Beauty Is Blood Deep.

Clean blood means a clean skin. No beauty without it. Cascarets, Candy Cathartic clean your blood and keep it clean, by stirring up the lazy liver and driving all impurities from the body. Begin to-day to banish pimples, boils, blotches, blackheads, and that sickly bilious complexion by taking Cascarets,—beauty for ten cents. All druggists, satisfaction guaranteed. 10c, 25c, 50c.

An old maid says she never married because she couldn't find a man to suitor.

Eat in Haste

And suffer at leisure. When your abused stomach can no longer cheerfully and properly perform its duties, a few doses of Hood's Sarsaparilla are like fresh water to a withered plant. This medicine tones the stomach, restores digestive strength, creates an appetite and with a little care in diet, the patient is soon again in perfect health. Try it and you'll believe in it.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Is America's Greatest Medicine.

Hood's Pills cure constipation. 25 cents

PAY OF YANKEE SAILORS.

Both Men and Officers Are Well Taken Care of by the Government.

The admiral of the navy is its highest paid official. His salary is $13,000 a year all the time, with commutation for rations and quarters. The salaries of the other officers are arranged on a sliding scale in three divisions—"at sea," on "shore duty," and "on leave." Thus a vice admiral, who is at sea, gets $9,000 a year; if assigned to shore duty he draws $8,000, and if "put on the bench" waiting orders he gets only $6,000, the difference between the two extremes being about 33 1-3 per cent. The pay scale of the others is as follows:

	Sea.	Shore.
Rear admirals	$6,000	$5,000
Commodores	5,000	4,000
Captains	4,500	3,500
Commanders	3,500	3,000
Lieutenant commanders	3,000	2,600
Lieutenants	2,600	2,200
Masters	2,000	1,700
Ensigns	1,400	1,200
Midshipmen	1,000	800
Cadet midshipmen	500	500
Mates	900	700
Paymasters	2,800	2,400
Surgeons	2,800	2,400
Chaplains	2,800	2,300
First asst. engineers	2,000	1,800
Second assist. engineers	1,700	1,400
Boatswains	1,200	900
Gunners	1,200	900
Carpenters	1,200	900

In nearly every grade there is an increase in pay for every five years of service. Take the case of a paymaster, for instance, who starts with a minimum salary of $2,800 a year for sea duty, and he can, by subsequent service, work himself up to $4,200 a year. There will be no increase in rank unless there is a regular promotion; the extra pay is a reward of the government, or rather an inducement for experienced officers to remain in the service.

The pay of a common sailor, landsman is his official name, is $21 a month, and from this there is a gradual increase for "ordinary" and "able" seamen up to $30 a month.

A Fortune From a Scare.

An inventive genius who suffered from attacks by stray dogs when riding his wheel, set his wits to work to devise something which would be an efficacious, and yet comparatively harmless, means of defense. As a result he has brought out and patented a pocket pistol which will shoot ammonia, water or other liquid. The most vicious dog cannot withstand a few drops of ammonia in his mouth or eyes, and yet there is no danger of actually injuring a valuable animal which might playfully annoy a rider. The weapon has proved so much of a success as a means of defense as well as fun-making, that the lucky inventor is realizing much money from his device.

Right Way to Cut a Cable.

When the Havana cable was "cut" the men who performed the task did no sever the parts completely, but left



STRANDS INCOMPLETELY SEVERED.

connecting strands, as indicated in the accompanying sketch. So with the Manila cable. There is an art in doing everything—a right way and a wrong.

How to Detect Chicory.

Coffee which is suspected of containing chicory may be sprinkled on the surface of a glass of clear water. Coffee floats, while the chicory, being heavy, sinks, leaving a brown trail through the water. Chicory is soft to the touch and will crumble between the fingers, unlike the hard, gritty particles of coffee.

Australian eggs now sell in London in large quantities.

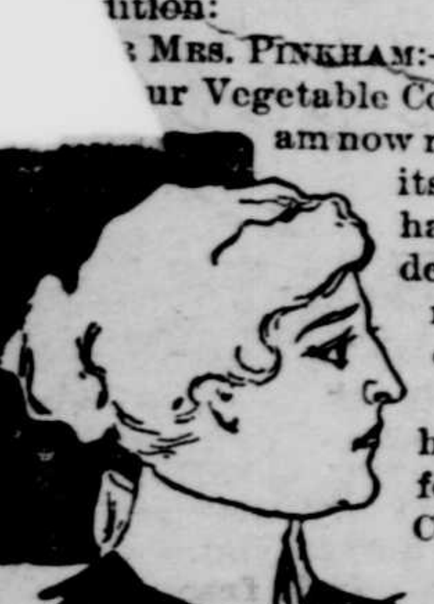
There are more than 50,000 gipsies in Spain.

TUMOR EXPELLED.

Unqualified Success of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Mrs. Elizabeth Wheelock, Magnolia, Iowa, in the following letter describes her recovery from a very critical condition:

"Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—I have been using your Vegetable Compound, and am now ready to sound its praises. It has done wonders for me in relieving me of a tumor.



"My health has been poor for three years. Change of life was working upon me. I was very much bloated and was a burden to myself. Was troubled with smothering spells, also palpitation of the heart and that bearing-down feeling, and could not be on my feet much.

"I was growing worse all the time, until I took your medicine.

"After taking three boxes of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Lozenges, the tumor passed from me.

"My health has been better ever since, can now walk quite a distance and am troubled no more with palpitation of the heart or bloating. I recommend your medicine to all sufferers from female troubles."

It is hardly reasonable to suppose that any one can doubt the efficiency of Mrs. Pinkham's methods and medicine in the face of the tremendous volume of testimony.

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

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

THE EMINENT DIVINE'S SUNDAY DISCOURSE.

Subject: "Pleasures of Life"—Has No Sympathy With the Wholesale Denunciation of Amusements—Glorious Work of the Y. M. C. A.

TEXT: "And it came to pass, when their hearts were merry, that they said, Call for Samson, that he may make us sport. And they called for Samson out of the prison-house and he made them sport."—Judges 16:25.

There were three thousand people assembled in the Temple of Dagon. They had come to make sport of eyeless Samson. They were all ready for the entertainment. They began to clap and pound, impatient for the amusement to begin, and they cried, "Fetch him out! Fetch him out!" Yonder I see the blind old giant coming, led by the hand of a child into the very midst of the temple. At his first appearance there goes up a shout of laughter and derision. The blind old giant pretends he is tired and wants to rest himself against the pillars of the house, so he says to the lad who leads him, "Bring me where the main pillars are." The lad does so. Then the strong man puts his hands on one of the pillars, and, with the mightiest push that mortal ever made, throws himself forward until the whole house comes down in thunderous crash, grinding the audience like grapes in a wine-press. "And so it came to pass when their hearts were merry, that they said, Call for Samson, that he may make us sport. And they called for Samson out of the prison-house; and he made them sport." In other words there are amusements that are destructive and bring down disaster and death upon the heads of those who practice them. While they laugh and cheer, they die. The three thousand who perished that day in Gaza are nothing compared to the tens of thousands who have been destroyed body, mind and soul by bad amusements and good amusements carried to excess.

In my sermons you must have noticed that I have no sympathy with ecclesiastical strait-jackets, or with that wholesale denunciation of amusements to which many are pledged. I believe the Church of God has made a tremendous mistake in trying to suppress the sportfulness of youth and drive out from men their love of amusement. If God ever implanted anything in us He implanted this desire. But instead of providing for this demand of our nature, the Church of God has for the main part ignored it. As in a riot the Mayor plants a battery at the end of the street and has it fired off, so that everything is cut down that happens to stand in the range, the good as well as the bad, so there are men in the church who plant the batteries of condemnation and fire away indiscriminately. Everything is condemned. They talk as if they would like to have our youth dress in blue uniform like the children of an orphan asylum, and march down the path of life to the tune of the Dead March in Saul. They hate a blue sash, or a rosebud in the hair, or a tasseled gaiter, and think a man almost ready for a lunatic asylum who utters a conundrum.

Young Men's Christian Associations of the country are doing a glorious work. They have fine reading rooms, and all the influences are of the best kind, and are now adding gymnasiums and bowling alleys, where, without any evil surroundings, our young men may get physical as well as spiritual improvement. We are dwindling away to a narrow-chested, weak-armed, feeble-voiced race, when God calls us to a work in which he wants physical as well as spiritual athletes. I would to God that the time might soon come when in all our colleges and theological seminaries, as at Princeton, a gymnasium shall be established. We spend seven years of hard study in preparation for the ministry, and come out with bronchitis and dyspepsia and liver complaint, and then crawl up into the pulpit, and the people say, "Doesn't he look heavenly!" because he looks sickly. Let the Church of God direct, rather than attempt to suppress, the desire for amusement. The best men that the world ever knew have had their sports. William Wilberforce trundled hoop with his children, Martin Luther helped dress the Christmas tree. Ministers have pitched quoits, philanthropists have gone a-skating, prime ministers have played ball.

Our communities are filled with men and women who have in their souls unmeasured resources for sportfulness and frolic. Show me a man who never lights up with sportfulness and has no sympathy with the recreations of others, and I will show you a man who is a stumbling block to the Kingdom of God. Such men are caricatures of religion. They lead young people to think that a man is good in proportion as he groans and frowns and looks sallow, and that the height of a man's Christian stature is in proportion to the length of his face. I would trade off five hundred such men for one bright-faced, radiant Christian on whose face are the words, "Rejoice evermore!" Every morning by his cheerful face he preaches fifty sermons. I will go further and say that I have no confidence in a man who makes a religion of his gloomy looks. That kind of a man always turns out badly. I would not want him for the treasurer of an orphan asylum. The orphans would suffer.

Among forty people whom I received into the church at one communion, there was only one applicant of whose piety I was suspicious. He had the longest story to tell; had seen the most visions, and gave an experience so wonderful that all the other applicants were discouraged. I was not surprised the year after to learn that he had run off with the funds of the bank with which he was connected. Who is this black angel that you call religion—wings black, feet black, feathers black? Our religion is a bright angel—feet bright, eyes bright, wings bright, taking her place in the soul. She pulls a rope that reaches to the skies and sets all the bells of heaven a-chiming. There are some persons who, when talking to a minister, always feel it politic to look lugubrious. Go forth, O people, to your lawful amusement. God means you to be happy. But, when there are many sources of innocent pleasure, why tamper with anything that is dangerous and polluting? Why stop our ears to a heaven full of songsters to listen to the hiss of a dragon? Why turn back from the mountain-side all abloom with wild flowers and adash with the nimble torrents, and with blistered feet attempt to climb the hot sides of Cotopaxi?

Now, all opera houses, theatres, bowling alleys, skating rinks and all styles of amusements, good and bad, I put on trial to-day and judge of them by certain cardinal principles. First, you judge of any amusement by its healthful result or by its beneficial reaction. There are people who seem made up of hard facts. They are a combination of multiplication tables and statistics. If you show them an exquisite picture they will begin to discuss the pigments involved in the coloring; if you show them a beautiful rose, they will submit it to a botanical analysis, which is only the postmortem examination of a flower. They never do anything more than feebly smile. There are no great tides of feeling surging up from the depth of their soul in billow after billow of reverberating laughter. They seem as if nature had built them by contract and made a bungling job out of it. But, blessed be God, there are people in the world who have bright faces and whose life is a song, an anthem, a pæan of victory. Even their troubles are like the vines that crawl up the side of a great tower on the top of which the sunlight sits and the soft airs of summer hold perpetual carnival. They are the people you like to have come to your house; they are the people I like to have come to my house. Now, it is these exhilarant and sympathetic and warm-hearted people that are most tempted to pernicious amusements. In proportion as a ship is swift it wants a strong helmsman; in proportion as a horse is gay it wants a strong driver; and these people of exuberant nature will do well to look at the reaction of all their amusements. If an amusement sends you home at night nervous so you cannot sleep, and you rise in the morning, not because you are slept out, but because your duty drags you from your slumbers, you have been where you ought not to have been. There are amusements that send a man next day to his work bloodshot, yawning, stupid, nauseated, and they are wrong kinds of amusements. There are entertainments that give a man disgust with the drudgery of life, with tools because they are not swords, with working aprons because they are not robes, with cattle because they are not infuriated bulls of the arena. If any amusement sends you home longing for a life of romance and thrilling adventure, love that takes poison and shoots itself, moonlight adventures and hairbreadths escapes, you may depend upon it that you are the sacrificed victim of unsanctified pleasure. Our recreations are intended to build us up, and if they pull us down as to our moral or as to our physical strength, you may come to the conclusion that they are obnoxious.

Still further: Those amusements are wrong which lead into expenditure beyond your means. Money spent in recreation is not thrown away. It is all folly for us to come from a place of amusement feeling that we have wasted our money and time. You may by it have made an investment worth more than the transaction that yielded you a hundred or a thousand dollars. But how many properties have been riddled by costly amusement? The table has been robbed to pay the club. The champagne has cheated the children's wardrobe. The carousing party has burned up the boy's primer. The table cloth of the corner saloon is in debt to the wife's faded dress. Excursions that in a day make a tour around a whole month's wages; ladies whose lifetime business it is to "go shopping," have their counterpart in uneducated children, bankruptcies that shock the money market and appall the church, and that send drunkenness staggering across the richly figured carpet of the mansion and dashing into the mirror, and drowning out the carol of music with the whooping of bloated sons come home to break their old mother's heart. when men go into amusements that they cannot afford, they first borrow what they cannot earn, and then they steal what they cannot borrow. First they go into embarrassment and then into theft, and when a man gets as far on as that he does not stop short of the penitentiary. There is not a prison in the land where there are not victims of unsanctified amusements. How often I have had parents come to me and ask me to go and beg their boy off from the consequence of crimes that he had committed against his employer—the taking of funds out of the employer's till, or the disarrangement of accounts! Why, he had salary enough to pay all lawful expenditure, but not enough salary to meet his sinful amusements. And again and again I have gone and implored for the young man—sometimes, alas! the petition unavailing.

How brightly the path of unrestrained amusement opens! The young man says: "Now I am off for a good time. Never mind economy; I'll get money somehow. What a fine road! What a beautiful day for a ride! Crack the whip and over the turnpike! Come, boys, fill high your glasses! Drink! Long life, health, plenty of rides just like this!" Hard-working men hear the clatter of the hoofs and look up and say, "Why, I wonder where those fellows get their money from. We have to toil and drudge. They do nothing." To these gay men life is a thrill and an excitement. They stare at other people and in turn are stared at. The watch-chain jingles. The cup foams. The cheeks flush, the eyes flash. The midnight hears their guffaw. They swagger. They jostle decent men off the sidewalk. They take the name of God in vain. They parody the hymn they learned at their mother's knee; and to all pictures of coming disaster they cry out: "Who cares!" and to the counsel of some Christian friend, "Who are you?" Passing along the street some night you hear a shriek in a grog-shop, the rattle of the watchman's club, the rush of the police. What is the matter now? Oh, this reckless young man has been killed in a grog-shop fight. Carry him home to his father's house. Parents will come down and wash his wounds and close his eyes in death. They forgive him all he did, though he cannot in his silence ask it. The prodigal has got home at last. Mother will go to her little garden and get the sweetest flowers and twist them into a chaplet for the silent heart of the wayward boy and push back from the bloated brow the long locks that were once her pride. And the air will be rent with the father's cry: "Oh, my son, my son, my poor son; would God I had died for thee, oh, my son, my son!"

You may judge of amusements by their effect upon physical health. The need of many good people is physical recuperation. There are Christian men who write hards things against their immortal souls when there is nothing the matter with them except an incompetent liver. There are Christian people who seem to think it is a good sign to be poorly, and because Richard Baxter and Robert Hall were invalids they think by the same sickness they may come to the same grandeur of character. I want to tell Christian people that God will hold you responsible for your invalidism if it is your own fault, and when through right exercise and prudence you might be athletic and well. The effect of the body upon the soul you acknowledge. Put a man of mild disposition upon the animal diet of which the Indian partakes, and in a little while his blood will change its chemical proportions. It will become like unto the blood of the lion or the tiger or the bear, while his disposition will change and become fierce, cruel and unrelenting. The body has a powerful effect upon the soul. There are people whose ideas of Heaven are all shut out with clouds of tobacco smoke. There are people who dare to shatter the physical vase in which God put the jewel of eternity. There are men with great hearts and intellects in bodies worn out by their own neglects. Magnificent machinery capable of propelling the great Etruria across the Atlantic, yet fastened in a rickety North River propeller. Physical development which merely shows itself in a fabulous lifting, or in perilous rope walking, or in pugilistic encounter, excites only our contempt, but we confess to great admiration for a man who has a great soul in an athletic body, every nerve, muscle and bone of which is consecrated to right uses. Oh, it seems to me outrageous that men through neglect should allow their physical health to go down beyond repair, spending the rest of their lives not in some great enterprise for God and the world, but in studying what is the best thing to take for dyspepsia. A ship which ought with all sails set and every man at his post to be carrying a rich cargo for eternity employing all its men in stopping up leakages! When you may through some of the popular and healthful recreations of our time work off your spleen and your querulousness and one-half of your physical and mental ailments, do not turn back from such a grand medicament.

Again, judge of the places of amusement by the companionship into which they put you. If you belong to an organization where you have to associate with the intemperate, with the unclean, with the abandoned, however well they may be dressed, in the name of God quit it. They will despoil your nature. They will undermine your moral character. They will drop you when you are destroyed. They will not give one cent to support your children when you are dead. They will weep not one tear at your burial. They will chuckle over your damnation. But the day comes when the men who have exerted evil influence upon their fellows will be brought to judgment. Scene: the last day. Stage: the rocking earth. Enter dukes, lords, kings, beggars, clowns. No sword. No tinsel. No crown. For footlights, the kindling flames of a world. For orchestra, the trumpets that wake the dead. For gallery, the clouds filled with angel spectators. For applause, the clapping floods of the sea. For curtains, the leaves rolled together as a scroll. For tragedy, the doom of the destroyed. For farce, the effort to serve the world and God at the same time. For the last scene of the fifth act, the tramp of nations across the stage—some to the right, others to the left.

Again, any amusement that gives you a distaste for domestic life is bad. How many bright domestic circles have been broken up by sinful amusements? The father went off, the mother went off, the child went off. There are all around us the fragments of blasted households. Oh! if you have wandered away, I would like to charm you back by the sound of that one word, "Home." Do you not know that you have but little more time to give to domestic welfare? Do you not see, father, that your children are soon to go out into the world, and all the influence for good you are to have over them you must have now? Death will break in on your conjugal relations, and, alas! if you have to stand over the grave of one who perished from your neglect.

Let me say to all young men, your style of amusement will decide your eternal destiny. One night I saw a young man at a street corner evidently doubting as to which direction he had better take. He had his hat lifted high enough so you could see he had an intelligent forehead. He had a stout chest; he had a robust development. Splendid young man. Cultured young man. Honored young man. Why did he stop there while so many were going up and down? The fact is that every man has a good angel and a bad angel contending for the mastery of his spirit. And there was a good angel and a bad angel struggling with that young man's soul at the corner of the street. "Come with me," said the good angel, "I will take you home. I will spread my wing over your pathway. I will lovingly escort you all through life. I will bless every cup you drink out of, every couch you rest on, every doorway you enter. I will consecrate your tears when you weep, your sweat when you toil, and at the last I will hand over your grave into the hand of the bright angel of a Christian resurrection. In answer to your father's petition and your mother's prayer I have been sent of the Lord out of Heaven to be your guardian spirit. Come with me!" said the good angel, in a voice of unearthly symphony. It was music like that which drops from a lute of Heaven when a seraph breathes on it. "No, no," said the bad angel, "come with me; I have something better to offer; the wines I pour are from chalices of bewitching carousal; the dance I lead is over floor tessellated with unrestrained indulgences; there is no God to frown on the temples of sin where I worship. The skies are Italian. The paths I tread are through meadows daisied and primrosed; come with me." The young man hesitated at a time when hesitation was ruin, and the bad angel smote the good angel until it departed, spreading wings through the starlight upward and away, until a door flashed open in the sky and forever the wings vanished. That was the turning point in that young man's history; for the good angel flown, he hesitated no longer, but started on a pathway which is beautiful at the opening, but blasted at the last. The bad angel, leading the way, opened gate after gate, and at each gate the road became rougher and the sky more lurid, and, what was peculiar, as the gate slammed shut it came to with a jar that indicated that it would never open. Passed each portal, there was a grinding of locks and a shoving of bolts; and the scenery on either side the road changed from gardens to deserts, and the June air became a cutting December blast, and the bright wings of the bad angel turned to sackcloth and the eyes of the light became hollow with hopeless grief, and the fountains, that at the start had tossed wine, poured forth bubbling tears and foaming blood, and on the right side of the road there was a serpent, and the man said to the bad angel, "What is that serpent?" and the answer was, "That is the serpent of stinging remorse." On the left side of the road there was a lion, and the man asked the bad angel, "What is that lion?" and the answer was, "That is the lion of all-devouring despair." A vulture flew through the sky, and the man asked the bad angel, "What is that vulture?" and the answer was, "That is the vulture waiting for the carcasses of the slain." And then the man began to try to pull off of him the folds of something that had wound him round and round, and he said to the bad angel, "What is it that twists me in this awful convolution?" and the answer was, "That is the worm that never dies!" and then the man said to the bad angel, "What does all this mean? I trusted in what you said at the corner of the street that night; I trusted it all, and why have you thus deceived me?" Then the last deception fell off the charmer, and it said: "I was sent forth from the pit to destroy your soul; I watched my chance for many a long year; when you hesitated that night on the street I gained my triumph; and now you are here. Ha! ha! You are here. Come, now, let us fill these two chalices of fire and drink together to darkness and woe and death. Hail! hail!" Oh, young man, will the good angel sent forth by Christ, or the bad angel sent forth by sin, get the victory over your soul? Their wings are interlocked this moment above you, contending for your destiny, as above the Appennines eagle and condor fight mid-sky. This hour may decide your destiny. God help you! To hesitate is to die!

A Dawson City Idyl.

A Dawson City mining man lay dying on the ice,
He didn't have a woman nurse—he didn't have the price;
But a comrade knelt beside him, as the sun sank in repose,
To listen to his dying words and watch him while he froze.
The dying man propped up his head above four rods of snow,
And said, "I never saw it thaw at ninety-eight below;
Send this little pinhead nugget that I swiped from Jason Dills
To my home, you know, at Deadwood, at Deadwood in the hills.

"Tell my friends and tell my en'mies, if you ever reach the East,
That this Dawson City region is no place for man or beast;
That the land's too elevated and the wind too awful cold,
And the hills of South Dakota yield as good a grade of gold;
Tell my sweetheart not to worry with a sorrow too intense,
For I'm going to a warmer and a far more cheery hence.
Oh! the air is growing thicker, and those breezes give me chills,
Gee, I wish I was in Deadwood, in Deadwood in the hills.

"Tell the fellows in the home land to remain and have a cinch,
That the price of patent porkchops here is eighty cents an inch,
That I speak as one who's been here scratching 'round to find the gold,
And at 10 per cent of discount I could not buy up a cold.
Now, so-long," he faintly whispered; "I have told you what to do."
And he closed his weary eyelids and froze solid p. d. q.
His friends procured an organ box and c. o. d.'d the bills,
And sent the miner home that night to Deadwood in the hills.
—Deadwood Pioneer.

Too Deep for Him.

Customer—Can you recommend this parrot to be a good talker?

Dealer—I can, indeed. It was the sole companion of a Boston lady for three years.

Customer—Well, I don't think it would suit me at all.

Dealer—Why not? Its the best talker I have in the place.

Customer—Very likely; but I haven't time to consult a dictionary every time it speaks.

"What are your friend's sentiments on civil service?" inquired Senator Sorghum's acquaintance. "He can't tell yet," was the reply. "He doesn't know whether he is going to get the place he is after or not."—Washington Star.

MARKETS.

BALTIMORE.

GRAIN ETC.			
FLOUR—Balto. Best Pat. $		@	6 00
High Grade Extra			5 50
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	91¼		91¾
CORN—No. 2 White	35½		35¾
Oats—Southern & Penn	32		33¼
RYE—No. 2	48		51½
HAY—Choice Timothy	12 50		13 00
Good to Prime	12 00		12 50
STRAW—Rye in car lds	6 50		7 00
Wheat Blocks	4 00		4 50
Oat Blocks	6 00		6 50
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 $	9½	@	10
City Cows	8¾		9
POTATOES AND VEGETABLES.			
POTATOES—Burbanks $	85	@	90
ONIONS	60		65
PROVISIONS.			
HOGS PRODUCTS—shls. $	6	@	6¼
Clear ribsides	6¾		7
Hams	9½		10¼
Mess Pork, per bar			12 25
LARD—Crude			4
Best refined			6¾
BUTTER.			
BUTTER—Fine Crmy $	17	@	18
Under Fine	16		17
Creamery Rolls	17		18
CHEESE.			
CHEESE—N. Y. Fancy $	8	@	8½
N. Y. Flats	8½		8¾
Skim Cheese	5¼		7½
EGGS.			
EGGS—State $	11½	@	12
North Carolina	10		11
LIVE POULTRY.			
CHICKENS $	16	@	17
Ducks, per lb	8		11
TOBACCO.			
TOBACCO—Md. Infer's $	1 50	@	2 50
Sound common	3 0		4 00
Middling	6 00		7 00
Fancy	10 00		12 00
LIVE STOCK.			
BEEF—Best Beeves $	4 10	@	4 40
SHEEP	3 00		3 50
Hogs	4 25		4 40
FURS AND SKINS.			
MUSKRAT $	10	@	11
Raccoon	40		45
Red Fox	—		100
Skunk Black	—		80
Opossum	22		23
Mink	—		80
Otter	—		6 00

NEW YORK

FLOUR—Southern $	5 50	@	6 00
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	92		93
RYE—Western	51		52
CORN—No. 2	38		38¾
OATS—No. 3	31		33
BUTTER—State	12½		16
EGGS—State	11		12
CHEESE—State	6¼		7

PHILADELPHIA.

FLOUR—Southern $	5 50	@	6 00
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	80½		81
CORN—No. 3	35¾		36
OATS—No. 2	33½		34
BUTTER—State	16		17
EGGS—Penna ft	12		12½

AGRICULTURAL.

Commercial Fertilizers Improved.

Fertilizers, during the past year have been lower in price than ever before, and the indications are that they will be even cheaper during the present year. The result of the cheapening of the chemical constituents has been to raise the quality of the mixed fertilizers somewhat above the minimum guarantee, and consequently there are very few samples showing deficits in their composition. Out of 448 separate guarantees only twenty-eight failed to either exceed the requirements or come within the limits of error in sampling and analyzing.—N. H. Experiment Station Bulletin.

Value of Pure-Bred Stock.

How can hog men pay well-nigh fabulous prices for pure-bred breeding stock? I can only explain it by quoting Theodore Louis, one of the foremost swine breeders of Wisconsin. He says: "The pure-bred pig will lay on from two to four pounds more fat for every bushel of corn consumed than the scrub or native." Now, at first thought, this might seem a little doubtful, but when he informs us that the intestines of the pure-bred will measure twenty-two times the length of his body, while those of the native are only nine times the length of his body, then the light begins to shine. My experience with Poland-Chinas has been very satisfactory. I have bred them quite a number of years. One young sow when ten months old gave me a litter of seventeen pigs, thirteen of which are now living and doing well. She is not quite full-blooded. The pigs are now three weeks old.—H. Clark, in New England Homestead.

Preserving Eggs For Winter Prices.

Some one has said the fancier has no right to preserve eggs at any season; that it is his business to provide strictly fresh eggs the year round. Nevertheless, a great many fanciers, as well as a great many farmers, do preserve eggs every season, for with the coming of every winter there is a scarcity of eggs and a correspondingly high price. If well preserved they are fit for all purposes. The markets are flooded every summer with six and eight cent eggs, for there are many who must and will sell them at any price. But preferring to receive for the surplus of summer and early fall eggs twenty to twenty-five cents per dozen, I preserve them and find that it pays.

The recipe given below is very good for preserving eggs, although it takes considerable work to prepare it. Into twenty-four gallons of boiling water put twelve pounds of unslacked lime and four pounds of barrel salt. Stir frequently for one day. The next day dip off the clear liquid and put it into stone jars. Dissolve the following ingredients in one gallon of boiling water and add to the above liquid: Five ounces common baking soda, five ounces cream of tartar, five ounces saltpeter, five ounces borax and one ounce alum. Drop the eggs into this brine every day, as gathered. Eggs greased with fresh lard and put down in salt keep well. Use cracker boxes, or others of about that size, as these are light enough to be easily handled. Turn the box half over two or three times a week. Were I a village housewife I am very sure that a goodly supply of eggs, for culinary purposes at least, would be preserved when they are but six, eight or ten cents per dozen. I should not buy them at the grocery, but would engage my supply of some reliable farmer's wife, who would guarantee me strictly fresh eggs. Many are glad of the opportunity to furnish them for the money in hand, rather than be always obliged to take exchange at the store.—Nellie Hawks, in American Agriculturist.

Care of Young Live Stock.

There is not enough thought given to young things on the farm. It is considered that they should grow without care. In too many cases, the weanlings are almost as wild as though they were not included among domestic animals. In the case of pigs, lambs and calves, it is advisable that they should be given a little meal or small grain such as oats, rye and corn mixed, as soon as they will take it. It is surprising to note the avidity of pigs with sweet pure slops made from meal and shipped stuffs, and the independence acquired by the time their mother discards them is highly gratifying. By a gradual increase of the ration of grain or ground food, the youngsters are weaned without any reverses in their progress of growth. The feeding process requires familiarity with humanity and relieves the young creatures of any fear. The advantages of gentleness among the domestic animals are too many to be enumerated. Providing a well balanced ration is also highly desirable. The framework of meat producing stock and the organs of digestion and assimilation are better maintained by a moderate grain ration once daily for the thrifty growing youngsters. The quality of the meat when it goes on the market will be enough better to more than meet the additional expense. With a half ration of grain once a day, a larger number of young things may be grazed on a given number of acres. This permits increasing the amount of live stock; or on the other hand, the increase of the acreage of the farm for grain.

In the case of calves and lambs, it is particularly needful that they be provided while grazing with dry hay, straw or fodder, which will enable them to leave at any time the grass and relieve a discomfort of bloating by eating the dry provender. Only a small quantity of this is required to prevent many of the serious ills which come to the pasture grounds. Convenient access to drinking water must be provided. If there is not a flow from a natural stream, if possible nature's liquid should come from a deep well. As a rule it is not advisable to spare expense in having numerous tanks or lengthy troughs, which will enable the timid to satisfy as promptly as their stronger fellows.

The returning prosperity of business warrants extra attention to the colts. Four or five years from this time, the tiny colt of this season will be in demand. The requirements of a mature horse at that time will date back to the present.

It should be made thoroughly familiar with men, women and children, as well as many other things with which, as a mature animal, it will come in contact. At six months of age it should be as fearless of ordinary sights and sounds as it ever need be. A few moments' patient attention to these details daily will accomplish all that is desired for the future welfare of the little fellows whom we are prone to neglect when they most need the teaching which their docility permits. Farm, Field and Fireside.

During the last te[n yea]rs Germany's merchant marine h[as b]een doubled, while England's has increased only fifty per cent.

BIG GUNS SHORT-LIVED.

Sent Back to the Shop After the One Hundredth Firing.

"The life of a gun is one of the most unsatisfactory things about it," remarked an ordnance officer in discussing the war question, "and though a number of experiments have been made in connection therewith there is no absolute certainty as to the results. A general rule has been arrived at which is thought to be on the safe side of the matter, and that is that the modern steel gun should not be fired more than 100 times. After that, it matters not what the emergency may be, it is safer to dismantle the gun and send it back to the shop than to risk firing it, for the explosion of a gun is a decidedly and extensively dangerous occurrence to all in its immediate locality. The firing of a gun causes the steel to crystallize, and thereby becomes brittle as a [..]. So far as has yet been discovered, there is no remedy for it. It is not exactly a total loss after a gun has become dead, for the steel can be used for thousands of things in the way of bolts, braces and the like for new work and for repairs.

"A modern gun is an expensive affair, running from $75,000 away up. It is equally expensive to keep it in operation, the cost for each cartridge sent from it being over $1,000, which does not include the putting of the gun on its emplacement or taking it down, nor the thousands of dollars necessarily expended in paying salaries and subsistence of the officers and men who operate it. This crystallization of the metal is one of the mysteries of the science of ordnance. The gun could be revivified to some extent by heating it to a white heat and allowing it to cool off slowly, but the treatment is not exactly satisfactory or even approximately certain as to results. It has been said of us as of other nations, that if we kept every gun we own in actual firing operation for even twenty-four hours the powder and shell bill would bankrupt us, and there is some truth in it. This crystallization of the metal is not confined to guns, however. The same thing occurs in the journals or axles used on the railroad cars. It is for that reason that careful railroads put on new axles every five or six years. In Europe there are laws upon the subject, though it is custom with us. In Germany it is unlawful to use an axle on passenger cars more than four years, though the limitation on freight cars is not so rigid. As with the oft-fired gun, the steel in the journal becomes so brittle by the crystallization in consequence of its use that it is liable to snap in a dozen pieces any time after its life is ended."—Washington Star.

Three Stars Extra.

A voluble fakir was selling silk star-spangled banners at the 15th street entrance to the Treasury Department the other afternoon. His line of talk was ingenious.

"Look a-here, fellers," said he, "there's forty-eight stars on this flag. Forty-eight, mind you. I'll bet a Matanzas mule that you can't find another Old Glory in this country that has got forty-eight stars on it. Those that you buy in the stores has only got forty-five stars—one for each State. But this here flag o' mine has been built for the occasion. It's got three extra stars added for the three new States—Spain, Cuba and Philippineland. See? If you don't get one of 'em you ain't in the push. You'll have to paint three more stars on the flag you've already got, and you can't make a neat job of it. You might as well have one o' them old flags with thirteen stars on it as a forty-five-star flag in these days. Get next! Get in the push! Get into the bag star-spangled handicap with three starters added! They ain't no long shots, either."

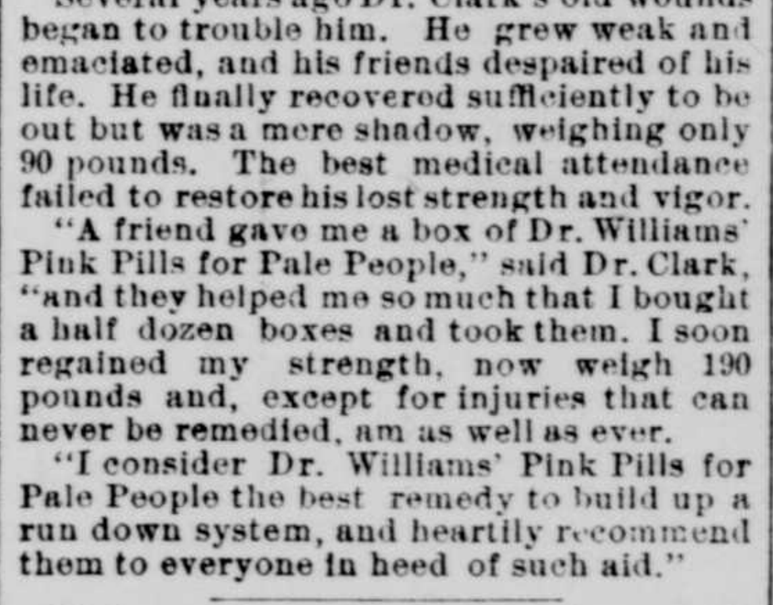
The fakir did business on that basis, too.—Washington Star.

A Naval Hero's Story.

From the Times-Herald, Chicago, Ill.

Late in 1861, when President Lincoln issued a call for volunteers, L. J. Clark, of Warren, Trumbull Co., Ohio, was among the first to respond. He joined the mortar fleet of Admiral Porter just before the memorable operations on the Mississippi River began. It was at the terrific bombardment of the Vicksburg forts, that the hero of this story fell with a shattered arm from a charge of schrapnel.

After painful months in the hospital, he recovered sufficiently to be sent to his home at Warren, Ohio. Another call for troops fired his patriotic zeal and Clark soon enlisted in Company H, of the 7th Ohio Volunteers. In the army of the Potomac, he was in many engagements. Being wounded in a skirmish near Richmond, he was sent to the hospital and thence home.



A Wounded Hero.

Soon afterward he began the study and then the practice of veterinary surgery. Seeking a wider field than the Ohio village afforded, he went to Chicago where he now has a wide practice, is a member of Hatch Post, G. A. R., and lives at 4935 Ashland Ave.

Several years ago Dr. Clark's old wounds began to trouble him. He grew weak and emaciated, and his friends despaired of his life. He finally recovered sufficiently to be out but was a mere shadow, weighing only 90 pounds. The best medical attendance failed to restore his lost strength and vigor.

"A friend gave me a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," said Dr. Clark, "and they helped me so much that I bought a half dozen boxes and took them. I soon regained my strength, now weigh 190 pounds and, except for injuries that can never be remedied, am as well as ever.

"I consider Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People the best remedy to build up a run down system, and heartily recommend them to everyone in heed of such aid."

The man who seeks damages in court is sure to get what he's looking for.

Nothing makes a woman so mad as having something to say and no one to listen.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.

To quit tobacco easily and forever, be magnetic, full of life, nerve and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker, that makes weak men strong. All druggists, 50c or $1. Cure guaranteed. Booklet and sample free. Address Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

It having been decided to levy a house or hut tax of $1.25 on each owner in Sierra Leone, the natives are pulling down their huts and living under trees rather than pay it.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

The owl's eyes have no muscles by which they can be moved; but extraordinary flexibility in the muscles of the neck enables the owl to move his head with incredible rapidity in any direction.

E. B. Walthall & Co., Druggists, Horse Cave, Ky., say: "Hall's Catarrh Cure cures every one that takes it." Sold by Druggists, 75c.

A woman seldom cares anything about the answers to questions she asks.

To Cure Constipation Forever.

Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic. 10c or 25c. If C. C. C. fail to cure, druggists refund money

The turtle may be slow, but he usually gets there in time for the soup.

Fits permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. $2 trial bottle and treatise free. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.



There's nothing in Ivory Soap but soap, good, pure vegetable oil soap. There's nothing to make the linens streaky, no alkali to injure the finest textures. The lather forms quickly and copiously, and wash-day is a pleasure instead of a drudgery. Try it in the next wash. The price places it within reach of every one. Look out for imitations.

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A Good Roads Court.

A Maryland judge has decided that a town ordinance prohibiting the riding of wheels on sidewalks when the streets are impassable is not effective. The rider who was arrested turned on the sidewalk to avoid an exceptionally bad place in the roadway, and, although he rode a distance of only twenty-five feet on forbidden ground, a warrant was issued. The evidence showed that a wheel could not be pushed through the mudhole, and the court, in dismissing the case, ruled that under such conditions riders and drivers were justified in trespassing on private property. It is possible that the higher courts may not sustain so liberal a ruling, but its reversal will not deprive the judge of the lower court of his reputation for common sense.

No girl can successfully chew peanut brittle and nurse a case of disappointed love at the same time.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.

Guaranteed tobacco habit cure, makes weak men strong, blood pure. 50c, $1. All druggists.

Every dog has his day—but the cat has a monopoly on the nights.

Piso's Cure for Consumption has saved me many a doctor's bill.—S. F. Hardy, Hopkins Place, Baltimore, Md., Dec. 2, 1894.

Some men manage to talk a great deal and without saying anything.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reducing inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle.

A defective hammock has caused many fond lovers to fall out.

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets.

Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever. 10c, 25c. If C. C. C. fail, druggists refund money.

It's easy for the man who has no credit to keep out of debt.

Columbia Bevel-Gear Chainless Bicycles
MAKE HILL CLIMBING EASY.
$125.
Columbia Chain Wheels, $75
Hartfords, . . 50
Vedettes, $40 & 35
POPE MFG. CO., Hartford, Conn.



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"I have gone **14 days at a time without a movement of the bowels**, not being able to move them except by using hot water injections. Chronic constipation for seven years placed me in this terrible condition; during that time I did everything I heard of but never found any relief; such was my case until I began using CASCARETS. I now have from one to three passages a day, and if I was rich I would give $100.00 for each movement; it is such a relief." AYLMER L. HUNT, 1689 Russell St., Detroit, Mich.

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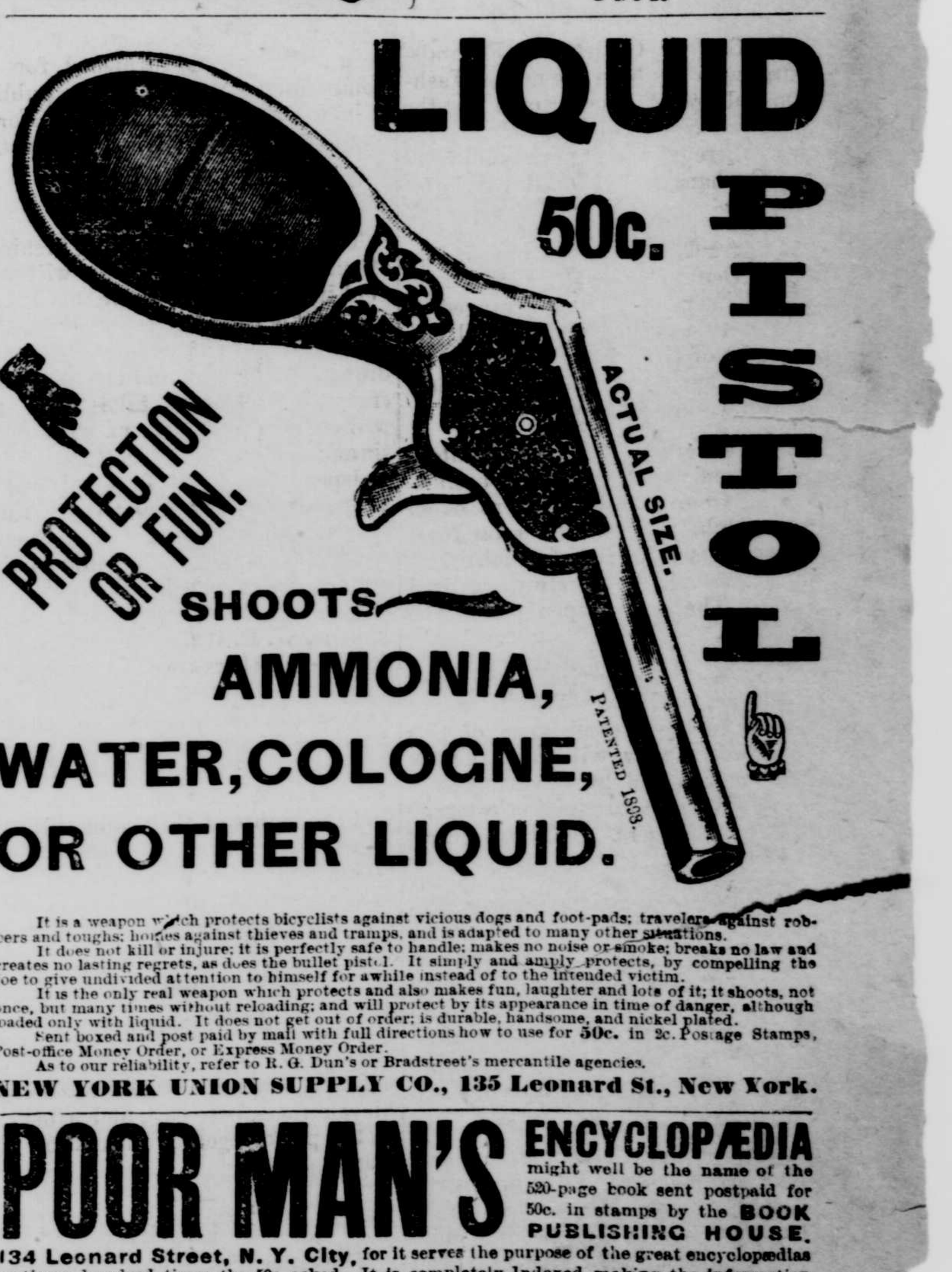
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Paris Medicine Co., St. Louis, Mo.
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It is the only real weapon which protects and also makes fun, laughter and lots of it; it shoots, not once, but many times without reloading; and will protect by its appearance in time of danger, although loaded only with liquid. It does not get out of order; is durable, handsome, and nickel plated.

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