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Best in the World! Get the Genuine! Sold Everywhere!
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The Loss to Sheep Owners.

The Department of Agriculture has furnished the number and value of the sheep in the United States at the beginning of this year. We find there are 2,753,953 less sheep in the United States than there were on January 1, 1894, but their value has decreased by $22,500,343, which is at the rate of forty cents per head. Sheep that were worth $1.98 on January 1, 1894, were only worth $1.58 on January 1, 1895. This was the result of free trade in wool.

But to carry the comparison back a little further, so as to make it still more interesting, we give the number of sheep in the United States on January 1, 1892, with their total value and their average value per head as follows:

	1892.	1895.
Number	44,993,365	42,294,061
Value	$116,121,270	$66,685,767
Value, each	$2.58	$1.58

This shows that the total loss in the value of the sheep flocks of American farmers was almost $50,000,000 within three years. Since the country was enjoying undisturbed protection at the beginning of 1893, when there was no talk of free trade and no free trade Congress had been elected, the effect of free trade and its threats among our sheep has been a direct money loss of $49,435,503 divided among the sheep farmers. According to President Cleveland they are all men with a small number of sheep, from twenty-five to fifty belonging to each farmer, who can ill afford the loss of exactly one dollar per head in the value of their sheep, which is just the difference between what they were worth under McKinley protection and what they are worth now under free trade, and which has caused them a total loss of $50,000,000 within three years.

The "Tariff Reform" Boom.

Wages, in some instances, are higher than they were in 1894. But they are far below the wages of 1891 and 1892. All over the country there have been strikes for the purpose of securing even the wages of 1893. The volume of business has increased over that of 1894, but it is only eighty per cent. of that of three years ago. Business failures in the last few weeks have been over 600, against less than 500 in the corresponding period of 1892, and this, too, in spite of the fact that the weaker firms went under long ago. Exports have decreased, although the markets of the world are open to us. We have been selling bonds instead of redeeming them, as we did under a protective tariff.

So much for the business boom which has come through tariff reform—the boom which has come through tariff reform, but which, strange to say, did not reach us until the party of protection had again been swept into power and had been placed in control of the legislative branch of the Government.

The Free Trade System.

As may be judged from the proceeding recently begun against a New York firm for undervaluation of invoice, the ad valorem system is beset with danger to home industries as well as to the public revenue. This system, which was so freely engrafted in the Gorman tariff, misleads the public and stimulates fraud and perjury. Moreover, the appraisers and other customs officers to act in collusion with unscrupulous importers and foreign exporters, thereby injuring honest merchants as well as our manufacturers and wage earners.

Emperor William was the guest of the officers of the United States cruiser New York at dinner on board that war vessel at Kiel.

Nicotinized Nerves.

Men old at thirty. Chew and chew, eat little, drink, or want to, all the time. Nerves tingle, never satisfied, nothing's beautiful, happiness gone, a tobacco-saturated system boils the story. There's an easy way out. No-To-Bac will kill the nerve-craving effects for tobacco and make you strong, vigorous and manly. Sold and guaranteed to cure by Druggists everywhere. Book, "Don't Tobacco Spit or Smoke Your Life Away," free. 5d, Sterling Remedy Co., New York City or Chicago.

No woman should ever worry over the loss of a man who hadn't the courage to ask for her.

You Think It Is Something Else.
The "why" of the bad feeling is what puzzles you. It is easy to imagine so many causes, when the real one is indigestion. You think it's something else. The cure is Ripans Tabules. A single tabule gives relief. Ask the druggist.

Every man who hasn't time to work them knows of money that may be made by schemes.

Notice.
I want every man and woman in the United States interested in the Opium and Whisky habits to have one of my books on these diseases. Address B. M. Woolley, Atlanta, Ga., Box 351, and I will be sent you free.

The conquest of realms are more glorious than the victories of the greatest armies.

Take Parker's Ginger Tonic Home With you. It will exceed your expectations in abating colds, and many ills and aches.

It is often only by patient study that a wise man discovers what a fool stumbles upon.

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

Nobody can help noticing the shortcomings of the man who is always behind time.

E. B. Walthall & Co., Druggists, Horse Cave, Ky., say: "Hall's Catarrh Cure cures every one that takes it." Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Many in pursuing pleasures go at a provoking and producing pain.

For Whooping Cough, Piso's Cure is a successful remedy.—M. P. DITZEL, 67 Throop Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., Nov. 14, 1894.

Wisdom counsels temperance in all things.

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

The sea in fine matter held in solution in sea water comprises one-thirtieth of its weight.

Pain is Not Conducive of Pleasure, especially when occasioned by corns. Hindercorns will please; it removes them perfectly.

The sea nettle stings its prey to death by means of poison in its tentacles.

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

A Victoria cross once changed hands in Durham, Eng and, for $125.

All Out of Sorts

Tired, weak and weary. If this is your condition, stop and think. You are a sufferer from dyspepsia and great misery awaits you if you do not check it now. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best medicine you can take. It has peculiar power to tone and strengthen the stomach. Remember

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Is the only true blood purifier prominently in the public eye today. $1, six for $5.

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

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IT IS
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JOHN CARLE & SONS, New York.

REV. DR. TALMAGE

The Eminent New York Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "The Gates of Hell."

TEXT: "The gates of hell shall not prevail against it."—Matthew xvi., 18.

Entranced, until we could endure no more of the splendor, we have often gazed at the shining gates, the gates of pearl, the gates of heaven. But we are for awhile to look in the opposite direction and see, swinging open and shut, the gates of hell.

I remember, when the Franco-Prussian war was going on, that I stood one day in Paris looking at the gates of the Tuileries, and I was so absorbed in the sculpturing at the top of the gates—the masonry and the bronze—that I forgot myself, and after awhile, looking down I saw that there were officers of the law scrutinizing me, supposing no doubt I was a German and looking at those gates for adverse purposes. But, my friends, we shall not stand looking at the outside of the gates of hell. In this sermon I shall tell you of both sides, and I shall tell you what those gates are made of. With the hammer of God's truth I shall pound on the brazen panels, and with the lantern of God's truth I shall flash a light upon the shining hinges.

Gate the First—Impure literature. Anthony Comstock seized twenty tons of bad books, plates and letterpress, and when our Professor Cochran, of the Polytechnic Institute poured the destructive acids on those plates they smoked in the righteous annihilation, and yet a great deal of bad literature of the day is not gripped of the law. It is strewn in your parlors. It is in your libraries. Some of your children read it at night after they have retired, the gas burner swung as near as possible to their pillow. Much of this literature is under the title of scientific information. A book agent with one of these infernal books, glossed over with scientific nomenclature, went into a hotel and sold in one day 100 copies and sold them all to women! It is appalling that men and women who can get through their family physician all the useful information they may need, and without any contamination, should wade chin deep through such accursed literature under the plea of getting useful knowledge, and that printing presses, hoping to be called decent, lend themselves to this infamy. Fathers and mothers, be not deceived by the title, "medical works." Nine-tenths of those books come hot from the lost world, though they may have on them the names of the publishing houses of New York, Chicago and Philadelphia. Then there is all the powerful literature of the day flung over the land by the million. As there are good novels that are long, so, I suppose, there may be good novels that are short, and so there may be a good novelette, but it is the exception. No one—mark this—no one systematically reads the average novelette of this day and keeps either integrity or virtue. The most of these novelettes are written by broken-down literary men for small compensation, on the principle that, having failed in literature elevated and pure, they hope to succeed in the tainted and nasty. Oh, this is a wide gate of hell! Every panel is made out of a bad book or newspaper. Every hinge is the interjoined type of a corrupt printing press. Every bolt or lock of that gate is made out of the plate of an unclean pictorial. In other words, there are a million men and women in the United States to-day reading themselves into hell!

When in one of our cities a prosperous family fell into ruins through the misdeeds of one of its members, the amazed mother said to the officer of the law: "Why, I never supposed there was anything wrong. I never thought there could be anything wrong." Then she sat weeping in silence for some time and said: "Oh, I have got it now! I know, I know! I found in her bureau after she went away a bad book. That's what slew her." These leprous booksellers have gathered up the catalogues of all the male and female seminaries in the United States, catalogues containing the names and residences of all the students, and circulars of death are sent to every one, without any exception. Can you imagine anything more deathful? There is not a young person, male or female, or an old person, who has not had offered to him or her a bad book or a bad picture. Scour your house to find out whether there are any of these adders coiled on your parlor center table or coiled amid the toilet set on the dressing case. I adjure you before the sun goes down to explore your family libraries with an inexorable scrutiny. Remember that one bad book or bad picture may do the work for eternity. I want to arouse all your suspicions about novelettes. I want to put you on the watch against everything that may seem like surreptitious correspondence through the postoffice. I want you to understand that impure literature is one of the broadest, highest, mightiest gates of the lost.

Gate the Second—The dissolute dance. You shall not divert to the general subject of dancing. Whatever you may think of the parlor dance or the methodic motion of the body to sounds of music in the family or the social circle, I am not now discussing that question. I want you to unite with me this hour in recognizing the fact that there is a dissolute dance. You know of what I speak. It is seen not only in the low haunts of death, but in elegant mansions. It is the first step to eternal ruin for a great multitude of both sexes. You know, my friends, what postures and attitudes and figures are suggested of the devil. They who glide into the dissolute dance glide over an inclined plane, and the dance is swifter and swifter, wilder and wilder, until, with the speed of lightning, they whirl off the edges of a descent life into a fiery future. This gate of hell swings across the examinator of many a fine parlor and across the ballroom of the summer watering place. You have no right, my brother, my sister, you have no right to take an attitude to the sound of music which will be unbecoming in the absence of music. No Chickering grand of city parlor or fiddle of mountain picnic can consecrate that which God hath cursed.

Gate the Third—Indecent apparel. The attire of woman for the last few years has been beautiful and graceful beyond anything I have known, but there are those who will always carry that which is right into the extraordinary and indecent. I charge Christian women, neither by style of dress nor adjustment of apparel, to become administratives of evil. Perhaps none else will dare to tell you, so I will tell you that there are multitudes of men who owe their eternal damnation to what has been at different times the boldness of womanly attire. Show me the fashion plates of any age between this and the time of Louis XVI of France and Henry VIII of England, and I will tell you the type of morals or immorals of that age or that year. No exception to it. Modest apparel means a righteous people. Immodest apparel always means a contaminated and depraved society. You wonder that the city of Tyre was destroyed with such a terrible destruction. Have you ever seen the fashion plate of the city of Tyre? I will show it to you:

"Moreover, the Lord saith, because the daughters of Zion are haughty and walk with stretched forth necks and wanton eyes, walking and mincing as they go, and making a tinkling with their feet, in that day the Lord will take away the bravery of their tinkling ornaments about their feet, and their cauls, and their round tires like the moon, the rings and nose jewels, the changeable suits of apparel, and the mantles, and the wimples, and the crisping pins."

That is the fashion plate of ancient Tyre. And do you wonder that the Lord God in His indignation blotted out the city, so that fishermen to-day spread their nets where that city once stood?

Gate the Fourth—Alcoholic beverage. Oh, the wine cup is the patron of impurity! The officers of the law tell us that nearly all the men who go into the shambles of death go in intoxicated, the mental and the spiritual abolished, that the brute may triumph. Tell me that a young man drinks, and I know the whole story. If he becomes a captive of the wine cup, he will become a captive of all other vices. Only give him time. No one ever runs drunkenness alone. That is a carrion crow that goes in a flock, and when you see their beak ahead you may know the other beaks are coming. In other words, the wine cup unbalances and dethrones one's better judgment, and leaves one to prey of all the evil appetites that may choose to alight upon his soul. There is not a place of any kind of sin in the United States to-day that does not find its chief abettor in the chalice of inebriety. There is either a drinking bar before or one behind, or one above, or one underneath. These people escape legal penalty because they are all licensed to sell liquor. The courts that license the sale of strong drink license gambling houses, license libertinism, license disease, license death, license all suffering, all crimes, all despoliations, all disasters, all murders, all woe. It is the courts and the legislature that are swinging wide open this grinding, creaky, stupendous gate of the lost.

But you say: "You have described these gates of hell and shown us how they swing in to allow the entrance to the doomed. Will you not, please, before you get through the sermon, tell us how these gates of hell may swing out to allow the escape of the penitent?" I reply, but very few escape. Of the thousand that go in 999 perish. Suppose one of these wanderers should knock at your door. Would you admit her? Suppose you knew where she came from. Would you ask her to sit down at your dining table? Would you ask her to become the governess of your children? Would you introduce her among your acquaintanceships? Would you take the responsibility of putting on the outside of the gate of hell while the pusher on the inside of the gate is trying to get out? You would not. Not one of a thousand of you would dare to do so. You would write beautiful poetry over her sorrows and weep over her misfortunes, but give her practical help you never will. But you say, "Are there no ways by which the wanderer may escape?" Oh, yes! Three or four. The one way is the sewing girl's garret, dingy, cold, hunger blasted. But, you say, "Is there no other way for her to escape?" Oh, yes! Another way is the street that leads to the river at midnight, the end of the city dock, the moon shining down on the water making it look so smooth she wonders if it is deep enough. It is. No boatman near enough to hear the plunge. No watchman near enough to pick her out before she sinks the third time. No other way? Yes, by the curve of the railroad at the point where the engineer of the lightning express train cannot see a hundred yards ahead to the form that lies across the track. He may whistle "down brakes," but not soon enough to disappoint the one who seeks her death. But, you say, "Isn't God good, and won't He forgive?" Yes, but man will not, woman will not, society will not. The church of God says it will, but it will not. Our work, then, must be prevention rather than cure.

Those gates of hell are to be prostrated just as certainly as God and the Bible are true, but it will not be done until Christian men and women, quitting their prudery and squeamishness in this matter, rally the whole Christian sentiment of the church and assail these great evils of society. The Bible utters its denunciation in this direction again and again, and yet the piety of the day is such a namby pamby sort of thing that you cannot even quote Scripture without making somebody restless. As long as this holy imbecility reigns in the church of God, sin will laugh you to scorn. I do not know but that before the church wakes up matters will get worse and worse, and that there will have to be one lamb sacrificed from each of the most carefully guarded folds, and the wave of uncleanness dash to the spire of the village church and the top of the cathedral tower.

Prophets and patriarchs and apostles and evangelists and Christ Himself have thundered against these sins as against no other, and yet there are those who think we ought to take, when we speak of these subjects, a tone apologetic. I put my foot on all the conventional rhetoric on this subject, and I tell you plainly that unless you give up that sin your doom is sealed, and world without end you will be chased by the anathemas of an incensed God. I rally you to a bombardment of the gates of hell. We want in this besieging host no soft sentimentalists, but men who are willing to run and give hard knocks. The gates of Gaza were carried off, the gates of Thebes were battered down, the gates of Babylon were destroyed, and the gates of hell are going to be prostrated.

The Christianized printing press will be rolled up as the chief battering ram. Then there will be a long list of aroused pulpits, which shall be assailing fortresses, and God's redhot truth shall be the flying ammunition of the contest, and the suppers and the murders will lay the train under these foundations of sin, and at just the right time God, who leads on the fray, will cry, "Down with the gates!" and the explosion beneath will be answered by all the trumpets of God on high, celebrating universal victory.

But there may be one wanderer that would like to have a kind word calling homeward. I have told you that society has no mercy. Did I hint, at an earlier point in this subject, that God will have mercy upon any wanderer who would like to come back to the heart of infinite love?

A cold Christmas night in a farmhouse. Father comes in from the barn, knocks the snow from his shoes and sits down by the fire. The mother sits at the stand knitting. She says to him, "Do you remember it is the anniversary to-night?" The father is angered. He never wants any allusion to the fact that one had gone away, and the mere suggestion that it was the anniversary of that sad event made him quite rough, although the tears ran down his cheeks. The old house dog that had played with the wanderer when she was a child comes up and puts his head on the old man's knee, but he roughly repulses the dog. He wants nothing to remind him of the anniversary day.

A cold winter night in a city church. It is Christmas night. Many have been decorating the sanctuary. A lost wanderer of the street, with thin shawl about her, attracted by the warmth and light, comes in and sits near the door. The minister of religion is preaching of Him who was wounded for our transgressions and bruised for our iniquities, and the poor soul by the door said: "Why, that must mean me! 'Mercy for the chief of sinners,' must mean for our iniquities; 'wounded for our transgressions.'"

The music that night in the sanctuary brought back the old hymn which she used to sing when, with father and mother, she worshiped God in the village church. The service over, the minister went down the aisle. She said to him: "Were those words for me? 'Wounded for our transgressions.' Was that for me?" The man of God understood her not. He knew not how to comfort a shipwrecked soul, and he passed on, and he passed out. The poor wanderer followed into the street.

"What are you doing here, Meg?" said the police. "What are you doing here to-night?" "Oh," she replied, "I was in to warm myself." And then the rattling cough came, and she held to the railing until the paroxysm was over. She passed on down the street, falling from exhaustion, recovering herself again, until after awhile she reached the outs of the city, and passed on into the country road. It seemed so familiar. She kept on the road, and she saw in the distance a light in the window. Ah, that light had been gleaming there every night since she went away. On that country road she passed until she came to the garden gate. She opened it and passed up the path where she played in childhood. She came to the steps and looked in at the fire on the hearth. Then she put her fingers to the latch. Oh, if that door had been locked she would have perished on the threshold for she was near to death! But that door had not been locked since the time she went away. She pushed it open and opened the door. She went in and lay down on the hearth by the fire. The old house dog growled as he saw her enter, but there was something in the voice he recognized, and he frisked about her until he almost pushed her down in his joy.

In the morning the mother came down, and she saw a bundle of rags on the hearth, but when the face was uplifted, she knew it, and it was no more old Meg of the street. Throwing her arms around the returned prodigal, she cried: "Oh, Maggie!" The child threw her arms around her mother's neck and said, "Oh, mother!" And while they were embraced a ragged form towered above them. It was the father. The severity all gone out of his face, he stooped and took her up tenderly and carried her to mother's room and laid her down on mother's bed, for she was dying. Then the lost one, looking up into her mother's face, said: "Wounded for our transgressions, and bruised for our iniquities!" Mother, do you think that means me." "Oh, yes, my darling," said the mother. "If mother is so glad to get you back, don't you think God is glad to get you back?"

And there she lay dying, and all their dreams and all their prayers were filled with the words, "Wounded for our transgressions, and bruised for our iniquities," until, just before the moment of her departure, her face lighted up, showing the pardon of God and dropped upon her soul. And there she slept away on the bosom of a pardoning Jesus. So the Lord took back one whom the world rejected.

A BICYCLE BOAT.

The Latest Use to Which the Revolving Pedals Have Been Put.

A bicycle boat on the Lake Bois de Boulogne, in Paris, is attracting much attention. The seat, pedals and steering gear are similar to those of the bicycle, but the motive is applied to turn a screw at the stern of the boat. To the onlooker the man apears to be riding a bicycle in the boat, and the novelty of the spectacle draws public attention. It is said that a speed of five miles an hour may easily be made in calm weather. No doubt we shall soon


THE BICYCLE BOAT.

have the boat in use on all our pleasure lakes, for a novelty of that kind is sure to "take."

The Best Signal Light System.
The best night signal lights are those invented by Lieut. Very, of our navy, and named, after him, Very's Signals. They consist of a white, a red and a green star, each fired into the air from a pistol, so that by firing one, two or three of them in quick succession and in different orders, with a pause between the groups, different letters or signal numbers can be made until a sentence is complete. They can be easily read from vessels twelve miles away.—St. Nicholas.

Beat Dumas on Remuneration.
Alexander Dumas was much addicted to boasting of the high fees he received for his articles. "That is pretty fair, no doubt," once said a stranger to him at a party. "How much was the highest fee you ever got?"

"Ten francs a line," replied Dumas.

"Bah! that is nothing," said the other gentleman. "I get about half a million francs a line?"

"Really?" rejoined Dumas, with an incredulous smile at the apparently outrageous piece of brag. "Pray, what are you?"

"A railway contractor."—The Outlook.

GOLD AND SILVER.

THEIR OUTPUT COMPARED WITH OUR MANUFACTURES.

Mills and Factories Provide Work for Fifty Times as Many People as Gold and Silver Mines.

According to the 1890 census report the total output of the gold mines was 1,590,869 ounces, of a coinage value of $32,886,744. The total output of the silver mines reached 51,354,851 ounces, of a coinage value of $66,396,988, though the value of all the silver at the mine's mouth to the mine owners would practically be about the same worth as the value of the gold that was mined. Combining the coinage value of the gold and silver output in that year, it was slightly less than one hundred million dollars, as compared with the output of our manufactures, worth more than six and a quarter billions of dollars, as shown below:

GOLD AND SILVER PRODUCT.

	Ounces.	Coin value.
Gold	1,590,869	$32,886,744
Silver	51,354,851	66,396,988
Total coinage value		$99,283,732
Value of manufactures		$6,278,338,476

According to the census report the value of the gold and silver plants was $435,969,563, to which must be added the values of the mills and reduction plants, worth $20,332,772, making the total mining plant value to be $456,321,333. On the side of the manufacturing industries we have hired property worth $333,173,038 and direct cash investment aggregating $3,996,705,734. Thus while the total gold and silver mining plant value of the United States was worth four hundred and eighty-six and one-third millions of dollars, the total value of the investments in manufactures was ten times as much, or nearly five billions of dollars.

There were at the time of the taking of our last census 180,000 more factories in the United States than gold and silver mines. The amount of capital invested reached nearly $5,000,000,000 in the manufacturing industries, while it was less than half a billion dollars in the gold and silver mines.

Where the gold and silver mines gave employment to 57,307 people the factories found work for fifty times as many, or 2,997,882 hands. Where the amount of wages distributed to those who worked in connection with the gold and silver mines reached $13,189,696 a year it was nearly forty times as much in the case of the factories, which in the same year paid out over a billion and a half of dollars in wages. With thirty times as many factories as there were gold and silver mines; with ten times as much capital invested in factories as in the mines, it is still surprising to learn that the total value of the products of the factories was almost seventy times as great as the entire value of the product of our gold and silver mines, the latter reaching less than $100,000,000, while the product value of the factories exceeded six and a quarter billions of dollars. In the item of miscellaneous expenses, too, where the mines disbursed $20,270,449, the factories disbursed nearly twenty-three times as much, or $454,844,859. It must further be remembered that the factories paid out $3,303,177,034 for raw material purchased for their own use, whereas the gold and silver mines supply their own raw material, from which alone they can derive their product.

Now let us glance at the average output and earnings of both mines and manufactures per annum for each employe, and that this exhibit may be more interesting we give the average output and earnings of the coal miners and of the workers in the granite mines as follows:

AVERAGE OUTPUT AND EARNINGS.

	Per employe per annum Output.	Earnings.
Gold and silver	$1,732	$749
Coal	675	474
Granite	1,441	491
Manufactures	2,197	533

We believe that there is nothing left to complete this industrial comparison beyond showing the relative importance of our gold and silver mining industries with our manufacturing industries, per capita of our population of 62,652,579 persons in the census year. This is briefly done as follows:

PRODUCT PER CAPITA, POPULATION 62,652,579

	Value.	Per Cap of Pop.
Gold and silver	$99,283,732	$1.5847
Manufactures	6,278,338,475	100.2081

The product of our gold and silver mines was worth, at its coinage value, $1.58 per capita of our population. In the same year the products of our factories were worth over $100 per capita of our population. For each $1.58 per capita of wealth added to the country through the gold and silver mines there were $100, or more than sixty times as much, added through the products of our manufacturing industries. It should be remembered, however, that every dollar of the precious metals produced is an enduring addition to the world's wealth. They aid the industries of the East and agriculture everywhere. The products of all factories, on the other hand, are not generally of lasting value, being consumed from month to month and from year to year.

Free Farms—1895.


Protective Farms—1892.

Solid Irish Sense.

A second measure to prevent the outflow of gold is to check the inflow of commodities we can make for ourselves. We will reduce the power of the foreigner over our gold supply by reducing our purchases of the foreigner. That means that we must restore the protective duties upon foreign commodities, and otherwise discourage the use of foreign articles where home made will serve the purpose.—Irish World.

Millions of angle worms are said to have fallen in Ohio. Evidently morals are degenerating. People can't wait to lie about the fish, but must begin with the bait.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report
Royal Baking Powder
ABSOLUTELY PURE

Grover's Great Journey.

It is stated that the Hon. Grover Cleveland at the expiration of his Presidential term will journey around the world in a palatial yacht, visiting the high and mighty ones of earth and sauntering through scenes made beautiful by nature or grand through historic associations. One of the newspaper correspondents, who seems to know all about it, says that Mr. Cleveland is ambitious to eclipse the triumphal tour made some years ago by his predecessor, General Grant.

There is probably no man living who could enjoy such a trip more intensely. There is plenty of evidence to show that he regards himself as one of the greatest individuals ever born, and he will take keen satisfaction in comparing himself with those whom he must regard as his inferiors.

While in Europe Mr. Cleveland will have an opportunity of contrasting himself with the crowned heads, living and dead. He can boast that none of them ever equaled his great act of causing a tremendous panic by manipulating customs duties. He can say proudly to the manufacturers of Germany, France and England that he has done more to increase their prosperity than any of their own rulers has done. His unquenchable egotism will prompt him to exalt in the belief that his blundering messages contain as much wisdom as the writings of the famous economists and philosophers. Some time ago he sent to various monarchs and to the Pope copies of his writings. His opinion of the intelligence of these dignitaries will hinge entirely upon the degree of flattery in the compliments which their consciences will permit them to give him.

While in England Mr. Cleveland will look with contempt upon the powers of the Queen. He will call to mind how his own Cabinet officers were mere clerks, obedient to all his whims, and will be astonished to see that in England the heads of departments are men of character, with minds of their own.

In Asia and Africa there are plenty of despotic rulers who may boast that they have killed more men than their American visitor, but he can easily close their mouths by retorting that he has thrown more men into poverty and idleness.

It is not stated whether the trip will include Honolulu, but if it does, the ex-President will be able to mingle his tears with those of the Widow Dominis. Altogether the trip can hardly fail to be more pleasant and gratifying to Mr. Cleveland than would a tour through the industrial and farming regions of the United States.—Freeman, Kingston, N. Y.

QUEER BOATS, THESE,

But They "Weathered" Hell Gate Like Bits of Cork.

A novel boating party passed through the swift and dangerous eddies of Hell Gate, New York, the other day. The party consisted of a lady and three gentlemen, one of them the inventor of the strange craft in which the party made the passage. The boats are pneumatic, and when in the water resemble


A PNEUMATIC BOAT.

life belts on a large scale. The occupant sits astride the bottom of the boat like the rider of a bicycle and propels himself with his legs, which are incased in rubber shoes and leggings and on which there are fins to aid the propelling of same. The occupant is in view from the waist up. The boat weighs fifteen or twenty pounds, and when deflated can be carried like an ordinary hand grip.

Bachelor girl sounds better than old maid, but it means the absence of a band nuptial name.

EX-PRESIDENT PEIXOTO DEAD.

He Ruled Brazil During the Great Naval Rebellion.

Ex-President Peixoto, who had been in ill health for several months past, is dead.

Marshal Floriano Peixoto, ex-President of the republic of the United States of Brazil, was the son of Lieut.-Col. Hancel Vierra do Araujo Peixoto. He was born on April 30, 1839, in the State of Alagoas. He was chiefly distinguished for the suppression of the revolution which broke out in Brazil in the summer of 1893. Soon after the return of Admiral de Mello and Admiral da Gama from the naval review at New York in 1893 the naval fore s broke away from the rule of Peixoto and indirectly uniting with the insurgents in the province of Rio Grande do Sul, succeeded in organizing a rebellion formidable in its aspects. After a number of sharp contests in the harbor at Rio de Janeiro, President Peixoto and his associates in office and in the army practically succeeded in stamping out the revolt, though desultory fighting has been kept up on both sides ever since, though the death of Da Gama a few days ago will probably end the revol