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The Cost of It.

During the protective Administration of President Harrison the National debt was decreased by $244,816,890. During twenty-one months of the free trade Administration of President Cleveland the National debt has been increased by $100,000,000.

Dump the Trash.

Australian Wool Active.

The latest advices from the Australian wool market, December 11, 1894, show that during the previous four weeks "a very large business has been transacted." We are told that "the competition, with one or two trivial exceptions," was keen, especially for the good wools. There was an improved feeling "in the best merino growths," which are now receiving more attention, and "a stronger and more consistent demand" has been experienced for them. These are the growth of wool of which it is reported that "the American buyers have purchased largely."

No Free Ships.

What ails the Free Ships bill? continually asks the New York Herald. Nothing ails it; it has simply been consigned where it belongs—into the Congressional waste basket.

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CURIOUS FACTS.

Stammering is practically unknown among uncivilized people.

"He has eaten his last rice," say the Chinese when they wish to imply that a man's end is near.

For sneezing in a San Francisco theatre and resisting arrest T. C. Simpson was fined $40.

The recent murder in Gorham, Me., was the first that occurred there since it was incorporated, 158 years ago.

The tobacco cultivated by the Indians west of the Mississippi was a low spreading plant, with white flowers.

Justice Crossley, of Trenton, N. J., has fined his own father $2 for having neglected to remove the snow from his sidewalk.

Stockings were first worn in Italy in the year 1100. Before that period it was customary to swathe the feet and legs in bandages.

The ex-Empress Eugenie, of France, is the only royal personage who has made a balloon ascent besides Queen Christina, of Sweden.

Nearly 200 tons of deal board are utilized annually in skewering the ha'porths of cats' meat which is the fate of 26,000 London horses every year.

Japanese shops are never large, scarcely more than little alcoves open from the street. There is nothing corresponding to our general store in Japan.

The first antiquarian to take an interest in the Roman catacombs was Father Bosio, who spent more than thirty years in exploring their recesses.

Queen Victoria knows what it is to eat juicy American apples. Every year a lot of the choicest picked fruit is sent to her from Albemarle County, Virginia.

In Edward IV's time a lady with a wen on her neck covered it by a patch. From that time patches became the mode. A hundred years later they were cut into all sorts of fantastic figures—owls, rings, suns, moons and even a coach and horse.

The Great Baltimore Tunnel.

The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad tunnel has just been completed under the city of Baltimore. Its length is about seven miles, there being double tracks the whole length of the line and four tracks on the same level for a small part. For 8350 feet the tunnel lies beneath Howard street, one of the most important in the city, lined **on either** side by buildings six and eight stories high, and the surface of which is used by a cable road and by lines of electric and horse cars. Howard street is eighty-two feet wide, except at the northern end of the tunnel, where it is contracted to seventy-two feet. The top of the tunnel is from three feet six inches to forty feet below the top of the pavement. The excavations were through hard rock, sand, gravel and Fuller's earth, and pockets of quicksand and water were struck, so that every condition was encountered and overcome.

The width of most of the tunnel is forty-six feet. The roof is of iron girder construction, with buckle plates overlaid with concrete and a covering of sand. The total thickness of the roof, including the pavement, is four feet ten inches. At some sections the roof of the tunnel is just beneath the cable trench.

What is of particular interest in the operation of this road is the use of electricity as a motive power. Electric engines weighing ninety-five tons haul all trains. There is a grade of .8 in some sections of the tunnel. These engines will run fifty miles an hour and are as powerful as steam locomotives. The weight is on eight driving wheels, sixty-two inches in diameter.

They are the largest electric engines ever built. The motors are of the gearless type, with a current of 2700 amperes under a pressure of 700 volts.

Electric locomotives have been successsul before this. In 1891 the largest one built up to that time weighed twenty-one and a half tons, with driving wheels forty-two inches in diameter. The progress in four years in the construction of these engines has thus been remarkable.

The tunnel in Baltimore has been built by the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad to pass its New York and Washington trains, passenger and freight, through the city without ferrying them, as has heretofore been necessary.—Washington Star.

A Future Mining Possibility.

A Frenchman who has been traveling in this country says in Le Temps that what struck him most in the United States was the American habit of filling the teeth with gold. About $500,000 worth of gold is thus used every year, he says, all of which of course, is buried. So he figures that at the end of three centuries the cemeteries of America will contain gold to the value of $150,000,000. "I am afraid," he adds, "that this will prove too tempting to the practical mind of the future American, and we shall see the day when companies will be organized to mine the cemeteries and recover the gold secreted in the jaws of dead ancestors." The writer then goes on and figures on the average amount of gold in the teeth of each dead person. He has evidently been consulting the record of vital statistics, for he says that 875,000 people died in the United States in 1889. This would bring the value of the gold in each person's teeth to an average of about 65¾ cents, and he thinks that in well-crowded cemeteries the mining of this gold could be carried on profitably, despite the small average value.—Chicago Herald.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "A Snowy Day."

TEXT: "He went down and slew a lion in a pit in a snowy day."—I Chronicles xi., 22.

Have you ever heard of him? His name was Benaiah. He was a man of stout muscle and of great avoirdupois. His father was a hero, and he inherited prowess. He was athletic, and there was iron in his blood, and the strongest bone in his body was backbone. He is known for other wonders besides that of the text. An Egyptian five cubits in stature, or about seven feet nine inches high, was moving around in braggadocio and flourishing a great spear, careless as to whom he killed, and Benaiah of my text, with nothing but a walking stick, came upon him, snatched the spear from the Egyptian, and with one thrust of its sharp edge put an end to the blatant bully, which makes us think of the story in our Greek lesson, too hard for us if the smarter boy on the same bench had not helped us out with it, in which Horatius the Macedonian and Dioxippus the Athenian fought in the presence of Alexander, the Macedonian armed with shield and sword and javelin and the Athenian with nothing but a club. The Macedonian hurled the javelin, but the Athenian successfully dodged it, and the Macedonian lifted the spear, but the Athenian with the club broke it, and the Macedonian drew the sword, but the Athenian tripped him up before he could strike with it, and then the Athenian with his club would have beaten the life out of the Macedonian, fallen among his useless weapons, if Alexander had not commanded, "Stop! Stop!"

But Benaiah of the text is about to do something that will eclipse even that. There is trouble in all the neighborhood. Lambs are carried off in the night, and children venturing only a little way from their father's house are found mangled and dead. The fact is the land was infested with lions, and few people dared meet one of these grizzly beasts, much less corner or attack it. As a good Providence would have it, one morning a footstep of a lion was tracked in the snow. It had been out on its devouring errand through the darkness, but at last it is found by the impression of the four paws on the white surface of the ground which way the wild beast came and which way it had gone. Perilous undertaking, but Benaiah, the hero of the text, arms himself with such weapons as those early days afforded, gunpowder having been invented in a far subsequent century by the German monk Bertholdus Schwarz. Therefore without gun or any kind of firearms, Benaiah of the text no doubt depended on the sharp steel edge for his own defense and the slaughter of the lion as he followed the track through the snow. It may have been a javelin; it may have been only a knife. But what Benaiah lacks in weapons he will make up in strength of arm and skill of stroke. But where is the lion. We must not get off his track in the snow. The land has many cisterns, or pits, for catching rain, the rainfall being very scarce at certain seasons, and hence these cisterns, or reservoirs, are digged here and there and yonder. Lions have an instinct which seems to tell them when they are pursued, and this dread monster of which I speak retreats into one of these cisterns which happened to be free of water and is there panting from the long run and licking its jaws after a repast of human flesh and after quaffing the red vintage of human blood.

Benaiah is all alert and comes cautiously on toward the hiding place of this terror of the fields. Coming to the verge of the pit, he looks down at the lion, and the lion looks up at him. What a moment it was when their eyes clashed! But while a modern Du Chaillu, Gordon Cumming or Sir Samuel Baker or David Livingstone would have just brought the gun to the shoulder, and held the eye against the barrel, and blazed away into the depths, and finished the beast, Benaiah, with only the old time weapon, can do nothing until he gets on a level with the beast, and so he jumps into the pit, and the lion, with shining teeth of rage and claws lifted to tear to shreds the last vestige of human life, springs for the man, while Benaiah springs for the beast. But the quick stroke of the steel edge flashed again and again and again until the snow was no longer white and the right foot of triumphant Benaiah is half covered with the tawny mane of the slain horror of Palestine.

Now you see how emphatic and tragic and tremendous are the words of my text, "He went down and slew a lion in a pit in a snowy day." Why put that in the Bible? Why put it twice in the Bible, once in the book of Samuel and here in the book of Chronicles? Oh, the practical lessons are so many for you and for me! What a cheer in this subject for all those of you who are in conjunction of hostile circumstances. Three things were against Benaiah of my text in the moment of combat, the snow that impeded his movement, the pit that environed him in a small space, and the lion, with open jaws and uplifted paw. And yet I hear the shout of Benaiah's victory. Oh, men and women of three troubles, you say, "I could stand one, and I think I could stand two, but three are are least one too many."

There is a man in business perplexity and who has sickness in his family, and old age is coming on. Three troubles—a lion, a pit and snowy day. There is a good woman with failing health and a dissipated husband and a wayward boy—three troubles. There is a young man, salary cut down, bad cough, frowning future—three troubles. There is a maiden with difficult school lessons she cannot get, a face that is not as attractive as some of her schoolmates', a prospect that through hard times she must quit school before she graduates—three troubles. There is an author, his manuscript rejected, his power of origination in decadence, a numbness in forefinger and thumb, which threatens paralysis—three troubles. There is a reporter of fine taste sent to report a pugilism instead of an oratorio, the copy he hands in rejected because the paper is full, a mother to support on small income—three troubles. I could march right off these seats and across this platform, if they would come at my call, 500 people with three troubles. This is the opportunity to play the hero or the heroine, not on a small stage, with a few hundred people to clap their approval, but with all the galleries of heaven filled with sympathetic and applauding spectators, for we are "surrounded by a great cloud of witnesses." My brother, my sister, my father, my mother, what a chance you have! While you are in the struggle, if you only have the grace of Christ to listen, a voice parts the heavens, saying, "My grace is sufficient for thee," "Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth," "You shall be more than conquerors." And that reminds me of a letter on my table written by some one whom I suppose to be at this moment present, saying, "My dear, dear doctor, you will please pardon the writer for asking that at some time when you feel like it you kindly preach from the thirtieth Psalm, fifth verse, 'Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning,' and much oblige a downtown business man."

So to all downtown business men and to all uptown business men I say: If you have on hand goods that you cannot sell and debtors who will not or cannot pay, and you are also suffering from uncertainty as to what the imbecile American Congress will do about the tariff, you have three troubles, and enough to bring you within the range of the consolation of my text, where you find the triumph of Benaiah over a lion, and a pit and a snowy day. If you have only one trouble I cannot spend any time with you to-day. You must have at least three, and then remember how many have triumphed over such a triad of misfortune. Paul had three troubles: Sanhedrin denouncing him—that was one great trouble; physical infirmity, which he called "a thorn in the flesh," and although we know not what the thorn was, we do know from the figure he used that it must have been something that stuck him—that was the second trouble: approaching martyrdom—that made the three troubles. Yet hear what he says, "If I had only one misfortune, I could stand that, but three are two too many?" No. I misinterpret. He says: "Sorrowful, yet always rejoicing. Poor, yet making many rich. Having nothing, yet possessing all things." "Thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

David had three troubles, a bad boy, a temptation to dissoluteness and dethronement. What does he say? "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in time of trouble. Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be cast into the midst of the sea."

John Wesley had three troubles—defamation by mobs, domestic infelicity, fatigue from more sermons preached and more miles traveled than almost any man of his time. What does he say? "The best of all is, God is with us." And when his poet brother, Charles Wesley, said to him, "Brother John, if the Lord were to give me wings, I'd fly," John's reply was, "Brother Charles, if the Lord told me to fly, I'd do it and leave Him to find the wings."

George Whitefield had three troubles—rejection from the pulpits of England because he was too dramatic—that was one trouble; strabismus, or the crossing of his eyes, that subjected him to the caricature of all the small wits of the day; vermin and dead animals thrown at him while he preached on the commons—that made three troubles. Nevertheless, his sermons were so buoyant that a little child, dying soon after hearing him preach, said in the intervals of pain, "Let me go to Mr. Whitefield's God." Oh, I am so glad that Benaiah of my text was not the only one who triumphed over a lion in a pit on a snowy day.

Notice in my text a victory over bad weather. It was a snowy day, when one's vitality is at a low ebb and the spirits are naturally depressed and one does not feel like undertaking a great enterprise, when Benaiah rubs his hands together to warm them by extra friction, or trashes his arms around him to revive circulation of the blood, and then goes at the lion, which was all the more fierce and ravenous, because of the sharp weather. Inspiration here admits atmospheric hindrance. The snowy day at Valley Forge well nigh put an end to the struggle for American independence. The snowy day demolished Napoleon's army on the way from Moscow.

The inclemency of January and February weather has some years bankrupted thousands of merchants. Long succession of stormy Sabbaths has crippled innumerable churches. Lighthouses veiled by the snow on many a coast have failed to warn off from the rocks the doomed frigate. Tens of thousands of Christians of nervous temperament by the depression of a snowy day almost despair of reaching heaven. Yet in that style of weather Benaiah of the text achieved his most celebrated victory, and let us by the grace of God become victor over influences atmospheric. If we are happy only when the wind blows from the clear northwest, and the thermometer is above freezing point, and the sky is an inverted blue cup of sunshine poured all over us, it is a religion 95 per cent. off. Thank God there are Christians who, though their whole life through sickness has been a snowy day, have killed every lion of despondency that dared to put its cruel paw against their suffering pillow. It was a snowy day when the Pilgrim Fathers set foot not on a bank of flowers, but on the cold New England rock, and from a ship that might have been more appropriately called after a December hurricane than after a "Mayflower" they took possession of this great continent. And amid more chilly worldly circumstances many a good man or a good woman has taken possession of a whole continent of spiritual satisfaction, valleys of peace and rivers of gladness and mountains of joy. Christ landed in our world not in the month of May, but in the stormy month of December, to show that we might have Christ in winter weather and on a snowy day.

Notice everything down in the pit that snowy day depended upon Benaiah's weapon. There was as much strength in one muscle of that lion as in all the muscles of both arms of Benaiah. It is the strongest of beasts, and has been known to carry off an ox. Its tongue is so rough that it acts as a rasp tearing off the flesh in licks. The two great canines at each side of the mouth make escape impossible for anything it has once seized. Yet Benaiah puts his heel on the neck of this "king of beasts." Was it a dagger? Was it a javelin? Was it a knife? I cannot tell, but everything depended on it. But for that Benaiah's body under one crunch of the monster would have been left limp and tumbled in the snow. And when you and I go into the fight with temptation, if we have not the right kind of weapon, instead of our slaying the lion the lion will slay us. The sword of the Spirit! Nothing in earth or hell can stand before that. Victory with that, or no victory at all. By that I mean prayer to God, confidence in His rescuing power, saving grace, almighty deliveran[illegible] I do not care what you call it. I call [illegible] of the Spirit." And if the [illegible] the jungles of perdition should at once spring upon your soul by that weapon of heavenly metal you can thrust them back and cut them down, and stab them through and leave them powerless at your feet. Your good resolution wielded against the powers which assault you is a toy pistol against an Armstrong gun; is a penknife held out against the brandished sabers of a Heintzelman's cavalry charge. Go into the fight against sin on your own strength, and the result will be the hot breath of the lion in your blanched face, and his front paws one on each lung. Alas! for the man not fully armed down in the pit on a snowy day, and before him a lion!

All my hearers and readers have a big fight of some sort on hand, but the biggest and the wrathiest lion which you have to fight is what the Bible calls "the roaring lion who walketh about, seeking whom he may devour." Now, you have never seen a real lion unless you have seen him in India or Africa, just after capture. Long caging breaks his spirit, and the constant presence of human beings tames him. But you ought to see him spring against the iron bars in the zoological gardens of Calcutta and hear him roar for the prey. It makes one's blood curdle, and you shrink back, although you know there is no peril. Plenty of lions in olden time. Six hundred of them were slaughtered on one occasion in the presence of Pompey in the Roman amphitheater. Lions came out and destroyed the camels which carried the baggage of Xerxes' army. In Bible times there were so many lions that they are frequently alluded to in the Scriptures. Joel, the prophet, describes the "cheek teeth" of a great lion, and Isaiah mentions among the attractions of heaven that "no lion shall be there," and Amos speaks of a shepherd taking a lamb's ear out of the mouth of a lion, and Solomon describes the righteous as "bold as a lion," and Daniel was a great lion tamer, and David and Jeremiah and St. John often speak of this creature.

But most am I impressed by what I have quoted from the Apostle Peter when he calls the devil a lion. That means strength. That means bloodthirstiness. That means cruelty. That means destruction. Some of you have felt the strength of his paw, and the sharpness of his tooth, and the horror of his rage. Yes, he is a savage devil. He roared at everything good when Lord Claverhouse assailed the Covenanters, and Bartholomew against the Huguenots one August night when the bell tolled for the butchery to begin, and the ghastly joke in the street was, "Blood letting is good in August," and 50,000 assassin knives were plunged into the victims, and this monster has had under his paw many of the grandest souls of all time, and fattened with the spoils of centuries he comes for you.

But I am glad to say to all of you who have got the worst in such a struggle that there is a lion on our side if you want him, Revelation v., 5, "The lion of Judah's tribe." A Lamb to us, but a lion to meet that other lion, and you can easily guess who will beat in that fight, and who will be beaten. When two opposing lions meet in a jungle in India, you cannot tell which will overcome and which will be overcome. They glare at each other for a moment, and then with full strength of muscle they dash against each other like two thunderbolts of colliding stormclouds, and with jaws like the crush of avalanches, and with a resounding voice that makes the Himalayas tremble, and with a pull and tear and clutch and trample and shaking of the head from side to side until it is too much for human endurance to witness, and, though one lion may be left dead, the one which has conquered crawls away lacerated and gashed and lame and eyeless to bleed to death in an adjoining jungle. But if you and I feel enough our weakness in this battle of temptation and ask for the divine help against that old lion of hell, described in St. Peter, will go to the stronger lion described in Revelation, and it will be no uncertain grapple, but under one omnipotent stroke the devouring monster that would slay our soul shall go reeling back into a pit 10,000 times deeper than that in which Benaiah slew the lion on a snowy day.

A word to all who are in a snowy day. Oh, fathers and mothers who have lost children, that is the weather that cuts through body and soul. But drive back the lion of bereavement with the thought which David Rae, of Edinburgh, got from the Scotch gravedigger, who was always planting white clover and the sweetest flowers on the children's graves in the cemetery, and when asked why he did so replied: "Surely, sir, I canna make ower fine the bed coverin o' a little innocent sleeper that's waitin there till it's God's time to waken it, and cover it with the white robe, and waft it away to glory. When sic grandeur is waitin it yonder, it's fit it should be decked oot here. I think the Saviour that counts its dust sae precious will like to see the white clover sheet spread ower it. Do ye noo think so, too, sir?" Cheer up all, disconsolates. The best work for God and humanity has been done on the snowy day. At gloomy Marine Terrace, island of Jersey, the exile, Victor Hugo, wrought the mightiest achievements of his pen. Ezekiel, banished and bereft and an invalid at Cornhill, on the banks of Chebar, had his momentous vision of the cherubim and wheels within wheels. By the dim light of a dungeon window at Bedford, John Bunyan sketches the "Delectable Mountains." Milton writes the greatest poem of all time without eyes. Michael Angelo carved a statue out of snow, and all Florence gazed in raptures at its exquisiteness, and many of God's servants have out of the cold cut their immortality. Persecutions were the dark background that made more impressive the courage and consecration of Savonarola, who, when threatened with denial of burial, said, "Throw me into the Arno if you choose; the resurrection day will find me, and that is enough. Benaiah on a cold damp, cutting, snowy day gained leonine triumph. Hardship and trouble have again and again exalted and inspired and glorified their subjects.

The bush itself has mounted higher
And flourished unconsumed in fire.

Well, we have had many snowy days within the past month, and added to the chill of the weather was the chilling dismay at the nonarrival of the ocean steamer Gascogne. Overdue for eight days, many had given her up as lost, and the most hopeful were very anxious. The cyclones, whose play is shipwrecks, had been reported being in wildest romp all up and down the Atlantic. The ocean a few days before had swallowed the Elbe, and with unappeased appetite seemed saying, "Give us more of the best shipping." The Normandie came in on the same track the Gascogne was to travel, and it had not seen her. The Teutonic, saved almost by the superhuman efforts of captain and crew, came in and had heard no gun of distress from that missing steamer. There were pale faces and wringing hands on both continents, and tears rolled down cold cheeks on those snowy days. We all feared that the worst had happened and talked of the City of Boston as never heard of after sailing, and the steamship President, on which the brilliant Cookman sailed, never reported and never to be heard of again until the time when the sea gives up its dead. But at last, under most powerful glass at Fire Island, a ship was seen limping this way over the waters. Then we all began to hope that it might be the missing French liner. Three hours of tedious and agonizing waiting and two continents in suspense. When will the eyeglasses at Fire Island make revelation of this awful mystery of the sea? There it is! Ha, ha! The Gascogne! Quick! Wire the news to the city! Swing the flags out on the towers! Ring the bells! Sound the whistles of the shipping all the way up from Sandy Hook to New York Battery! "She's safe! She's safe!" are the words caught up and passed on from street to street. "It is the Gascogne!" is the cry sounding through all our delighted homes and thrilling all the telegraphic wires of the continent and all the cables under the sea, and the huzza on the wharf as the gangplanks were swung out for disembarkation was a small part of the huzza that lifted both hemispheres into exultation. The flakes of snow fell on the "extra" as we opened it on the street to get the latest particulars.

Well, it will be better than that when some of you are seen entering the harbor of heaven. You have had a rough voyage. No mistake about that. Snowy day after snowy day. Again and again the machinery of health and courage broke down, and the waves of temptation have swept clear over the hurricane deck, so that you were often compelled to say, "All Thy waves and Thy billows have gove over me," and you were down in the trough of that sea and down in the trough of the other sea, and many despaired of your safe arrival. But the great Pilot, not one who must come off from some other craft, but the one who walked storm swept Galilee and now walks the wintry Atlantic, comes on board and heads you for the haven, when no sooner have you passed the narrows of death than you find all the banks lined with immortals celebrating your arrival, and while some break off palm branches from the banks and wave them those standing on one side will chant, "There shall be no more sea," and those standing on the other side will chant, "These are they which came out of great tribulation and had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb." Off of the stormy sea into the smooth harbor. Out of leonine struggle in the pit to guidance by the Lamb, who shall lead you to living fountains of water. Out of the snowy day of earthly severities into the gardens of everlasting flora and into orchards of eternal fruitage, the fall of their white blossoms the only snow in heaven.

MARKETS.

BALTIMORE.

GRAIN, ETC.		
FLOUR—Balto. Best Pat.$		@ $ 3 85
High Grade Extra		3 25
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	55	58
CORN—No. 2 White	48	49
OATS—Southern & Penn.	35	35½
RYE—No. 2	56	57
HAY—Choice Timothy	13 00	13 50
Good to Prime	12 50	13 00
STRAW—Rye in car lds.	10 50	11 50
Wheat Blocks	6 00	7 00
Oat Blocks	7 50	8 00
CANNED GOODS.		
TOMATOES—Stnd. No. 3.$		@ $ 65
No. 2		60
PEAS—Standards		1 00
Seconds		95
CORN—Dry Pack		85
Moist		75
HIDES.		
CITY STEERS $	6½ @ $	7
City Cows	4½	4¾
Southern No. 2	3½	3¾
POTATOES & VEGETABLES.		
POTATOES—Burbanks..$	70 @ $	75
ONIONS	70	75
PROVISIONS.		
HOGSPRODUCTS—shlds.$	@ $	7
Clear ribsides		7¼
Hams	10¼	10¾
Mess Pork, per bar		14 00
LARD—Crude		6
Best refined		8
BUTTER.		
BUTTER—Fine Crmy $	25 @ $	26
Under fine	23	24
Creamery Rolls	22	23
CHEESE.		
CHEESE—N.Y. Fancy $	12 @ $	12¼
N. Y. flats	12¼	12½
Skim Cheese	6	8
EGGS.		
EGGS—State $	27 @ $	28
North Carolina	20	21
LIVE POULTRY.		
CHICKENS—Hens $	12 @ $	14
Ducks, per lb	12	13
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 75 @ $	5 00
Good to Fair	4 25	4 50
SHEEP	2 00	3 75
Hogs	4 50	4 96
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	56⅞	58⅜
RYE—Western	48	50
CORN—No. 2	48⅝	49⅝
OATS—No. 3	33¾	33⅞
BUTTER—State	11	23
EGGS—State	30½	32½
CHEESE—State	9	11½

PHILADELPHIA.

FLOUR—Southern $	3 60 @ $	4 00
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	57½	57⅝
CORN—No. 3	46¾	47
OATS—N. 2	36	36
BUTTER—State	25	28
EGGS—Penns. ft	30	31

CHEAP WOOL KILLS COTTON.

People Buy Woolen Goods as Cheap as Good Cottons.

While the cotton planters of the South are combining to reduce the wages of the labor which they employ, and have to accept 3¼ and four cents per pound for their cotton, we would suggest to them to consider how great are the benefits which they are deriving from free wool.

Free wool was to be of untold benefit to the American people. It was to supply them with cheaper clothing. It undoubtedly has done so, the cost of the cheapest woolen goods being reduced to such an extent that it is now almost on a level with the value of cotton goods.

We would suggest for the consideration of the cotton growers, whether any person in need of wearing apparel would not prefer, at the same or even at a slightly higher price, to buy garments made of wool or in which there is a mixture of wool rather than of all cotton. In the Northern and Eastern sections, where warm clothing is necessary during the greater part of the year, the poorer people are now spending their money for woolen goods where they used to buy mostly-cottons, because they could not afford the higher prices of the woolens.

Another point of interest to the Southern planters is that the very heavy importations of woolen goods consist for the most part of the cheapest possible kind of stuff that can be put together. These cheap woolen goods are not of American make, but of English make. They check the sale of cotton goods, and they further deprive the people working in our woolen factories of the opportunity of earning a living, thus again diminishing the demand for cotton goods through the inability of these people to purchase.

Free wool is not altogether an unmixed blessing. It has ruined thousands of farmers who are not just now buying cotton, woolen or any other kind of goods. It has deprived many woolen workers of their livelihood. It has increased the importation of foreign woolen goods of such a cheap character that in many sections of the country they are being bought instead of the cotton goods which the poorer classes could only afford to purchase. The combination of these evils is reflected in the low price of cotton, which goes home directly to the people of the South, most of whom have long been clamoring for free trade. They are now experiencing but the nearest approach to free trade. Do they want more of it?

It Makes Johnnie Smile.

A Dead Cut.

Farmers Feel the Benefit.

In 1880 the freight on a barrel of flour from St. Louis to New York, by rail, was eighty-four cents. In 1893 it was only fifty-seven cents—a reduction of twenty-seven cents per barrel within thirteen years, as the result of protection to our coal, iron and steel industries.

Jackdaws in Schoolyards.

Birds are not long in learning where food is to be found. Gulls follow in the wake of ships, and crows in the wake the plow. A European writer mentions an interesting habit of the jackdaws, which live in towers and belfries.

Many of us, in our school-days, must have admired the manner in which the jackdaws distinguished the significance of the different school bells. In general, they do not mind the bell-ringing. It is nothing to them, and they go on with whatever they happen to be doing. Not so with the bells which mark the beginning and the end of recreation time.

When the bell strikes for recess the jackdaws abandon the playgrounds, even before a single pupil is in sight. Then at the first stroke of the bell that calls the scholars back to the schoolroom, down came the jackdaws in all haste. Each wishes to be the first, that it may have the first chance at any crumbs that the boys may have scattered.

The boys have not all gone in, but no matter. They will have no time now to molest the birds, and so need not be dreaded.

March April May
Are the Best Months in Which to
Purify Your Blood
And the Best Blood Purifier is
Hood's Sarsaparilla
Which Purifies, Vitalizes and Enriches the Blood

At this season everyone should take a good spring medicine. Your blood must be purified or you will be neglecting your health. There is a cry from Nature for help, and unless there is prompt and satisfactory response you will be liable to serious illness.

This demand can only be met by the purifying, enriching and

Blood-Vitalizing

elements to be found in Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"My mother-in-law, Mrs. Elizabeth Wolfe, at the age of 72 years, was attacked with a violent form of salt rheum; it spread all over her body, and her hands and limbs were dreadful to look at. At the same time, my little daughter Clara, who was just one year old, was attacked by a similar disease, like scrofula. It appeared in

Large Sores

under each side of her neck; had the attendance of the family physician and other doctors for a long time, but seemed to grow worse. I read of many people cured of scrofula by Hood's Sarsaparilla. As soon as we gave Hood's Sarsaparilla to Clara, she began to get better, and before the first bottle was gone, the sores entirely healed up and there has never been any sign of the disease since. She is a

Healthy Robust Child.

Her grandmother took Hood's Sarsaparilla at the same time, and the salt rheum decreased in its violence and a perfect cure was soon effected. It took about three months for her cure, and she ascribes her good health and strength at her advanced age to Hood's Sarsaparilla. It has certainly been a Godsend to my family." MRS. SOPHIA WOLFE, Zaleski, Ohio

Hood's and only Hood's

Told Him to Never Sleep.

Charles M. Kneippe of Painesville, O., said he was in a cell at the Harrison street, Chicago, police station last night only as a blind. He would there, he explained, have the opportunity to look over the prisoners that he had longed for many months. Kneippe was arrested by Officer McGovern for making trouble on a Wabash avenue street car, the conductor refusing to honor a pass rudely written on a scrap of an envelope and addressed generally to all street car conductors in this wide land. Kneippe protested that he had come from Painesville, where he had worked as a deputy sheriff, and intended to get work as a detective from a private agency. He grimaced grotesquely in order to prove that he could entirely conceal his identity without the use of disguises. Kneippe has been victimized by a "fake" detective agency in St. Louis, which sent him a tin star and engrossed commission in return for $3, with the advice "never to sleep." Kneippe told how he trained himself to keep awake. He is now insane. He was arrested a few days ago, but released by the city physician, who thought him a harmless monomaniac.

The Populist.

Why shouldn't there be a third party? It is true they disturb the smooth running of the regular organizations and sometimes overturn elections, but what is popular is founded on merit: As for instance, among all the remedies used for sprains and bruises, St. Jacobs Oil is the most popular because it is known to be the best; hence it is the Populist in medicine. The more because it cures so promptly and surely. There is no crippling from sprain where this old remedy is used. It imparts new life and strength and the pain vanishes. Truly it is a Populist.

A man likes best to be with those who are most indulgent with him.

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.
F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.
WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.
WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

Don't go untidy on the plea that everybody knows you.

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

Abuse a man unjustly, and you will make friends for him.

Use of Coal Oil.

One hundred years ago coal oil was unknown. It was first made use of as an ointment for rheumatism.

Not an Experiment.

The use of Ripans Tabules for headaches, dyspepsia and other stomach disorders is not an experiment but an assured success. They will do all that we say they will.

The less a man talks the more time he has to think.

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

Don't underrate anything because you possess it.

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

A waste of time is about as bad as a waste of money.

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

Lack of desire is one of the greatest riches.

LITTLE PAINS
MAKE
SERIOUS ILLNESS
if not attended to in time. When **HEADACHE, DIZZINESS** and other symptoms tell of functional disturbance in the system, the prompt use of
R·I·P·A·N·S TABULES
Will prevent much suffering.
This grand remedy cures
DYSPEPSIA, CONSTIPATION, BILIOUSNESS, AND KINDRED AILMENTS.
ONE GIVES RELIEF.

W. L. DOUGLAS
$3 SHOE IS THE BEST. FIT FOR A KING.
$5. CORDOVAN, FRENCH & ENAMELLED CALF.
$4.00 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.

Chickens EARN Money
IF YOU GIVE THEM HELP.

You cannot do this unless you understand them and know how to cater to their requirements; and you cannot spend years and dollars learning by experience, so you must buy the knowledge acquired by others. We offer this to you for only 25 cents.

YOU WANT THEM TO PAY THEIR OWN WAY,

even if you merely keep them as a diversion. In order to handle Fowls judiciously, you must know something about them. To meet this want we are selling a book giving the experience of a *practical* poultry raiser for twenty-five years. **(Only 25c.** It was written by a man who put all his mind, and time, and money to making a success of Chicken raising—not as a pastime, but as a business—and if you will profit by his twenty-five years' work, you can save many Chicks annually,

"*Game Chickens.*"

and make your Fowls earn dollars for you. The point is, that you must be able to detect trouble in the Poultry Yard as soon as it appears, and know how to remedy it. This book will teach you.

It tells how to detect and cure disease; to feed for eggs and also for fattening; which fowls to save for breeding purposes; and everything, indeed, you should know on this subject to make it profitable. Sent postpaid for twenty-five cents in stamps.

Book Publishing House,
134 LEONARD ST., N. Y. City.

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50 cent bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N. Y.

A HORSE OWNER ought to think enough of his animal to wish to be able to care for it properly in health and sickness. It is money out of his pocket if he does not. To accomplish this result we offer our **One Hundred Page Illustrated Horse Book** for 25 cents. It teaches you to pick out a good Horse; know imperfections and so guard against fraud; detect disease and effect a cure when same is possible; tell the age by the teeth; what to call the different parts of the animal; how to shoe a Horse properly, etc., etc.

All this and other valuable information can be obtained by reading our One Hundred Page Illustrated Horse Book, which we will forward, post-paid, on receipt of price in stamps. Assuredly the Horse is too good a friend to man to be neglected for want of knowledge which can be procured for only twenty-five cents. BOOK PUBLISHING HOUSE, 134 Leonard St., N.Y. City.

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Raphael, Angelo, Rubens, Ta

The "LINENE" are the Best and Most Economical Collars and Cuffs worn; they are made of 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,
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BNU 9

PISO'S CURE FOR
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CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
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—the fact that easy w has been made safe. Pearline came, it was ous. Pearline takes aw danger as it takes aw work. There is n ing and scrub wear things ou is no trouble in keeping thing Pearline is better than soap soap, you need hard work; for ea you need Pearline.

Beware Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers w "this is as good as" or "the same as Pea FALSE—Pearline is never peddled, if your gro you an imitation, be honest—*send it back.* 290 JAMES PY

ROBERT B. DIXON & CO.
HEADQUARTERS FOR
Lumber & Building Material,
North Carolina Locust Posts, Very Extra Cypress Shingles,
FENCING, Both Hemlock and North Carolina.
—DEALERS IN—
Anthracite and Cumberland Coals and Fertilizers.
We are selling the above at lowest prices to suit the times.

LUMBER.
GEO. F. SLOAN & BRO.
414 LIGHT STREET WHARF, BALTIMORE, MD.
We offer you, delivered to Wharf or Depot in Baltimore:
1 inch Yellow Pine Boards, (Edge) $12.50 per M.
1 " Worked Yellow Pine Flooring, 15.00 "
6x20 Sawed Cypress Shingles, - 6.00 "
These goods are excellent value for the money. We have higher grades at higher prices.
If you wish prices on other goods, write us and we will reply promptly.
SASH, DOORS, BLINDS, Etc.
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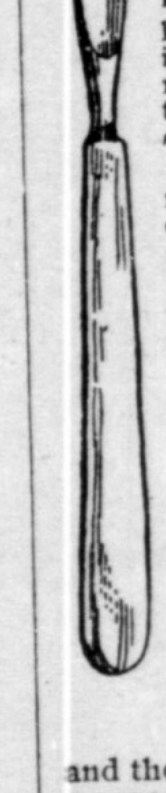

A SURGEON'S KNIFE

gives you a feeling of horror and dread. There is no longer necessity for its use in many diseases formerly regarded as incurable without cutting. The

Triumph of Conservative Surgery

is well illustrated by the fact that

RUPTURE or Breach is now *radically* cured without the knife and without pain. Clumsy, chafing trusses can be thrown away! They never cure but often induce inflammation, strangulation and death.

TUMORS Ovarian, Fibroid (Uterine) and many others, are now removed without the perils of cutting operations.

PILE TUMORS, however large, Fistula and other diseases of the lower bowel, are permanently cured without pain or resort to the knife.

STONE in the Bladder, no matter how large, is crushed, pulverized, washed out and perfectly removed without cutting.

STRICTURE of Urinary Passage is also removed without cutting in hundreds of cases. For pamphlet, references and all particulars, send 10 cents (in stamps) to World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

MOTHERS

and those soon to become mothers, should know that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription robs childbirth of its tortures, terrors and dangers to both mother and child, by aiding nature in preparing the system for parturition. Thereby "labor" and the period of confinement are greatly shortened. It also promotes the secretion of an abundance of nourishment for the child.

MRS. DORA A. GUTHRIE, of *Oakley, Overton Co., Tenn.*, writes: "When I began taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, I was not able to stand on my feet without suffering almost death. Now I do all my housework, washing, cooking, sewing and everything for my family of eight. I am stouter now than I have been in six years. Your 'Favorite Prescription' is the best to take before confinement, or at least it proved so with me. I never suffered so little with any of my children as I did with my last."

Accept None of the Pretended Substitutes for
Royal Baking Powder

BECAUSE inferior and cheaper made baking preparations are bought at wholesale at a price so much lower than ROYAL, some grocers are urging consumers to use them in place of the ROYAL *at the same retail price.*

If you desire to try any of the pretended substitutes for ROYAL BAKING POWDER bear in mind that they are all made from cheaper and inferior ingredients, and are not so great in leavening strength nor of equal money value. Pay the price of the ROYAL BAKING POWDER for the ROYAL only.

It is still more important, however, that ROYAL BAKING POWDER is purer and more wholesome, and makes better, finer, and more healthful food than any other baking powder or preparation.

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