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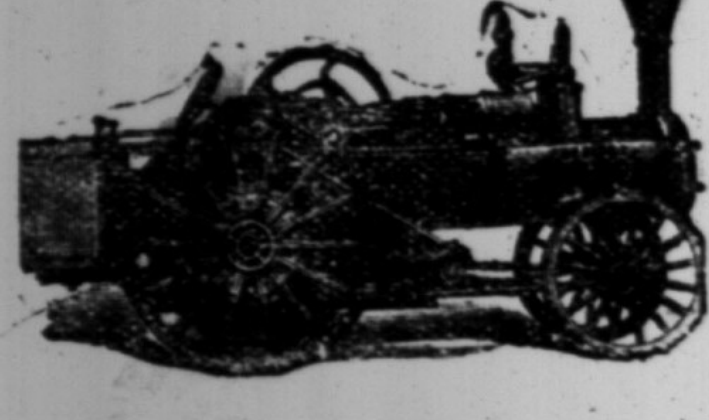

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ONE YEAR'S IMMIGRATION.

Commissioner Stump Reports the Arrival of Nearly 300,000 Persons.

The annual report of Herman Stump, United States Superintendent of Immigration, shows that during the fiscal year ended June 30, 1894, 288,020 immigrants arrived in this country, of whom 2389 were debarred from landing because of being under contract to perform labor made previous to their arrival.

Of the immigrants landed 95,000 were destined for New York State, 42,000 for Pennsylvania, 25,000 for Massachusetts and 22,000 for Illinois. The others being scattered, no other State receiving a greater number than 10,000. Immigrants destined for Southern States all told did not exceed 12,000. Of the immigrants more than sixteen years of age 41,000 could not read or write.

MONTREAL intends to have a world's fair, May 24 to October 31, 1896, and already an arrangement has been made between the Montreal Exhibition Company and a London syndicate to furnish the necessary working fund.

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1	**Fevers,** Congestions, Inflammations	.25
2	**Worms,** Worm Fever, Worm Colic	.25
3	**Teething;** Colic, Crying, Wakefulness	.25
4	**Diarrhea,** of Children or Adults	.25
7	**Coughs,** Colds, Bronchitis	.25
8	**Neuralgia,** Toothache, Faceache	.25
9	**Headaches,** Sick Headache, Vertigo	.25
10	**Dyspepsia,** Biliousness, Constipation	.25
11	**Suppressed** or **Painful Periods**	.25
12	**Whites,** Too Profuse Periods	.25
13	**Croup, Laryngitis,** Hoarseness	.25
14	**Salt Rheum,** Erysipelas, Eruptions	.25
15	**Rheumatism,** Rheumatic Pains	.25
16	**Malaria,** Chills, Fever and Ague	.25
19	**Catarrh,** Influenza, Cold in the Head	.25
20	**Whooping Cough**	.25
27	**Kidney Diseases**	.25
28	**Nervous Debility**	1.00
30	**Urinary Weakness,** Wetting Bed	.25

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WORK AND WORKERS.

The Anawan mill at Fall River, Massachusetts, is to resume after a shut down of seven months.

The United Garment Cutters' Convention in New York, authorized the Baltimore unions to start a general strike to abolish the sweating system.

The General Assembly of the Knights of Labor, in session at New Orleans, decided not to admit lawyers and wage-earning barkeepers into the Order.

The rejection of the miner's delegates by the General Assembly of the Knights of Labor will probably result in the withdrawal of the 7,000 miners from the Order.

The Niedringhaus Brothers made an attempt to start their tin mills at St. Louis, with a non-union force. One of the furnaces was fired, but it was operated by only four or five hands.

A despatch from Denver says that after a careful canvass a committee has reported that 215 families of American Railway Union men are on the verge of starvation, and 400 unmarried men destitute, in consequence of the blacklist enforced by the railways against the men who struck last summer.

Two hundred men, who had been employed in the Sewer and Water Pipe Extension Departments of Chicago, and had been laid off without receiving their pay for work done this and last month, on account of the depleted city treasury, made a noisy demonstration in the City Hall. They were finally driven away by the police.

The General Assembly of the Knights of Labor, in session at New Orleans, has unseated the miner's delegation from Pennsylvania, Ohio and Indiana by a vote of 24 to 27. These men were adherents of T. V. Powderly, who is in New Orleans, and who is said to have directed the fight against Master Workman Sovereign and Secretary-Treasurer Hayes. Both officers, were, however, re-elected.

Science Attacking Croup.

The new cures for diphtheria and croup are occupying more and more of the attention of physicians both in this country and in Europe. The most recent reports of Dr. Roux, of the Pasteur Institute in Paris, show cures of numerous cases of diphtheria by the use of subcutaneous injections of the antitoxine now used in destroying the microbes of the disease that has meant certain death for most children attacked by it. Croup also succumbs readily to this treatment; but all who have the care of little children are warned anew by the latest students of the disease that its earliest symptoms, even in apparently healthy infants, are not to be disregarded. As yet, the potent remedy for croup is not very accessible, for it is costly and slow of preparation. But modern research offers no more interesting field than this where the tremendous mortality of infants is met by the new application of the forces of scientific medicine, which prophesies now the saving of the lives of thousands of little ones whom physicians always have looked upon as foredoomed to death.

MARKETS.

BALTIMORE.

GRAIN, ETC.		
FLOUR—Balto. Best Pat. $		@ $ 3 85
High Grade Extra		3 5
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	55	58
CORN—No. 2 White	42	4
OATS—Southern & Penn.	33½	34
RYE—No. 2	56	57
HAY—Choice Timothy	12 50	13 00
Good to Prime	12 00	12 50
STRAW—Rye in car lds.	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 00	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.		
HOGS PRODUCTS—shlds. $		@ $ 8¼
Clear ribsides	8½	9
Hams	11½	12
Mess Pork, per bar.		15 00
LARD—Crude		6
Best refined		8¼
BUTTER.		
BUTTER—Fine Crmy. $	25	@ $ 26
Under fine	22	24
Creamery Rolls	21	22
CHEESE.		
CHEESE—N. Y. Fancy $	12	@ $ 12½
N. Y. flats	12¼	12½
Skim Cheese	6	8
EGGS.		
EGGS—State $	22	@ $ 23
North Carolina	18	19
LIVE POULTRY.		
CHICKENS—Hens $	7½	@ $ 8
Ducks, per lb	8	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 25	4 35
SHEEP	1 50	2 50
Hogs	4 50	4 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	57⅝	58
RYE—Western	48	50
CORN—No. 2	52	52½
OATS—No. 3	37½	37¾
BUTTER—State	15	26
EGGS—State	24	25
CHEESE—State	8¾	11¼

PHILADELPHIA.

FLOUR—Southern $	3 60	@ $ 4 00
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	57½	58
CORN—No. 3	51¾	52
OATS—No. 2	37½	37¾
BUTTER—State	25½	26
EGGS—Penns. ft.	23	24

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REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "Siege of Lucknow."

TEXT: "When thou shalt besiege a city a long time in making war against it to take it, thou shalt not destroy the trees thereof by forcing an ax against them."—Deuteronomy xx., 19.

The awfulest thing in war is besiegement, for to the work of deadly weapons it adds hunger and starvation and plague. Besiegement is sometimes necessary, but my text commands mercy even in that. The fruit trees must be spared because they afford food for man. "Thou shalt not destroy the trees thereof by forcing an ax against them." But in my recent journey round the world I found at Lucknow, India, the remains of the most merciless besiegement of the ages, and I proceed to tell you that story for four great reasons—to show you what a horrid thing war is and to make you all advocates for peace, to show you what genuine Christian character is under bombardment, to put a coronation on Christian courage, and to show you how splendidly good people die.

As our train glided into the dimly lighted station I asked the guard, "Is this Lucknow?" and he answered, "Lucknow," at the pronunciation of which proper name strong emotions rushed through body, mind and soul.

The word is a synonym of suffering, of cruelty, of heroism, of horror such as is suggested by hardly any other word. We have for thirty-five years been reading of the agonies there endured and the daring deeds there witnessed. It was my great desire to have some one who had witnessed the scenes transacted in Lucknow in 1857 conduct us over the place. We found just the man. He was a young soldier at the time the greatest mutiny of the ages broke out, and he was put with others inside the residency, which was a cluster of buildings making a fortress in which the representatives of the English Government lived and which was to be the scene of an endurance and a bombardment the story of which poetry and painting and history and secular and sacred eloquence have been trying to depict. Our escort not only had a good memory of what had happened, but had talent enough to rehearse the tragedy.

In the early part of 1857 all over India the natives were ready to break out in rebellion against all foreigners and especially against the civil and military representatives of the English Government.

A half dozen causes are mentioned for the feeling of discontent and insurrection that was evinced throughout India. The most of these causes were mere pretexts. Greased cartridges were no doubt an exasperation. The grease ordered by the English Government to be used on these cartridges was taken from cows or pigs, and grease to the Hindoos is unclean, and to bite these cartridges at the loading of the guns would be an offense to the Hindoo religion. The leaders of the Hindoos said that these greased cartridges was only part of an attempt by the English Government to make the natives give up their religion; hence, unbounded indignation was aroused.

Another cause of the mutiny was that another large province of India had been annexed to the British empire, and thousands of officials in the employ of the King of that province were thrown out of position, and they were all ready for trouble making.

Another cause was said to be the bad government exercised by some English officials in India.

The simple fact was that the natives of India were a conquered race, and the English were the conquerors. For 100 years the British scepter had been waved over India, and the Indians wanted to break that scepter. There never had been any love or sympathy between the natives of India and the Europeans. There is none now.

Before the time of the great mutiny the English Government risked much power in the hands of the natives. Too many of them manned the forts. Too many of them were in the Governmental employ. And now the time had come for a wide outbreak. The natives had persuaded themselves that they could send the English Government flying, and to accomplish it dagger and sword and firearms and mutilation and slaughter must do their worst.

It was evident in Lucknow that the natives were about to rise and put to death all the Europeans they could lay their hands on, and into the residency the Christian population of Lucknow hastened for defense from the tigers in human form which were growling for their victims. The occupants of the residency, or fort, were—military and non-combatants, men, women and children—in number about 1692.

I suggest in one sentence some of the chief woes to which they were subjected when I say that these people were in the residency five months without a single change of clothing; some of the time the heat at 120 and 130 degrees; the place black with flies and all a-squirm with vermin; firing of the enemy upon them ceasing neither day nor night; the hospital crowded with the dying; smallpox, scurvy, cholera, adding their work to that of shot and shell; women brought up in all comfort and never having known want, crowded and sacrificed in a cellar where nine children were born; less and less food; no water except that which was brought from a well under the enemy's fire, so that the water obtained was at the price of blood; the stench of the dead horses added to the effluvia of corpses, and all waiting for the moment when the army of 60,000 shrieking Hindoo devils should break in upon the garrison of the residency, now reduced by wounds and sickness and death to 976 men, women and children.

"Call me early," I said, "to-morrow morning, and let us be at the residency before the sun becomes too hot." At 7 o'clock in the morning we left our hotel in Lucknow, and I said to our obliging, gentlemanly escort, "Please take us along the road by which Havelock and Outram came to the relief of the residency." That was the way we went. There was a solemn stillness as we approached the gate of the residency. Battered and torn is the masonry of the entrance. Signature of shot and punctuation of cannon ball all up and down and everywhere.

"Here to the left," said our escort, "are the remains of a building the first floor of which in other days had been used as a banqueting hall, but then was used as a hospital. At this part the amputations took place, and all such patients died. The heat was so great and the food so insufficient that the poor fellows could not recover from the loss of blood. They all died. Amputations were performed without chloroform. All the anaesthetics were exhausted. A fracture that in other climates and under other circumstances would have come to easy convalescence here proved fatal. Yonder was Dr. Fayrer's house, who was surgeon of the place and is now Queen Victoria's doctor. This upper room was the officers' room, and there Sir Henry Lawrence, our dear commander, was wounded. While he sat there a shell struck the room, and some one suggested that he had better leave the room, but he smiled and said, 'Lightning never strikes twice in the same place.' Hardly had he said this when another shell tore off his thigh, and he was carried dying into Dr. Fayrer's house on the other side of the road. Sir Henry Lawrence had been in poor health for a long time before the mutiny. He had been in the Indian service for years, and he had started for England to recover his health, but getting as far as Bombay the English Government requested him to remain at least awhile, for he could not be spared in such dangerous times. He came here to Lucknow, and foreseeing the siege of this residency had filled many of the rooms with grain, without which the residency would have been obliged to surrender. There were also taken by him into this residency rice and sugar and charcoal and fodder for the oxen and hay for the horses. But now, at the time when all the people were looking to him for wisdom and courage, Sir Henry is dying."

Our escort describes the scene, unique, tender, beautiful and overpowering, and while I stood on the very spot where the sighs and groans of the besieged and lacerated and broken hearted met the whiz of bullets, and the demoniac hiss of bursting shell, and the roar of batteries, my escort gave me the particulars.

"As soon as Sir Henry was told that he had not many hours to live he asked the chaplain to administer to him the holy communion. He felt particularly anxious for the safety of the women in the residency, who, at any moment, might be subjected to the savages who howled around the residency, their breaking in only a matter of time unless re-enforcement should come. He would frequently say to those who surrounded his death couch: 'Save the ladies. God help the poor women and children!' He gave directions for the desperate defense of the place. He asked forgiveness of all those whom he might unintentionally have neglected or offended. He left a message for all his friends. He forgot not to give directions for the care of his favorite horse. He charged his officers, saying: 'By no means surrender. Make no treaty or compromise with the desperadoes. Die fighting.' He took charge of the asylum he had established for the children of soldiers. He gave directions for his burial, saying: 'No nonsense, no fuss. Let me be buried with the men.' He dictated his own epitaph, which I read above his tomb: 'Here lies Henry Lawrence, who tried to do his duty. May the Lord have mercy on his soul.' He said: 'I would like to have a passage of Scripture added to the words on my grave, such as, "To the Lord our God belong mercies and forgivenesses, though we have rebelled against Him." Isn't it from Daniel?' So as brave a man as England or India ever saw expired. The soldiers lifted the cover from his face and kissed him before they carried him out. The chaplain offered a prayer. Then they removed the great hero amid the rattling hail of the guns and put him down among other soldiers buried at the same time." All of which I state for the benefit of those who would have us believe that the Christian religion is fit only for women in the eighties and children under seven. There was glory enough in that departure to halo Christendom.

"There," said our escort, "Bob the Nailer did the work." "Who was Bob the Nailer?" "Oh, he was the African who sat at that point, and when any one of our men ventured across the road he would drop him by a rifle ball. Bob was a sure marksman. The only way to get across the road for water from the well was to wait until his gun flashed and then instantly cross before he had time to load. The only way we could get rid of him was by digging a mine under the house where he was hidden. When the house was blown up, Bob the Nailer went with it." I said to him, "Had you made up your minds what you and the other sufferers would do in case the fiends actually broke in?" "Oh, yes!" said my escort. "We had it all planned, for the probability was every hour for nearly five months that they would break in. You must remember it was 1600 against 60,000, and for the latter part of the time it was 900 against 60,000, and the residency and the earthworks around it were not put up for such an attack. It was only from the mercy of God that we were not massacred soon after the besiegement. We were resolved not to allow ourselves to get into the hands of those desperadoes. You must remember that we and all the women had heard of the butchery at Cawnpur, and we knew what defeat meant. If unable to hold out any longer we would have blown ourselves up and all gone out of life together."

"Show me," I said, "the rooms where the women and children staid during those awful months." Then we crossed over and went down into the cellar of the residency. With a shudder of horror indescribable I entered the cellars where 622 women and children had been crowded until the whole floor was full. I know the exact number, for I counted their names on the roll. As one of the ladies wrote in her diary—speaking of these women she said, "They lay upon the floor fitting into each other like bits in a puzzle." Wives had obtained from their husbands the promise that the husbands would shoot them rather than let them fall into the hands of these desperadoes. The women within the residency were kept on the smallest allowance that would maintain life. No opportunity of privacy. The death angel and the birth angel touched wings as they passed. Flies, mosquitoes, vermin in full possession of the place, and these women in momentary expectation that the enraged savages would rush upon them, in a violence of which club and sword and torch and throat cutting would be the milder forms.

Our escort told us again and again of the bravery of these women. They did not despair. They encouraged the soldiery. They waited on the wounded and dying in the hospital. They gave up their stockings for holders of the grapeshot. They solaced each other when their children died. When a husband or father fell, such prayers of sympathy were offered as only women can offer. They endured without complaint. They prepared their own children for burial. They were inspired for the men who stood at their posts fighting till they dropped.

Our escort told us that again and again news had come that Havelock and Outram were on the way to fetch these besieged ones out of their wretchedness. They had received a letter from Havelock rolled up in a quill and carried in the mouth of a disguised messenger, a letter telling them that he was on the way, but the next news was that Havelock had been compelled to retreat. It was constant vacillation between hope and despair. But one day they heard the guns of relief sounding nearer and nearer. Yet all the houses of Lucknow were fortresses filled with armed miscreants, and every step of Havelock and his army was contested—firing from housetops, firing from windows, firing from doorways.

I asked our friend if he thought that the world famous story of a Scotch lass in her delirium hearing the Scotch bagpipes advancing with the Scotch regiment was a true story. He said he did not know but that it was true. Without this man's telling me I knew from my own observation that delirium sometimes quickens some of the faculties, and I rather think the Scotch lass in her delirium was the first to hear the bagpipes. I decline to believe that class of people who would like to kill all the poetry of the world and banish all the fine sentiment. They tell us that Whittier's poem about Barbara Freitchie was founded on a delusion, and that Longfellow's poems immortalized things that never occurred. The Scotch lass did hear the slogan. I almost heard it myself as I stood inside the residency while my escort told of the coming of the Seventy-eighth Highland Regiment.

"Were you present when Havelock came in?" I asked, for I could suppress the question no longer. His answer came:

"I was not at the moment present, but with some other young fellows I saw soldiers dancing while two highland pipers played, and I said, 'What is all this excitement?' Then we came up and saw that Havelock was in, and Outram was in, and the regiments were pouring in."

"Show us where they came in," I exclaimed, for I knew that they did not enter through the gate of the residency, that being banked up inside to keep the murderers out. "Here it is," answered my escort. "Here it is—the embrasure through which they came."

We walked up to the spot. It is now a broken down pile of bricks a dozen yards from the gate. Long grass now, but then a blood spattered, bullet scattered opening in the wall.

As we stood there, although the scene was thirty-seven years ago, I saw them come in —Havelock pale and sick, but triumphant, and Outram, whom all the equestrian statues in Calcutta and Europe cannot too grandly present.

"What then happened?" I said to my escort. "Oh," he said, "that is impossible to tell. The earth was removed from the gate, and soon all the army of relief entered, and some of us laughed, and some cried, and some prayed, and some danced. Highlanders so dust covered and enough blood and wounds on their faces to make them unrecognizable snatched the babes out of their mothers' arms and kissed them and passed the babies along for other soldiers to kiss, and the wounded men crawled out of the hospital to join in the cheering, and it was wild jubilee until, the first excitement passed, the story of how many of the advancing army had been slain on the way began to have tearful effect, and the story of suffering that had been endured inside the fort, and the announcement to children that they were fatherless, and to wives that they were widows, submerged the shouts of joy with wailing of agony."

"But were you not embarrassed by the arrival of Havelock and 1400 men who brought no food with them?" He answered "Of course we were put on smaller rations immediately in order that they might share with us, but we knew that the coming of his re-enforcement would help us to hold the place until further relief should come. Had not this first relief arrived as it did in a day or two at most and perhaps in any hour the besiegers would have broken in, and our end would have come. The Sepoys had dug six mines under the residency and would soon have exploded all."

After we had obtained a few bullets that had been picked out of the wall, and a piece of the bombshell, we walked around the eloquent ruins and put our hands into the scars of the shattered masonry and explored the cemetery inside the fort, where hundreds of the dead soldiers await the coming of the Lord of Hosts at the last day, and we could endure no more. My nerves were all a-tremble, and my emotions were wrung out, and I said, "Let us go." I had seen the residency at Lucknow the day before with a beloved missionary, and he told me many interesting facts concerning the besiegement of that place, but this morning I had seen it in company with one who in that awful 1857 in the Indian mutiny with his own fire had fought the besiegers, and with his own ear had heard the yell of the miscreants as they tried to storm the walls, and with his own eyes had witnessed a scene of pain and sacrifice and endurance and bereavement and prowess and rescue which has made all this Lucknow fortress and its surroundings the Mount Calvary of the nineteenth century.

On the following day, about four miles from the residency, I visited the grave of Havelock. The scenes of hardship and self sacrifice through which he had passed were too much for mortal endurance, and a few days after Havelock left the residency which he had relieved he lay in a tent a-dying, while his son, whom I saw in London on my way here, was reading to the old hero the consolatory Scriptures. The telegraph wires had told all Nations that Havelock was sick unto death. He had received the message of congratulation from Queen Victoria over his triumphs and had been knighted, and such a reception as England never gave to any man since Wellington came back from Waterloo awaited his return. But he will never again see his native land. He has led his last army and planned the last battle. Yet he is to gain another victory. He declared it when in his last hours he said to General Outram "I die happy and contented. I have for forty years so ruled my life that when death came I might face it without fear. To die is gain." Indeed this was no new sentimentality with him. He once stated that in boyhood with four companions he was accustomed to seek the "seclusion of one of the dormitories for purposes of devotion, though certain in those days of being branded as Methodists and canting hypocrites." He had in early life been immersed in a Baptist church. He acknowledged God in every victory and says in one of his dispatches that he owes it "to the power of the Enfield rifle in British hands, to British pluck and to the blessing of Almighty God on a most righteous cause." He was accustomed to spend two hours every morning in prayer and Bible reading, and if the army was to march at 8 o'clock he arose for purposes of religious devotion at 6 o'clock, and if the army was to march at 6 o'clock he arose at 4.

A plain monument marks Havelock's grave, but the epitaph is as beautiful and comprehensive as anything I have ever seen, and I copied it then and there, and it is as follows: "Here rest the mortal remains of Henry Havelock, major general in the British army and Knight Commander of the Bath, who died at Dilkoosha, Lucknow, of dysentry produced by the hardships of a campaign in which he achieved immortal fame, on the 24th of November, 1857. He was born on the 5th of April, 1795, at Bishops, Wermouth County, Durham, England. Entered the army 1815. Came to India 1823 and served there with little interruption till his death. He bore an honorable part in the wars of Burma, Afghanistan, the Mahratta campaign of 1843 and the Sutlij of 1845. Retained by adverse circumstances in subordinate position, it was the aim of his life to show that the profession of a Christian is consistent with the fullest discharge of the duties of a soldier. He commanded a division in the Persian expedition of 1857. In the terrible convulsion of that year his genius and character were at length fully developed and known to the world. Saved from shipwreck on the Ceylon coast by the Providence which designed him for greater things, he was nominated to the command of the column destined to relieve the brave garrison of Lucknow. This object, after almost superhuman exertion, he, by the blessing of God, accomplished. But he was not spared to receive on earth the reward he so dearly earned. The Divine Master whom he served saw fit to remove him from the sphere of his labor in the moment of his greatest triumphs. He departed to his rest in humble but confident expectation of far greater rewards and honors which a grateful country was anxious to bestow. In him the skill of a commander, the courage and devotion of a soldier, the learning of a scholar, the grace of a highly bred gentleman and all the social and domestic virtues of a husband, father and friend were blended together, and strengthened, harmonized and adorned by the spirit of a true Christian, the result of the influence of the Holy Spirit on his heart, and of an humble reliance on the merits of a crucified Saviour. II Timothy, iv., 7, 8: 'I have fought a good fight. I have finished my course. I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day, and not to me only, but unto all them also that love His appearing.' This monument is erected by his sorrowing widow and family."

Is not that magnificent? But I said while standing at Havelock's grave, Why does not England take his dust to herself, and in Westminster abbey make him a pillow? In all her history of wars there is no name so magnetic, yet she has expressed nothing on this man's tomb. His widow reared the tombstone. Do you say, "Let him sleep in the region where he did his grandest deeds?" The same reason would have buried Wellington in Belgium, and Von Moltke at Versailles, and Grant at Vicksburg, and Stonewall Jackson far away from his beloved Lexington, Va. Take him home, O England! The rescuer of the men, women and children at Lucknow! His ear now dulled could not hear the roll of the organ when it sounds through the venerable abbey the national anthem. But it would hear the same trumpet that brings up from among those sacred walls the form of Outram, his fellow hero in the overthrow of the Indian mutiny. Let Parliament make appropriation from the national treasury, and some great war ship under some favorite admiral sail across Mediterranean and Abrabian seas, and wait at Bombay harbor for the coming of this conqueror of conquerors, and then, saluted by the shipping of all free nations, let him pass on and pass up and come under the arches of the abbey and along the aisles where have been carried the mightiest dead of many centuries.

DOESN'T BELIEVE IN MICROBES.

An Old Yankee Who Sticks to Sulphur, Molasses and Cider.

The New York Mail and Express Rambler has an old friend in Boston of the name of Jeremiah Nason, who has a fund of quaint philosophy concerning the habits of sheep and men. He lived for many years near Dedham, and is an authority on wool growing and on the weather signs indicating when it is proper to make changes in clothing and to "physic the system."

"I am seventy-two years of age," he used to say, "hale and hearty, and could drive a stage coach to-day as well as I did fifty years ago, if there was only one of 'em to drive. Why am I healthy? Sho! Every spring I take sulphur and molasses for three days. I lay most of my health to that. Never drank any kind of liquor, except now and again a little hard cider, and cider, let me tell you, is a great thing for the stomach. Besides, I never took off my winter clothes until after the 'sheep storm,' and then I never was much of a one to worry. That's what eats a man up—worry. If he wants a lot and can't get it and he goes out into the cold with his pores all open he's just likely to catch a cold and die, but if he will just trust to the good Lord, eat breakfast at daylight, put in a good, honest day's work and go to bed at 10 o'clock with an easy conscience he'll live out the full span.

"I'm no believer in these new-fangled ideas about microbes and the like. I've never seen any of 'em. Why, the way doctors talk you'd think we couldn't eat anything that's safe. Microbes in milk to give you consumption; microbes in water to give you fever; microbes in pork to give you a disease called trickey something or other; microbes in the air to give you small-pox. Well, I want to know! What in the name of common sense and General Jackson are we to eat anyway? I reckon my plan is the best. My children and grandchildren are brought up that way. The only bad habit I have," and the old gentleman carefully pulled a silver snuff box from his pocket, "is taking a pinch of this half a dozen times a day. It's mighty comfortin'."

A Pertinent Paragraph.

"Our country if right, should be kept right if wrong should be put right," is a political maxim which paraphrased applies to other conditions of life, thus: our health if right, should be kept right; if wrong should be put right, especially in bodily ailments, such as pains and aches, which St. Jacobs Oil promptly cures. Many out of work should heed to give it a chance to cure and it will give them a chance to go to work cured. Another adage is: "he doeth best, who doeth well." Well, of course, you want to be well from all sorts of aches, and the best thing to do is to use the great remedy. He who does so is doing well indeed.

The man who minds his own business will always have business to mind.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury,

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure to get the genuine. It is taken internally, and is made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

☞ Sold by Druggists, price 75c. per bottle.

You can't stop a vile man's tongue, but you can stop your own ears.

A Child Enjoys

The pleasant flavor, gentle action and soothing effect of Syrup of Figs, when in need of a laxative, and if the father or mother be costive or bilious, the most gratifying results follow its use; so that it is the best family remedy known and every family should have a bottle.

How weak a thing is gentility if it wants virtue.

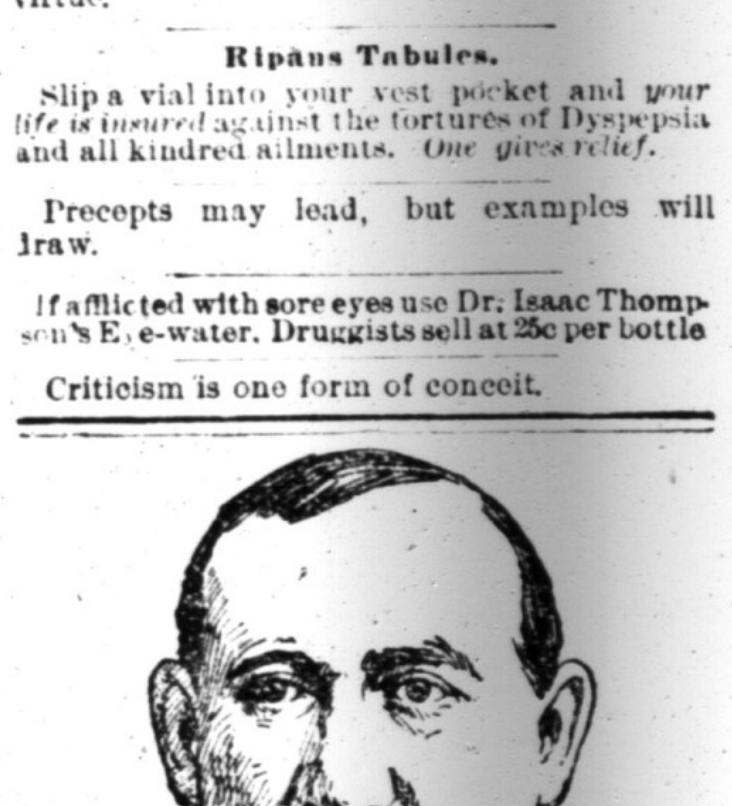
Ripans Tabules.

Slip a vial into your vest pocket and *your life is insured* against the tortures of Dyspepsia and all kindred ailments. *One gives relief.*

Precepts may lead, but examples will draw.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water. Druggists sell at 25c per bottle.

Criticism is one form of conceit.



Mr. James H. Ashton

I Am Well

Thanks to Hood's Sarsaparilla, which cured me of rheumatism and ulcers on my leg, which I had for years and could not cure. I regard Hood's Sarsaparilla and Hood's Pills standard medicines. J. H. ASHTON, night watchman on Islington bridge, West Rochester, N. H.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Take **Hood's Pills** with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

CURIOUS FACTS.

England has Chinese house servants.

In 1375 salt cost, in France, $2.50 a bushel.

A Greek hat in the time of Pericles cost ten cents.

In 1312 English linen was worth sixteen cents a yard.

Ginseng is a valuable export of West Virginia, some going as far as China.

Soap was an unknown article in Korea, until introduced by the missionaries.

Four million pills are consumed in England every week. France uses half as many.

Ancient Britons reverenced the oak and the mistletoe as a feature of religious observance.

Lehman A. Watson, of West Chester, Penn., has just completed a banjo in which there are 500 pieces of wood.

A memorial is to be erected in Stockton, England, to John Walker, who invented the lucifer match in 1827.

A Welsh collier's wife recently gave birth to four sons. All the children died half an hour after they were born.

A bridge over the Melo rapid in Bolivia is 636½ feet above the surface of the water and 10.000 feet above the level of the sea.

James McLaughlin, of Morristown, Penn., tells a queer story of a horse, his own, which committed suicide by lying down deliberately in three feet of water.

British taxpayers paid $51,640 in 1893 for the entertainment of royal personages on the Queen's ships and for the conveyance of members of the royal household by sea.

Josephine Suffeenszka Javoska, who is said to be a grandniece of Pulaski, the Polish patriot, and once a Countess in St. Petersburg, sells papers in front of the Brooklyn Postoffice.

Five acres of land at Charing Cross, London, now owned by the Marquis of Salisbury, was bought 250 years ago by his ancestors for grazing lands, at the rate of $2.50 an acre for 500 years.

The sugar factory of Culmsee, Prussia, is said to be the largest in the world. The daily consumption of beets is 1250 tons, and during 1894-'95 this will be increased to 2000 tons per diem.

Dover, N. H., a town of some 10,000 people, is reported to use more snuff than almost any other city of the United States. In 1893 it consumed more than five tons of snuff. Soldiers introduced the habit of snuff "pipping" there after the war, and it has become immensely popular.

A New York rogue caught a Chinaman asleep in a hallway and stole his outer garments. These he donned and perambulated Mott street, the Chinese quarter. One of the celestials pretended to be deceived and led the sham Chinaman to an opium joint, where he was despoiled of all he possessed and badly beaten.

The coast of Egypt has been guarded by a lighthouse since 300 B. C., when Ptolemy Philadelphus, the Greek King of Egypt, and one of the successors of Alexander the Great, built the so-called Pharos of Alexandria. This was a lofty tower, placed at the entrance of the harbor, with a great fire blazing on its summit every night.

A Queer Yacht.

Captain James N. Peirce, a veteran pilot of the Atlantic coast, who holds license in various ports, arrived in Baltimore from Norfolk in his whaleback fishing smack Capalca, a curious craft that was built upside down, inside out, wrong end first, and finally rolled down a hill, turning seven times in its descent, into the mud, fished out the next day and floated. The last named process constituted her launching. The novel craft is twenty-seven feet over all, seven feet four inches beam, four feet six inches depth aft, and eighteen inches forward. She was built of white oak ribs, with cedar planking, with house and siding of North Carolina pine. She is in three watertight compartments. Her building was begun in Norfolk, Va., two years ago, and she was partly finished in Camden, N. J. When the last touches are put upon her there is no telling where she will be. On her forward deck is a comfortable house in which the captain has his spring bed, cooking utensils, and other useful articles. Just aft is a cockpit five feet long, semicircular forward, with room for four men to fish. Aft of that is what constitutes the amidships water-tight compartments, which Captain Peirce uses as a well for live fish, and it averages twenty-eight inches in depth. Aft of that and on the overhang will be, when completed, a storeroom for fish or anything else. Beneath this and the house forward are water-tight compartments. The rig is of the old "bum ketch" pattern, with two masts, and she carries three sails, a jib, a mainsail, and a jigger. Her hull has a regular rocker built bottom, and stands the sea admirably. If capsized she will almost right herself. Captain Peirce says he sailed his craft over 800 miles without a rudder. She is named after the famous bark Capalca, which rescued the unfortunate Fenians from Van Dieman's Land years ago, and when Captain Peirce was mate of her. Captain Peirce is on a cruise in the bay, and is accompanied only by his Newfoundland dog Rover. He claims Baltimore as his home, but lives aboard his strange craft. He is thirty-five years old.—Chicago Herald.

Fly-Catching Mice.

For something new in the way of a fly-trap look in the window of the drug store at the corner of Tremont and Eliot streets, Boston. There, at almost any hour of the day and night, from one to four rodent quadrupeds can be seen prancing over bottles of tooth powder and syrup of squill and tincture of turpentine, and sweet spirits of rhubarb and the other useful articles usually displayed in such places in a wild attempt to capture the musca domestica (house fly).

The mice are simply out fly-fishing. A card has been placed in the window in self-defence, which reads "Fly-Trap, Not For Sale." This was done after the doorstep had been worn half way through by a line of people coming in to inform the clerks that the window was full of mice. The mice have been in the window for three years, says one of the clerks who has seen that length of service for the druggist, and he doesn't know how much longer. In the winter they live by gnawing off the labels in the store that are glued on with starchy paste.

The mice by this time have become quite tame, but they never leave the window except when the store is closed. They have proved themselves to be real conveniences. When the store gets unpleasantly full of flies the clerks drive them into the window, and then the mice have luncheon. People gather at these times just as they do at the circus when the animals are fed. The best fun comes when the mice make after a horse-fly; there is a great race, and once caught the mice tear the fly's wings off and bolt everything else. In this way a great pile of wings have accumulated.

The recreation of these mice consists in running up and down the curtain cord at a lightning pace, causing the residents of the neighboring saloons to rub their eyes, and finally to avoid that side of the street altogether.—Christian Work.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder
ABSOLUTELY PURE

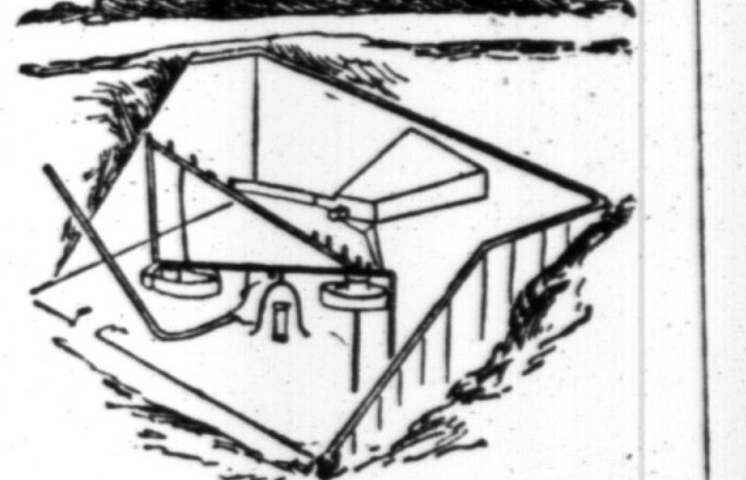
AUTOMATIC WATER MOTOR.

Works Well on Streams Where There Is but Slight Fall.

The motor shown in the accompanying cut has been patented by C. W. Johnston, of Philadelphia, and is designed to be operated by a small waterfall of four feet or over in height, and when applied to operating two lift or force pumps will take water either from a well or from the stream and raise it to any required height.

The illustration show the machine to be a beam, from which are suspended two buckets, with large cylindrical valves, resting on seats at the bottom, and which are unseated when the buckets make the down stroke, and allow the water to run out. One is held in position until it has received the proper weight of water, while the other is being emptied. Each down stroke of the bucket raises water by pump on opposite side of fulcrum by beam, the water passing into an air chamber, and from that to the tank of any elevation.

Where the grade is sufficient to get a fall of four feet or over it is only necessary to build a small dam or convey the water through pipes to the motor, and there can be a sufficient quantity of water raised to any height to supply a building for all the uses of a large family, and if raised to a sufficient height, can be used for operating small motors for running sewing machines or other light machinery, or may be used for fire service throughout the building.



FROM all quarters come reports of the increasing use of wheat as feed for hogs, stock, etc., a natural result of the low prices of "the king of cereals" and the shortage in corn. While it may be regretted that European people do not generally use more wheat flour, yet if they prefer wheat-fed meat to wheat bread it would be very foolish not to cater to their tastes in this regard.

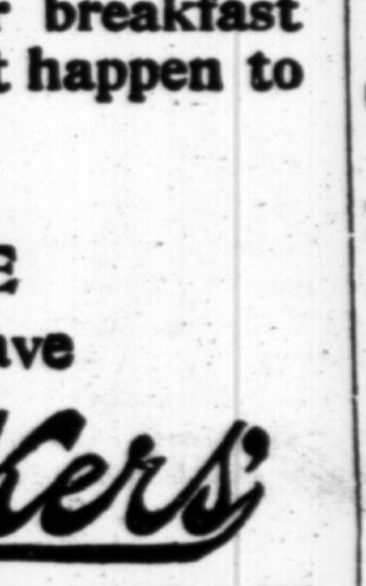
STUDIOUS BOY—"What is the meaning of 'market value' and 'intrinsic value?'" Father—"The 'market value' is the price you pay for a thing; 'intrinsic value' is what you get when you sell it to a second-dealer."—Tid-Bits.

IN Society women often feel the effect of too much gayety—balls, theatres, and teas in rapid succession find them worn out, or "run-down" by the end of the season. They suffer from nervousness, sleeplessness and irregularities. The smile and good spirits take flight. It is time to accept the help offered in Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It's a medicine which was discovered and used by a prominent physician for many years in all cases of "female complaint" and the nervous disorders which arise from it. The "Prescription" is a powerful uterine tonic and nervine, especially adapted to woman's delicate wants for it regulates and promotes all the natural functions, builds up, invigorates and *cures.*

Many women suffer from nervous prostration, or exhaustion, owing to congestion or to disorder of the special functions. The waste products should be quickly got rid of, the local source of irritation relieved and the system invigorated with the "Prescription." Do not take the so-called celery compounds, and nervines which only put the nerves to sleep, but get a lasting *cure* with Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

"FEMALE WEAKNESS."

MRS. WILLIAM HOOVER, of *Bellville, Richland Co., Ohio,* writes: "I had been a great sufferer from 'female weakness;' I tried three doctors; they did me no good; I thought I was an invalid forever. But I heard of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, and then I wrote to him and he told me just how to take it. I took eight bottles. I now feel entirely well. I could stand on my feet only a short time, and now I do all my work for my family of five."



MRS. HOOVER.

Don't leave home mad
If your breakfast doesn't happen to suit.
TELL YOUR WIFE
To have
Hecker's
BUCKWHEAT CAKES
For breakfast to-morrow.

A PRETTY German waiter girl only 18 years old has just married a New-Yorker named Woodcock, aged 70 years. Her taste is evidently in line with that of the English epicure who "despised all game birds unless they were kept a long time before serving up."

THE sarcastic girl always says lots of brilliant things in the course of her career, but she doesn't usually get married as young as the majority of her high school classmates do.—Somerville Journal.

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

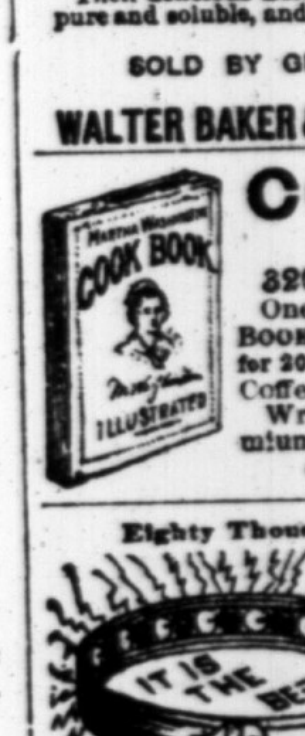
Hope is a necessity; realization a luxury.

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

Flattery shows the power of nothing.

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

We must know beauty to appreciate it.



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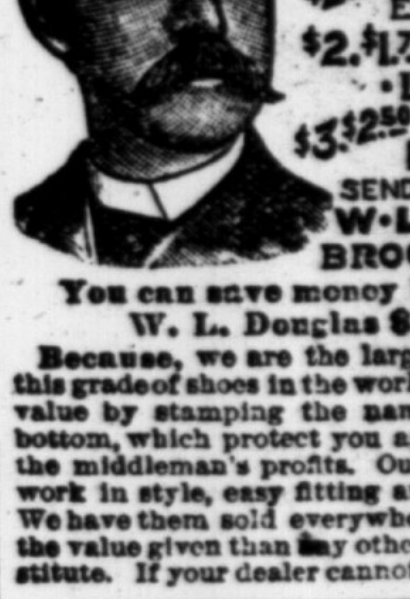
Imperfect Drainage is a fertile source of disease. Is **YOUR** blood suffering from defective sewerage? Impurities cannot accumulate if you will use ordinary precaution and **Ripans Tabules,** the **modern remedy** for a sluggish condition of **Liver** and **Blood.** Try it now! Don't procrastinate.

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.



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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.

$12 TO $35 A WEEK Can be made working for us. Parties preferred who can furnish a horse and travel through the country; a team, though, is not necessary. A few vacancies in towns and cities. Men and women of good character will find this an exceptional opportunity for profitable employment. Spare hours may be turned to good advantage. B. F. JOHNSON & CO., 11th and Main Sts., Richmond, Va.

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Write to PIEDMONT TOBACCO CO., WINSTON, N. C.
13 Cents a Lb.

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

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Babies and Children

thrive on Scott's Emulsion when all the rest of their food seems to go to waste. Thin Babies and Weak Children grow *strong, plump and healthy* by taking it.

Scott's Emulsion

overcomes inherited weakness and all the tendencies toward Emaciation or Consumption. Thin, weak babies and growing children and all persons suffering from Loss of Flesh, Weak Lungs, Chronic Coughs, and Wasting Diseases will receive untold benefits from this great nourishment. The formula for making Scott's Emulsion has been endorsed by the medical world for *twenty years.* No secret about it.

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