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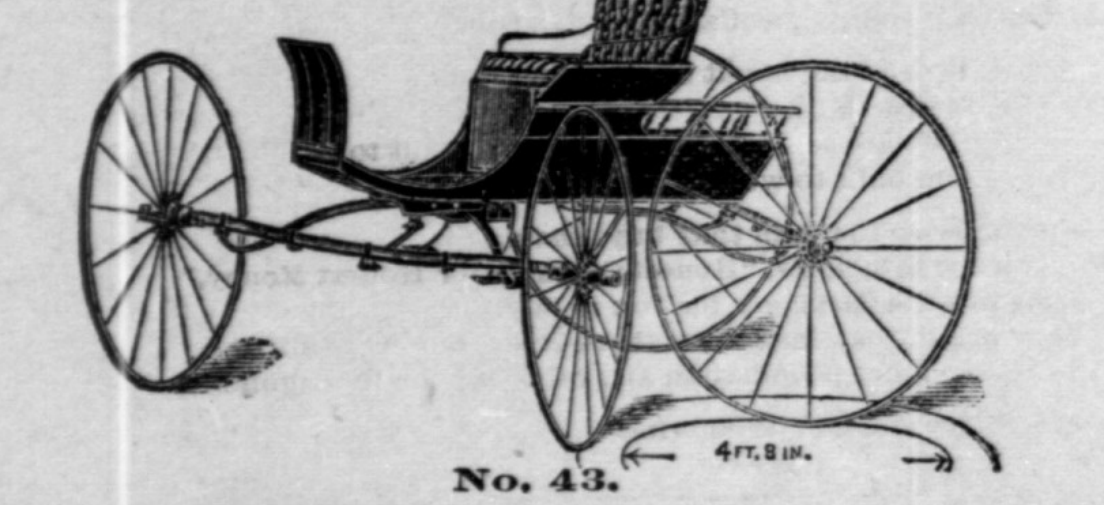

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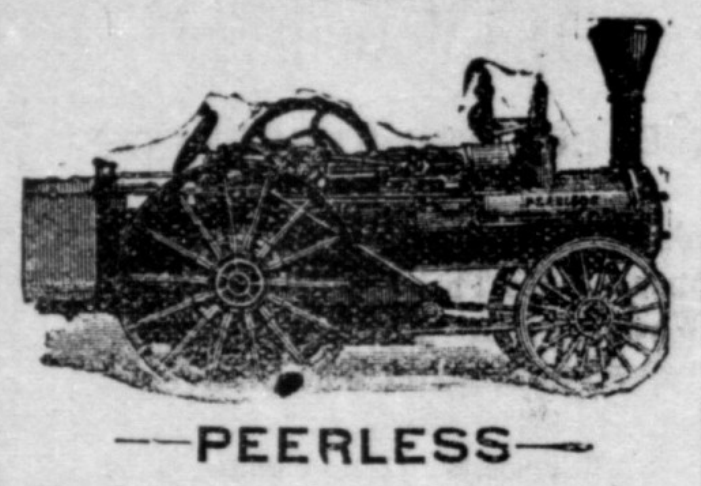

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Why Prosperity is Returning.

It is undoubtedly true that business is looking up all over the country. To no one will this be such good news as to the believers in a protective tariff. The great object of the tariff is to keep business humming and wages high, and everything tending to such a condition of affairs is welcomed with an enthusiasm proportionate to the strength of the movement.

But the attitude of the free trade and tariff reform newspapers at this time is very funny. Every opening up of a closed factory is greeted with an enthusiasm not evoked by the hundreds of factories which were built and opened for the first time under the beneficent effects of the McKinley bill. Every increase of ten per cent. in wages is heralded far and wide, in striking contrast to the silence with which they have greeted every cut of twenty-five per cent. in wages made during the last two years.

These tariff reform newspaper affect to believe that protectionists will be sorry to see any revival of business while a tariff reform President sits in the White House. We would assure them that every protectionist rejoices at any improvement in business conditions. We would, however, like to have these papers give us some specific reasons for this revival of business. Is it because there is a tariff reform President at Washington? Business was all right before that tariff reform President was elected. There was no need for a revival of business then, and a revival has come only after two years of stagnation which followed the election of that President.

We are willing to assist these tariff reformers in their attempts to discover the specific reason of the revival of business, and we would respectfully call their attention to the fact that there were some elections held last November. We would further remind them that by those elections Congress was given into the control of the party pledged to put an end to tariff reform. Not to tariff reform, but to the hope of a return to protection, based on the Republican victory of last November, is due this revival of business. We welcome our free trade friends as converts to the cause of protection.

Iron's Great Index.

The statistics of iron production tell a sad story of the damage inflicted on home industry by the free trade agitation that attended the election of President Cleveland and a free trade tariff Congress in 1892, and culminated in the passing of the Gorman bill in 1894.

In 1890 the United States produced 9,202,703 gross tons of pig iron. In 1894 the production fell to 6,657,388 gross tons.

Under protection the production of pig iron had increased with steady strides until it attained the high figure named in 1890, benefiting the whole country, South as well as North. All this was in accordance with the general development of our industries under which progress was the normal condition. Hence it might have been expected that the production of pig iron would have gone on satisfactorily, and that it would have passed the 10,000,000 tons mark by this time. Instead, the figures quoted show that our furnaces produced 2,545,315 gross tons less in 1894 than they did in 1890.

What did this shrinkage mean? It meant less wages for the workmen; less money for the shopkeeper and farmer; less demand for iron ore and coal. It meant less dividends for the capital invested; smaller inducements to develop iron lands, and a heavy decrease in the general wealth of the country.

In the South, where iron ore is so abundant, these facts, which concern the whole country, should meet with special consideration. The addition of 2,545,315 gross tons to the iron smelted in the South in 1894 would have made places blossom into prosperity where gaunt poverty prevailed and American workmen, able, honest and industrious sought employment in vain.

What's This! A Trust Here.

The Scotch coal trade and the wages question was the subject of a recent article in the Birmingham (England) Daily Post, in which "as a result of his official experience on the Board of Trade, Mr. Burt declared that we no longer possess our old monopoly of the coal mining industry." What's this? A monopoly in a free-trade country?

Dresses Cheap, Labor Suffers.

Women's and children's dress goods should be plentiful this season. In March, 1894, we bought from abroad to the extent of $579,657; last March we bought to the extent of $1,851,617, an increase of nearly $1,300,000. If all our mills are as busy as free traders tell us, there must be an enormous surplus of dress goods in the market. Our manufacturers will undoubtedly appreciate the blessing of free wool.

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.

An army is a great monster with a head, but no heart.

Tobacco User's Sore Throat.

It's so common that every tobacco user has an irritated throat that gradually develops into a serious condition, frequently consumption, and it's the kind of a sore throat that never gets well as long as you use tobacco. The tobacco habit, sore throat and lost manhood cured by No-To-Bac. Sold and guaranteed to cure by Druggists everywhere. Book, titled "Don't Tobacco Spit or Smoke Your Life Away," free. Ad. Sterling Remedy Co., New York City or Chicago.

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REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent New York Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "Sisters of Charity."

TEXT: "This woman was full of good works and almsdeeds which she did."—Acts ix., 36.

Starting now where I left her off last Sabbath in reciting woman's opportunities, I have to say that woman has the special and superlative right of blessing and comforting the sick. What land, what street, what house, has not felt the smitings of disease? Tens of thousands of sickbeds! What shall we do with them? Shall man, with his rough hand and heavy foot and impatient bearing, minister? No, he cannot soothe the pain. He cannot quiet the nerves. He knows not where to set the light. His hand is not steady enough to pour out the drops. He is not wakeful enough to be a watcher. The Lord God sent Miss Dix into the Virginia hospitals, and the Maid of Saragossa to appease the wounds of the battlefield, and has equipped wife, mother and daughter for this delicate but tremendous mission. You have known men who have despised women, but the moment disease fell upon them they did not send for their friends at the bank, or their partner in business, or their worldly associates. Their first cry was, "Take me to my wife!" The dissipated young man at the college scoffs at the idea of being under home influences, but at the first blast of the typhoid fever on his cheek he says, "Where is mother?" Walter Scott wrote partly in satire and partly in compliment when he said:

> O woman, in our hour of ease,
> Uncertain, coy and hard to please;
> When pain and anguish wring the brow,
> A ministering angel thou!

I think the most pathetic passage in all the Bible is the description of the lad who went out to the harvest field of Shunem and got sunstruck—throwing his hands on his temples and crying out: "Oh, my head! My head!" And they said, "Carry him to his mother." And then the record is, "He sat on her knees till noon, and then died." It is an awful thing to be ill away from home in a strange hotel, once in awhile men coming to look at you, holding their hand over their mouth for fear that they will catch the contagion. How roughly they turn you in bed! How loudly they talk! How you long for the ministries of home! I knew one such who went away from one of the brightest of homes for several weeks' business absence at the West. A telegram came at midnight that he was on his deathbed far away from home. By express train the wife and daughters went westward, but they went too late. He feared not to die, but he was in an agony to live until his family got there. He tried to bribe the doctor to make him live a little while longer. He said, "I am willing to die, but not alone." But the pulses fluttered, the eyes closed and the heart stopped. The express trains met in the midnight—wife and daughters going westward, lifeless remains of husband and father coming eastward. Oh, it was a sad, pitiful, overwhelming spectacle! When we are sick, we want to be sick at home. When the time comes for us to die, we want to die at home. The room may be very humble, and the faces that look into ours may be very plain, but who cares for that? Loving hands to bathe the temples. Loving voices to speak good cheer. Loving lips to read the comforting promises of Jesus.

In our last dreadful war men cast the cannon; men fashioned the musketry; men cried to the hosts, "Forward, march!" men hurled their battalions on the sharp edges of the enemy, crying, "Charge, charge!" but woman scraped the lint; woman administered the cordials; woman watched by the dying couch; woman wrote the last message to the home circle; woman wept at the solitary burial attended by herself and four men with a spade. We greeted the general home with brass bands and triumphal arches and wild huzzas, but the story is too good to be written anywhere, save in the chronicles of heaven, of Mrs. Brady, who came down among the sick in the swamps of the Chickahominy; of Annie Ross, in the cooper shop hospital; of Margaret Breckinridge, who came to men who had been for weeks with their wounds undressed, some of them frozen to the ground, and when she turned them over those that had an arm left waved it and filled the air with their "Hurrah!" of Mrs. Hodge, who came from Chicago with blankets and with pillows, until the men shouted: "Three cheers for the Christian commission! God bless the women at home;" then, sitting down to take the last message: "Tell my wife not to fret about me, but to meet me in heaven. Tell her to train up the boys whom we have loved so well. Tell her we shall meet again in the good land. Tell her to bear my loss like the Christian wife of a Christian soldier," and of Mrs. Shelton, into whose face the convalescent solder looked and said, "Your grapes and cologne cured me." Men did their work with shot and shell and carbine and howitzer, women did their work with socks and slippers and bandages, and warm drinks, and Scripture texts, and gentle strokings of the hot temples, and stories of that land where they never have any pain. Men knelt down over the wounded and said, "On which side did you fight?" Women knelt down over the wounded and said: "Where are you hurt? What nice thing can I make for you to eat? What makes you cry?" To-night, while we men are sound asleep in our beds, there will be a light in yonder loft; there will be groaning in that dark alley; there will be cries of distress in that cellar. Men will sleep, and women will watch.

Again, woman has a superlative right to take care of the poor. There are hundreds and thousands of them in all our cities. There is a kind of work that men cannot do for the poor. Here comes a group of little barefoot children to the door of the Dorcas Society. They need to be clothed and provided for. Which of these directors of banks would know how many yards it would take to make that little girl a dress? Which of these masculine hands could fit a hat to that little girl's head? Which of the wise men would know how to tie on that new pair of shoes? Man sometimes gives his charity in a rough way, and it falls like the fruit of a tree in the East, which fruit comes down so heavily that it breaks the skull of the man who is trying to gather it. But woman glides so softly into the house of destitution, and finds out all the sorrows of the place, and puts so quietly the donation on the table, that all the family come out on the front steps as she departs, expecting that from under her shawl she will thrust out two wings and go right up toward heaven, from whence she seems to have come down. O Christian young woman, if you would make yourself happy and win the blessing of Christ, go out among the destitute. A loaf of bread or a bundle of socks may make a homely load to carry, but the angels of God will come out to watch, and the Lord Almighty will give His messenger hosts a charge, saying: "Look after that woman. Canopy her with your wings and shelter her from all harm," and while you are seated in the house of destitution and suffering the little ones around the room will whisper: "Who is she? Ain't she beautiful?" and if you listen right sharply, you will hear dripping down the leaky roof and rolling over the rotten stairs the angel chant that shook Bethlehem, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men." Can you tell me why a Christian woman, going down among the haunts of iniquity on a Christian errand, never meets with any indignity? I stood in the chapel of Helen Chalmers, the daughter of the celebrated Dr. Chalmers, in the most abandoned part of the city of Edinburgh, and I said to her as I looked around upon the fearful surroundings of that place, "Do you come here nights to hold service?" "Oh, yes," she said. "Can it be possible that you never meet with an insult while performing this Christian errand?" "Never," she said. "Never."

That young woman who has her father by her side walking down the street, an armed policeman at each corner of the street, is not so well defended as that Christian who goes forth on gospel work into the haunts of iniquity, carrying the Bibles and bread. God, with the right arm of His wrath omnipotent, would tear to pieces anyone who should offer indignity. He would smite him with lightnings and drown him with floods and swallow him with earthquakes and damn him with eternal indignation. Some one said; "I dislike very much to see that Christian woman teaching those bad boys in the mission school. I am afraid to have her instruct them." "So," said another man, "I am afraid, too." Said the first, "I am afraid they will use vile language before they leave the place." "Ah," said the other man, "I am not afraid of that! What I am afraid of is that, if any of those boys should use a bad word in that presence, the other boys would tear him to pieces and kill him on the spot." That woman is best sheltered who is sheltered by omnipotence, and it is always safe to go where God tells you to go. It seems as if the Lord had ordained woman for an especial work in the solicitation of charities. Backed up by barrels in which there is no flour, and by stoves in which there is no fire, and wardrobes in which there are no clothes a woman is irresistible. Passing on her errand, God says to her, "You go into that bank or store or shop and get the money." She goes in and gets it. The man is hard fisted, but she gets it. She could not help but get it. It is decreed from eternity she should get it. No need of your turning your back and pretending you don't hear. You do hear. There is no need of your saying you are begged to death. There is no need of your wasting your time, and you might as well submit first as last. You had better right away take down your checkbook, mark the number of the check, fill up the blank, sign your name and hand it to her. There is no need of wasting time. Those poor children on the back street have been hungry long enough. That sick man must have some farina. That consumptive must have something to ease his cough. I meet this delegate of a relief society coming out of the store of such a hard fisted man, and I say, "Did you get the money?" "Of course," she says, "I got the money. That's what I went for. The Lord told me to go in and get it, and He never sends me on a fool's errand."

Again, I have to tell you that it is woman's specific right to comfort under the stress of dire disaster. She is called the weaker vessel, but all profane as well as sacred history attests that when the crisis comes she is better prepared than man to meet the emergency. How often you have seen a woman who seemed to be a disciple of frivolity and indolence, who, under one stroke of calamity, changed to a heroine! Oh, what a great mistake those business men make who never tell their business troubles to their wives! There comes some great loss to their store or some of their companions in business play them a sad trick, and they carry the burden all alone. He is asked in the household again and again, "What is the matter?" but he believes it a sort of Christian duty to keep all that trouble within his own soul. Oh, sir, your first duty was to tell your wife all about it. She perhaps might not have disentangled your finances or extended your credit, but she would have helped you to bear misfortune. You have no right to carry on one shoulder that which is intended for two. There are business men who know what I mean. There comes a crisis in your affairs. You struggle bravely and long, but after awhile there comes a day when you say, "Here I shall have to stop," and you call in your partners, and you call in the most prominent men in your employ, and you say, "We have to stop." You leave the store suddenly. You can scarcely make up your mind to pass through the street and over on bridge or on the ferryboat. You feel everybody will be looking at you, and blaming you, and denouncing you. You hasten home. You tell your wife all about the affairs. What does she say? Does she play the butterfly? Does she talk about the silks, and the ribbons, and the fashions? No. She comes up to the emergency. She quails not under the stroke. She helps you to begin to plan right away. She offers to go out of the comfortable house into a smaller one and wear the old cloak another winter. She is one who understands your affairs without blaming you. You look upon what you thought was a thin, weak woman's arm holding you up, but while you look at that arm there comes into the feeble muscles of it the strength of the eternal God. No chiding. No fretting. No telling you about the beautiful house of her father, from which you brought her, ten, twenty or thirty years ago. You say: "Well, this is the happiest day of my life. I am glad I have got from under my burden. My wife don't care—I don't care." At the moment you were utterly exhausted God sent a Deborah to meet the host of the Amalekites and scatter them like chaff over the plain.

There are sometimes women who sit reading sentimental novels, and who wish that they had some grand field in which to display their Christian powers. Oh, what grand and glorious things they could do if they only had an opportunity! My sister, you need not wait for any such time. A crisis will come in your affairs. There will be a Thermopylæ in your own household, where God will tell you to stand. There are hundreds of households where as much courage is demanded of woman as was exhibited by Grace Darling or Marie Antoinette or Joan of Arc.

Woman is further endowed to bring us into the kingdom of heaven. It is easier for a woman to be a Christian than for a man. Why? You say she is weaker. No. Her heart is more responsive to the pleadings of divine love. The fact that she can more easily become a Christian I prove by the statement that three-fourths of the members of the churches in all Christendom are women. So God appoints them to be the chief agencies for bringing this world back to God. The greatest sermons are not preached on celebrated platforms. They are preached with an audience of two or three and in private home life. A patient, loving, Christian demeanor in the presence of transgression, in the presence of hardness, in the presence of obduracy and crime, is an argument from the force of which no man can escape.

Lastly, one of the specific rights of woman is, through the grace of Christ, finally to reach heaven. Oh, what a multitude of women in heaven! Mary, Christ's mother, in heaven; Elizabeth Fry in heaven, Charlotte Elizabeth in heaven, the mother of Augustine in heaven, the Countess of Huntingdon, who sold her splendid jewels to build chapels, in heaven, while a great many others who have never been heard of on earth or known but little have gone to the rest and peace of heaven. What a rest! What a change it was from the small room, with no fire and one window, the glass broken out, and the aching side and wornout eyes, to the "house of many mansions!" No more stitching until 12 o'clock at night, no more thrusting of the thumb by the employer through the work to show that it was not done quite right. Plenty of bread at last. Heaven for aching heads. Heaven for broken hearts. Heaven for anguish bitten frames. No more sitting up until midnight for the coming of staggering steps. No more rough blows across the temples. No more sharp, keen, bitter curses.

Some of you will have no rest in this world. It will be toil and struggle and suffering all the way up. You will have to stand at your door fighting back the wolf with your own hand, red with carnage. But God has a crown for you. I want you to realize that He is now making it, and whenever you weep a tear He sets another gem in that crown; whenever you have a pang of body or soul He puts another gem into that crown, until, after awhile, in all the tiara there will be no room for another splendor, and God will say to His angel, "The crown is done; let her up that she may wear it." And as the Lord of righteousness puts the crown upon your brow angel will cry to angel, "Who is she?" and Christ will say: "I will tell you who she is. She is the one that came up out of great tribulation and had her robe washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb." And then God will spread a banquet, and He will invite all the principalities of heaven to sit at the feast, and the tables will blush with the best clusters from the vineyards of God, and crimson with the twelve manner of fruits from the tree of life, and waters from the fountain of the rock will flash from the golden tankards, and the old harpers of heaven will sit there, making music with their harps, and Christ will point you out amid the celebrities of heaven, saying: "She suffered with Me on earth. Now we are going to be glorified together." And the banqueters, no longer able to hold their peace, will break forth with congratulation: "Hail! Hail!" And there will be handwritings on the wall—not such as struck the Persian nobleman with horror, but with fire tipped fingers, writing in blazing capitals of light and love and victory, "God has wiped away all tears from all faces."

ANNEXATION HIS POLICY.

President Dole's Message to the First Hawaiian Legislature.

The first Legislature under the republic was called together on the 11th instant. The President's message was read. It deals with many questions of local interest. In speaking of annexation with the United States the President says:

"While the annexation of this country to the United States of America has not been accomplished, it still remains the policy of the government. Its consummation will be earnestly sought, with an abiding faith that such a result will be a lasting benefit to our country."

The President is in favor of a cable and says:

"One of the matters to which I would especially direct your attention is cable communication with the outer world. Until such communication is secured Hawaii must remain isolated. To do everything within our power to establish such communication is, and must continue to be, one of the items of the Hawaiian policy until it is accomplished."

But two bills have been introduced so far—the new land law and supplemental appropriation bills—one item of which is a settlement for Princess Kaiulani. She is to receive $4,000 a year from the government, commencing about April 1 of the present year. This money will be paid to her as long as she does not meddle in politics.

EXPLODED BY LIGHTNING.

Two Men Probably Fatally Hurt in a West Virginia Quarry.

The men at work in the Buck Horn Stone Quarry, on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, had arranged to send off a lot of blasts when lightning struck the wire of the electric battery and exploded the blasts before the men could get away. Dolph McVicker received a bad wound on his head, which will probably prove fatal. Stephen Ringer was badly shocked by the lightning and received internal injuries. He is not likely to recover. Two or three other workmen received slight bruises.

There was not thought to be any danger of lightning as there was no storm visible when the blast was prepared. A large quantity of dynamite stored close by also exploded with terrific force. Houses a mile away trembled.

The company's property is considerably damaged. The quarry is owned by the Standard Stone and Lime Company of Baltimore.

CROP REPORT COLLECTORS.

Twenty-One State Agents to Be Dropped By the Agricultural Department.

Secretary Morton has decided to abolish twenty-one of the State agents of the Agricultural Department and reorganize the States into groups for collecting crop reports.

It is intended that the United States shall be divided into twenty-one districts. Seven of these will comprise only one State each, while the remaining thirty-eight States will be arranged in fourteen groups, with an agent for each group or for each State which constitutes a district in itself. It is still undecided in some cases as to what agents shall be dispensed with and no names have been given out.

CABLE SPARKS.

It is reported in Madrid that the Cuban insurgent Gomez has been captured.

The revolutionists having succeeded in Ecuador General Alforo has formed a new cabinet.

The convention guaranteeing the new Russian-Chinese loan has been signed at St. Petersburg.

There was an exciting debate in the Italian Chamber of Deputies and a duel is being arranged between two members who engaged in a fight.

Hon. H. M. Nelson, the premier of Queensland, says that colony is prepared to act in favor of the Pacific Cable, with or without the co-operation of other colonies.

The third biennial convention of the World's Womans' Christian Temperance Union opened in London. Miss Frances E. Willard delivered the address of welcome.

The town of Dainlow, in the province of Jaroslaw, Russia, has been the scene of a great fire, which destroyed many buildings. Several persons met death in the flames.

It was stated in the House of Commons that the resolutions signed by Sir Julian Pauncefote on board the steamer St. Louis were the usual thanks to a captain for a successful voyage, and the government could not see any reflection upon British shipping in them.

Count Kalmantegg, Governer of Lower Austria, has accepted Aurtrian premiership and is forming a provisional cabinet in place of the Windischgraetz cabinet, which resigned. It is reported that Mexico has placed an order in Europe for 80,000 new Mondragon rifles and eighty million cartridges for use in the improved gun.

The Baltic and North Sea canal was formally opened. A procession of warships from all the great powers of the world, headed by Emperor William's yacht Hohenzollern, passed through the canal from west to east. There was great enthusiasm along the line of the procession and a magnificent scene in Kiel harbor, where fifty war ships were gaily decorated.

KILLED A CASHIER.

A Highwayman Fired, Then Grabbed $1,000 and Escaped.

C. P. Birch, of the West Chicago Street Railway, was shot and killed by a highwayman. He was alone in his office on Armitage Avenue, fixing up his accounts. He was the only one who saw the robber, and, as he lived only a short time after the encounter, the police have few clues to work upon.

When he first heard the demand to hold up his hands he jumped for his own weapon, which was but a few feet away. The robber fired twice, and the bullet went into his wrist. The wound disabled Birch, but he fired back pluckily, and, though he hit the robber in the shoulder, a second shot missed. The masked man stood his ground and in a flash fired three more shots. Birch sank to the floor, mortally wounded. The murderer ran up to his victim, plucked the revolver out of his hand, snatched a roll of bills, dropped some silver on the floor, reloaded his revolver and fled.

The murder got $1000 and some loose silver. The West Chicago Company has offered a reward of $1,000 for the murderer.

A NOTABLE HANGING EVENT.

Crowds of Country People Attracted to the Execution of August Bergman.

August Bergman, who murdered his brother Julius in Sterling, N. J., on February 23rd, 1893, was hanged for the crime in Morris county jail.

The execution of Bergman was the first one in eight years in Morris county, and it attracted a big crowd of people. Farmers from the surrounding country drove in town in their wagons, and Morristown presented a sort of holiday appearance. Many of the farmers brought their lunch with them and did not leave Norristown until after the scaffold had been taken down and the execution was over.

A Slave From Boyhood.

(From the Red Wing, Minn., Republican.)

"I am now twenty-four years old," said Edwin Swanson, of White Rock, Goodhue County, Minn., to a *Republican* representative, "and as you can see I am not very large of stature. When I was eleven years old I became afflicted with a sickness which baffled the skill and knowledge of the physician. I was not taken suddenly ill but on the contrary I can hardly state the exact time when it began. The first symptoms were pains in my back and restless nights. The disease did not trouble me much at first, but it seemed to have settled in my body to stay and my bitter experience during the last thirteen years proved that to be the case. I was of course a child and never dreamed of the suffering in store for me. I complained to my parents and they concluded that in time I would outgrow my trouble, but when they heard me groaning during my sleep they became thoroughly alarmed. Medical advice was sought but to no avail; I grew rapidly worse and was soon unable to move about and finally became confined continually to my bed. The best doctors that could be had were consulted, but did nothing for me. I tried various kinds of extensively advertised patent medicines with but the same result.

"For twelve long years I was thus a sufferer in constant agony without respite, abscesses formed on my body in rapid succession and the world indeed looked very dark to me. About this time when all hope was gone and nothing seemed left but to resign myself to my most bitter fate my attention was called to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Like a drowning man grasping at a straw, in sheer desperation I concluded to make one more attempt—not to regain my health (I dare not to hope so much) but if possible to ease my pain.

"I bought a box of the pills and they seemed to do me good. I felt encouraged and continued their use. After taking six boxes I was up and able to walk around the house. I have not felt so well for thirteen years as during the past year. Only one year have I taken Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I am able now to do chores and attend to light duties.

"Do I hesitate to let you publish what I have said? No. Why should I? It is the truth and I am only too glad to let other sufferers know my experience. It may help those whose cup of misery is as full to-day as mine was in the past."

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 also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood, and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature. Pink Pills are sold in boxes (never in loose bulk) at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

It takes some people a whole lifetime to find out that no dollar is big enough to give an hour's happiness.

Not So Convenient.

Physicians indorse Ripans Tabules by prescribing the remedies they contain, but in form not so convenient, inexpensive and accurate as in Ripans Tabules.

There is no place like home, and that is why so many men spend their evenings down town.

Get Hindercorns and Use it If you want to know the comfort of no corns. It takes them out perfectly. 15c. at druggists.

Hate is two points with poison tips—one toward your enemy the other toward yourself.

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

The man who becomes a successful hypocrite has to work at it every day in the week.

I cannot speak too highly of Piso's Cure for Consumption.—Mrs. FRANK MOBBS, 215 W. 22d St., New York, Oct. 29, 1894.

Some men will "bet you ten dollars" when they are at the end of their argument.

S. K. Coburn, Mgr., Clarie Scott, writes: "I find Hall's Catarrh Cure a valuable remedy." Druggists sell it, 75c.

A dead beat that is hatched from laziness is of few days and full of trouble.

The Reviving Powers of Parker's Ginger Tonic make it the need of every home. Stomach troubles, colds and all distress yield to it.

Cupid is a physician who never takes his own medicine.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water. Druggists sell at 25c per bottle.

There are two sides to every question, top and bottom; and the man on the bottom side is liable to be crushed.

COOK BOOK FREE.

Every housekeeper wants to know the best things to eat, and how to prepare them.

"The Royal Baker and Pastry Cook."

Contains One thousand useful recipes for every kind of cooking. Edited by Prof. Rudmani, New-York Cooking School. Free by mail. Address (writing plainly), mentioning this paper,

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FIGURE JUGGLERY.

A NEW YORK EDITOR TOPS MOUNT MENDACITY.

Official Figures Expose the Invention of a Humbug—Wild Statements Swept Away by Solid Facts—Democratic Methods of Deception Exposed.

The editor of the New York Evening Post is never so unfortunate as when he writes upon the tariff question. Mr. Godkin's recent silence in this direction had almost led us to believe that he was beginning to comprehend the vastness of his ignorance upon this subject. As a juggler and falsifier of figures Mr. Godkin's ability is so well known that it hardly needs fresh confirmation, but it is well to point out that his most recent efforts to uphold the existing "tariff reform" measure was entirely devoid of the slightest semblance of fact or veracity. This Baron Munchausen of the "tariff reform" party says:

"That under the McKinley tariff the importations of woolen goods were greater than under the present tariff. If a schedule of exportations of woolens were made up for the corresponding periods, they would probably show a contrary result—that is, larger exportations now than then."

Mr. Godkin was too lazy to add together each month's figures of our imports and exports, but he published an imaginary half year's imports simply by cutting in half the returns of our imports for the year ending June 30, 1892, comparing them with our imports of woolens during the six months ending February 28, 1895, which latter were given at $17,383,292. Mr. Godkin conveniently forgets to tell his readers that his tariff reform rates on woolen manufactures did not take effect till January 1, 1895, and that during three months only, ending March 31, 1895, our imports of all woolen goods reached $16,260,500 as follows:

TREASURY DEPARTMENT VALUES OF GORMAN TARIFF IMPORTS OF WOOLEN MANUFACTURED GOODS.

Article.	For three months January, February and March, 1895.
Carpets and carpeting	$473,537
Clothing, ready made, etc	315,852
Cloths	7,409,016
Dress goods, women's and children's	6,793,128
Knit fabrics	205,933
Shawls	69,927
Yarns	505,973
All other	496,097
Total	$16,269,590
Godkin figures, six months to February 28, 1895	$17,383,292

The foregoing statistics that we give in detail are taken from the monthly reports of the Bureau of Statistics of the Treasury Department, the totals for each month—January, February and March—being added together. Godkin was too lazy to do this, but forced a balance for half of a year that is not yet ended. Whether among his other imaginary talents he deems himself to have been gifted by the Almighty with a foreknowledge of our trade in foreign woolen goods, or whether he has received advance information from his English friends as to the extent of their exports during the coming months, we are unable to say, but people will be inclined rather to rely upon the statistics of the Treasury Department than upon any divvy of an imaginary "year's importations by two" that Editor Godkin is pleased to juggle.

As the present tariff on woolen manufactured goods took effect only on January 1 last, therefore a proper comparison of its workings with the McKinley tariff can only be instituted by showing the value of our imports of foreign woolen goods during the earlier months of the McKinley tariff, immediately subsequent to its passage, taking the same number of months directly after the passage of the Gorman tariff. These imports we give from October 1 to December 31, 1890, immediately after the enactment of the McKinley tariff, adding thereto a line showing the value of the imports during the first three months of the Gorman tariff, and also appending the Godkin divvy computed from our imports of a year that has not yet ended, divided by two:

TREASURY DEPARTMENT VALUES OF M'KINLEY TARIFF IMPORTS OF WOOLEN MANUFACTURED GOODS.

Article.	For Three Months October, November and December, 1890.
Carpets and carpeting	$330,032
Clothing, ready made	395,659
Cloths	2,248,715
Dress goods	3,708,703
Knit fabrics	127,743
Shawls	127,878
Yarns	159,881
All others	1,023,703
Total	$8,122,335
Gorman tariff, three months imports, January 1 to March 31, 1895	$16,206,500
Godkin figures, six months to February 28, 1895	$17,383,292

A comparison of the figures of the Bureau of Statistics of the Treasury Department shows that our imports of foreign woolen goods under the first three months' operation of the Gorman tariff reached $16,260,500, as against imports worth only $8,132,335 during the first three months' operation of the McKinley tariff. Under tariff reform, in three months, we have bought double the quantity of woolen goods from Editor Godkin's foreign friends, who, no doubt, will appreciate the effort made on their behalf in the issue of the Evening Post of May 18, and recognize the master juggler's crafti-work in his very successful efforts to reach the summit of Mount Mendacity.

SECRETARY GRESHAM'S WILL.

The Estate, Valued at $51,000, Left to the Widow Absolutely.

The will of Walter Q. Gresham, late Secretary of State, was admitted to probate by Judge Kohlsaat, at Chicago. Mrs. Gresham appeared in court, accompanied by her son, Otto Gresham. Judge Henry W. Blodgett and George W. Kemp, of the United States Circuit Court, the witnesses to the will, was also present. Mr. Gresham produced his father's will and formal proof of the witnessing of the will was then made. The will is very simply. It is written in Judge Gresham own handwriting upon one sheet of paper and dated December 1888. It is as follows:

"I, Walter Q. Gresham, do hereby make this my last will and statement. I give, devise and bequeath to my wife, Matilda Gresham, all my estate, property and effects real and personal, and of every kind and description and wheresoever situate, to have and hold obsolutely. I appoint my said wife sole executrix of this will. Witness my hand the eighteenth day of December, 1888."

The schedule of the property owned by Secretary Gresham shows that he was worth $51,000 at the time of his death. Of this $40,000 is in real property and the balance in personal effects. The other heirs are Otto Gresham, the son, and Kate Gresham Andrews, his daughter.

Julia Ward Howe says that Longfellow was a good deal of a dandy in his youth. His linen was immaculate, and he paid particular attention to his collars.

MOTHERS recovering from the illness attending childbirth, or who suffer from the effects of disorders, derangements and displacements of the womanly organs, will find relief and a permanent *cure* in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Taken during pregnancy, the "Prescription"

MAKES CHILDBIRTH EASY

by preparing the system for parturition, thus assisting Nature and shortening "labor." The painful ordeal of childbirth is robbed of its terrors, and the dangers thereof greatly lessened, to both mother and child. The period of confinement is also greatly shortened, the mother strengthened and built up, and an abundant secretion of nourishment for the child promoted.

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Has discovered in one of our common pasture weeds a remedy that cures every kind of Humor, from the worst Scrofula down to a common pimple.

He has tried it in over eleven hundred cases, and never failed except in two cases (both thunder humor). He has now in his possession over two hundred certificates of its value, all within twenty miles of Boston. Send postal card for book.

A benefit is always experienced from the first bottle, and a perfect cure is warranted when the right quantity is taken.

When the lungs are affected it causes shooting pains, like needles passing through them; the same with the Liver or Bowels. This is caused by the ducts being stopped, and always disappears in a week after taking it. Read the label.

If the stomach is foul or bilious it will cause squeamish feelings at first.

No change of diet ever necessary. Eat the best you can get, and enough of it. Dose, one tablespoonful in water at bedtime. Sold by all Druggists.

A HORSE OWNER ought to think enough of his animal to wish to be able to care for it properly in health and sickness. It is money out of his pocket if he does not. To accomplish this result we offer our **One Hundred Page Illustrated Horse Book** for 25 cents. It teaches you to pick out a good Horse; 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, etc., etc.

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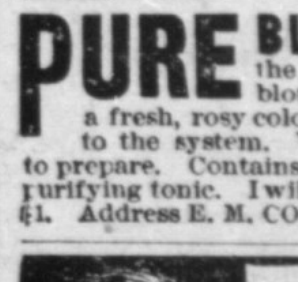
$16 For this first class High Arm Machine delivered, freight paid to your nearest railroad station. The Pearl is not a cheap made Machine, but a good one at a low price, equal to any Machine on the market, and for material, finish, workmanship and sewing qualities has no equals. No. 3, same as cut, **$16**; No. 4, five drawers, **$17**; No. 5, seven drawers, **$18.** CATALOGUE FREE. **JNO. H. GRANT, 216 Clark St., Chicago, Ill.**

PURE BLOOD I have a valuable receipt for purifying the blood, driving away pimples, blotches, sallow skin, &c., giving a fresh, rosy color to the face. It is nourishing to the system. Will cure Dyspepsia. Simple to prepare. Contains no drugs, but a grand blood purifying tonic. I will send the receipt to anyone for $1. Address E. M. COLL, Box 885, Sioux City, Iowa.



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