in chancery depending in said court between the aforesaid parties; at which time and place you are required to attend with all the evidence necessary, to enable the commissioner to comply with the order of the said court, if the account is not completed on that day it will be continued from day to day until finished. Given under my hand as commissioner in chancery of the said court, the day and year first aforesaid. CLARENCE DERRICK, Master Com. S. C. C. may 18

TO SHOEMAKERS. A large assortment of black wax, bristles, white linings, red and brown.

regans, oak and hemlock soft leather, Barbour's No. 12 thread, iron and Hungarian nails, sewing, square and pegging awls, lasting tacks, rasps, shoe pegs, leg huts, buff, upper leather and French calf skins, Harrington's knives, skiver knives, etc., etc., at SHEFFEYS' Drug, Grocery and Variety Store. July 21

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The Marion Herald.

"TRUTH, JUSTICE, LIBERTY."

VOL. II.

MARION, VIRGINIA, THURSDAY, JUNE 29, 1871.

NO. 51.

BALTIMORE ADVERTISEMENTS.

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G. G. GOODELL, & Co., AT MARION FOUNDRY, Are manufacturing a superior CANE MILL, CALL AND PURCHASE. July 6ts

Col. John Esten Cooke's LIFE OF GEN. LEE. This is the only authentic "Life of Gen. Lee" that is now in press; and probably the only one of any value that will be published for several years to come. It was commenced in 1866, and had General Lee's consent and approval.

D. APPLETON & CO., Publishers, New York. Jesse FISHER, General Agent for Virginia and North Carolina, 1108 Capitol street, Richmond. Agents wanted in all parts of the country. feb23

THE DROP OF BLOOD.

A HUNGARIAN STORY.

Doctor N—, one of the most eminent surgeons of Pesth, was summoned at daybreak one morning to see a person who pressingly sought to be admitted to him. While waiting in the ante-room the visitor desired the servant to add that every moment's delay was dangerous, as he stood in need of instant help.

The surgeon, hastily throwing off his night robe, gave orders for him to be shown up at once.

It was an entire stranger, but one whose dress proclaimed him a man belonging to the best class of society. His pallid cheeks spoke of some deep inward bodily and mental pain; and his right arm rested in a silken sling. Though he succeeded perfectly in controlling the expression of his countenance, a low murmur of pain, in spite of all his efforts, broke forth repeatedly from his lips.

"Have I the honor of addressing Doctor N—?" he asked in a weak and almost fainting voice, as he approached the surgeon.

"Yes, sir." "Pardon the question; I do not live in Pesth; I came from the country, and know you by reputation only. I regret not to be able to make your acquaintance under happier circumstances."

The surgeon seeing that his visitor could hardly stand on his feet, begged him to rest on his divan.

"I am weary; for a whole week I have not closed my eyes. I have been having a pain in my right hand, to which I can give no name. In the beginning I felt, only a slight pang, but in a short time it commenced to burn with constantly increasing violence, growing to be a torture beyond the reach of the slightest alleviation. I have tried every obtainable remedy, far and near, but nothing relieved me—there remains the same cutting, piercing, deadly pain. Finally I could bear no more; I got into a carriage and hastened here to you, that you might free me from torture by an operation—the knife or iron—for I can support it no longer."

The surgeon here endeavored to encourage him, saying his suffering might be overcome by milder means than the use of the knife.

"No, Doctor; neither a plaster, nor yet any palliative, can relieve it. What I need is the knife. For that alone did I come here."

Doctor N— asked to be permitted to look at his hand, on which the sufferer, setting his teeth hard, held it forth. The surgeon, using the greatest precaution, began to loosen the bandage.

"Let me entreat you in advance, doctor; not to be overcome by anything you will see. My pain is so strange, so extraordinary, that it will certainly take you unawares. Hesitate at nothing, I pray you."

The surgeon assured the stranger that he was accustomed to everything in his profession, and pledged himself to hesitate at nothing.

Nevertheless, when the hand appeared, shrunk back involuntarily, letting it fall heavily. The hand was apparently as sound, healthy-looking and perfect as any other—not a spot was to be seen upon it.

A sharp cry from the sufferer, as he lifted the dropped hand with his left, proved he had come in no jest, but that he suffered cruelly.

"Where does it pain you?" "Here, doctor," said the stranger, pointing to a place on the upper surface of the hand, where two veins parted from each other in faint blue lines. The surgeon marked him shuddering, as he touched the spot with his finger.

"You feel it paining here?" "Frightfully." "And you suffer from the pressure when I touch the place with my finger?"

The stranger was not in a condition to answer. Tears started to his eyes, so dreadful was the suffering.

"Wonderful! I distinguish nothing here!" "And yet I experience there so inexpressible a pain that I could dash my head against the wall."

The surgeon took a microscope, examined the place, and shook his head.

"The skin is clear and healthy; the blood courses freely in the veins; there is no inflammation, no apparent heat. The place is precisely in its natural state."

"I think it is somewhat redder." "Where?"

The stranger took a pencil from his pocketbook, and drew a line around a spot the size of a half-kreutzer.

"Here." The surgeon carefully looked at this spot, and began to think that his patient was insane.

"Remain here," he said; I may be able to assist you in a few days." "I cannot wait. Do you think, sir, that you have a madman before you? That is a misfortune of which you will have to cure me. The place I have indicated caused me such agony that, I have only come here to have it cut out."

"Which, however, I do not do," said the surgeon.

"And why not?" "Because your hand is perfectly sound; so far as I can see, there is no more the matter with it than there is with my own hand."

"You are, therefore, ready to decide that I am mad—you cannot believe me jesting," returned the stranger, taking a note for a thousand guilders out of his pocketbook, and laying it on the table.

"There, see that this is no child's play, and that the service I ask at your hands is of the highest necessity and importance to me. I entreat you cut this spot from out my hand."

"And I say to you, sir, that all the wealth of the world would not induce me to look on a sound member as diseased, or make the slightest incision in such a one. To do it would be to do what my surgical knowledge condemns—it would put my reputation to shame—in a word, my duty forbids it! The whole world would maintain that you were a lunatic, but of me they would say either that I had been so unprincipled as to profit by your mania, or that I was too ignorant to perceive the error into which you had led me."

"So be it. At least you can accord me this favor. I will perform the operation myself. My left hand will, it is true, be somewhat unskillful, but let that pass. I will soon finish; you will surely have the goodness to dress the wound for me."

The surgeon marked with amazement beyond words that the strange being was in sad earnest, for he laid aside his coat, turned back his sleeves and took his penknife in his left hand. Another moment and he would have plunged it deep into his right hand.

"Hold!" cried the stranger, alarmed lest the stranger should sever an artery, "if the operation be really inevitable, then, in the name of Heaven, let me perform it!"

On which, taking his surgical instrument, he laid the patient's right hand straight out in his own, at the same time requesting him to look another way.

"That is not necessary. Allow me to show you just how deep the knife shall go."

And truly, during the whole operation, the stranger's resolution did not fail him; he directed the surgeon as to the depth of the incision; his hand never moved until the spot represented as the seat of the pain was cut out, when throwing back his chest, he heaved a great sigh of relief.

"Do you feel no more burning?" questioned the surgeon.

"It is entirely gone," answered the stranger, smiling; the torture has ceased. As for the slight pain which the wound occasions me, it is to the first pain what a warm breeze is compared to insupportable heat."

While the bandage was being applied, the appearance of the stranger totally altered. A calm, pleasant expression met the surgeon's eye, instead of the former look of intense pain; the brow grew clearer, the color lively, returning love of life replaced the late cruel agitation—the whole man seemed transformed.

As the surgeon readjusted the stranger's hand in the sling, he felt his own seized by the left hand of the latter, who, pressing it warmly, said to him in the most fervent tones:

"Receive for your masterly service my most sincere thanks. You have laid me under a great obligation to you—for the remuneration on my part is small, indeed, compared with the mighty assistance which you have rendered me. I will be indebted to you all my life long."

But the surgeon's estimate of the value of his service was wholly different. He absolutely refused to accept the note for a thousand guilders, which still lay on the table. The stranger persisted in leaving it, and had passed out of the door when seeing the growing displeasure of the surgeon, he turned and begged him at all events, to consent to expend a part of the sum for the benefit of some Hospital, and hastily took his departure.

Doctor N— visited his patient for a few days at the hotel where he was remaining until his wound completely healed up. This was rapidly taking place. During the course of this time the surgeon had an opportunity to make observations, which resulted in the conviction that he had to deal with a refined, accomplished man; one whose every word evinced not only an extensive information, but that knowledge of the world so agreeable when united with superiority of mind. Not

the slightest trace of any ailment, either bodily or mental, was to be remarked after the operation.

The stranger returned to his estates shortly afterward, perfectly restored.

Three weeks had passed, when the servant was again called upon to announce to the surgeon the arrival of his singular patient. The stranger who was instantly admitted, appeared again with a bandaged arm, and so great was his suffering that, at first glance, his features were scarcely recognizable. Sinking into a chair, before the surgeon had time to offer him a seat, he stretched out his hand to him, no longer sufficiently master of himself to suppress his groans.

"What has happened?" sympathizingly inquired the surgeon.

"The incision was not deep enough," groaned the stranger; the pain has returned—burns more fiercely than before. I could not at first bring myself to trouble you again; I lingered, hoping that death would come and put an end to my existence. But what I longed for came not. The pain was, and still remains, concentrated in this one place. Look at me, and perhaps you will form an idea of my suffering."

The countenance of the stranger was white with agony, and cold drops covered his brow. The surgeon unloosed the bandage. The wound was closed; everything about the hand appeared healthy and sound as before, and the pulse beat evenly and naturally.

"This touches on the marvelous!" exclaimed Doctor N—. "It passes widely beyond anything in my past experience. Wonderful!"

"Yes, wonderful, terrible! Seek not now for the cause, doctor, but free me from this torture. Take your instrument and insert it deeper than before; that alone will give me relief."

The surgeon saw that he must grant this prayer. For the second time he performed the same operation; again did he remark the astonishing alteration in the countenance of the stranger. Again, as he replaced the bandage, a fresh color took the place of the patient's pallor, brightening the visage before so wan. But the smile returned not now as before. Sadly he thanked the surgeon for his assistance.

"I thank you, doctor. Again the pain has ceased. In a few days the wound will be healed. Nevertheless, be not astonished if you see me here in a month."

"Be easy on that score, sir; chase that thought out of your mind!" exclaimed the surgeon.

"I have an unerring conviction that that deadly pain will return at the end of a month," said the stranger, dejectedly. "Besides, what is to happen to me will happen!—till we meet again."

The surgeon related to his colleagues all the particulars of this unaccountable pain. They consulted together, but no one was able to offer a theory, perfectly satisfactory, explanatory of the case so strange.

Toward the end of the month Doctor N— began to look forward not without sadness, to again seeing the stranger; but time passed on, and he did not appear.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

In the following grand way does Thomas Carlyle take off his hat to the man that plows, hoes, and reaps, and mows, and threshes wheat for bread:

"The toil-worn craftsman that with earth made instrument laboriously conquers the earth and makes her man's. Venerable to me is the hard hand, crooked, coarse, wherein, notwithstanding lies a cunning virtue indefeasibly royal as the scepter of this planet. Venerable too, is the rugged face, all weather-tanned, beset with its rude intelligence, for it is the face of a man living man-like—the more venerable for the ruddiness, even because we must pity as we love these, hardly entreated brother. For us thy back was so bent, for us were thy straight limbs and fingers so deformed. Thou wert our conscript on whom the lot fell, and fighting our battles wert so marred: For in thee, too, lay a god created form, but it was not to be unfolded; incastered must it stand with the thick adhesions and defacements of labor, and thy body, like thy soul, was not to know freedom. Yet, toil on, toil on; thou art in thy duty, be out of it who may; thou'lt rest for the altogether indispensable, for daily bread."

An Elmira, New York, shoemaker is immensely amused at the way an old rat on his premises has been fooled. The thrifty rodent has gone through a box of shoe-pegs, and put away about a quart of them for winter use, under the belief that they are oats.

A young lady being asked to play the "Maiden's Prayer," cheerfully struck up "Mother may I go out to Swim?"

Flize. I hate a fit. A fit has got no manners. He ain't no gentleman. He's an intruder, don't send in no kard, nor ax'an interdushur nor no knock at the front door, and never think uv takin of his hat. Must you 'kno be in bed with you and up your nose—what he wants that is a mistry—and he invites himself to breakfast, and sets down in yore butter without brushin his pants. He helps himself to sugar or meat and merrlassis, and bread, and persurves, and viney—ennythig and don't wait for no invitation. He's got a appetite, and jist as suu eat one thing as another. T'aint no use to challenge him for takin' liberties; he keeps up a hostile korrespondence with you, whether or not and shoots himself at you like a bullet, and he never misses, never. He'll kiss yore wife 20 times a day and zizz zoo, and redicul you if you say a word, and ruther you'd slap at him than not; he's a dodger uv the dodginist kind. Every time you slap yoreself, and he zizzes and pints the line leg of skorn at you, till he aggravates you to distrakshin. He glories in lightin every pop on the exakt spot whar you druv him from, which proves the intention to teeze you. Don't tell me he ain't got no mind; he knows what he is after. He's got sense, and too much ov it, tho he never went to skool a day in his life, except in a supe dish. He's a mean, malignant, owdshus premeditated aus. His mother never paddled him with a slipper. His morals wuz neglected, and he lacks a good deal ov humility mitley. He ain't bashful a bit, and I doubt if he blushes oftin. In fact, he wuz never fetched up a tall. He was born full-grown, he don't git old—ather things gits old—and he is imperdent—and miselivous to the day ov his death. He droop in cold weather, and you can wash him on a window pane, and you've jist put your finger in it. He comes again next year and a-beep moore with him. T'aint no use. One fit to a family might do for amusemant but the good ov so meny flize I pe dogon of I kin see kin you? I has thort much about flize, and I has noticed how oftin they stop in that delivry to comb their heads and scratch their noze with their wings, and the tops ov their wings with their legs. And my kandid opynin ar that flize is lowsy, they ecclies all the time, is miserbul, and that makes 'em bad tempered, and want to uthter peepel miserbul too. Ef that ain't the flosity ov flies, I give up. Altho a fie don't send in yore head he always leaves one, and I don't like it. T'aint pretty, it is round. He kant make a cross-mark, only a dot and he is always dotting whar that ain't no 's. There is no end to his periods, but he never cums to a full stop. Such handritin is disagreeabil. He is an artist, but his fresco on his wall papering I don't admire. Thars too much samness in his patters. His spes is the only spes that don't help their eyes. You kant see throo um, and you don't want to. I hate a fit. Darn a fit. Josh Billings.

Colorado Fossils.

Abundant evidence, in the shape of fossil remains, is to be found in that portion of Colorado lying east of, and contiguous to, the base of the mountains, extending from north to south, through the entire length of the Sierra Madras, that this region has once had a tropical climate. Fossil lions, tigers, leopards, and other tropical animals, have been found in Nebraska, several degrees north of us: We have sections of an elephant's tusk, picked upon the range between Fairplay and Breckenridge. Of vegetable remains, the tropical fern, the palm leaf, the lemon, and the cocconut are found in abundance. In the clay formations overlying our coal measures, the perfect impression of immense palm leaves are found on all hands. In sinking a shaft here, the Rev. Van Valkenburg found the impression of palm leaves four foot long at almost every foot. In a lime hedge near Boulder are petrified cocconuts in large numbers. Besides, our remarkable coal measures, fifty-two feet in thickness, all evidently of vegetable origin, point unmistakably to the fact that these things were produced by the same influences now found in the tropical regions. Now the question arises, and to which the attention of scientific men is directed, when and how were they produced? Did we once have the equator where we now are? If not, then how have these formations here? And if so, then what produced

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Something About the Hair.

Straight, lank, stringy looking hair indicates weakness and cowardice. Curly hair denotes a quick temper. Frizzly hair, set on one's head as if each individual hair was ready to fight its neighbor, denotes coarseness. Light auburn denotes intelligence, industry and peaceful disposition.

Coarse, straight black hair denotes a sluggish disposition, with but little ambition, and a love of ease, with a disposition to find fault and borrow trouble.

Black hair, very little inclined to curl, with a dark complexion, indicates personal courage, especially when one is cornered, with wonderful degree of pertinacity, and a disposition to hang on until whatever is undertaken be accomplished.

Red hair, if straight, denotes ugliness and a haughty, domineering disposition.

Lightish red hair, somewhat given to curl, if it be fine rather than coarse, indicates ambition, but deceit, treachery and a willingness to sacrifice old friends for new ones, or for personal advancement.

What is called sandy hair indicates a jovial disposition, without much energy or powers of calculation for bargains. Such persons are generally good fellows, content to work for others more than themselves.

Brown hair denotes fondness for life, a friendly disposition, earnestness of purpose, capacity for business, and reliability in friendship, in proportion as the hair is fine.

Light brown hair, with a clear skin, is a very certain indication of courage, ambition, reliability, and determination to overcome obstacles. Nearly all the best business men of the country have this kind of hair. The finer and more silky the texture, the finer the organization, and the more touchy and inflammable the disposition. If such hair be straight and fine, it indicates an even disposition, a readiness to forgive, with a desire to add to the happiness of others.

Persons with fine light brown or auburn hair, inclined to curl or friz, are quick-tempered, and are given to resentment and revenge.

Light brown hair, inclined to redness, with a freckled skin, is a certain indication of deceit, treachery and a disposition to do something mean by a friend who cannot be longer used to advantage.

Straight black hair, crisp and glossy, indicates great powers endurance, indifference to danger, and strong predisposition to revenge wrongs or insults, real or fancied. The coarser such hair the longer will the person having it torture his revenge till comes a safe chance for its gratification.

Hair that is inclined to change its appearance with the weather, with a sort of recklessness as to its style, indicates a corresponding recklessness, or rather, independence, as to the speech of people.

Successful Business Men.

The Journal of Commerce replies to the question of a correspondent: "What proportion of those who succeed in acquiring a competency in business pursuits ultimately retain it?" The editor says that of those who engage in business on their own account only three out of a hundred escape failure, and only five out of a hundred succeed in avoiding an entire collapse of their first effort. Of those who at some time or other have in hand a reasonable competence, and may be said to have succeeded in business, ninety per cent. are still the subjects of after reverse of some sort, so that only ten per cent. of the successful ones keep their fortune unshaken. No two things, the Journal thinks, should be more strongly impressed upon the men of our country than the insecurity of riches, even when acquired, and their unsatisfying character. There is no fallacy so universally cherished as the notion that wealth is surely a means of happiness. The care of a large property is one of the most burdensome of earthly trusts. The only material good which comes of any estate, the writer remarks, is to be made out of a moderate income far more easily than from a large one, and with fewer attendant disadvantages. The enjoyment in the dispensation of bounty is sadly marred by the judicious care required in the selection of the recipients. The man who is earning a good living, with something to spare annually for the sweet uses of charity, is far less tried in this respect.

Some days ago a villain named Lakin—a carpet-bagger and preacher—who has been living in Alabama since the war, gave some very sensational testimony before the Klu Klux committee at Washington. He stated that numbers of "loyal" negroes and whites had been killed, whipped, or driven away from his section of the State by the Klu Klux. This was considered "very valuable" evidence by the Radical leaders, who are trying to get up just such infamous tales as this of the Rev. Lakin, for campaign purposes; but, unfortunately for them, the "reliable" testimony of the "Rev." Lakin is proven to be only a pack of infamous Yankee falsehoods, and proven by good Radical authority, too. Judge Busted, the substance of whose testimony we publish elsewhere, and Governor Lindsey both emphatically deny the allegations of the loyal preacher, and state that Alabama is as quiet, as any State in this Union, and that no man who behaves himself will be molested there; whatever his political opinions might be. The Daily State Journal, published at Montgomery, and the organ of the Alabama Republicans, in speaking of the tales told concerning the insecurity of Republicans in that State, says:

"We have lived in this State for more than a quarter of a century, and have never felt insecure in person or property on account of political opinions. We are sincere in our Republicanism, and we feel safe because we love our people, and honestly believe that we are pursuing a course that will redound to their peace, happiness, and prosperity. Those men who call themselves Republicans, and who are continually trying to get into office, stirring up disorder and strife, and poisoning the minds of voters in secret dens at midnight, when honest men and sincere Republicans are plotted against simply because they are honest and sincere and have social standing in the community, may feel unsafe. We endorse no such libel upon the whole population of our State. Radical vultures, Klu Klux office-seekers of every party are doing us more harm as a people than all the libels ever written. We believe that every honest man is safe in Alabama, no matter what his politics are."

A CURE FOR DRUNKENNESS.

The New York Commercial speaks as follows on the remedy for drunkenness: Apropos of the "acute insanity" resulting from drink, under the influence of which Dr. Connolly murdered his children and then took his own life, the Herald asks: "Is there no remedy for these terrible deeds? Is there nothing upon our statute-books that requires the police to lock up voluntary madmen? Is there no law to restrain these 'sprees' that lead to madness and murder?" There are laws, indeed, but they are insufficient. It is not enough to fine the drunkard who makes a public nuisance of himself, for the fine does not prevent a repetition of the offence, and the habit grows until the victim in a fit of delirium or drunken rage kills somebody, whereupon the community rolls its eyes and lifts its hands in horror, exclaiming, "What shall be done to correct this awful state of affairs?" The remedy is easy enough, if you will only apply it. Send the drunkard who exposes himself in public places to the State prison. Make inebriety under such circumstances as much a crime as theft. Surely, with the terrible expense we have had of what drunkenness leads to, no manly sympathy for man's weakness ought to stand in the way of that protection to human life which society has a right to demand. Moreover, the mere knowledge of such a penalty as that suggested would throw the responsibility entirely upon the shoulders of the man who invoked it. If he should choose to get drunk in the face of such a law, there would be nobody to blame but himself.

A law making drunkenness a crime punishable with imprisonment in State prison would more effectually put a stop to the evil than all the prohibitory laws and temperance societies that ever existed. A man who gets drunk and exposes himself publicly, is guilty of a crime against society, and for it he ought to be punished.

The Pennsylvania Medical Association has rescinded the rule, passed years ago, excluding women from the medical profession, by making it an offense for any member of the association to consult with female physicians or with any doctor consulting with them or teaching in their colleges.

The negro cadet at West Point has caused that institution a world of trouble. The list is with regard to the annual "hop," to which the ladies refuse to go if the "nigger" is allowed to go. He has a right to go; and to have a partner, too, but the trouble is that a girl cannot be found in all Yankeedom who will consent to "hop" with the colored "man and brother," and the belles declare that if a damsel of his own dusky hue is invited, as was suggested, they won't go to the ball at all. Thus is the authority of the United States Government set at defiance by a party of girls! For be it known that the "hop" is to be held this year by the express command of the War Department. The St. Louis Christian Advocate offers the following suggestion as a way to get out of the dilemma: "Why not let the cadets hop by themselves? What is the use of female partners? It is all for exercise, we know. Why cannot the cadets be exercised without girls exercising too? Let the cadets hop with one another. There are two colored ones now, for hopper and counter-hopper. By all means let them hop together, and 'let us have peace.'"

The New York Sun says that cadet Smith has wisely concluded to get the Government out of its "fix" by not attending the hop, for which conclusion the War Department will no doubt tender him a vote of thanks.

The Boston Journal bids adieu to Chief Justice Chase on his departure from the Radical party in the following pathetic style:

"Farewell to the resolute champion of our organization in its early days—farewell to the hand that added the closing invocation to the draft of Abraham Lincoln's great proclamation of emancipation!"

It is rather a bad sign for the Radical party to see such men as Judge Chase leave it. It indicates that the race of the party of grand moral ideas is about run.

A YANKEE WILL.—The other day Mr. J. S. White died, leaving \$70,000 to the University of Vermont at Burlington, upon the express condition that no colored student should ever receive a dollar of it. A very "expressive" way of showing how much affection the Northerners have for their colored friends!

AFFAIRS IN EUROPE.

FROM FRANCE.

VERSAILLES, June 26.—La Verite says that, fearing detection, the Communists and workmen appear to be about decided to refrain from voting. The official journal contains several official decrees relative to the loan and the war indemnity. PARIS, June 26.—The Figaro says that the Orleans Princes will proceed to Probstorf, where they will await the decision of the country in silence. The Constitutionnel urges leaders to ratify the policy of M. Thiers without conditions or amendments. Vertel, a late member of the Communists, has been arrested. Gambetta has arrived in Paris, but leaves again to-morrow. He has accepted a candidacy to the Assembly from one of the districts of Paris. Chas. Floquet has been discharged. Richard Wallace has received the Cross of the Legion of Honor.

CORRIGAN MILL BURNED.—SNOW STORM. LONDON, June 26.—A cotton mill at Manchester has been destroyed by fire, by which one thousand workmen were thrown out of employment. There has been a snow-storm in Shields.

What Vallandigham Meditated.

The following is an extract from correspondence of the Cincinnati Gazette: I had a talk with one of Mr. Vallandigham's near relatives, to whom he often spoke freely. He said his new departure idea was two years old, and had been thoroughly studied. His papers were voluminous. He had written a complete autobiography. One of his favorite hopes was to make a 4th of July oration at the centennial anniversary in 1876, and he commenced the preparation of it. He loved the Calhoun theory in politics, but thought it died with the echoes of the last gun at Appomattox Courthouse. He wanted negro suffrage kept out of politics. It was on us. Let us see how it worked. If well, why well. If not, let the people remedy it. He believed that they were ready for a new constitution, and feared sometimes a military dictatorship. The new departure was against his prejudices, but he believed it best for the country.

A young man named George Eppes was shot and dangerously wounded in Richmond last week, in an altercation with a young man named Seay. They quarreled about a game of cards.

A negro woman attempted to light a fire with kerosene oil in Lynchburg the other night. Somebody put her out with a blanket, and the doctors think she may recover.

A Federal Judge of Alabama Before the Klu Klux Committee.

WASHINGTON, June 23.—Judge Busted, of Alabama, was before the Klu Klux committee to-day. He testified that he had been told confidentially, about a year and a half ago, that there was a Klu Klux organization in the northern part of Alabama. He considered persons and property as safe in that State as in any other of the Union. Public quiet and tranquility were as essentially preserved in Alabama as any part of the country. The character of persons holding subaltern positions under the State Constitution, is generally notoriously bad, both as to intelligence and honesty.

The Judge said he had been in the State since 1862, having previously been appointed District Judge of Alabama by Mr. Lincoln. There had been no obstruction to the administration of the affairs of his office or laws of the land, except in one instance, when the Republican Auditor of Alabama disobeyed the injunction of the court, for which he was fined and imprisoned. Great respect was paid to judicial authority by lawyers, suitors, juries, and all other parties. The feeling of the people, towards the General Government, he thought, was to obey the laws, however obnoxious, thought there was a deep feeling that the laws were not equal or impartial.

A part of the "Rev." Lakin's evidence was read to the judge, who said it was entirely untrue. Only one indictment had been found in his court for violation of the civil rights bill, and that had not yet been tried. Lakin, the judge said, is a man that is apt to make wild statements without accurate basis.

The financial condition of the State under Governor Lindsay had improved. The people of Alabama render full obedience to the laws, and there is in that State ample security for life and property, with continued improvement in all public and private relations.

There answers were all elicited by direct questions, the witness being under oath.

Fire from Matches in a Vest Pocket.

Yesterday morning a young gentleman, boarding at the house of Mr. John H. Anderson, No. 603 6th street, came in; went up to his room, threw his coat and vest on the bed, and went out again. About an hour and a half afterwards some gentleman passing the house discovered smoke issuing from a window, and called the attention of Mr. Anderson's family to the fact. The door was at once opened, when it appeared that the coat, vest, and mattress had been entirely consumed, and the flames were spreading to the furniture. The fire was extinguished without an alarm being given, but had it obtained a little more headway the damage to the house would have been serious. It is supposed that the fire was caused by the ignition of some matches in the pocket of the vest thrown upon the bed. There is no other way of accounting for it.—Richmond Dispatch 24th.

The mixed nationalities of the Parisian Commune seem to have been an element of predestinate failure for it contained, if we are correctly informed, 0 Italians, 21 Poles, 7 Germans, 2 Wallachians, 2 Americans (counting Cluseret as such), with a Belgian, Portuguese, and even an Egyptian. This is equivalent to saying that it was composed not of Frenchmen having the welfare of their country at heart, but of foreign adventurers desperately pushing their own fortunes. If there be anything of extenuation in this, let not France and Frenchmen be denied the credit of it. The French mob was indeed plastic in these desperate alien hands; but that merely affords cumulative evidence of the madness which ruled the hour.—New York Tribune.

A stranger went to church at Middletown, Connecticut, on a Sunday recently, and sat in a pew, when, just as he was getting interested in the sermon, a rough-looking, pious church member came in and took him by the collar and threw him into the vestibule. He thought he would stay there and hear the rest of the sermon when the sexton kicked him off the steps. He went to the side of the church to listen to the sermon through the window, who one of the brethren said "Amen" to something the minister said and then spit tobacco juice out of the window into the listener's eyes. He says a man can't enjoy religion at Middletown.

Two San Francisco barbers, engaged to fight a duel, agreed to start and walk around a block, and went they got within sight of each other, to blaze away. When they turned the corner out of sight, both started on a run in different directions, and one has sent from Alaska for his winter clothes, and the other has written to his wife from the city of Mexico, asking her to send him linen coat and palm leaf hat.

During the late war the property of General Bradley T. Johnson, in Maryland, was sold by a trustee under a decree of the Circuit Court for Frederick county; but upon the termination of the war Gen. Johnson commenced proceedings for its recovery, which have finally terminated in his favor.

Seventeen decorations from various European countries await Dr. Livingstone upon his return from Africa.

Stamped Envelopes—New Regulations of the P. O. Department.

Several changes, to go into effect on the 1st of July, have been made in the printing and distributing of stamped envelopes by the Postoffice Department. Hereafter special devices and the addresses of correspondents will not be printed under any circumstances whatever. The printing of cards and requests across the end has been discontinued. In future they will be printed on the upper left hand corner only. Business avocations and employments will be excluded from all cards and requests. The name of the writer should only be given without any reference to his occupation. Cards and requests must be limited to the following matter, or so much thereof as may be desired, to wit:

The name of the writer, whether individual, firm, company, or corporation. 2d. The postoffice address, including number and name of the city or town, county and State. 3d. A request to return, if received within a given or blank number of days. The occupation of the writer as merchant, claim agent, attorney at law, dealer in dry goods, etc., must be rigidly excluded. The restrictions have reference to the department only, and does not, of course, prevent parties from having stamped and other envelopes purchased by them printed in any manner they may desire, at their own expense. There has also been a new schedule of prices for stamped envelopes issued which will go into effect on the first of July, which makes an increase of about 40 cents per a package of 1000.

A Subterranean Wonder.

In Ararat township in Pennsylvania, a portion of railroad track recently sank into the earth, and disappeared from sight. An investigation into the cause of this singular occurrence revealed the fact that underneath the railroad for a considerable distance was a crust of black earth six feet in thickness. This crust supports a heavy growth of wood. The pond is said to contain many fish, pickered among others, but all without eyes. In the same township is another pond about twenty acres in extent, upon which a similar crust is accumulating. A large part of this pond has been covered within the past twenty years, and the process is still going on. For some distance from the shore it is filled with a dense growth of water lilies, and these it is supposed furnish the foundation for the superstructure of the earth.—N. Y. Sun.

A GERMAN mechanic named Rempt, who is employed by a well known firm of bridge-builders in Patterson, N. J., has invented a gun that is a combination of the advantages of both the French and German infantry weapon, with none of the several disadvantages possessed by these. Like the needle gun, it is fired by a needle, in a very nice and curious manner; but the most wonderful thing of the whole invention is the cartridge, which is not affected by dampness, and can be soaked in water for hours without losing its combustible or explosive qualities. Old Prussian soldiers, who are quite familiar with the needle gun, and who have seen and examined the new weapon, say that this is far superior in every respect, and will range among the most deadly and unerring weapons of modern times.

Grant's Prospects.

A Washington letter in the Baltimore Sun says: "Whatever may be appearances on the surface, it is not at all likely that General Grant will be renominated by the Republicans. The delegation in the National Convention from the State of New York will doubtless exercise a controlling influence in that body, and it is not probable that that delegation will be for Gen. Grant. On the contrary, those who know best conjecture that on matter whether it be the Greeley and Benton wing or that of Conkling and Murphy, in either case it will not ultimately be for Grant. It is much more likely, in the latter event, to be for Seward or some new man."

THE LATEST KEROSENE HORROR.—Mrs. Garigan, of Long Island City, saturated her clothes with kerosene on Monday morning, and then, taking her babe in her arms, set fire to them. Her husband coming in seized and saved the child, but the woman was so badly injured that she died on Tuesday. Insanity is believed to be the cause of this strange and terrible freak.

NEW ORLEANS, June 24.—Thomas Winchell has been arrested for the murder of James Lyons, a telegraph operator, on Saturday last. Winchell, with whom Lyons was boarding, attacked him (Lyons) in bed Saturday morning, beating him so severely with a watchman's club that he died on Sunday.

CHICAGO, June 24.—A terrific thunderstorm visited this city to-day. It rained in torrents for an hour. Basements are flooded, and walls and trees prostrated. No marine disasters have been yet reported. The tunnel under the river at Washington street is inundated and the water flowing in both ends.

ST. LOUIS, 24.—A letter received here states that N. J. Long, John Mullen, and two others, have been killed by Indians at Fort Griffin, Texas. One named Elliott was burned alive.

Solar, Steam and Horse-Power.

A lively writer in one of the foreign scientific journals enters into a nice calculation of the work performed by the sun's rays, starting with the common theory that the heat of the sun is continually raising the temperature of the atmosphere, making it capable of absorbing water from the surfaces of rivers, lakes and oceans surrounding the earth: this being called evaporation, and by in clouds are formed at various elevations about the earth's surface. The water which comes from these clouds, and that which comes as dew, is considered to be the measure of the sun's evaporating power. Assuming the average fall of water upon the earth's surface to be five feet, and the average height of its fall at 900 feet, the estimate is arrived at by simple mathematical calculation, that the measure of the sun's evaporating power on the surface of the earth in one minute of time is 99,880,000,000 horse-power, and this is continuous, every minute. Now, as the total horse-power of all the steam-engines in the world is rated at not far from fifteen millions, the work due to the sun's evaporation is seen to be something more than six thousand times that of all the steam engines in the world, supposing them to work continuously, day and night.

Scene at a Commencement.

At the Preston and Olin Institute commencement last week the following scene was enacted, as related by the Christiansburg Messenger:

"A fight by two small boys in front of the church produced considerable excitement and came near causing disastrous consequences. The building was crowded (floor and galleries) to almost suffocation, and no little uneasiness was felt lest the galleries might give way. No sooner had the noise of the disturbance outside reached the audience within, than the idea seized the timid ones that the 'loft' was about to fall and precipitate its mass of masonry freight upon their heads. The cry of fight being mistaken for the cry of fire, added to their terror and produced the wildest excitement. The agility displayed by some of the ladies in leaping from the windows would have done credit to the Olympian champions of old. Quiet was, however, soon restored, and the exercises proceeded without further interruption to the close."

Killed by a Fly.

A few weeks ago Henry Bass, aged 22 years, of No. 101 Forsyth street, was stung by a fly on the neck and in a little time the wound had developed into a painful tumor, the insect probably having been feasting on some poisonous substance. An abscess was formed, and he was at length admitted to Bellevue Hospital on the 5th instant suffering from all the symptoms of blood poisoning. He was very restless and could with difficulty be subjected to the proper treatment for the cure of his disease. On Wednesday night he managed to steal from his ward, and by means of a sheet, climbed from the verandah to the ground, and then over the outer wall. Yesterday morning he was found by a night watchman sitting on the pier at the foot of Twenty-third street, gazing absently into the water as if contemplating self-destruction. He was restored to his bed, where he died in a few hours without exhibiting any new symptoms.—N. Y. Star.

Gov. Alcorn, of Mississippi, thinks that if Congress will give back to the Southern people the money stolen from them under the name of the two cent cotton tax, in 1865-'67, it will do much to restore good feeling in the South.

A quaint old Scotch proverb runs thus: "An ounce of mother is worth a pound of energy."

The Virginians Who Belonged to Kirk's Army.

We have taken the trouble to compile from Kirk's muster-rolls all the names of the Virginians, and the counties they were from, who belonged to this shameful and disgraceful command. This may meet the sight of some of these men's neighbors, and it will do no harm to let them know of the ridiculous pole their young "sojer boys" played in this State. Out of Wise county came Seth Hill, Wilson Adkins, Austin Clemons, Gilbert Hensley, Amos Leiford, and Wallis Pate. They belonged to company "B," Captain Garland's company. Out of Washington county came J. D. Dougherty, solitary and alone. Dougherty belonged to company "F," Captain Franklin, and to keep him company, out of Scott county marched private Nathan Kenfro by himself, with his gun and knapsack, to join the same Captain Franklin in his march against the Klu Klux. Out of Bedford county marched Amazin J. Maymie, of company "H"; and out of Taxewell county tramped John R. Belcher to join the same "Old H." Good gracious! Virginians, take their names and pin them to their coat-tails.—Hillsboro' (N. C.) Recorder.

A Brutal Murder.

We learn through a source regarded altogether reliable, that a horrible murder was committed in Wilkes county, N. C., a week or two since. It appears that a gentleman residing in that county, a few days previous to the murder sold to a neighbor a tract of land for which he received \$1,000 in cash. Business calling him away from home soon after, he left the money with his wife, and on returning he stopped over night with a friend living some ten or twelve miles distant from his home. In the night he dreamed that some men had entered his house, murdered his wife and two children, stolen his money, and destroyed his property. Knowing that he had left the money with his wife, he became uneasy and restless after this dream, and requested a peddler, who was stopping at the house with him, to accompany him at once to his home, for he feared there was a reality in the dream. On arriving at his home, to his horror he found his wife and two children lying upon the floor murdered and two men sitting at a table counting out the money he had left with his wife. He and the peddler being armed immediately fired upon the men and killed them, who turned out to be the man to whom he had sold the land, and from whom he had received the \$1,000, and his son.—Carroll News.

As four or five darkies were passing an agricultural implement store on Third street, the other day, one of them, pointing to a cultivator, said: "A man can just sit on dat thing and ride while he's ploughing." "Golly," replied the other, "de recals was too sharp to think of dat' fore de nigger was free."

FORTY MINERS SHUT UP.—Wilkes-barre, Pa., June 22.—Some forty miners were temporarily imprisoned yesterday by the falling in of the slope of the Empire coal mine, several miles from this place. All were rescued, and are expected to recover from the foul air inhaled during their confinement.

Gov. Alcorn, of Mississippi, thinks that if Congress will give back to the Southern people the money stolen from them under the name of the two cent cotton tax, in 1865-'67, it will do much to restore good feeling in the South.

A quaint old Scotch proverb runs thus: "An ounce of mother is worth a pound of energy."

MARRIED.

On the 21st instant, by the Rev. W. V. Wilson, at the residence of the bride's father, Mr. James O. Evans, of Wythe county, Va., to Miss Emma M. Huber, of Marion.

DIED.

On Tuesday, the 26th inst., Mrs. MOLLIE WOLFE, wife of Mr. Foy Wolfe, and daughter of Nathaniel Harris, Esq.

A Chapter of Facts.—Space is valuable in a newspaper, and it is therefore proposed in this department to condense a variety of facts, important to the public, into a small compass. These facts refer to Hostetter's Stomach Bitters—what that celebrated medicine is, and what it will do. In the first place, then, the article is a stimulant, tonic and alterative, consisting of a combination of an absolutely pure spirituous agent with the most valuable medicinal vegetable substances that Botanic research has placed at the disposal of the chemist and the physician. These ingredients are compounded with great care, and in such proportions as to produce a preparation which invigorates without exciting the general system, and tones, regulates and controls the stomach, the bowels, the liver, and the minor secretive organs.

What this great restorative will do must be gathered from what it has done. The case of dyspepsia, or any other form of indigestion, in which it has been persistently administered without effecting a radical cure, is yet to be heard from, and the same may be said of bilious disorders, intermittent fever, nervous affections, general debility, constipation, sick headache, mental disabilities, to which the feeble are so subject. It purifies the fluids of the body, including the blood, and the gentle stimulus which it imparts to the nervous system is not succeeded by the slightest reaction. This is a chapter of facts which readers, for their own sakes, should mark and remember.

WHOLESALE SLAUGHTER OF INDIANS IN TEXAS.—New York, June 26.—A letter from Fort Griffin, Texas, dated June 7th, says: "I suppose you have heard of the great slaughter of Indians here. The cavalry met some two hundred men, women and children, and showed them no quarter; killing all they could lay their hands on. Such yelling I never did hear. Every man was for himself. The infantry was in reserve and caught all the stragglers; not even one escaping, orders having been given to show no quarter."

MAJOR WILFRED BROUGHAM, of England, returned to the city yesterday from his visit to Southwestern Virginia, and is at the Nurvell House. He was greatly pleased with both the country and people of that favored section. He has about concluded the negotiations for a farm near Max Meadows, in Wytche county, where he designs locating.—Lynchburg Virginian.

From computed estimates of the most expert detectives, it is conceded that counterfeiters representing the face value of about ten millions dollars on the various national banks are now circulating through the country.

Lynchburg Wholesale Price Current.

CORRECTED WEEKLY BY LEE, TAYLOR & CO., WHOLESALE & RETAIL GROCERS, COMMISSION MERCHANTS & PRODUCE BROKERS, No. 11, BRIDGE STREET, LYNCHBURG, VA.

LYNCHBURG, June 29, 1871. But few changes to-day. Corn, rye and oats active at quotations; but few transactions as yet in new wheat; from the best information we can get, the crop in Virginia is far below estimate made before harvesting; bacon, lard and butter neglected and dull.

Table listing various commodities and their prices, including Apples, Beans, Butter, Coffee, Flour, Hops, Lard, Oil, Potatoes, Sugar, and various meats and oils.

CATTLE MARKET REPORTS.

Corrected Weekly.

BALTIMORE LIVE STOCK MARKET.

BALTIMORE, June 22, 1871.

RECEIPTS FOR THE WEEK.

Beoves 1,251
Sheep and Lambs 2,092
Hogs 7,468

PRICES OF BEEF CATTLE THIS WEEK.

Very best to sale to-day 66 1/2 cts
That generally sale 64 1/2 cts
Medium or good fair quality 62 1/2 cts
Ordinary thin oxen and cows 4 1/2 cts
Interior and lowest grades cattle 60 cts
General average of market to-day 61 1/2 cts
Extreme range of prices 43 1/2 to 74 1/2 cts
Most of the sales are from 57 1/2 to 63 1/2 cts

THE HOG MARKET.

We quote at 60 to 62 cents net.

THE SHEEP MARKET.

Quotations at \$3 to 5 1/2 cents gross. Lambs \$2 to \$4 a head as to quality.

NEW YORK MARKET.

FOR WEEK ENDING JUNE 19.

PRICES OF BEEVES.

Poor to medium cattle 10 1/2 to 11 1/2
Medium to fair steers 11 1/2 to 12 1/2
Good steers and fat oxen 13 1/2 to 14 1/2
Prime to extra steers 14 1/2 to 15 1/2
Choice 15 1/2 to 16 1/2
Majority of sales were at 13 1/2 to 14 1/2

SHEEP AND LAMBS.

Common to fair sheep 4 1/2 to 5 1/2
Good to prime sheep 5 1/2 to 6 1/2
Extra sheep 6 1/2 to 7 1/2
Lambs 9 1/2 to 10 1/2

SWINE.

Prime heavy corn-fed (live weight) 6 1/2 to 7 1/2
Medium 6 1/2 to 7 1/2
Prime heavy corn-fed (dressed) 6 1/2 to 7 1/2

PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING JUNE 19.

Sales of 1,900 head of beef cattle at 4 to 7 1/2 cents. Sheep, 4 1/2 to 5 1/2 cents. Hogs, 5 1/2 to 6 1/2.