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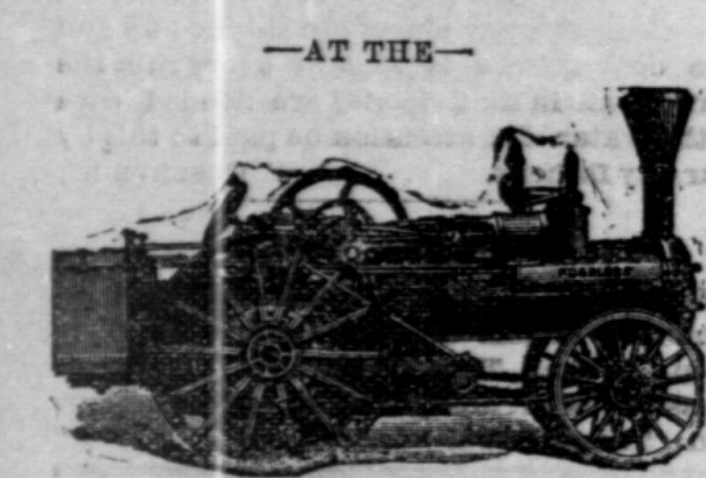

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His Collateral Good.

Tom Fitch, of Nevada, was a bright fellow and one of the best writers and stump speakers of the West, but he was thriftless, and when he got hard up would resort to almost any means to get a stake. One day he wrote a scathing speech denouncing Sharon, then President of the Bank of California, and afterward United States Senator from Nevada. In it he charged Sharon with almost every crime known to the decalogue or the statutes. He put the manuscript in a large envelope and walked into the Bank of California.

"Here," he said to the cashier, handing the package through the window; "here are some securities which I offer as collateral on a loan. Please hand them to Mr. Sharon in person, and I will wait for his answer."

Mr. Sharon was in his private office. Breaking the seal of the envelope, he found the speech, and read it through, together with a note from Fitch, informing him that unless he was paid $5000 he would deliver that speech in every town in the State. In a few minutes the cashier, on Mr. Sharon's order, reported that the collateral was all right, and paid the happy Fitch the desired amount.

Three months afterward, having gone through the money in speculation and dissipation, Mr. Fitch made his appearance with another speech, this time of a very complimentary character, which he promised to deliver at every convenient opportunity, for the same amount. That, too, proved good collateral, and the story would have never come to light if Fitch had not, in a moment of drunken frankness, told it himself.—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

Columbus's Landing Place.

Dr. Rudolph Croneau, from the University of Leipzig, called at the Navy Department, to urge that one of the vessels of the navy, about to visit the West Indies this winter, be assigned to the work of surveying Watling's Island, the first landing place of Columbus on the continent. There is a difference of opinion between Lieutenant Murdock, of our own navy, and Captain Becker, of the British navy, both of whom have made surveys, as to the exact spot on Watling's Island where Columbus landed, and while Mr. Croneau's investigations appear to bear out Lieutenant Murdock's theory, it is desirable that all doubt be set at rest by a thorough naval survey. The department has taken the request under advisement.—Washington Star.

Australia's Native Dog.

Dingo is the name given to the native dog of Australia, which is found both in a wild and domestic state. Those that have been tamed are much smaller than the former. The wild dingo is found in all parts of Australia.—New York Dispatch.

Mrs. Ormiston Chant, of London, cannot retire into private life. Since the Empire affair she has been the most written about social reformer in England, and now her toy image is being sold about the streets. The toy consists of a bladder, with a woman's face, which when blown out, flourishes a little red umbrella, shrieks and shakes its head and finally collapses.

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REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "Ceylon, the Isle of Palms."

TEXT: "The ships of Tarshish first."—Isaiah lx., 9.

The Tarshish of my text by many commentators is supposed to be the island of Ceylon, upon which the seventh sermon of the round the world series lands us. Ceylon was called by the Romans Taprobane. John Milton called it "Golden Chersonese." Moderns have called Ceylon "the isle of palms," "the isle of flowers," "the pearl drop on the brow of India," "the isle of jewels," "the island of spice," "the show place of the universe," "the land of hyacinth and ruby." In my eyes, for scenery, it appeared to be a mixture of Yosemite and Yellowstone Park. All Christian people want to know more of Ceylon, for they have a long while been contributing for its evangelization. As our ship from Australia approached this island there hovered over it clouds thick and black as the superstitions which have hovered here for centuries, but the morning sun was breaking through like the gospel light which is to scatter the last cloud of moral gloom. The sea lay along the coast calm as the eternal purposes of God toward all islands and continents. We swing into the harbor of Colombo, which is made by a breakwater built at vast expense. As we floated into it the water is black with boats of all sizes and manned by people of all colors, but chiefly Tamils and Cingalese.

There are two things I want most to see on this island: A heathen temple with its devotees in idolatrous worship and an audience of Cingalese addressed by a Christian missionary. The entomologist may have his capture of brilliant insects, and the sportsman his tent adorned with antler of red deer and tooth of wild boar, and the painter his portfolio of gorge 3000 feet down and of days dying on evening pillows of purple cloud etched with fire, and the botanist his camp full of orchids and crowfoots and gentians and valerian and lotus. I want most to find out the moral and religious triumphs, how many wounds have been healed, how many sorrows comforted, how many entombed nations resurrected. Sir William Baker, the famous explorer and geographer, did well for Ceylon after his eight years' residence in this island, and Professor Ernst Heckel, the professor from Jena, did well when he swept these waters and rummaged these hills and took home for future inspection the insects of this tropical air. And forever honored be such work, but let all that is sweet in rhythm and graphic on canvas and imposing in monument and immortal in memory be brought to tell the deeds of those who were heroes and heroines for Christ's sake.

Many scholars have supposed that this island of Ceylon was the original garden of Eden where the snake first appeared on reptilian mission. There are reasons for belief that this was the site where the first homestead was opened and destroyed. It is so near the equator that there are not more than twelve degrees of Fahrenheit difference all the year round. Perpetual foliage, perpetual fruit and all styles of animal life prosper. What luxuriance and abundance and superabundance of life! What styles of plumage do not the birds sport! What styles of scale do not the fishes reveal! What styles of song do not the groves have in their libretto!

Here on the roadside and clear out on the beach of the sea stands the cocoanut tree saying: "Take my leaves for shade. Take the juice of my fruit for delectable drink. Take my saccharine for sugar. Take my fiber for the cordage of your ships. Take my oil to kindle your lamps. Take my wood to fashion your cups and pitchers. Take my leaves to thatch your roofs. Take my smooth surface on which to print your books. Take my 30,000,000 trees covering 500,000 acres and with the exportation enrich the world. I will wave in your fans and spread abroad in your umbrellas. I will vibrate in your musical instruments. I will be the scrubbing brushes on your floors."

Here also stands the palm tree saying: "I am at your disposal. With these arms I fed your ancestors 150 years ago, and with these same arms I will feed your descendants 150 years from now. I defy the centuries!"

Here also stands the nutmeg tree saying: "I am ready to spice your beverages and enrich your puddings and with my sweet dust make insipid things palatable."

Here also stands the coffee plant saying: "With the liquid boiled from my berry I stimulate the nations morning by morning."

Here also stands the tea plant saying: "With the liquid boiled from my leaf I soothe the world's nerves and stimulate the world's conversation evening by evening."

Here stands the cinchona saying: "I am the foe of malaria. In all climates my bitterness is the slaughter of fevers."

What miracles of productiveness on these islands! Enough sugar to sweeten all the world's beverages, enough bananas to pile all the world's fruit baskets, enough rice to mix all the world's puddings, enough cocoanut to powder all the world's cakes, enough flowers to garland all the world's beauty.

But in the evening, riding through a cinnamon grove, I first tasted the leaves and bark of that condiment so valuable and delicate that transported on ships the aroma of the cinnamon is dispelled if placed near a rival bark. Of such great value is the cinnamon shrub that years ago those who injured it in Ceylon were put to death. But that which once was a jungle of cinnamon is now a park of gentlemen's residences. The long, white dwelling houses are bounded with this shrub, and all other styles of growth congregated there make a botanical garden. Doves called cinnamon doves hop among the branches, and crows, more poetically styled ravens, which never could sing, but think they can, fly across the road giving full test of their vocables. Birds which learned their chanting under the very eaves of heaven overpower all with their grand march of the tropics. The hibiscus dapples the scene with its scarlet clusters. All shades of brown and emerald and saffron and brilliance; melons, limes, magnosteens, custard apples, guavas, pineapples, jasmine so laden with aroma they have to hold fast to the wall, and begonias, gloriosas on fire and orchids so delicate other lands must keep them under conservatory, but here defiant of all weather, and flowers more or less akin to azaleas and honeysuckles and floxes and fuchsias and chrysanthemums and rhododendrons and foxgloves and pansies which dye the plains and mountains of Ceylon with heaven.

The evening hour burns incense of all styles of aromatics. The convolvulus, blue as if the sky had fallen, and butterflies spangling the air, and arms of trees sleeved with blossoms, and rocks upholstered of moss, commingling sounds and sights and odors until eye and ear and nostrils vie with each other as to which sense shall open the door to the most enchantment. A struggle between music and perfume and iridescence. Oleanders reeling in intoxication of color. Great banyan trees that have been changing their minds for centuries, each century carrying out a new plan of growth, attracted our attention and saw us pass in the year of 1894 as they saw pass the generations of 1794 and 1694. Colombo is so thoroughly embowered in foliage that if you go into one of its towers and look down upon the city of 130,000 people you cannot see a house. Oh, the trees of Ceylon! May you live to behold the morning climbing down through their branches or the evening tipping their leaves with amber and gold! I forgive the Buddhist for the worship of trees until they know of the God who made the trees. I wonder not that there are some trees in Ceylon called sacred. To me all trees are sacred. I wonder not that before one of them they burn camphor flowers and hang lamps around its branches and 100,000 people each year make pilgrimage to that tree. Worship something man must, and, until he hear of the only Being worthy of worship, what so elevating as a tree! What glory enthroned amid its foliage! What a majestic doxology spreads out in its branches! What a voice when the tempests pass through it! How it looks down upon the cradle and the grave of centuries! As the fruit of one tree unlawfully eaten struck the race with woe and the uplifting of another tree brings peace to the soul, let the woodman spare the tree and all nations honor it, if, through higher teaching, we do not, like the Ceylonese, worship it! How consolatory that when we no more walk under the tree branches on earth we may see the "tree of life which bears twelve manner of fruit and yields her fruit every month, and the leaves of the tree are for the healing of the nations!"

Two processions I saw in Ceylon within one hour, the first led by a Hindoo priest, a huge pot of flowers on his head, his face disfigured with holy lacerations and his unwashed followers beating as many discords from what are supposed to be musical instruments as at one time can be induced to enter the human ear. The procession halted at the door of the huts. The occupants came out and made obeisance and presented small contributions. In return therefor the priest sprinkled ashes upon the children who came forward, this evidently a form of benediction. Then the procession, led on by the priest, started again. More noise, more ashes, more genuflection. However keen one's sense of the ludicrous, he could find nothing to excite even a smile in the movements of such a procession. Meaningless, oppressive, squalid, filthy, sad.

Returning to our carriage, we rode on for a few moments, and we came on another procession, a kindly lady leading groups of native children, all clean, bright, happy, laughing. They were a Christian school out for exercise. There seemed as much intelligence, refinement and happiness in that regiment of young Cingalese as you would find in the ranks of any young ladies' seminary being chaperoned on their afternoon walk through Central Park, New York, or Hyde Park, London. The Hindoo procession illustrated on a small scale something of what Hindooism can do for the world. The Christian procession illustrates on a small scale something of what Christianity can do for the world. But those two processions were only fragments of two great processions ever marching across our world, the procession blasted of superstition and the procession blessed of gospel light. I saw them in one afternoon in Ceylon. They are to be seen in all nations.

Nothing is of more thrilling interest than the Christian achievements in this island. The Episcopal church was here the national church, but disestablishment has taken place, and since Mr. Gladstone's accomplishment of that fact in 1830 all denominations are on equal platform, and all are doing mighty work. America is second to no other nation in what has been done for Ceylon. Since 1816 she has had her religious agents in the Jaffna peninsula of Ceylon. The Spauldings, the Howlands, the Drs. Poor, the Saunders, and others just as good and strong have been fighting back monsters of superstition and cruelty greater than any that ever swung the tusk or roared in the jungles.

The American missionaries in Ceylon have given special attention to medical instruction and are doing wonders in driving back the horrors of heathen surgery. Cases of suffering were formerly given over to the devil worshipers and such tortures inflicted as may not be described. The patient was trampled by the feet of the medical attendants. It is only of God's mercy that there is a living mother in Ceylon. Oh, how much Ceylon needs doctors, and the medical classes of native students under the care of those who follow the example of the late Samuel Fish Green are providing them, so that all the alleviations and kindly ministries and scientific acumen that can be found in American and English hospitals will soon bless all Ceylon.

In that island are thirty-two American school, 210 Church of England schools, 231 Wesleyan schools, 234 Roman Catholic schools. Ah, the schools decide most everything! How suggestive the incident that came to me in Ceylon. In a school under the care of the Episcopal church two boys were converted to Christ and were to be baptized. An intelligent Buddist boy said in the school, 'Let all the boys on Buddha's side come to this part of the room and all the boys on Christ's side go to the other part of the room."

All the boys except two went on Buddha's side, and when the two boys who were to be baptized were scoffed at and derided one of them yielded and retired to Buddha's side. But afterward that boy was sorry that he had yielded to the persecution, and when the day of baptism came stood up beside the boy who remained firm. Some one said to the boy who had vacillated in his choice between Buddha and Christ, "You are a coward and not fit for either side," but he replied, "I was overcome of temptation, but I repent and believe." Then both boys were baptized, and from that time the Angelican mission moved on more and more vigorously. I will not say which of all the denominations of Christians is doing the most for the evangelization of that island, but know this—Ceylon will be taken for Christ! Sing Bishop Heber's hymn:

> What though the spicy breezes
> Blow soft over Ceylon's isle!

Among the first places I visited was a Buddhist college, about 100 men studying to become priests gathered around the teachers. Stepping into the building where the high priest was instructing the class, we were apologetic and told him we were Americans and would like to see his mode of teaching if he had no objections, whereupon he began, doubled up as he was on a lounge, with his right hand playing with his foot. In his left hand he held a package of bamboo leaves, on which were written the words of the lesson, each student holding a similar package of bamboo leaves. The high priest first read, and then one of his students read. A group of as finely formed young men as I ever saw surrounded the instructor. The last word of each sentence was intoned. There was in the whole scene an earnestness which impressed me. Not able to understand a word of what was said, there is a book of language and intonation that is the same among all races. That the Buddhists have full faith in their religion no one can doubt. That is, in their opinion, the way to heaven. What Mohammed is to the Mohammedan, and what Christ is to the Christian, Buddha is to the Buddhist. We waited for a pause in the recitation, and then expressing our thanks retired.

Nearby is a Buddhist temple, on the altar of which before the image of Buddha are offerings of flowers. As night was coming on we came up to a Hindoo temple. First we were prohibited going farther than the outside steps, but we gradually advanced until we could see all that was going on inside. The worshipers were making obeisance. The taratams were wildly beaten, and shrill pipes were blown, and several other instruments were in full bang and blare, and there was an indescribable hubbub and the most laborious style of worship I had ever seen or heard. The dim lights, and the jargon, and the glooms, and the flitting figures mingled for eye and ear a horror which it is difficult to shake off. All this was only suggestive of what would there transpire after the toilers of the day had ceased work and had time to appear at the temple. That such things should be supposed to please the Lord or have any power to console or help the worshipers is only another mystery in this world of mysteries. But we came away saddened with the spectacle, a sadness which did not leave us until we arrived at a place where a Christian missionary was preaching in the street to a group of natives.

I had that morning expressed a wish to witness such a scene, and here it was. Standing on an elevation, the good man was addressing the crowd. All was attention and silence and reverence. A religion of relief and joy was being commended, and the dusky faces were illumined with the sentiments of pacification and re-enforcement. It was the rose of Sharon after walking among nettles. It was the morning light after a thick darkness. It was the gospel after Hindooism.

But passing up and down the streets of Ceylon you find all styles of people within five minutes—Afghans, Kaffirs, Portuguese, Moormen, Dutch, English, Scotch, Irish, American—all classes, all dialects, all manners and customs, all styles of salaam. The most interesting thing on earth is the human race, and specimens of all branches of it confront you in Ceylon. The island of the present is a quiet and inconspicuous affair compared with what it once was. The dead cities of Ceylon were larger and more imposing than are the living cities. On this island are dead New Yorks and dead Pekings and dead Edinburghs and dead Londons. Ever and anon at the stroke of the archæologist's hammer the tomb of some great municipality flies open, and there are other buried cities that will yet respond to the explorer's pickax.

The Pompeii and Herculaneum underneath Italy are small compared with the Pompeiis and Herculaneums underneath Ceylon. Yonder is an exhumed city which was founded 500 years before Christ, standing in pomp and splendor for 1200 years. Stairways up which fifty men might pass side by side. Carved pillars, some of them fallen, some of them aslant, some of them erect. Phidiases and Christopher Wrens never heard of here, performed the marvels of sculpture and architecture. Aisles through which royal processions marched. Arches under which kings were carried. City with reservoir twenty miles in circumference. Extemporized lakes that did their cooling and refreshing for twelve centuries. Ruins more suggestive than Melrose and Kenilworth. Ceylonian Karnaks and Luxors.

Ruins retaining much of grandeur, though wars bombarded them, and time put his chisel on every block, and, more than all, vegetation put its anchors and pries and wrenches in all the crevices. Dagobas, or places where relics of saints of dieties are kept—dagobas 400 feet high and their fallen material burying precious things, for the sight of which modern curiosity has digged and blasted in vain. Procession of elephants in imitation, wrought into lustrous marble. Troops of horses in full run. Shrines, chapels, cathedrals wrecked on the mountain side. Stairs of moonstone. Exquisite scrolls rolling up more mysteries than will ever be unrolled. Over sixteen square miles the ruins of one city strewn. Thronerooms on which at different times sat 165 kings, resigning in authority they inherited. Walls that witnessed coronations, assassinations, subjugations, triumphs. Altars at which millions bowed ages before the orchestras celestial woke the sheperds with midnight overture.

When Lieutenant Skinner in 1832 discovered the site of some of these cities, he found congregated in them undisturbed assemblages of leopards, porcupines, flamingoes and pelicans; reptiles sunning themselves on the altars, prima donnas rendering ornithological chant from deserted music halls. One king restored much of the grandeur, rebuilt 1500 residences, but ruin soon resumed its scepter. But all is down—the spires down, the pillars down, the tablets down, the glory of splendid arches down. What killed those cities? Who slew the New York and London of the year 500 B. C.? Was it unhealthed with a host of plagues? Was it foreign armies laying seige? Was it whole generations weakened by their own vices? Mystery sits amid the monoliths and brickdust, finger on lip in eternal silence, while the centuries guess and guess in vain. We simply know that genius planned those cities, and immense populations inhabited them. An eminent writer estimates that a pile of bricks in one ruin of Ceylon would be enough to build a wall ten feet high from Edinburgh to London. Sixteen hundred pillars with carved capitals are standing sentinel for ten miles.

You can judge somewhat of the size of the cities by the reservoirs that were required to slack their thirst, judging the size of the city from the size of the cup out of which it drank. Cities crowded with inhabitants—not like American or English cities, but packed together as only barbaric tribes can pack them. But their knell was sounded, their light went out. Giant trees are the only royal family now occupying those palaces. The growl of wild beasts where once the guffaw of wassail ascended. Anurajahpura and Pollonarna will never be rebuilded. Let all the living cities of the earth take warning. Cities are human, having a time to be born and a time to die. No more certainly have they a cradle than a grave. A last judgment is appointed for individuals, but cities have their last judgment in this world. They bless, they curse, they worship, they blaspheme, they suffer, they are rewarded, they are overthrown.

Preposterous! says some one, to think that any of our American or European cities which have stood so long can ever come through vice to extinction. But New York and London have not stood as long as those Ceylonese cities stood. Where is the throne outside of Ceylon on which 165 successive kings reigned for a lifetime. Cities and nations that have lived far longer than our present cities or nation have been sepulchered. Let all the great muncipalities of this and other lands ponder. It is as true now as when the psalmist wrote it and as true of cities and nations as of individuals, "The Lord knoweth the way of the righteous, but the way of the ungodly shall perish."

Russian Barley Here Already.

If our farmers will look into the reports of the Treasury Department they will find that Russia is now importing barley quite largely into the United States. This was made possible by the reduction of duties in the grain schedule under the Wilson law, now operative. It does not appear that prices have been materially lowered by these imports, therefore no resulting benefits are as yet enjoyed by the purchasers of the foreign article; but it does appear that the growers of barley in the United States are materially hurt in that the home market for the home product is taken from the home producer by the foreign producer to a more or less injurious extent.

It may be contended by free traders that expected benefits to users of barley will come after awhile, when the market price breaks under excessive supply through importations from Europe. The inquiry then would be whether the American grower would continue to produce barley at European prices. There would probably be a general cessation of production of this cereal, and the second inquiry would present itself, viz.: how long after the destruction of the American producer would it be before Europe, having possession of the American market, would advance prices to suit her own views? What would become of the American users' interest in the hands of the European producer? Nothing but a return to protective duties could reinstate the equilibrium then so seriously disturbed.

Our grain growers, we fear, have two more years of severe trial ahead. The question of how to meet them should be most carefully weighed by every farmer in the country.

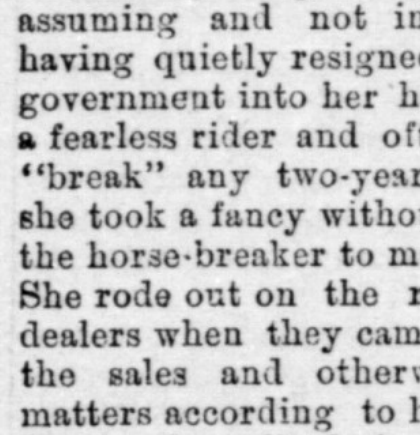
A Woman's Horse Ranch.

One of the most successful horse ranches known to the writer was managed by a good-looking young woman, her father, being meek, mild and unassuming and not in good health, having quietly resigned the reins of government into her hands. She was a fearless rider and often essayed to "break" any two-year-old to which she took a fancy without waiting for the horse-breaker to make his rounds. She rode out on the range with the dealers when they came to buy, made the sales and otherwise conducted matters according to her own ideas. The herders all admired her bravery and spirits, and in their rough fashion treated her with respect and consideration.—New York Tribune.

Intense cold, accompanied with heavy snow-storms, has prevailed throughout Europe this week. Travel has been stopped in some places and many people have been frozen to death.

TERRIBLE ITCHING SORES

"I had what the doctor pronounced to be eczema. It was accompanied by severe itching, and my limbs pained me a good deal and were swollen. I became all broken out with pimples. This caused me to scratch, and the eruptions turned into one solid sore. The disease spread all over my body. After consulting physicians, my attention was called to Hood's Sarsaparilla, and I concluded to give it a trial. This was in April, 1892, and I continued faithfully with it until Christmas, 1893. At the same time I took the medicine, I ate anything that suited my appetite.



Mr. F. T. Craig

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and have no signs of the disease except a little inflamed color where the sores gathered. My affliction is healed; I feel like myself again." F. T. CRAIG, Halfway, Va.

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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.

AN IMPLIED THREAT.

ENGLAND WANTS THIS COUNTRY TO MAKE "CONCESSIONS."

Withdrawal of British Capital From America Hinted at as the Penalty of Our Refusal—If British Capital Does Not Find Profitable Investment Here It Might Try China.

In a recent editorial in the London Times we find the following:

"The conditions are such that the United States and the British Empire must either compete for, or unite to hold, the command of the commerce of the world. United, we safely might defy competition from any other of the machine-using people. The dominating forces in commerce are usually held to be food, fuel, iron and copper. If to these we add the human factor, a man, America and Great Britain may claim to own them all in a supreme degree. The exact center of each special industry would matter little. With coal and iron to spare for each other, we should be invincible."

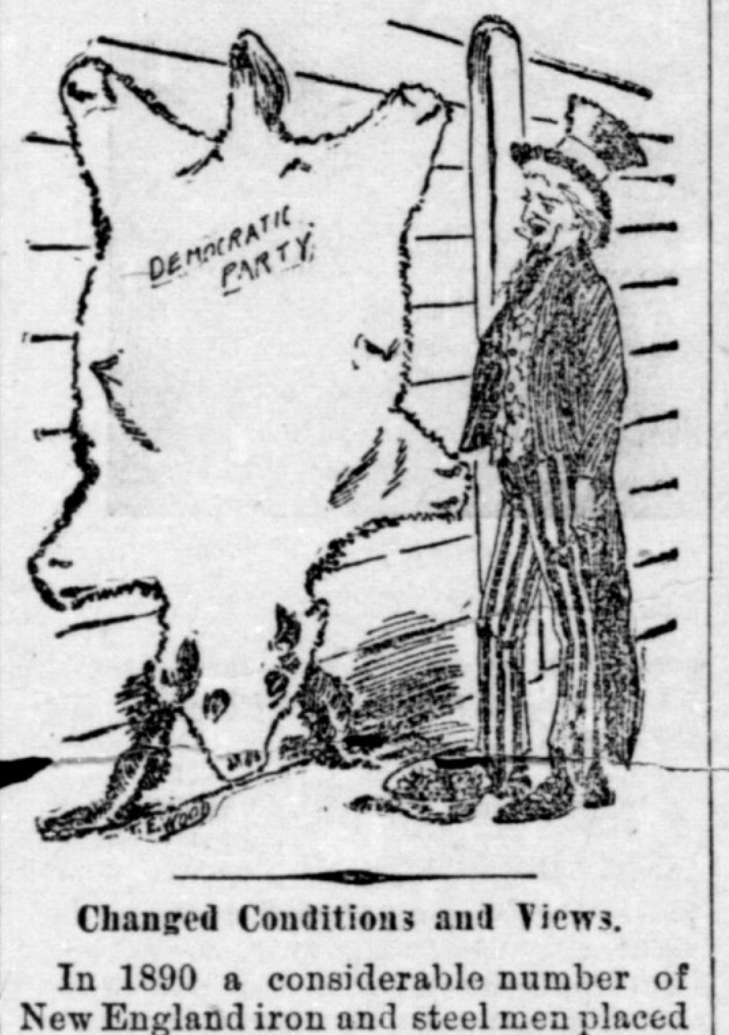
This is truly an honest admission for the leading paper in the United Kingdom to make, and it is an admission which we must confess we are rather surprised to find. But the acknowledgment is tempered by the following:

"It may be assumed that the United States would not lose the customer of half its exports, without being willing to make some concessions in the direction of a mutually advantageous union. It is hardly necessary to allude to the large amount of British capital invested in the United States which would have everything to gain by a profitable union."

This is clearly an implied threat. England acknowledges that we are her competitor for the commerce of the world, a condition that we have arrived at solely through the adoption of the policy of protection, and England, knowing the extent of our rivalry, desires the establishment of a commercial union between the two countries. The Times should come right out and state what are these "concessions in the direction of a mutual advantageous union" which we are desired to make.

If we have, under protection, succeeded in becoming such active competitors in the commerce of the world that England feels it, why is it necessary for us to make any concessions at all? The threat implied is clearly the withdrawal of "the large amount of British capital invested in the United States." This threat is buncombe. The English capitalist and money lender will send his money to the United States for investment just so long as he can get a better rate of interest on good security here than he can at home. When he fails to do this he will withdraw his money, and not one day sooner, all the bosh of the London Times to the contrary notwithstanding.

Knocked the Stuffing Out.



Changed Conditions and Views.

In 1890 a considerable number of New England iron and steel men placed their names to a petition which demanded free coal and iron and a low duty on pig iron. This petition was given the greatest prominence by certain free trade partisans for a year or two. The truth is that most of the signers gave little heed to the questions at stake. They thought, in the midst of their prosperity, that they might be relieved of the payment of duties on what they bought, and at the same time enjoy the advantages of a protective tariff.

But theorizing in prosperity and trembling in adversity are different things altogether. On June 18 the free-trade Senate, Hill and Irby being the only dissenters, refused to grant free coal; on June 19, Hill excepted, it refused to grant free iron ore, and the dose was gulped down by the free-trade House on August 13! Thus was the answer given to the free coal and iron manufacturers—an answer over and over again predicted by the protectionist papers and speakers.

The dreadful effects of free trade and the anticipation thereof have practically solidified the iron men. They see now, as they could not, or refused to, see in 1890 and 1892, that the cartoon of the dog and his reflection in the water was meant for them. The Republican party was ousted and Democracy ushered in. Republican protection was dropped and sectional destruction rode in on top of "perfidy and dishonor." Prosperity was lost and nothing was gained except a rude awakening to the fact that you never "miss the water till the well runs dry."

Sundry of these iron and steel people have been on deck the past year, but instead of complaining of the measure of prosperity allowed them under Republican protection; instead of demanding the American market for their own wares and demanding to purchase the raw material turned out by foreign paupers from alien mines free of duty, while American citizens walk the streets in search of work; instead of this they have repudiated Democratic free trade and all that pertains to it.

Horses Under Medical Care.

If you will drop into the Veterinary Hospital, in West Twenty-fifth street, you will gain some idea of how the city's ailing animals are cared for. On the west side of the hospital there is a row of stalls for horses. They are furnished with all appliances for alleviating equine misery.

There are horses there whose feet have not touched the floor for days. They are swung from huge slings which are attached to the ceiling. On an upper floor a dozen or more dogs who imagine themselves very ill, gambol and play about on the floor and take medicine between times. Most of them are brought to the hospital by women.

"They bring cats, sometimes," said one of the hospital attendants, "but we draw the line there. If we took in cats as well as dogs, we would have an awful time."—New York Herald.

Greatest Steer on Earth.

The greatest steer on earth is now honoring South Omaha with his colossal and magnificent presence, says the Laramie (Wyoming) Boomerang. He is described as being white as snow, handsome in form, weighing 4000 pounds, stands six feet ten inches without stockings, is twelve feet five inches in length and rising four years old. It is estimated by stockmen that when fattened he will weigh at least 5000 pounds.

The Rise of the Buckwheat Cake

The leaven of yesterday ruins the cake of to-day. Don't spoil good buckwheat with dying raising-batter—fresh cakes want Royal Baking Powder.

Grandma used to raise to-day's buckwheats with the souring left over of yesterday! Dear old lady, she was up to the good old times. But these are days of Royal Baking Powder—freshness into freshness raises freshness.

And this is the way the buckwheat cake of to-day is made: Two cups of Buckwheat, one cup of wheat flour, two tablespoons of Royal Baking Powder, one half teaspoonful of salt, all sifted well together. Mix with milk into a thin batter and bake at once on a hot griddle.

Do not forget that no baking powder can be substituted for the "Royal" in making pure, sweet, delicious, wholesome food.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., NEW-YORK.

And the People Are Delivered.

Congressman Marriott Brosius, in the course of his address quoted Carlyle's description of Sir Henry Vane, of England, who flourished some generations back. Mr. Brosius applied this description to the distinguished Congressmen of this district, who is leading the fight for the establishment of free trade in America. These words of the great Carlyle as applied to Sir Henry Vane are so apt and appropriate to Mr. Wilson that we reproduce them here. The lines are as follows:

"Grant him all manner of purity and elevation; subtile, high discourse and intellectual dexterity; an amiable, devout and zealous man. His tendency toward the abstract and theoretic is irrestible. He holds on the concrete wherein lies everything that is practical and permanent is not that of a giant or born practical king. His astonishing subtility of mind conducts him not to new clearness, but to ever new abstruseness, wheel within wheel and depth under depth. His astonishing intellect occupies itself in splitting hairs and not in twisting cordage, or other effectual draught tackle to take road with. You can only get away from such a man with the prayer, 'Lord, deliver me from thee.' I want twisted cordage and steady pulling, not split hairs, hysterical spasmodics and treble. Thou amiable, subtle, elevated individual, the Lord deliver me from thee."

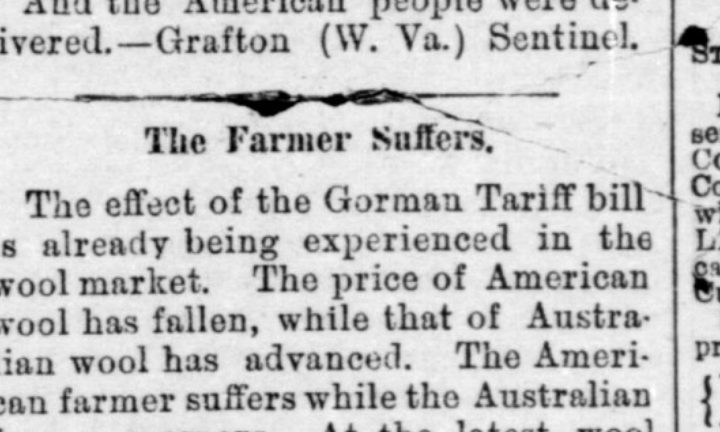
And, as Mr. Brosius puts it, the American people are now saying to the Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee to-day: "The Lord deliver us from thee."

And the American people were delivered.—Grafton (W. Va.) Sentinel.

The Farmer Suffers.

The effect of the Gorman Tariff bill is already being experienced in the wool market. The price of American wool has fallen, while that of Australian wool has advanced. The American farmer suffers while the Australian farmer prospers. At the latest wool sales the price of Australian wool closed firm at an advance on all desirable grades. In this country there has been quite a movement in combing and fine clothing wool, the bulk of the business being sales in bond, so that no duty should be paid. The American clip is twenty per cent. less than last year, owing to the slaughter of sheep rendered compulsory by the mere threat of Democratic tariff tinkering. Our farmers cannot raise wool at a profit at existing prices. The smaller our supply, the greater the demand for foreign wool and the higher its price. The American farmer suffers while the foreign farmer prospers. This is the result of Democratic "tariff reform."

The magistrates of Brussels, Belgium, have ordered that all the gambling houses in that city be closed.



LEAVES ITS MARK

—every one of the painful irregularities and weaknesses that prey upon women. They fade the face, waste the figure, ruin the temper, wither you up, make you old before your time.

Get well: That's the way to look well. Cure the disorders and ailments that beset you, with Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

It regulates and promotes all the proper functions, improves digestion, enriches the blood, dispels aches and pains, melancholy and nervousness, brings refreshing sleep, and restores health and strength. It's a powerful general, as well as uterine, tonic and nervine, imparting vigor and strength to the entire system.

MRS. ULRICH.

MRS. ANNA ULRICH, of *Elm Creek, Buffalo Co., Neb.,* writes: "I enjoy good health thanks to Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and 'Golden Medical Discovery.' I was under doctors' care for two years with womb disease, and gradually wasting in strength all the time. I was so weak that I could sit up in bed only a few moments, for two years. I commenced taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and his 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and by the time I had taken one-half dozen bottles I was up and going wherever I pleased, and have had good health and been very strong ever since—that was two years and a half ago."

A book of 168 pages on "Woman and Her Diseases" mailed *sealed,* on receipt of 10 cents in stamps for postage. Address, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Foreign Lumber Coming.

The lumbermen around the Bay of Fundy will now cut their logs long enough to make lumber to suit the New York market, which requires longer stock than goes to England. And in doing so they will be in a position to take advantage of either of the two markets. There will probably be less lumber sent to the British market next year if the American market offers inducements to shippers. It is stated that much timber now cut into piling at practically no profit will hereafter be converted into scantling for the American market.

The American mill owners here, who cut Maine logs, will, of course, not profit by the change. Their lumber costs them more than the provincial article costs, and they will have no corresponding advantage in the market.—St. John correspondent of the Northwestern Lumberman.

Electric Wires.

Some writer very aptly likens the nerves to electric wires, and the general working of their system to that of electric cars. A man who "slips his trolley" like Mr. Jeremiah Eney, 1812 W. Lombard St., Baltimore, Md., will need something better than even a galvanic battery to set him all right. Mr. Eney found that something in the following way: "I suffered," he says, "a long time with neuralgia in the head. I gave St. Jacobs Oil a fair trial and am entirely cured." In this way the great remedy acts as a motorman to restore broken wires, and sets the system to perfect action.

There are about 100,000 islands, large and small, scattered over the oceans. America alone has 5500 around its coasts.

STATE OF O[illegible]ITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCA[illegible]NTY.

FRANK J. CHENE[illegible] oath that he is the senior partner of the [illegible] J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in [illegible] Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and [illegible] firm will pay the sum of ONE HUND[illegible]LARS for each and every case of C[illegible] cannot be cured by the use of HAL[illegible] CURE. FRANK [illegible]

Sworn to before me and subs[illegible] presence, this 6th day of December, [illegible]
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.

The "Ministry of Old Boots" supply 30,000 garments and 2000 pairs of boots to the needy ones of London annually.

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

Swallow It.

That is the best way to take a Ripans Tabule, best because the most pleasant. For all liver and stomach disorders Ripans Tabules are the most effective remedy, in fact, the standard.

HEADLESS YET ALIVE.

Insects That Do Not Mind the Loss of Their Heads.

Most persons of an observing turn of mind are aware of the fact that there are several species of insects that will continue to live without seeming inconvenience for some time after decapitation, exact knowledge of the length of time which the various species of insects would survive such mutilation being somewhat vague.

Prof. Conestrini once undertook a series of experiments with a view of determining that and other facts in relation to the wonderful vitality of such creature. In each case the head was smoothly removed with a pair of thin-bladed forceps and when spontaneous movements of wings and legs ceased employed sundry irritating devices, such as pricking, squeezing, and blowing tobacco smoke over the insect. As a result of these experiments he ascertained that members of the beetle family at once showed signs of suffering, while such as the ants, bees, wasps, etc., remained for hours unaffected. Some which seemed stunned from the effects of [illegible] covered after a time and continued to live and enjoy a headless existence for several days. Butterflies and moths seemed but little affected by the guillotining process and the common flies (diptera) appeared to regard the operation as a huge joke.

"The common house fly," says our experimenter, "appeared to be in full possession of his senses (rather paradoxical, when, in all probabilities, the canary had swallowed head, sense and all) thirty-six hours afterward."

The bodies of some species of butterflies survived as long as eighteen days after the head had been removed, but the head itself seldom showed signs of life longer than six hours after decapitation. In the general summary of these huge experiments we are informed that the last signs of life were manifested either in the middle or last pair of legs and that the myriopods showed great tenacity of life "and appeared whooly indifferent to the loss of their heads."—St. Louis Republic.

Celtic Trade.

The value of Irish exports last year was $1,622,235, and of imports $44,694,43.

The Greeks had oats B. C. 200, but used them only as food for their horses.

We think Piso's Cure for Consumption is the only medicine for Coughs.—JENNIE PINCKARD, Springfield, Ills., Oct. 1, 1894.

A house in Calhoun County, Ga., has been struck by lightning thirteen times.

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

A fair article of molasses can be made from the stalks of the common maize.

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

Bermuda farms bear three successive crops in one year.

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 w[illegible]ld's best products to the [illegible]ical being, will attest [illegible]th of the pure l[illegible] principles embraced in [illegible] Syrup of Figs.

[illegible]s excellence is due to its prese
in the form most acceptable and
ant to the taste, the refreshing and
beneficial properties of a perfec
ative; effectually cleansing the
dispelling colds, headaches and
and permanently curing consti
It has given satisfaction to mill
met with the approval of the
profession, because it acts on
neys, Liver and Bowels witho
ening them and it is perfectly f
every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all
gists in 50c and $1 bottles, but it is
ufactured by the California Fig S
Co. only, whose name is printed on ev
package, also the name, Syrup of F
and being well informed, you will
accept any substitute if offered.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE IS THE BEST. FIT FOR A KING.
$5. CORDOVAN, FRENCH & ENAMELLED CALF.
$4.$3.50 FINE CALF & KANGAROO.
$3.50 POLICE, 3 SOLES.
$2.50 $2. WORKINGMEN'S. 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.
Over One Million People wear the
W. L. Douglas $3 & $4 Shoes
All our shoes are equally satisfactory
They give the best value for the money.
They equal custom shoes in style and fit.
Their wearing qualities are unsurpassed.
The prices are uniform,—stamped on sole.
From $1 to $3 saved over other makes.
If your dealer cannot supply you we can.

You are all right
IF!
your Stomach,
Liver and Bowels
are performing
their functions
properly . . . .
IF NOT!
A Ripans Tabule will do the work
EASILY Carried in Pocket Taken.
50 Cents a Box.
At Druggists.

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.

WALL ST. NEWS LETTER of value sent FREE to readers of this paper. Charles A. Baldwin & Co., 40 Wall St., N. Y.

TOBACCO SEEDS SUITABLE to all farms; 25 years in business; largest tobacco seed farm in the world. Reputation of our seeds second to none. Catalogue mailed free. Larger number of improved varieties than can be found in any other 1st and at lower prices. R. L. RAGLAND SEED CO., Hyco, Halifax Co., Va.

BNU 3

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

Tied Down
—the woman who doesn't use Pearline. She's tied to her work, and tired with it, too. Pearline makes another woman of her. It washes and cleans in half the time, with half the work. Nothing can be hurt by it, and every thing is saved with it. **Pearline does away with the Rub, Rub, Rub. Pearline does more than soap; soap gives you more to do.**

Beware Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you, "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled, if your grocer sends you an imitation, be honest—*send it back.* 230 JAMES PYLE, New York.