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which can be attached to all kinds of Threshing Machines. We also build Smoke Stacks of all sizes to order. We are manufacturing agents for the Cyclone Fanning Mill. We make a specialty in selling at lowest figures corrugated steel roofing and fancy ceiling. We also deliver job lots of piping free of freight at the very lowest figures.

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ORGANIZED 1895.

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Short turn and end spring Vehicles a specialty.
WRITE FOR CATALOGUE AND PRICES.
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Nothing has ever been produced to equal or compare with **Humphreys' Witch Hazel Oil** as a CURATIVE and HEALING APPLICATION. It has been used 40 years and always affords relief and always gives satisfaction.
It Cures PILES or HEMORRHOIDS, External or Internal, Blind or Bleeding—Itching and Burning, Cracks or Fissures and Fistulas. Relief immediate—cure certain.
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It Cures BOILS, Hot Tumors, Ulcers, Old Sores, Itching Eruptions, Scurfy or Scald Head. It is infallible.
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It Cures SALT RHEUM, Tetters, Scurfy Eruptions, Chafed Hands, Fever Blisters, Sore Lips or Nostrils, Corns and Bunions, Sore and Chafed Feet, Stings of Insects.
Three Sizes, 25c., 50c. and $1.00.
Sold by druggists, or sent post-paid on receipt of price.
HUMPHREYS' MED. CO., 111 & 113 William St., New York.
WITCH HAZEL OIL
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Best in the World! Get the Genuine! Sold Everywhere!
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GEO. E. 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.
SHINGLES.

Got Hot in the Collar.

We do not wish to wound any feelings, but it is in order to remark that sixteen and one-half cent wool in the seaboard market is not what was promised by the advocates of free wool. We are tempted to remind further some of our friends the enemy that the market for twenty-six cent wool seems to have closed with the close of their disastrous campaign of 1894. What that high priced wool had to do with the sad and serious reverse of the free woolers no tongue may ever tell. It had its effect beyond doubt. People read about it, could get no closer to it and got desperately hot in the collar.—Wheeling (W. Va.) Intelligencer.

MARKETS.

BALTIMORE.

GRAIN, ETC.		
FLOUR—Balto. Best Pat.	$ @	$ 4 15
High Grade Extra		3 60
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	63½	63¾
CORN—No. 2 White	50	52
OATS—Southern & Penn.	37	37½
RYE—No. 2	65	67
HAY—Choice Timothy	13 00	13 50
Good to Prime	12 50	13 00
STRAW—Rye in car lds.	12 00	12 50
Wheat Blocks	6 50	7 00
Oat Blocks	8 00	8 50
CANNED GOODS.		
TOMATOES—Stnd. No. 3	@	$ 65
No. 2		55
PEAS—Standards	95	1 00
Seconds		85
CORN—Dry Pack		60
Moist		50
HIDES.		
CITY STEERS	⅞@	$ 8
City Cows	5½	6
Southern No. 2	8½	8¾
POTATOES & VEGETABLES.		
POTATOES—Burbanks	$ 75 @	$ 80
ONIONS	40	45
PROVISIONS.		
HOGS PRODUCTS—shlds.	@	7¾
Clear ribsides		7½
Hams	11¾	11¾
Mess Pork, per bar		14 50
LARD—Crude		6
Best refined		8½
BUTTER.		
BUTTER—Fine Crmy	21 @	$ 22
Under fine	20	21
Creamery Rolls	19	20
CHEESE.		
CHEESE—N.Y. Fancy	12 @	$ 12¾
N. Y. fine	12¼	12½
Skim Cheese	6	8
EGGS.		
EGGS—State	12 @	$ 12½
North Carolina	10	11
LIVE POULTRY.		
CHICKENS—Hens	30 @	$ 32
Ducks, per lb	11	11
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	$ 5 00 @	$ 5 87
Good to Fair	4 75	5 10
SHEEP	2 00	3 75
Hogs	4 60	4 75
FURS AND SKINS.		
MUSKRAT	$ 10 @	$ 11
Raccoon	40	45
Red Fox	—	1 00
Skunk Black	—	80
Opossum	23	33
Mink	—	80
Otter	—	4 00

NEW YORK.

FLOUR—Southern	$ 3 10 @	$ 4 20
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	65⅞	67
RYE—Western	48	50
CORN—No. 2	52	54
OATS—No. 3	32⅝	32⅝
BUTTER—State	18	18
EGGS—State	13	13½
CHEESE—State	6	11¾

PHILADELPHIA.

FLOUR—Southern	$ 3 60 @	$ 4 00
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	65¼	65¾
CORN—No. 3	52	52¼
OATS—No. 2	26¾	26¾
BUTTER—Extra	21	22
EGGS—Penns. fr	12¾	13

Very Costly.

In many things which make life burdensome, it is not merely the discomforts we feel, but the loss of time and money. Among minor accidents, none are more liable to cause this than a sprain. Very many serious cases are known that have cost a life-time of misery and much money in time and money. Much of this is owing to neglect. St. Jacobs Oil, used promptly on the worst case of sprain, will cure as surely as it is used. It is the best, and needs only the care and attention of applying it in good time to make the cure effective and permanent.

Jonahad Alexanor, the famous Bacuist, could converse in twenty-seven different languages.

I can recommend Piso's Cure for Consumption to sufferers from Asthma.—E. D. Townsend, Ft. Howard, Wis., May 4, 1891.

Every new pair of shoes usually develops a new pair of corns.

Spring
Is the season of hope and of promise. It tells of coming days of sunshine, and of returning life and beauty. But there are thousands of people who will find no pleasure in the return of spring because of suffering, due to

Impure Blood
which is the cause of untold misery. They will find relief in Hood's Sarsaparilla, because this great medicine has power to make pure blood and thus prevent and cure disease. Hood's Sarsaparilla renews the wasted vital forces, creates an appetite and builds up the strength. Be sure to get

Hood's Sarsaparilla



Whole Families
Often find relief in Hood's Sarsaparilla, because, being the great blood purifier, Hood's Sarsaparilla cures many forms of disease. Following is a striking illustration of this fact:

"I was induced to try Hood's Sarsaparilla for stomach trouble and catarrh. I felt a change after taking the first bottle. Each bottle following made a decided improvement. The almost total deafness in one ear, the buzzing, roaring sounds in the head and the stuffed up feeling went away. I raised less and was more hearty at my meals. Good sleep followed my day's work and I am entirely free from any symptoms of the trouble. My mother has taken Hood's Sarsaparilla with benefit, and my father, who had tumor in his stomach, has been helped so much that he is able to be about and do light chores. A neighbor who was confined to his bed with poisoned blood, has also been cured by it." L. D. B. Sears, West Hartland, Connecticut.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Is the Only
True Blood Purifier
This is why it cures even when all other medicines fail. Insist upon Hood's.

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

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent New York Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "Salvation."

TEXT: "Seek ye the Lord while He may be found."—Isaiah lv., 6.

Isaiah stands head and shoulders above the other Old Testament authors in vivid descriptiveness of Christ. Other prophets give an outline of our Saviour's features. Some of them present, as it were, the side face of Christ, others a bust of Christ, but Isaiah gives us the full hearth portrait of Christ. Other Scripture writers excel in some things —Ezekiel more weird, David more pathetic, Solomon more epigrammatic, Habakkuk more sublime—but when you want to see Christ coming out from the gates of prophecy in all His grandeur and glory you involuntarily turn to Isaiah, so that if the prophecies in regard to Christ might be called the "Oratorio of the Messiah" the writing of Isaiah is the "Hallelujah Chorus," where all the batons wave and all the trumpets come in. Isaiah was not a man picked up out of insignificance by inspiration. He was known and honored. Josephus and Philo and Strabo extolled him in their writings. What Paul was among the apostles Isaiah was among the prophets.

My text finds him standing on a mountain of inspiration, looking out into the future, beholding Christ advancing and anxious that all men might know Him. His voice rings down the ages, "Seek ye the Lord while He may be found." "Oh," says some one, "that was for olden times." No, my hearer. If you have traveled in other lands, you have taken a circular letter of credit from some banking house in New York and in St. Petersburg or Venice or Rome or Melbourne or Calcutta, you presented that letter and got financial help immediately. And I want you to understand that the text, instead of being appropriate for one age or for one land, is a circular letter for all ages and for all lands, and where ever it is presented for help the help comes, "Seek ye the Lord while He may be found."

I come to-day with no hair spun theories of religion, with no nice distinctions, with no elaborate disquisition, but with an urgent call to personal religion. The gospel of Christ is a powerful medicine. It either kills or cures. There are those who say: "I would like to become a Christian. I have been waiting a good while for the right kind of influences to come," and still you are waiting. You are wiser in worldly things than you are in religious things. If you want to get to Albany, you go to the Grand Central Depot or to the steamboat wharf, and having got your ticket you do not sit down on the wharf or sit in the depot. You get aboard the boat or train. And yet there are men who say they are waiting to get to heaven, waiting, waiting, but not with intelligent waiting, or they would get on board the line of Christian influences that would bear them into the kingdom of God.

Now, you know very well that to seek a thing is to search for it with earnest endeavor. If you want to see a certain man in this city, and there is a matter of $10,000 connected with your seeing him, and you cannot at first find him, you do not give up the search. You look in the directory, but cannot find the name. You go in circles where you think perhaps he may mingle, and having found the part of the city where he lives, but perhaps not knowing the street, you go through street after street and from block to block, and you keep on searching for weeks and for months.

You say, "It is a matter of $10,000 whether I see him or not." Oh, that men were as persistent in seeking for Christ! Had you one-half that persistence you would long ago have found Him who is the joy of the forgiven spirit. We may pay our debts, we may attend church, we may relieve the poor, we may be public benefactors, and yet all our life disobey the text, never see God, never gain heaven. Oh, that the Spirit of God would help me, while I try to show you, in carrying out the idea of my text, first how to seek the Lord and in the next place when to seek Him.

I remark, in the first place, you are to seek the Lord through earnest and believing prayer. God is not an autocrat or a despot seated on a throne, with His arms resting on brazen lions and a sentinel pacing up and down at the foot of the throne. God is a father seated in a bower, waiting for His children to come and climb on His knee and get His kiss and His benediction. Prayer is the cup with which we go the "fountain of living water" and dip up refreshment for our thirsty soul. Grace does not come to the heart as we set a cask at the corner of the house to catch the rain in the shower. It is a pulley fastened to the throne of God, which we pull, bringing the blessing.

I do not care so much what posture you take in prayer nor how large an amount of voice you use. You might get down on your face before God, if you did not pray right inwardly there would be no response. You might cry at the top of your voice, and unless you had a believing spirit within you cry would not go further up than the smoke of a plowboy in his corn. Prayer must be believing, earnest, loving. You are in your house some summer day and a shower comes up, and a bird, affrighted, darts into the window and wheels about the room. You seize it. You smooth its ruffled plumage. You feel its fluttering heart. You say, "Poor thing, poor thing!" and a prayer goes out of the storm of this world into the window of God's mercy, and He catches it, and He feels its fluttering pulse, and He puts it in His own bosom of affection and safety. Prayer is a warm, ardent, pulsating exercise. It is an electric battery which, touched, thrills to the throne of God. It is the diving bell in which we go down into the depths of God's mercy and bring up "pearls of great price." There was an instance where prayer made the waves of the Gennesaret solid as stone pavement. Oh, how many wonderful things prayer has accomplished! Have you ever tried it? In the days when the Scotch Covenanters were persecuted and the enemies were after them one of the head men among the Covenanters prayed: "Oh, Lord, we be as dead men unless Thou shalt help us! O, Lord, throw this lap of Thy cloak over these poor things!" And instantly a Scotch mist developed and hid the persecuted from their persecutors—the promise literally fulfilled, "While they are yet speaking I will hear."

Have you ever tried the power of prayer? God says, "He is loving and faithful and patient." Do you believe that? You are told that Christ came to save sinners. Do you believe that? You are told that all you have to do to get the pardon of the gospel is to ask for it. Do you believe that? Then come to Him and say: "O Lord, I know Thou canst not lie. Thou hast told me to come for pardon and I could get it. I come, Lord. Keep Thy promise and liberate my captive soul."

Oh, that you might have an altar in the parlor, in the kitchen, in the store, in the barn, for Christ will be willing to come again to the manger to hear prayer. He would come to your place of business as He confronted Matthew, the tax commissioner. I a measure should come before Congress that you thought would ruin the Nation, how you would send in petitions and remonstrances! And yet there has been enough sin in your heart to ruin it forever, and you have never remonstrated or petitioned against it. If your physical health failed and you had the means, you would go and spend the summer in Germany and the winter in Italy, and you would think it a very cheap outlay if you had to go all round the earth to get back your physical health. Have you made any effort, any expenditure, any exertion for your immortal and spiritual health?

Oh, that you might now begin to seek after God with earnest prayer! Some of you have been working for years and years for the support of your families. Have you given one-half day to the working out of your salvation with fear and trembling? You came here with an earnest purpose, I take it, as I have come hither with an earnest purpose, and we meet face to face, and I tell you, first of all, if you want to find the Lord you must pray and pray and pray.

I remark again, you must seek the Lord through Bible study. The Bible is the newest book in the world. "Oh," you say, "it was made hundreds of years ago, and the learned men of King James translated it hundreds of years ago." I confute that idea by telling you it is not five minutes old when God by His blessed spirit retranslates it into the heart. If you will, in the seeking of the way of life through Scripture study, implore God's light to fall upon the page, you will find that those promises are not one second old, and that they drop straight from the throne of God into your heart.

There are many people to whom the Bible does not amount to much. If they merely look at the outside beauty, why, it will no more lead them to Christ than Washington's farewell address, or the Koran of Mohammed, or the Shaster of the Hindoos. It is the inward light of God's word you must get. I went up to the Church of the Madeleine in Paris and looked at the doors, which are the most wonderfully constructed I ever saw, and I could have staid there for a whole week, but I had only a little time. So, having gianced at the wonderful carving on the doors, I passed in and looked at the radiant altars and the sculptured dome. Alas, that so many stop at the outside door of God's holy word, looking at the rhetorical beauties instead of going in and looking at the altars of sacrifice and the dome of God's mercy and salvation that hovers over penitent and believing souls!

Oh, my friends, if you merely want to study the laws of language, do not go to the Bible. It was not made for that. Take "Howe's Elements of Criticism." It will be better than the Bible for that. If you want to study metaphysics, better than the Bible will be the writings of William Hamilton. But if you want to know how to have sin pardoned and at last to gain the blessedness of heaven search the Scriptures, "for in them ye have eternal life."

When people are anxious about their souls, there are those who recommend good books. That is all right. But I want to tell you that the Bible is the best book under such circumstances. Baxter wrote "A Call to the Unconverted," but the Bible is the best call to unconverted. Philip Doddridge wrote "The Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul," but the Bible is the best rise and progress. John Angell James wrote "Advice to the Anxious Inquirer," but the Bible is the best advice to the anxious inquirer.

Oh, the Bible is the very book you need, anxious and inquiring soul! A dying soldier said to his mate, "Comrade, give me a drop!" The comrade shook up the canteen and said, "There isn't a drop of water in the canteen." "Oh," said the dying soldier, "that's not what I want. Feel in my knapsack for my Bible," and his comrade found the Bible and read him a few of the gracious promises, and the dying soldier said: "Ah, that's what I want. There isn't anything like the Bible for a dying soldier, is there, my comrade?" Oh, blessed book while we live! Blessed book when we die!

I remark again we must seek God through church ordinances. "What," say you, "can't a man be saved without going to church?" I reply there are men, I suppose, in glory who have never seen a church, but the church is the ordained means by which we are to be brought to God, and if truth affects us when we are alone it affects us more mightily when we are in the assembly, the feelings of others emphasizing our own feelings. The great law of sympathy comes into play, and a truth that would take hold only with the grasp of a sick man beats mightily against the soul with a thousand heart throbs.

When you come into the religious circle, come only with one notion and only for one purpose—to find the way to Christ. When I see people critical about sermons, and critical about tones of voice, and critical about sermonic delivery, they make me think of a man in prison. He is sentenced to death, but an officer of the government brings a pardon and puts it through the wicket of the prison and says: "Here is your pardon. Come and get it." "What! Do you expect me to take that pardon offered with such a voice as you have, with such an awkward manner as you have? I would rather die than so compromise my rhetorical notions." Ah, the man does not say that. He takes it. It is his life. He does not care how it is handed to him. And if to-day that pardon from the throne of God is offered to one souls should we not seize it regardless of all nonessentials?

But I come now to the last part of my text. It tells us when we are to seek the Lord, "while He may be found." When is that? Old age? You may not see old age. To-morrow? You may not see to-morrow. To-night? You may not see to-night. Now! Oh, if I could only write on every heart in three capital letters that word NOW—now!

Sin is an awful disease. I hear people say with a toss of the head and with a trivial manner, "Oh, yes, I'm a sinner." Sin is an awful disease. It is leprosy. It is dropsy. It is consumption. It is all moral disorders in one. Now, you know there is a crisis in a disease. Perhaps you have had some illustration of it in your family. Sometimes the physician has called, and he has looked at the patient and said: "That case was simple enough, but the crisis has passed. If you had called me yesterday or this morning, I could have cured the patient. It is too late now. The crisis passed." Just so it is in the spiritual treatment of the soul—there is a crisis.

There are some here who can remember instances in life when, if they had bought a certain property, they would have become very rich. A few acres that would have cost them almost nothing were offered them. They refused them. Afterward a large village or city sprung up on those acres of ground, and they see what a mistake they made in not buying the property. There was an opportunity of getting it. It never came back again. And so it is in regard to a man's spiritual and eternal fortune. There is a chance. If you let that go, perhaps it never comes back. Certainly that one never comes back.

A gentleman told me that at the battle of Gettysburg he stood upon a height looking off upon the conflicting armies. He said it was the most exciting moment of his life. Now one army seeming to triumph and now the other. After awhile the host wheeled in such a way that he knew in five minutes the whole question would be decided. He said the emotion was almost unbearable. There is just such a time to-day with you—the forces of light on one side, the forces of death on the other side, and in a few moments the matter will be settled for eternity.

There is a time which mercy has set for leaving port. If you are on board before that you will get a passage for heaven. If you are not on board, you miss your passage for heaven. As in law courts a case is sometimes adjourned from term to term and from year to year till the bill of costs eats up the entire estate, so there are men who are adjourning the matter of religion from time to time and from year to year until heavenly bliss is the bill of costs the man will have to pay for it.

Why defer this matter, oh, my dear hearer? Have you any idea that sin will wear out; that it will evaporate; that it will relax its grasp; that you may flatter religion as a man accidentally finds a lost pocketbook? Ah, no! No man ever became a Christian by accident or by the relaxing of sin. The embarrassments are all the time increasing. The hosts of darkness are recruiting, and the longer you postpone this matter the steeper the path will become. I ask those men who are before me now whether in the ten or fifteen years they have passed in the postponement of these matters they have come any nearer God or heaven? I would not be afraid to challenge this whole audience, so far as they may not have found the peace of the gospel, in regard to the matter. Your hearts, you are willing frankly to tell me, are becoming harder and harder, and that if you come to Christ it will be more of an undertaking now than it ever would have been before. The throne of judgment will soon be set, and if you have anything to do toward your eternal salvation you had better do it now, for the redemption of your soul is precious, and it ceaseth forever.

Oh, if men could only catch one glimpse of Christ, I know they would love Him! Your heart leaps at the sight of a glorious sunrise or sunset. Can you be without emotion as the Sun of Righteousness rises behind Calvary and sets behind Joseph's sepulcher? He is a blessed Saviour. Every nation has its type of beauty. There is German beauty, and Swiss beauty, and Italian beauty, and English beauty, but I care not in what land a man first looks at Christ he pronounces Him "Chief among 10,000, and the one altogether lovely."

The diamond fields of Brazil are carefully guarded, and a man does not get in there except by a pass from the Government, but the love of Christ is a diamond district we may all enter and pick up treasures for eternity. "To-day, if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts."

Take the hint of the text that I have no time to dwell upon—the hint that there is a time when He cannot be found. There was a man in this city eighty years of age who said to a clergyman who came in, "Do you think that a man eighty years of age can get pardoned?" "Oh, yes," said the clergyman. The old man said: "I can't. When I was twenty years of age—I am now eighty years—the Spirit of God came to my soul, and I felt the importance of attending to these things, but I put it off, I rejected God, and from that time I have had no feeling." "Well," said the minister, "wouldn't you like to have me pray with you?" Yes," replied the old man, "but it will do no good. You can pray with me if you like to." The minister knelt down and prayed and commended the man's soul to God. It seemed to be the work of a moment. After awhile the last hour of the man's life came, and through his delirium a spark of intelligence seemed to flash, and with his last breath he said, "I shall never be forgiven." "Oh, seek the Lord while He may be found!"

Textile Trades and the Tariff.

In January, 1894, we exported 22,365,035 yards of cotton cloth; in January, 1895, but 11,470,340 yards. The great shortage was, of course, in our shipments to China. The shipments to Brazil, however, declined from 1,415,300 yards to 452,567 yards. This decline in exports, it must be remembered, is in the face of a decline in prices, which under other circumstances would encourage exportations.

To sum up the showing as regards textiles of the Government figures for January, the facts are:

1. Our exports of American woolens show a decrease, not an encouraging increase, as intimated by the Department of State.

2. Our imports of foreign manufactures of wool show a huge increase even over the record of January, 1893, and in value they are nearly four times those of January, 1894.

3. Our exports of cottons for the month show a decline of eleven million yards, one million of which represents the loss of the Brazilian trade.

4. Our imports of cotton for the month have risen in value from $2,610,259 in January, 1894, to $4,585,702 in January, 1895.—Boston Commercial Bulletin.

Why the Gold Goes.

During the six months ending February 21, 1895, the dutiable imports at New York amounted to $121,968,148, as compared with $81,438,988 for the dutiable imports during the corresponding six months ending February 21, 1894. Under the German tariff, for the half year, New York has bought from foreign contries $40,500,000 worth more goods than she did before the new bill became a law.

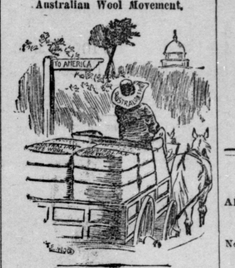
A Find For Free Traders.

There are said to be ninety millions of people in Africa who do not wear clothes. What a bonanza for the free traders who are hunting the markets of the world.

The Charity Works Active.

Activity in trade at the importer's shop means activity in works of charity among our unemployed laboring classes. Free trade tariffs always have and always will create these conditions.

Australian Wool Movement.



The Free Trade Way.

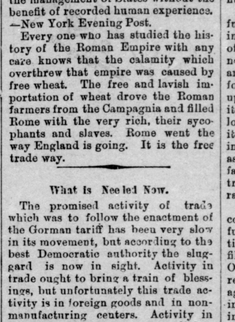
The civilized world is, in fact, apparently threatened with a calamity somewhat similar to that which overthrew the Roman Empire—that is, the seizure of the powers of Government by semi-civilized men or civilized men acting under their direction, and the management of States without the benefit of recorded human experience. —New York Evening Post.

Every one who has studied the history of the Roman Empire with any care knows that the calamity which overthrew that empire was caused by free wheat. The free and lavish importation of wheat drove the Roman farmers from the Campagnia and filled Rome with the very rich, their sycophants and slaves. Rome went the way England is going. It is the free trade way.

What is Needed Now.

The promised activity of trade which was to follow the enactment of the Gorman tariff has been very slow in its movement, but according to the best Democratic authority the slugard is now in sight. Activity in trade ought to bring a train of blessings, but unfortunately this trade activity is in foreign goods and in non-manufacturing centers. Activity in trade of this kind brings no relief to the multitude of our unemployed, whose pockets have been so pitilessly emptied. What is most needed now is activity in our great manufacturing centers, but this cannot come in full beneficial volume so long as that instrument of robbery, the Gorman tariff, remains upon our statute books.

Free Trade Wages.



THE SECOND LIFE.

PURGATORY AND PARADISE COMPARED BY A MAN WHO HAS SEEN BOTH.

A Miracle Worked in the Rural Recesses of Hunterdon Counties Revealed.

(From the Evening News, Syracuse, N. Y.)

Albert Applebee was a very sick man. His had been ailing for months and had been compelled to remain home, unable to attend to his business. His friends stood or sat about the few small stores in the village of Brodino and discussed his sad condition. Applebee was a carpenter, and a good one too, but since his strange malady overtook him he had not shown any disposition to do any work. Life had lost its charms for him, he became a misanthrope and lost in everything. His friends advised him and the local doctors tried their skill on him but it was of no avail. Although they no doubt diagnosed his case correctly, he grew worse despite their efforts.

But he recovered and it has made such a stir in the small town that a *News* reporter was sent out to Brodino to investigate. He drove over and found Mr. Applebee hard at work on the roof of a house he was building.

"Well, it was just this way," began the carpenter, who is a good-looking man of about fifty summers. "In the fall of 1890 I had a siege of grip. It was a pretty rough time for me as I was very sick and I never expected to go out again except feet first in a coffin. But I recovered after a long sickness but was left with an ailment which was quite as dangerous and infinitely more painful. I had scrofula in my head for two years and a half or over and there was a sickening discharge from my right ear. I took about every medicine known to the medical fraternity but could get no benefit.

"I was also troubled with a severe pain in the stomach and indigestion, which made me feel that life was not worth living. Last fall I began taking a medicine known as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, which were recommended by a friend whose wife had read of them in some of the county papers. But I gave it a trial and was surprised to find that it benefited me. I tried more and persevered and at last, thank God, I was cured. My ear has discontinued discharging and for the past three months I have been perfectly well. I make these statements merely because I think the world should be acquainted with this remarkable remedy."

Several of Mr. Applebee's neighbors were seen by the reporter and they in turn expressed their confidence in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills after seeing the wonderful change they had wrought on him. One said the cure was simply wonderful as the man was a total wreck.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contains all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are for sale by all druggists, or may be had by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., for 50c. per box, or six boxes for $2.50.

Tracing up a man's ancestors is nothing compared with tracing the neighbor who last borrowed the rake last summer.

When Traveling
Whether on pleasure bent, or business, take on every trip a bottle of Syrup of Figs, as it acts most pleasantly and effectively on the kidneys, liver and bowels, preventing fevers, headaches and other forms of sickness. For sale in 50 cents an l $1 bottles by all leading druggists.

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

A Bright Eye
is the sign of good health and an alert mind. Strange that it should almost always depend on the state of the digestion, but it does. A Ripans Tabule taken after meals gives the little artificial help most grown people need.

The man who said "it takes a thief to catch a thief" knew what he was talking about.

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

Love needs no definition. Men and women loved long before there were dictionaries.

Notice.
I want every man and woman in the United States interested in the Opium and Whisky habits to have one of my books on these diseases. Address B. M. Woolley, Atlanta, Ga., Box 321, and one will be sent you free.

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

Hall's Catarrh Cure is a liquid and is taken internally, and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free. Sold by Druggists, 75c.
F. J. Cheney & Co., Props., Toledo, O.

A gentleman's clothes don't always fit him, but they are always paid for.

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

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

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water. Druggists sell at 75c per bottle.

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

Royal Baking Powder
ABSOLUTELY PURE

A GENERAL PROTEST.

ALL SECTIONS INJURED BY FREE TRADE LEGISLATION.

Not Only the Sugar Planters of the South, But the Farmers of the West Are Up in Arms Against the Policy of Free Trade.

The New York World regards the movement of the sugar planters of Louisiana as "no surprise to those who have watched the drift of American politics during the past ten years," and says that it is the beginning of a movement that "must go on for a number of years to come."

The World is right in this and in its further prediction that other States in the South have the same element of citizenship as that in Louisiana, now hostile to Democratic principles, and that realignment of industrial forces must change the political makeup of the South. The World consoles itself in the belief that what its party loses in the South in the near future it will gain in the great cereal-growing States of the Northwest, upon the assumption that these States will favor the policy of free trade after trying the effect of the present tariff rates.

The temper of that section of the country will be fully revealed in the future elections, but up to the present time we can see no reason for the fulfillment of the World's expectation. On the other hand, there is ample reason for strong Western protest against the policy of free trade.