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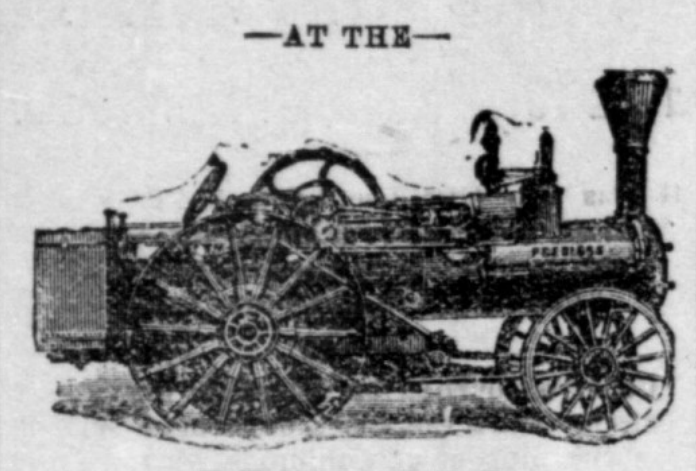

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WITCH HAZEL OIL

FRAZER AXLE GREASE
Best in the World!
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FAILURE ELSEWHERE.

FREE TRADE RUINS ENGLISH INDUSTRIES AND EXPORTS.

British Iron and Steel Trade Loses $200,000,000 a Year—A Pernicious Policy That Does Damage and Destruction—England Kindly Advises Us to Try Her Medicine.

We have already shown how the first step toward free trade is affecting quite a number of American industries; also how the breaking down of our wall of protection is enabling us to reach the markets of the world. Let us now see how it works in other countries. Taking the United Kingdom, where free trade has been longest in force, and her iron and steel industries, we find that the imports and exports of iron, steel, tin plate, wire, hardware, coal and machinery compare as follows for a period of ten years, from 1884-1894:

	1884.	1894.
	£.	£.
Total imports	339,774,549	408,505,718
Total exports	232,927,575	216,194.233
	Tons.	Tons.
Total exports of iron and steel	3,496,352	2,656,125
Imports of iron and steel	121,853	71,835

There has been no wall of protection around the United Kingdom during this decade, and her manufacturers have had every possible opportunity to let themselves out into the markets of the world, yet we find that the total British exports of iron, steel, tin plate, wire, hardware, coal and machinery combined decreased by over $80,000,000 a year between 1884 and 1894.

It would almost seem as if the absence of a wall of protection had worked entirely contrary to all free trade theories in England's case, because it has enabled the foreign manufacturers and producers of iron, steel, tin plate, wire, hardware, coal and machinery to sell in the English markets nearly $100,000,000 worth more of their products and manufactures in 1894 than they did in 1884. Free trade in England has increased the imports of the above mentioned goods by nearly £20,000,000 sterling and has decreased the exports by more than £16,000,000 sterling. The figures quoted are from official Board of Trade returns.

Taking the quantities of the English exports we find that the United Kingdom has sold under its policy of free trade 840,000 tons less of iron and steel in 1894 than she did in 1884. Her exports of pig iron decreased by nearly 440,000 tons; of bar, angle, bolt and rod iron by nearly 170,000 tons; of railroad iron by 305,000 tons, and of hoops, sheets and plates she sold 219,000 tons less in 1894 than in 1884. Her exports of railway carriages decreased in value from £504,315 in 1884 to £277,000 in 1894. Her exports of railway trucks declined by £254,000, her exports of hardware and cutlery fell off by £1,300,000 within ten years, and her exports of steam engines decreased by £1,100,000 a year.

The English desire that we should adopt their policy of free trade can hardly be so friendly a suggestion as our English admirers would have us believe. If it has resulted in such enormous losses in business among the iron, steel, tin plate, wire, hardware, coal and machinery trades of the United Kingdom, it is hardly a friendly act to encourage us to practice similar tactics that will result in similar losses to the United States.

While England has lost so much money and so much trade in these industries during a few years of free trade, the United States, on the other hand, under its policy of protection, has built up similar industries to an enormous extent—to such an extent that we are undoubtedly buying less of these commodities from our English neighbors and have helped materially to diminish their manufactures and their output. Perhaps this is the real reason why they wish us to drop our policy of protection. It would not be an entirely unselfish reason.

How Farmers Feel.

A New York State farmer tells us that the markets are very dull for all kinds of produce. He sends us a Cooperstown market report which shows that farmers receive only twelve cents a dozen for their eggs, sixteen to seventeen cents a pound for their butter and from four and a half to ten cents a pound for their hops. As it costs ten cents a pound to raise hops, and that price is paid only for the choicest growths, it is evident that the process of letting the hop growers out into the markets of the world by reducing the tariff on hops, so that foreign grown hops can reach our markets more cheaply, has not proved to be the great success that the free traders predicted.

Tons of Tin Plate.

The imports of tin plate are not falling off any. In March we received 55,074,575 pounds as against 40,968,992, an increase of nearly 15,000,000 pounds in a single month. This is not so surprising when we remember that the American railroads carry the foreign tin plate cheaper than they will carry American tin plate.

Iron Ore Coming.

Iron ore is fighting its way here from abroad. In March we imported over 30,000 tons as against 5700 tons in March, 1894. Of pig iron also we bought $31,000 worth from foreign countries last March as against $9332 worth in March, 1894.

Dyspepsia

And distress after eating are cured by the tonic, appetizing, blood purifying effects of Hood's Sarsaparilla. Read this letter:

"I am happy to write a few words about the good Hood's Sarsaparilla has done me. I was troubled with dyspepsia. My food distressed me and I had dizzy spells and a dull, heavy feeling in my head. Since using several bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla my food no longer distresses me at all and my head has been relieved from all dizzy spells. I gladly recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla for any troubled as I was." HOMER J. CLEVELAND, Roxbury, Vermont.

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JOHN CARLE & SONS, New York. ★

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent New York Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "Shamgar's Oxgoad."

TEXT: "After him was Shamgar, which slew of the Philistines 600 men with an oxgoad."—Judges iii., 31.

One day while Shamgar, the farmer, was plowing with a yoke of oxen, his command of whoa haw gee was changed to the shout of battle. Philistines, always ready to make trouble, march up with sword and spear. Shamgar, the plowman, had no sword and would not probably have known how to wield it if he had possessed one. But fight he must or go down under the stroke of the Philistines. He had an oxgoad—a weapon used to urge on the lazy team; a weapon about eight feet long, with a sharp iron at one end to puncture the beast and a wide iron chisel or shovel at the other end with which to scrape the clumps of soil from the plowshare. Yet with the iron prong at one end of the oxgoad and the iron scraper at the other it was not such a weapon as one would desire to use in battle with armed Philistines. But God helped the farmer, and leaving the oxen to look after themselves he charged upon the invaders of his homestead.

Some of the commentaries, to make it easier for Shamgar, suggest that perhaps he led a regiment of farmers into the combat, his oxgoad only one of many oxgoads. But the Lord does not need any of you to help in making the Scriptures, and Shamgar, with the Lord on his side, was mightier than 600 Philistines with the Lord against them. The battle opened. Shamgar, with muscle strengthened by open air and plowman's and reaper's and thrasher's toil, uses the only weapon at hand and he swings the oxgoad up and down and this way and that, now stabbing with the iron prong at one end of it and now thrusting with the iron scraper at the other, and now bringing down the whole weight of the instrument upon the heads of the enemy. The Philistines are in a panic and the supernatural forces come in and a blow that would not under other circumstances have prostrated or slain left its victim lifeless, until, when Shamgar walked over the field he counted 100 dead, 200 dead, 300 dead, 400 dead, 500 dead, 600 dead—all the work done by an oxgoad with iron prong at one end and an iron shovel at the other. The fame of this achievement by this farmer with an awkward weapon of war spread abroad and lionized him, until he was hoisted into the highest place of power and became the third of the mighty judges of Israel. So you see that Cincinnatus was not the only man lifted from plow to throne.

For what reason was this unprecedented and unparalleled victory of a farmer's oxgoad put into this Bible, where there was no spare room for the unimportant and the trivial?

It was, first of all, to teach you and to teach me and to teach all past ages since then, and to teach all ages to come, that in the war for God and against sin we ought to put to the best use the weapon we happen to have on hand. Why did not Shamgar wait until he could get a war charger, with neck arched and back comparisoned and nostrils sniffing the battle afar off, or until he could get war equipment or could drill a regiment, and wheeling them into line command them forward to the charge? To wait for that would have been defeat and annihilation. So he takes the best weapon he could lay hold of, and that is an oxgoad. We are called into the battle for the right and against wrong, and many of us have just not the kind of weapon we would prefer. It may not be a sword of argument. It may not be the spear of sharp, thrusting wit. It may not be the battering ram of denunciation.

But there is something we can do and some forces we can wield. Do not wait for what you have not, but use what you have. Perhaps you have not eloquence, but you have a smile. Well, a smile of encouragement has changed the behavior of tens of thousands of wanderers and brought them back to God and enthroned them in heaven. You cannot make a persuasive appeal, but you can set an example, and a good example has saved more souls than you could count in a year if you counted all the time. You cannot give $10,000, but you can give as much as the widow of the gospel, whose two mites, the smallest coins of the Hebrews, were bestowed in such a spirit as to make her more famous than all the contributions that ever endowed all the hospitals and universities of all Christendom, of all time. You have very limited vocabulary, but you can say "yes" or "no," and a firm "yes" or an emphatic "no" has traversed the centuries, and will traverse all eternity, with good influence. You may not have the courage to confront a large assemblage, but you can tell a Sunday-school class of two—a boy and a girl—how to find Christ, and one of them may become a William Carey, to start influences that will redeem India, and the other a Florence Nightingale, who will illumine battlefields covered with the dying and the dead.

That was a tough case in a town of England where a young lady, applying for a Sabbath-school class, was told by the superintendent she would have to pick up one out of the street. The worst of the class brought from the street was one Bob. He was fitted out with respectable clothing by the superintendent. But after two or three Sabbaths he disappeared. He was found with his clothes in tatters, for he had been fighting. The second time Bob was well clad for school. After coming once or twice he again disappeared, and was found in rags, consequent upon fighting. The teacher was disposed to give him up, but the superintendent said "Let us try him again," and the third suit of clothes was provided him. Thereafter he came until he was converted, and joined the church, and started for the gospel ministry, and became a foreign missionary, preaching and translating the Scriptures. Who was the boy called Bob? The illustrious Dr. Robert Morrison, great on earth and greater in heaven. Who is teacher was I know not, but she used the opportunity opened and great has been her reward. You may not be able to load an Armstrong gun; you may not be able to hurl a Hotchkiss shell; you may not be able to shoulder a glittering musket; but use anything you can lay your hands on. Try a blacksmith's hammer or a merchant's yardstick or a mason's trowel or a carpenter's plane or a housewife's broom or a farmer's oxgoad. One of the surprises of heaven will be what grand results came from how simple means. Matthias Joyce, the vile man, became a great apostle of righteousness, not from hearing John Wesley preach, but from seeing him kiss a little child on the pulpit stairs.

Again, my subject springs upon us the thought that in calculating the prospects of religious attempt we must take omnipotence and omniscience and omnipresence and all the other attributes of God into the calculation. Whom do you see on that plowed field of my text? One hearer says, "I see Shamgar." Another hearer says, "I see 600 Philistines." My hearer, you have missed the chief personage on that battlefield of plowed ground. I also see Shamgar and 600 Philistines; but, more than all and mightier than all and more overwhelming than all, I see God. Shamgar with his unaided arm, however muscular, and with that humble instrument made for agricultural purposes and never constructed for combat, could not have wrought such a victory. It was omnipotence above and beneath and back of and at the point of the oxgoad. Before that battle was over the plowman realized this, and all the 600 Philistines realized it, and all who visited the battlefield afterward appreciated it. I want in heaven to hear the story, for it can never be fully told on earth—perhaps some day may be set apart for the rehearsal, while all heaven listens—the story of how God blessed awkward and humble instrumentalities. Many an evangelist has come into a town given up to worldliness. The pastors say to the evangelist: "We are glad you have come, but it is a hard field, and we feel sorry for you. The members of our churches play progressive euchre and go to the theatre and bet at the horse races, and gayety and fashion have taken possession of the town. We have advertised your meetings, but are not very hopeful. God bless you." This evangelist takes his place on platform or pulpit. He never graduated at college, and there are before him twenty graduates of the best universities. He never took one lesson in elocution, and there are before him twenty trained orators. Many of the ladies present are graduates of the highest female seminaries, and one slip in grammar or one mispronunciation will result in suppressed giggle. Amid the general chill that pervades the house the unpretending evangelist opens his Bible and takes for his text, "Lord, that my eyes may be opened." Opera glasses in the gallery curiously scrutinize the speaker. He tells in a plain way the story of the blind man, tells two or three touching anecdotes, and the general chill gives way before a strange warmth.

A classical hearer who took the first honor at Yale and who is a prince of proprieties finds his spectacles becoming dim with a moisture suggestive of tears. A worldly mother, who had been bringing up her sons and daughters in utter godlessness, puts her handkerchief to her eyes and begins to weep. Highly educated men who came to criticise and pick to pieces and find fault bow on their gold-headed canes. What is that sound from under the gallery? It is a sob, and sobs are catching, and all along the wall and all up and down the audience there is deep emotion, so that when at the close of the service anxious souls are invited to especial seats or the inquiry room, they come up by scores and kneel and repent and rise up pardoned; the whole town is shaken and places of evil amusement are sparsely attended and rum holes lose their patrons, and the churches are thronged, and the whole community is cleansed and elevated and rejoiced. What power did the evangelist bring to bear to capture that town for righteousness? Not one brilliant epigram did he utter. Not one graceful gesture did he make. Not one rhetorical climax did he pile up. But there was something about him that people had not taken in the estimate when they prophesied the failure of that work. They had not taken into the calculation the omnipotence of the Holy Ghost. It was not the flash of a Damascus blade. It was God, before and behind and all around the oxgoad. When people say that crime will triumph and the world will never be converted because of the seeming insufficiency of the means employed, they count the 600 armed Philistines on one side and Shamgar, the farmer, awkwardly equipped, on the other side, not realizing that the chariots of God are 30,000 and that all heaven, cherubic, seraphic, archangelic, deific, is on what otherwise would be the weak side. Napoleon, the author of the saying, "God is on the side of the heaviest artillery," lived to find out his mistake, for at Waterloo the 160 guns of the English overcame the 250 guns of the French. God is on the side of the right, and one man in the right will eventually be found stronger than 600 men in the wrong. In all estimates of any kind of Christian work do not make the mistake every day made of leaving out the head of the universe.

Again, my subject springs upon us the thought that in God's service it is best to use weapons that are particularly suited to us. Shamgar had, like many of us, been brought up on a farm. He knew nothing about javelins and bucklers and helmets and breastplates and greaves of brass and catapults and ballistæ and iron scythes fastened to the axles of chariots. But he was familiar with the flail of the thrashing floor and knew how to pound with that, and the ax of the woods and knew how to hew with that, and the oxgoad of the plowman and knew how to thrust with that. And you and I will do best to use those means that we can best handle; those weapons with which we can make the most execution. Some in God's service will do best with the pen; some with the voice; some by extemporaneous speech, for they have the whole vocabulary of the English language half way between their brain and tongue, and others will do best with manuscript spread out before them. Some will serve God by the plow, raising wheat and corn and giving liberally of what they sell to churches and missions; some as merchants, and out of their profits will dedicate a tenth to the Lord; some as physicians, prescribing for the world's ailments; and some as attorneys, defending innocence and obtaining rights that otherwise would not be recognized; and some as sailors, helping bridge the seas; and some as teachers and pastors. The kingdom of God is dreadfully retarded by so many of us attempting to do that which we cannot do; reaching up for broadsword or falchion or bayonet or scimeter or Enfield rifle or Paixhan's gun, while we ought to be content with an oxgoad. I thank God that there are tens of thousands of Christians whom you never heard of and never will hear of until you see them in the high places of heaven, who are now in a quiet way in homes and schoolhouses and in praying circles and by sick beds and up dark alleys saying the saving word and doing the saving deed, the aggregation of their work overpowering the most ambitious statistics.

In the grand review of heaven, when the regiments pass the Lord of Hosts, there will be whole regiments of nurses and Sabbath-school teachers and tract distributors and unpretending workers, before whom as they pass the kings and queens of God and the Lamb will lift flashing coronet and bow down in recognition and reverence. The most of the Christian work for the world's reclamation and salvation will be done by people of one talent and two talents, while the ten talent people are up in the astronomical observatories studying other worlds, though they do little or nothing for the redemption of this world, or are up in the rarefied realms of "higher criticism" trying to find out that Moses did not write the Pentateuch or to prove that the throat of the whale was not large enough to swallow the minister who declined the call to Nineveh and apologizing for the Almighty for certain inexplicable things they have found in the Scriptures. It will be found out at the last that the Krupp guns have not done so much to capture this world for God as the oxgoads.

Years ago I was to summer in the Adirondacks, and my wealthy friend, who was a great hunter and fisherman, said, "I am not going to the Adirondacks this season, and you can take my equipment and I will send it up to Paul Smith's." Well, it was there when I arrived in the Adirondacks, a splendid outfit, that cost many hundreds of dollars, a gorgeous tent, and such elaborate fishing apparatus; such guns of all styles of exquisite make and reels and pouches and bait and torches and lunch baskets and many more things that I could not even guess the use of. And my friend of the big soul had even written on and engaged men who should accompany me into the forest and carry home the deer and the trout. If the mountains could have seen and understood it at the time there would have been panic among the antlers and the fins through all the "John Brown's Tract." Well, I am no hunter, and not a roebuck or a game fish did I injure. But there were hunters there that season who had nothing but a plain gun and a rug to sleep on and a coil of fishing line and a box of ammunition and bait, who came in ever and anon with as many of the captives of forest and stream as they and two or three attendants could carry. Now, I fear that many Christian workers who have most elaborate educational and theological and professional equipment, and most wonderful weaponry, sufficient, you would think, to capture a whole community or a whole Nation for God, will in the last day have but little except their fine tackling to show, while some who had no advantage except that which they got in prayer and consecration will, by the souls they have brought to the shore of eternal safety, prove that they have been gloriously successful as fishers of men, and in taking many who, like the hart, were panting after the water brooks.

What made the Amalekites run before Gideon's army? Each one of the army knew how much racket the breaking of one pitcher would make. So 300 men that night took 300 pitchers and a lamp inside the pitcher, and at a given signal the lamps were lifted and the pitchers were violently dashed down. The flash of light and the racket of the 300 demolished pitchers sent the enemy into wild flight. Not much of a weapon, you would say, is a broken pitcher, but the Lord made that awful crash of crockery the means of triumph for His people. And there is yet to be a battle with the pitchers. The night of the world's dissipation may get darker and darker, but after awhile, in what watch of the night I know not, all the ale pitchers, and the wine pitchers, and the beer pitchers, and the whisky pitchers of the earth will be hurled into demolition by converted inebriates and Christian reformers, and at that awful crash of infernal crockery the Amalekitish host of pauperism and loaferdom and domestic quarrel and cruelty and assassination will fly the earth. Take the first weapon you can lay your hands on. Why did David choose the sling when he went at Goliath and Goliath went at him? Brought up in the country, like every other boy, he knew how to manage a sling. Saul's armor was first put on him, but the giant's armor was too heavy. The helmet was clapped on him as an extinguisher, and David said, "I cannot go with these, for I have not proved them." And the first wise thing David did after putting on Saul's armor was to put it off. Then the brook Elah, the bed of which was dry when I saw it and one vast reach of pebbles, furnished the five smooth stones of the brook with which Goliath was prostrated. Whether it be a boy's sling or a broken pitcher or an oxgoad, take that which you can manage, and ask God for help, and no power on earth or in hell can stand before you.

Go out, then, I charge you, against the Philistines. We must admit the odds are against us—600 to one. In the matter of dollars, those devoted to worldliness and sin and dissipation, when compared with the dollars devoted to holiness and virtue—600 to one. The houses set apart for vice and despoliation and ruin, as compared with those dedicated to good—600 to one. Of printed newspaper sheets scattered abroad from day to day, those depraving as compared with those elevating are 600 to one. The agencies for making the world worse compared with the agencies for making the world better, 600 to one. But Moses in his song, chants, "How should one chase a thousand, and two put 10,000 to flight?" and in my text one oxgoad conquers 600 uplifted battle-axes, and the day of universal victory is coming, unless the Bible be a fabrication and eternity a myth and the chariots of God are unwheeled on the golden streets, and the last regiment of the celestial hosts lies dead on the plains of heaven. With us or without us the work will be done. Oh, get into the ranks somewhere, armed somehow; you with a needle, you with a pen, you with a good book, you with a loaf of bread for the hungry, you with a vial of medicine for the sick, you with a pair of shoes for the barefooted, you with word of encouragement for the young man trying to get back from evil ways, you with some story of the Christ who came to heal the worst wounds and pardon the blackest guilt, and call the farthest wanderer home. I say to you as the watchman of London used to say at night to the householders before the time of street lamps came: "Hang out your light!" "Hang out your light!"

The Leading Issue.

A Chicago newspaper, in quest of more light on the political situation, recently sent letters to leading representative of both parties inquiring if, in their opinion, President Cleveland was a candidate for a third term on the gold standard platform. The responses, a telegram says: "show that the tariff is still the leading issue, and that no man who has declared himself against protection and whose administration has been arrayed against it can secure the support of the Republicans of the country." This is as might be expected. In the full tide of success Republicans will keep protection inscribed on their banner as prominently as they did in their hour of temporary disaster.

That Opening Day.

In March of this year we bought $4,419,800 more goods than we sold; in March of last year we sold $5,151,875 more than we bought. That's the difference. That is how the foreign market is being opened up to the American producer.—Kansas City Journal.

Royal Baking Powder
Absolutely Pure

All other powders are cheaper made and inferior, and leave either acid or alkali in the food.

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

Southern Cotton's Danger.

According to the report of the Senate Committee appointed to inquire into the low prices of cotton, there appears to be such difference of opinion on the part of cotton raisers as to what the cost of producing the staple really is that the committee refrained from making a report upon that part of the subject matter. Some of the experts who were examined placed the cost as low as three cents per pounds; others declared that cotton could not be produced at less than eight cents at a safe profit. These opinions cannot affect the conditions surrounding the price of the staple in this country, but there is a factor now operating which is depressing to the prices of cotton in the American market, and that is the free entry of Indian and Egyptian cottons.

The introduction here of Egyptian cotton has well nigh destroyed the Sea Island cotton industry on the coast of the South Atlantic States, and now the short staple, or upland, cottons of the United States will have to meet the low-priced short staples of India, not only on the Liverpool market but also in our own markets. The importations of these cottons have steadily increased, and we have now the report of the Department at Washington showing the receipt of 14,882,562 pounds for January and February, against 4,807,888 pounds for the corresponding months in 1894. The attention of the South has been directed to this menace time and again, not only by the protective press but also by certain Southern papers, among them the Charleston News and Courier, of South Carolina. The evils of the situations cannot now be neutralized in any way that we can see, but the next Congress could levy a sufficient duty on raw cottons to give some measure of protection to this depressed and unprofitable industry. There are over ten million of our people directly and indirectly interested in the cultivation of cotton. They must have protection if they need it.

Beef and Reciprocity.

The recent worry and fret over the beef situation could have been settled in the twinkling of an eye if the reciprocity feature of the McKinley law had been incorporated in our present nondescript tariff act.

It was the design of the friends of reciprocity to apply this principle so as to admit free, with compensating benefits from other countries, such articles or things as were not produced by ourselves in sufficient quantities for the domestic consumption.

Under the McKinley reciprocity clause in the act of 1890 the President could at any time remove the duty upon any article, and at the same time, by treaty, enlarge our exportation of such commodity as the country with whom the reciprocal relation was established should want.

In case of the possible inability of our own cattle raisers to supply the domestic demand the exercise of such powers by the Executive, did they exist, would be most effective. Supplies could be drawn from Argentina, Mexico and Canada, and for the privilege extended to these countries privileges would have been obtained in return.

Ethel—"Have you any very expensive tastes, Charlie?" Charlie—"Well, I don't know—I'm very fond of you."—Buffalo Express.

MARKETS.

BALTIMORE.

GRAIN, ETC.

FLOUR—Balto. Best Pat.$	@	$ 4 65
High Grade Extra		4 00
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	78	81
CORN—No. 2 White	58	58¼
OATS—Southern & Penn.	37	38
RYE—No. 2	68	70
HAY—Choice Timothy	13 50	14 00
Good to Prime	13 00	13 50
STRAW—Rye in car lds.	14 00	14 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 $	10½ @ $	11
City Cows	8½	9½
Southern No. 2	7	7½

POTATOES & VEGETABLES.

POTATOES—Burbanks..$	50 @ $	65
ONIONS	1 00	1 25

PROVISIONS.

HOGS PRODUCTS—shlds.$	@ $	7¼
Clear ribsides	8	8¼
Hams	11¼	11½
Mess Pork, per bar		14 50
LARD—Crude		6
Best refined		8

BUTTER.

BUTTER—Fine Crmy....$	19 @ $	19½
Under fine	17	18
Creamery Rolls	16	17

CHEESE.

CHEESE—N.Y. Fancy...$	8¼ @ $	8½
N. Y. flats	8¼	8½
Skim Cheese	5	7

EGGS.

EGGS—State $	12 @ $	12½
North Carolina	10	11

LIVE POULTRY.

CHICKENS—Hens $	27 @ $	30
Ducks, per lb	8	8½

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 $	3 00 @ $	5 85
Good to Fair	2 00	5 00
SHEEP	3 50	4 00
Hogs	5 20	5 25

FURS AND SKINS.

MUSKRAT $	10 @ $	11
Raccoon	40	45
Red Fox	—	1 00
Skunk Black	—	80
Opossum	22	23
Mink	—	80
Otter	—	6 00

NEW YORK.

FLOUR—Southern $	3 10 @ $	4 20
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	82	83⅛
RYE—Western	68	70
CORN—No. 2	58¼	59⅛
OATS—No. 3	34	34¼
BUTTER—State	12	19
EGGS—State	13	13¼
CHEESE—State	5	7

PHILADELPHIA.

FLOUR—Southern $	3 60 @ $	4 00
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	83½	83¾
CORN—No. 3	58½	59
OATS—N. 2	37	37½
BUTTER—State	16	18
EGGS—Penns. ft	13	13¼

Barbarian Dancing.

Among the arts that have most powerfully served to advance the social evolution of primitive peoples is that of the dance. Doctor Grosse, a German authority in ethnography, has recently pointed out how important dancing is in attracting rude folk, accustomed to gain their living principally by hunting, to social gatherings which result in co-operation for other purposes.

Dancing among such people is a far more significant thing than it is among civilized races. The fondness for dancing may be looked upon as a most important agent in the early development of mankind. But what is the natural charm of the dance which has given it such a conspicuous place in social evolution? According to Doctor Grosse, the charm consists simply in "the pleasure of strong and rhythmical movements, the pleasure of imitation, and the pleasure of giving vent to the feelings."

These are identical with the attractions of art, and so the dance is ranked among the important arts of primitive man. The passion for dancing is one of the strongest that he feels.

In civilized life the dance retains its charm, but it is as different in its influence and in its effect upon the dancers as it is in form. As civilized people practice it, of course, dancing no longer serves the original needs, which, in fact, have then practically disappeared.

Where Factories Are Wanted.

In the West and South there is just now an eager desire for more factories, especially in young growing town. Why? Because most people in such places are convinced that factories increase the value of real estate and benefit the merchants and neighboring farmers by putting money in circulation. Yet these same free traders who favor local industries oppose the National protective policy that promotes the public welfare in the more general establishment of factories throughout our country.

You Don't Have to Swear Off,

Says the St. Louis *Journal of Agriculture* in an editorial about No-To-Bac, the famous tobacco habit cure. "We know of many cases cured by No-To-Bac, one, a prominent St. Louis architect, smoked and chewed for twenty years; two boxes cured him so that even the smell of tobacco makes him sick." No-To-Bac sold and guaranteed by Druggists everywhere. No cure no pay. Book free. Sterling Remedy Co., New York or Chicago.

Bush money—The nurse's wages.—Philadelphia Record.

Worse Than Rum.

Indigestion spoils more lives than rum. But you think you have "malaria" or "grip," or something worse. The trouble is all in the digestive tract. Ripans Tabules bring a sort of Millennium with them. One gives relief, and their habitual use keeps the whole system in tone. Get them of your druggist.

Good advice to a tippler—"Shake the bottle."

A. M. Priest, Druggist, Shelbyville, Ind., says: "Hall's Catarrh Cure gives the best of satisfaction. Can get plenty of testimonials, as it cures every one who takes it." Druggists sell it, 75c.

It would be a good thing if people could not play the violin until they know how.—Puck.

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

The ancient Egyptians used wooden rollers to move their huge blocks of stone.

Hindercorns is a Simple Remedy, But it takes out corns, and what a consolation it is! Makes walking a pleasure. 15c. at druggists.

Walnut logs are shipped from Missouri direct to furniture makers in Scotland.

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

Cottonseed meal is a Missouri product.

Wife used "MOTHER'S FRIEND" before first child—was quickly relieved; suffered but little; recovery rapid. E. E. JOHNSTON, Eufaula, Ala.

Artificial cloth is made of wood pulp.

I believe Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my boy's life last summer.—Mrs. ALLIE DOUGLASS, LeRoy, Mich., Oct. 20, '94

To feed upon one's own greatness is to become a victim of cranial gout.—Puck.

Mothers Who Use Parker's Ginger Tonic insist that it benefits more than other medicines for every form of distress.

The Banjo.

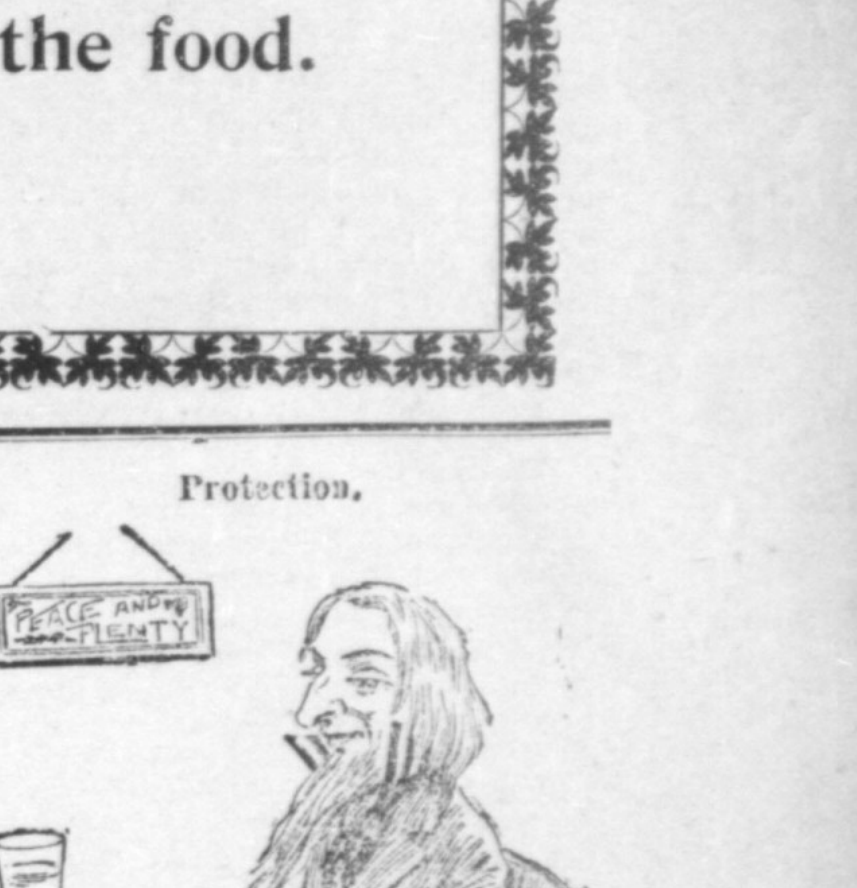
Lexicographers have agreed that "banjo" is a corruption of the Spanish "bandore," which has words of similar sound, spelling and significance in many tongues. It is quite likely that the Arabs, in their conquest or by trade, may have introduced the guitar and banjo into Western Africa, whence it was brought to this country.

PROSPECTIVE MOTHERS

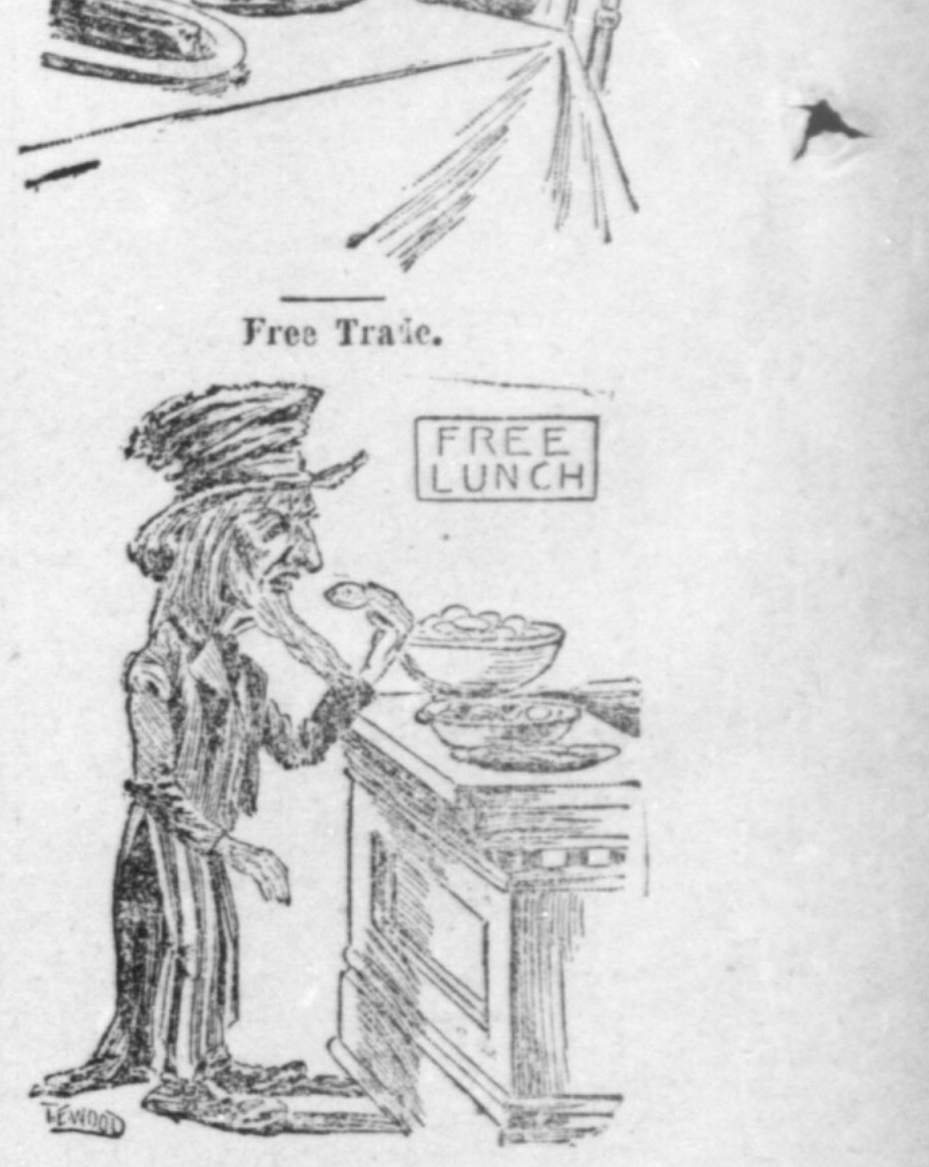
and those soon to become mothers, should know that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription robs childbirth of its tortures and terrors, as well as of its dangers to both mother and child, by aiding nature in preparing the system for parturition. Thereby "labor" and the period of confinement are greatly shortened.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

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

Protection.



Free Trade.



Made Her Husband Deaf.

Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Brace, of Elkhart, Ind., were indulging in a little merriment when the husband was accidently hit across the left ear by the palm of his wife's hand in such a manner as to hold all the air in the ear, causing a rupture of the drum membrane, resulting in complete deafness. Doctors say the injury is permanent.

ONE ENJOYS

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

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

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

MEN AND BOYS!

Want to learn all about a Horse? How to Pick Out a Good One? Know imperfections and so Guard against Fraud? Detect Disease and Effect a Cure when same is possible? Tell the age by the Teeth? What to call the Different Parts of the Animal? How to Shoe a Horse Properly? All this and other Valuable Information can be obtained by reading our 100-PAGE ILLUSTRATED HORSE BOOK, which we will forward, post paid, on receipt of only 25 cents in stamps.

BOOK PUB. HOUSE,
134 Leonard St., New York City.

Raphael, Angelo, Rubens, Tasso

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

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

A Sample Collar and Pair of Cuffs by mail for Six Cents. Name style and size. Address
REVERSIBLE COLLAR COMPANY,
77 Franklin St., New York. 27 Kilby St., Boston.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair.
Promotes a luxuriant growth.
Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color.
Cures scalp diseases & hair falling.
50c, and $1.00 at Druggists

B N U 23

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

Fairly jumped into success

—**Pearline.** Right from the very start. Notwithstanding all these hundreds of years of precedence behind that old-fashioned, backbreaking way of washing with soap, too.

Now, why was it? Why is it that hundreds of millions of packages of Pearline have been used in the few years since this washing-compound was invented? Just do your washing and cleaning with Pearline for a month, and you'll see.

It takes away the rubbing, but without any risk of harm. That puts it at the head of every known aid for washing.

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Millions NOW USE Pearline