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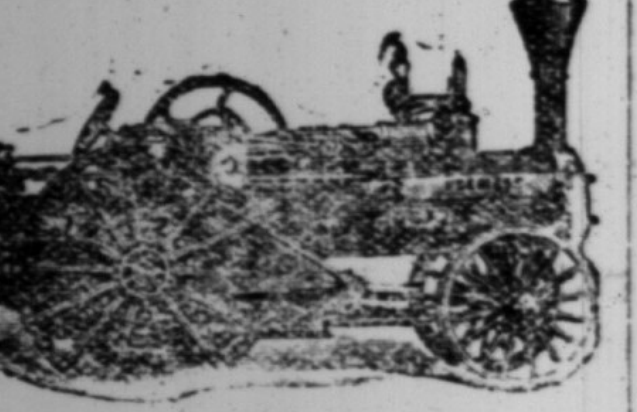

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SHINGLES.

Free Trade and Pauperism.

We reproduce at this time, for the guidance of the people during the coming election, the following important statistics published by the Buffalo (N. Y.) Express during the last Presidential campaign. The article speaks for itself and cannot fail to be one of the most effectual campaign documents of the present canvass:

The Democrat who wrote to the Express challenging the general statements of Mr. P. B. Laird, of New York, the ex-stonemason, who is in this city speaking on protection and wages, and asked for statistics, tackled the wrong man. Mr. Laird replied this morning in a long letter which bristles with statistical proofs of all he stated. The portion of his letter referring to pauperism is so significant that we reprint it in full, as follows:

"These gentleman refer to a speech which I made in this city last Monday evening, a synopsis of which was published in the Express of Tuesday morning, and say that they offer that if Mr. Laird can produce all the statistics he mentioned in his speech, and that if they are statistics actually and fairly taken in those times and fairly show what Mr. Laird says they show, they will vote for Benjamin Harrison. The statistics to which they refer, and which I used in my speech, show that during the periods when we have had a free trade or revenue tariff in this country pauperism largely increased, and during the periods when we had a higher protective tariff in this country the number of paupers was very largely decreased. They show, and I stated specifically, that in 1831, after four years of protection, there was in the State of New York one pauper to every 123 persons; that in 1841, after eight years of free trade or revenue tariff, there was one pauper to every 39 inhabitants; that in 1846, after four years under the protective tariff of 1842, we only had one pauper to 183 inhabitants; that in 1851, after five years of the free trade tariff of 1846, we again had one pauper to every 24 inhabitants; that in 1856, after 10 years under this same free trade tariff, we had one pauper to every 17 inhabitants; that in 1859 and 1860, after 14 years of the free trade tariff of 1846, we had one pauper to every 13½ inhabitants. In my speech I further stated that in 1892, after 30 years under a Republican protective tariff, we had only one pauper to every 583 inhabitants in the State of New York. My authority for all these most astounding figures, except those for 1846, is the report of the Secretary of New York State made to the Legislature in 1859, and the 13th annual report of the association for improving the condition of the poor, made in 1859, extracts from which have been published in the New York Press, and are found in the 'Pocket Encyclopedia of Protection,' recently issued by that paper, at pages 47 and 48. Doubtless these reports can be found in some of the Buffalo libraries.

"The figures for 1846 I have taken from some equally authenticated publication which I have not now before me. These facts have never been disputed or contradicted by any Democratic authority to my knowledge. But some may conclude without a proper knowledge of the facts that the pauper population of this State in 1860 was made up chiefly from those who had come here from the Old World. The truth is, and it is proven by duly authenticated statistics, that we had more native-born paupers in New York in 1860, when her population was only 3,500,000, and after we had had 14 years of Democratic free trade or tariff-for-revenue-only, than we have of both foreign and native-born in the whole United States to-day with our 65,000,000 or 70,000,000 of people, and after we had 30 continuous years of Republican protective tariff. England, after half a century under free trade tariff for revenue only, has one pauper to every 35 inhabitants. The Republic of the United States, after 30 years under a Republican protective tariff, has only one pauper to every 650 to 700 inhabitants."

Dosing "by Suggestion."

French physicians, who are seldom found very far from the van of their profession, have undertaken to cure with medicine without inflicting upon the patient the unpleasant necessity of taking the dose. The new cure is, as it is called, "by suggestion." A case is reported from the Neckar Hospital, where only the other day Dr. Peter produced in a patient all the effects of a dose of ipecac without administering the dose. The doctor held at a distance of ten centimeters from the patient's throat a glass tube wrapped in paper. After ten minutes the patient began to perspire and experience nausea until vomiting resulted. Thereupon the doctor disclosed the contents of the tube—ipecac—which had hitherto been unknown to the patient or any of the spectators.

If this French medicine man can cure disease without dosing he is a benefactor and not a quack. To take cod liver oil or Epsom salts "by suggestion" will be a glorious improvement on the old fashioned method. The palate will approve it; perhaps, also, the stomach—who knows? At least it is certain that many a man has been cured by medicines he never took, as a certain man was kept warm by the skin of a bear not yet killed. Was that by suggestion?—Chicago Record.

Great Scott!

Mrs. Elliott, of Delaware County, New York, started down a flight of stairs with a lighted lamp in each hand and the pancake turner she had been using held in her mouth. She fell, the handle of the implement was driven through her neck and the blade had to be cut off before the rest of it could be pulled out. And she is recovering.

BENEFITS OF PROTECTION.

AN UNANSWERABLE ARGUMENT AGAINST DEMOCRATIC FALLACIES.

Under a Protective Policy Wages Were Increased, Factories and Mills Were Kept Busy and Prosperity Prevailed All Over the Land—Senator Hoar's Speech.

We print, for the benefit of our readers, this week a part of Senator Hoar's great speech, delivered in the Senate during the recent tariff debate. It is an unanswerable argument against the Democratic fallacy of the Wilson bill. Said Mr. Hoar:

Some of our economists would have us believe that protection has nothing to do with wages. They ask us to listen to their subtle logic and to disregard all the lessons of experience and the teachings of history. These men cannot deny that whenever in this country protection has been highest, the progress of the Republic in everything that makes national greatness or private happiness has been greatest. American labor under protection certainly has received the highest wages which ever compensated the labor of hand or brain.

To say that protection does not affect wages is to say that prices do not affect wages.

To say that protection does not affect wages is to say that the profitable business cannot afford to pay more than an unprofitable business.

To say that protection does not affect wages is to say that a man's year's wages are not greater when he is sure to be permanently employed than when he is not permanently employed.

Protection can do one thing. It can secure to American labor the American market. Free trade can secure to American labor no market whatever. Protection has lighted many an American furnace fire. It has built many an American factory. It has opened many an American mine. There have sprung from it many an American manufacturing city and many an American manufacturing village, to be a market for the farmers. Protection brings the workshop close to the farm where its product is sold and places the market of the farmer near the place where his crop is gathered. Free trade never lighted a fire in an American furnace. It has put out a great many. Free trade never built an American factory. It has shut up a great many. Free trade never opened an American mine. It has caused a great many to be deserted. Free trade never built a manufacturing city or sold a barrel of flour or a pound of pork for an American farmer. Free trade keeps the workshop that supplies the farmer and the market where he sells his produce on the other side of the Atlantic.

Now, to say that protection does not increase wages is to say that busy factories do not increase wages; that lighted furnaces do not increase wages; that open mines do no increase wages; that manufacturing cities do not increase wages; that having the market close to the farm and the farm close to the workshop does not increase wages. Protection exchanges the wool for the coat, and the leather for the shoes, and the beef and pork and flour for the shirt and stockings and hat and the woman's dress, close by, in our own country, paying nothing to England for making the exchange or keeping the account, and paying nothing to England for the freight. Free trade keeps the farmer and the manufacturer apart by the whole breadth of an ocean and half the breadth of a continent, and makes each pay a large percentage of the product for the cost of carrying it to the other. Now, to say that protection does not increase wages is to say that there is as much left for the American workman after the English merchant and the English carrier have taken their toll as there would be if there were no toll to pay. Protection secures to the American workman at least one market—the market of the greatest consuming nation on earth. Protection secures to the American farmer at least one market—the market of the greatest manufacturing nation on earth. Free trade secures no market either to manufacture or agriculture. Now, to say that protection does not increase wages is to say that wages are not better where the product has a secure and steady market than where the product is certain of no market at all.

Under protection this country has flourished as no country ever flourished before. No country ever flourished under free trade. Now, to say that protection does not increase wages is to say that wages are not better in the country that does flourish than in the country that does not flourish.

Protection keeps the man who is getting high wages and who lives generously from having his job got away from him by the man who is willing to take lower wages and who lives close to the starvation limit. Free trade brings in the pauper for a competitor. Now, to say that protection does not increase wages is to say that to keep a man from being underbid for his job does not tend to prevent him from having to reduce his price. Protection causes two jobs to seek one man. Free trade sets many men to seek one job. Now, to say that protection does not increase wages is to say that ten starving men seeking one job the bid will not be downward, and that two jobs seeking one man the bid will not be upward.

In 1857, after eleven years' trial of the vaunted free trade Walker tariff, President Buchanan, the last Democratic President in whom the Democratic party have much delight, a most unwilling witness, says in his annual message to Congress:

"We have possessed all of the elements of national wealth in rich abundance, and yet, notwithstanding all these advantages, our country in its monetary interests is at the present moment in a deplorable condition. In the midst of unsurpassed plenty in all the productions of agricultural and in all the elements of national wealth, we find our manufactures suspended, our public works retarded, our private enterprises of different kinds abandoned, and thousands of useful laborers thrown out of employment and reduced to want."

The new York papers of that time are full of the account of distress, of starving workmen, of processions with "bread or blood" inscribed on their banners. President Harrison in his last message, in December, 1892, gives Congress a picture of the condition of things after thirty years of protection. It was the high-water mark, not only of national but of human prosperity. The sober returns of the census almost outstrip the power of imagination in describing the growth, the greatness, and the glory of the Republic.

Now, to say that protection does not increase wages, is to say that wages were as good and men were as well employed in 1857 as in 1892; it is to say that wages are no better when men are at work on the farm and in the factory, with full employment, than when—to use Mr. Buchanan's language—"manufactures are suspended, public works are retarded, private enterprises abandoned, and thousands of useful laborers thrown out of employment and reduced to want."

I do not believe, Mr. President, there is a Senator on either side of this chamber bold enough to deny that this tariff bill, so far as it respects Southern products, is a tariff for protection. The provisions in it for rice, for sugar, for coal, for iron, and for Tennessee marble, are a tariff to protect those great Southern products. There will not be found, I think, a man hardy enough to deny that the representatives of the States which produce these great staple articles would refuse to support the bill unless they were protected.

Mr. President, I have sometimes heard it claimed that the protective policy under which we have lived and prospered for thirty years bore hard upon the South. It has been said that the people of the South were paying tribute to the Northern monopolists. I do not think we shall hear much of the claim after the results of the recent census have become familiar to the public. It has been already mentioned in this debate, especially by the honorable Senator from Iowa [Mr. Allison], that the wealth of the United States increased from forty-three thousand millions in 1880 to sixty-five thousand millions in 1890.

This increase alone is enough to buy up some of the most prosperous kingdoms of Europe. But the census divides it into groups. It discloses that in the North Atlantic division, which includes the manufacturing States of New England, New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania, the increase of wealth per capita during the decade was $23. At the same time in the South Atlantic division, which includes the States southward on the Atlantic coast from Pennsylvania to Florida, the increase was $84 per capita, or nearly four times that of New England. If you take the Southwestern division, comprising the great States of the Southwest—Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas, Arkansas—the increase during that ten years was $148 per capita.

The great increase in our wealth during this period of highest protection was in the agricultural States of the South. There are no great accumulations of wealth in those regions, in single hands, or at least there are very few indeed. Yet the increase in wealth per capita, in that great agricultural region, Missouri, Texas and Arkansas, during those ten years, was more than six and one-half times the increase in Massachusetts.

The same census shows an increase in the value of farm lands of 30.23 per cent., and of farm implements 21.58 per cent., although, as the Senator from Iowa very aptly remarked, the value of the agricultural implements has diminished nearly or quite 50 per cent. in that period. It further appears, Mr. President, that at least two of the great manufacturing interests of the country, iron and cotton, have been, during that period, tending steadily toward the South. So I say, and challenge contradiction, that the claim that that section has been dealt with harshly or ungenerously under our fiscal policies is refuted by the census itself.

EVEN the most successful attempt to lead the wheat market must go against the grain.—Buffalo Courier.

Never Idle.

"A million people out of work," says a newspaper writing of these hard times. Allied to this misfortune are the physical infirmities with which thousands have to bear. But there is one thing that is never idle; always at work, unceasingly in search of those thus deterred, it seeks to cure such and help them to grasp a chance when it comes. This is the mission of St. Jacob's Oil. Among the millions there are thousands suffering with neuralgia. For this it is a positive cure. Use it and there will be a thousand sufferers less and a thousand chances more to get work and hold it. Better times may come soon, and there is nothing like the great remedy for pain to help you out of painful troubles and into place again.

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REV. DR. TALMAGE

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "Autumn Thoughts."

TEXT: "The stork in the heaven knoweth her appointed time, and the turtle, and the crane, and the swallow observe the time of their coming, but my people know not the judgment of the Lord."—Jeremiah viii., 7.

When God would set fast a beautiful thought, He plants it in a tree. When He would put it afloat, He fashions it into a fish. When He would have it glide the air, He molds it into a bird. My text speaks of four birds of beautiful instinct—the stork, of such strong affection that it is allowed familiarly to come in Holland and Germany and build its nest over the doorway; the sweet dispositioned turtledove, mingling in color white and black and brown and ashen and chestnut; the crane, with voice like the clang of a trumpet; the swallow, swift as a dart shot out of the bow of heaven, falling, mounting, skimming, sailing—four birds started by the prophet twenty-five centuries ago, yet flying on through the ages, with rousing truth under glossy wing and in the clutch of stout claw. I suppose it may have been in this very season of the year—autumn—and the prophet out of doors, thinking of the impenitence of the people of his day, hears a great cry overhead.

Now, you know it is no easy thing for one with ordinary delicacy of eye-sight to look into the deep blue of noonday heaven, but the prophet looks up, and there are flocks of storks and turtledoves and cranes and swallows drawn out in long lines for flight southward. As is their habit, the cranes had arranged themselves in two lines, making an angle, a wedge splitting the air with wild velocity, the old crane, with commanding call, bidding them onward while the towns, and the cities, and the continents slid under them. The prophet, almost blinded from looking into the dazzling heavens, stoops down and begins to think how much superior the birds are in sagacity about their safety than men are about theirs, and he puts his hand upon the pen and begins to write, "The stork in the heaven knoweth his appointed times, and the turtle, and the crane, and the swallow observe the time of their coming, but my people know not the judgment of the Lord."

If you were in the field to-day, in the clump of trees at the corner of the field, you would see a convention of birds, noisy as the American Congress the last night before adjournment or as the English Parliament when some unfortunate member proposes more economy in the Queen's household, a convention of birds all talking at once, moving and passing resolutions on the subject of migration, some proposing to go to-morrow, some moving that they go to-day, but all unanimous in the fact that they must go soon, for they have marching orders from the Lord written on the first white sheet of the frost and in the pictorial of the changing leaves.

There is not a belted kingfisher, or a chaffinch, or a fire crested wren, or a plover, or a red legged partridge but expects to spend the winter at the South, for the apartments have already been ordered for them in South America or in Africa, and after thousands of miles of flight they will stop in the very tree where they spent last January. Farewell, bright plumage! Until spring weather, away! Fly on, great band of heavenly musicians! Strew the continents with music, and, whether from Ceylon isle, or Carolinian swamps, or Brazilian groves men see your wings or hear your voice, may they yet bethink themselves of the solemn words of the text, "The stork in the heaven knoweth her appointed times, and the turtle, and the crane, and the swallow observe the time of their coming, but my people know not the judgment of the Lord."

I propose so far as God may help me in this sermon carrying out the idea of the text to show that the birds of the air have more sagacity than men. And I begin by particularizing and saying that they mingle music with their work. The most serious undertaking of a bird's life is this annual flight southward. Naturalists tell us that they arrive thin and weary and plumage ruffled, and yet they go singing all the way, the ground the lower line of the music, the sky the upper line of the music, themselves the notes scattered up and down between. I suppose their song gives elasticity to their wing and helps on with the journey, dwindling 1000 miles into 400. Would God that we were as wise as they in mingling Christian song with our every day work! I believe there is such a thing as taking the pitch of Christian devotion in the morning and keeping it all the day. I think we might take some of the dullest, heaviest, most disagreeable work of our life and set it to the tune of "Antioch" or "Mount Pisgah."

It is a good sign when you hear a workman whistle. It is a better sign when you hear him hum a roundelay. It is a still better sign when you hear him sing the words of Isaac Watts or Charles Wesley. A violin chorded and strung, if something accidentally strikes it, makes music, and I suppose there is such a thing as having our hearts so attuned by divine grace that even the rough collisions of life will make a heavenly vibration. I do not believe that the power of Christian song has yet been fully tried. I believe that if you could roll the "Old Hundred" doxology through the street it would put an end to any panic. I believe that the discords, and the sorrows, and the sins of the world are to be swept out by heaven-born hallelujahs. Some one asked Haydn, the celebrated musician, why he always composed such cheerful music. "Why," he said, "I can't do otherwise. When I think of God, my soul is so full of joy that the notes leap and dance from my pen." I wish we might all exult melodiously before the Lord. With God for our Father and Christ for our Saviour, and heaven for our home and angels for future companions, and eternity for a lifetime, we should strike all the notes of joy. Going through the wilderness of this world let us remember that we are on the way to a summery clime of heaven, and from the migratory populations flying through this autumnal air learn always to keep singing

Children of the Heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing.
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in His works and ways.

Ye are traveling home to God
In the way your fathers trod.
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

The Church of God never will be a triumphant church until it becomes a singing church.

I go further and remark that the birds of the air are wiser than we in the fact that in their migration they fly very high. During the summer, when they are in the fields, they often come within reach of the gun, but when they start for the annual flight southward they take their places midheaven and go straight as a mark. The longest rifle that was ever brought to shoulder cannot reach them. Would to God that we were as wise as the stork and crane in our flight heavenward! We fly so low that we are within easy range of the world, the flesh and the devil. We are brought down by temptations that ought not to come within a mile of reaching us. Oh, for some of the faith of George Muller of England and Alfred Cookman, once of the church militant, now of the church triumphant! So poor is the type of piety in the church of God now that men actually caricature the idea that there is any such thing as a higher life. Moles never did believe in eagles. But my brethren, because we have not reached these heights ourselves, shall we deride the fact that there any such heights? A man was once talking to Brunel, the famous engineer, about the length of the railroad from London to Bristol. The engineer said: "It is not very great. We shall have after awhile a steamer running from England to New York." They laughed him to scorn, but we have gone so far now that we have ceased to laugh at anything as impossible for human achievement. Then I ask, is anything impossible for the Lord? I do not believe that God exhausted all His grace in Paul and Latimer and Edward Payson. I believe there are higher points of Christian attainment to be reached in the future ages of the Christian world.

You tell me that Paul went up to the tiptop of the Alps of Christian attainment. Then I tell you that the stork and crane have found above the Alps plenty of room for free flying. We go out and we conquer our temptations by the grace of God and lie down. On the morrow those temptations rally themselves and attack us, and by the grace of God we defeat them again, but staying all the time in the old encampment we have the same old battles to fight over. Why not whip out our temptations and then forward march, making one raid through the enemy's country, stopping not until we break ranks after the last victory. Do, my brethren, let us have some novelty of combat, at any rate, by changing, by going on, by making advancement, trading off our stale prayers about sins we ought to have quit long ago, going on toward a higher state of Christian character, and routing out sins that we have never thought of yet. The fact is, if the church of God, if we as individuals, made rapid advancement in the Christian life these stereotyped prayers we have been making for ten or fifteen years would be as inappropriate to us as the shoes, and the hats, and the coats we wore ten or fifteen years ago. Oh, for a higher flight in the Christian life, the stork and the crane in their migration teaching us the lesson!

Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate,
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,
And Thine to us so great?

Again, I remark that the birds of the air are wiser than we because they know when to start. If you should go out now and shout, "Stop, storks and cranes, don't be in a hurry!" they would say: "No, we cannot stop. Last night we heard the roaring in the woods bidding us away, and the shrill flute of the north wind has sounded the retreat. We must go." So they gather themselves into companies, and turning not aside for storm, or mountain top, or shock of musketry over land and sea, straight as an arrow to the mark, they go. And if you come out this morning with a sack of corn and throw it in the fields and try and get them to stop they are so far up they would hardly see it. They are on their way south. You could not stop them. Oh, that we were as wise about the best time to start for God and heaven! We say: "Wait until it is a little later in the season of mercy. Wait until some of these green leaves of hope are all dried up and have been scattered. Wait until next year." After awhile we start, and it is too late, and we perish in the way when God's wrath is kindled but a little. There are, you know, exceptional cases, where birds have started too late, and in the morning you have found them dead on the snow. And there are those who have perished half way between the world and Christ. They waited until the last sickness, when the mind was gone, or they were on the express train going at forty miles an hour, and they came to the bridge, and the "draw was up," and they went down. How long to repent and pray? Two seconds! To do the work of a lifetime and to prepare for the vast eternity in two seconds! I was reading of an entertainment given in a king's court, and there were musicians there, with elaborate pieces of music. After awhile Mozart came and began to play, and he had a blank piece of paper before him, and the king familiarly looked over his shoulder and said: "What are you playing? I see no music before you." And Mozart put his hand on his brow, as much as to say, "I am improvising." It was very well for him; but, oh, my friends, we cannot extemporize heaven. If we do not get prepared in this world, we will never take part in the orchestral harmonies of the saved. Oh, that we were as wise as the crane and the stork, flying away, flying away from the tempest!

Some of you have felt the pinching frost of sin. You feel it to-day. You are not happy. I look into your faces, and I know you are not happy. There are voices within your soul that will not be silenced, telling you that you are sinners, and that without the pardon of God you are undone forever. What are you going to do, my friends, with the accumulated transgressions of this life-time? Will you stand still and let the avalanche tumble over you? Oh, that you would go away into the warm heart of God's mercy! The southern grove, redolent with magnolia and cactus, never waited for northern flocks as God has waited for you, saying: "I have loved thee with an everlasting love. Come unto Me, all ye who are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

Another frost is bidding you away. It is the frost of sorrow. Where do you live now? "Oh," you say, "I have moved." Why did you move? You say, "I don't want as large a house now as formerly." Why do you not want as large a house? You say, "My family is not so large." Where have they gone to? Eternity! Your mind goes back through that last sickness, and through the almost supernatural effort to keep life, and through those prayers that seemed unavailing, and through that kiss which received no response because the lips were lifeless, and I hear the bells tolling, and I hear the hearts breaking. While I speak I hear them break. A heart! Another heart Alone, alone, alone! This world, which in your girlhood and boyhood was sunshine, is cold now, and, oh! weary dove, you fly around this world as though you would like to stay, when the wind, and the frost, and the blackening clouds would bid you away into the heart of an all comforting God.

You may have noticed that when the chaffinch, or the stork, or the crane starts on its migration it calls all those of its kind to come too. The tree tops are full of chirp and whistle and carol, and the long roll call. The bird does not start off alone. It gathers all of its kind. Oh, that you might be as wise in this migration to heaven, and that you might gather all your families and all your friends with you! I would that Hannah might take Samuel by the hand, and Abraham might take Isaac, and Hagar might take Ishmael. I ask you if those who sat at your breakfast table this morning will sit with you in heaven. I ask you what influences you are trying to bring upon them, what example you are setting them. Are you calling them to go with you? Aye, aye! have you started yourself?

Start for heaven and take your children with you. Come, thou and all thy house, into the ark. Tell your little ones that there are realms of balm and sweetness for all those who fly in the right direction. Swifter than eagle's stroke put out for heaven. Like the crane, or the stork, stop not night or day until you find the right place for stopping. Seated to-day in Christian service, will you be seated in the same glorious service when the heavens have passed away with a great noise, and the elements have melted with fervent heat, and the redeemed are gathered around the throne of Jesus?

The Saviour calls.
Ye wanderers, come.
Oh, ye benighted souls,
Why longer roam?
The Spirit calls to-day
Yield to His power.
Oh, grieve Him not away,
'Tis mercy's hour.

Long Distance House Moving.

A curious case of house moving was recently witnessed in Oregon: A man who owned a residence at Seattle, which cost him $5000 to erect, removed to Olympia and did not have sufficient funds to build another house. He bought a lot and concluded to remove the building he owned at Seattle. Every one laughed at him, but he persisted. Rolling the house down to the river, he loaded it upon a scow and it was soon at Olympia, a distance of about sixty miles. Then he had it rolled upon his lot and, strange to say, not a timber was strained nor even a piece of furniture broken, although he had not removed the contents before starting the house upon its unusual journey.—Scientific American.

MARKETS.

BALTIMORE.

GRAIN, ETC.		
FLOUR—Balto. Best Pat.$		@ $ 3 70
High Grade Extra		3 00
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	52	54¼
CORN—No. 2 White	56	57
OATS—Southern & Penn.	32	33¾
RYE—No. 2	54	55
HAY—Choice Timothy	12 00	12 50
Good to Prime	11 00	11 50
STRAW—Rye in car lds.	9 50	10 00
Wheat Blocks	5 50	6 00
Oat Blocks	7 00	7 50
CANNED GOODS.		
TOMATOES—Stnd. No. 3.$		@ $ 80
No. 2		60
PEAS—Standards	1 60	2 00
Seconds		90
CORN—Dry Pack		85
Moist		75
HIDES.		
CITY STEERS.$	6¾	@ $ 7¼
City Cows	4	4½
Southern No. 2		4
POTATOES & VEGETABLES.		
POTATOES—Burbanks.$	50	@ $ 55
ONIONS	65	80
PROVISIONS.		
HOGS PRODUCTS—shlds.$		@ $ 9
Clear ribsides	8¾	9
Hams	12¾	13½
Mess Pork, per bar		15 50
LARD—Crude		7
Best refined		9¾
BUTTER.		
BUTTER—Fine Crmy.$	24	@ $ 25
Under fine	23	24
Roll	21	22
CHEESE.		
CHEESE—N. Y. Fancy.$	11¼	@ $ 11½
N. Y. flats	11½	11¾
Skim Cheese	6	8
EGGS.		
EGGS—State.$	18	@ $ 18½
North Carolina	16	17
LIVE POULTRY.		
CHICKENS—Hens.$	8½	@ $ 9
Ducks, per lb	8½	9
TOBACCO.		
TOBACCO—Md. Infer's.$	1 50	@ $ 2 50
Sound common	3 00	4 00
Middling	6 00	7 00
Fancy	10 00	12 00
LIVE STOCK.		
BEEF—Best Beeves.$	4 35	@ $ 4 50
Good to Fair	3 75	4 12
SHEEP	1 00	2 75
Hogs	5 60	5 75
FURS AND SKINS.		
MUSKRAT.$	10	@ $ 11
Raccoon	40	45
Red Fox	—	1 00
Skunk Black	—	80
Opossum	22	23
Mink	—	80
Otter	—	6 00

NEW YORK.

FLOUR—Southern.$	3 10	@ $ 4 20
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	54⅝	54⅞
RYE—Western	48	50
CORN—No. 2	55	56½
OATS—No. 3	31	31¾
BUTTER—State	15	25
EGGS—State	20	22
CHEESE—State	8	10½

PHILADELPHIA.

FLOUR—Southern.$	3 60	@ $ 4 00
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	53½	54
CORN—No. 3	55½	56½
OATS—N. 2	35	35½
BUTTER—State	24	26
EGGS—Penns. ft.	19½	20

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A Cowboy's Experience.

"It is a great many years since I worked on a Texas cattle ranch and was entitled to call myself a cowboy," said Joseph F. Myer, of Boston, who was at the Lindell yesterday. "My adventures on the great plains of the Southwest would fill a good-sized book, but there is one experience which struck me at the time as being one of the most remarkable occurrences ever recorded. We had lost some very valuable cattle, and I was sent out with two other cowboys to hunt them up and either recover them or trace the thieves. We got on the trail of the cattle pretty nearly, and traced them for three or four days. Then we came to a halt, and decided to spend the night at a small ranch. We ate supper with the proprietor and his family, and the meal consisted principally of steak, which was quite up to the average of the modern restaurant. During supper we got to talking about our lost cattle, and the ranch owner told us he had had several beasts stolen, and that the rustlers had gone South. We took his hint and on the next day started on a wild goose chase through an entire county. On our return trip we stopped again at the house, and while putting up our ponies the young son of the host volunteered the statement that we were not very sharp or we should not have eaten part of our own cattle without knowing it. His remark set us thinking and we ultimately discovered several of our own cattle in a remote corner of the ranch. The incautious joke of the child disclosed the fact that we had actually been entertained on our employer's beef, and that the ranchman had no stock of his own, but simply existed by stealing it at times from more or less distant cattle raisers. I need hardly add that we took steps which for a time at least prevented the enterprising individual from pursuing his vocation."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

His Eyes of Green.

Landor, the essayist and poet, was a self-willed man, who prided himself upon his independence and ability to take care of himself. Yet, like most men of his class, he was susceptible to delicate flattery, and was easily duped by those who knew how to manage him.

He once fell into the hands of a Venetian rogue, who read character at a glance, and was both a delicate flatterer and a manipulator. Landor was standing in the doorway of a cafe in Venice, watching the famous pigeons of the Plazza San Marco. Suddenly an old gentleman rushed up to him. Landor was an Apollo in face and form, and he knew it.

"Pardon me, sir," said the old gentleman, with more than Italian sweetness, "but will you allow me to look into your eyes? Ah, I thought so! Sir, you have green eyes. I never saw but one pair before, and they belonged to the Empress Catherine of Russia; they were the most wonderfully beautiful eyes in the world."

The flattered Englishman paid dearly for two bits of information. He had not only learned that his eyes resembled those of the smart and wicked Empress, but that he himself was "green." The old gentleman while examining his eyes picked his pocket.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

To Make a Ball that Bounces.

Boys who are always losing their balls can make them themselves. Take a common cork and cut it as round as possible, making it the size of an ordinary marble. Then tear off very narrow strips of rag and wind these, one at a time, around the cork until the ball is of the desired size. Then cover it with cloth, or if a boy is fortunate enough to have an obliging sister she will make a cover of crewels by dividing the ball into quarters, winding the wool several times around it, then buttonholing the quarters all round one-half, then the other half, till an edge is formed on each side of each quarter, then buttonholing with any colors of wool till the quarters are quite filled up, when a seam finishes them, and a capital ball is the result, costing nothing to make, but really serviceable.

But It Should Be.

In the States of Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Mississippi, Tennessee and Vermont, and in the Territory of New Mexico, Washington's birthday is not a legal holiday.

KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and $1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

The Blackboard Was Guarded.

While raiding a pool room in Chicago the other day the police discovered a cunning and effective device for protecting the board from interference. The blackboard was considered part of the paraphernalia of the dishonest place, which it was necessary to confiscate and destroy, and one of the police proceeded to pull it down. A friend of his in the employ of the place warned him to let it alone, but he disregarded the warning and seized it with both hands. Instantly he received a tremendous electric shock, which he afterward said seemed strong enough to electrocute a man. It was strong enough to badly burn the flesh in the palms of his hands and to make him feel uncomfortable for a long while afterward. An examination showed that the blackboard was provided with wires all around the edge, and several across its face, which the touching of a button in another part of the room set almost aflame with electricity.—Picayune.

A Mandarin's Gift.

Bishop Bowman tells many interesting stories of his observations while in China. He was at supper once with a mandarin and a merchant; it was composed of thirty-three courses, and each course had from three to four dishes. He says he tasted everything in every dish, and was pretty well filled when he got through. After the meal the mandarin gave him an envelope, telling him not to open it until he went to his hotel. When he opened it he found four checks amounting to $10,000, which a letter accompanying them asked to be used for the building of a mission in the town.—Indianapolis Journal.

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needed flesh, no matter how you've lost it, take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It works wonders. By restoring the normal action of the deranged organs and functions, it builds the flesh up to a safe and healthy standard—promptly, pleasantly and naturally. The weak, emaciated, thin, pale and puny are made strong, plump, round and rosy. Nothing so effective as a strength restorer and flesh maker is known to medical science; this puts on *healthy flesh* not the fat of cod liver oil and its filthy compounds. It rouses every organ of the body to activity, purifies, enriches and vitalizes the blood so that the body feels refreshed and strengthened. If you are too thin, too weak, too nervous, it may be that the food assimilation is at fault. A certain amount of bile is necessary for the reception of the fat foods in the blood. Too often the liver holds back this element which would help digestion. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery stimulates, tones up and invigorates the liver, nourishes the blood, and the muscles, stomach and nerves get the rich blood they require.

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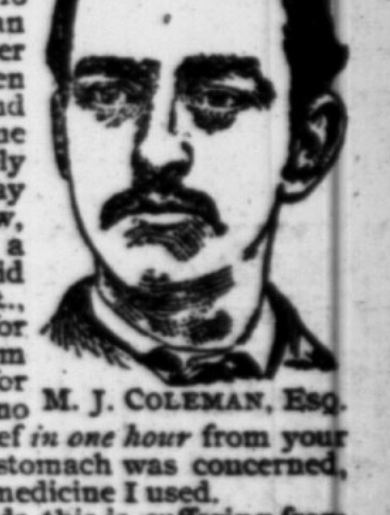

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If any person who reads this is suffering from dyspepsia or constipation and will use your medicine as I have done, he will never regret it."

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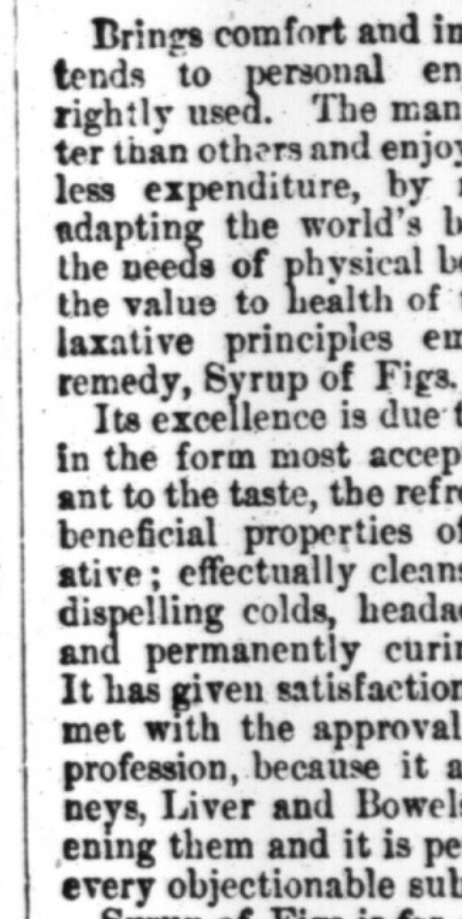

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Some women are afraid of Pearline. They think that where cleaning is made so easy, there must be some harm to the thing washed. But Pearline can't hurt milk pails, anyway. And it can't hurt the finest lace or softest hands, any more than it hurts milk pails.

Not So with the imitations—the fact that they are imitators or followers proves a lack of something.