TRUMPET CALLS.

Ram's Horn Sounds a Warning Note to the Unredeemed.



THE more you love, the more you live.

Every dog is a lion somewhere.

God will leave nothing half-done.

Love is the apex. Humility, the foundation of the Christ-like life.

The city is as strong for the poor as it is for the rich.

...tched-up friendship is apt to ... new place.

... is a river within that is ever ... with its shores.

... career the Almighty Father ... His Beloved Son!

...e devil fears the prayer that is ...earned at a mother's knee.

God gives no burden where He has not first given strength to bear it.

However high a man may climb, he must always start from the ground.

There is no pew in any church that the devil has not sometimes occupied.

Get where God can trust you to handle money, and you will never find your pocket empty.

Airing other people's faults never made them smell any sweeter.—Ram's Horn.

It must be a great consolation to the widow when the insurance more than covers the loss.

It is often a hard matter to convince a brass band that it isn't the entire procession.

Never Too Sure.

Against the probability or possibility of mischance or accident we can never be too sure. But if we should stop to consider how great is the chance of sudden death, we would be made too timid and unhappy. Caution is needed not to be foolhardy, and precaution to know what is best to do when an accident happens. One day this winter two men were walking and one said: "We're too timid in treading on slippery places. I tread firmly and never think about them, and so escape a fall." "Never be too sure," said the other; "it is that that throws you off and makes the fall the harder." Just then they came upon a place covered with thin snow, where kids had been sliding. The first speaker slipped and came down with his foot turned and badly sprained his ankle. He was a cripple on crutches until a short time ago, having used many things without benefit. Up to that time he had not used St. Jacobs Oil, ... when used, cured him completely, ... he ... as usual. There is a prob... r the rest of the season be ... fously, with the precaution of ... his great remedy ready for use.

People seldom love those who withstand their prejudices, and who endeavor to control their passions.

Prayer and Profanity

... right in their proper places, but if you ... Tetter or Eczema, or Salt-Rheum, or Ring... better save your breath and buy "Tetter... 50 cents a box at drug stores, or by mail ... T. Shuptrine, Savannah, Ga.

... of reading enables a man to ex... the weary hours which come to every ... for hours of delight.

Oh, What Splendid Coffee.

Mr. Goodman, Willia[illegible], Ill., writes: "From one package Salzer's German Coffee Berry costing 15c I grow 300 lbs. of better coffee than I can buy in stores at 30 cents a lb." A. C. 6.

A package of this coffee and big seed and plant catalogue is sent you by John A. Salzer Seed Co., La. Crosse, Wis., upon receipt of 15 cents stamps and this notice.

The average man never fully realizes at midnight how very sleepy he is going to be at 7 o'clock the next morning.

$100 Reward. $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Pruning Lilac Wiegela.

Both lilac and wiegela bear their flowers on their young or green shoots, and if pruned in autumn or winter the bloom will be much reduced. These plants need very little pruning, as a rule, beyond cutting away any dead wood or unnecessary branches, but if at any time it should be thought desirable to shorten or head back the branches, the proper time for doing it is immediately after the plants have finished their blooming.—Vick's Magazine.

Looking Backward.

"You must feel very happy in this lovely cottage you call your own?"

"How can I when I think of my family that owned an estate of thousands of acres, with a castle and a whole regiment of servants?"

"Why, when did they lose it?"

"During the eleventh century."—Brooklyn Life.

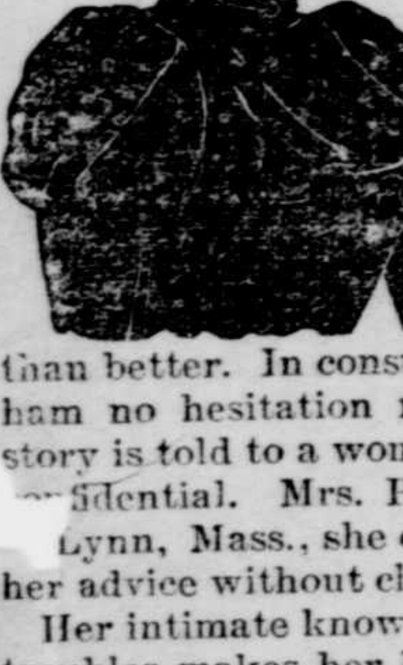
CONSULTING A WOMAN.

Mrs. Pinkham's Advice Inspires Confidence and Hope.

Examination by a male physician is a hard trial to a delicately organized woman.

She puts it off as long as she dare, and is only driven to it by fear of cancer, polypus, or some dreadful ill.

Most frequently such a woman leaves a physician's office where she has undergone a critical examination with an impression, more or less, of discouragement.



This condition of the mind destroys the effect of advice; and she grows worse rather than better. In consulting Mrs. Pinkham no hesitation need be felt, the story is told to a woman and is wholly ...fidential. Mrs. Pinkham's address ...Lynn, Mass., she offers sick women her advice without charge.

Her intimate knowledge of women's troubles makes her letter of advice a wellspring of hope, and her wide experience and skill point the way to health.

"I suffered with ovarian trouble for seven years, and no doctor knew what was the matter with me. I had spells which would last for two days or more. I thought I would try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I have taken seven bottles of it, and am entirely cured."—MRS. JOHN FOREMAN, 26 N. Woodberry Ave., Baltimore, Md.

The above letter from Mrs. Foreman is only one of thousands.

25 CTS PISO'S CURE FOR 25 CTS
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION

An Overworked Brain.

From the Record, Pierceton, Ind.

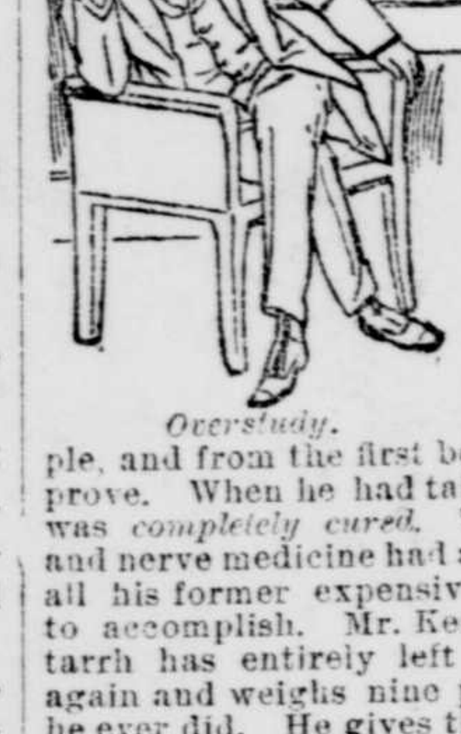
Determined to rise in his chosen profession as an educator, Ernest Kemper, of Pierceton, Ind., overtaxed himself mentally and physically. He was ambitious, his mind was always on his work. From early morn until late at night he continually pored over his books.

Few persons, even with the strongest constitutions, can keep up under such a strain.

In addition to his studies, Mr. Kemper was teaching a school some three miles from his home. Finally, his excessive study and the exposure of going to and from school in all kinds of weather undermined his health.

He was taken to his bed with pneumonia and his overworked brain almost collapsed. For several weeks he was seriously ill.

Catarrh had taken root in his system and his mind was in a delicate condition. He was sent to Colorado where he spent three months without receiving any benefit. Then a noted specialist from Cleveland treated him without avail, and then a hospital in Chicago was tried, but all absolutely without benefit. Finally his physician recommended Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and from the first box he began to improve. When he had taken nine boxes he was *completely cured.* This famous blood and nerve medicine had accomplished what all his former expensive treatment failed to accomplish. Mr. Kemper says his catarrh has entirely left him; he is strong again and weighs nine pounds more than he ever did. He gives the pills the entire credit. He is starting teaching again and feels abundantly able to continue the work. To prove that the above is true in every respect, Mr. Kemper made an affidavit as follows:



Overstudy.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this the 10th day of September, 1897.

R. P. WATT, *Notary Public.*

We doubt if these pills have an equal in all the range of medicine, for building up a run down and debilitated system.

FLASHES OF FUN.

Amy (shyly)—So, in compassion, I—I—kissed him. Mamie—For pity's sake!—New York Journal.

"Do you know I don't think much of Mawson." "You don't have to. You can size Mawson up in two seconds."—Brooklyn Life.

Reggy—Aw—Miss Guace, youah always in my mind, dontcher know. Miss Grace—Goodness! that is worse than living in a flat.—Up-to-Date.

He—She told me I was the light of her heart. She—Then what? He—Well, her old man came down and put the light out.—Columbus Journal.

Her Father—Have you heard my daughter sing, young man? Edwin—(nervously)—Ye-es—sir—but in spite of that—I should like to have her, sir.—Ally Sloper.

Tommy—A lighthouse is a sign of rocks isn't it, paw? Mr. Figg—It depends on whether you are referring to the seashore or the drama.—Indianapolis Journal.

Sallie De Witt—Do you play whist, Mr. Lange? Willie Lange—Me play whist? Well, I don't think. Sallie De Witte—Ah, true! I had forgotten that.—Brooklyn Life.

"No, I never take the newspapers home; I've a family of grown-up daughters, you know." "Papers too full of crime, eh?" "No, too full of bargain sales."—Truth.

Edith—She sings like a canary. Bertha—Oh, no! a canary begins to sing when people commence to talk; people commence to talk when she begins to sing.—Boston Transcript.

The Missing Evidence.—Hattie—Maude doesn't show her age at all, does she? Ella—No; but you can see where she scratched it out of the family Bible.—Chicago News.

Tommy—Paw, what sort of a fighter is a "cyclone fighter?" Mr. Figg—I don't know much about fighters, but I suppose it is one who goes blowing around.—Indianapolis Journal.

His opinion—"What are you doing, Jimmie?" "Readin' th' dictionary through." "How do you like it?" "Oh, some o' th' words is good, but others hain't much sense in 'em."—Judge.

"Does that baby of yours talk yet?" "His mother says he does; but if it is talk, then the kid has invented a new code of slang that will make him famous."—Philadelphia North American.

Old Million—My dear Miss Youngthing, if you'd only marry me, I could die happy. Miss Youngthing—Why, Mr. Million, if you were dying, I'd marry you in a minute.—New York Weekly.

Ethel—Have you noticed how Lord Slabsides drops his aspirates? Penelope—Oh, but thats nothing to the way he drops his vowels—papa says he has got more than a dozen of his i-o-u-s.—Judge.

"Why does the baron look so glum? I thought he had just married an heiress." "So he has; but he speculated a few days after the marriage and lost the better half of his wife."—Fliegende Blatter.

Mr. Romanz—I tell you what, a baby brightens up the house, and that's a fact. Mr. Practickel—Yes; we've had to keep the gas burning all night ever since ours was born.—Philadelphia Record.

"What in thunder do you mean," asked the city editor, "by comparing the air to frozen quinine?" "I meant to say," said the new reporter, with proud humility, "that it was bitter cold."—Indianapolis Journal.

Dollie—I wonder why Love is represented always with wings? Mollie—They are for him to use in flying out of the window when Poverty comes in at the door. Don't you know that much?—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"Do you think that glasses tend to weaken the sight?" asked Col. Stillwell's friend. And after pensive consideration the colonel replied: "It depends, suh, ...ably on how many you take."—Washington Star.

"Is your sister at home, Willie?" asked Willie's sister's young man. "No; I heard her say she was engaged this afternoon—but don't be frightened; I don't think it's a marrying engagement."—Harper's Bazar.

Unscientific.—First Arctic Explorer—I have always considered Columbus a somewhat over-estimated man. Second Arctic Explorer—Why? First Arctic Explorer—He discovered America the first time he went to look for it.—Puck.

"Robinson, the electrician, is positively the meanest man I ever heard of," "How's that?" "He persuaded his wife to wear an electric seal sacque on the ground that it would be an advertisement for his business."—Chicago News.

Greatest Drinkers of Alcohol.

A learned professor at Geneva, Switzerland, states that France drinks more alcohol annually than any other nation in Europe. His calculation is based on the percentage of alcoholic liquors consumed. According to this standard, each person in France drinks thirteen quarts of alcohol in many more quarts of wines, beers, etc., in the course of a year.

A writer says that brains will tell. Sometimes t... and sometimes it is ...

WEEKLY SERMONS.

Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage's Weekly Discourse.

"Our Yesterdays and Our To-morrows" is the Title of Dr. Hepworth's Sermon in the New York Herald—Dr. Talmage on Trying Life's Journey Over Again.

[NOTE: The one-thousand-dollar prize for the best sermon in the New York Herald's competition was won by Rev. Richard G. Woodbridge, pastor of the Central Congregational Church, Middleboro, Mass. "The Power of Gentleness" was the title of Mr. Woodbridge's sermon. Fifteen sermons in all appeared in the Herald's competitive series.]

TEXT: "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."—Matthew vi., 34.

Here is a bit of philosophy too profound to be appreciated without careful and continuous study. It also contains a stern injunction not to worry over what cannot be helped, but, on the other hand, to make the best of your circumstances. You are commanded to let the past go its way into the land of forgetfulness, and not to borrow from the future the troubles which you fear it may contain, but to live in the present as far as possible. It is a command very difficult to obey, and yet obedience is absolutely necessary if you would get out of life all that God has put into it.

The man who has a vivid remembrance of his past troubles and who cherishes that memory deliberately throws a gloom over his present. If he will confine himself to the duty of the moment he will generally find that he is quite equal to it, but if he collects all the miseries of yesterday and of the day before and adds them to the burdens of to-day he becomes disheartened, and his discouragement saps his moral strength and produces moral weakness. You have enough to do to face what is immediately before you, and if you conjure up the ghosts of misdeeds and of trials which have been outlived you do yourself a serious injury and interfere with your spiritual or business success.

In like manner, if you think you can master to-day's work, but dampen your ardor by wondering how you are going to get through to-morrow, you produce a nervous tension which debilitates and brings about the very failure that you dread. No man can carry more than one day at a time. When Jesus asks you not to attempt to do so He gives you wise counsel, and you had better follow the advice. Life is not so smooth that you can afford to make it rougher by recalling the bad roads over which you have already passed or anticipating the bad roads over which you will have to pass before the end of the journey is reached. You may be cheerful, and therefore strong, if you will forget the things that are behind and let the future take care of itself; but if you propose to add yesterday and to-morrow to to-day you will add what God warns you against doing, and will certainly make a great mistake.

If the sun shines now, be grateful and contented. Suppose it did rain yesterday, or suppose we are to have a blizzard to-morrow. You have got beyond the rain on the one hand, and, on the other, the time has not come to meet the blizzard. It is foolish to make yourself miserable now because you were miserable a few days hence. One duty, one labor at a time is quite enough. If there is any enjoyment to be had, take it with an eager grasp; for if you sit in the warm sunshine for only five minutes it helps you bear the cold of the next five minutes. It is poor policy to spoil those first five minutes by worrying about the other five minutes.

Let me illustrate. There is nothing in connection with death more wearing than the regret that you did not do more for the one who has gone. This is a universal experience with those who have any heart. The fact of separation seems to have a magic in it, for it is suddenly revealed to you that there were many little attentions which you failed to render, and the remembrance pierces like a knife. No one ever parted with a loved one without self-blame of that kind.

But as a general thing it is all an illusion conjured up by overwrought nerves. In very truth you did whatever the circumstances suggested, you did as much as human nature is capable of doing, but in the presence of death you accuse yourself of things of which you are quite innocent, and in doing so you make the parting harder to bear. It may be well for the dear one that he has gone. He has sweet sleep for the first time in many months. He is glad that the bonds of mortality are broken, that he is at last released, and in the lower depths of your own heart you are also glad for his sake. But there comes this thorny thought, that you may have been remiss, and your soul is wrung by it.

You do yourself a wrong. You did what you could. You were loving, tender, gentle and more than kind. You have real burdens enough without adding imaginary ones. Your tears must not be embittered by an accusation which has no basis in fact. Life is too precious and too short to be wasted in regrets of that kind. The duties of the future demand your close attention, and you have no right to think of the dead except to recall a sweet relationship and to dream of a reunion.

Live your life as quietly and as peacefully as possible. Live in each day as it comes. Other days, whether past or future, must not be allowed to press on your heart. This is the noblest policy you can adopt, the policy which comes to you as a divine injunction. Let neither regret nor anticipation intrude upon you to make you weak.

It is evident that there is a plan according to which your life is arranging itself, and equally evident that if you are reposeful and trustful, doing the duty of the present hour and not fretting over the duty of the next hour, you are in a mental condition which keeps all your powers at their best.

It is the grandest privilege to feel that there is a God, a guardian of human destiny, and that you are in His hands. If that conviction is one of your possessions, your pearl of great price, you can be quiet even in the midst of tumult and cheerful in the midst of sorrow, for your very tears will serve as a background for the rainbow of hope and promise.

GEORGE H. HEPWORTH.

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"Would You Like to Live Your Life Over Again?" is the Subject.

TEXT: "All that a man hath will he give for his life."—Job. ii., 4.

"That is untrue. The Lord did not say it, but Satan said it to the Lord when the evil one wanted Job still more afflicted. The record is: 'So went Satan forth from the presence of the Lord, and smote Job with sore boils.' And Satan has been the author of all eruptive disease since then, and he hopes by poisoning the blood to poison the soul. But the result of the diabolical experiment which left Job victor proved the falsity of the Satanic remark: 'All that a man hath will he give for his life.' Many a captain who has stood on the bridge of the steamer till his passengers got off and he drowned; many an engineer who has kept his hand on the throttle valve, or his foot on the brake, until the most of the train was saved, while he went down to death through the open draw bridge; many a fireman who plunged into a blazing house to get a sleeping child out, the fireman sacrificing his life in the attempt, and the thousand of martyrs who submitted to fiery stake and knife of massacre and headman's ax and guillotine rather than surrender principle, proving that in many a case my text was not true when it says, 'All that a man hath will he give for his life.'

"But Satan's falsehood was built on a truth. Life is very precious, and if we would not give up all there are many things we would surrender rather than surre... it. We see how precious life is from the fact we do every thing to prolong it. Hence all sanitary regulations, all study of hygiene, all fear of draughts, all waterproofs, all doctors, all medicines, all struggle in crisis or accident. An Admiral of the British Navy was court-martialed for turning his ship around in time of danger, and so damaging the ship. It was proved against him. But when his time came to be heard he said: 'Gentlemen, I did turn the ship around, and admit that it was damaged but do you want to know why I turned it? There was a man overboard, and I wanted to save him, and I did save him, and I consider the life of one sailor worth all the vessels of the British Navy.' No wonder he was vindicated. Life is indeed very precious. Yea, there are those who deem life so precious they would like to try it over again. They would like to go back from seventy to sixty, from sixty to fifty, from fifty to forty, from forty to thirty, and from thirty to twenty.

"The fact is, that no intelligent and right feeling man is satisfied with his past life.

"However successful your life may have been, you are not satisfied with it. What is success? Ask that question of a hundred different men, and they will give a hundred different answers. One man will say, 'Success is a million dollars;' another will say, 'Success is world-wide publicity;' another will say, 'Success is gaining that which you started for.' But as it is a free country, I give my own definition, and I say, 'Success is fulfilling the particular mission upon which you were sent, whether to write a constitution, or invent a new style of wheelbarrow, or take care of a sick child.' Do wh... God calls you to do, and you are a su... public expense, whether it takes fifteen pages of an encyclopedia to tell the wonderful things you have done, or your name is never printed but once, and that in the death column. But whatever your success has been, you are not satisfied with your life.

"But some of you would have to go back further than to twenty-one years of age to make a fair start, for there are many who manage to get all wrong before that period. Yea, in order to get a fair start, some would have to go back to the father and mother and get them corrected; yea, to the grandfather and grandmother, and have their life corrected, for some of you are suffering from bad hereditary influences which started a hundred years ago. Well, if your grandfather lived his life over again, and your father lived his life over again, and you lived your life over again, what a cluttered-up place this world would be—a place filled with miserable attempts at repairs. I begin to think that it is better for each generation to have only one chance, and then for them to pass off and give another generation a chance. Besides that, if we were permitted to live life over again, it would be a stale, and stupid experience. The zest and spur and enthusiasm of life come from the fact that we have never been along this road before, and everything is new, and we are alert for what may appear at the next turn of the road. Suppose you, a man of middle-life or old age, were, with your present feelings and large attainments, put back into the thirties, or the twenties, or into the tens, what a nuisance you would be to others, and what an unhappiness to yourself! Your contemporaries would not want you, and you would not want them. Things that in your previous journey of life stirred your healthful ambition, or gave you pleasurable surprise, or led you into happy interrogation, would only call forth from you a disgusted 'Oh, pshaw!' You would be blase at thirty, and a misanthrope at forty, and unendurable at fifty. The most insane and stupid thing imaginable would be a second journey of life.

"Out yonder is a man very old at forty years of age, at a time when he ought to be buoyant as the morning. He got bad habits on him very early, and those habits have become worse. He is a man on fire, on fire with alcoholism, on fire with all evil habits, out with the world and the world out with him. Down, and failing deeper. His swollen hands in his threadbare pockets, and his eyes fixed on the ground, he passes through the streets, and the quick step of an innocent child or the strong step of a young man or the roll of a prosperous carriage maddens him, and he curses society and he curses God. Fallen sick, with no resources, he is carried to the almshouse. A loathsome spectacle, he lies all day long waiting for dissolution, or in the night rises on his cot and fights apparitions of what he might have been and what he will be. He started life with as good a prospect as any man on the American continent, and there he is, a bloated carcass, waiting for the shovels of public charity to put him five feet under. He has only reaped what he sowed. Harvest of wild oats! 'There is a way that seemeth right to a man, but the end thereof is death.'

"To others life is a masquerade ball, and as at such entertainments gentlemen and ladies put on the garb of Kings and Queens or mountebanks or clowns and at the close put off the disguise, so a great many pass their whole life in a mask, taking off the mask at death. While the masquerade ball of life goes on, they trip merrily over the floor, gemmed hand is stretched to gemmed hand, gleaming brow bends to gleaming brow. On with the dance! Flush and rustle and laughter of immeasurable merry-making. But after awhile the languor of death comes on the limbs and blurs the eyesight. Lights lower. Floor hollow with sepulchral echo. Music saddened into a wail. Lights lower. Now the maskers are only seen in the dim light. Now the fragrance of the flowers is like the sickening odor that comes from garlands that have lain long in the vaults of cemeteries. Lights lower. Mists gather in the room. Glasses shake as though quaked by sudden thunder. Sigh caught in the curtain. Scarf drops from the shoulder of beauty a shroud. Lights lower. Over the slippery boards in dance of death glide jealousies, envies, revenges, lust, despair and death. Stench of lamp-wicks almost extinguished. Torn garlands will not half cover the ulcerated feet. Choking damps. Chilliness. Feet still. Hands closed. Voices hushed. Eyes shut. Lights out.

"Young man, as you cannot live life over again, however you may long to do so, be sure to have your one life right. There is in this assembly, I wot not, for we are made up of all sections of this land and from many lands, some young man who has gone away from home and, perhaps under some little spite or evil persuasion of another, and his parents know not where he is. My son, go home! Do not go to sea! Don't go to-night where you may be tempted to go. Go home! Your father will be glad to see you; and your mother—I need not tell you how she feels. How I would like to make your parents a present of their wayward boy, repentant and in his right mind. I would like to write them a letter, and you to carry the letter, saying: 'By the blessing of God on my sermon I introduce to you one whom you have never seen before, for he has become a new creature in Christ Jesus.' My boy, go home and put your tired head on the bosom that nursed you so tenderly in your childhood years.

"A young Scotchman was in battle taken captive by a band of Indians, and he learned their language and adopted their habits. Years passed on, but the old Indian chieftain never forgot that he had in his possession a young man who did not belong to him. Well, one day this tribe of Indians came in sight of the Scotch regiments from whom this young man had been captured, and the old Indian chieftain said: 'I lost my son in battle, and I know how a father feels at the loss of a son. Do you think your father is yet alive?' The young man said: 'I am the only son of my father, and I hope he is still alive.' Then said the Indian chieftain: 'Because of the loss of my son this world is a desert. You go free. Return to your countrymen. Revisit your father, that he may rejoice when he sees the sun rise in the morning and the trees blossom in the spring.' So I say to you, young man, captive of waywardness and sin. Your mother is waiting for you. Your sisters are waiting for you. God is waiting for you. Go home! Go home!"

MARKETS.

BALTIMORE. 10

GRAIN ETC.			
FLOUR—Balto. Best Pat. $		@	5 75
High Grade Extra			5 25
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	1 02		1 02½
CORN—No. 2 White	33		33¾
Oats—Southern & Penn	33½		34
RYE—No. 2	56		57
HAY—Choice Timothy	12 50		13 00
Good to Prime	12 00		12 50
STRAW—Rye in car lds	8 00		8 50
Wheat Blocks	5 00		5 50
Oat Blocks	6 50		7 00
CANNED GOODS.			
TOMATOES—Stnd. No. 3. $		@	95
No. 2			65
PEAS—Standards	1 25		2 00
Seconds			70
CORN—Dry Pack			80
Moist			65
HIDES.			
CITY STEERS $	10¼	@	10¾
City Cows	9¼		9¾
POTATOES AND VEGETABLES.			
POTATOES—Burbanks $	75	@	80
Sweets	2 25		2 75
ONIONS	60		65
PROVISIONS.			
HOGS PRODUCTS—shls. $	6½	@	6¾
Clear ribsides	6		6½
Hams	9¼		10
Mess Pork, per bar			11 75
LARD—Crude			4
Best refined			6
BUTTER.			
BUTTER—Fine Crmy $	22	@	23
Under Fine	21		22
Creamery Rolls	22		23
CHEESE.			
CHEESE—N. Y. Fancy $	9¼	@	9½
N. Y. Flats	9½		9¾
Skim Cheese	5¼		7¼
EGGS.			
EGGS—State $	12	@	12½
North Carolina	11		12
LIVE POULTRY.			
CHICKENS—Hens $	9	@	10
Ducks, per lb	9		10
Turkeys	13		14
TOBACCO.			
TOBACCO—Md. Infer's $	1 50	@	2 50
Sound common	3 00		4 00
Middling	6 00		7 00
Fancy	10 00		12 00
LIVE STOCK.			
BEEF—Best Beeves $	4 10	@	4 40
SHEEP	3 00		4 75
Hogs	4 00		4 15
FURS AND SKINS.			
MUSKRAT $	10	@	11
Raccoon	40		45
Red Fox	—		1 00
Skunk Black	—		80
Opossum	22		23
Mink	—		80

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.

House Ferns.

Ferns grow in shady, moist places. To grow them successfully indoors, then, it is necessary to give them a moist atmosphere and not too much light. Do not soak the earth about the roots too much, but keep the atmosphere about them damp by means of a glass bell placed over the plant part of the time. That will collect and retain the moisture.

To Remove Fur From Inside Kettles.

This process should only be adopted when boiling out the kettle with soft water several times has failed. Fill the kettle with water and add to it a drachm of sal-ammoniac. Let it boil for an hour, then the fur or petrified substance formed on the metal will be dissolved, and can easily be removed. In boiling a kettle, care must be taken to put the lid on closely, so as not to leave the smallest crevice. If the lid is in the least broken, it is best to get a new one, otherwise the water is liable to be smoked and rendered unfit for use, imparting a disagreeable taste to the tea.—New York World.

To Brighten Glass and Silver.

There is nothing that is more effective in making the table beautifully brilliant than well polished silver and clear, shining glassware. What looks worse than dull, black silver and muggy-looking glasses, dishes, etc.? Yet how often we see this, and in places where one would expect every thing immaculate, and it is absolutely unnecessary when a few minutes time would make these articles look as if they were new.

A few drops of ammonia in the water in which you wash your cut glass, or any other, will do the work; if they are deeply cut, a soft brush and soap will help wonderfully.

For cleaning silver, take equal parts of ammonia and alcohol and enough whiting to make quite thick; apply with a cloth or soft brush if the article is at all rough; set aside to dry, and by the time you have finished your other articles this will be ready to polish, which is done with a piece of dry flannel, leaving the article as shining as new.—What to Eat.

How to Cook Corn Meal.

It is only recently that women have appreciated the value of good cookery. The simple every-day things have been considered of little importance and often entirely neglected. Even the cook books give but little information about some of the things which everybody should know. Among these is cornmeal. When it is properly prepared it is a healthy article of food. But as it is usually cooked it is indigestible and unfit even for a strong stomach. The common way of making cornmeal mush, for instance, is to stir the meal without measuring it into boiling water until it is thick, and when it has cooked five or ten minutes it is done. By this process it is hard and raw, and wholly unfit to eat. It is surprising how much it is improved by a little extra cooking, and it can be made a delicacy with a very little trouble.

Take one quart of water, add one teaspoonful of salt. When it boils stir in one cup of yellow cornmeal. Let it boil for ten minutes, then set it back on the stove, where it will cook slowly and not burn, for one hour and stirring occasionally. Pour into a mold and let stand over night. In the morning it will be firm enough to slice well, and when it is dipped in grated bread crumbs and quickly fried it will be a pleasant surprise to those who have been accustomed to eating it the old-fashioned way.

Corn bread, or "johnny cake" as it is often called, is greatly improved by the following directions:

Put the milk that the recipe calls for on the stove, and when it is hot stir in the cornmeal and let it cook for ten or fifteen minutes. An easy way to prevent it from burning is to set the dish on an asbestos pad. Then proceed with the mixing in the usual way. The extra cooking removes the raw taste of the meal and greatly improves the flavor of the bread, besides making it entirely digestible.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Recipes.

Cranberry Jelly—Add one teacup of water to one quart of cranberries, cook ten minutes; add two heaping cups of sugar and cook ten minutes longer; rub through a colander and pour into a porcelain bowl. When cold turn out as a jelly.

Portuguese Apples—Peel and core five large cooking apples. Boil in a generous quarter of a pint of water, with three ounces of sugar stirred in. Cover the bottom of a dish with apricot jam. When the apples are cooked soft strain them and lay them on the jam, raising them in the middle of the dish. Garnish with preserved cherries and place a cherry on each apple.

Puree of Broad Beans—Take a pint and a half of young dried broad beans; soak over night in water enough to cover; boil in same water with two or three sprigs of savory until soft; drain and press through a sieve; add a half-teaspoonful of salt; mix an ounce of butter with a dessertspoonful of flour; add the bean pulp and a pint of common seasoned stock; let it come to a boil; add a tablespoonful of butter at the time of serving. Serve with croutons.

Broiled Mutton Chops with Nasturtium Seed Sauce—Have two pounds of chops cut three-quarters of an inch thick from the loin. Trim off part of the fat and cut them in a nice shape. Heat the broiler, rub it with a piece of the fat and lay the chops on it with the fat edge near the handle, so that the drippings may run down over the meat. Broil eight minutes, turning them often. When done lay on a hot platter, sprinkle with salt and pepper, dot with bits of butter, and pour over it the following:

Chicken, with Bacon—Cut the meat of a cold boiled chicken into pieces as near of a size as possible; sufficient meat may be cut from the fowl of a previous meal, roast or boiled. Mix one teaspoonful of dry mustard with a quarter of a pint of salad oil, and place over the fire in a frying pan. When boiling put in the chicken and cover with a plate. Cook both sides a nice brown. Fry half a pound of bacon crisp, cut into pieces. Serve the fowl and bacon on a very hot dish in a ring alternately. Heap the center with sweet-potato balls, browned.

How to Win Respect.

If you wish your children to respect you, then you must be careful to respect them. We do not mean to say that you must submit to their whims, but simply that you must be kind and courteous in all your dealings with them. Coarseness and rudeness in parents are pretty sure to be reproduced in their offspring. A boisterous father and a loud mother cannot reasonably expect to have well-mannered sons or gentle daughters. These thoughts are affectionately commended to all whom they may ... ville Christi...

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"We like to tell what Hood's Sarsaparilla has done for us. Our four children had diphtheria. From the very first our little boy Ralph, then seven years old, was very sick and for several days it seemed as if he would never be any better. After a while he began to improve and in a few weeks was able to go out, although weak and miserable. Then, gradually

All Strength in His Limbs

gave out. The physicians told us it was paralysis, which sometimes follows an attack of diphtheria. We did everything for him, but he grew worse until he was in a pitiful condition. He suffered terribly at night and complained continually of his head, and in what little sleep he was able to get, moaned unceasingly. He lost all control of the muscles of his body and limbs. He had no appetite and complained of feeling sick at his stomach all the time. After we had tried many different remedies and had about given up all hope we commenced giving him Hood's Sarsaparilla. In a short time he ceased to complain, his appetite improved and at the end of three months he was able to attend school part of the time. Now he is well and quite a strong and rugged boy. You are at liberty to use this testimonial if you desire, as we feel we cannot say too much in praise of Hood's Sarsaparilla as a blood purifier and building up medicine." MRS. R. E. ANDERSON, Cumberland, Maine.



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SITTING DHURNA IN INDIA.

The Mahratta Method of Settling Debts.

Many queer stories are told of the persistence and clever devices of the collectors of bad debts; but even a professional humorist would find it hard to invent anything more absurd than the method actually in use among the Mahrattas—at least, if travelers' tales are to be trusted.

In that country—so they say—when a creditor cannot get his money and begins to regard the debt as desperate, he proceeds to sit "dhurna" upon his debtor, that is, he squats down at the door of his victim's tent, and thereby, in some mysterious way, becomes master of the situation. No one can go in or out except by his sanction. He neither himself eats nor allows his debtor to eat, and this extraordinary starvation contest is kept up until either the debt is paid or the creditor gives up the siege, and in the latter case the debt is held to be canceled.

However strange it may appear to Europeans, this method of enforcing a demand is an established and almost universal usage among the Mahrattas, and seems to them a mere matter of course. Even their "Scindiah," or chieftain, is not exempt from it.

The laws by which the "dhurna" is regulated are as well defined as those of any other custom whatever. When it is meant to be very strict, the claimant takes with him a number of his followers, who surround the tent, and sometimes even the bed of his adversary, to make sure that he obtains no morsel of food. The code, however, prescribes the same abstinence for the man who imposes the ordeal; and, of course, the strongest stomach wins the day. After all, we have little right to ridicule this absurdity; for our own laws provide, nominally at least, for starving a jury into a verdict.

A similar custom was once so prevalent in the province and city of Benares that Brahmins were sometimes systematically put through a course of training to enable them to endure a long time without food. They were then sent to the door of some rich person, where they publicly made a vow to remain fasting until a certain sum of money was paid, or until they perished from starvation. To cause the death of a Brahmin was considered so heinous an offense that the cash was generally forthcoming; but never without a resolute struggle to determine whether the man was likely to prove stanch, for the average Oriental will almost as soon give up his life as his money.

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Too many people are singing, "Scatter sunshine," and waiting for somebody else to do it.

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Man believes himself always greater than he is, and is esteemed less than he is worth.

After six years' suffering I was cured by Piso's Cure.—MARY THOMSON, 29½ Ohio Ave., Allegheny, Pa., March 19, 1894.

Words are not arrows, but they fly farther.



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The Hotbed.

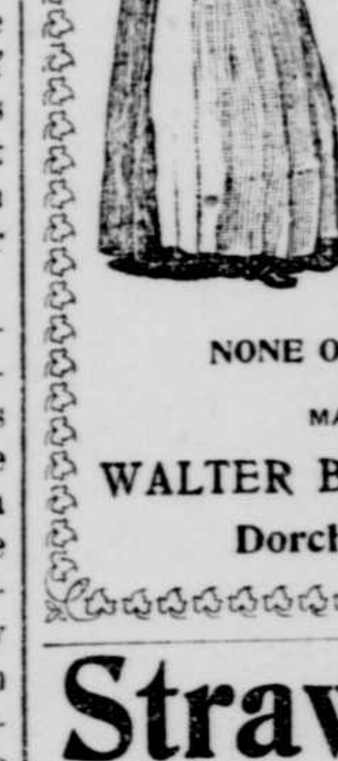
Glass gives more warmth to hotbeds than any other covering, but where plants are desired to be grown that are somewhat hardy, such as lettuce or early cabbage, a light frame covering made of oiled muslin answers well and is cheap. It can be prepared by stretching the muslin and painting it on both sides with boiled linseed oil. It is claimed that cheap frames, covered in this manner, can be successfully used for forcing strawberry plants. If a warm hotbed is required, fresh horse manure should be placed at the bottom of the frame and covered with rich soil that has been sifted.

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