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City Employes Demand Their Pay and are Clubbed from the City Hall.

A large detail of police was called out in Chicago to quell a bread riot in the city hall. Two hundred and fifty discharged employes of the water department gathered about the comptroller's office and demanded the wages due them. The comptroller sent a clerk to inform the men that there was no money in the city treasury to pay them. Instantly the crowd became riotous. Cries of "Bread" and threats of vengeance were howled by the angry crowd, and the comptroller barred the doors to his office and sent a hurried call for policemen. A half-dozen officers appeared, but were promptly rushed out of the corridor by the thoroughly aroused men. A battalion of patrolmen were summoned and after a liberal use of force the rioters were clubbed into submission and driven from the city hall.

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WORK AND WORKERS.

THE mail carriers and drivers in East Tennessee, numbering 200, decided to strike for better wages.

CHENEY BROS.' big silk mills at South Manchester, Conn., are to start running on full time. They employ 2,500 hands.

THE Tyson Chrome Works of Baltimore, has notified it 350 employes of a 10 per cent. increase of wages to take effect December 1.

THE strike of the worsted weavers at the Lorraine Mills, in Pawtucket, Rhode Island, has been declared off. The strikers will return to work at the reduced rate of wages.

THE New York cloak manufacturers have offered to treat with the Cloak Makers' Union provided Barondess and the other leaders resign, and provided the strikers first return to work.

GROUND has been purchased in the suburbs of St. Louis and plans perfected for a tobacco factory for Liggett & Meyers. The buildings will cover 20 acres and cost $1,000,000. The plant will give employment to 3,000 workmen.

A telegram from Princeton, Ill., says that a third vein of coal, four and a half feet in thickness was struck three miles from Hennepin, at a depth of 190 feet, by the Hennepin Shooting Club, while boring for water.

THE 24 diamond cutters and 2 importers who were taken from the steamship Friesland and detained on the supposition that the Alien Contract Labor law was being violated were released by the immigration authorities at New York.

A NUMBER of coal miners at Spring Valley, Ill., met to consider a strike because several of them were discharged because they absented themselves on election day without giving notice. No action was taken, "the rank and file of the miners opposing a strike at this time."

A ST. LOUIS despatch says that Niedinghaus Bros. will try to start their tin plate mills. A placard was placed on the mills notifying all old employes who did not report by Saturday, at the proposed reduction in wages, to consider their places vacant. The men held a meeting and reaffirmed their decision not to go to work at the proposed reduction—30 per cent.

A BUFFALO despatch says that before the new year the American Structural Steel Company, of Pittsburg, will begin the building of a Bessemer steel plant, costing $900,000 and employing over 1,000 men, on the Niagara river heights, near that city. The company has patented a process for making structural steel, which, it is claimed, reduces the cost of manufacture more than one half. The company will use electric power.

* * *

The political situation in Newfoundland is considered very grave in view of the victory of the Whitewayites, and financial troubles are feared. The Whitewayites have won three legislative seats in Placentia. This gives the Whitewayites 21 and the government 13 seats, with St. George's remaining to be contested.

MARKETS.

BALTIMORE.

GRAIN, ETC.

FLOUR—Balto. Best Pat.	$	@ $ 3 85
High Grade Extra		3 15
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	59	59½
CORN—No. 2 White	54	54½
OATS—Southern & Penn.	35	35½
RYE—No. 2	53	54
HAY—Choice Timothy	12 00	12 50
Good to Prime	11 00	11 50
STRAW—Rye in car lds	10 00	10 50
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		80
CORN—Dry Pack		85
Moist		75
HIDES.		
CITY STEERS	$ 6½	@ $ 7
City Cows	4½	4¾
Southern No. 2	3½	3¾
POTATOES & VEGETABLES.		
POTATOES—Burbanks	$ 45	@ $ 55
ONIONS	40	50
PROVISIONS.		
HOG PRODUCTS—shlds.	$	@ $ 8
Clear ribsides	8½	9
Hams	11½	12
Mess Pork, per bar.		15 00
LARD—Crude		6¼
Best refined		8¾
BUTTER.		
BUTTER—Fine Crmy.	$ 22	@ $ 24
Under fine	21	22
Creamery Rolls	21	22
CHEESE.		
CHEESE—N. Y. Fancy	$ 11¼	@ $ 11½
N. Y. Flats	11½	12
Skim Cheese	6	7
EGGS.		
EGGS—State	$ 22	@ $ 23
North Carolina	18	19
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	4 00	4 25
SHEEP	1 50	2 75
Hogs	5 10	5 [illegible]
FURS AND SKINS.		
MUSKRAT	$ 10	@ $ 11
Raccoon	40	45
Red Fox	—	1 00
Skunk Black	—	80
Opossum	23	23
Mink	—	80
Otter	—	[illegible] 00
NEW YORK.		
FLOUR—Southern	$ 3 10	@ $ 4 20
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	58¾	58⅞
RYE—Western	48	50
CORN—No. 2	51	61
OATS—No. 3	38	38¼
BUTTER—State	16	26
EGGS—State	24	25
CHEESE—State	8¼	10¼
PHILADELPHIA.		
FLOUR—Southern	$ 3 60	@ $ 4 00
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	59¾	59¾
CORN—No. 3	52¾	53
OATS—No. 2	37½	37¾
BUTTER—State	25	26½
EGGS—Penns. ft	24	25

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REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "The Sick General."

TEXT: "He was a leper."—II Kings v., 1.

Here we have a warrior sick, not with pleurisies or rheumatisms or consumptions, but with a disease worse than all these put together. A red mark has come out on the forehead, precursor of complete disfigurement and dissolution. I have something awful to tell you. General Naaman, the commander in chief of all the Syrian forces, has the leprosy! It is on his hands, on his face, on his feet, on his entire person. The leprosy! Get out of the way of the pestilence! If his breath strike you, you are a dead man. The commander in chief of all the forces of Syria! And yet he would be glad to exchange conditions with the boy at his stirrup or the hostler that blankets his charger. The news goes like wildfire all through the realm, and the people are sympathetic, and they cry out, "Is it possible that our great hero, who slew Ahab and around whom we came with such vociferation when he returned from victorious battle—can it be possible that our grand and glorious Naaman has the leprosy?"

Yes. Everybody has something he wishes he had not—David, an Absalom to disgrace him; Paul, a thorn to sting him; Job, carbuncles to plague him; Samson, a Delilah to shear him; Ahab, a Naboth to deny him; Haman, a Mordecai to irritate him; George Washington, a childlessness to afflict him; John Wesley, a termagant wife to pester him; Leah, weak eyes; Pope, a crooked back; Byron, a club foot; John Milton, blind eyes; Charles Lamb, an insane sister, and you and you and you something which you never bargained for and would like to get rid of. The reason of this is that God does not want this world to be too bright. Otherwise we would always want to stay and eat these fruits and lie on these lounges and shake hands in the pleasant society. We are only in the vestibule of a grand temple. God does not want us to stand on the door step, and therefore He sends aches and annoyances and sorrows and bereavements of all sorts to push us on and push us up toward riper fruits and brighter society and more radiant prosperities. God is only whipping us ahead. The reason that Edward Payson and Robert Hall had more rapturous views of heaven than other people had was because, through their aches and pains, God pushed them nearer up to it. If God dashes out one of your pictures, it is only to show to you a brighter one. If He sting your foot with gout, your brain with neuralgia, your tongue with an inextinguishable thirst, it is only because He is preparing to substitute a better body than you ever dreamed of, when the mortal shall put on immortality.

It is to push you on and to push you up toward something grander and better that God sends upon you, as He did upon General Naaman, something you do not want. Seated in his Syrian mansion, all the walls glittering with the shields which he had captured in battle, the corridors crowded with admiring visitors who just wanted to see him once, music and mirth and banqueting filling all the mansion from tessellated floor to pictured ceiling, Naaman would have forgotten that there was anything better and would have been glad to stay there 10,000 years. But, oh, how the shields dim, and how the visitors fly the hall, and how the music drops dead from the string, and how the gates of the mansion slam shut with sepulchral bang as you read the closing words of the eulogium! "He was a leper! He was a leper!"

There was one person more sympathetic with General Naaman than any other person. Naaman's wife walks the floor, wringing her hands and trying to think what she can do to alleviate her husband's suffering. All remedies have failed. The surgeon general and the doctors of the royal staff have met, and they have shaken their heads, as much as to say, "No cure, no cure." I think that the office seekers had all folded up their recommendations and gone home. Probably most of the employes of the establishment had dropped their work and were thinking of looking for some other situation. What shall now become of poor Naaman's wife? She must have sympathy somewhere. In her despair she goes to a little Hebrew captive, a servant girl in her house, to whom she tells the whole story, as sometimes, when overborne by the sorrows of the world and finding no sympathy anywhere else, you have gone out and found in the sympathy of some humble domestic—Rose or Dinah or Bridget—a help which the world could not give you.

What a scene it was—one of the grandest women in all Syria in earnest consultation with a waiting maid over the doom hanging over the head of the mighty general! "I know something," says the little captive maid, "I know something," as she bounds to her bare feet. "In the land from which I was stolen there is a certain prophet known by the name of Elisha, who can cure almost anything, and I shouldn't wonder if he could cure my master. Send for him right away." "Oh, hush!" you say. "If the highest medical talent in all the land cannot cure this leper, there is no need of your listening to any talk of a servant girl." But do not scoff, do not sneer. The finger of that little captive maid is pointing in the right direction. She might have said: "This is a judgment upon you for stealing me from my native land. Didn't they snatch me off in the night, breaking my father's and mother's hearts, and many a time I have lain and cried all night because I was so homesick." Then, flashing up into childish indignation, she might have said: "Good for them! I'm glad Naaman's got the leprosy. I wish all the Syrians had the leprosy." No. Forgetting her personal sorrows, she sympathizes with the suffering of her master and commends him to the famous Hebrew prophet.

And how often it is that the finger of childhood has pointed grown persons in the right direction! O Christian soul, how long is it since you got rid of the leprosy of sin? You say, "Let me see. It must be five years now." Five years. Who was it that pointed you to the Divine Physician? "Oh," you say, "it was my little Annie or Fred or Charley that clambered up on my knees and looked into my face and asked me why I didn't become a Christian, and, all the time stroking my cheek, so I could not get angry, insisted upon knowing why I didn't have family prayers." There are grandparents who have been brought to Christ by their little grandchildren. There are hundreds of Christian mothers who had their attention first called to Jesus by their little children. How did you get rid of the leprosy of sin? How did you find your way to the Divine Physician? "Oh," you say, "my child, my dying child, with wan and wasted finger, pointed that way. Oh, I never shall forget," you say, "that scene at the cradle and the crib that awful night. It was hard, hard, very hard, but if that little one on its dying bed had not pointed me to Christ I don't think I ever would have got rid of my leprosy." Go into the Sabbath school any Sunday, and you will find hundreds of little fingers pointing in the same direction, toward Jesus Christ and toward heaven.

Years ago the astronomers calculated that there must be a world hanging at a certain point in the heavens, and a large prize was offered for some one who could discover that world. The telescopes from the great observatories were pointed in vain, but a girl at Nantucket, Mass., fashioned a telescope, and looking through it discovered that star and won the prize and the admiration of all the astronomical world, that stood amazed at her genius. And so it is often the case that grown people cannot see the light, while some little child beholds the star of pardon, the star of hope, the star of consolation, the star of Bethlehem, the morning star of Jesus. "Not many mighty men, not many wise men are called, but God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the mighty and base things and things that are not to bring to naught things that are." Oh, do not despise the prattle of little children when they are speaking about God and Christ and heaven. You see the way your child is pointing. Will you take that pointing or wait until, in the wrench of some awful bereavement, God shall lift that child to another world, and then it will beckon you upward? Will you take that pointing, or will you wait for the beckoning? Blessed be God that the little Hebrew captive pointed in the right direction. Blessed be God for the saving ministry of Christian children.

No wonder the advice of this little Hebrew captive threw all Naaman's mansion and Ben-hadad's palace into excitement. Goodby, Naaman! With face scarified and ridged and inflamed by the pestilence and aided by those who supported him on either side, he staggers out to the chariot. Hold fast the fiery coursers of the royal stable while the poor sick man lifts his swollen feet and pain struck limbs into the vehicle. Bolster him up with the pillows and let him take a lingering look at his bright apartment, for perhaps the Hebrew captive may be mistaken, and the next time Naaman comes to that place he may be a dead weight on the shoulders of those who carry him, an expired chieftain seeking sepulture amid the lamentations of an admiring nation. Goodby, Naaman! Let the charioteer drive gently over the hills of Hermon, lest he jolt the invalid. Here goes the bravest man of all his day a captive of a horrible disease. As the ambulance winds through the streets of Damascus the tears and prayers of all the people go after the world renowned invalid.

Perhaps you have had an invalid go out from your house on a health excursion. You know how the neighbors stood around and said, "Ah, he will never come back again alive." Oh, it was a solemn moment, I tell you, when the invalid had departed, and you went into the room to make the bed, and to remove the medicine vials from the shelf, and to throw open the shutters, so that the fresh air might rush into the long closed room. Goodby, Naaman!

There is only one cheerful face looking at him, and that is the face of the little Hebrew captive, who is sure he will get cured, and who is so glad she helped him. As the chariot winds out and the escort of mounted courtiers, and the mules, laden with sacks of gold and silver and embroidered suits of apparel, went through the gates of Damascus and out on the long way, the hills of Naphtali and Ephraim look down on the procession, and the retinue goes right past the battlefields where Naaman in the days of his health used to rally his troops for fearful onset, and then the procession stops and reclines awhile in the groves of olive and oleander, and General Naaman so sick, so very, very sick!

How the countrymen gaped as the procession passed! They had seen Naaman go past like a whirlwind in days gone by and had stood aghast at the clank of his war equipments, but now they commiserate him. They say: "Poor man, he will never get home alive! Poor man!"

General Naaman wakes up from a restless sleep in the chariot, and he says to the charioteer, "How long before we shall reach the Prophet Elisha?" The charioteer says to a waysider, "How far is it to Elisha's house?" He says, "Two miles." "Two miles?" Then they whip up the lathered and fagged out horses. The whole procession brightens up at the prospect of speedy arrival. They drive up to the door of the prophet. The charioteers shout "Whoa" to the horses, and tramping hoofs and grinding wheels cease shaking the earth. Come out, Elisha, come out. You have company. The grandest company that ever came to your house has come to it now. No stir inside Elisha's house. The fact was, the Lord had informed Elisha that the sick captain was coming and how to treat him. Indeed, when you are sick and the Lord wants you to get well, He always tells the doctor how to treat you, and the reason we have so many bungling doctors is because they depend upon their own strength and instructions and not on the Lord God, and that always makes malpractice. Come out, Elisha, and attend to your business.

General Naaman and his retinue waited and waited. The fact was, Naaman had two diseases—pride and leprosy. The one was as hard to get rid of as the other. Elisha sits quietly in his house and does not go out. After awhile, when he thinks he has humbled this proud man, he says to a servant, "Go out and tell General Naaman to bathe seven times in the river Jordan, out yonder five miles, and he will get entirely well." The message comes out. "What!" says the commander-in-chief of the Syrian forces, his eye kindling with an animation which it had not shown for weeks and his swollen foot stamping on the bottom of the chariot, regardless of pain. "What! Isn't he coming out to see me? Why, I thought certainly he would come and utter some cabalistic words over me or make some enigmatical passes over my wounds. Why, I don't think he knows who I am. Isn't he coming out? Why, when the Shunammite woman came to him, he rushed out and cried: 'Is it well with thee? Is it well with thy husband? Is it well with thy child?' And will he treat a poor unknown woman like that and let me, a titled personage, sit here in my chariot and wait and wait? I won't endure it any longer. Charioteer, drive on! Wash in the Jordan! Ha, ha! The slimy Jordan—the muddy Jordan—the monotonous Jordan! I wouldn't be seen washing in such a river as that. Why, we watered our horses in a better river than that on our way here—the beautiful river, the jasper paved river of Pharpar. Besides that we have in our country another Damascene river, Abana, with foliaged bank and torrent ever swift and ever clear, under the flickering shadows of sycamore and oleander. Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel?"

I suppose Naaman felt very much as Americans would feel if, by way of medical prescription, some one should tell us to go wash in the Danube or the Rhine. We would answer, "Are not the Connecticut and the Hudson just as good?" Or as an Englishman would feel if he were told, by way of medical prescription, he must go and wash in the Mississippi or the St. Lawrence. He would cry out, "Are not the Thames and the Shannon just as well?" The fact was that haughty Naaman needed to learn what every Englishman and every American needs to learn—that when God tells you to do a thing you must go and do it, whether you understand the reason or not. Take the prescription, whether you like it or not. One thing is certain. Unless haughty Naaman does as Elisha commands him, he will die of his awful sickness. And unless you do as Christ commands you you will be seized upon by an everlasting wasting away. Obey and live; disobey and die. Thrilling, overarching, undergirding, stupendous alternative!

Well, General Naaman could not stand the test. The charioteer gives a jerk to the right line until the bit snaps in the horse's mouth, and the whir of the wheels and the flying of the dust show the indignation of the great commander. "He turned and went away in a rage." So people now often get mad at religion. They vituperate against ministers, against churches, against Christian people. One would think from their irate behavior that God had been studying how to annoy and exasperate and demolish them. What has He been doing? Only trying to cure their death dealing leprosy. That is all. Yet they whip up their horses, they dig in the spurs, and they go away in a rage.

So, after all, it seems that this health excursion of General Naaman is to be a dead failure. That little Hebrew captive might as well have not told him of the prophet, and this long journey might as well not have been taken. Poor, sick, dying Naaman! Are you going away in high dudgeon and worse than when you came? As his chariot halts a moment his serv[illegible] master up in it and coax him to do as Elisha said. They say: "It's easy. If the prophet had told you to walk for a mile on sharp spikes in order to get rid of this awful disease, you would have done it. It is easy. Come, my lord, just get down and wash in the Jordan. You take a bath every day anyhow, and in this climate it is so hot, that it will do you good. Do it on our account, and for the sake of the army you command, and for the nation that admires you. Come, my lord! just try this Jordanic bath." "Well," he says, "to please you I will do as you say." The retinue drive to the brink of the Jordan. The horses paw and neigh to get into the stream themselves and cool their hot flanks. General Naaman, assisted by his attendants, gets down out of his chariot and painfully comes to the brink of the river and steps in until the water comes to the ankle, and goes on deeper until the water comes to the girdle, and now standing so far down in the stream just a little inclination of the head will thoroughly immerse him. He bows once into the flood and comes up and shakes the water out of nostril and eye, and his attendants look at him and say, "Why, general, how much better you do look!" And he bows a second time into the flood and comes up, and the wild stare is gone out of his eye. He bows the third time into the flood, and comes up, and the shriveled skin has got smooth again. He bows a fourth time into the flood and comes up, and the hair that had fallen out is restored; there are thick locks again above the head. He bows the fifth time into the flood, and comes up, and the hoarseness has gone out of his throat. He bows the sixth time and comes up, and all the soreness and anguish have gone out of the body. "Why," he says, "I am almost well, but I will make a complete cure, and so he bows the seventh time into the flood and he comes up, and not so much as a fester or a scale or an eruption as big as the head of a pin is to be seen on him.

He steps out on the bank and says, "Is it possible?" And the attendants look and say, "Is it possible?" And as with the health of an athlete he bounds back into the chariot and drives on there goes up from all his attendants a wild "Huzza, huzza!" Of course they go back to pay and thank the man of God for his counsel so fraught with wisdom. When they left the prophet's house, they went off mad. They have come back glad. People always think better of a minister after they are converted than they do before conversion. Now we are to them an intolerable nuisance because we tell them to do things that go against the grain, but some of us have a great many letters from those who tell us that once they were angry at what we preached, but afterward gladly received the gospel at our hands. They once called us fanatics or terrorists or enemies. Now they call us friends. Yonder is a man who said he would never come into the church again. He said that two years ago. He said, "My family shall never come here again if such doctrines as that are preached." But he came again, and his family came again. He is a Christian, his wife a Christian, all his children Christians, the whole household Christians, and you shall dwell with them in the house of the Lord forever. Our undying coadjutors are those who once heard the gospel and "went away in a rage."

Now, my hearers, you know that this General Naaman did two things in order to get well. The first was, he got out of his chariot. He might have staid there with his swollen feet on the stuffed ottoman, seated on that embroidered cushion, until his last gasp, he would never have got any relief. He had to get down out of his chariot. And you have got to get down out of the chariot of your pride if you ever become a Christian. You cannot drive up to the cross with a coach and four and be saved among all the spangles. You seem to think that the Lord is going to be complimented by your coming. Oh, no, you poor, miserable, scaly, leprous sinner, get down out of that. We all come in the same haughty way. We expect to ride into the kingdom of God. Never until we get down on our knees will we find mercy. The Lord has unhorsed us, unchariotted us. Get down out of your pride. Get down out of your self righteousness and your hypercriticism. We have all got to do that. That is the journey we have to make on our knees. It is our internal pride that keeps us from getting rid of the leprosy of sin. Dear Lord, what have we to be proud of? Proud of our scales? Proud of our uncleanliness? Proud of this killing infection? Bring us down at Thy feet, weeping, praying, penitent, believing suppliants.

For sinners, Lord, Thou cam'st to bleed,
And I'm a sinner vile indeed;
Lord, I believe Thy grace is free;
Oh, magnify that grace in me.

But he had not only to get down out of his chariot. He had to wash. "Oh," you say, "I am very careful with my ablutions. Every day I plunge into a bright and beautiful bath." Ah, my hearer, there is a flood brighter than any that pours from these hills. It is the flood that breaks from the granite of the eternal hills. It is the flood of pardon and peace and life and heaven. That flood started in the tears of Christ and the sweat of Gethsemane and rolled on, accumulating flood, until all earth and heaven could bathe in it. Zechariah called it the "fountain open for sin and uncleanness." William Cowper called it the "fountain filled with blood." Your fathers and mothers washed all their sins and sorrows away in that fountain. Oh, my hearers, do you not feel like wading into it? Wade down now into this glorious flood, deeper, deeper, deeper! Plunge once, twice, thrice, four times, five times, six times, seven times. It will take as much as that to cure your soul. Oh, wash, wash and be clean!

I suppose that was a great time at Damascus when General Naaman got back. The charioteers did not have to drive slowly any longer, lest they jolt the invalid, but as the horses dashed through the streets of Damascus I think the people rushed out to hail back their chieftain. Naaman's wife hardly recognized her husband. He was so wonderfully changed she had to look at him two or three times before she made out that it was her restored husband. And the little captive maid, she rushed out, clapping her hands and shouting: "Did he cure you? Did he cure you?" Then music woke up the palace, and the tapestry of the windows was drawn away, that the multitude outside might mingle with the princely mirth inside; and the feet went up and down in the dance, and all the streets of Damascus that night echoed and re-echoed with the news: "Naaman's cured! Naaman's cured!" But a gladder time than that it would be if your soul should get cured of its leprosy. The swiftest white horses hitched to the King's chariot would rush the news into the eternal city. Our loved ones before the throne would welcome the glad tidings. Your children on earth, with more emotion than the little Hebrew captive, would notice the change in your look and the change in your manner and would put their arms around your neck and say: "Mother, I guess you must have become a Christian. Father, I think you have got rid of the leprosy." O Lord God of Elisha, have mercy on us!

A NOVEL UNDERTAKING.

A Great Company Furnishes Its Employes Free Medical Attendance.

William L. Douglas, President of the W. L. Douglas Shoe Co., has always had a great personal interest in the army of men and women who inhabit the great factory at Montello, Mass. He is a great believer in the idea that manufacturers should have this personal interest in the condition of their employes, and feels that if the idea is carried out to the extent that is possible, that it will result ultimately in the breaking down of the barriers which have been built up between employers and those whom they employ.

Mr. Douglas is satisfied that a scheme he has originated is a good one, and he has now put it to practical test. A few days ago he handed to every person in his employ—and they form a small army—a card, which entitled the bearer "to full and free medical attendance while employed by the W. L. Douglas Shoe Company. A competent and skillful physician will be at the private office of the company at 12 m., daily, except Sundays and holidays. If said employe should be detained at home by sickness, the physician will give full and free medical attendance there."

Blank spaces are left in the card for the name and residence of the employe, and it is signed by Mr. Douglas, as President of the W. L. Douglas Shoe Company. The conditions printed on the card are as follows: "The physician will not make visits outside the city limits. This ticket is not transferable, and does not apply to the family of the employe, and must be returned as soon as the term of employment ceases. This privilege is a free gift of the company and is no part of the contract for wages, and may be made void by the company, at its own option, without notice."

A doctor has been engaged to attend sick employes, and everything that medical skill can accomplish will be done for them during illness.

This is a practical illustration of the plan. It will doubtless be appreciated by the hundreds who receive the cards. Mr. Douglas believes there are hundreds of workingmen and workingwomen who find a doctor's bill a great burden after a period of enforced idleness, and that if this is lifted from them they must feel that their employer is interested in them in some other way than simply to get all the work he can for just as little money as he can. Mr. Douglas says also that there are men and women who keep at work when it would be better for their health if they laid off a day or two and received medical attendance. Then again they will now feel free to consult the doctor for slight troubles, which heretofore they would not do because of the cost.

Speaking of the W. L. Douglas Shoe Co., it may be said further that in their factory the principle of arbitration is recognized. Mr. Douglas is a firm believer in the principle and has been since the establishment of the State Board of Arbitration. The firm obliges every employe to sign an agreement to submit any disagreement that may arise, and which cannot be settled by the interested parties, to the State Board of Arbitration, the decision of that Board to be final.

* * *

THREE lieutenants, twelve sergeants and 250 patrolmen of the Chicago police force were selected for dismissal. The object is to reduce expenses.

Tired, Weak, Nervous

"I was troubled with that tired and all gone feeling, had no appetite, had a cough and asthmatic symptoms. I have been troubled thus some thirteen years and had to

Give Up All Work

three years ago. Last spring I commenced taking Hood's Sarsaparilla and felt better from the first. My appetite returned and my cough left me. I have used half a dozen bottles and am a well man. I should have written this statement before but wanted to wait until after cold weather had settled with us and see if any symptoms of my trouble returned. But not so, for I am now in the best of health. I am 64 years of age, and doing a full day's work at blacksmithing. Hood's Sarsaparilla cured my complaint and gave me renewed health." FRANK CHARON, Claremont, N. H.

Mr. Frank Charon

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures
Get only Hood's.

Hood's Pills cure nausea, sick headache, indigestion, biliousness. Sold by all druggists.

Your Poor Tired Husband.
He has worked hard all week.
Let him sleep late Sunday morning, then treat him to a breakfast of
Hecker's
Buckwheat Cakes.

★ WORLD'S-FAIR ★
HIGHEST AWARD!
"SUPERIOR NUTRITION—THE LIFE."
IMPERIAL GRANUM
THE **GREAT MEDICINAL FOOD**
Has justly acquired the reputation of being
The Salvator for
INVALIDS and **The-Aged.**
AN INCOMPARABLE ALIMENT for the GROWTH and PROTECTION of INFANTS and
CHILDREN
A superior nutritive in continued Fevers,
And a reliable remedial agent in all gastric and enteric diseases;
often in instances of consultation over patients whose digestive organs were reduced to such a low and sensitive condition that the IMPERIAL GRANUM was the only nourishment the stomach would tolerate when LIFE seemed depending on its retention;—
And as a FOOD it would be difficult to conceive of anything more palatable.
Sold by DRUGGISTS. Shipping Depot, JOHN CARLE & SONS, New York.

MINERS MANGLED.

Horrible Mine Disaster in West Virginia.

SEVEN KILLED OUTRIGHT.

Caused by an Italian's Carelessness—Many Were Injured—An Overcharged Blast Ignited Coal Dust and Explosion Followed.

The most appalling mine disaster that ever occurred in West Virginia occurred shortly after noon at the Blanch coal mines, on the Panhandle railroad, at Collier's Station.

A new miner, an Italian, put off an overcharge blast, which ignited the coal dust in the mine, and a fearful explosion followed, carrying death and destruction in its path. There were 43 men in the mine at the time, and seven are known to be killed and many injured.

After the explosion there was a terrific whirlwind in the mine, carrying everything before it. Donnelly and Rooney were in the mine some distance and were going toward the entrance. The force of the explosion drove them nearly 100 yards out of the mouth of the mine and landed Rooney on the railroad track, killing him instantly.

Donnelly landed in a gully, striking his head against a post. His brains were scattered for yards around. His wife was the first to find him and she swooned away.

The news of the disaster quickly spread, and in a few moments hundreds of people were crowded about the mouth of the mine. Many heartrending scenes were enacted. The wives and children of the miners were frantic, and the strong men were even overcome.

In a short time a rescuing party was organized, and went into the mines after the bodies. When the bodies were brought to the surface many woman swooned at the sight.

Prosecuting Attorney Cotton and Coroner Walkinshaw, of Wellsburg, were soon on the ground and took charge of the bodies, and will conduct a rigid investigation. This is the second accident of the kind which occurred at this mine. Just two years ago, November 21, 1892, a similar explosion occurred, in which three were killed and seven injured. The state mine inspector will take part in the investigation.

There were miraculous escapes when the explosion occurred. William Davis was in the entry, 150 feet from the entrance, and when he heard the explosion he lay down near the rib of the mine, and the whirlwind, carrying rocks, fire and death passed over him. An empty coal car standing at the entrance of the mind was blown 25 yards.

The mine is owned by W. E. Smith, of Wellsville, and L. C. Smith, of New Cumberland. The miners charged that the accident was due to the inexperience of the Italian miner, and declare that they will not work with them any more.

DISASTERS AND CASUALTIES.

Ernest Hahn, Superintendent of the Eage Bird Mine at Maybert, California, fell 600 feet down the shaft, and was instantly killed.

The schooner Antelope capsized near the mouth of Grand Haven Harbor, Michigan, and the three men composing her crew were drowned.

George Smith was shot in mistake for a deer by a companion, Richard Raynor, near Bohemia, Long Island, and died of his injuries.

School boys dug a cave on a vacant lot in St. Louis, and the roof caved in. Henry Raedner, aged 8 years, was killed, and Herman Walkinford, aged 12 years, was badly hurt.

A fierce sand storm has prevailed at Oklahoma and Cherokee strip for the past week. At Perry the fires in the business section were extinguished by order of the city authorities.

The steamer Crown of England was wrecked on a reef off Santa Monica, California. The news was brought to that place by the mate and five seamen; the rest of the crew were left on the reef.

A 12-year-old-son of R. J. Maury was caught by a sash in a school-house window at Marion, Illinois, and was strangled to death. It is supposed that he tried to climb through the window to get his gloves, and was caught by the sash.

John Washburn, Jr., a boy at Sing Sing, New York, fired a shot-gun into a keg of powder in Abraham Jones's sporting goods store. The powder exploded, Washburn was killed and the building was destroyed by the fire that followed. The boy did not know the gun was loaded.

The steamer Creole Prince, at New York, from Trinidad and Demerara, brought two out of three survivors of the abandoned schooner Coronet, of Lunenburg, Nova Scotia, who were picked up at sea on the outward voyage by the same steamer. Four of the schooner's crew were washed overboard and drowned.

A fierce wind and dust storm struck the city of Denver from the north, filling the air so that it was impossible to see across the street for a long time. Many plate glass windows and awnings were destroyed. The temperature fell 20 degrees in 30 minutes, and later in the day a wet snow began falling.

THE ARMY'S FINANCES.

Paymaster General Smith Criticizes the System of Withholding Pay.

Paymaster General Smith, in his annual report to the Secretary of War, calls attention to the fact that the soldiers' deposits have increased $79,582 during the year, a gratifying increase in view of the fact that the deposits had been falling off in preceding years, and of the further fact that a soldier with a deposit account rarely leaves the service without an honorable discharge. The expenditures on account of pay of the army show an increase of $275,653 over the preceding year, due in part to the fact that the enlisted force was more nearly kept at its maximum limit. The fact that the expenditures on account of pay of volunteers were $498,653 less than last year is taken as an indication that these claims are being exhausted.

The Paymaster General questions the beneficial effect of system of withholding a portion of the soldier's pay until he is discharged. The travel allowance of the soldier is ample to take him home when discharged. Any system which makes the soldier a dependent detracts from his manhood and efficiency. Many men enlist, being told that their pay will be $13 per month, only to find that through deductions on account of clothing, two or three months must elapse before he can receive any pay. He regards this as a breach of contract and deserts.

TRAIN ROBBERS BALKED.

Engineer Honer When Ordered to Stop, Went Ahead at Full Speed

An attempt to hold up passenger train No. 5 on the Yazoo and Mississippi Valley Road, at Panther Run, Miss., was balked by the coolness of Engineer F. A. Honer.

Panther Run is a small way station. Soon after nightfall a half dozen strange men entered the hamlet and hung around for an hour or two. Then they disappeared and were not seen again until the train had stopped out and was starting out when one of them appeared on the track ahead, signaling the engineer to stop.

Engineer Honer pulled out the throttle and sent the train through. As it passed the signal light a half dozen unmasked men stood there, revolvers in hand, and all took shots at the engineer. Fireman Cole received a bullet through the arm and is seriously wounded. The men were evidently new at the business. The railway officials are exerting themselves to apprehend the would-be robbers.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report
Royal Baking Powder
ABSOLUTELY PURE

ABOUT NOTED PEOPLE.

THE publishers of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" still allow Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe a revenue from the work, though the copyright expired years ago.

A. J. MOUNTNEY JEPHSON, who was with Henry M. Stanley in Africa when Emin Pasha was found, is to be in San Francisco in a few days to marry Miss Anna Head, daughter of E. A. Head, the San Francisco millionaire.

WM. POLE, the great authority on whist, who was born in 1814, is at once an expert civil engineer, a skilled organist and an authority on all questions relating to steam engines, railways, armor plate, drainage and army ordnance.

MR. GLADSTONE has never promoted his eldest son, the rector of Hawarden, or his son-in-law, the Rev. Harry Drew. There is not a single member, of the family, male or female, who does not earn his or her daily bread, and there is not a title among them.

William S. Brine, who lives at 8 Learned street, Dorchester, has been a cabinet maker every since he began to learn the trade about fifty years ago. It was either in the latter part of 1844 or in the first part of 1845 that Mr. Brine began as an apprentice boy at the trade. Mr. Brine was born in Boston and has lived here since the day he was born. He fashioned the first reclining chair ever made in this country.

STRAZINI is the name of a wonder in Leipzig. Strazini astonishes his audience by first eating a soup which consists of sawdust plentifully mixed with coal oil. The mess is set afire and after the flames have been extinguished Strazini eats the peculiar mixture, ladling it out with a spoon, writes a Leipzig correspondent. He follows this up with biting piece after piece from the lamp chimney, crushing the glass between his teeth and swallowing it. He washes it down with a little water. For desert he munches pieces of hard coal, peat, washing soap, tallow candles and pieces of plaster.

* * *

The land of Mexico is held in feudal tenure by about 7000 families. Patents are issued to all who ask for them and the Government leaves the question of priority to be fought out in the courts.

The Burden Bearer.

There is a big insulated wire in telegraphy which transmits the bulk of daily intelligence; there is a big insulated nerve in the human system which can bear the burden of more pain than all the rest of the nerves combined, and is known as the sciatic nerve. Sometimes the wire is cut to cut off its current; sometimes the surgeon's knife is used to cut the nerve to relieve excruciating pain. But there is one thing which avoids this radical treatment; one cure which penetrates to the pain-spot, and sciatica has been cured almost without fail by the use of St. Jacobs Oil. It reaches misery's seat and dethrones it. Thus attacked and routed in its hidden ambuscade, pain seldom returns to annoy. The great remedy does its work well.

The Optimist—"Now as to women, generally speaking—" The Disagreeable Man—"Yes, she's generally speaking."

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.
A. W. GLEASON,
{ SEAL } *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.

Hygienic Item.

Dr. Emily A. Bruce declares that more women in New England die because of faulty dress than from all contagious diseases combined.

98%

of all cases of consumption can, if taken in the earlier stages of the disease, be cured. This may seem like a bold assertion to those familiar only with the means generally in use for its treatment; as, nasty cod-liver oil and its filthy emulsions, extract of malt, whiskey, different preparations of hypophosphites and such like *palliatives.*

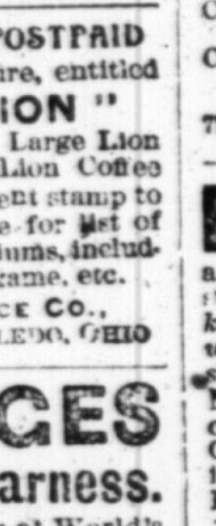
Although by many believed to be incurable, there is the evidence of hundreds of living witnesses to the fact that, in all its earlier stages, consumption is a curable disease. Not every case, but *a large percentage of cases,* and we believe, *fully 98 per cent.* are cured by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, even after the disease has progressed so far as to induce repeated bleedings from the lungs, severe lingering cough with copious expectoration (including tubercular matter), great loss of flesh and extreme emaciation and weakness.

Do you doubt that hundreds of such cases reported to us as cured by "Golden Medical Discovery" were genuine cases of that dread and fatal disease? You need not take our word for it. They have, in nearly every instance, been so pronounced by the best and most experienced home physicians, who have no interest whatever in misrepresenting them, and who were often strongly prejudiced and advised against a trial of "Golden Medical Discovery," but who have been forced to confess that it surpasses, in curative power over this fatal malady, all other medicines with which they are acquainted. Nasty cod-liver oil and its filthy "emulsions" and mixtures, had been tried in nearly all these cases and had either utterly failed to benefit, or had only seemed to benefit a little for a short time. Extract of malt, whiskey, and various preparations of the hypophosphites had also been faithfully tried in vain.

The photographs of a large number of those cured of consumption, bronchitis, lingering coughs, asthma, chronic nasal catarrh and kindred maladies, have been skillfully reproduced in a book of 160 pages which will be mailed to you, on receipt of address and six cents in stamps. You can then write those cured and learn their experience.

Address for Book, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

A HANDSOME PICTURE FREE
WE WILL MAIL POSTPAID a fine Panel Picture, entitled **"MEDITATION"** in exchange for 15 Large Lion Heads, cut from Lion Coffee wrappers, and a 2-cent stamp to pay postage. Write for list of our other fine premiums, including books, a knife, game, etc.
WOOLSON SPICE CO., 450 Huron St., TOLEDO, OHIO



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Buggies & Harness.
Two highest awards at World's Fair for **Strength, Beauty and Low Prices.** Six years ago we discarded the Dealer and began selling direct to Consumers at wholesale prices. Result: upward of **100,000 Vehicles sold** and our factory now the largest on earth, dealing direct with consumers. Send for our mammoth 126 page illustrat. free catalogue.
"A" Grade, $45.
"A" Grade, $67.50.
ALLIANCE CARRIAGE CO., CINCINNATI, O.

Kilgbee—"Miss Loveleigh always fires one with sweet thoughts." Bradford (sadly)—"Her father doesn't."

Dr. Kilmer's SWAMP-ROOT cures all Kidney and Bladder troubles. Pamphlet and Consultation free. Laboratory Binghamton, N. Y.

There was not a public library in the United States 100 years ago.

Business Men in a Hurry
eat in restaurants and often food insufficiently cooked. Ripans Tabules cure dyspepsia and sour stomach and immediately relieve headache.

It's a good plan when you get the worst of it to make the best of it.

Karl's Clover Root, the great blood purifier, gives freshness and clearness to the complexion and cures constipation. 25 cts., 50 cts. $1

California sea lions are champion climbers and jumpers.

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

New Orleans once attempted to light its streets with cotton seed oil.

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.

W. L. DOUGLAS
$3 SHOE IS THE BEST. NO SQUEAKING.

$5. CORDOVAN, FRENCH & ENAMELLED CALF.
$4.$3.50 FINE CALF & KANGAROO.
$3.50 POLICE, 3 SOLES.
$2.50 $2. WORKINGMENS EXTRA FINE.
$2.$1.75 BOYS' SCHOOL SHOES.
•LADIES•
$3.$2.50 $2.$1.75 BEST DONGOLA.
SEND FOR CATALOGUE
W. L. DOUGLAS, BROCKTON, MASS.

You can save money by wearing the W. L. Douglas $3.00 Shoe.

Because, we are the largest manufacturers of this grade of shoes in the world, and guarantee their value by stamping the name and price on the bottom, which protect you against high prices and the middleman's profits. Our shoes equal custom work in style, easy fitting and wearing qualities. We have them sold everywhere at lower prices for the value given than any other make. Take no substitute. If your dealer cannot supply you, we can.

AN EXAGGERATED CASE

For that full feeling
That comes after eating
There is a remedy,
Simple but effective
—and immediate.
A • Ripans • Tabule.
Take one! at the time,
Swallow it
and
there you are.
One who gets just as full
In any other way
Is not so uncomfortable *at the time*
That sensation, to him,
Comes later.
To prevent it
Take a tabule
Before going to bed

WANTED—A LIVE MAN
In each county for a few days' work with the Saloons; will pay from $10 to $50, according to location. C. K. HITCHCOCK, Evansville, Ind.

LINENE REVERSIBLE
Raphael, Angelo, Rubens, Tasso
The "LINENE" are the Best and Most Economical Collars and Cuffs worn; they are made of fine cloth, both sides finished alike, and being reversible, one collar is equal to two of any other kind.
They fit well, wear well and look well. A box of Ten Collars or Five Pairs of Cuffs for Twenty-Five Cents.
A Sample Collar and Pair of Cuffs by mail for Six Cents. Name style and size. Address
REVERSIBLE COLLAR COMPANY,
77 Franklin St., New York. 27 Kilby St., Boston.

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