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We have the assurance, based upon the condition of the market, to say we will have a prosperous business year, both as to the amount of business and advancing prices. We are bending all our energies that way and we ask the hearty co-operation of our patrons to make 1895 a great success.

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Have your Butter sweet and a beautiful color, by using
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It Cures SALT RHEUM, Tetters, Scurfy Eruptions, Chapped Hands, Fever Blisters, Sore Lips or Nostrils, Corns and Bunions, Sore and Chafed Feet, Stings of Insects.

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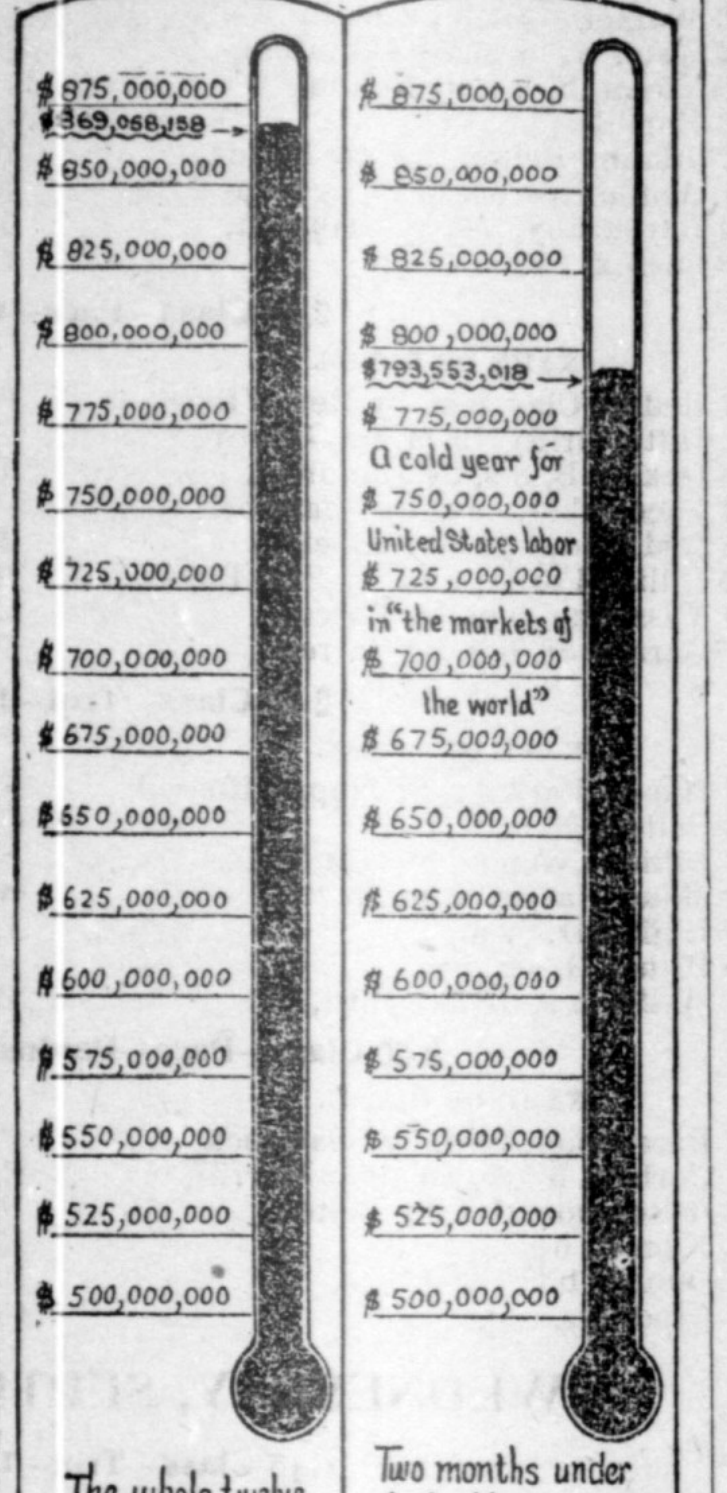
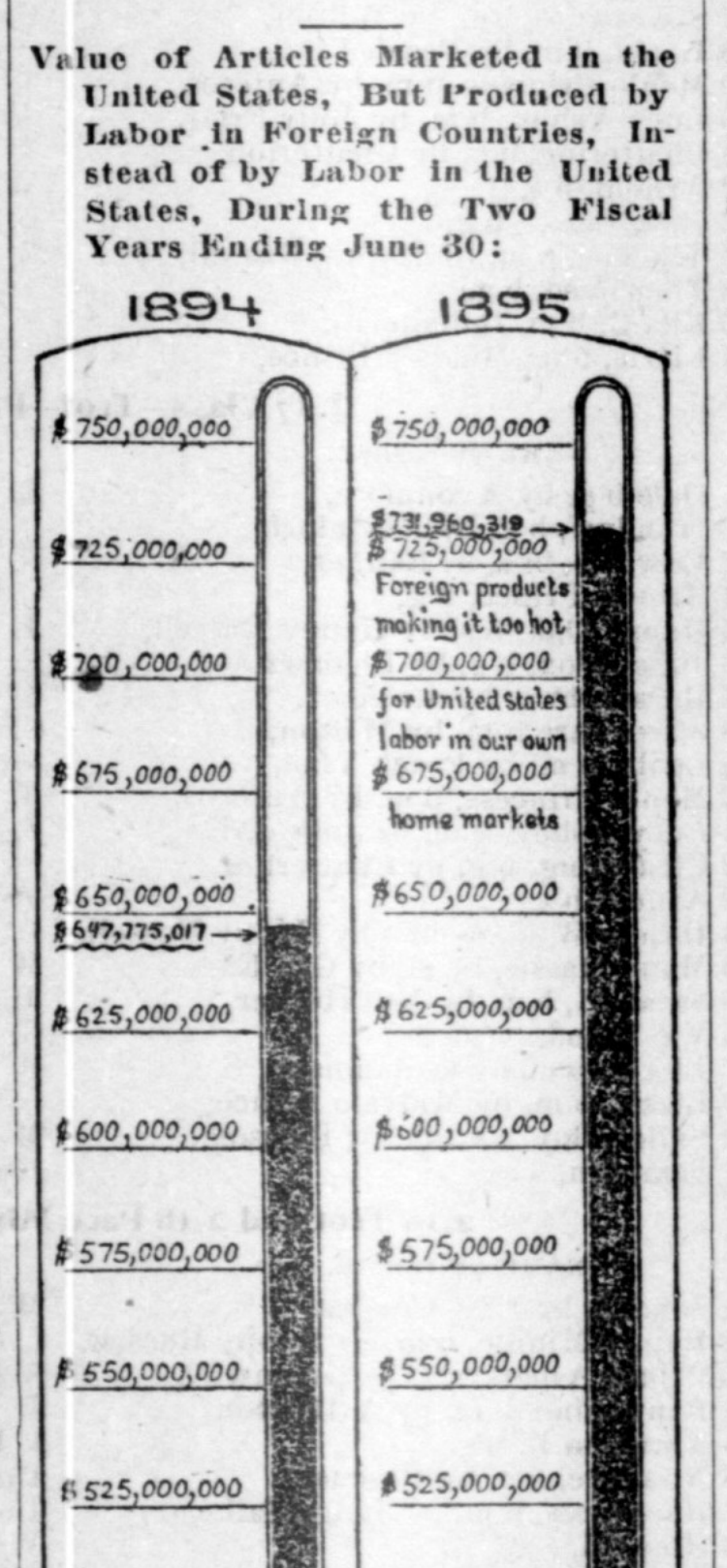
Value of Articles Produced by Labor in the United States and Sold in "the Markets of the World" During the Two Fiscal Years Ending June 30:



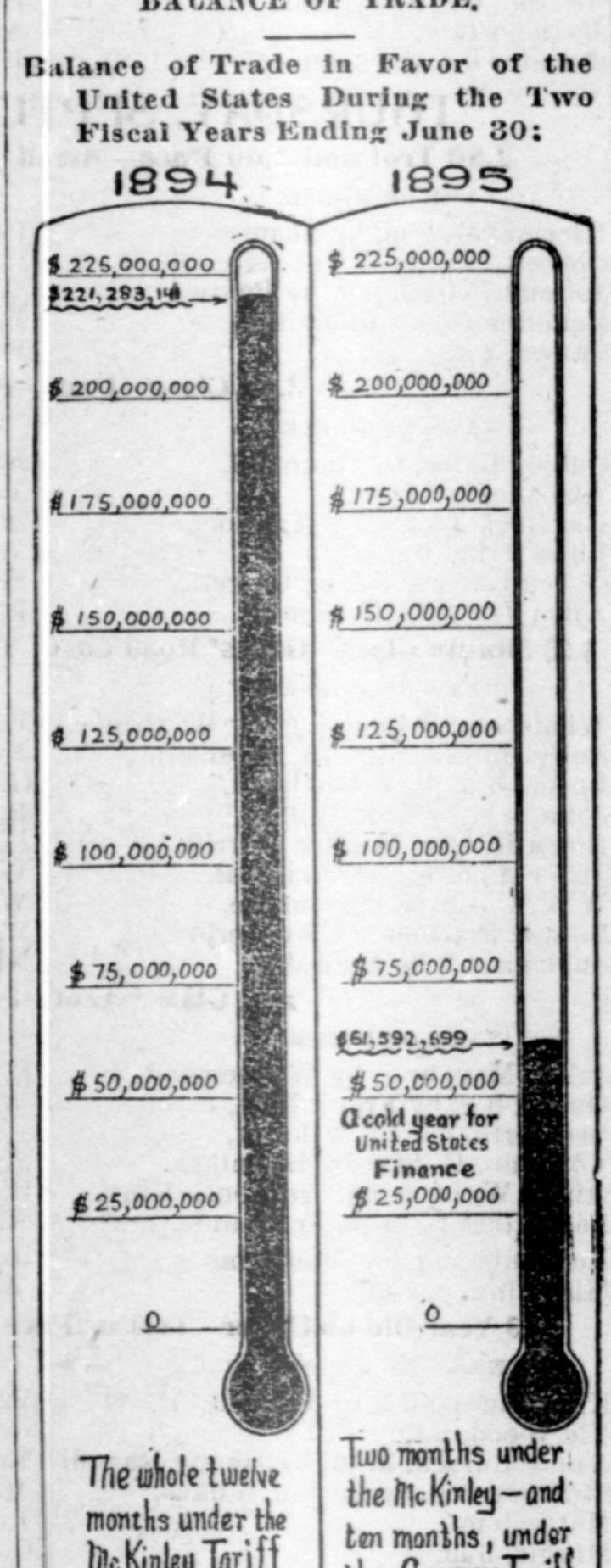
IMPORTS.

Value of Articles Marketed in the United States, But Produced by Labor in Foreign Countries, Instead of by Labor in the United States, During the Two Fiscal Years Ending June 30:



BALANCE OF TRADE.

Balance of Trade in Favor of the United States During the Two Fiscal Years Ending June 30:



The Interest of the Farmer.

In 1828 the House Committee on Manufactures advanced the reason for placing a duty on spirits made from grain and on molasses. It was claimed that large quantities of foreign molasses were imported and used to make molasses rum, and that this was a competitor of our home-made whisky made from domestic grown grain. But another ground on which the duties on spirits and on molasses were levied was that our grain-growing farmers in the interior were then without transportation facilities and suffered for a market for their grain, and that foreign spirits and molasses rum lessened this market at the domestic distilleries. The report of the committee said:

"It is the interest, and solely the interest, of the farmer who grows the grain from which spirits are distilled which renders it a subject at all worthy the consideration of Congress, as connected with the protection of the industry and substantial interests of the country."

Silas Wright, of New York, than whom there was no Democrat more able, who was a member of the committee making this report, and Mr. Benton, also, spoke for the increase of the duty on foreign spirits and molasses, and it carried.

There is no escape from the conclusion that duties on agricultural products were then levied for protection and not for revenue only. That was the policy of true Democracy. The "tariff for revenue only" idea is an upstart, a scheme of shysters.

A New York man with a dislocated hip was treated for alcoholism by the hospital surgeons who diagnosed his case. Perhaps they thought he was suffering from a hip, hip, hurrah!

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

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 Point to Remember.

While our free trade friends are pluming their feathers over what they choose to call an increase in wages, let them bear in mind that it is not an increase of wages, but a restoration of wages; and there is one point in this connection that should not be overlooked, and that is that, in most cases, the restoration has been only partial. In but few cases where the wages of mill hands have been raised are they as high as they were in 1892. Don't forget this.—Gazette, Trenton, N. J.

Fouling Its Own Nest.

Imports of foreign merchandise in the fiscal year just closed amounted to $743,742,849, and exports aggregated $808,059,419, the excess of exports being only $64,316,570, as against $237,145,950 in the previous year. It was not alone the diminished quantities of our products exported that produced the result, but the low prices obtained for them.—New York Herald.

Shoot the cheerful imbecile who rocks the boat. Don't wait for him to drown you.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY. }

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.
FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.
{ SEAL. } A. W. GLEASON, *Notary Public.*

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.
F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.
☞Sold by Druggists, 75c.

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

Tobacco's Triumph.

Every day we meet men who have apparently lost all interest in life, but they chew and smoke all the time and wonder why the sunshine is not bright, and the sweet birds' songs sound discordant. Tobacco takes away the pleasure of life and leaves irritated nerve centres in return. No-To-Bac is the easy way out. Guaranteed to cure and make you well and strong, by Druggists everywhere.

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.

Dyspepsia
prepares the way for worse ills to come. Ripans Tabules annihilate dyspepsia. One gives relief.

The Indian name Ammonoosuc means "Fish Story River."

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.

Impaired Health is Not Easily Regained, yet Parker's Ginger Tonic has attained it in many cases. For every weakness and distress.

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 600 feet Italy would be joined to Africa.

After six years' suffering, I was cured by Piso's Cure.—MARY THOMSON, 29½ Ohio Ave., Allegheny, Pa., March 19, '94.

Love is simple in sentiment and complex in action.

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

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

It is More Than Wonderful
how patiently people suffer with corns. Get comfort by removing them with Hindercorns.

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

Weak and Weary

Because of a depleted condition of the blood. The remedy is to be found in purified, enriched and vitalized blood, which will be given by Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great blood purifier. It will tone the stomach, create an appetite and give renewed strength. Remember

Hood's Sarsaparilla

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

Hood's Pills cure habitual constipation. Price 25 cents.

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IS
★ THE BEST ★
PREPARED
FOOD
SOLD EVERYWHERE.
★ JOHN CARLE & SONS, New York. ★

REV. DR. TALMAGE

The Eminent New York Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "Surpassing Splendor."

TEXT: "Eye hath not seen nor ear heard."—I Corinthians ii., 9.

"I am going to heaven! I am going to heaven! Heaven! Heaven! Heaven!" These were the last words uttered a few days ago by my precious wife as she ascended to be with God forever, and is it not natural as well as Christianly appropriate that our thoughts be much directed toward the glorious residence of which St. Paul speaks in the text I have chosen?

The city of Corinth has been called the Paris of antiquity. Indeed for splendor the world holds no such wonder to-day. It stood on an isthmus washed by two seas, the one sea bringing the commerce of Europe, the other the commerce of Asia. From her wharves, in the construction of which whole kingdoms had been absorbed, war galleys with three banks of oars pushed out and confounded the navy yards of all the world. Huge handed machinery, such as modern invention cannot equal, lifted ships from the sea on one side and transported them on trucks across the isthmus and set them down in the sea on the other side. The revenue officers of the city went down through the olive groves that lined the beach to collect a tariff from all Nations.

The mirth of all people sported in her Isthmian games, and the beauty of all lands sat in her theatres, walked her porticoes and threw itself on the altar of her stupendous dissipations. Column and statue and temple bewildered the beholder. There were white marble fountains into which, from apertures at the side, there rushed waters everywhere known for health giving qualities. Around these basins, twisted into wreaths of stone, there were all the beauties of sculpture and architecture, while standing, as if to guard the costly display, was a statue of Hercules of burnished Corinthian brass. Vases of terra cotta adorned the cemeteries of the dead—vases so costly that Julius Cæsar was not satisfied until he had captured them for Rome. Armed officials, the "Corinthiarii," paced up and down to see that no statue was defaced, no pedestal overthrown, no bas relief touched. From the edge of the city a hill arose, with its magnificent burden of columns and towers and temples (1000 slaves awaiting at one shrine), and a citadel so thoroughly impregnable that Gibraltar is a heap of sand compared with it. Amid all that strength and magnificence Corinth stood and defied the world.

Oh, it was not to rustics who had never seen anything grand that St. Paul uttered this text. They had heard the best music that had come from the best instruments in all the world. They had heard songs floating from morning porticoes and melting in evening groves. They had passed their whole lives away among pictures and sculpture and architecture and Corinthian brass, which had been molded and shaped, until there was no chariot wheel in which it had not sped, and no tower in which it had not glittered, and no gateway that it had not adorned.

Ah, it was a bold thing for Paul to stand there amid all that and say: "All this is nothing. These sounds that come from the temple of Neptune are not music compared with the harmony of which I speak. These waters rushing in the basin of Pyrene are not pure. These statues of Bacchus and Mercury are not exquisite. Yon citadel of Acrocorinthus is not strong compared with that which I offer to the poorest slave that puts down his burden at that brazen gate. You, Corinthians, think this is a splendid city. You think you have heard all sweet sounds and seen all beautiful sights, but I tell you "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him.'"

You see my text sets forth the idea that, however exalted our ideas may be of heaven, they come far short of the reality. Some wise men have been calculating how many furlongs long and wide is heaven, and they have calculated how many inhabitants there are on the earth; how long the earth will probably stand, and then they come to this estimate—that after all the nations had been gathered to heaven there will be a room for each soul, a room 16 feet long and 15 feet wide. It would not be large enough for me. I am glad to know that no human estimate is sufficient to take the dimensions. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard" nor arithmetic calculated.

I first remark that we can in this world get no idea of the health of heaven. When you were a child and you went out in the morning, how you bounded along the road or street—you had never felt sorrow or sickness! Perhaps later—perhaps in these very summer days—you felt a glow in your cheek, and a spring in your step, and an exuberance of spirits, and a clearness of eye, that made you thank God you were permitted to live. The nerves were harp strings, and the sunlight was a doxology, and the rustling leaves were the rustling of the robes of a great crowd rising up to praise the Lord. You thought that you knew what it was to be well, but there is no perfect health on earth. The diseases of past generations come down to us. The airs that float now on the earth are unlike those which floated above paradise. They are charged with impurities and distempers. The most elastic and robust health of earth, compared with that which those experience before whom the gates have been opened, is nothing but sickness and emaciation. Look at that soul standing before the throne. On earth she was a lifelong invalid. See her step now and hear her voice now! Catch, if you can, one breath of that celestial air. Health in all the pulses! Health of vision. Health of spirits. Immortal health. No racking cough, no sharp pleurisies, no consuming fevers, no exhausting pains, no hospitals of wounded men. Health swinging in the air. Health flowing in all the streams. Health blooming on the banks. No headaches, no sideaches, no backaches. That child that died in the agonies of croup, hear her voice now ringing in the anthem! That old man that went bowed down with the infirmities of age, see him walk now with the step of an immortal athlete—forever young again! That night when the needlewoman fainted away in the garret, a wave of the heavenly air resuscitated her forever. For everlasting years, to have neither ache nor pain nor weakness nor fatigue. "Eye hath not seen it, ear hath not heard it."

I remark further that we can in this world get no just idea of the splendor of heaven. St. John tries to describe it. He says, "The twelve gates are twelve pearls," and that "the foundations of the walls are garnished with all manner of precious stones." As we stand looking through the telescope of St. John we see a blaze of amethyst and pearl and emerald and sardonyx and chrysoprasus and sapphire, a mountain of light, a cataract of color, a sea of glass and a city like the sun.

St. John bids us look again, and we see thrones—thrones of the prophets, thrones of the patriarchs, thrones of the angels, thrones of the apostles, thrones of the martyrs, throne of Jesus, throne of God! And we turn round to see the glory, and it is—thrones! Thrones! Thrones!

St. John bids us look again, and we see the great procession of the redeemed passing. Jesus, on a white horse, leads the march, and all the armies of salvation following on white horses. Infinite cavalcade passing, passing; empires pressing into line, ages following ages. Dispensation tramping on after dispensation. Glory in the track of glory. Europe, Asia, Africa and North and South America pressing into lines. Islands of the sea shoulder to shoulder. Generations before the flood following generations after the flood, and as Jesus rises at the head of that great host and waves His sword in signal of victory all crowns are lifted, and all ensigns flung out, and all chimes rung, and all hallelujahs chanted, and some cry, "Glory to God most high!" and some, "Hosanna to the Son of David!" and some, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain!" till all the exclamations of endearment and homage in the vocabulary of heaven are exhausted, and there come up surge after surge of "Amen! Amen! Amen!"

"Eye hath not seen it, ear hath not heard it." Skim from the summer waters the brightest sparkles, and you will get no idea of the sheen of the everlasting sea. Pile up the splendors of earthly cities, and they would not make a stepping stone by which you might mount to the city of God. Every house is a palace. Every step a triumph. Every covering of the head a coronation. Every meal is a banquet. Every stroke from the tower is a wedding bell. Every day is a jubilee, every hour a rapture and every moment an ecstasy. "Eye hath not seen it, ear hath not heard it."

I remark further we can get no idea on earth of the reunions of heaven. If you have ever been across the sea and met a friend, or even an acquaintance, in some strange city, you remember how your blood thrilled and how glad you were to see him. What, then, will be our joy, after we have passed the seas of death, to meet in the bright city of the sun those from whom we have long been separated! After we have been away from our friends ten or fifteen years, and we come upon them, we see how differently they look. The hair has turned, and wrinkles have come in their faces, and we say, "How you have changed!" But, oh, when we stand before the throne, all cares gone from the face, all marks of sorrow disappeared, and feeling the joy of that blessed land, methinks we will say to each other, with an exultation we cannot now imagine, "How you have changed!" In this world we only meet to part. It is goodby, goodby. Farewells floating in the air. We hear it at the rail car window and at the steamboat wharf. Goodby! Children lisp it, and old age answers it. Sometimes we say it in a light way, "Goodby!" and sometimes with anguish in which the soul breaks down. Goodby! Ah, that is the word that ends the thanksgiving banquet; that is the word that comes in to close the Christmas chant. Goodby! Goodby!

But not so in heaven. Welcomes in the air, welcomes at the gates, welcomes at the house of many mansions—but no goodby. That group is constantly being augmented. They are going up from our circles of earth to join it—little voices to join the anthem, little hands to take hold of it in the great home circle, little feet to dance in the eternal glee, little crowns to be cast down before the feet of Jesus. Our friends are in two groups—a group this side of the river and a group on the other side of the river. Now there goes one from this to that, and another from this to that, and soon we will all be gone over. How many of your loved ones have already entered upon that blessed place! If I should take paper and pencil, do you think I could put them all down? Ah, my friends, the waves of Jordan roar so hoarsely we cannot hear the joy on the other side where their group is augmented. It is graves here and coffins and hearses here.

A little child's mother had died, and they comforted her. They said: "Your mother has gone to heaven. Don't cry," and the next day they went to the graveyard, and they laid the body of the mother down into ground, and the little girl came up to the verge of the grave, and looking down at the body of her mother said, "Is this heaven?" Oh, we have no idea what heaven is. It is the grave here. It is darkness here, but there is merry making yonder. Methinks when a soul arrives some angel takes it around to show it the wonders of that blessed place. The usher angel says to the newly arrived: "These are the martyrs that perished at Piedmont; these were torn to pieces at the inquisition; this is the throne of the great Jehovah; this is Jesus!" "I am going to see Jesus," said a dying negro boy. "I am going to see Jesus," and the missionary said, "You are sure you will see Him?" "Oh, yes. That's what I want to go to heaven for." "But," said the missionary, "suppose that Jesus should go away from heaven, what then?" "I should follow him," said the dying negro boy. "But if Jesus went down to hell, what then?" The dying boy thought for a moment, and then he said, "Massa, where Jesus is there can be no hell!"

Oh, to stand in His presence! That will be heaven! Oh, to put our hand in that hand which was wounded for us on the cross—to go around amid all the groups of the redeemed and shake hands with prophets and apostles and martyrs and with our own dear, beloved ones! That will be the great reunion. We cannot imagine it now, our loved ones seem so far away. When we are in trouble and lonesome, they don't seem to come to us. We go on the banks of the Jordan and call across to them, but they don't seem to hear. We say: "Is it well with the child? Is it well with the loved ones?" and we listen to hear if any voice comes back over the water. None! None! Unbelief says, "They are dead and extinct forever," but, blessed be God, we have a Bible that tells us different. We open it and find that they are neither dead nor extinct; that they never were so much alive as now; that they are only waiting for our coming, and that we shall join them on the other side of the river. Oh, glorious reunion, we cannot grasp it now! "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him."

I remark again, we can in this world get no idea of the song of heaven. You know there is nothing more inspiriting than music. In the battle of Waterloo the Highlanders were giving way, and Wellington found out that the bands of music had ceased playing. He sent a quick dispatch, telling them to play with utmost spirit a battle march. The music started, the Highlanders were rallied, and they dashed on till the day was won. We appreciate the power of secular music, but do we appreciate the power of sacred song? There is nothing more inspiring to me than a whole congregation lifted up on the wave of holy melody. When we sing some of those dear old psalms and tunes they rouse all the memories of the past. Why, some of them were cradle songs in our father's house. They are all sparkling with the morning dew of a thousand Christian Sabbaths.

They were sung by brothers and sisters gone now, by voices that were aged and broken in the music, voices none the less sweet because they did tremble and break. When I hear those old songs sung it seems as if all the old country meeting homes joined in the chorus, and Scotch kirk and sailor's Bethel and Western cabins, until the whole continent lifts the doxology and the scepters of eternity beat time to the music. Away then with your starveling tunes that chill the devotion of the sanctuary and make the people sit silent when Jesus is coming to hosanna.

But, my friends, if music on earth is so sweet, what will it be in heaven? They all know the tune there. Methinks the tune of heaven will be made up partly from the songs of earth, the best parts of all our hymns and tunes going to add to the song of Moses and the Lamb. All the best singers of all the ages will join it—choirs of white robed children. Choirs of patriarchs! Choirs of apostles! Morning stars clapping their cymbals! Harpers with their harps! Great anthems of God roll on, roll! on! Other empires joining the harmony till the thrones are full of it and the Nations all saved. Anthem shall touch anthem, chorus join chorus, and all the sweet sounds of earth and heaven be poured into the ear of Christ. David of the harp will be there. Gabriel of the trumpet will be there. Germany redeemed will pour its deep bass voice into the song, and Africa will add to the music with her matchless voices.

I wish we could anticipate that song. I wish in the closing hymns of the churches to-day we might catch an echo that slips from the gates. Who knows but that when the heavenly door opens to-day to let some soul through there may come forth the strain of the jubilant voices until we catch it? Oh, that as the song drops down from heaven it might meet half way a song coming up from earth!

DOWN ON DEMOCRATS.

Bitter Assaults Upon the Sugar Producers of Louisiana.

In no instance has the dishonesty of the present Administration been more barefaced than in its dealings with our sugar producers. When the McKinley tariff was passed in 1890 the Louisiana crop of that year was 180,000 tons. Under the protection then offered by Congress the sugar output of that one State almost doubled, increasing to 350,000 tons for the 1894 crop, which was cultivated, grown and harvested on the faith that the laws of Congress would be executed and that the honesty of the American Government would not be impeached. It is the same in the case of our beet sugar product, which reached only 3000 tons in 1890 and 30,000 tons in 1894, the phenomenal advance being made solely through the Government's promise of protection.

The hardship experienced, more particularly by the individual planters and manufacturers of Louisiana, has at length forced upon them the belief that the political party to which they have hitherto belonged is as dishonest as it is incompetent. First of all, the leaders of that party in Congress endeavored to repudiate the payment of the just claims of the sugar growers and producers. It was due chiefly, however, to their political opponents that Congress insisted upon appropriating the sum of $5,000,000 wherewith to partially meet their demands.

More than half a year has elapsed since that money was appropriated. It has not yet been paid, and obstacle after obstacle has been presented by the Democratic officials to prevent its payment. Every delay and subterfuge that could suggest itself has been practiced so as to defraud the sugar producers, who have overcome every opposition and successfully met every argument used against them. For a year past statesmen, financiers, lawyers and Treasury experts have discussed the payment of this just claim, and all have failed in successfully opposing it. Finally the Democratic officials in Washington were compelled to formulate regulations for its settlement. All details for payment were arranged and the date was announced, September 1, when the money should be handed over.

Thus the hopes of the sugar producers were once more buoyed up. It seemed that the payment of the bounty was inevitable; that there was no escape from it. But the confiding people of Louisiana did not know the depth of Democratic official degradation. An entirely new obstacle was suddenly set before them, and it now looks as if the grandest period of prosperity that was ever enjoyed by Louisiana will terminate with the impoverishment of her people and a check to her progress that cannot be overcome within a decade. Scores of the sugar planters of that State have already been wrecked and ruined; others had tided over their troubles by obtaining advances and extensions of credit, owing to the promise made by Congress that the bounty should be paid them.

But now one official sets himself up to overrule the action of Congress, and those sugar producers who were being helped temporarily by banks and capitalists must, many of them, succumb to the ruin and wreckage that had previously overwhelmed their neighbors and friends. Not only is it the sugar producers of Louisiana who are injured, but every other industry in the State is directly affected by the prosperity of the sugar people. The treachery of the free-trade party and of the free-trade officials, step by step, throughout this entire transaction with Louisiana will, and can, never be sufficiently exposed.

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BUTTER—Fine Crmy..$	20	@ $ 21
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CHEESE—N.Y. Fancy...$	8⅝	@ $ 8¾
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Skim Cheese..........	6	8
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EGGS—State.............$	13½	@ $ 14
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SHEEP..................	1 50	2 00
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MUSKRAT..............$	10	@ $ 11
Raccoon...............	40	45
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Otter..................	—	6 00
NEW YORK.		
FLOUR—Southern.......$	3 10	@ $ 4 20
WHEAT—No. 2 Red.......	67⅜	68
RYE—Western...........	56	60
CORN—No. 2............	44½	44¾
OATS—No. 3............	25½	26¼
BUTTER—State.........	12	18½
EGGS—State...........	14	15
CHEESE—State..........	6	7¾
PHILADELPHIA.		
FLOUR—Southern......$	3 60	@ $ 4 00
WHEAT—No. 2 Red.......	65¾	66
CORN—No. 3............	43	43½
OATS—N. 2............	27	27½
BUTTER—State.........	20	21
EGGS—Penns. ft.........	14½	15

That lightning does sometimes strike twice in the same place is proven in the case of a windmill in Bates County, Mobile, which was last week struck by a bolt in exactly the spot where it was similarly struck three years ago.

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Scientific Explanation.

An undergraduate at Cambridge had a "scout," who, too lazy to do anything right, was in the habit of cleaning out his lamp chimney by running his finger down it as far as he could and twisting it around. After he had cleaned it out in this partial manner, one day not long ago, an undergraduate took it up and carried it to the residence of one of the professors, with the inquiry, "How is it that this chimney is smoked just up to this point and no farther?" The learned gentleman entered into an elaborate scientific explanation, arguing with great lucidity, and citing various authorities to show the correctness of his reasoning. When he had finished, the undergraduate said to him, "No, sir, you are wrong." "How is it, then?" inquired the professor, somewhat surprised. "Because the 'scout's' finger wasn't long enough to reach any farther," replied the joker.

The first time capital unlawfully interferes with labor, labor can go into court and get Uncle Sam to unsheath the injunction with the other edge out. It is a poor legal device that won't work both ways.

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