The Most Common of All.

The most common of all ailments from sports of all kinds are sprains and bruises. The most common and surest cure of them is by the use of St. Jacobs Oil, which is prompt in its action.

Gold is now extracted by mixing the ore with common salt and sulphuric acid, then adding a solution of permanganate of potash.

To Cure Constipation Forever.

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

The Duke of Cambridge, who represented Queen Victoria at the funeral of the Austrian Empress, was also the representative of English royalty at the Empress' wedding.

To Cure A Cold in One Day.

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

The carbon obtained by burning sawdust is claimed to be purer than coke, and consequently is available for the manufacture of calcium carbide.

DEAR EDITOR:—If you know of a solicitor or canvasser in your city or elsewhere, especially a man who has solicited for subscriptions, insurance, nursery stock, books or tailoring, or a man who can sell goods, you will confer a favor by telling him to correspond with us; or if you will insert this notice in your paper and such parties will cut this notice out and mail to us, we may be able to furnish them a good position in their own and adjoining counties. Address, AMERICAN WOOLEN MILLS CO., Chicago.

Unless a man knows the very best way to buy, borrow and beg, he would better keep out of politics.

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets.

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

The man whom everybody likes is not apt to be of much force.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss:
LUCAS COUNTY,

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & CO., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.
FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.
{SEAL} A. W. GLEASON,
Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

A herring weighing six ounces or seven ounces is provided with about 30,000 eggs.

I use Piso's Cure for Consumption both in my family and practice.—DR. G. W. PATTERSON, Inkster, Mich., Nov. 5, 1894.

The dogs of war are the scamps who go into it for the money.

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

There are some long-felt wants which should never be filled.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.

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

Exceptions frequently prove the rule to be bad.

The Fall

With its sudden changes, its hot days and chilly nights, dampness and decaying vegetation, is peculiarly trying to the health. A good Fall Medicine is as important and beneficial as Spring Medicine. Hood's Sarsaparilla keeps the blood pure, wards off malaria, creates a good appetite, gives refreshing sleep, and maintains the health tone through this trying season.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is America's Greatest Medicine.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills. 25 cents

POINTS ON FOOD.

There is an unholy attraction about phenomenally large specimens of vegetables that should be strictly avoided by the sensible housewife. Abnormal growths, though they look very well at a show, are not so well on the table. Much of the flavor is lost in the size, and the vegetable, whatever it may be, has a tendency to be rough and coarse in texture. Vegetables and fruits that have attained a medium size are far more likely to be satisfactory in the eating, and they are also more economical to purchase and to use.

Young housewives are often puzzled that their pies have a knack of sinking down in the middle, while those turned out by more experienced hands are dome-shaped and sightly. The explanation is that the latter have an inverted cup placed in the middle before the fruit and crust is added. This cup prevents the fruit juice from boiling over and also keeps the pie crust from falling in. The juice is, by the time the pie is served, almost all collected beneath the cup, which must be raised by the server before sufficient sirup is obtained.

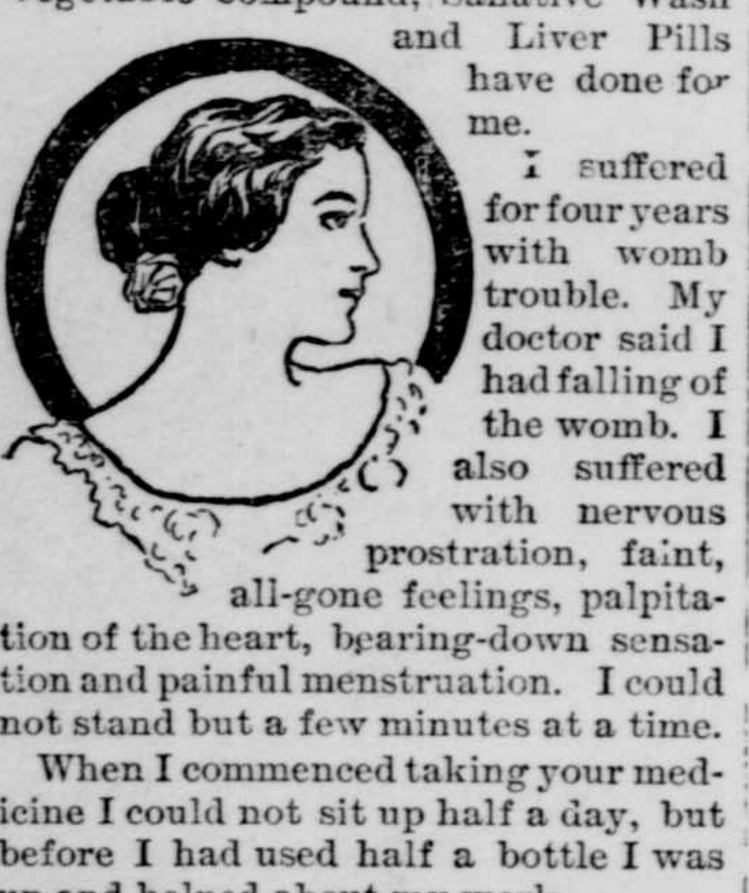
There is no doubt that stewed fruit is a most wholesome addition to ordinary diet. There are, however, many persons who cannot eat it, either on account of the acidity of the fruit or of the large quantity of sugar required to make it palatable. It should be remembered that sugar does not counteract the acidity of the fruit, it simply disguises it, and if much of it is used it is apt to interfere with the digestive organs. Before cooking the fruit, sprinkle over it a small pinch of carbonate of soda; this renders the dish more wholesome and certainly more tasty.

Eve had her faults, but she never went through Adam's pockets while he was asleep.

MRS. LUCY GOODWIN

Suffered four years with female troubles. She now writes to Mrs. Pinkham of her complete recovery. Read her letter:

DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I wish you to publish what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, Sanative Wash and Liver Pills have done for me.



I suffered for four years with womb trouble. My doctor said I had falling of the womb. I also suffered with nervous prostration, faint, all-gone feelings, palpitation of the heart, bearing-down sensation and painful menstruation. I could not stand but a few minutes at a time.

When I commenced taking your medicine I could not sit up half a day, but before I had used half a bottle I was up and helped about my work.

I have taken three bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and used one package of Sanative Wash, and am cured of all my troubles. I feel like a new woman. I can do all kinds of housework and feel stronger than I ever did in my life. I now weigh 131½ pounds. Before using your medicine I weighed only 108 pounds.

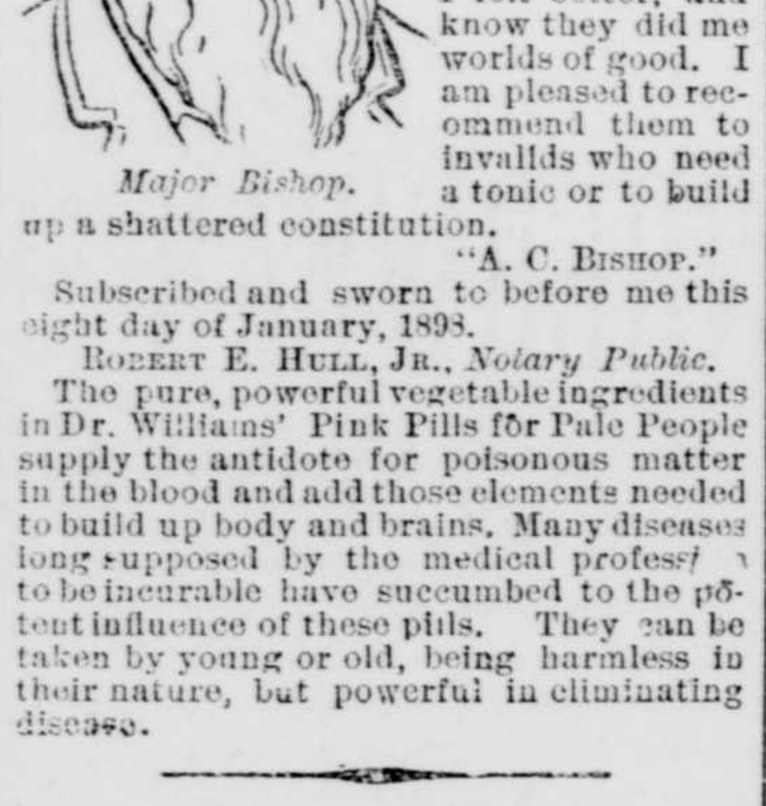
Surely it is the grandest medicine for weak woman that ever was, and my advice to all who are suffering from any female trouble is to try it at once and be well. Your medicine has proven a blessing to me, and I cannot praise it enough.—MRS. LUCY GOODWIN, Holly, W. Va.

The Major's Experience.

From the Detroit Free Press.

One of the staunchest supporters of the deep-water way from the Great Lakes to the ocean is Major A. C. Bishop, of 715 Third Ave., Detroit, a civil engineer of wide experience and considerable prominence in his profession. He was assistant engineer on the Hudson River Railroad in 1850 and has since conducted large engineering operations. He has been located in Detroit since 1851, and has a large acquaintance among the business men and citizens of this city.

Two years ago, for the first time, Major Bishop was in the hospital. For two months he had the best of medical attendance, but when he was discharged he was not like the Major Bishop of old. When asked regarding his health, he said: "When I had my last spell of sickness and came out of the hospital I was a sorry sight. I could not gain my strength, and could not walk over a block for several weeks.



Major Bishop.

"I noticed some articles in the newspapers regarding Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, which convinced me that they were worth trying and bought two boxes. I did not take them for my complexion but for strength. After using them I felt better, and know they did me worlds of good. I am pleased to recommend them to invalids who need a tonic or to build up a shattered constitution.

"A. C. BISHOP."

Subscribed and sworn to before me this eight day of January, 1898.

ROBERT E. HULL, JR., *Notary Public.*

The pure, powerful vegetable ingredients in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People supply the antidote for poisonous matter in the blood and add those elements needed to build up body and brains. Many diseases long supposed by the medical profession to be incurable have succumbed to the potent influence of these pills. They can be taken by young or old, being harmless in their nature, but powerful in eliminating disease.

A COLLEGE YELL.

The Wonderful Cry Evolved by a Dozen Athletic Young Fellows.

"Hi! Hi, yi! Hi, yi, yi! Boomalacka, bow-wow! Hullabaloo! Yah, wah! Chick-a-go-runk! go-runk! Siss boom 'rah! Hep-hi! hey-ip! Siccum! 'Rah-zoo! Wah-hoo! Bang! Ki-yi, mockali-on! Buzz-saw! Boom 'rah! Hobble-gobble, razzle-dazzle! Breke-kek-ex, ko-ax, ko-ax! Skookum, skookum!"

This marvelous language was not the small talk of the debating society of an insane asylum, nor was it a kennel of mad dogs broken loose. It was only the joint efforts of twelve solemn young gentlemen to decide upon a club yell. Each man had his own howl, and insisted on singing out with it, while all the rest were rehearsing their own. It is reported that when this grand combination broke loose all the small boys in town thought a circus was coming along with its calliope (which, of course, they pronounced "callie-ope"), while the two small policemen that pretended to protect the town of Lakerim are reported to have thought that a gang of outlaws was attacking the place, and to have crawled into the deepest ditch in town, and pulled the ditch in after them. After every one had yelled himself hoarse, each of the Twelve began yelling again to quiet the others, and the noise was almost greater than before. At length, however, they quieted down enough to listen to the various candidates for the yell. History proposed a long Latin quotation, and insisted on at least having some big words in the yell. He and Bobbles joined forces, and compromised on the following gem: "Doodle-um! Diddle-um! Dandle-um! The duodecimal Dozen!" Punk, however, said that this was beneath the dignity of such great men, and proposed one which he persuaded them to try over. It could hardly be called short, but it was certainly complete, and consisted not only in spelling out the full name of the club, but surrounding this with most of the well-known yells of all the colleges. It went something like this: "Breke-kek-ex, ko-ax, ko-ak! Siss boom 'rah! Hullabaloo, ha! L-a-k-e-r-i-m A-t-h-l-e-t-i-c C-l-u-b! 'Rah, 'rah, 'rah! 'Rah, 'rah, 'rah! 'Rah, 'rah, 'rah!" The Dozen started vigorously to yell this out and kept together fairly well until they came to the spelling of the long name, but there they began to fall by the wayside; they dropped to the ground, exhausted, one by one, so fast that by the time they reached the last "Rah!" only one man survived, and that was the long-winded Punk, and even he gasped it out like a sick rooster. After this they all sat still on the ground where they had fallen, and thought hard for some time, and debated in whispers. The result of this debate was the final selection of a brisk yell that left some breath in the body of the yellers, though it threatened to break all the windows for miles around. The word "Lakerim" was given three times, with the long a and a short i, and the yell went out in a burst of glory, all the voices keeping together until halfway through the last long "Hoo!" when the boys divided and took different vowels. This gave the yell a blood-curdling sound that reminded B. J. of the tribes of Indians he had never seen.

GEN. ROSSER'S UNIFORM.

In a Flannel Shirt, Shoulder Straps and a String Around His Hat.

From the Richmond (Va.) Times: Among the Virginians who have recently visited Washington there has been no more striking figure and none on whom more eyes were turned in admiring gaze than the stalwart form and sunburned, swarthy countenance of General Thomas L. Rosser. A newly appointed officer asked Rosser where he was going to have his uniforms made. "They will cost you a lot of money," said he. "I have had six suits made, and they cost me $700." "I will only need," responded Rosser, "a flannel shirt which I can buy here anywhere on the avenue; a pair of shoulder straps and a string or piece of braid around my hat to designate that I am an officer." "You will have to get a fine horse, general," continued the interlocutor. "Gen. Butler has had a $400 black stallion presented to him, and other generals have secured fine horses." "Well," replied Rosser, "I have some good stock down on my farm; but from what I learn a horse will not be the suitable thing in Cuba; I think a mule will be best, and it is my expectation to ride a mule." It may be that this confederate veteran with his flannel shirt and string around his hat, bestriding a mule, will not be exactly in trim to court an amorous looking glass or caper nimbly in a lady's chamber to the lascivious pleasing of a lute, but for a Black Douglas ready for the devil's own work in desperate encounter commend us to the "Prince of Albemarle."

What's the Use?

A witty doctor, who was one of a corps of physicians appointed to vaccinate policemen, remarked, "What is the use of vaccinating those fellows? They never catch anything."—Punch.

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

THE EMINENT DIVINE'S SUNDAY DISCOURSE.

Subject: "The Grandmothers"—The Influence of Heredity—A Rich Legacy Left Us by a Glorious Race of Godly Women—Value of Their Example.

TEXT: "The unfeigned faith that is in thee, which dwelt first in thy grandmother Lois."—II Tim. i., 5.

In this pastoral letter which Paul, the old minister, is writing to Timothy, the young minister, the family record is brought out. Paul practically says: "Timothy, what a good grandmother you had! You ought to be better than most folks, because not only was your mother good, but your grandmother was good also. Two preceding generations of piety ought to give you a mighty push in the right direction." The fact was that Timothy needed encouragement. He was in poor health, having a weak stomach, and was a dyspeptic, and Paul prescribed for him a tonic, "a little wine for thy stomach's sake"—not much wine; but a little wine, and only as a medicine. And if the wine then had been as much adulterated with logwood and strychnine as our modern wines, he would not have prescribed any.

But Timothy, not strong physically, is encouraged spiritually by the recital of grandmotherly excellence, Paul hinting to him, as I hint this day to you, that God sometimes gathers up as in a reservoir, away back of the active generations of today, a godly influence, and then in response to prayer lets down the power upon children and grandchildren and great-grandchildren. The world is woefully in want of a table of statistics in regard to what is the protractedness and immensity of influence of one good woman in the church and world. We have accounts of how much evil has been wrought by a woman who lived nearly a hundred years ago, and of how many criminals her descendants furnished for the penitentiary and the gallows, and how many hundreds of thousands of dollars they cost our country in their arraignment and prison support, as well as in the property they burglarized and destroyed. But will not some one come out with brain comprehensive enough, and heart warm enough, and pen keen enough to give us the facts in regard to some good woman of a hundred years ago, and let us know how many Christian men and women and reformers and useful people have been found among her descendants, and how many asylums and colleges and churches they built, and how many millions of dollars they contributed for humanitarian and Christian purposes?

The good women whose tombstones were planted in the eighteenth century are more alive for good in the nineteenth century than they were before, as the good women of the nineteenth century will be more alive for good in the twentieth century than now. Mark you, I have no idea that the grandmothers were any better than their granddaughters. You cannot get very old people to talk much about how things were when they were boys and girls. They have a reticence and a non committalism which makes me think that they feel themselves to be the custodians of the reputation of their early comrades. While our dear old folks are rehearsing the follies of the present, if we put them on witness-stand and cross-examine them as to how things were seventy years ago the silence becomes oppressive.

The celebrated Frenchmen, Volney, visited this country in 1796, and he says of woman's diet in those times: "If a premium was offered for a regimen most destructive to health, none could be devised more efficacious for these ends than that in use among these people." That eclipses our lobster salad at midnight. Everybody talks about the dissipation of modern society and how womanly health goes down under it, but it was worse a hundred years ago, for the chaplain of a French regiment in our Revolutionary War wrote in 1782, in his "Book of American Women," saying: "They are tall and well-proportioned, their features are generally regular, their complexions are generally fair and without color. At twenty years of age the women have no longer the freshness of youth. At thirty or forty they are decrepit." In 1812 a foreign consul wrote a book entitled, "A Sketch of the United States at the Commencement of the Present Century," and he says of the women of those times: "At the age of thirty all their charms have disappeared." One glance at the portraits of the women a hundred years ago and their style of dress makes us wonder how they ever got their breath. All this makes me think that the express rail train is no more an improvement on the old canal boat, or the telegraph no more an improvement on the old-time saddle-bags, than the women of our day are an improvement on the women of the last century.

But still, notwithstanding that those times were so much worse than ours, there was a glorious race of godly women, seventy and a hundred years ago, who held the world back from sin and lifted it toward virtue, and without their exalted and sanctified influence before this the last good influence would have perished from the earth. Indeed, all over this land there are seated to-day—not so much in churches, for many of them are too feeble to come—a great many aged grandmothers. They sometimes feel that the world has gone past them, and they have an idea that they are of little account. Their head sometimes gets aching from the racket of the grandchildren down-stairs or in the next room. They steady themselves by the banisters as they go up and down. When they get a cold it hangs on them longer than it used to. They cannot bear to have the grandchildren punished even when they deserve it, and have so relaxed their ideas of family discipline that they would spoil all the youngsters of the household by too great leniency. These old folks are the resort when great troubles come, and there is a calming and soothing power in the touch of an aged hand that is almost supernatural. They feel they are almost through with the journey of life and read the old Book more than they used to, hardly knowing which most they enjoy, the Old Testament or the New, and often stop and dwell tearfully over the family record half-way between. We hail them to-day, whether in the house of God or at the homestead. Blessed is that household that has in it a grandmother Lois. Where she is, angels are hovering round.

Is it not time that you and I do two things—swing open a picture-gallery of the wrinkled faces and stooped shoulders of the past, and call down from their heavenly thrones the godly grandmothers to give them our thanks, and then to persuade the mothers of to-day that they are living for all time, and that against the sides of every cradle in which a child is rocked beat the two eternities?

Here we have an untried, undiscussed and unexplored subject. You often hear about your influence upon your own children; I am not talking about that. What about your influence on the twentieth century, upon the thirtieth century, upon the fortieth century, upon the year two thousand; upon the year four thousand, if the world lasts so long? The world stood four thousand years before Christ came; it is not unreasonable to suppose that it may stand four thousand years after His arrival. Four thousand years the world swung off in sin, four thousand years it may be swinging back into righteousness. By the ordinary rate of multiplication of the world's population in a century, your descendants will be over three hundred, and by two centuries over fifty thousand, and upon every one of them, you, the mother of to-day, will have an influence for good or evil. And if in four centuries your descendants shall have with their names filled a scroll of hundreds of thousands, will some angel from heaven, to whom is given the capacity to calculate the number of the stars of heaven and the sands of the seashore, step down and tell us how many descendants you will have in the four thousandth year of the world's possible continuance? Do not let the grandmothers any longer think that they are retired, and sit clear back out of sight from the world, feeling that they have no relation to it. The mothers of the last century are to-day in the person of their descendants, in the Senates, the Parliaments, the palaces, the pulpits, the banking houses, the professional chairs, the prisons, the almshouses, the company of midnight brigands, the cellars, the ditches of this century. You have been thinking about the importance of having the right influence upon one nursery. You have been thinking of the importance of getting those two little feet on the right path. You have been thinking of your child's destiny for the next eighty years, if it should pass on to be an octogenarian. That is well, but my subject sweeps a thousand years, a million years, a quadrillion of years. I cannot stop at one cradle, I am looking at the cradles that reach all around the world and across all time. I am not talking of mother Eunice. I am talking of grandmother Lois.

Good or bad influence may skip one generation or two generations, but it will be sure to land in the third or fourth generation, just as the Ten Commandments, speaking of the visitation of God on families, says nothing about the second generation, but entirely skips the seconds, and speaks of the third and fourth generation: "Visiting the iniquities of the fathers upon the third and fourth generation of them that hate me." Parental influence, right and wrong, may jump over a generation, but it will come down further on as sure as you sit there and I stand here. This explains what we often see—some man or woman distinguished for benevolence when the father and mother were distinguished for penuriousness, or you see some young man or woman with a bad father and a hard mother come out gloriously for Christ, and make the Church sob and shout and sing under their exhortations. We stand in corners of the vestry and whisper over the matter, and say, "How is this, such great piety in sons and daughters of such parental worldliness and sin?" I will explain it to you if you will fetch me the old family Bible containing the full record. Let some septuagenarian look with me clear upon the page of births and marriages, and tell me who that woman was with the old fashioned name of Jemima or Betsy or Mehitabel. Ah, there she is, the old grandmother, or great-grandmother, who had enough religion to saturate a century.

There she is, the dear old soul, Grandmother Lois. In beautiful Greenwood Cemetery there is the resting place of George W. Bethune, once a minister of Brooklyn Heights, his name never spoken among intelligent Americans without suggesting two things—eloquence and evangelism. In the same tomb sleeps his grandmother, Isabella Graham, who was the chief inspiration of his ministry. You are not surprised at the poetry and pathos and pulpit power of the grandson when you read of the faith and devotion of his wonderful ancestress. When you read this letter, in which she poured out her widowed soul in longings for a son's salvation, you will not wonder that succeeding generations have been blessed:

NEW YORK, May 20, 1791.

This day my only son left me in bitter wringings of heart; he is again launched on the ocean—God's ocean. The Lord saved him from shipwreck, brought him to my home, and allowed me once more to indulge my affection over him. He has been with me but a short time, and ill have I improved it; he is gone from my sight, and my heart bursts with tumultuous grief. Lord, have mercy on the widow's son, "the only son of his mother."

I ask nothing in this world for him; I repeat my petition, Save his soul alive, give him salvation from sin. It is not danger of the seas that distresses me; it is not the hardships he must undergo; it is not the dread of never seeing him more in this world; it is because I cannot discern the fulfilment of the promise in him. I cannot discern the new birth nor its fruit but every symptom of captivity to satan, the world, and self-will. This, this is what distresses me; and in connection with this his being shut out from ordinances at a distance from Christians; shut up with those who forget God, profane His name, and break His Sabbaths; men who often live and die like beasts, yet are accountable creatures, who must answer for every moment of time and every word, thought and action. O Lord, many wonders hast thou shown me; Thy ways of dealing with me and mine have not been common ones; add this wonder to the rest. Call, convert, regenerate and establish a sailor in the faith. Lord, all things are possible with Thee; glorify Thy Son and extend His kingdom by sea and land; take the prey from the strong. I roll him over upon Thee. Many friends try to comfort me; miserable comforters are they all. Thou art the God of consolation; only confirm to me Thy precious word, on which Thou causedst me to hope in the day when Thou saidst to me, "Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive." Only let this life be a spiritual life, and I put a blank in Thy hand as to all temporal things.

I wait for Thy salvation. Amen.

With such a grandmother, would you not have a right to expect a George W. Bethune? And all the thousands converted through his ministry may date the saving power back to Isabella Graham.

God fill the earth and the heavens with such grandmothers; we must some day go up and thank these dear old souls. Surely God will let us go up and tell them of the results of their influence. Among our first questions in Heaven will be, "Where is grandmother?" They will point her out, for we would hardly know her, even if we had seen her on earth, so bent over with years once and there so straight, so dim of eye through the blinding of earthly tears and now her eye as clear as Heaven, so full of ashes and pains once and now so agile with celestial health, the wrinkles blooming into carnation roses, and her step like the roe on the mountains. Yes, I must see her, my grandmother on my father's side, Mary McCoy, descendant of the Scotch. When I first spoke to an audience in Glasgow, Scotland, and felt somewhat diffident, being a stranger, I began by telling them my grandmother was a Scotchwoman, and then there went up a shout of welcome that made me fell as easy as I do here. I must see her.

Make it as easy for the old folks as you can. When they are sick, get for them the best doctors. Find the place for them in the hymn book. Never be ashamed if they prefer styles of apparel which are a little antiquated. Never say anything that implies that they are in the way. Make the road for the last mile as smooth as you can. Oh, my! how you will miss her when she is gone! How much would I give to see my mother! I have so many things I would like to tell her, things that have happened in the thirty years since she went away. Morning, noon and night let us thank God for the good influences that have come down from good mothers all the way back. Timothy, don't forget your mother, Eunice, and don't forget your grandmother Lois.

Mothers, consecrate yourselves to God and you will help consecrate all the ages following! Do not dwell so much on your hardships that you miss your chance of wielding an influence that shall look down upon you from the towers of an endless future. I know Martin Luther was right when he consoled his wife over the death of their daughter by saying: "Don't take on so, wife; remember that this is a hard world for girls." Yes, I go further and say, It is a hard world for women. Ay, I go further and say, It is a hard world for men. But for all women and men who trust their bodies and souls in the hand of Christ the shining gates will soon swing open. Don't you see the sickly pallor on the sky? That is the pallor on the cold cheek of the dying night. Don't you see the brightening of the clouds? That is the flush on the warm forehead of the morning. Cheer up, you are coming within sight of the Celestial City.

"I think," he replied, with a comical wink, "that I could get along with a platoon or two less of them."

MARKETS.

BALTIMORE.

GRAIN ETC.			
FLOUR—Balto. Best Pat. $		@	4 65
High Grade Extra.....			4 15
WHEAT—No. 2 Red......	67½		72
CORN—No. 2 White......	35		36
Oats—Southern & Penn...	25½		26
RYE—No. 2..........	50¾		52¾
HAY—Choice Timothy..	10 00		10 50
Good to Prime.........	9 00		9 50
STRAW—Rye in car lds..	8 00		8 50
Wheat Blocks.........	5 00		5 50
Oat Blocks...........	6 00		6 50
CANNED GOODS.			
TOMATOES—Stnd. No. 3. $		@	70
No. 2..............			55
PEAS—Standards.......	1 25		2 00
Seconds............			70
CORN—Dry Pack.......			70
Moist.............			60
HIDES.			
CITY STEERS.......... $	10	@	10¾
City Cows............	9½		10
POTATOES AND VEGETABLES.			
POTATOES—Burbanks.. $	55	@	60
ONIONS..............	50		55
PROVISIONS.			
HOGS PRODUCTS—shls. $	6	@	6¾
Clear ribsides.........	6¾		7
Hams...............	9½		9¾
Mess Pork, per bar.....			11 75
LARD—Crude..........			4
Best refined..........			6¼
BUTTER.			
BUTTER—Fine Crmy.... $	21	@	22
Under Fine...........	20		21
Creamery Rolls........	21		22
CHEESE.			
CHEESE—N. Y. Fancy... $	9½	@	9¾
N. Y. Flats..........	9½		9¾
Skim Cheese..........	5½		7¼
EGGS.			
EGGS—State.......... $	15½	@	16
North Carolina........	14		14½
LIVE POULTRY.			
CHICKENS........... $	9	@	9½
Ducks, per lb.........	8		8½
TOBACCO.			
TOBACCO—Md. Infer's.. $	1 50	@	2 50
Sound common.........	3 00		3 50
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

AGRICULTURAL.

The Soil Over Underdrains.

Always in digging an underdrain the lowest subsoil, often cold, hard and without vegetable mould, is more or less mixed with that dug near the surface, and which is usually richer. In filling the ditch this mixture continues, so that the soil that was dug from the bottom of the ditch may often be in the last spadeful thrown in. Yet we never knew this to make any difference. Always crops of any kind show a better growth directly over the drain than they do on either side, even during the first season's growth. After a year or two the good effect of the drain extends to land on either side, as the soil freezes deeper when surplus water is removed from it, and the roots of plants can go deeper for moisture or plant food.

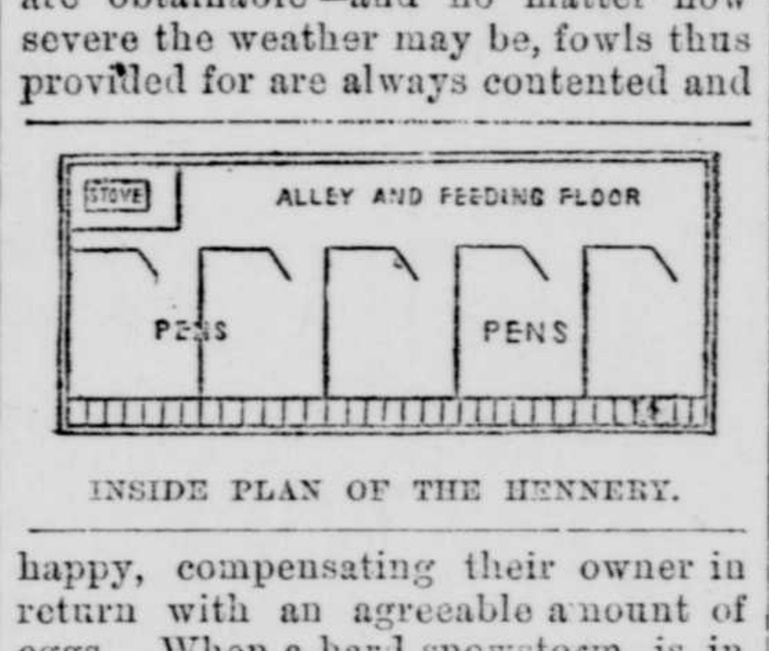
A House For Laying Hens.

In order to make hens produce eggs when most desired, they must not only have extra care, but be provided with proper quarters. At the same time, however, it is hardly advisable for all poulterers to erect elaborate structures for this purpose, and especially when we take into consideration the desperate competition of the present day and the oftentime low prices of eggs. Accordingly, we advance the idea that ordinary persons who make a practice of keeping from fifty to one hundred fowls should indulge in a poultry-house something like the one shown herewith in the illustration.

As can be seen, if situated by a bank, it affords a very suitable habitation for laying hens. Indeed, in early spring and fall, when the chilly days and nights retard the inclination of all hens and pullets to lay as steadily and early as they will with warm, nice quarters in which to reside, it is just the thing. Really, it is so roomy, convenient and well ventilated that fowls cannot help but do satisfactorily in it. For one hundred hens it should be not less than fifty feet long, twenty-five feet wide, twelve feet at the highest point and eight feet where the windows are shown.

The pens should be ten by eighteen or more feet square, with nests for layers extending the entire length of the building under its lowest part, it being here dark and obscure—just the place in which to deposit eggs which, with up-to-date nests, can easily be collected by the poulterer at night and not one found broken.

As to the floor of such a building, it should be raised three or four inches from the ground to shut out dampness, and dry earth and coarse sand spread over it regularly after the old has been removed, for this gives the hens exercise and grit, both of which are highly essential to their welfare. Wire netting, of course, should be employed to divide the pens, and in the upright part of the building should be arranged the roosts. Here, also, should be arranged the ventilators, which at their best ought to be

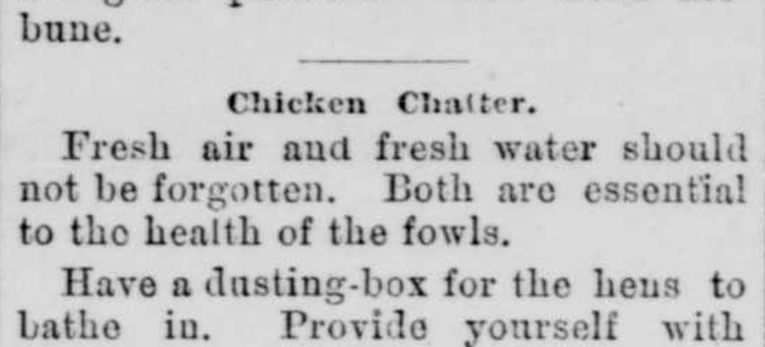


A WINTER CHICKEN HOUSE.

left open during the middle of the day, when the hens are down on the floor or out of the house, and closed at night, or partially so, to keep out the cold.

Concerning the stove (look at plan), this comes available for cooking food in its caldron or boiler before feeding the same to the flocks in the morning, and also for keeping the building free from dampness—a thing highly important where a large number of hens are kept. Have the stove inclosed in a small apartment by itself, and then when you wish to warm the rest of the house open the door and let the heat pass out. Thus you keep the stove neat and clean, while if the apartment is mouse-proof, as it ought to be, a supply of grain and meal may be stored therein for the fowls, which economizes much in time and labor.

The windows, which in their sloping position should face directly to the south, afford the inmates a large amount of light and sunshine—all that are obtainable—and no matter how severe the weather may be, fowls thus provided for are always contented and



INSIDE PLAN OF THE HENNERY.

happy, compensating their owner in return with an agreeable amount of eggs. When a hard snowstorm is in progress, however, it is policy to cover the windows with straw matting or the like, for then when it clears up the mats may be removed, and with them all the snow, leaving the glass perfectly clean and the hens to enjoy a regular paradise.—New York Tribune.

Chicken Chatter.

Fresh air and fresh water should not be forgotten. Both are essential to the health of the fowls.

Have a dusting-box for the hens to bathe in. Provide yourself with abundance of road dust while you can. It is cheap now, and in a little while you will need it.

Feed regularly. Have certain hours for feeding and don't vary them. Be punctual about your work, and the fowls will be more contented and will soon understand your systematic way of doing things.

See that your henhouses are good—no cracks in the sides—and avoid damp floors. A window should be in each pen, so that the light and sunshine may make cheerful the interior. Sunshine is a good tonic for the fowls.

The scratching-shed should be thoroughly cleaned and fresh material supplied. Feed all grain feed in the litter, and be careful to keep the floors well covered, so that the birds will really have to work for every grain they eat. This exercise means an increased egg yield.

A good poultry feed for laying hens is green cut bone. It is relished by the fowls, and supplies the animal food they are so much in need of during cold weather. Green cut bones should be fed two or three times a week from October until May. It should always be fed plain; that is, without mixing it in the ration.

The system of vaccination is so perfect in the German army that small-pox has been reduced to six or seven cases annually. All recruits are re-vaccinated, and there must be at least ten punctures in each arm.

GEN. JUAN AROLAS.

The Career in the Philippines of the Present Military Governor of Havana

Prof. Dean C. Worcester, of the University of Michigan, contributes an article on "The Malay Pirates of the Philippines." Speaking of the island of Sulu, where the dreaded Moros made their headquarters, Prof. Worcester says: Gen. Juan Arolas was the governor of the island at the time. Arolas, who is at present the military governor of Havana, is a man with a history. He has always been an outspoken republican, ready to fight for his convictions. In the days of republican success in Spain he is said to have cast the throne out of a window by way of showing his respect for royalty. After the fall of the Spanish republic he continued to display what was considered to be unseemly activity; and there is little doubt that when he was "honored" with an appointment as governor of Sulu, it was with the intention of exiling him to a place from which he would be unlikely to return. The town was very unhealthy, the defenses were inadequate, and the garrison was in constant danger of annihilation. Arolas was a man of many resources and of tremendous energy. His wretched town was peopled by native troops, Chinese traders, and deported convicts; but in spite of the unfavorable conditions which confronted him, he at once set himself to improving things. He made prisoners of the Moros, and compelled them to work in strengthening his defenses until these had been made impregnable. He improved the sanitation of the town, changing it from a perfect pesthole to an unusually healthy place. He constructed waterworks, built a splendid market place, and established a free school system and a thoroughly equipped hospital. His town became the wonder of the Philippines. Meanwhile he was making soldiers out of his slovenly native troops. After putting his town in a satisfactory condition and teaching his soldiers how to shoot, he sent to Manila for authority to attack the Moro stronghold at Maibun. It is said that his request was three times refused, and he was warned that his two regiments would be wiped out if he made the attempt. One evening he summoned the captain of a gunboat which was lying in the harbor and ordered him to take up position before Maibun and open fire at daybreak on the following morning. The officer refused to start. Arolas is reported to have given him his choice between obeying the order (which, by the way, he had no authority to give) and facing a firing squad in the plaza. The officer decided to go to Maibun, and a strong guard was placed on his vessel to see that he did not reconsider his determination. At 11 o'clock that night Arolas placed himself at the head of his two regiments, had ammunition passed, and gave the order to march. The men had no idea where they were going, and before daylight found themselves hidden in the rear of Maibun. Meanwhile the gunboat had arrived, and the Moros were busy training their rude artillery on her. Promptly at dawn she opened fire, and as the Moros replied for the first time, Arolas and his men swarmed over the rear stockade. The Moros were taken completely by surprise, and although they fought desperately, suffered a crushing defeat. The sultan contrived to escape, but many of the important chiefs were killed or captured, their heavy guns were taken, and their fortifications destroyed. Arolas followed up his advantage, and attack succeeded attack until the fanatical Moslems were cowed as they had never been cowed before. An armed truce followed, and continued in force at the time of our visit. Arolas had several times escaped unscathed from deadly peril, and the Moros believed that he had a charmed life. They called him "papa;" and when "papa" gave orders, they were treated with considerable respect. He was strictly just, but absolutely merciless. Every threat that he made was carried out to the letter. For once the Moros had met their master, and they knew it.

WHAT THE LAW DECIDES.

The constitutional provision against the ownership of lands by aliens in Washington is applied, in state, Winston vs. Hudson Land company, 40 L. R. A. 430, to a lease of land for forty-nine years to an alien, and also to lands owned by a corporation when a majority of the capital stock comes into the hands of aliens.

A public officer receiving fees to which he is not entitled from a party whom he knows to be ignorant of the law, without informing him that he is not bound to pay, is held, in Marcotte vs. Allen (Me.), 40 L. R. A. 185, liable to an action for money had and received, on the ground that he received the money fraudulently.

Payment of a check after the maker has been declared to be insane, and is so, is held, in American Trust and B. company vs. Boone (Ga.), 40 L. R. A. 250, to be at the peril of the bank, although it does not know of the insanity of the drawer, and although the adjudication of insanity was made in another state.

An indorsee of a negotiable note who has made a written assignment thereof of which is not indorsed on the note, in order to transfer it as collateral security, is held, in Taug vs. Riley (Ga.), 40 L. R. A. 244, entitled to bring an action upon it when the note is surrendered to him, although it is merely for the purpose of collection.



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Where Noah Kept His Bees.

Dr. James K. Hosmer, while recently visiting Boston, had occasion to visit the new public library. As he went up the steps (says the Ladies' Home Journal) he met Edward Everett Hale, who asked the doctor's errand. "To consult the archives," was the reply. "By the way, Hosmer," said Dr. Hale, "do you know where Noah kept his bees?" "No," answered Hosmer. "In the ark hives," said the venerable preacher as he passed on.

How He Fought.

Dukane—Before war was declared Spiffin was very anxious to fight. Gaswell—Well, he fought all through the war. "Did he?" "Yes; he fought shy of the recruiting officers."—New York Journal.

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Captain—"That new recruit seems to enjoy army rations." Lieutenant—"Yes, he said it is such a change from his wife's cooking."—New York Evening Journal.

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