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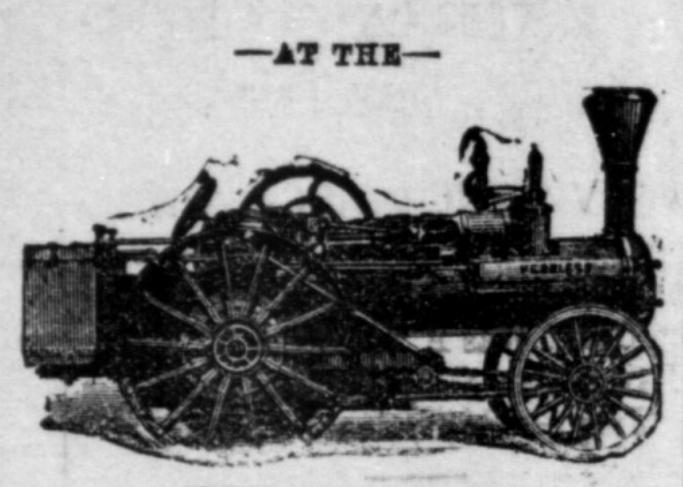
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REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent New York Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "Woman's Opportunity."

TEXT: "She shall be called woman."—Genesis ii., 23.

God, who can make no mistake, made man and woman for a specific work and to move in particular spheres—man to be regnant in his realm; woman to be dominant in hers. The boundary line between Italy and Switzerland, between England and Scotland, is not more thoroughly marked than this distinction between the empire masculine and the empire feminine. So entirely dissimilar are the fields to which God called them that you can no more compare them than you can oxygen and hydrogen, water and grass, trees and stars. All this talk about the superiority of one sex to the other sex is an everlasting waste of ink and speech. A jeweler may have a scale so delicate that he can weigh the dust of diamonds, but where are the scales so delicate that you can weigh in them affection against affection, sentiment against sentiment, thought against thought, soul against soul, a man's world against a woman's world? You come out with your stereotyped remark that man is superior to woman in intellect, and then I open on my desk the swarthy, iron typed, thunderbolted writings of Harriet Martineau and Elizabeth Browning and George Eliot. You come on with your stereotyped remark about woman's superiority to man in the item of affection, but I ask you where was there more capacity to love than in John, the disciple, and Matthew Simpson, the bishop, and Henry Martyn, the missionary?

The heart of those men were so large that after you had rolled into it two hemispheres there was room still left to marshal the hosts of heaven and set up the throne of the eternal Jehovah. I deny to man the throne intellectual; I deny to woman the throne affectional. No human phraseology will ever define the spheres, while there is an intuition by which we know when a man is in his realm, and when a woman is in her realm, and when either of them is out of it. No bungling legislature ought to attempt to make a definition or to say, "This is the line and that is the line." My theory is that if a woman wants to vote she ought to vote, and that if a man wants to embroider and keep house he ought to be allowed to embroider and keep house. There are masculine women and there are effeminate men. My theory is that you have no right to interfere with any one's doing anything that is righteous. Albany and Washington might as well decree by legislation how high a brown thrasher should fly or how deep a trout should plunge as to try to seek out the height and depth of woman's duty. The question of capacity will settle finally the whole question, the whole subject. When a woman is prepared to preach, she will preach, and neither conference nor presbytery can hinder her. When a woman is prepared to move in highest commercial spheres, she will have great influence on the exchange, and no boards of trade can hinder her. I want woman to understand that heart and brain can overfly any barrier that politicians may set up, and that nothing can keep her back or keep her down but the question of incapacity.

I was in New Zealand last year just after the opportunity of suffrage had been conferred upon women. The plan worked well. There had never been such good order at the polls, and the righteousness triumphed. Men have not made such a wonderful moral success of the ballot box that they need fear women will corrupt it. In all our cities man has so nearly made the ballot box a failure, suppose we let women try. But there are some women, I know, of most undesirable nature, who wander up and down the country—having no homes of their own or forsaking their own homes—talking about their rights, and we know very well that they themselves are fit neither to vote nor keep house. Their mission seems merely to humiliate the two sexes at the thought of what any one of us might become. No one would want to live under the laws that such women would enact or to have cast upon society the children that such women would raise. But I shall show you that the best rights that woman can own she already has in her possession; that her position in this country at this time is not one of commiseration, but one of congratulation; that the grandeur and power of her realm have never yet been appreciated; that she sits to-day on a throne so high that all the thrones of earth piled on top of each other would not make for her a footstool. Here is the platform on which she stands. Away down below it are the ballot box and the congressional assemblage and the legislative hall. Woman always has voted and always will vote. Our great-grandfathers thought they were by their votes putting Washington into the Presidential chair. No. His mother, by the principles she taught him, and by the habits she inculcated, made him President. It was a Christian mother's hand dropping the ballot when Lord Bacon wrote and Newton philosophized and Alfred the Great governed and Jonathan Edwards thundered of judgment to come.

How many men there have been in high political station who would have been insufficient to stand the test to which their moral principle was put had it not been for a wife's voice that encouraged them to do right and a wife's prayer that sounded louder than the clamor of partisanship? The right of suffrage as we men exercise it seems to be a feeble thing. You, a Christian man, come up to the ballot box and you drop your vote. Right after you comes a libertine or a sot—the offscouring of the street—and he drops his vote, and his vote counteracts yours. But if in the quiet of home life a daughter by her Christian demeanor, a wife by her industry, a mother by her faithfulness, casts a vote in the right direction, then nothing can resist it, and the influence of that vote will throb through the eternities.

My chief anxiety then is not that woman have other rights accorded her, but that she, by the grace of God, rise up to the appreciation of the glorious rights she already possesses. First, she has the right to make home happy. That realm no one has ever disputed with her. Men may come home at noon or at night, and then tarry a comparatively little while, but she, all day long, governs it, beautifies it, sanctifies it. It is within her power to make it the most attractive place on earth. It is the only calm harbor in this world. You know as well as I do that this outside world and the business world are a long scene of jostle and contention. The man who has a dollar struggles to keep it; the man who has it not struggles to get it. Prices up. Prices down. Losses. Gains. Misrepresentations. Underselling. Buyers depreciating; salesmen exaggerating. Tenants seeking less rent; landlords demanding more. Struggles about office. Men who are in trying to keep in; men out trying to get in. Slips. Tumbles. Defalcations. Panics. Catastrophes. O woman, thank God you have a home, and that you may be queen in it. Better be there than wear Victoria's coronet. Better be there than carry the purse of a princess.

Your abode may be humble, but you can, by your faith in God and your cheerfulness of demeanor, gild it with splendors such as an upholsterer's hand never yet kindled. There are abodes in every city—humble, two stories, four plain, unpapered rooms, undesirable neighborhood, and yet there is a man who would die on the threshold rather than surrender. Why? It is home. Whenever he thinks of it he sees angels of God hovering around it. The ladders of heaven are let down to that house. Over the child's rough crib there are the chantings of angels as those that broke over Bethlehem. It is home. These children may come up after awhile, and they may win high position, and they may have an affluent residence, but they will not until their dying day forget that humble roof, under which their father rested and their mother sang and their sisters played. Oh, if you would gather up all tender memories, all the lights and shades of the heart, all banquetings and reunions, all filial, fraternal, paternal and conjugal affections, and you had only just four letters with which to spell out that height and depth and length and breadth and magnitude and eternity of meaning, you would, with streaming eyes and trembling voice and agitated hand, write it out in those four living capitals, H-O-M-E.

What right does woman want that is grander than to be queen in such a realm? Why, the eagles of heaven cannot fly across that dominion. Horses, panting and with lathered flanks, are not swift enough to run to the outpost of that realm. They say that the sun never sets upon the English Empire, but I have to tell you that on this realm of woman's influence eternity never marks any bound. Isabella fled from the Spanish throne, pursued by the Nation's anathema, but she who is queen in a home will never lose her throne, and death itself will only be the annexation of heavenly principalities.

When you want to get your grandest idea of a queen you do not think of Catherine of Russia or of Anne of England or Marie Theresa of Germany, but when you want to get your grandest idea of a queen you think of the plain woman who sat opposite your father at the table or walked with him arm in arm down life's pathway; sometimes to the Thanksgiving banquet, sometimes to the grave, but always together—soothing your petty griefs, correcting your childish waywardness, joining in your infantile sports, listening to your evening prayers, toiling for you with needle or at the spinning wheel, and on cold nights wrapping you up snug and warm. And then at last on that day when she lay in the back room dying, and you saw her take those thin hands with which she had toiled for you so long, and put them together in a dying prayer that commended you to the God whom she had taught you to trust—oh, she was the queen! The chariots of God came down to fetch her, and as she went in all heaven rose up. You cannot think of her now without a rush of tenderness that stirs the deep foundations of your soul, and you feel as much a child again as when you cried on her lap, and if you could bring her back again to speak just once more your name as tenderly as she used to speak it you would be willing to throw yourself on the ground and kiss the sod that covers her, crying, "Mother! mother!" Ah! she was the queen—she was the queen. Now, can you tell me how many thousand miles a woman like that would have to travel down before she got to the ballot box? Compared with this work of training kings and queens for God and eternity, how insignificant seems all this work of voting for aldermen and common councilmen and sheriffs and constables and mayors and presidents! To make one such grand woman as I have described how many thousands would you want of those people who go in the round of fashion and dissipation, going as far toward disgraceful apparel as they dare go, so as not to be arrested by the police—their behavior a sorrow to the good and a caricature of the vicious and an insult to that God who made them women and not gorgons, and tramping on, down through a frivolous and dissipated life, to temporal and eternal damnation.

O woman, with the lightning of your soul, strike dead at your feet all these allurements to dissipation and to fashion! Your immortal soul cannot be fed upon such garbage. God calls you up to empire and dominion. Will you have it? Oh, give to God your heart; give to God all your best energies; give to God all your culture; give to God all your refinement; give yourself to Him, for this world and the next. Soon all these bright eyes will be quenched and these voices will be hushed. For the last time you will look upon this fair earth. Father's hand, mother's hand, sister's hand, child's hand will no more be in yours. It will be night, and there will come up a cold wind from the Jordan and you must start. Will it be a lone woman on a trackless moor? Ah, no! Jesus will come up in that hour and offer His hand, and He will say, "You stood by Me when you were well; now I will not desert you when you are sick." One wave of His hand and the storm will drop, and another wave of His hand and midnight shall break into midnoon, and another wave of His hand and the chamberlains of God will come down from the treasure houses of heaven with robes lustrous, blood washed and heaven glinted, in which you will array yourself for the marriage supper of the Lamb. And then with Miriam, who struck the timbel of the Red Sea, and with Deborah, who led the Lord's host into the fight, and with Hannah, who gave her Samuel to the Lord, and with Mary, who rocked Jesus to sleep while there were angels singing in the air, and with sisters of charity, who bound up the battle wounds of the Crimea, you will, from the chalice of God, drink to the soul's eternal rescue.

Your dominion is home, O woman! What a brave fight for home the women of Ohio made some ten or fifteen years ago, when they banded together and in many of the towns and cities of that State, marched in procession, and by prayer and Christian songs shut up more places of dissipation than were ever counted! Were they opened again? Oh, yes. But is it not a good thing to shut up the gates of hell for two or three months? It seemed that men engaged in the business of destroying others did not know how to cope with this kind of warfare. They knew how to fight the Maine liquor law, and they knew how to fight the National Temperance Society, and they knew how to fight the Sons of Temperance and Good Samaritans, but when Deborah appeared upon the scene Sisera took to his feet and got to the mountains. It seems that they did not know how to contend against "Coronation" and "Old Hundred" and "Brattle Street" and "Bethany," they were so very intangible. These men found that they could not accomplish much against that kind of warfare, and in one of the cities a regiment was brought out all armed to disperse the women. They came down in battle array, but, oh, what poor success! for that regiment was made up of gentlemen, and gentlemen do not like to shoot women with hymnbooks in their hands. Oh, they found that gunning for female prayer meeting was a very poor business. No real damage was done, although there was threat of violence after threat of violence all over the land. I really think if the women of the East had as much faith in God as their sisters of the West had and the same recklessness of human criticism, I really believe that in one month three-fourths of the grogshops of our cities would be closed, and there would be running through the gutters of the streets Burgundy and cognac, and Heidsick and old port and Schiedam schnapps and lager beer, and you would save your fathers and your husbands and your sons first from a drunkard's grave and secondly from a drunkard's hell. To this battle for home let all women rouse themselves. Thank God for our early home. Thank God for our present home. Thank God for the coming home in heaven.

One twilight, after I had been playing with the children for some time, I lay down on the lounge to rest. The children said play more. Children always want to play more. And, half asleep and half awake, I seemed to dream this dream: It seemed to me that I was in a far distant land—not Persia, although more than Oriental luxuriance crowned the cities; nor the tropics, although more than tropical fruitfulness filled the gardens; nor Italy, although more than Italian softness filled the air. And I wandered around looking for thorns and nettles, but I found none of them grew there. And I walked forth, and I saw the sun rise, and I said, "When will it set again?" and the sun sank not. And I saw all the people in holiday apparel, and I said, "When do they put on workingman's garb again and delve in the mine and swelter at the forge?" But neither the garments nor the robes did they put off. And I wandered in the suburbs, and I said, "Where do they bury the dead of this great city?" And I looked along by the hills where it would be most beautiful for the dead to sleep, and I saw castles and towns and battlements, but not a mausoleum nor monument nor white slab could I see. And I went into the great chapel of the town, and I said: "Where do the poor worship? Where are the benches on which they sit?" And a voice answered, "We have no poor in this great city."

And I wandered out, seeking to find the place where were the hovels of the destitute, and I found mansions of amber and ivory and gold, but no tear did I see or sigh hear. I was bewildered, and I sat under the shadow of a great tree and I said, "What am I and whence comes all this?" And at that moment there came from among the leaves, skipping up the flowery paths and across the sparkling waters, a very bright and sparkling group, and when I saw their step I knew it, and when I heard their voices I thought I knew them, but their apparel was so different from anything I had ever seen I bowed a stranger to strangers. But after awhile, when they clapped their hands and shouted, "Welcome! welcome!" the mystery was solved, and I saw that time had passed and that eternity had come, and that God had gathered us up into a higher home, and I said, "Are we are here?" and the voices of innumerable generations answered, "All here," and while tears of gladness were raining down our cheeks, and the branches of Lebanon cedars were clapping their hands, and the towers of the great city were chiming their welcome, we began to laugh and sing and leap and shout, "Home! home! home!"

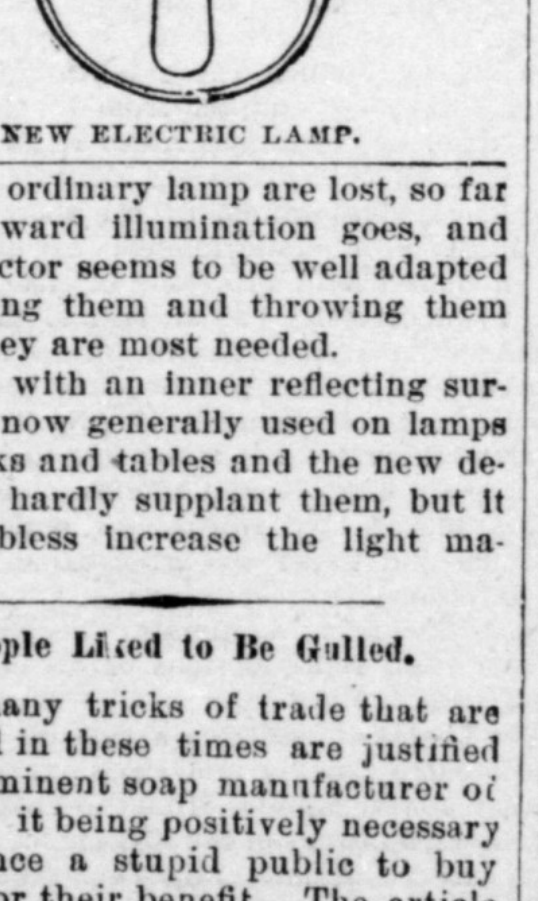
Then I felt a child's hand on my face, and it woke me. The children wanted to play more. Children always want to play more.

A NEW ELECTRIC LAMP.

The Ordinary Form with a Permanently Fitted Reflector.

A patent was recently issued to a man in Ohio for an incandescent lamp with a reflector permanently adjusted, as shown in the accompanying cut. The reflector is conical in shape, the base beginning near where the outside cap ends and extending downwards to a point.

The value of this device has not been demonstrated by general use as yet, but the principle is good. There can be no doubt that some of the rays of light from the ordinary lamp are lost, so far as downward illumination goes, and this reflector seems to be well adapted to catching them and throwing them where they are most needed.


NEW ELECTRIC LAMP.

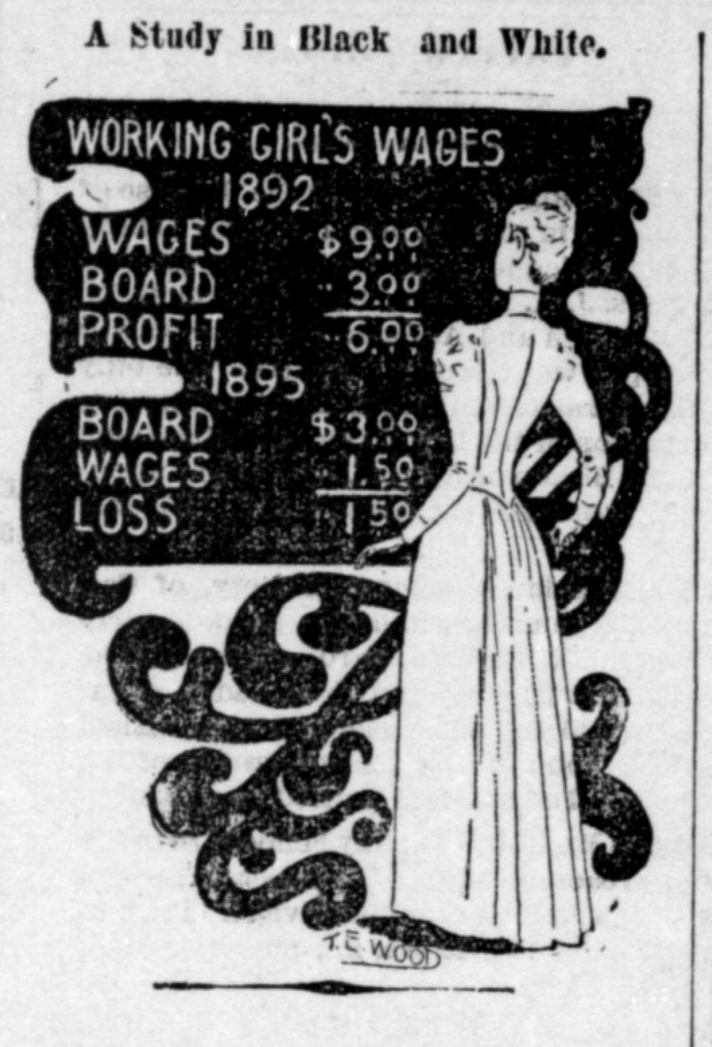
Shades with an inner reflecting surface are now generally used on lamps over desks and tables and the new device will hardly supplant them, but it will doubtless increase the light materially.

People Liked to Be Gulled.

The many tricks of trade that are practiced in these times are justified by a prominent soap manufacturer of this city, it being positively necessary to influence a stupid public to buy what is for their benefit. The article in which he takes the most pride is a pure castile soap, purer and better than that made in Castile. He stamped it as American castile and was unable to sell any quantity. The people would not buy what little was taken by the retail dealers. Under these circumstances the manufacturer changed the stamp on his soap to one abounding in Spanish words which meant the same thing. Since the change in stamp the sales have been remarkable, and the soap is ever gaining in popularity.—Philadelphia Record.

A quart of wheat is said to contain more nutriment than a bushel of cucumbers, raw or pickled.

A Study in Black and White.



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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...	81½	82½
RYE—Western...	68	70
CORN—No. 2...	57¼	58¼
OATS—No. 3...	33¼	33¾
BUTTER—State...	12	18
EGGS—State...	13	13½
CHEESE—State...	5	7⅛

PHILADELPHIA.

FLOUR—Southern...$	3 60 @ $	4 00
WHEAT—No. 2 Red...	83	83½
CORN—No. 3...	57¼	57¾
OATS—N. 2...	36¾	37
BUTTER—State...	17½	18
EGGS—Penns. ft...	13½	14

Why She Smiles Sweetly.

Sparkling eyes, quick beating heart, and the rosy blush of pleasure on the cheeks, makes the strong man happy when he meets his lady love. That's the kind of a man whose very touch thrills because it is full of energy, vigorous nerve power and vitality. Tobacco makes strong men impotent, weak and skinny. No-To-Bac sold by Druggists everywhere. Guaranteed to cure. Book, titled "Don't Tobacco Spit or Smoke Your Life Away," free. Ad. Sterling Remedy Co., New York or Chicago.

A—He is a relation of yours by marriage, I believe? B—Yes, he married my girl.

For Well People.

Most medicines are for the sick. Some can be used with good effects by persons apparently well. Occasional resort to Ripans Tabules prevents attacks that result from disorders of the stomach and liver.

To preserve is better and cheaper than to repair.

In the bicycle business the greatest number of sales the greater the falling off.

J. S. Parker, Fredonia, N. Y., says: "Shall not call on you for the $100 reward, for I believe Hall's Catarrh Cure will cure any case of catarrh. Was very bad." Write him for particulars. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Think how a man wearing side whiskers would look in a marble monument.

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

Miss Oldun—I'd like to see any man alive kiss me! Mr. Sharpe—I guess you would.

Experience Leads Many Mothers to Say "Use Parker's Ginger Tonic" because it is good for colds, pain and almost every weakness.

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

Piso's Cure is a wonderful Cough medicine.—Mrs. W. Pickert, Van Siclen and Blake Aves., Brooklyn, N. Y., Oct. 26, 1894.

Laura—The riding is lovely, but—Reggie—But what! Laura—Am I on the horse straight?

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

Jashaway—'ren't you spruced up a good deal, Uncle Ebony—Yes, sah. Mah wife has done got work.

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

Brazier—How did that bank clerk friend of yours come to be crooked? Lazey—He used to ride a bicycle.

Those Distressing Corns!

Bad as they are, Hindercorns will remove them, and then you can walk as you like.

Professor—Johnnie, did Willie Jones leave the room? Johnnie (smart boy)—Yes, sir. Did yer s'pose he took it with 'im?

How is Your Blood?

If it is poor and thin and lacking in the number and quality of those red corpuscles, you are in danger of sickness from disease germs and the enervating effect of warm weather. Purify your blood with

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The great blood purifier which has proved its merit by a record of cures unequalled in medical history. With pure, rich blood you will be well and strong. Do not neglect this important matter but take Hood's Sarsaparilla now. Be sure to get Hood's.

Hood's Pills are tasteless, mild, effective. All druggists. 25c.

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

THE LIMIT DETERMINED.

EDITOR OF "AMERICAN ECONOMIST" TALKS ON PROTECTION.

Our Tariff Should Cover the Difference of Cost of Production—Wages in This Country Must Be Protected Against Cheap Foreign Competition—A Strong Case Clearly Stated.

Will you be kind enough to write on the following subject: "What Should Determine the Limit of Protection for American Industries?" It is quite a subject and there are a great many opinions. B. F. MELLOR.
Rockville, Conn.

This is an exceedingly interesting question. According to the principles of the American Protective Tariff League, the object of its existence, as expressed in Article II of its constitution, is, "by adequate duties upon imported products, to protect American labor, whether agricultural, manufacturing, mining or commercial, against the competition of low priced labor in foreign countries."

All friends of protection believe that the American people should not, and will not, submit to the low standard of wages prevailing in other countries. It is the desire of protectionists to ameliorate the condition of American labor, and this can only be done by excluding from our markets the products of cheaper labor. The question then arises, To what extent or to what degree of protection are we prepared to go?

We believe that the limit of protection to American industries should be determined by the cost of labor in similar industries in other countries. For instance, if certain work in a certain factory costs an American manufacturer $2 per day, and similar work in similar factories in Europe can be performed for $1 or $1.50 per day, then we believe the product of the American factory should be protected to the extent of that dollar, which is the difference between the lowest rate paid abroad and the rate paid in this country.

In framing a tariff for protection, it is essential to bear in mind that the greatest amount of competition will naturally come from such countries as pay the lowest rate of wages. If an article can be made in England for a dollar and in Germany for seventy-five cents, the two being of equal quality, the German article will secure the trade and the American wage earner must be protected against the lower German rate. The knowledge of what such rates are should be in the possession of business men engaged in different industries. An American woolen manufacturer should have reliable and authoritative data regarding the wages paid in other countries by those who are engaged in making similar goods. It may be true that the lower wage rate paid in other countries is, in some cases, sufficient for the needs of those people to procure the actual necessaries of life, but we are not prepared to ask American labor to work for a mere existence, and we trust that we never shall be compelled to do so. The great mass of our people wish for prosperity to their fellow citizens, that they may earn not only the actual necessities but also something in addition that will enable them to enjoy some of the comforts, and, further, to save money for their old age. A poorhouse policy is out of place in the United States.

In determining the amount of protection necessary to American labor and American industries other factors enter into consideration. The interest on the capital employed is higher here than in Europe. Cheap ocean freight on the other side will often enable foreign goods to be laid down in our ports for less money than similar American goods could be delivered there from our manufacturing towns. When our railroads, moreover, give special concessions in freight rates to foreign goods that are shipped to our interior points then our manufactures are still further handicapped.

There has in the past been considerable criticism at what is regarded as the high percentage of protection under the McKinley tariff. In some instances, it is true, the percentage of protection was high and necessarily so, but the actual amount of protection was in no case excessive. The percentage is regulated by the cost of the goods, generally being higher where values are lower.

In any future tariff for protection that may be framed there are some entirely new considerations to be borne in mind. The termination of the war between China and Japan will stimulate industrial progress in the latter country, which is already rapidly advancing its manufacturing industries. But few years will elapse before Japanese goods will be found in our own and in the European markets, supplanting such as we have imagined it would never be possible to make except here or in Europe. Japanese cotton and woolen goods of all kinds will very shortly be strong competitors with our own cottons and woolens. Russian cotton goods are also to be looked for, and now we find that the cotton industry is being planted in China, upon English lines, no less than ten mills being erected or equipped there, which will, of course, be worked mainly with Chinese labor.

This is undoubtedly England's advance move to offset the progress of Japanese manufacture. But what are we doing? We have simply begun to lower our tariff so as to give the manufacturers of England, of Continental Europe, of India, of China and of Japan greater opportunities and greater facilities for reaching our market, which is the largest and the best in the world. We are inviting foreign made goods to take the place of our goods, inviting foreign cheap labor to compete with our own labor, and gradually forcing the American wage earner to give his capital, which is his labor, on the same terms as labor that endures a mere existence, without comfort, without refinement and without regard to its future condition.

The total American consumption of our own manufactured goods, of our farm products and the foreign goods which we imported in 1890 reached nearly twelve billions of dollars. The total foreign imports of all other countries in the world, representing those foreign markets, aggregate a little more than seven and a half billions of dollars. Our own home market is worth to us nearly four and a half billions of dollars a year more than the foreign trade of all other markets of the world, even if we could hope to secure the whole of it. The policy of free trade is to throw our greater and better market open to cheap labor competition and to pauperize our wage earners. The policy of protection is to prevent this.

CHARLES R. BUCKLAND,
Editor American Economist.

Wheat and Corn Markets.

Exports of corn fell off by 3,600,000 bushels in March, 1895, as compared with March, 1894; of wheat by 100,000 bushels and of flour by 1,800,000 barrels. That is how the farmers are letting themselves out into the markets of the world and the barrel factories are letting themselves out of work.

One Shepherd Left.

A man in New York City is earning a living in sheep industry. He is engaged on salary to take care of a flock of sheep which has been placed in Central Park as curiosities.—Journal, Sioux City, Iowa.

Royal Baking Powder
ABSOLUTELY PURE

Southern Experience Teaches.

The advocates of protection have made decided gains in the earnest popular discussions of the tariff question covering a period of two or three years last passed. I have witnessed the changes, and know of the truth of the statement I make. In view of this growing sentiment, fostered by the industrial development of the South on every hand, the tariff reformers, the political heirs of the former free traders of the South, are now proclaiming everywhere that the financial issue is the only one before the country, that the tariff is no longer an issue—that was settled, they claim, for years to come by the last Congress—and the only live issue is "sound money" or free coinage of silver, and this issue is given undue prominence in order to divert attention from the tariff and the benefits of the protective system, which in our section are understood better than ever before. C. W. BUCKLEY.
Montgomery, Ala.

Chance for Another Howl.

One hundred tons of Alabama pig iron have been sold in Liverpool as an experiment. It will be in order now for the Democratic Consul of the United States in that city to send to the State Department a report showing how the American manufacturers are capturing foreign markets under tariff reform.—Cleveland (Ohio) Leader.

McKinley Captured an Industry.

"I believe," said McKinley, "that with protection in America we can capture the business of raising and manufacturing all our linen, just as we have captured the nail, tin, chicory, silk and carpet industries, and make all of these things in the end cheaper for our people. I would agree to have the Belfast linen manufactories in this country in two years, and Minnesota covered with flax in place of cheap wheat, if I could dictate the policy. I think that $25,000,000 a year saved to the United States on linen is worth trying for, and proper protection would do it."

Mr. Dana tells me that he raises chicory in his famous garden at Flushing and uses the green tops for salad.

Now comes the news from Nebraska that the State is so delighted with the protective policy which brought a great industry into their State that the Legislature has added a bounty on both chicory and sugar.

The million dollar beet sugar plant at Norfolk has been found large enough to manufacture their great North Platte beet crop into sugar, and now they are turning the great Grand Island sugar house into a chicory factory. Millions of bushels of corn and wheat will go out of Nebraska and, by and by, thanks to protection, the farmer will get a better price for wheat. How much wiser is such a policy than the policy of killing an industry. With the tariff on wool, sheep were going all over Dakota and Minnesota taking out wheat and enriching the worn out land. Now sheep are being killed, the industry destroyed and $25,000,000 annually will go to Asia for wool.

Let us be glad that the new industry of chicory has escaped Mr. Wilson's poisoned arrow. ELI PERKINS.

It is only thirty years since the first cable was laid under the Atlantic.

There is talk of making China a republic. Its first Presidential candidate will run on the laundry ticket.

SYRUP of FIGS
ONE ENJOYS

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

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

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

Free Trade's Foothold.

Century Breathing.

One hundred deep breaths before breakfast every morning is the very latest order of physical culture teachers to pupils who are flat-chested and scrawney-necked. Anybody can try it, and it does work wonders if religiously adhered to day in day out. For girls whose dresses require padding across the bust it is especially advised because a high chest produces much of the effect of very full development. As soon as you jump out of bed throw back the shoulders, stand in a correct position, hold the head straight, draw a deep, long breath and hold it just as long as you can. It will first raise and inflate the chest, draw the portion of the body below the belt line, and distend the lower part of the throat, while the mere holding of the breath will exercise the unused muscles of the throat and increase the throat measure just as singing does. Take these deep breaths at first slowly in groups of five. The morning toilet can be performed without interrupting the century breathing exercise, so that no time is waisted. About the fiftieth deep breath try five rapid and deep inflations. By this means, even if you are not blessed with the desired flesh, you need not mourn for scrawny throats or flat chests. Also it will give you the prettiest nape of the neck, which is always a desirable possession.

Foul breath is a discourager of affection. It is always an indication of poor health—bad digestion. To bad digestion is traceable almost all human ills. It is the starting point of many very serious maladies. Upon the healthy action of the digestive organs, the blood depends for its richness and purity. If digestion stops, poisonous matter accumulates and is forced into the blood—there is no place else for it to go.

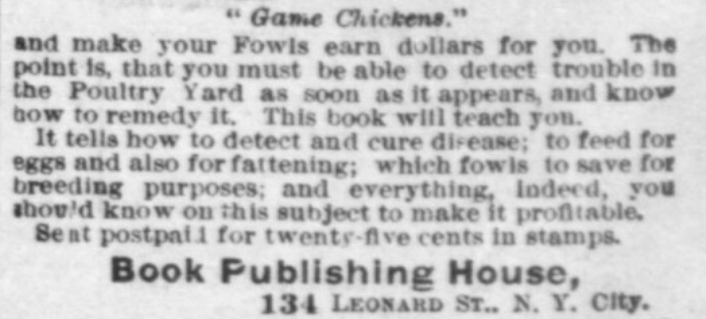
The bad breath is a danger signal. Look out for it! If you have it, or any other symptom of indigestion, take a bottle or two of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It will straighten out the trouble, make your blood pure and healthy and full of nutriment for the tissues.

Chickens EARN Money
IF YOU GIVE THEM HELP.

You cannot do this unless you understand them and know how to cater to their requirements; and you cannot spend years and dollars learning by experience, so you must buy the knowledge acquired by others. We offer this to you for only 25 cents.

YOU WANT THEM TO PAY THEIR OWN WAY,

even if you merely keep them as a diversion. In order to handle Fowls judiciously, you must know something about them. To meet this want we are selling a book giving the experience **(Only 25c.** of a *practical* poultry raiser for twenty-five years. It was written by a man who put all his mind, and time, and money to making a success of Chicken raising—not as a pastime, but as a business—and if you will profit by his twenty-five years' work, you can save many Chicks annually,


"Game Chickens."

and make your Fowls earn dollars for you. The point is, that you must be able to detect trouble in the Poultry Yard as soon as it appears, and know how to remedy it. This book will teach you.

It tells how to detect and cure disease; to feed for eggs and also for fattening; which fowls to save for breeding purposes; and everything, indeed, you should know on this subject to make it profitable. Sent postpaid for twenty-five cents in stamps.

Book Publishing House,
134 LEONARD ST., N. Y. City.

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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
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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

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CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION

These stopped using soap, long ago.
This one stopped because—well, we'll have to guess why. Perhaps, because it gave him too much work to do. That's what everybody thinks, for that matter, when there's nothing but soap at hand, and there's a good deal of dirt to be removed from anything.
But this one stopped because she had found something **better** than soap—Pearline. Something easier, quicker, simpler, more economical. No rubbing to speak of, no wear—easy work and money saved, whether it's washing clothes, cleaning house, or any kind of washing and cleaning. 402
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