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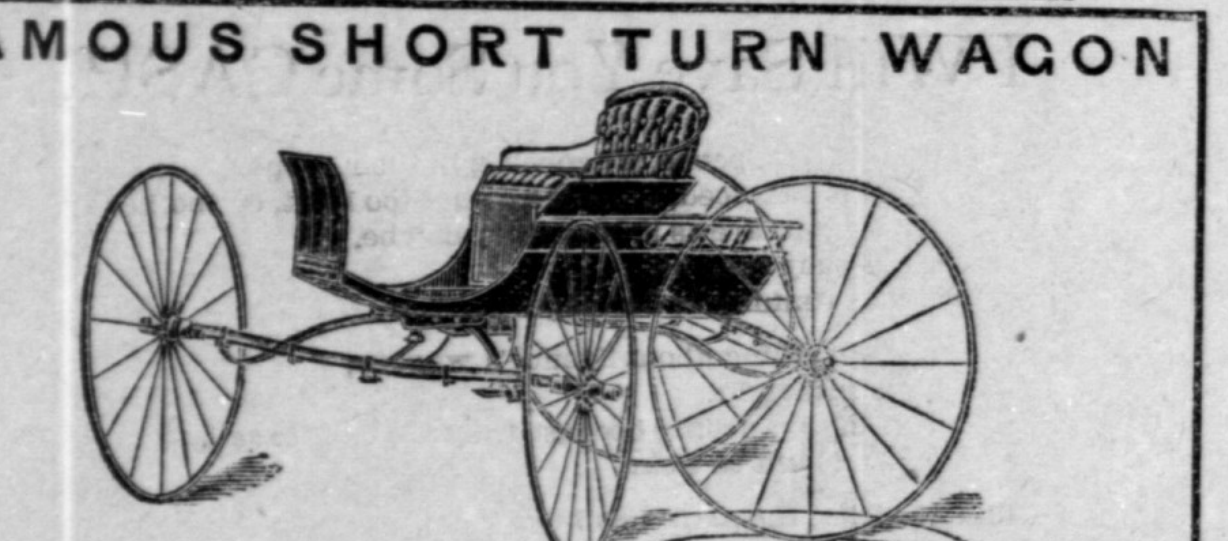

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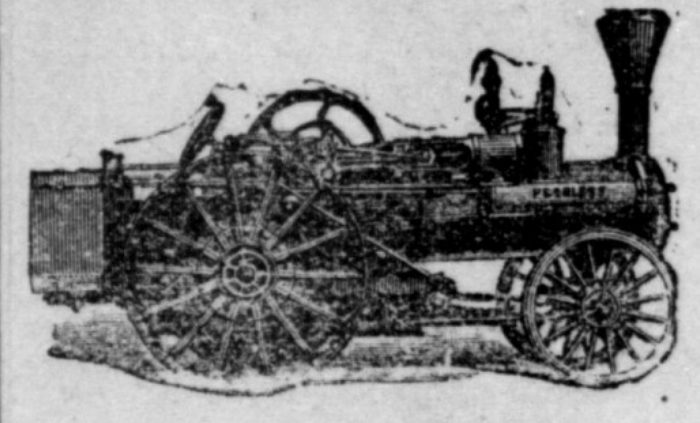

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A stroll through the wholesale dry goods district of New York City will convince the most skeptical that wholesale houses, large and small, are taking advantage of this era of German free trade to buy everything in their line anywhere but in the United States. The sidewalks along the dry goods sections are blocked with those strong, heavy boxes bearing the inscription, "Made in England," "Made in France," "Made in Germany," etc. This looks to the casual observer like good times and prosperity, but when we consider that each one of these foreign boxes and bales throws a dampening shower on our own furnace fires, and that the prosperity is over the water and not here, the whole business assumes another aspect. An employe of the New York Custom House has stated that during his twenty years of service he has never before seen such a volume of imports as is now entering the country. The whole Custom House force, as well as many substitutes, are employed on full time. This is prosperity for the Custom House employe, but it is destitution for the American workman.

Their Goods Are Coming.

An Exchange of Labor.

In order that the pride of free traders may be gratified, in some degree, by the capture of the foreign markets, the English manufacturer and the American manufacturer should now proceed to exchange some of their productions which amounts, in effect, to a swapping of dollars.

So far as the manufacturers are concerned no particular benefit can accrue to either of them, but much harm will befall the American workman whose labor and skill are employed in the production of the goods to be given in exchange. On the one side is a well paid labor—on the other a poorly paid labor—these two must be equalized in order that the manufacturers' chances shall be equal. How shall this be done? There is but one way, lower prices for our labor.

R. M. Wallace, a private in an Illinois regiment during the war, writes to an Atlanta paper that in '64 or '65 while encamped near Savannah, Ga., he purchased of a young lady living near there a cake of corn bread and gave her in payment $10,000 in confederate bills. If she is living he would like to hear from her. Mr. Wallace must not expect to find her the same gay, blooming, bright-eyed maiden she was then. Thirty years make a great difference in young women.

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The simple reason why the hurts of prize fighters show no sign and disappear so quickly is because in the treatment of training the flesh is hardened. They can stand a blow like the kick of a horse and not show a bruise. Other men's bruises heal slowly, but if they would use St. Jacobs Oil, they would find there's nothing in the world like it to heal and restore. It acts like magic. All athletes should use it. It's the great renovator. The same with cuts and wounds, if used according to directions, it will heal surely and make the parts sound again.

Many a man sets up for a public benefactor who never thinks it worth while to give his wife a word of encouragement.

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the physical machine must be in good running order. A little care—the use of Ripans Tabules—will give you every morning the feeling that you are "glad to be alive."

The mote that is in every human eye may be reduced by care and prayer.

We have not been without Piso's Cure for Consumption for 20 years.—LIZZIE FERREL, Camp St., Harrisburg, Pa., May 4, 1894.

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You can never get rid of a difficulty by running away from it.

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Hood's Pills act harmoniously with Hood's Sarsaparilla. 25c.

REV. DR. TALMAGE

The Eminent New York Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "After the Battle."

TEXT: "And it came to pass on the morrow, when the Philistines came to strip the slain, that they found Saul and his three sons fallen in Mount Gilboa."—I Samuel xxxi., 8.

Some of you were at South Mountain or Shiloh or Ball's Bluff or Gettysburg on Northern or Southern side, and I ask you if there is any sadder sight than a battlefield after the guns have stopped firing? I walked across the field of Antietam just after the conflict. The scene was so sickening I shall not describe it. Every valuable thing had been taken from the bodies of the dead, for there are always vultures hovering over and around about an army, and they pick up the watches, and the memorandum books, and the letters, and the daguerreotypes, and the hats, and the coats, applying them to their own uses. The dead make no resistance. So there are always camp followers going on and after an army, as when Scott went down into Mexico, as when Napoleon marched up toward Moscow, as when Von Moltke went to Sedan. There is a similar scene in my text.

Saul and his army had been horribly cut to pieces. Mount Gilboa was ghastly with the dead. On the morrow the stragglers came on to the field, and they lifted the latchet of the helmet from under the chin of the dead, they picked up the swords and bent them on their knee to test the temper of the metal, and they opened the wallets and counted the coin. Saul lay dead along the ground, eight or nine feet in length, and I suppose the cowardly Philistines, to show their bravery, leaped upon the trunk of his carcass and jeered at the fallen slain and whistled through the mouth of his helmet. Before night those cormorants had taken everything valuable from the field. "And it came to pass on the morrow, when the Philistines came to strip the slain, that they found Saul and his three sons fallen in Mount Gilboa."

Before I get through to-day I will show you that the same process is going on all the world over, and every day, and that when men have fallen satan and the world, so far from pitying them or helping them, go to work remorselessly to take what little there is left, thus stripping the slain.

There are tens of thousands of young men every year coming from the country to our great cities. They come with brave hearts and grand expectations. The country lads sit down in the village grocery, with their feet on the iron rod around the redhot stove, in the evening, talking over the prospects of the young man who has gone off to the city. Two or three of them think that perhaps he may get along very well and succeed, but the most of them prophesy failure, for it is very hard to think that those whom we knew in boyhood will ever make any great success in the world.

But our young man has a fine position in a dry goods store. The month is over. He gets his wages. He is not accustomed to have so much money belonging to himself. He is a little excited and does not know exactly what to do with it, and he spends it in some places where he ought not. Soon there come up new companions and acquaintances from the barrooms and the saloons of the city. Soon that young man begins to waver in the battle of temptation, and soon his soul goes down. In a few months or few years he has fallen. He is morally dead. He is a mere corpse of what he once was. The harpies of sin snuff up the taint and come on the field. His garments gradually give out. He has pawned his watch. His health is failing him. His credit perishes. He is too poor to stay in the city, and he is too poor to pay his way home to the country. Down, down! Why do the low fellows of the city now stick to him so closely? Is it to help him back to a moral and spiritual life? Oh, no. I will tell you why they stay. They are Philistines stripping the slain.

Do not look where I point, but yonder stands a man who once had a beautiful home in this city. His house had elegant furniture, his children were beautifully clad, his name was synonymous with honor and usefulness, but evil habit knocked at his front door, knocked at his back door, knocked at his parlor door, knocked at his bedroom door. Where is the piano? Sold to pay the rent. Where is the hatrack? Sold to meet the butcher's bill. Where are the carpets? Sold to get bread. Where is the wardrobe? Sold to get rum. Where are the daughters? Working their fingers off in trying to keep the family together. Worse and worse until everything is gone. Who is that going up the front steps of that house? That is a creditor, hoping to find some chair or bed that has not been levied upon. Who are those two gentlemen now going up the front steps? The one is a constable; the other is the sheriff. Why do they go there? The unfortunate is morally dead, socially dead, financially dead. Why do they go there? I will tell you why the creditors and the constables and the sheriffs go there. They are, some on their own account and some on account of the law, stripping the slain.

An ex-member of Congress, one of the most eloquent men that ever stood in the House of Representatives, said in his last moments: "This is the end. I am dying—dying on a borrowed bed, covered by a borrowed sheet, in a house built by public charity. Bury me under that tree in the middle of the field, where I shall not be crowded, for I have been crowded all my life." Where were the jolly politicians and the dissipating comrades who had been with him, laughing at his jokes, applauding his eloquence and plunging him into sin? They have left. Why? His money is gone, his reputation is gone, his wit is gone, his clothes are gone—everything is gone. Why should they stay any longer? They have completed their work. They have stripped the slain.

There is another way, however, of doing the same work. Here is a man who, through his sin, is prostrate. He acknowledges that he has done wrong. Now is the time for you to go to that man and say, "Thousands of people have been as far astray as you are and got back." Now is the time for you to go to that man and tell him of the omnipotent grace of God, that is sufficient for any poor soul. Now is the time to go and tell how swearing John Bunyan, through the grace of God, afterward came to the Celestial City. Now is the time to go to that man and tell him how profligate Newton came, through conversion, to be a world renowned preacher of righteousness. Now is the time to tell that man that multitudes who have been pounded with all the flails of sin and dragged through all the sewers of pollution at last have risen to positive dominion of moral powers.

You do not tell him that, do you? No. You say to him, "Loan you money? No. You are down. You will have to go to the dogs. Lend you a dollar? I would not lend you five cents to keep you from the gallows. You are debauched! Get out of my sight, now! Down! You will have to stay down!" And thus those bruised and battered men are sometimes accosted by those who ought to lift them up. Thus the last vestige of hope is taken from them. Thus those who ought to go and lift and save them are guilty of stripping the slain.

The point I want to make is this: Sin is hard, cruel and merciless. Instead of helping a man up it helps him down, and when, like Saul and his comrades, you lie on the field, it will come and steal your sword and helmet and shield, leaving you to the jackal and the crow.

But the world and satan do not do their work with the outcast and abandoned. A respectable impenitent man comes to die. He is flat on his back. He could not get up if the house were on fire. Adroitest medical skill and gentle nursing have been a failure. He has come to his last hour. What does satan do for such a man? Why, he fetches up all the inapt, disagreeable and harrowing things in his life. He says: "Do you remember those chances you had for heaven and missed? Do you remember all those lapses in conduct? Do you remember all those opprobrious words and thoughts and actions? Don't remember them, eh? I'll make you remember them." And then he takes all the past and empties it on that deathbed, as the mailbags are emptied on the postoffice floor. The man is sick. He cannot get away from them.

Then the man says to satan: "You have deceived me. You told me that all would be well. You said there would be no trouble at the last. You told me if I did so and so you would do so and so. Now you corner me and hedge me up and submerge me in everything evil." "Ha, ha!" says satan. "I was only fooling you. It is mirth for me to see you suffer. I have been for thirty years plotting to get you just where you are. It is hard for you now; it will be worse for you after awhile. It pleases me. Lie still, sir. Don't flinch or shudder. Come, now, I will tear off from you the last rag of expectation. I will rend away from your soul the last hope. I will leave you bare for the beating of the storm. It is my business to strip the slain."

A man who had rejected Christianity and thought it all trash came to die. He was in the sweat of a great agony, and his wife said, "We had better have some prayer." "Mary, not a breath of that," he said. "The lightest word of prayer would roll back on me like rocks on a drowning man. I have come to the hour of test. I had a chance, but I forfeited it. I believed in a liar, and he has left me in the lurch. Mary, bring me Tom Paine—that book that I swore by and lived by—and pitch it into the fire, and let it burn and burn as I myself shall soon burn." And then, with the foam on his lip and his hands tossing wildly in the air, he cried out: "Blackness or darkness! Oh, my God, too late!" And the spirits of darkness whistled up from the depth and wheeled around and around him, stripping the slain.

Sin is a luxury now, it is exhilaration now; it is victory now. But after awhile it is collision; it is defeat; it is extermination; it is jackalism; it is robbing the dead; it is stripping the slain. Give it up to-day—give it up! Oh, how you have been cheated on, my brother, from one thing to another! All these years you have been under an evil mastery that you understood not. What have your companions done for you? What have they done for your health? Nearly ruined it by carousal. What have they done for your fortune? Almost scattered it by spendthrift behavior. What have they done for your reputation? Almost ruined it with good men. What have they done for your immortal soul? Almost insured its overthrow.

You are hastening on toward the consummation of all that is sad. To-day you stop and think, but it is only for a moment, and then you will tramp on, and at the close of this service you will go out, and the question will be, "How did you like the sermon?" And one man will say, "I liked it very well," and another man will say, "I didn't like it at all," but neither of the answers will touch the tremendous fact that if impenitent you are going at thirty knots an hour toward shipwreck. Yea, you are in a battle where you will fall, and while your surviving relatives will take your remaining estate and the cemetery will take your body the messengers of darkness will take your soul and come and go about you, stripping the slain.

Many are crying out, "I admit I am slain; I admit it." On what battlefield, my brothers? By what weapon? "Polluted imagination," says one man; "Intoxicating liquor," says another man; "My own hard heart," says another man. Do you realize this? Then I come to tell you that the omnipotent Christ is ready to walk across this battlefield and revive and resuscitate and resurrect your dead soul. Let Him take your hand and rub away the numbness, your head and bathe off the aching, your heart and stop its wild throb. He brought Lazarus to life, He brought Jairus's daughter to life, He brought the young man of Nain to life, and these are three proofs anyhow that He can bring you to life.

When the Philistines came down on the field, they stepped between the corpses, and they rolled over the dead, and they took away everything that was valuable. And so it was with the people that followed after the armies at Chancellorsville and at Pittsburg Landing and at Stone River and at Atlanta, stripping the slain, but the Northern and Southern women—God bless them!—came on the field with basins and pads and towels and lint and cordials and Christian encouragement, and the poor fellows that lay there lifted up their arms and said, "Oh, how good that does feel since you dressed it!" And others looked up and said, "Oh, how you make me think of my mother!" And others said, "Tell the folks at home I died thinking about them." And another looked up and said, "Miss, won't you sing me a verse of 'Home, Sweet Home,' before I die?" And then the tattoo was sounded, and the hats were off, and the service was read, "I am the resurrection and the life." And in honor of the departed the muskets were loaded and the command given, "Present—fire!" And there was a shingle set up at the head of the grave, with the epitaph of "Lieutenant —— in the Fourteenth Massachusetts regulars," or "Captain —— in the Fifteenth regiment of South Carolina volunteers." And so now, across this great field of moral and spiritual battle, the angels of God come walking among the slain, and there was voices of comfort and voices of hope and voices of resurrection and voices of heaven.

One night I saw a tragedy on the corner of Broadway and Houston street. A young man, evidently doubting as to which direction he had better take, his hat lifted high enough so that you could see he had an intelligent forehead, stout chest; he had a robust development. Splendid young man. Cultured young man. Honored young man. Why did he stop there while so many were going up and down? The fact is that every man has a good angel and a bad angel contending for the mastery of his spirit, and there were a good angel and a bad angel struggling with that young man's soul at the corner of Broadway and Houston street. "Come with me," said the good angel; "I will take you home; I will spread my wings over your pillow; I will lovingly escort you all through life under supernatural protection; I will bless every cup you drink out of, every couch you rest on, every doorway you enter; I will consecrate your tears when you weep, your sweat when you toil, and at the last I will hand over your grave into the hand of the bright angel of a Christian resurrection. In answer to your father's petition and your mother's prayer I have been sent of the Lord out of heaven to be your guardian spirit. Come with me," said the good angel in a voice of unearthly symphony. It was music like that which drops from a lute of heaven when a seraph breathes on it. "No, no," said the bad angel; "come with me; I have something better to offer. The wines I pour are from chalices of bewitching carousal; the dance I lead is over floor tessellated with unrestrained indulgences; there is no God to frown on the temples of sin where I worship. The skies are Italian. The paths I tread are through meadows, daisied and primrosed. Come with me."

The young man hesitated at a time when hesitation was ruin, and the bad angel smote the good angel until it departed, spreading wings through the starlight upward and away until a door flashed open in the sky and forever the wings vanished. That was the turning point in that young man's history, for, the good angel flown, he hesitated no longer, but started on a pathway which is beautiful at the opening, but blasted at last. The bad angel, leading the way, opened gate after gate, and at each gate the road became rougher and the sky more lurid, and, what was peculiar, as the gate slammed shut it came to with a jar that indicated that it would never open.

Passed each portal there was a grinding of locks and a shoving of bolts, and the scenery on either side of the road changed from gardens to deserts, and the June air became a cutting December blast, and the bright wings of the bad angel turned to sackcloth, and the eyes of light became hollow with hopeless grief, and the fountains, that at the start had tossed with wine, poured forth bubbling tears and foaming blood, and on the right side of the road there was a serpent, and the man said to the bad angel, "What is that serpent?" and the answer was, "That is the serpent of stinging remorse." On the left side the road there was a lion, and the man asked the bad angel, "What is that lion?" and the answer was, "That is the lion of all devouring despair." A vulture flew through the sky, and the man asked the bad angel, "What is that vulture?" and the answer was, "That is the vulture waiting for the carcasses of the slain."

And then the man began to try to pull off him the folds of something that had wound him round and round, and he said to the bad angel, "What is it that twists me in this awful convulsion?" and the answer was, "That is the worm that never dies." And then the man said to the bad angel: "What does all this mean? I trusted in what you said at the corner of Broadway and Houston street; I trusted it all, and why have you thus deceived me?" Then the last deception fell off the charmer, and it said: "I was sent forth from the pit to destroy your soul. I watched my chance for many a long year. When you hesitated that night on Broadway, I gained my triumph. Now you are here. Ha, ha! You are here. Come, let us fill these two chalices of fire and drink together to darkness and woe and death. Hail, hail!" Oh, young man! will the good angel sent forth by Christ or the bad angel sent forth by sin get the victory over your soul? Their wings are interlocked this moment above you, contending for your destiny, as above the Appenines eagle and condor fight mid-sky. This hour may decide your destiny.

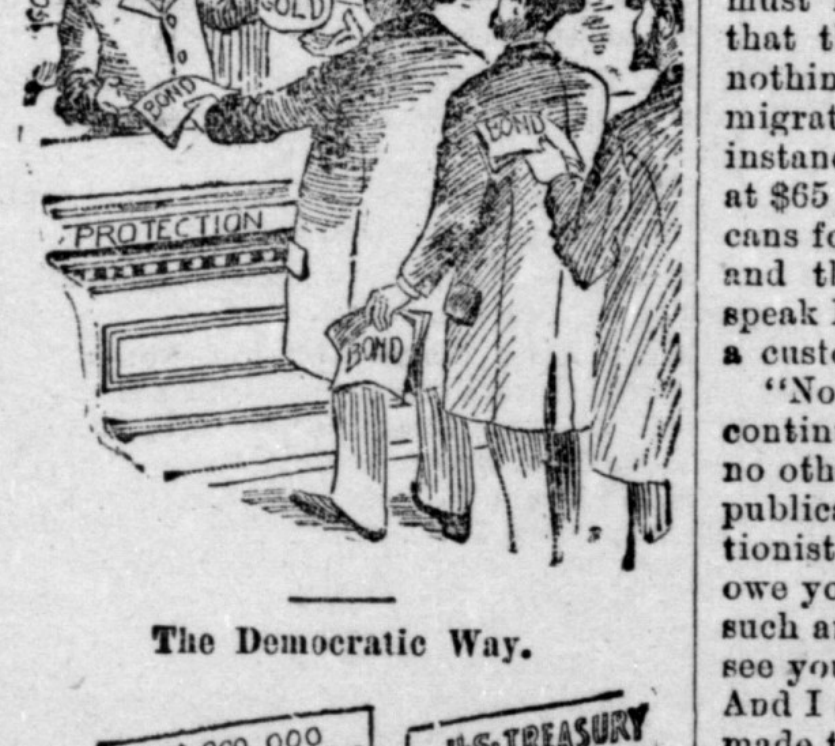
Free Wool Results.

The circular, March 1, issued by Justice, Bateman & Co., of Philadelphia, shows the imports of class 1 and class 2 wools, which are the grades grown in the United States, during the five months from September, 1894, to the close of January, 1895, also for the corresponding months a year earlier, as follows:

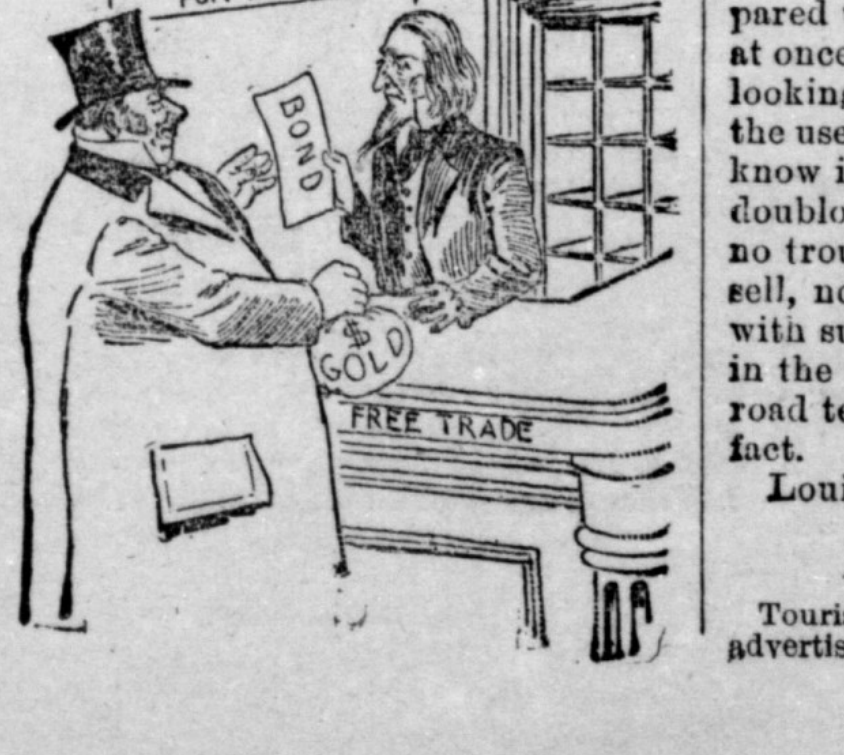
	1892-93. Pounds.	1894-95 Pounds
Wool, class 1	9,236,812	23,496,206
Wool, class 2	3,317,866	4,062,100
Totals	12,554,678	28,458,396
Shoddy, noils, waste, etc.	137,235	5,257,681

Attention is called to the much larger importations of shoddy, noils, and waste—an increase 3800 of per cent. This material takes the place of good wool and is forced upon our manufacturers through the competition that they have to meet in imports of foreign woolens, made of the lowest grade of material and selling at the cheapest possible prices.

The Republican Way.



The Democratic Way.


$50,000,000 UNITED STATES BONDS FOR SALE
U.S. TREASURY
BOND
$ GOLD
FREE TRADE

THE BROKEN WALL.

WHEAT FARMERS PAY TO REACH FOREIGN MARKETS.

It Costs Them Seventy Millions a Year—Much More Cotton Sold for Far Less Money—The Process of "Letting Ourselves Out" Proves Very Costly.

Advance sheets of our exports of raw cotton and breadstuffs during February afford an opportunity for still further showing how the process of "letting ourselves out" into foreign markets progresses. Dealing first with raw cotton, we give the figures as follows:

EXPORTS OF RAW COTTON.

	February, 1894.	February, 1895.	Decrease.
Bales	491,675	475,704	15,971
Pounds	247,175,802	238,244,577	8,931,225
Value	$18,852,389	$13,484,218	$5,368,171

SIX MONTHS, SEPTEMBER 1 TO FEBRUARY 28.

	Pounds.	Value.	Per pound. Cents.
1893-94	2,048,290,803	$162,411,788	7.93
1894-95	2,660,264,563	151,832,755	5.70
Increase	611,973,760	*10,579,033	*2.23

* Decrease.

The first table shows that our exports of cotton last month were 8,931,225 pounds less than in February, 1894, but the loss in value reached $5,368,171. Taking our exports of cotton for six months since the Gorman tariff became law, as shown in the second table above, we find that since the wall of protection was broken down we have exported almost 612,000,000 pounds of cotton more than a year earlier, but at a loss of $10,579,000, the money paid for the larger quantity shipped this season being that much less than was received for the smaller quantity a year ago, owing to a decrease of almost two and a quarter cents per pound in its export value. Looking next to our exports of breadstuffs, we give the figures and values for February in each year as follows:

EXPORTS OF BREADSTUFFS.

	Bushels Feb., 1894.	Bushels Feb., 1895.	Value Feb., 1894.	Value Feb., 1895.
Barley	288,081	42,775	$124,590	$20,016
Corn	5,643,050	2,501,466	2,567,947	1,248,674
Oats	37,493	31,162	13,651	10,338
Wheat	4,010,056	4,600,926	2,497,177	2,513,533
Flour, bbls.	1,133,632	947,793	4,581,269	2,952,851
Total values			$9,784,634	$6,745,412

Outside of an increase of nearly 600,000 bushels in last month's exports of wheat, there was a decline in our shipments of barley, corn, oats and flour; the aggregate loss in value for the month slightly exceeded $3,000,000. Taking the total values of our exports of cereals for the eight months ending February 28 last, there was a loss of $47,500,000, as compared with the corresponding eight months a year ago, as follows:

EIGHT MONTHS ENDING FEBRUARY.

	1894.	1895.
Barley	$1,879,332	$614,778
Corn	29,262,943	6,032,582
Corn meal	484,529	430,297
Oats	1,935,895	127,604
Oat meal	159,263	278,140
Rye	126,370	5,072
Wheat	46,157,977	29,485,104
Wheat flour	47,773,806	31,364,806
Total	$118,779,530	$71,278,383

Farmers should study this table. They will see that in eight months the markets of the world have paid $1,265,000 less money for American barley since the wall of protection was broken down. Foreign buyers, moreover, have bought $14,230,000 worth less of American corn and $54,000 less of corn meal. Of wheat their purchases were $16,600,000 less under the Gorman tariff, and of flour, $14,470,000 less. Of oats they bought $1,800,000 worth less, and oat meal alone shows an increase of less than $120,000 during eight months.

Farmers should note these figures and contrast the actual performance of the free trade tariff law with the predictions and promises that were made to the farmers during the campaign of 1892. That was a theory; this is a condition. The process of letting ourselves out to the markets of the world has cost those farmers who grow cereals the sum of $17,500,000 in eight months.

THE SOUTH FEELS IT.

Income Tax Works Both Ways, and Protection Good for Everybody.

Free traders here rejoiced when the income tax became law, because "It will hit hard the Yanks and scarcely notice the South." There are not many who pass the $1000 exemption, while very many come within the specified amount requiring reports to be made and sworn to, viz., $3500. But almost this entire contingent labored under the assumption that $3500 meant net after deducting general expenses; but Instruction 9 on the blank puts a very different light on the scope of the law to that which they had regarded as correct. Hence, it is not a very difficult matter to find many who now wish they hadn't. It is found that many, who were overjoyed at the thought this was intended solely for the North and had but little or no effect on the South, are about the first to curse the Democrats for enacting it. Again, it is now dawning upon them that there can be really no such thing as class legislation, strictly speaking.

Heretofore, it was quite fashionable here to oppose protection on the ground it was for the benefit of the North and East. Our folks would never occupy half way ground, hence they were out and out free traders. Now, it is not unusual to hear many say I never understood this question of protection. I see what it is and how detrimental its effects are upon the whole country. I am convinced there is nothing but protection that can lift this country out of the unparalleled condition we are in. And I am ready to vote for a very Chinese wall of protection for both commerce and immigration.

The gentleman who made the above remarks was a drummer for a wholesale dry goods house in this city, and cited, as the basis of his argument, the article of hose. He carried samples of imported French hose retailing at eighty-five cents per pair, while he also carried American made hose that sold at retail for less than one-half, and said: "Now if my wife or your must have imported hose it is right that they pay for this fad, for it is nothing less than a fad." Upon immigration he said: "I know of several instances where foreigners now have, at $65 per month, places that Americans formerly filled and got $125 for, and these foreigners could hardly speak English well enough to wait on a customer.

"Now I want to say this to you," he continued. "I used to scorn you for no other reason than you were a Republican—because you were a protectionist—and I feel very much like I owe you an apology for entertaining such an opinion of you. For I now see you were right, when I was wrong. And I do actually feel better since I made this admission."

I asked him how his sales now compared with 1891 and 1892. His face at once assumed a sad expression and looking me in the face said: "What's the use asking such a question? You know it's like comparing dimes with doubloons. Every merchant who had no trouble two or three years ago to sell, now acts as if he looked upon me with suspicion—not glad to see me, as in the past—and all the men on the road tell the same tale." And it is a fact.

YOU KNOW WHO.

Louisiana, April 16, 1895.

Around the World for $610.

Tourist trips around the world are now advertised for $610.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER is the purest and strongest baking powder made. It has received the highest award at the U. S. Gov't official investigation, and at all the Great International Expositions and World's Fairs wherever exhibited in competition with others.

It makes the finest, lightest, sweetest, most wholesome bread, cake and pastry. More economical than any other leavening agent.

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

Ogontz and Its Indian Hero.

Ogontz seems a rather odd name for a young ladies' seminary—and thereby hangs a somewhat romantic tale. It will be remembered that the school occupies what was the beautiful home of Jay Cooke. When Mr. Cooke was a very young man he went on a visit to the very far West and there formed a close friendship with an Indian chief, Ogontz. The friendship never altered through all the changes of later years, and when Jay Cooke achieved great wealth and built his beautiful home in the suburbs of Philadelphia he called it after his faithful Indian friend, who visited him there. At the time of his visit a cast was taken of the handsome Ogontz, and to-day his dignified, noble countenance in bronze looks down upon the girls who fill the house which bears his name. The girls have adopted the head in their seal, it ornaments the Ogontz souvenir, and, in fact, it appears in all places where it can appropriately be shown. It seemed odd, at the World's Fair, in the charming section which held the display from this school, to see the massive, strong head of an Indian towering over the work of young women, but when one knows that it is the monument of an unusual and beautiful friendship it falls directly into drawing.—Philadelphia Press.

He Knew Too Much.

"Mr. Smarte," said the head of the firm, "I happened to overhear your criticisms, this morning, of the manner in which business is carried on here. You appear to be laboring under a mistaken idea. As a matter of fact, we are not running this house to make money. Not at all. We carry on this business simply as a school for the instruction of young men. But as you seem to know so much more about business than we do, it would be only wasting your time to keep you here. The cashier will settle with you. What is our loss is your gain."—Boston Transcript.

Louisiana for Protection.

Louisiana has taken a decided step forward toward protection in arranging for the erection of a new sugar refinery that will enable the sugar producers of that State to maintain their independence and secure protection from the trust.

SYRUP of FIGS

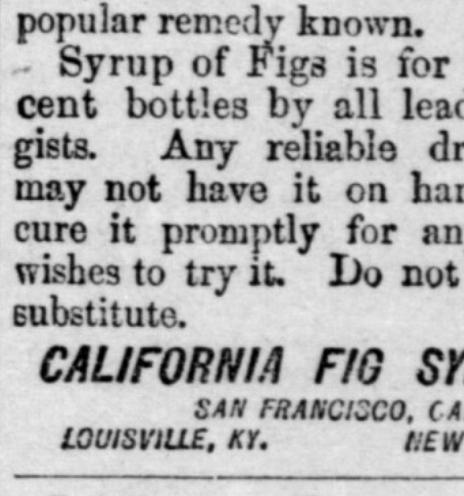
ONE ENJOYS

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.

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.

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

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

Can't Afford Roast Pork.

The Salt Lake Daily Tribune thinks the enactment of a new tariff has nothing to do with the lower price for hogs; yet in the same article says, "the people have become so poor that the underconsumption of the country is something enormous." This applies equally to hogs as it does to wheat, corn and sugar, of which Government statistics show that decreased quantities have been consumed by the people since the present Administration came into power. People who are out of a job, or whose wages have been cut down, have not been buying pork very freely during the last two years. Their supply of currency was not elastic enough to afford them even the usual quantity of bread to which they had formerly been accustomed under protection.

What an ordinary man eats and the way he eats it would be enough to give dyspepsia to an ostrich—unless the ostrich were wise enough to assist his digestion from time to time with an efficient combination of vegetable extracts. Such a preparation is Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They are the pills par excellence for those who sometimes eat the wrong things and too much. They stimulate action in all of the digestive organs. They stop sour stomach, windy belchings, heartburn, flatulence and cure constipation, biliousness, dyspepsia, indigestion, sick headache and kindred derangements.

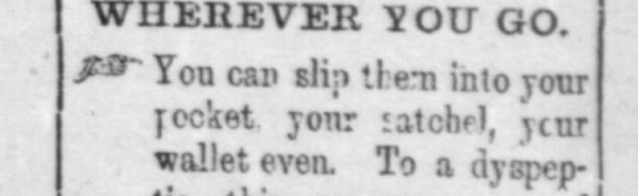
Once used they are always in favor.

STEEL TANKS
We furnish steel tanks with covers, all galvanized after completion, in nests of ten, 8 to 12 feet high and 30 to 36 inches in diameter, at 2½c per gallon. They do not rust, shrink, leak, give taste to water, nor allow foreign substances to get in. They can be put in garret or barn and thus are protected from freezing. They take no setting up, are cheaper than wood. Tank substructures of all sizes made to order. Send for price list and designs for substructure and ornamental water supply.
AERMOTOR CO.
CHICAGO.
2½ CTS PER GAL

Did you ever stop to think how completely the Aermotor Co. made the modern windmill business? How it has monopolized this entire line of manufacture because of its ideas, inventions, designs, qualities and prices, or forced others to be literal and servile imitators? Witness the steel wheel, the back geared pumper, the high geared power mill, the steel towers, fixed and tilting, the galvanizing of work after completion, the grinder centrifugal feed, the improved irrigating and other pumps, the all steel pole saw—one of the most popular things we ever put out—the steel storage and stock tanks. Everything we have touched we have bettered and cheapened. It is the thing we have delighted in and it has paid. We have established a score of branch houses, so as to have all these goods near those who want them. The Aermotor Co. has but one more ambition. It wants to build and fill one more new building. It has 2 acres of land at its present location unoccupied by buildings. It expects to commence in June to cover that 2 acres with a single building, 7 stories high. This will give it 14 more acres of floor space. Then when the public demand requires more goods than can be produced with this added space, it will refuse to extend further, or make any effort. It will have done its share to supply that demand. It will then turn away all new comers. UNTIL THAT TIME IT EXPECTS TO CONTINUE TO SUPPLY THE WORLD WITH THE GREATER PART OF ITS WIND WHEELS, TOWERS, GRINDERS, FEED CUTTERS, PUMPS, STEEL FRAME BUZZ SAWS, STEEL STORAGE AND STOCK TANKS, STEEL SUBSTRUCTURES, ETC., ETC., GALVANIZED AFTER COMPLETION. IT WILL CONTINUE TO DEAL MOST LIBERALLY WITH THE PUBLIC, FURNISH REPAIRS AT A LOW PRICE, AND BE THE GREAT MODEL SQUARE-DEALING WIND POWER AND WATER SUPPLY HOUSE OF THE WORLD. AERMOTOR CO., CHICAGO.

SIMPLE, CLEANLY,
EFFICIENT.

On the Cars.
At the Theatre,
Anywhere.
IF YOU WOULD BE IN FASHION
TAKE A FEW
Ripans Tabules
ALONG WITH YOU
WHEREVER YOU GO.
You can slip them into your pocket, your satchel, your wallet even. To a dyspeptic this means peace of mind under many otherwise trying circumstances.



Raphael, Angelo, Rubens, Tasso

The "LINENE" are the Best and Most Economical Collars and Cuffs worn; they are made of fine cloth, both sides finished alike, and being reversible, one collar is equal to two of any other kind.

They fit well, wear well and look well. A box of Ten Collars or Five Pairs of Cuffs for Twenty-Five Cents.

A Sample Collar and Pair of Cuffs by mail for Six Cents. Name style and size. Address

REVERSIBLE COLLAR COMPANY,
77 Franklin St., New York. 27 Kilby St., Boston.

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SALESMEN WANTED to sell our goods by sample to the wholesale and retail trade. We sell on sight to every business man or firm; liberal salary, money advanced for advertising and expenses; permanent position. Address, with stamp, KING MFG. CO., D 41, Chicago, Ill.

Milk Pans, and pails, and cans, and bottles (even baby's)—or anything that you want particularly clean, ought to be washed with Pearline. You'll save work in doing it, and it's a great deal more thoroughly done. Dairies and dealers use Pearline extensively. Just try it once, on your milk-ware or butter-ware—and then say if it isn't the most satisfactory way of cleaning. Pearline is the most economical thing you can use, too. You get so much more out of it.

Send it Back

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, and if your grocer sends you something in place of Pearline, be honest—*send it back.*
395 JAMES PYLE, New York.