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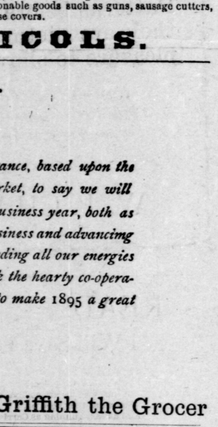
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WITCH HAZEL OIL
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Is Your Blood Pure
If it is, you will be strong, vigorous, full of life and ambition; you will have a good appetite and good digestion; strong nerves, sweet sleep.
But how few can say that their blood is pure! How many people are suffering daily from the consequences of impure blood, scrofula, salt rheum, rheumatism, catarrh, nervousness, sleeplessness and
That Tired Feeling.
Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies, vitalizes and enriches the blood. Therefore, it is the medicine for you.
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Free Trade Paupers.

In England the House of Commons is considering plans for the relief of the unemployed. At a recent sitting of the committee Mr. James Kier Hardie, M. P., testified that the distress was so widespread that the proposed grant of $5,000,000 would tide over the needs of the unemployed for a few weeks only.

This condition of affairs in England is what free trade leads to inevitably. Although Great Britain's industrial activities, in some important lines, are greater than for several years past, thanks to our free trade Administration, she has, nevertheless, by her free trade policy, created a pauper class of which she cannot now rid herself. The United States would do well to note the decline of trade and labor conditions in England traceable unmistakably to free trade heresy.

Prices and Prosperity.

Wheat and cotton have fallen to such figures that it is in no way conceivable that the wheat growers of the United States and the cotton planters of the Southern States can produce in the future so big crops of wheat and of cotton as they produced in 1894 until prices go much higher. They declare that the number of failures in the West and South, due to fifty-cent wheat and five-cent cotton, is so great, and the lack of means among Western wheat growers and Southern cotton planters is now so serious and widespread, that it is impossible for the wheat growers of the West and planters of the South to raise nearly so large crops of wheat and cotton this year as were raised last year, no matter how favorable the weather may be. Farmers cannot raise wheat in the West, and planters cannot raise cotton in the South, unless they have some little capital or some little credit.

New Southern Sentiment.

I have been in this State over a year, have traveled over a great part of it, and have come in contact with people engaged in different ways. I find them all eager to get hold of any information on the question of a protective tariff. They are willing to listen to argument now.—J. Hendershatte, of Lumber City, Ga.

Never.

In Vermillions Parish, La., over 1000 tons of cane were adandoned and left standing, notes a Southern paper. Did this ever happen during any season when the country was under a policy of protection?

American Women's Fashion.

I imagine women would open their pretty eyes wide at the idea of their owing anything to their own city. But they do. They owe to their own country a sort of loyalty that will make it fear no competition with the luxury venders of other countries. I once heard a most excellent woman—a modiste with a clientele of a high class—agonizing over the great National question of protection or no protection with such frenzied earnestness that I was compelled to ask her why it touched her in such personal fashion. She was for protection. "Touch me," she answered tragically, "of course it touches me. Free trade and the country is inundated with the gowns that I now import for my ladies; ladies who will wear nothing of American manufacture."

What a great people the American would be if the women, on the contrary, would wear nothing that was not of American manufacture. How easily they could set the fashions for the world if, with their wealth, independence and love of luxury they choose to be leaders where now they are satisfied to copy and follow.—Jeannette H. Walworth, in the Mail and Express.

Democracy and Deficiency.

The way to stop loans is to stop deficiencies. The reserve is sure to be drained if you cut off the supply. The outflow of gold will never trouble us when the inflow of gold is only large enough. Loans and deficiencies seem to be inseparable from the Democratic party, and we should ever remember that we cannot replenish the Treasury of a Government by impoverishing the people who sustain the Government. Home prosperity is the key to an easy treasury and a high credit.—Governor William McKinley.

Championship.

In all the out-door sports of the season the weather is playing champion to knock out and close up games. A change will come, of course, and with hot weather will come the fiercer struggle to make up for lost time. All this means a greater amount of wear and tear to the body, to its muscles, nerves and bones. What the damage in all will be from sprains, bruises, wounds, hurts, inflammations, contusions and the like, no one can tell, but there is a championship to be won, important to all, to which few give sufficient consideration, and that is the triumph over all these pains and mishaps in the surest, promptest way. St. Jacobs Oil is the champion remedy for all such ailments; it does not disappoint and never postpones a cure for any cause whatever.

If all the cabs in London were placed in a line there would be a total length of forty-four miles.

To Cleanse the System

Effectually yet gently, when costive or bilious, or when the blood is impure or sluggish, to permanently cure habitual constipation, to awaken the kidneys and liver to a healthy activity, without irritating or weakening them, to dispel headaches, cold or fevers, use Syrup of Figs.

Steven was the original of Stevens on Stephen, Stenson, Stinson, Stimson and Stimpson.

REV. DR. TALMAGE

The Eminent New York Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "The Greatest Soldier of All Time."

In the Embury Memorial Church, Brooklyn, a large audience listened to the annual sermon of Chaplain T. De Witt Talmage, of the Thirteenth Regiment, N. G. S. N. Y. The members of the regiment occupied the body of the church. Dr. Talmage chose for his subject "The Greatest Soldier of All Time," the text being: "There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life."—Joshua i., 5.

The "gallant Thirteenth," as this regiment is generally and appropriately called, has gathered to-night for the worship of God and to hear the annual sermon. And first I look with hearty salutation into the faces of the veterans, who, though now not in active service, have the same patriotic and military enthusiasm which characterized them when, in 1863, they bade farewell to home and loved ones and started for the field and risked all they held dear on earth for the re-establishment of the failing United States Government. "All that a man hath will he give for his life," and you showed yourselves willing to give your lives. We hail you! We thank you! We bless you, the veterans of the Thirteenth. Nothing can ever rob you of the honor of having been soldiers in one of the most tremendous wars of all history, a war with Grant and Sherman and Hancock and Sheridan and Farragut on one side, and Lee and Stonewall Jackson and Longstreet and Johnston on the other.

As in Greek assemblages, when speakers would arouse the audience, they shouted "Marathon" so if I wanted to stir you to acclamation I would only need to speak the words, "Lookout Mountain," "Cold Harbor," "Gettysburg." And though through the passage of years you are forever free from duty of enlistment, if European nations should too easily and too quickly forget the Monroe doctrine and set aggressive foot upon this continent I think your ankles would be supple again, and your arms would grow strong again, and your eyes would be keen enough to follow the stars of the old flag wherever they might lead.

And next I greet the colonel and his staff, and all the officers and men of the regiment. It has been an eventful year in your history. If never before, Brooklyn appreciates something of the value of its armories, and the importance of the men who there drill for the defense and safety of the city. The blessing of God be upon all of you, my comrades of the Thirteenth Regiment! And looking about for a subject that might be most helpful an inspiring for you, and our veterans here assembled, and the citizens gathered to-night with their good wishes, I have concluded to hold up before you the greatest soldier of all time—Joshua the hero of my text.

He was a magnificent fighter, but he always fought on the right side, and he never fought unless God told him to fight. In my text he gets his military equipment: and one would think it must have been plumed helmet for the brow, greaves of brass for the feet, habergeon for the breast. "There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life." "Oh," you say, "anybody could have courage with such a backing up as that." Why, my friends, I have to tell you that the God of the universe and the Chieftain of eternity promises to do just as much for us as for him. All the resources of eternity are pledged in our behalf, if we go out in the service of God, and no more than that was offered to Joshua. God fulfilled this promise of my text, although Joshua's first battle was with the spring freshet, and the next with a stone wall, and the next leading on a regiment of whipped cowards, and the next battle against darkness, wheeling the sun and the moon into his battalion, and the last against the king of terrors, death—two great victories.

In the next part, when the general of an army starts out in a conflict he would like to have a small battle in order that he may get his courage up and he may rally his troops and get them drilled for greater conflicts, but this first undertaking of Joshua was greater than the leveling of Fort Pulaski, or the thundering down of Gibraltar, or the overthrow of the Bastile. It was the crossing of the Jordan at the time of the spring freshet. The snows of Mount Lebanon had just been melting, and they poured down into the valley, and the whole valley was a raging torrent. So the Canaanites stand on one bank, and they look across and see Joshua and the Israelites, and they laugh and say: "Aha! aha! They cannot disturb us until the freshets fall. It is impossible for them to reach us." But after awhile they look across the water, and they see a movement in the army of Joshua. They say: "What's the matter now? Why, they must be a panic among these troops, and they are going to fly, or perhaps they are going to try to march across the river Jordan. Joshua is a lunatic." But Joshua, the chieftain of the text, looks at his army and cries, "Forward, march!" and they start for the bank of the Jordan.

One mile ahead go two priests, carrying a glittering box four feet long and two feet wide. It is the ark of the covenant. And they come down, and no sooner do they just touch the rim of the water with their feet than by an almighty fiat Jordan parts. The army of Joshua marches right on without getting their feet wet over the bottom of the river, a path of chalk and broken shells and pebbles, until they get to the other bank. Then they lay hold of the oleanders and tamarisks and willows and pull themselves up a bank thirty or forty feet high, and having gained the other bank they clap their shields and their cymbals and sing the praises of the God of Joshua.

But no sooner have they reached the bank than the waters begin to dash and roar, and with a terrific rush they break loose from their strange anchorage. Out yonder they have stopped; thirty miles up yonder they halted. On this side the waters roll off toward the salt sea. But as the hand of the Lord God is taken away from the thus uplifted waters—waters perhaps uplifted half a mile—as the Almighty hand is taken away those waters rush down, and some of the unbelieving Israelites say: "Alas, alas, what a misfortune! Why could not those waters have stayed parted? Because, perhaps, we may want to go back. Oh, Lord, we are engaged in a risky business. Those Canaanites may eat us up. How if we want to go back? Would it not have been a more complete miracle if the Lord had parted the waters to let us come through and kept them parted to let us go back if we are defeated?" My friends, God makes no provision for a Christian's retreat. He clears the path all the way to Canaan. To go back is to die. The same gatekeepers that swing back the amethystine and crystalline gate of the Jordan to let Israel pass through now swing shut the amethystine and crystalline gate of the Jordan to keep the Israelites from going back. I declare it in your hearing to-day, victory ahead, water forty feet deep in the rear. Triumph ahead, Canaan ahead; behind you death and darkness and woe and hell. But you say, "Why didn't those Canaanites, when they had such a splendid chance—standing on the top of the bank thirty or forty feet high—completely demolish those poor Israelites down in the river?" I will tell you why. God had made a promise, and He was going to keep it. "There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life."

But this is no place for the host to stop. Joshua gives the command, "Forward, march!" In the distance there is a long grove of trees, and at the end of the grove is a city. It is a city of arbors, a city with walls seeming to reach to the heavens, to buttress the very sky. It is the great metropolis that commands the mountain pass. It is Jericho. That city was afterward captured by Pompey, and it was afterward captured by Herod the Great, and it was afterward captured by the Mohammedans, but this campaign the Lord plans. There shall be no swords, no shields, no battering ram. There shall be only one weapon of war, and that a ram's horn. The horn of the slain ram was sometimes taken and holes were punctured in it, and then the musician would put the instrument to his lips, and he would run his fingers over this rude musical instrument, and make a great deal of sweet harmony for the people. That was the only kind of weapon. Seven priests were to take these rude rustic musical instruments, and they were to go around the city every day for six days—once a day for six days, and then on the seventh day they were to go around blowing these rude musical instruments seven times, and then at the close of the seventh blowing of the rams' horns on the seventh day the procession of the whole scene was to be a shout, at which those great walls should tumble from canstone to base.

The seven priests with the rude musical instruments pass all around the city walls on the first day, and a failure. Not so much as a piece of plaster broke loose from the wall, not so much a loosened rock, not so much as a piece of mortar lost from its place. "There," say the unbelieving Israelites. "Didn't I tell you so? Why, those ministers are fools. The idea of going around the city with those musical instruments and expecting in that way to destroy it! Joshua has been spoiled. He thinks because he has overthrown and destroyed the spring freshet he can overthrow the stone wall. Why, it is not philosophic. Don't you see there is no relation between the blowing of these musical instruments and the knocking down of the wall? It isn't philosophy."

And I suppose there were many wiseacres who stood with their brows knitted, and with the forefinger of the right hand to the forefinger of the left hand, arguing it all out and showing it was not possible that such a cause should produce such an effect. And I suppose that night in the encampment there was plenty of philosophy and caricature, and if Joshua had been nominated for any high military position he would not have got many votes. Joshua's stock was down. The second day, the priests, blowing the musical instruments, go around the city, and a failure. Third day, and a failure; fourth day, and a failure; fifth day, and a failure; sixth day, and a failure. The seventh day comes, the climacteric day. Joshua is up early in the morning and examines the troops, walks all around about, looks at the city wall. The priests start to make the circuit of the city. They go all around once, all around twice, three times, four times, five times, six times, seven times, and a failure.

There is only one more thing to do, and that is to utter a great shout. I see the Israelitish army straightening themselves up, filling their lungs for a vociferation such as was never heard before and never heard after. Joshua feels that the hour has come, and he cries out to his host, "Shout! for the Lord hath given you the city!" All the people begin to cry: "Down, Jericho! Down, Jericho!" And the long line of solid masonry begins to quiver and to move and to rock. Stand from under! She falls! Crash go the walls, the temples, the towers, the palaces! The air is blackened with the dust. The huzza of the victorious Israelites and the groan of the conquered Canaanites commingle, and Joshua, standing there in the debris of the wall, hears a voice saying, "There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life."

But Joshua's troops may not halt here. The command is, "Forward, march!" There is the city of Ai. It must be taken. How shall it be taken? A scouting party come back and says: "Joshua, we can do that without you. It is going to be a very easy job. You just stay here while we go and capture it." They march with a small regiment in front of that city. The men of Ai look at them and give one yell, and the Israelites run like reindeers. The northern troops at Bull Run did not make such rapid time as these Israelites with the Canaanites after them. They never cut such a sorry figure as when they were on the retreat.

Joshua falls on his face in chagrin. It is the only time you ever see him on the back of his head. He falls on his face and begins to whine, and he says: "O Lord God, wherefore hast Thou at all brought this people over Jordan to deliver us into the hand of the Amorites to destroy us? Would to God we had been content and dwelt on the other side of Jordan! For the Canaanites and all the inhabitants of the land shall hear of it and shall environ us round and cut off our name from the earth."

I am very glad Joshua said that. Before it seemed as if he were a supernatural being, and therefore could not be an example to us, but I find he is a man, he is only a man. Just as sometimes you find a man under severe opposition, or in a bad state of physical health, or worn out with overwork, lying down and sighing about everything being defeated, I am encouraged when I hear this cry of Joshua as he lies in the dust.

God comes and rouses him. How does He rouse him? By complimentary apostrophe? No. He says: "Get thee up. Wherefore liest thou upon thy face?" Joshua rises, and, I warrant you, with a most martial look. But his old courage comes back. The fact was that was not his battle. If he had been in it, he would have gone on to victory. He gathers his troops around him and says: "Now let us go up and capture the city of Ai. Let us go up right away."

They march on. He puts the majority of the troops behind a ledge of rocks in the night, and then he sends a comparatively small battalion up in front of the city. The men of Ai come out with a shout. This battalion in stratagem fall back and fall back, and when all the men of Ai have left the city and are in pursuit of this scattered or seemingly scattered battalion Joshua stands on a rock I see his locks flying in the wind, and he points his spear toward the doomed city, and that is the signal. The man rush out from behind the rocks and take the city, and it is put to the torch, and then these Israelites in the city march down, and the flying battalion of Israelites return, and between these two waves of Israelitish prowess the men of Ai are destroyed, and the Israelites gain the victory, and while I see the curling smoke of that destroyed city on the sky, and while I hear the huzza of the Israelites and the groan of the Canaanites, Joshua hears something louder than it all, ringing and echoing through his soul, "There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life."

But this is no place for the host of Joshua to stop. "Forward, march!" cries Joshua to the troops. There is the city of Gibeon. It has put itself under the protection of Joshua. They send word: "Those are the men after us. They are going to destroy us. Send troops quick. Send us help right away." Joshua has a three days' march on them at double quick. On the morning of the third day he is before the enemy. There are two long lines of battle. The battle opens with great slaughter, but the Canaanites soon discover something. They say: "That is Joshua. That is the man who conquered the spring freshet and knocked down the stone wall and destroyed the city of Ai. There is no use fighting." And they sound a retreat, and as they begin the retreat Joshua and his host spring upon them like a panther, pursuing them over the rocks, and as these Canaanites, with spattered shins and gashed foreheads, retreat the catapults of the sky pour a volley of hailstones into the valley, and all the artillery of the heavens with bullets of iron pounds the Canaanites against the le ges of Beth-horon.

"Oh," says Joshua, "this is surely a victory!" "But do you see the sun is going down? Those Amorites are going to get away after all, and they will come up some other time and bother us, and perhaps destroy us." See, the sun is going down. Oh, for a longer day than has ever been seen in this climate! What is the matter with Joshua? Has he fallen in an apoplectic fit? No. He is in prayer. Look out when a good man makes the Lord his ally. Joshua rises, his face radiant with prayer, and looks at the descending sun over Gibeon and at the faint crescent of the moon, for you know the queen of the night sometimes with linger around the palaces of the day. Pointing one hand at the descending sun and the other hand at the faint crescent of the moon, in the name of that God who shaped the worlds and moves the worlds, he cries, "Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon, and thou, moon, in the valley of Ajalon." And they stood still. Whether it was by refraction of the sun's rays or by the stopping of the whole planetary system I do not know and do not care. I leave it to the Christian scientists and the infidel scientists to settle that question, while I tell you I have seen the same thing. "What," say you, "not the sun standing still?" Yes. The same miracle is performed now-a-days. The wicked do not live out half their day, and the sun sets at noon. But let a man start out and battle for God, and the truth, and against sin, and the day of his usefulness is prolonged and prolonged and prolonged.

But it is time for Joshua to go home. He is 110 years old. Washington went down the Potomac, and at Mount Vernon closed his days. Wellington died peacefully at Aspley House. Now, where shall Joshua rest? Way, he is to have his greatest battle now. After 110 years he has to meet a king who has more subjects than all the present population of the earth, his throne a pyramid of skulls, his parterre the graveyards and the cemeteries of the world, his chariot the world's hearse—the king of terrors. But if this is Joshua's greatest battle it is going to be Joshua's greatest victory. He gathers his friends around him and gives his valedictory, and it is full of reminiscence. Young men tell what they are going to do. Old men tell what they have done.

And as you have heard a grandfather or a great-grandfather, seated by the evening fire, tell of Monmouth or Yorktown and then lift the crutch or staff as though it were a musket to fight and show how the old battles were won, so Joshua gathers his friends around his dying couch, and he tells them the story of what he has been through, and as he lies there, his white locks snowing down on his wrinkled forehead, I wonder if God has kept His promises all the way through—the promise of the text. As he lies there he tells the story one, two or three times—you have heard old people tell a story two or three times over—and he answers: "I go the way of all the earth, and not one word of the promise has failed, not one word thereof has failed. All has come to pass; not one word thereof has failed." And then he turns to his family, as a dying parent will, and says: "Choose now whom ye will serve—the God of Israel or the God of the Amorites. As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord." A dying parent cannot be reckless or thoughtless in regard to his children. Consent to part with them at the door of the tomb we cannot. By the cradle in which their infancy was rocked, by the bosom on which they first lay, by the blood of the Covenant, by the God of Joshua, it shall not be. We will not part. We cannot part. Jehovah Jireh, we take Thee at Thy promise, "I will be a God to thee and thy seed after thee."

Dead, the old chieftain must be laid out. Handle him very gently. That sacred body is over 110 years of age. Lay him out. Stretch out those feet that walked dry shod the parted Jordan. Close those lips which helped to blow the blast at which the walls of Jericho fell. Fold the arm that lifted the spear toward the doomed city of Ai. Fold it right over the heart that exulted when the five kings fell. But where shall we get the burnished granite for the headstone and the footstone? I rethink myself now. I imagine that for the head it shall be the sun that stood still upon Gibeon, and for the foot the moon that stood still in the valley of Ajalon.

Value of Hotel Cockroaches.

According to a recent encyclopaedic authority hotel cockroaches are valuable insects. They are said to destroy much vermin of a more pestiferous nature than themselves, and, in troops, even overcome and devour mice. By many hotel managers it is deemed wise to permit these little animals of many legs to have full freedom at night that they may rid the rooms of the more objectionable bugs. The cockroach is proud of the number of his legs. He regards himself as the aristocracy of his kind, because of that advantage.

Although occasionally seen skulking behind trunks and beneath counters in daytime, his business hours are at night. It is then that the roach shows great activity and athletic powers. He is a devotee of sport and displays much courage in pursuit of mice. These cockroaches have often been seen scaling heights and bridging chasms which would appear quite impossible to animals of their size. They also move with a celerity that is astonishing. They can be made better pets than cats, or almost any other domestic animal. The lonely hotel clerk at night is in the habit of cultivating the acquaintances of the intelligent cockroach.

FREE TRADE, FREE GIFTS.

WONDERFUL WAY IN WHICH THE NEW TARIFF WORKS.

Giving Away Our Goods so as to Reach the Markets of the World—Farmers' Products Passed Over the Democratic Gift-Counter.

While it has always been claimed by the friends of free trade that their policy would open the markets of the world to American products and manufactures, they have never shown the extent of the free gift distribution that has to be made in reaching those markets. The Gorman tariff had been in force seven months on March 31, 1895, and in that time our exports of cotton were as follows, compared with the corresponding seven months a year earlier:

EXPORTS OF COTTON.

	Pounds.	Value.
Seven months to March 31, 1895....	2,924,315,673	$166,573,289
March 31, 1894....	2,220,426,409	176,223,789
Increase, 1895....	693,889,264	*$9,350,503

*Decrease.

In reaching the markets of the world we have sold nearly 694,000,000 pounds more of cotton than we did a year earlier, but we have received $9,353,003 less money for the larger quantity than was paid us for the smaller quantity shipped a year earlier. It practically cost us this $9,350,000 to make free gifts to foreign manufacturing countries of 694,000,000 pounds of cotton.

Let us now look at other farm products and see if the producers of bacon and lard, for instance, have fared any better than the cotton growers, our exports of these two commodities for nine months ending March 31, 1894 and 1895, comparing as follows:

EXPORTS OF BACON.

	Pounds.	Value.
Nine months to March 31, 1895....	348,385,661	$29,053,333
March 31, 1894....	311,733,133	29,610,793
Increase, 1895....	36,652,534	*257,465

EXPORTS OF LARD.

	Pounds.	Value.
Nine months to March 31, 1895....	363,153,997	$28,420,883
March 31, 1894....	317,147,119	29,819,106
Increase, 1895....	46,006,878	*1,398,217

*Decrease.

It seems that under the Gorman tariff we sold 36,652,534 pounds more of American bacon in the markets of the world than we did a year earlier, but we received $557,465 less money for the larger quantity than was paid us for the smaller quantity that we shipped abroad a year earlier. In other words, we have paid out this $557,465 for the privilege of making free gifts of 36,653,000 pounds of American bacon to the consumers in the markets of the world. No wonder they are so eagerly waiting to take our products from us.

The figures of our exports of lard show that we have sold over 46,000,000 pounds more of American lard under the Gorman tariff period than we did during the corresponding months a year earlier, but we received $1,398,217 less money for the larger quantity that we sold than was paid us for the smaller quantity. In other words, it has cost us this $1,398,217 to present free gifts of 46,000,000 pounds of lard to foreign consumer, who are anxiously waiting to use our lard in those markets of the world that the Gorman tariff has opened.

Summarizing these results, under tariff reform or free trade, of letting ourselves out into the markets of the world during the few months of the Gorman tariff, we find that the American farmers have made free gifts of nearly 694,000,000 pounds cotton, of 36,653,000 pounds of bacon and of 46,000,000 pounds of lard to the manufacturers and consumers of the world, and that it costs us $41,3C0,000 hard cash to distribute these free gifts.

The free gift scheme is generally worked on the understanding, and with the expectation, that subsequent trade results will be beneficial to the giver, compensating him in the long run for the gifts that he has given away. In the distribution from our National gift counter no compensating profits seem yet to have been realized. Possibly the free gift scheme was not advertised enough during the 1892 and 1894 election campaigns. We do not recollect having seen any notices thereof. It was a serious oversight and one that should be remedied as speedily as possible and explained away by free trade and tariff reform orators.

The Cleveland-Carlisle-Gorman-Wilson free gift counter, while proving a satisfactory grab-bag to the markets of the world, has only served to depletе the Treasury till. The American people and the American farmers especially, will not forget that free trade means free gifts. It was a glorious opening day when we let ourselves out with our free gifts. The markets of the world have been struggling to reach our free gift counter. How long can we afford such a distribution? What are we getting in return for it?

People pour things into their friends' ears as if they had control of their friends' tongues.

A revolution has broken out in Ecuador and the United States steamer Ranger has been ordered to Guayaquil.

A LIVING SHADOW.

CEMARKABLE TRANSFORMATION OF A NORTH CAROLINA MAN.

Strange, but True, Story From the Lumber Regions of a Southern State—Verified by Personal Investigation.

(From the Greenville, N. C., Reflector.)

The following interview has just been given our reporter by Mr. G. A. Baker, the overseer at the farm of Col. Isaac A. Sugg, of Greenville, N. C. It will interest anyone who has ever had typhoid fever. Mr. Baker said in part:

"I was living in Beaufort County, and on the 2d day of October, 1893, I was stricken down with typhoid fever. I had the best physicians to attend me and on the 15th day of January, 1894, I was allowed to get up. I was emaciated, weak and had no appetite. I could only drag along for a short distance and would be compelled to sit down and rest. This continued for some time and I began to give up hope of ever getting well. I lost my position in Beaufort County and having secured one in Pitt County, clerking in a store, I undertook it, but was so weak I could not do the work and had to give it up. The disease settled in my knees, legs and feet. I was taking first one kind of medicine and then another, but nothing did me any good. I was mighty low-spirited. I moved out to Col. Sugg's about four or five months ago and commenced taking Dr. Williams' Pills. I took three a day for about three months. I began to regain my appetite in a week's time, and then my weakness began to disappear, and hope sprung up with a blessedness that is beyond all telling. At the expiration of the three months I was entirely cured and could take my axe and go in the woods and do as good a day's work as any man. I was troubled with dyspepsia and that has disappeared. It is also a splendid tonic for weak people. I say, Mr. Editor, God bless Dr. Williams; may he live for a long time; I know he will go up yonder to reap his reward for he has done a wonderful lot of good. Tell everybody that asks you about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People that if they will come to me I can certainly satisfy them as to their merits. I always carry a box of pills with me and when ever I feel bad I take one."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, all forms of weakness either in male or female; and all diseases resulting from vitiated humors in the blood. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price, (50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50) by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

Take no Substitute for Royal Baking Powder.
It is Absolutely Pure.
All others contain alum or ammonia.

A Surmise.

"Bill Doolan's band has been captured in Oklahoma," remarked the newspaper reader.

"You don't say so," replied the man who pretends to keep posted but does not. "What was Bill's band doing? Playing 'Sweet Marie?'"—Washington Star.

MARKETS.

BALTIMORE.

GRAIN, ETC.			
FLOUR—Balto. Best Pat.$		@ $	4 40
High Grade Extra.....			3 90
WHEAT—No. 2 Red.....	69		72
CORN—No. 2 White.....	54		17¼
OATS—Southern & Penn.	37		37½
RYE—No. 2.....	67		68
HAY—Choice Timothy...	13