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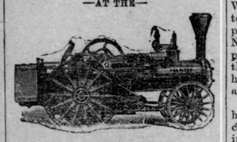
We have the assurance, based upon the condition of the market, to say we will have a prosperous business year, both as to the amount of business and advancing prices. We are bending all our energies that way and we ask the hearty co-operation of our patrons to make 1895 a great success.

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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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Sold by Druggists, or sent post-paid on receipt of price.
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WITCH HAZEL OIL
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Chickens Come Home to Roost.

A Louisiana correspondent tells us that "some remarkably fine chickens have come home to roost this year." The free trade policy is now bearing fruit of the heaviest kind in Louisiana. Wages have been cut down from 30 to 40 per cent.; sugar has sold at prices below the cost of production. No money can be obtained for the expenses incidental to the cultivation of the next crop. Sheriffs and marshals have been busy selling out plantations at unheard of prices.

A few cases in point are the Rosehill plantation of 1200 acres, with a central factory which was erected during the last bounty year at a cost of over $100,000 for the new machinery alone, the whole property, including factory, mules and tools, being disposed of at a forced sale for $15,000. Another plantation, the Marshfield, of two thousand acres, with its large crop, with mules, tools, sugar house, dwellings, laborers' houses and numerous other buildings, were all sacrificed on the altar of free trade for the sum of $5500. At recent sales by the United States Marshal in New Orleans 108 farms and plantations have been sold, most of them improved homes, at prices ranging from $30 to $2 per acre, several forty-acre farms being sold for $25.

Each day adds to the long record of ruin, and very many are now feeling the effect of what they themselves have helped to bring about. Surely this terrible state of affairs will arouse the people of Louisiana to shake off those fetters that have bound them to the party of free trade, which is directly responsible for all their woes.

Make Their Goods Cheaper.

The wages of Scotch miners at the Fife and Clackmannan collieries were reduced 12½ per cent. on April 15, the wages of workers above ground being reduced two pence per day and those under ground in proportion. Enormous contracts for coal have been entered into in the North of England at rates one shilling per ton lower than have hitherto prevailed, the contracts being for twelve months' supply. The cheaper cost of coal will enable the British manufacturers to supply our markets with still cheaper goods and force their competition still more vigorously against American manufacturers. The unfortunate men and women who work in the British collieries have to suffer for this in England and our wage earners must suffer here so as to meet the closer competition.

Summer Activities.

If one were to attempt to enumerate and classify the sports of summer, he would have a large job on hand, but at a glance we know that thousands are engaged in those pastimes on land and water. The use of physical and muscular exertion is immense, and as a result the rough usage brings about sprains, hurts, bruises, wounds and cuts, for which the greatest and surest cure is St. Jacobs Oil. All sportsmen know and acknowledge this, as also raisers and trainers of fine horses, and breeders of fine cattle. It is the sportsman's best reliance and is kept on hand accordingly.

If this entire country were as populous as Rhode Island its inhabitants would number 945,700,000.

Need Clear Heads.

Working people need clear heads, sound sleep and good digestion for if sick or nervous, what then? It is cheap to keep well. That "queer feeling" spells trouble. Don't neglect it. First you "pooh, pooh" then you grow alarmed and send for the doctor. No need of that. A box of Hipsan Tablets will set you right and keep you right so you can eat, sleep and work. Try them. Druggists or them.

The first English Derby was run on May 20, 1781.

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

The French Monpolle gave a name to the Vermont Montpelier.

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

English leather gloves were sold all over Europe in 1847.

When You Come to Realize

that your corns are gone, and no pain, how grateful you feel. The work of Hindercorns. 15c

Tobacco occupies 20,220,000 acres in the United States.

I have found Piso's Cure for Consumption an unfailing medicine. F. R. Lotz, 1005 Scott St., Covington, Ky., Oct. 1, 1895.

England and Wales light something like 500,000 lamps nightly.

J. G. Simpson, Marquess, W. Va., says: "Hall's Catarrh Cure cured me of a very bad case of catarrh." Druggists sell it, 75c.

In Chancery time a woman's gown was called her cote.

Mothers Appreciate the Good Work of Parker's Ginger Tonic, with its reviving qualities—a boon to the pain-stricken and nervous.

Hats were first made in England by Flemings about 1510.



The Gratitude

Of those who have long been sufferers from some disease which has baffled the skill of physicians, and then have been restored to health by Hood's Sarsaparilla is difficult to express. It is such feelings which prompt the writing of testimonials like the following:

"I cannot begin to tell how thankful I am for the health Hood's Sarsaparilla has brought me. Since taking it I am a new woman. I was at death's door and my friends thought I could not live. I was crippled with rheumatism and my body was very much bloated. I have taken several bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla and now keep it in my house as I would not feel safe to be without it; it gives me instant relief. I am now 50 years old but feel much younger since taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. I gladly recommend it and do all I can for Hood's Sarsaparilla in return for the benefit I have received." MRS. A. LYNCH, Pettingell's Corner, Maine. Remember

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Is the Only
True Blood Purifier

And the Ideal Spring Medicine. Be sure to get Hood's and only Hood's.

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

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WORLD'S FAIR.
IMPERIAL GRANUM
IS
★THE BEST★
PREPARED
FOOD
SOLD EVERYWHERE.
★ JOHN CARLE & SONS, New York. ★

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent New York Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "Wing and Hand."

TEXT: "The likeness of the hands of a man was under their wings."—Ezekiel x., 21.

While tossed on the sea between Australia and Ceylon I first particularly noticed this text, of which then and there I made memorandum. This chapter is all aflutter with cherubim. Who are the cherubim? An order of angels radiant, mighty, all knowing, adoring, worshipful. When painter or sculptor tried in temple at Jerusalem or in marble of Egypt to represent the cherubim he made them part lion or part ox or part eagle. But much of that is an unintended burlesque of the cherubim whose majesty and speed and splendor we will never know until lifted into their presence we behold them for ourselves, as I pray by the pardoning grace of God we all may. But all the accounts Biblical and all the suppositions human represent the cherubim with wings, each wing about seven feet long, vaster, more imposing than any plumage that ever floated in earthly atmosphere.

Condor in flight above Chimborazo, or Rocky Mountain eagle aiming for the noonday sun, or albatross in play with ocean tempests, presents no such glory. We can get an imperfect idea of the wing of cherubim by the only wing we see—the bird's pinion—which is the arm of the bird, but in some respects more wondrous than the human arm: with power of making itself more light or more heavy, of expansion and contraction; defying all altitudes and all abysms; the bird looking down with pity upon boasting man as he lifts up the sides of the Adirondacks, while the wing with a few strokes puts the highest crags far beneath claw and beak. But the bird's wing is only a feeble suggestion of cherubim's wing. The greatness of that, the rapidity of that, the radiance of that, the Bible again and again sets forth.

My attention is not more attracted by those wings than by what they reveal when lifted. In two places in Ezekiel we are told there were hands under the wings—human hands, hands like ours. "The likeness of the hands of a man was under the wings." We have all noticed the wing of the cherubim, but no one seems yet to have noticed the human hand under the wing. There are whole sermons, whole anthems, whole doxologies, whole millenniums in that combination of hand and wing. If this world is ever brought to God, it will be by appreciation of the fact that supernatural and human agencies are to go together—that which soars and that which practically works, that which ascends the heavens and that which reaches forth to earth, the joining of the terrestrial and the celestial, the hand and the wing.

We see this union in the construction of the Bible. The wing of inspiration is in every chapter. What realms of the ransomed earth did Isaiah fly over! Over what battlefields for righteousness, what coronations, what dominions of gladness, what rainbows around the throne did St. John hover! But in every book of the Bible you just as certainly see the human hand that wrote it. Moses, the lawyer, showing his hand in the Ten Commandments, the foundation of all good legislation; Amos, the herdsman, showing his hand in similes drawn from fields and flocks; the fishermen apostles showing their hand when writing about Gospel nets; Luke, the physician, showing his hand by giving especial attention to diseases cured; Paul showing his scholarly hand by quoting from heathen poets, and making arguments about the resurrection that stand as firmly as on the day he planted them, and St. John shows his hand by taking his imagery from the appearances of the bright waters spread around the island of Patmos at hour of sunset, when he speaks of the sea of glass mingled with fire; scores of hands writing the annals, the miracles, the promises, the hosannas, the raptures, the consolations, the woes of ages. Oh, the Bible is so human, so full of heartbeats, so sympathetic, so wet with tears, so triumphant with palm branches, that it takes hold of the human race as nothing else ever can take hold of it, each writer in his own style—Job, the scientific; Solomon, the royal blood; Jeremiah, the despondent; Daniel, the abstemious and heroic—why, we know their style so well that we need not look to the top of the page to see who is the author. No more conspicuous the uplifting wing of inspiration than the hand, the warm hand, the flexible hand, the skilful hand of human instrumentality. "The likeness of the hands of a man was under the wings."

Again, behold this combination of my text in all successful Christian work. We stand or kneel in our pulpits and social meetings and reformatory associations offering prayer. Now, if anything has wings, it is prayer. It can fly farther and faster than anything I can now think of. In one second of time from where you sit it can fly to the throne of God and alight in England. In one second of time from where you sit it can fly to the throne of God and alight in India. It can girdle the earth in a shorter time than you can seal a letter, or clasp a belt, or hook an eye. Wings, whether that prayer starts from an infant's tongue or the trembling lip of a centenarian, rising from the heart of a farmer's wife standing at the dashing churn, or before the hot breath of a country oven, they soar away and pick out of all the shipping of the earth on all the seas the craft on which her sailor boy is voyaging. Yea, prayer can fly clear down into the future. When the father of Queen Victoria was dying, he asked that the infant Victoria might be brought while he sat up in bed, and the babe was brought, and the father prayed, "If this child should live to become Queen of England, may she rule in the fear of God!" Having ended his prayer, he said, "Take the child away." But all who know the history of England for the last fifty years know that the prayer for that infant more than seventy years ago has been answered, and with what emphasis and affection millions of the Queen's subjects have this day in chapels and cathedrals, and sea, supplicated, "God save the Queen!"

Prayer flies not only across continents, but across centuries. If prayer had only feet, it might run here and there and do wonders. But it has wings, and they are as radiant of plume and as swift to rise or swoop or dart or circle as the cherubim's wings which swept through Ezekiel's vision. But, oh, my friends, the prayer must have the hand under the wing, or it may amount to nothing. The mother's hand, or the father's hand, must write to the wayward boy as soon as you can hear how to address him. Christian souls must contribute to the evangelism of that far off land for which they have been praying. Stop singing "Fly abroad, thou mighty Gospel," unless you are willing to give something of your own means to make it fly. Have you been praying for the salvation of a young man's soul? That is right, but also extend the hand of invitation to come to a religious meeting.

It always excites our sympathy to see a man with his hand in sling. We ask him: "What is the matter? Hope it is not a felon," or, "Have your fingers been crushed?" But nine out of ten of all Christians are going their life long with their hand in a sling. They have been hurt by indifference or wrong ideas of what is best, or it is injured of conventionalities, and they never put forth that hand to lift or help or rescue any one. They pray, and their prayer has wings. From the very structure of the hand we might make up our mind as to some of the things it was made for—to hold fast, to lift, to push, to pull, to help and to rescue. And endowed with two hands, we might take the broad hint that for others as well as for ourselves we were to hold fast, to lift, to push, to pull, to help, to rescue. Wondrous hand! You know something of the "Bridgewater Treatises." When Rev. Francis Henry Bridgewater in his will left $40,000 for essays on "The Power, Wisdom and Goodness of God, as Manifested in the Creation," and Davis Gilbert, the President of the Society, chose eight persons to write eight books, Sir Charles Bell, the scientist, chose as the subject of his great book, "The Hand: Its Mechanism and Vital Endowments as Evincing Design." Oh, the hand! Its machinery beginning at the shoulder, and working through shafts of bone, upper arm and forearm, down to the eight bones of the wrist, and the five bones of the palm, and the fourteen bones of the fingers and thumb, and composed of a labyrinth of muscle and nerve and artery and flesh, which no one but Almighty God could have planned or executed. But how suggestive when it reached down to us from under the wings of the cherubim! "The likeness of the hands of a man was under the wings."

This idea is combined in Christ. When He rose from Mount Olivet, He took wing. All up and down His life you see the uplifting divinity. It flashed in His eyes. Its cadences were heard in His voice. But He was also very human. It was the hand under the wing that touched the woes of the world and took hold of the sympathies of the centuries. Watch His hand before it was spiked. There was a dead girl in a governor's house, and Christ comes into the room and takes her pale, cold hand in His warm grasp, and she opens her eyes on the weeping household and says: "Father, what are you crying about? Mother, what are you crying about?" The book says, "He took her by the hand, and the maid arose." A follower, angered at an insult offered Christ, drew the sword from sheath and struck at a man with the sharp edge, aiming, I think, at his forehead. But the weapon glanced aside and took off the right ear at its roots. Christ with His hand reconstructed that wonderful organ of sound, that whispering gallery of the soul, that collector of vibrations, that arched way to the auditory nerve, that tunnel without which all the musical instruments of earth would be of no avail. The book says, "He touched his ear and healed him." Meeting a full grown man who had never seen a sunrise, or a sunset, or a flower, or the face of his own father or mother, Christ moistens the dust from His own tongue and stirs the dust into an eye salve, and with His own hands applies the strange medicament, and suddenly all the colors of earth and sky rush in upon the newly created optic nerve and the instantaneous noon drove out the long night.

When He sees the grief of Mary and Martha He sits down and cries with them. Some say it is the shortest verse in the Bible, but to me it seems, because of its far reaching sympathies, about the largest—"Jesus wept!" So very human. He could not stand the sight of dropsy or epilepsy or paralysis or hunger or dementia, but He stretches out His sympathetic hand toward it. So very, very human. Omnipotent and majestic and glorious, this angel of the new covenant, with wings capable of encircling a universe, and yet hands of gentleness, hands of helpfulness, "The hands of a man under the wings." There is a kind of religion in our day that my text rebukes. There are men and women spending their time in delectation over their saved state going about from prayer meeting to prayer meeting, and from church to church, telling how happy they are. But show them a subscription paper, or ask them to go and visit the sick, or tell them to reclaim a wanderer, or speak out for some unpopular Christian enterprise, and they have bronchitis or stitch in the side or sudden attack of grip. Their religion is all wing and no hand. They can fly heavenward, but they cannot reach out earthward.

While Thomas Chalmers occupied the chair of moral philosophy in St. Andrew's University he had at the same time a Sabbath school class of poor boys down in the slums of Edinburgh. While Lord Fitzgerald was traveling in Canada he saw a poor Indian squaw carrying a crushing load, and he took the burden on his own shoulders. That was Christlike. That was "a hand under the wing." The highest type of religion says little about itself, but is busy for God and in helping to the heavenly shore the crew and passengers of this shipwrecked planet. Such people are busy now up the dark lanes of this city, and all through the mountain glens, and down in the quarries where the sunlight has never visited, and amid the rigging, helping to take in another reef before the Caribbean whirlwind. A friend was telling me of an exquisite thing about Seattle, then of Washington Territory, now of Washington State. The people of Seattle had given a generous sum of money for the Johnstown sufferers from the flood. A few days after Seattle was destroyed by fire. I saw it while the whole city was living in tents. In a public meeting some one proposed that the money raised for Johnstown be used for the relief of their own city, and the cry was No! No! No! Send the money to Johnstown, and by acclamation the motion was carried. Nothing more beautiful or sublime than that. Under the wing of fire that smote Seattle the sympathetic hand, the helping hand, the mighty hand of Christian relief for people thousands of miles away.

Why, there are 10,000 men and women whose one business is to help others. Helping hands, inspiring hands, lifting hands, encouraging hands, saving hands. Sure enough, those people had wings—with the wings of prayer and wings of consolation, but "the likeness of the hands of a man was under the wings." There was much sense in that which the robust boatman said when three were in a boat off the coast in a sudden storm that threatened to sink the boat, and one suggested that they all kneel down in the boat to pray, and the robust man took hold of the oar and began to pull, saying, "Let you, the strong, stout fellow, lay hold the other oar, and let the weak one who cannot pull give himself up to prayer." Pray by all means, but at the same time pull with all your might for the world's rescue. An arctic traveler hunting beaver while the ice was breaking up, and supposing that there was no human being within 100 miles, heard the ice crackle, and lo! a man, insane with hunger and cold, was wading in the ice water. The explorer took the man into his canoe and made for the land, and the people gathered on the shore. All the islanders had been looking for the lost man, and hailing him, according to prearrangement all the bells rang and all the guns fired. Oh, you can make a gladder time among the towers and hilltops of heaven if you can fetch home a wanderer!

In our time it is the habit to denounce the cities and to speak of them as the perdition of all wickedness. Is it not time for some one to tell the other side of the story and to say that the city is the heaven of practical helpfulness? Look at the unplowed and fountained parks, where the invalids may come and be refreshed; the Bowery mission, through which annually over 100,000 come to get bread for this life and bread for the life to come all the pillows of that institution under the Saviour's head; Bellevue Hospital, where to lay His head; the free schools, where the most impoverished are educated; the hospitals for broken bones; the homes for the restoration of intellects astray; the Orphan House, father and mother to all who come under its benediction; the midnight missions, which pour midnoon upon the darkness; the Prison Reform Association; the houses of mercy; the infirmaries; the sheltering arms; the aid-societies; the industrial schools; the Sailor's Snug Harbor; the foundling asylums; the free dispensaries; where greatest scientific skill feels the pulse of wan pauper; the ambulance, the startling stroke of its bell clearing the way to the case of casualty, and good souls like the mother who came to the Howard Mission, with its crowd of friendless boys picked up from the streets, and saying, "If you have a crippled boy, give him to me; my dear boy died with the spinal complaint," and such a one she found and took him home and nursed him till he was well. It would take a sermon three weeks long to do justice to the mighty things which our cities are doing for the unfortunate and the lost. Do not say that Christianity in our cities is all show and talk and gentleness and soft words. You have been so long looking at the hand of cruelty, and the hand of theft, and the hand of fraud, and the hand of outrage, that you have not sufficiently appreciated the hand of help stretched forth from the doors and windows of churches and from merciful institutions, the Christlike hand, the cherubic hand, "the hand under the wing."

There is also in my subject the suggestion of rewarded work for God and righteousness. When the wing went the hand went. When the wing ascended the hand ascended; and for every useful and Christian hand there will be elevation celestial and eternal. Expect no human gratitude, for it will not come. That was a wise thing Fenelon wrote to his friend: "I am very glad, my dear, good fellow, that you are pleased with one of my letters which has been shown to you. You are right in saying and believing that I ask little of men in general. I try to do much for them and to expect nothing in return. I find a decided advantage in these terms. On these terms I defy them to disappoint me." But, my hearers, the day cometh when your work, which perhaps no one has noticed or rewarded or honored, will rise to heavenly recognition. While I have been telling you that the hand was under the wing of the cherubim I want you to realize that the wing was over the hand. Perhaps reward may not come to you right away. Washington lost more battles than he won, but he triumphed at the last. Walter Scott, in boyhood, was called "the Greek blockhead," but what height of renown did he not afterward reach?

And I promise you victory farther yet and higher up, if not in this world then in the next. Oh, the heavenly rest when your lifted hand shall be gloved with what honors, its finger entringed with what jewels, its wrists clasped with what splendors! Come up and take it you Christian woman who served at the washtub! Come up and take it, you Christian shoemaker, who pounded the shoe last! Come up and take it, you professional nurse, whose compassion never fully paid for broken nights and the whims and struggles of delirious sickrooms! Come up and take it, you firemen, beweated, far down amid the greasy machinery of ocean steamers, and ye conductors and engineers on railroads, that knew no Sunday, and whose ringing bells and loud whistle never warned off your own anxieties!

Come up and take it, you mothers, who rocked and lullabied the family brood until they took wing for other nests and never appreciated what you had done and suffered for them. Your hand was well favored when you were young, and it was a beautiful hand, so well rounded, so graceful that many admired and eulogized it, but hard work calloused it and twisted it, and self sacrificing toil for others paled it, and many household griefs thinned it, and the ring which went on only with a push at the marriage altar now is too large and falls off, and again and again you have lost it. Poor hand! Weary hand! Wornout hand! But God will reconstruct it, reanimate it, readorn it, and all heaven will know the story of that hand. What fallen ones it lifted up! What tears it wiped away! What wounds it bandaged! What lighthouses it kindled! What storm tossed ships it brought into the pearl beached harbor! Oh, I am so glad that in the vision of my text Ezekiel saw the wing above the hand. Roll on that everlasting rest for all the toiling and misunderstood and suffering and weary children of God, and know right well that to join your hand, at last emancipated from the struggle, will be the soft hand, the gentle hand, the triumphant hand, of Him who wipeth away all tears from all faces. That will be the palace of the King of which the poet sang in somewhat Scotch dialect:

It's a bonnie, bonnie warl that we're livin' in the noo,
An sunny is the lan we often travel thro',
But in vain we look for something to which our hearts can cling,
For its beauty is as naething to the palace o' the King.

We see oor frien's await us ower yonder at His gate,
Then let us a' be ready, for, ye ken, it's getting late,
Let oor lamps be brichtly burnin; let's raise our voice and sing,
Soon we'll meet, to part nae mair, i' the palace of the King.

Considerate.

It is related that when Judge Buxton, of North Carolina, made his first appearance at the bar as a young lawyer, he was given charge, by the State's Solicitor, of the prosecution of a man who was charged with some misdemeanor.

There was practically no evidence against the man, but Buxton did his best, and was astonished when the jury brought in a verdict of "guilty."

After the trial one of the jurors tapped the young lawyer on the shoulder.

"Buxton," said he, "we didn't think that man was guilty, but we didn't like to discourage a young lawyer by acquitting him!"

PRISON-MADE GOODS.

CARLISLE IGNORES THE LAW ON THE SUBJECT.

American Wage Earners Are Entitled to Know Why Goods Made Abroad by Convicts Are Imported to This Country, Contrary to Law.

A very interesting debate took place in the House of Commons a few months ago upon the importation of prison made goods into the United Kingdom. The protection sentiment existing among members of Parliament was very marked, and the Government endeavored to terminate the debate by counting out the House, but the effort failed. It was a long time before Mr. Brice, the President of the British Board of Trade, responded to the taunts of those who desired protection for English labor. The subject of his remarks was that it was impossible to check the importation of prison made goods, because there was no method of proving what goods had or had not been made by prison labor, and the Board of Trade had not framed any regulations upon the subject. Referring to our own law to check the importation of foreign prison made goods into the United States Mr. Bryce said:

"He had taken steps to ascertain what regulations the Secretary of the Treasury had made, and he was informed that he had made none." (Laughter.)

For the information of our Secretary of the Treasury, Hon. John G. Carlisle, we quote Section 24 of the Gorman tariff as follows:

"That all goods, wares, articles and merchandise manufactured wholly or in part in any foreign country by convict labor shall not be entitled to entry at any of the ports of the United States, and the importation thereof is hereby prohibited, and the Secretary of the Treasury is authorized to prescribe such regulations as may be necessary for the enforcement of this provision."

American labor would like to know what regulations our Secretary of the Treasury has prescribed to enforce this provision. We are not aware, and we do not suppose Mr. Carlisle is aware, to what extent foreign prison made goods are imported and sold in our markets. The law, however, is mandatory that they "shall not be entitled to entry at any of the ports of the United States."

During the debate in Parliament it was stated that the prison labor was hired out to manufacturers and that goods were made to which English marks and labels were attached, the goods then being shipped to England and sold in the English markets. Undoubtedly this is being done in our own markets in the case of dry goods, brushes, buttons, coir mattings, etc.

As an instance, we draw the attention of Secretary Carlisle to the fact that, from the beginning of September, 1894, up to the end of February, 1895, during the first six months' operation of the Gorman tariff, our imports of foreign brushes amounted to $264,260.

Will Secretary Carlisle kindly explain to what extent these brushes were prison made? Will he also explain what regulations he has prescribed under the authority given him by Congress to enforce Section 24 of the present tariff law. In case the Secretary of the Treasury has failed "to prescribe such regulations as may be necessary for the enforcement of this provision," will Mr. Carlisle be good enough to explain, for the information of American wage earners, why he has failed to prescribe any such regulations?



Free Trade, Free Farms.

Efforts are being made in the direction of establishing free farms in England, the idea being to employ the largely increasing number of paupers in that free trade country to at least raise food enough from the soil that would pay for the cost of their own maintenance. This is the result of the long experienced free trade in that country. But here in the United States we are reaching the same results much more quickly. It is less than three years ago that the first threat of free trade was assured us, yet in the immediate vicinity of New York the use of land has been given for precisely the same purpose—to support pauper labor in this country. When the McKinley tariff was in full force a few years ago we had no pauper labor, but the result of tariff reform compels the free use of land, after being plowed free of cost, to enable those who are free from labor, through our free trade tariff, to endeavor to get food enough out of the soil to keep themselves from starving.

More Buying Abroad, Less Work Here.

The American people are not likely to be compelled to go naked for some time to come, the supply of cotton goods now in our markets being considerably more than ample for the trade requirements. Since the new tariff went into effect, up to February 28, 1895, our imports of cotton cloths compare as follows with our imports during the corresponding six months a year earlier:

QUANTITIES OF IMPORTS OF MANUFACTURED COTTONS.

	September 1 to March 1.		
Article.	1894-95.	1893-94.	Increase.
Cloth:	Square yards.	Square yards.	Square yards.
Not bleached, dyed, etc.	917,427	762,563	154,853
Bleached, dyed, etc.	25,856,969	15,727,988	10,128,981

It will be noted that we have bought from abroad over 10,000,000 square yards more of bleached and dyed cotton cloths under the Gorman tariff, with a slight increase in our imports of unbleached and undyed. If business is good enough to create a healthy demand for these larger imports, over and above the total possible output of our own factories, well and good; if not, then the demand for American cottons must fall off, with an accumulation of stocks, and ultimately less employment to the workers in our own cotton mills.

Policy of Distrust and Disappointment.

The policy of the Administration at home has been one of distrust and disappointment. It has diminished the revenues of the Government and decreased the occupations of the people. Under the pretext of reducing the tariff that it might reduce the cost of living it has reduced the living itself and left thousands in a situation of destitution, the like of which they had never before experienced.—Governor Wm. McKinley.

Highest of all in leavening strength.—Latest U. S. Gov. Food Report.

Royal Baking Powder
ABSOLUTELY PURE

Economy requires that in every receipt calling for baking powder the Royal shall be used. It will go further and make the food lighter, sweeter, of finer flavor, more digestible and wholesome.

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

WORK AND WORKERS.

A large number of the cotton operatives of Janesville, Wis., who struck last week, returned to work. It is expected that the mill will be running in full blast by the middle of the week.

A Cincinnati Times-Star Bellaire special says: Over 400 men at the blast furnaces of the Bellaire Nail Works have accepted an advance of 15 per cent. in wages and will resume work.

Colonel Morris, of the Morris Coal Company, in speaking of the charges made by Mark Wild, of the A. R. U., against John McBride, stated that the $600 was given Wild as an act of charity.

The directors of the Pittsburg Plate Glass Company met at Pittsburg. They issue a statement to the effect that they have no intention of raising wages, as was reported in some of the coal newspapers.

Two hundred miners who were forced out from the Pittsburg Standard mines last week by the strikers returned to work at the old rate. The strikers threaten to return to the mine and compel the men to quit.

At Cleveland, O., the striking fitters at the works of the Columbia Spring Company, who went out a day or two ago, having expressed a willingness to resume work, and the trouble which threatened to close the entire plant is at an end.

The wage committee of the Amalgamated Association is meeting in Pittsburg to arrange a scale of wages to report to the annual convention of the Amalgamated Association, which meets in Cleveland next month.

Jones & Laughlin, proprietors of the American Iron Works, have granted their employes a 10 per cent. increase in wages. The firm employ about 4,000 men, and are the greatest rivals of the Carnegie Steel Company in the manufacture of structural iron.

In Cincinnati the International Association of Machinists asked for a charter of affiliation with the American Federation of Labor. Since the introduction of typesetting machines members of the Typographical Union have become a prominent part of the machinists' organization.

The Illinois Steel Company started two blast furnaces at the South Chicago works and four others are in preparation to begin operations within 24 hours. Contrary