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Subject: "Comfort."

TEXT: "And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."—Revelation vii., 17.

Riding across a Western prairie, wild flowers up to the hub of the carriage wheel, and while a long distance from any shelter, there came a sudden shower, and while the rain was falling in torrents, the sun was shining as brightly as I ever saw it shine, and I thought what a beautiful spectacle this is! So the tears of the Bible are not midnight storm, but rain on pansied prairies in God's sweet and golden sunlight. You remember that bottle which David labeled as containing tears, and Mary's tears, and Paul's tears, and Christ's tears, and the harvest of joy that is to spring from the sowing of tears. God mixes them. God rounds them. God shows them where to fall. God exhales them. A census is taken of them, and there is a record as to the moment when they are born and as to the place of their grave.

Tears of bad men are not kept. Alexander in his sorrow had the hair clipped from his horses and mules and made a great ado about his grief, but in all the vases of heaven there is not one of Alexander's tears. I speak of the tears of God's children. Alas, me, they are falling all the time! In summer you sometimes hear the growling thunder, and you see there is a storm miles away, but you know from the drift of the clouds that it will not come anywhere near you. So though it may be all bright around about you, there is a shower of trouble somewhere all the time. Tears! Tears!

What is the use of them anyhow? Why not substitute laughter? Why not make this a world where all the people are well and eternal strangers to pain and aches? What is the use of an eastern storm when we might have a perpetual nor'wester? Why, when a family is put together, not have them all stay, or if they must be transplanted to make other homes, then have them all live—the family record telling a story of marriages and births, but of no death? Why not have the harvests chase each other without fatiguing toil? Why the hard pillow, the hard crust, the hard struggle? It is easy enough to explain a smile, or a success, or a congratulation, but come now and bring all your dictionaries, and all your philosophies, and all your religions, and help me explain a tear. A chemist will tell you that it is made up of salt and lime and other component parts, but he misses the chief ingredients—the acid of a soured life, the viperine sting of a bitter memory, the fragments of a broken heart. I will tell you what a tear is. It is agony in solution. Hear, then, while I discourse of the uses of trouble:

First, it is the design of trouble to keep this world from being too attractive. Something must be done to make us willing to quit this existence. If it were not for trouble, this world would be a good enough heaven for me. You and I would be willing to take a lease of this life for 100,000,000 years if there were no trouble. The earth cushioned and upholstered and pillared and chandeliered with such expense, no story of other worlds could enchant us.

We would say: "Let well enough alone. If you want to die and have your body disintegrated in the dust and your soul go out on a celestial adventure, then you can go, but this world is good enough for me!" You might as well go to a man who has just entered the Louvre at Paris and tell him to hasten off to the picture galleries of Venice or Florence. "Why," he would say, "what is the use of my going there? There are Rembrandts and Rubenses and Raphaels here that I haven't looked at yet." No man wants to go out of this world, or out of any house, until he has a better house. To cure this wish to stay here God must somehow create a disgust for our surroundings. How shall He do it? He cannot afford to deface His horizon, or to tear off a fiery panel from the sunset, or to subtract an anther from the water lily, or to banish the pungent aroma from the mignonette, or to drag the robes of the morning in mire. You cannot expect a Christopher Wren to mar his own St. Paul's Cathedral, or a Michael Angelo to dash out his own "Last Judgment," or a Handel to discord his "Israel in Egypt," and you cannot expect God to spoil the architecture and music of His own world. How, then, are we to be made willing to leave? Here is where trouble comes in.

After a man has had a good deal of trouble he says: "Well, I am ready to go. If there is a house somewhere whose roof doesn't leak, I would like to live there. If there is an atmosphere somewhere that does not distress the lungs, I would like to breathe it.

"If there is a society somewhere where there is no tittle tattle, I would like to live there. If there is a home circle somewhere where I can find my lost friends, I would like to go there." He used to read the first part of the Bible chiefly, now he reads the last part of the Bible chiefly. Why has he changed Genesis for Revelation? Ah, he used to be anxious chiefly to know how this world was made, and all about its geological construction. Now he is chiefly anxious to know how the next world was made, and how it looks, and who live there, and how they dress. He reads Revelation ten times now where he reads Genesis once. The old story, "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth," does not thrill him half as much as the other story, "I saw a new heaven and a new earth." The old man's hand trembles as he turns over this apocalyptic leaf, and he has to take out his handkerchief to wipe his spectacles. That book of Revelation is a prospectus now of the country into which he is soon to immigrate; the country in which he has lots already laid out, and avenues opened, and mansions built.

Yet there are people here to whom this world is brighter than heaven. Well, dear souls, I do not blame you. It is natural. But after awhile you will be ready to go. It was not until Job had been worn out with bereavements that he wanted to see God. It was not until the prodigal got tired of living among the hogs that he wanted to go to his father's house. It is the ministry of trouble to make this world worth less and heaven worth more.

Again, it is the use of trouble to make us feel our dependence upon God. Men think that they can do anything until God shows them they can do nothing at all. We lay out our great plans and we like to execute them. It looks big. God comes and takes us down. As Prometheus was assaulted by his enemy, when the lance struck him it opened a great swelling that had threatened his death, and he got well. So it is the arrow of trouble that lets out great swellings of pride. We never feel our dependence upon God until we get trouble. I was riding with my little child along the road, and she asked if she might drive. I said, "Certainly." I handed over the reins to her, and I had to admire the glee with which she drove. But after awhile we met a team and we had to turn out. The road was narrow, and it was sheer down on both sides. She handed the reins over to me and said, "I think you had better take charge of the horse." So we are all children, and on this road of life we like to drive. It gives one such an appearance of superiority and power. It looks big. But after awhile we meet some obstacle and we have to turn out, and the road is narrow, and it is sheer down on both sides; and then we are willing that God should take the reins and drive. Ah, my friends, we get upset so often because we do not hand over the reins soon enough.

After a man has had trouble, prayer is with him a taking hold of the arm of God and crying out for help. I have heard earnest prayers on two or three occasions that I remember. Once, on the Cincinnati express train, going at forty miles the hour, the train jumped the track, and we were near a chasm eighty feet deep, and the men who, a few minutes before, had been swearing and blaspheming God, began to pull and jerk at the bell rope and got up on the backs of the seats, and cried out, "O God, save us!"

There was another time, about 800 miles out at sea, on a foundering steamer, after the last lifeboat had been split finer than kindling wood. They prayed then. Why is it you so often hear people, in reciting the last experience of some friend say, "He made the most beautiful prayer I ever heard?" What makes it beautiful? It is the earnestness of it. Oh! I tell you, a man is in earnest when his stripped and naked soul wades out in the soundless, shoreless, bottomless ocean of eternity.

It is trouble, my friends, that makes us feel our dependence upon God. We do not know our own weakness or God's strength until the last plank breaks. It is contemptible in us when there is nothing else to take hold of that we catch hold of God only. Why, you do not know who the Lord is! He is not an autocrat seated far up in a palace, from which He emerges once a year, preceded by heralds swinging swords to clear the way. No. But a Father willing, at our call, to stand by us in every crisis and predicament of life. I tell you what some of you business men make me think of. A young man goes off from home to earn his fortune. He goes with his mother's consent and benediction. She has large wealth, but he wants to make his own fortune. He goes far away, falls sick, gets out of money. He sends for the hotel keeper where he is staying, asking for lenience, and the answer he gets is, "If you don't pay up Saturday night, you'll be removed to the hospital."

The young man sends to a comrade in the same building. No help. He writes to a banker who was a friend of his deceased father. No relief. He writes to an old schoolmate, but gets no help. Saturday night comes, and he is moved to the hospital.

Getting there, he is frenzied with grief, and he borrows a sheet of paper and a postage stamp, and he sits down, and he writes home, saying: "Dear mother, I am sick unto death. Come." It is ten minutes of 10 o'clock when she gets the letter. At 10 o'clock the train starts. She is five minutes from the depot. She gets there in time to have five minutes to spare. She wonders why a train that can go thirty miles an hour cannot go sixty miles an hour. She rushes into the hospital. She says. "My son, what does all this mean? Why didn't you send for me? You sent to everybody but me. You knew I could and would help you. Is this the reward I get for my kindness to you always?" She bundles him up, takes him home and gets him well very soon. Now, some of you treat God just as that young man treated his mother. When you are in financial perplexity, you call on the broker, you call on your creditor's, you call on your lawyer for legal counsel; you call upon everybody, and when you cannot get any help, then you go to God. You say: "O, Lord, I come to Thee. Help me now out of my perplexity." And the Lord comes, though it is the eleventh hour. He says: "Why did you not send for Me before? As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you." It is to throw us back upon God that we have this ministry of tears.

Again, it is the use of trouble to capacitate us for the office of sympathy. The priests, under the old dispensation, were set apart by having water sprinkled upon their hands, feet and head, and by the sprinkling of tears people are now set apart to the office of sympathy. When we are in prosperity we like to have a great many young people around us, and we laugh when they laugh, and we romp when they romp, and we sing when they sing; but when we have trouble we like plenty of old folks around. Why? They know how to talk.

Take an aged mother, seventy years of age, and she is almost omnipotent in comfort. Why? She has been through it all. At 7 o'clock in the morning she goes over to comfort a young mother who has just lost her babe. Grandmother knows all about that trouble. Fifty years ago she felt it. At 12 o'clock of that day she goes over to comfort a widowed soul. She knows all about that. She has been walking in that dark valley twenty years. At 4 o'clock in the afternoon some one knocks at the door, wanting bread. She knows all about that. Two or three times in her life she came to her last loaf. At 10 o'clock that night she goes over to sit up with some one severely sick. She knows all about it. She knows all about fevers and pleurisies and broken bones. She has been doctoring all her life, spreading plasters and pouring out bitter drops and shaking up hot pillows and contriving things to tempt a poor appetite. Drs. Abernethy and Rush and Hosack and Harvey were great doctors, but the greatest doctor the world ever saw is an old Christian woman. Dear me! Do we not remember her about the room when we were sick in our boyhood? Was there any one who could ever so touch a sore without hurting it?

Where did Paul get the ink with which to write his comforting epistle? Where did David get the ink to write his comforting Psalms? Where did John get the ink to write his comforting Revelations? They got it out of their own tears. When a man has gone through the curriculum and has taken a course of dungeons and imprisonments and shipwrecks, he is qualified for the work of sympathy.

When I began to preach, my sermons on the subject of trouble were all poetic and in semi blank verse, but God knocked the blank verse out of me long ago and I have found out that I cannot comfort people except as I myself have been troubled. God make me the son of consolation to the people! I would rather be the means of soothing one perturbed spirit to-day than to play a tune that would set all the sons of mirth reeling in the dance.

I am an herb doctor. I put into the caldron the root out of dry ground, without form or comeliness. Then I put in the rose of Sharon and the lily of the valley. Then I put into the caldron some of the leaves from the tree of life and the branch that was thrown into the wilderness Marah. Then I pour in the tears of Bethany and Golgotha; then I stir them up. Then I kindle under the caldron a fire made out of the wood of the cross, and one drop of that portion will cure the worst sickness that ever afflicted a human soul. Mary and Martha shall receive their Lazarus from the tomb. The damsels shall rise. And on the darkness shall break the morning and God will wipe all tears from their eyes.

Jesus had enough trial to make Him sympathetic with all trial. The shortest verse in the Bible tells the story, "Jesus wept." The scar on the back of His either hand, the scar on the arch of either foot, the row of scars along the line of the hair, will keep all heaven thinking. Oh, that Great Weeper is just the one to silence all earthly trouble, wipe out all stains of earthly grief. Gentle! Why, His step is softer than the step of the dew. It will not be a tyrant bidding you to hush up your crying. It will be a father who will take you on His left arm, His face beaming into yours, while with the soft tips of the fingers of the right hand He shall wipe away all tears from your eyes.

Friends, if we could get any appreciation of what God has in reserve for us, it would make us so homesick we would be unfit for our everyday work. Professor Leonard, formerly of Iowa University, put in my hand a meteoric stone thrown off from some other world to this. How suggestive it was to me! And I have to tell you the best representations we have of heaven are only aerolites flung off from that world which rolls on bearing the multitudes of the redeemed. We analyze these aerolites and find them crystallizations of tears. No wonder, flung off from heaven! "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

Have you any appreciation of the good and glorious times your friends are having in heaven? How different it is when they get news there of a Christian's death from what it is here! It is the difference between embarkation and coming into port. Everything depends upon which side of the river you stand when you hear of a Christian's death. If you stand on this side of the river, you mourn that they go. If you stand on the other side of the river, you rejoice that they come. On the difference between a funeral on earth and a jubilee in heaven—between requiem here and triumph there—parting here and reunion there! Together! Have you thought of it? They are together. Not one of your departed friends in one land and another in another land, but together, in different rooms of the same house—the house of many mansions. Together!

I never more appreciated that thought than when we laid away in her last slumber my sister Sarah. Standing there in the village cemetery, I looked around and said, "There is father, there is mother, there is grandfather, there is grandmother, there are whole circles of kindred," and I thought to myself, "Together in the grave—together in glory." I am so impressed with the thought that I do not think it is any fanaticism when some one is going from this world to the next if you make them the bearer of dispatches to your friends who are gone, saying, "Give my love to my parents, give my love to my children, give my love to my old comrades who are in glory, and tell them I am trying to fight the good fight of faith and I will join them after awhile." I believe the message will be delivered, and I believe it will increase the gladness of those who are before the throne. Together are they, all their tears gone.

My friends, take this good cheer home with you. These tears of bereavement that course your cheek, and of persecution, and of trial, are not always to be there. The motherly hand of God will wipe them all away. What is the use, on the way to such a consummation—what is the use of fretting about anything? Oh, what an exhilaration it ought to be in Christian work! See you the pinnacles against the sky? It is the city of our God, and we are approaching it. Oh, let us be busy in the days that remain for us!

I put this balsam on the wounds of your heart. Rejoice at the thought of what your departed friends have got rid of, and that you have a prospect of soon making your own escape. Bear cheerfully the ministry of tears, and exult at the thought that soon it is to be ended.

There we shall march up the heavenly street
And ground our arms at Jesus's feet.

His Savings.

A horny-handed workingman in Meriden, whose wages have never been over $2 a day, has saved $9,000 from them, which he keeps at interest in the savings bank. He must surely have lived very closely; he must have been mean toward his four children, three girls and one boy; he must have cut down his family supplies to a low notch during the forty years in which he has been laying by his riches. It is time for us to say that we cannot hold him up as an example to be followed by all other workingmen. It would not be well for them to live as he must have lived all his life, never enjoying half a pint of peanuts or a saucer of ice cream, never giving any of his children a stick of candy or a doll, hardly ever buying a new dress for his wife or a suit of clothes for himself, or a copy of a Meriden newspaper. The word in that household from morning till night, at breakfast, dinner and supper, must have been scrimp. He is surely a stingy man, something like a skinflint, or how could he have saved so much out of his small wages? We can't say that we admire his style.

It is good for a man to live pretty well, if he can afford it, and to get the best out of his money as he goes along, always, of course, avoiding anything like wastefulness, always practicing economy. It is good for him to put some money in the bank, if he can; but not much more than he can spare. It is right for one to feather his nest, but wrong to stuff it so full of feathers that its occupant cannot breathe freely. Certainly, oh, certainly, you should lay up something against a rainy day, but still you need not squeeze all the juice out of life, like the stingy $2-a-day man of Meriden.—New York Sun.

J. P. Morgan had a collie named Roslyn Wilkes. It was a fin de siecle collie. It had won prizes at dog shows in New York, London, Paris, Vienna, and in some American villages like Philadelphia and St. Louis. After that what is there in life for a collie? Evidently nothing. This collie went into a pond, therefore, and committed suicide by drowning. Will the money Morgan made on the bond sale compensate him for the loss of this dog? We hope not.

"JAPAN AS A MARKET FOR US."

The New York Herald of recent date had a two-column illustrated article with the above heading. Out of the entire forty-one inches of space occupied, exactly two inches, less than five per cent. of the whole, is devoted to the subject of "Japan as a Market for Us." We quote this portion of the article as follows:

"Throughout the dinner the conversation turned mainly upon the desire of Japanese merchants and business men to not only increase the traffic between Japan and the United States, but to make, if possible, Japan a better customer of the United States. All present admitted that our country was not only the best friend sentimentally that Japan had, but the best friend commercially. Every gentleman who could speak English conveyed to me personally his appreciation of the just and fair course of the Herald toward Japan, and the advantage it was to have in the United States a journal so influential to advocate Japan's interests. Some of them expressed the hope that the Herald would advocate a policy that would enable our manufacturers to place their goods in Japanese markets in competition with the manufactures of Europe, and which would open up our cotton field especially to the Japanese manufacturers."

The foregoing impression of Colonel Cockerill's, it would appear, was arrived at after dinner when he had been the recipient of a banquet accorded him by some Japanese ladies and gentlemen. Before the dinner the gallant Colonel was presented with a souvenir which he describes as a "rare beauty." We should mention that the "rare beauty" was not a Japanese maiden, as some of the Colonel's friends might perhaps imagine.

We await with interest, in a subsequent letter, the details and particulars that will show how the Policy of Idiocy advocated by the Herald "would enable our manufacturers to place their goods in the Japanese markets." Let us have something more than two inches of balderdash, so that the next article may be worthy of its caption.

Their Bad Memory.

While the free trade papers jubilate over the restorations voluntarily made in the wage schedules of some factories, they invariably forget to state that such increase does not make the rate of pay now received by the wage earners equivalent to their earnings in 1892. Another point to which they fail to refer is that, where wages have been advanced, it is very often the case that such an advance was made to far fewer people than were employed in 1892. A firm may then have been employing 500 hands, and even if the same rate of wages should now be paid it is often the case that only 350 hands are employed. What then has become of the other 150? Has some other industry made such marked progress under tariff reform as to be able to absorb these idlers? If so, why have not the free trade editors recorded the fact? It is most likely that the 150 have either left the country or are tramping around still looking for that job which they had before they voted for President Cleveland and tariff reform.

Free Trade in Eggs.

Free eggs are of a great assistance to the British farmers. The imports of eggs into the United Kingdom during 1894 were worth $18,426,118. With a protective tariff upon eggs most of this money would have been retained in the British Isles instead of being sent to France, Germany, Belgium, Denmark and Russia.

Pure and Wholesome Quality
Commends to public approval the California liquid laxative remedy, Syrup of Figs. It is pleasant to the taste and by acting gently on the kidneys, liver and bowels to cleanse the system effectually, it promotes the health and comfort of all who use it, and with millions it is the best and only remedy.

Love is simple in sentiment and complex in action.

$100 Reward. $100.
The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address
F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.
☞ Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Heaven will be inherited by every man who has heaven in his soul.—Beecher.

Don't Drag Your Feet.
Many men do because the nerve centres, weakened by the long-continued use of tobacco, become so affected that they are weak, tired, lifeless, listless, etc. All this can be easily overcome if the tobacco user wants to quit and gain manhood, nerve power, and enjoy vigorously the good things of life. Take No-To-Bac. Guaranteed to cure or money refunded by Druggists everywhere. Book free. The Sterling Remedy Co., New York City or Chicago.

The more honesty a man has the less he affects the airs of a saint.—Lavater.

A New View of Life.
It is surprising how often the troubles of this life spring from indigestion. And more surprising how few people know it. You say, "I'm blue," or "My head feels queer," or "I can't sleep," or "Everything frets me." Nine times in ten indigestion is at the bottom of all your miseries, and a box of Ripans Tabules would give you an entirely new view of life.

Be careful to make friendship the child, and not the father, of virtue.—Sir P. Sidney.

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

The personal pronoun 'I' should be the coat-of-arms of some individuals.—Rivaro.

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

The most amiable people are those who least wound the self-love of others.—Bruyere.

When You Come to Realize
that your corns are gone, and no pain, how grateful you feel. The work of Hindercorns, 15c

Heroism—the divine relation which, in all times, unites a great man to other men.—Carlyle.

FITS stopped free by DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER. No fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free. Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

If the Mediterranean should evaporate to the extent of 500 feet Italy would be joined to Africa.

Piso's Cure is the medicine to break up children's Coughs and Colds.—Mrs. M. G. BLUNT, Sprague, Wash., March 8, 1894.

The Indian name Ammonoosuc means "Fish Story River."

Mothers Appreciate the Good Work
of Parker's Ginger Tonic, with its reviving qualities—a boon to the pain-stricken and nervous.

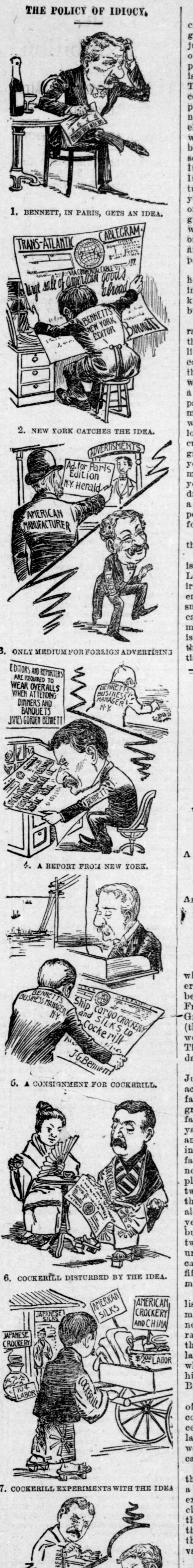
Detroit, Mich., has now a three-cent trolley line, with forty miles of track.

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

In the North Atlantic States a little over one-fourth of the population is of foreign birth.

Makes the Weak Strong
Hood's Sarsaparilla tones and strengthens the digestive organs, creates an appetite, and gives refreshing sleep. Remember
Hood's Sarsaparilla
Is the one True Blood Purifier.
Hood's Pills the after-dinner pill and family cathartic. 25c.

THE POLICY OF IDIOCY.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BENNETT BUSINESS
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10¢ LABOR
T.E.WOOD

1. BENNETT, IN PARIS, GETS AN IDEA.
2. NEW YORK CATCHES THE IDEA.
3. ONLY MEDIUM FOR FOREIGN ADVERTISING
4. A REPORT FROM NEW YORK.
5. A CONSIGNMENT FOR COCKERILL.
6. COCKERILL DISTURBED BY THE IDEA.
7. COCKERILL EXPERIMENTS WITH THE IDEA
8. AND CABLES HIS IDEA.

Cooked Their Goose.

During eleven months of the last fiscal year, up to May 31, 1895, we imported almost $1,500,000 worth of crude feathers and downs. Under the McKinley tariff a protection of 50 per cent. ad valorem was accorded to American feathers and downs. The free trade slaughterers abolished this protection, placing crude feathers and downs upon the free list.

The largest goose growing State in this country is Missouri, where Senator Vest comes from. In Missouri two French breeds of geese, known as the Emden and Toulouse, have been imported and improved upon. The States of Kentucky and Tennessee are the two next largest producers, and the three best markets for goose feathers are at St. Louis, Nashville and Louisville, those three cities receiving and distributing fully two-thirds of all our domestic goose feathers that are grown in the United States.

The protection given to this Southern industry under the McKinley tariff largely stimulated an increase in the number of geese, but not even the boss free trade gander, Senator Vest, raised his voice for protection to a Southern industry, but he was content to pluck the last feather from the goose that laid him golden eggs for his fellow citizens in his own State.

The German Bundesrath will put in force severe measures of cattle quarantine against all infected countries.

A Dust Storm in Nebraska.

A sweet, breezy May morning, so crisp and cool as to be autumnal in suggestion. A sky intensely blue, with just the fugitive sail of a cloud showing once in a while on its sapphirine expanse. A wind blows up, a wind that is warm—caressingly so. Soon it stings. The eyelids tingle. One goes indoors, contemplates the weather from a comparative point of vantage. But it is necessary to keep the windows shut, else the dust, that is like pumice stone, would choke, suffocate one. As it is it blows in through closed shutters and secured windows. It furs the carpet. It dims the velours of the best chairs. It ridges the woodwork of the furniture. It makes gritty to touch the cup you drink from, the paper you write on, the page of the book you read. It grimes the baby's white gown. Everywhere it lies, on chair and bookcase, on shelf and stair, on window ledge and picture frame, thick and soft as pale brown velvet.

As the sun goes up it grows hot—hotter. The wind from Kansas, blowing up scorchingly, is a fierce fever of kisses—kisses that, like a courtesan's, burn, blight, and disenchant.

The sky has darkened. Is it going to rain—by any blessed mischance? No, the darkness is that of dust. Dust in little, long, wave-like currents on the country roads; dust rising in whirls, the spirals of which are shaped like waterspouts; dust which surges up with a sullen roar; which hangs a thick, dun pall between earth and heaven; which makes darkness at 5 o'clock in May; which sifts in on your pillow all night long to the tune of a vagrant and accursed wind; which dries your throat, grits between your teeth, and colors your dreams; which lies upon your garments in the morning and shows on your haggard face. You rise, bathe, dress. You are deceived by an abrupt, a sudden, a delightful lull, which lasts perhaps two or three hours. But before noon it begins all over again.

Repetition! Revenge! Resignation! the clock seems to tick.

The first is inevitable. The second is impossible. The third—they say St. Lawrence suggested a turn on the gridiron during his martyrdom. Those who endure the torture of a summer in a small Western town, where a sprinkling cart is an unknown institution, never make a similar demand. For the heat is enveloping, and they are roasted in the most prompt, uniform and impartial manner imaginable.

A TORTURED MAN.

WONDERFUL WHAT A MAN CAN STAND.

A Railroad Man Who Knows What Suffering Means and What Joy There is in Relief.

From the Herald, Baltimore, Md.

Mr. N. A. Kraning, a railroad employe, living at 414 S. Stricker Street, Baltimore, was cured recently of chronic rheumatism by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Mr. Kraning was attacked by rheumatism over a year ago. The disease gained such a hold upon him that he was almost constantly unfit for work, and in order to make up for loss of time from his labors he established a grocery store in his house, which was attended to by his wife and mother. Now he is well and at work every day, and he and his family all declare that he owes his life to Pink Pills. When seen by a *Herald* reporter a week ago Mr. Kraning said: "Over a year ago I had an attack of rheumatism and for months suffered intensely. I used doctors' prescriptions and several proprietary medicines but without any good results. In fact, I continued to grow worse, and finally the doctor told me the rheumatism had assumed a chronic form and that he did not think I would ever be permanently cured.

"I lost my appetite, suffered from nervous prostration and insomnia and became so weak and debilitated that only at long intervals and for short periods at a time was I able to give any attention to my work. I was recently advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and did so. In a short time I began to improve. After taking the pills I was entirely cured and am now a well man and able to attend to my business. I most cheerfully recommend the Pink Pills and say they are the best and most reliable and effective medicine I ever tried. I keep them in the house, and in case of any return of my old symptoms or in any other sickness I shall give them a thorough trial before resorting to a doctor or to any other remedy." "You may well say so," said Mr. Kraning's mother, "for if you had not heard of the Pink Pills you would not be here to-day."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effect of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, all forms of weakness either in male or female. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price, (50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50—they are never sold in bulk or by the 100) by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

Pittsburg papers are considerably excited over the discovery that a reporter was robbed of $500 there the other day. We should think Pittsburg would be considerably excited over the discovery of such a reporter.

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

FREE WOOL'S WORK.

A MANUFACTURER PREDICTS A SERIOUS STOPPAGE OF MACHINERY.

An English Correspondent's Statistics Confirm the Gloomy Foreboding—Free Wool Gives No Protection to Labor in the Mills—Foreign Factories Reap a Great Harvest.

An illustration of the manner in which American woolen manufacturers are faring with free wool, we have been advised by a manufacturer at Franklin, Mass., that "had I thought Grover would have allowed such a bill (the Gorman tariff) to become law, I would have stopped and retired. There is nothing in the business today for the worsted maker."

This manufacturer was in receipt, July 22, of a letter from Bradford, accompanied by samples of serge and fancy worsteds. The serge is sold in grease from the loom by the manufacturer at twenty-eight cents per yard. It is woven, burled and sewn and ready to dye. It is sixty-four inches wide. The American manufacturer cannot buy yarn, or stock, necessary to make similar goods and place it in his loom at the same price, twenty-eight cents per yard, at which the Bradford serge is sold, the stock alone costing here thirty-five cents; yet the Bradford manufacturer can buy his yarn, weave it, sell it at twenty-eight cents per yard and figure out a profit. The same is the case with fancy worsteds, selling at fifty-one cents by the Bradford maker.

As we have free wool and the English manufacturers have free wool, the mills in both countries can start upon nearly the same footing as far as their raw material is concerned. What, then, is the difference? It is in the labor of spinning and manufacturing, which in weaving is 112 per cent. higher in the United States than in Bradford.

This simply confirms the argument of protectionists that the bulk of the cost, in this case fully ninety per cent., of a manufactured article is the labor employed in making it. Free wool affords no protection to American labor in the woolen mills.

Our Franklin correspondent states that one importing house has sold for a Bradford firm, this season, to the extent of 10,000 pieces of fine worsted cloth at $1 a yard, and he anticipates that "in less than eighteen months there will be more machinery stopped than in 1893, unless the tariff is advanced."

Confirming this opinion of the manufacturer at Franklin, we append, without any comment, a letter received from a correspondent at Bradford, England:

"BRADFORD, July 13, 1895.

"The great manufacturing districts of Yorkshire, but more especially Bradford, are full steam ahead. Work is plentiful, competition is keen, wages low. That may seem to be a paradox to some readers of the Economist, but it is nevertheless so and must continue. On every hand, our merchant princes and the press claim, as one of our leading daily papers said last week, that our manufacturers have taken your market by storm. Whether that be so or not I will leave your readers to settle, but it does appear to me that when I consider the amount of exports that are leaving these shores destined to your market, the English operators must be receiving a fair share of patronage, which patronage your own operators and employed have a just right to demand. The few returns which I have hurriedly gathered and put together, showing what we sent across to your side in June only, is indeed a splendid object lesson to all truehearted Americans. It should promote thought and reflection in all those who have the power to think, and especially among your own responsible parties. The following are the increased shipments when compared with the corresponding month of July, 1894:

	£	s.	d.
Bradford	293,531	12	7
Glasgow	36,563	3	10
Sheffield	41,916	6	2
Leeds	40,169	6	9
Manchester	85,737	13	6
	£497,923	2	10

"The exports from Bradford alone during the half year reached £2,169,265 12s. 9d. more than during the same period in 1894. Further remarks just now are needless. Consider these figures soberly and rationally. My sketch speaks loudly the fact that foreign imports are rapidly rising. How long is this to continue?"

An old love affair is sacred only until a second love affair has followed it.

Hard Times on the Cow.

An exchange tells of a man out in the western part of the State who went into his cow stable the other night and by mistake mixed the cow up a nice mash in a box full of sawdust instead of bran. The cow merely supposed the hard times were the cause of the economy, meekly ate her supper, and the man never discovered his mistake until the next morning, when he milked the cow and she let down half a gallon of turpentine, a quart of shoe pegs and a bundle of lath.—Middleburgh (N. Y.) News.

Cooked Breakfast While Asleep.

Somnambulism has in all ages furnished many curious illustrations, and among them may be noted one that occurred in a West Utica residence a few days ago.

The husband and wife were aroused by the breakfast bell ringing in the middle of the night. They arose and discovered that it was 2 o'clock, but on hastily dressing and going down to the dining-room they found breakfast ready and waiting for them.

They were greatly alarmed at the condition of things, for they at first imagined that the hired girl had suddenly gone insane.

After a few minutes, however, they discovered she was asleep. She had got up, started the fire, prepared the morning meal, and had it ready for serving, but was sound asleep all the time. The only unusual thing was her failure to put on her shoes.—Utica Observer.

DO YOU EXPECT
To Become a Mother?
If so, then permit us to say that Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription is indeed a true
"Mother's Friend,"
FOR IT 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 shortened, the mother strengthened and an abundant secretion of nourishment for the child promoted.
Send twenty-one (21) cents for The People's Medical Adviser, 1000 pages, over 300 illustrations, giving all particulars. Several chapters of this great family doctor book are devoted to the consideration of diseases peculiar to women with suggestions as to successful home treatment of same. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

The Greatest Medical Discovery of the Age.
KENNEDY'S
Medical Discovery.
DONALD KENNEDY, OF ROXBURY, MASS.,
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.

SOUTHERN BUSINESS UNIVERSITY
LYNCHBURG, VA.
NEARLY 400 STUDENTS LAST YEAR.
Thoroughly PRACTICAL Commercial Course, with complete Banking and Office Department. SHORTHAND and TYPEWRITING a specialty. Both sexes admitted. No vacations. Expenses moderate. Write for catalogue and Journal.

HOLSTEIN-FRIESIAN CATTLE unsurpassed for milk, butter, beef and beauty. FOR SALE BY J. W. MORRIS, Hagerstown, Md.

WE WANT a good agent for this county to introduce the fastest selling goods ever known. Permanent work and large pay. INDUSTRIAL PUBLISHING CO., Owensboro, Ky.

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

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