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### CURIOUS FACTS.

In the announcements of marriages in Spain the ages of the contracting parties are always given.

Botany was appreciated by the Japanese long before the country was opened to intercourse with Europe.

The treasurer of a New Jersey suicide club drew the lot that denoted the arrival of his turn and flunked.

The Thumb Bible, published in Aberdeen in 1670, measures one inch square and nearly half an inch thick.

The school house in Kearney, Mo., once honored by the attendance of Jesse and Frank James, is being torn down.

The largest fountain in the world has been recently established in Geneva, Switzerland. It is 300 feet in height.

The average weight of the egg of the ostrich is three pounds. Its contents equal those of about twenty-four hen eggs.

A dog market is held every Sunday in Paris, where it is possible to buy anything from a black and tan to a large mastiff.

In the Philadelphia rogues' gallery is the picture of a man who was one of the 600 who made "The Charge of the Light Brigade."

Shadrach Meshack Abednego Brown is the name with which the parents of a San Francisco boy handicapped their son in the race for life.

A canary at Auburn, Me., got away the other day. After an absence of two days he flew into the house, and, finding his cage open, entered it and burst into a glad song.

After dining with several wealthy Chinamen John Paul Bocock declares that "chopsticks are by no means awkward or unwieldy implements of table use in the hands of those who are accustomed to them."

M. Louis Coulon, a distinguished French lawyer, has a beard nearly eight feet in length. Unfortunately, he stands less than five feet six inches, and is compelled to wear his unique adornment in coils around his neck.

"Bagdad Date Mark" is the name given to a mysterious disease that attacks nearly every one who stays in Bagdad any length of time, and is found also at Aleppo and other places in Turkish Asia. It is a sore that comes only once, leaving a scar the shape of a date. Nearly all the natives are marked with it.

Oscar Wilde's penitentiary sentence has raised England in the estimation of the world materially.

**Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury,**
as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure to get the genuine. It is taken internally, and is made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.
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The more honesty a man has the less he affects the airs of a saint.—Lavater.

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

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

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

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# REV. DR. TALMAGE.

## The Eminent New York Divine's Sunday Sermon.

### Subject: "The Chieftain."

TEXT: "The chiefest among ten thousand."—Canticles v., 10.

The most conspicuous character of history steps out upon the platform. The finger which, diamond with light, pointed down to Him from the Bethlehem sky was only a ratification of the finger of prophecy, the finger of genealogy, the finger of chronology, the finger of events—all five fingers pointing in one direction. Christ is the overtopping figure of all time. He is the "vox humana" in all music, the gracefulest line in all sculpture, the most exquisite mingling of lights and shades in all painting, the acme of all climaxes, the dome of all cathedraled grandeur and the peroration of all language.

The Greek alphabet is made up of twenty-four letters, and when Christ compared Himself to the first letter and the last letter, the Alpha and the Omega, He appropriated to Himself all the splendors that you can spell out either with those two letters or all the letters between them. "I am the Alpha and the Omega, the beginning and the end."

What does that Scripture mean which says of Christ, "He that cometh from above is above all?" It means that after you have piled up all Alpine and Himalayan altitudes, the glory of Christ would have to spread its wings and descend a thousand leagues to touch those summits. Pelion, a high mountain of Thessaly; Ossa, a high mountain, and Olympus, a high mountain; but mythology tells us when the giants warred against the gods they piled up those three mountains, and from the top of them proposed to scale the heavens; but the height was not great enough, and there was a complete failure. And after all the giants—Isaiah and Paul, prophetic and apostolic giants; Raphael and Michael Angelo, artistic giants; cherubim and seraphim and archangel, celestial giants—have failed to climb to the top of Christ's glory they might all well unite in the words of Paul, and cry out, "Above all!" "Above all!" But Solomon in my text prefers to call Christ "the Chieftain," and so to-day I hail Him.

First, Christ must be chief in our preaching. There are so many books on homiletics scattered through the country that all laymen, as well as all clergymen, have made up their minds what sermons ought to be. That sermon is the most effectual which most pointedly puts forth Christ as the pardon of all sin and the correction of all evil—individual, social, political, national. There is no reason why we should ring the endless changes on a few phrases. There are those who think that if an exhortation or a discourse have frequent mention of justification, sanctification, covenant of works and covenant of grace, therefore it must be profoundly evangelical, while they are suspicious of a discourse which presents the same truth, but under different phraseology. Now, I say there is nothing in all the opulent realm of Anglo-Saxonism; of all the word treasures that we inherited from the Latin and the Greek and the Indo-European, but we have a right to marshal it in religious discussion. Christ sets the example. His illustrations were from the grass, the flowers, the barnyard fowl, the crystals of salt, as well as from the seas and the stars; and we do not propose in our Sunday-school teaching and in our pulpit address to be put on the limits.

I know that there is a great deal said in our day against words, as though they were nothing. They may be misused, but they have an imperial power. They are the bridge between soul and soul, between Almighty God and the human race. What did God write upon the tables of stone? Words. What did Christ utter on Mount Olivet? Words. Out of what did Christ strike the spark for the illumination of the universe? Out of words. "Let there be light," and light was. Of course thought is the cargo and words are only the ship, but how fast would your cargo get on without the ship? What you need, my friends, in all your work, in your Sabbath-school class, in your reformatory institutions, and what we all need, is to enlarge our vocabulary when we come to speak about God and Christ and heaven. We ride a few old words to death, when there is such illimitable resource. Shakespeare employed 15,000 different words for dramatic purposes; Milton employed 8000 different words for poetic purposes; Rufus Choate employed over 11,000 different words for legal purposes, but the most of us have less than a thousand words that we can manage, and that makes us so stupid.

When we come to set forth the love of Christ, we are going to take the tenderest phraseology wherever we find it, and if it has never been used in that direction before all the more shall we use it. When we come to speak of the glory of Christ the conqueror, we are going to draw our similies from triumphal arch and oratorio and everything grand and stupendous. The French navy have eighteen flags by which they give signals, but those eighteen flags they can put into 66,000 different combinations. And I have to tell you that these standards of the cross may be lifted into combinations infinite and varieties everlasting. And let me say to the young men who come from the theological seminaries into our services, and are after awhile going to preach Jesus Christ, you will have the largest liberty and unlimited resource. You only have to present Christ in your own way.

Brighter than the light, fresher than the fountains, deeper than the seas, are all these gospel themes. Song has no melody, flowers no sweetness, sunset sky no color compared with these glorious themes. These harvests of grace spring up quicker than we can sickle them. Kindling pulpits with their fire, and producing revolutions with their power, lighting up dying beds with their glory, they are the sweetest thought for the poet, and they are the most thrilling illustration for the orator, and they offer the most intense scene for the artist, and they are to the embassador of the sky all enthusiasm. Complete pardon for direst guilt. Sweetest comfort for ghastliest agony. Brightest hope for grimmest death. Grandest resurrection for darkest sepulcher. Oh, what a gospel to preach! Christ the Chief. His birth, His suffering, His miracles, His parables, His sweat, His tears, His blood, His atonement, His intercession—what glorious themes! Do we exercise faith? Christ is its object. Do we love? It fastens on Jesus. Have we a fondness for the church? It is because Christ died for it. Have we a hope of heaven? It is because Jesus went there, the herald and the forerunner. The royal robe of Demetrius was so costly, so beautiful, that after he had put it off no one ever dared to put it on, but this robe of Christ, richer than that, the poorest and the weakest, and the worst may wear, "Where sin abounded, grace may much more abound."

"Oh, my sins, my sins!" said Martin Luther to Staupitz, "my sins, my sins!" The fact is that the brawny German student had found a Latin Bible that made him quake, and nothing else ever did make him quake, and when he found how, through Christ, he was pardoned and saved he wrote to a friend, saying, "Come over and join us great and awful sinners saved by the grace of God. You seem to be only a slender sinner, and you don't much extol the mercy of God, but we that have been such very awful sinners praise His Grace the more now that we have been redeemed." Can it be that you are so desperately egotistical that you feel yourself in first rate spiritual trim, and that from the root of the hair to the tip of the toe you are scarless and immaculate? What you need is a looking glass, and here it is in the Bible. Poor and wretched and miserable and blind and naked from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot, full of wounds and putrefying sores. No health in us. And then take the fact that Christ gathered up all the notes against us and paid them and then offered us the receipt! And how much we need Him in our sorrows! We are independent of circumstances if we have His grace. Why, He made Paul sing in the dungeon, and under that grace St. John from desolate Patmos heard the blast of the apocalytic trumpets. After all other candles have been snuffed out, this is the light that gets brighter and brighter unto the perfect day, and after, under the hard hoofs of calamity, all the pools of worldly enjoyment have been trampled into deep mire at the foot of the eternal rock the Christian, from cups of granite lily-rimmed, puts out the thirst of his soul.

Again, I remark that Christ is chief in dying alleviations. I have not any sympathy with the morbidity abroad about our demise. The Emperor of Constantinople arranged that on the day of his coronation the stonemason should come and consult him about the tombstone that after awhile he would need. And there are men who are monomaniacal on the subject of departure from this life by death, and the more they think of it the less they are prepared to go. This is an unmanliness not worthy of you, not worthy of me.

Saladin, the great conqueror of his day, while dying, ordered that the tunic he had on him be carried after his death on his spear at the head of his army, and that then the soldier, ever and anon, should stop and say: "Behold all that is left of Saladin, the emperor and conqueror! Of all the states he conquered, of all the wealth he accumulated, nothing did he retain but this shroud." I have no sympathy with such behavior, or such absurd demonstration, or with much that we hear uttered in regard to departure from this life to the next. There is a commonsensical idea on this subject that you need to consider—there are only two styles of departure. A thousand feet underground, by light of torch, toiling in a miner's shaft, a ledge of rock may fall upon us, and we may die a miner's death. Far out at sea, falling from the slippery ratlines and broken on the halliards, we may die a sailor's death. On mission of mercy in hospital, amid broken bones and reeking leprosies and raging fevers, we may die a philanthropist's death. On the field of battle, serving God and our country, slugs through the heart, the gun carriage may roll over us, and we may die a patriot's death. But, after all, there are only two styles of departure—the death of the righteous and the death of the wicked—and we all want to die the former.

God grant that when that hour comes you may be at home. You want the hand of your kindred in your hand. You want your children to surround you. You want the light on your pillow from eyes that have long reflected your love. You want your room still. You do not want any curious strangers standing around watching you. You want your kindred from afar to hear your last prayer. I think that is the wish of all of us. But is that all? Can earthly friends hold us up when the billows of death come up to the girdle? Can human voice charm open heaven's gate? Can human hand pilot us through the narrows of death into heaven's harbor? Can any earthly friendship shield us from the arrows of death and in the hour when satan shall practice upon us his infernal archery? No, no, no, no! Alas, poor soul, if that is all! Better die in the wilderness far from tree shadow and from fountain, alone, vultures circling through the air waiting for our body, unknown to men, and to have no burial, if only Christ could say through the solitudes, "I will never leave thee, I will never forsake thee." From that pillow of stone a ladder would soar heavenward, angels coming and going, and across the solitude and the barrenness would come the sweet notes of heavenly minstrelsy.

Gordon Hall, far from home, dying in door of a heathen temple, said: "Glory to Thee, O God!" What did dying Wilberforce say to his wife? "Come and sit beside me, and let us talk of heaven. I never knew what happiness was until I found Christ." What did dying Hannah More say? "To go to heaven, think what that is! To go to Christ, who died that I might live! Oh, glorious grave! Oh, what a glorious thing it is to die! Oh, the love of Christ, the love of Christ!" What did Mr. Toplady, the great hymn maker, say in his last hours? "Who can measure the depths of the third heaven? Oh, the sunshine that fills my soul! I shall soon be gone, for surely no one can live in this world after such glories as God has manifested to my soul!"

What did the dying Janeway say? "I can as easily die as close my eyes or turn my head in sleep. Before a few hours have passed I shall stand on Mount Zion with the one hundred and forty and four thousand and with the just men made perfect, and we shall ascribe riches, and honor, and glory, and majesty, and dominion unto God and the Lamb." Dr. Taylor, condemned to burn at the stake, on his way thither broke away from the guardsmen, and went bounding and leaping and jumping toward the fire, glad to go to Jesus, and to die for Him. Sir Charles Hare, in his last moments, had such rapturous vision that he cried, "Upward, upward, upward!" And so great was the peace of one of Christ's disciples that he put his finger upon the pulse in his wrist and counted it and observed it; and so great was his placidity that after awhile he said, "Stopped!" and his life had ended here to begin in heaven. But grander than that was the testimony of the worn out first missionary, when, in the Mamertine dungeon, he cried, "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand; I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness which the Lord, the righteous Judge, will give me in that day, and not to me only, but to all them that love His appearing!" Do you not see that Christ is chief in dying alleviations?

Toward the last hour of our earthly residence we are speeding. When I see the sunset, I say, "One day less to live." When I see the spring blossoms scattered, I say, "Another season gone forever." When I close the Bible on Sabbath night, I say, "Another Sabbath departed." When I bury a friend, I say, "Another earthly attraction gone forever." What nimble feet the years have! The roebucks and the lightnings run not so fast. From decade to decade, from sky to sky, they go at a bound. There is a place for us, whether marked or not, where you and I will sleep the last sleep, and the men are now living who will, with solemn tread, carry us to our resting place. Aye, it is known in heaven whether our departure will be a coronation or a banishment. Brighter than a banqueting hall through which the light feet of the dancers go up and down to the sound of trumpeters will be the sepulcher through whose rifts the holy light of heaven streameth. God will watch you. He will send His angels to guard your slumbering dust until, at Christ's behest, they shall roll away the stone.

So, also, Christ is chief of heaven. The Bible distinctly says that Christ is the chief theme of the celestial ascription, all the thrones facing His throne, all the palms waved before His face, all the crowns down at His feet. Cherubim to cherubim, seraphim to seraphim, redeemed spirit to redeemed spirit shall recite the Saviour's earthly sacrifice.

Stand on some high hill of heaven, and in all the radiant sweep the most glorious object will be Jesus. Myriads gazing on the scars of His suffering, in silence first, afterward breaking forth into acclamation. The martyrs, all the purer for the flame through which they passed, will say, "This is the Jesus for whom we died." The apostles, all the happier for the shipwreck and the scourging through which they went, will say, "This is the Jesus whom we preached at Corinth, and Cappadocia, and at Antioch, and at Jerusalem." Little children clad in white will say, "This is the Jesus who took us in His arms and blessed us, and when the storms of the world were too cold and loud brought us into this beautiful place." The multitude of the bereft will say, "This is the Jesus who comforted us when our hearts broke." Many who wandered clear off from God and plunged into vagabondism, but were saved by grace, will say: "This is the Jesus who pardoned us. We were lost on the mountains, and He brought us home. We were guilty, and He has made us white as snow." Mercy boundless, grace unparalleled. And then, after each one has recited his peculiar deliverances and peculiar mercies, recited them as by solo, all the voices will come together into a great chorus, which will make the arches echo and re-echo with the eternal reverberation of triumph.

Edward I was so anxious to go to the Holy Land that when he was about to expire he bequeathed $160,000 to have his heart, after his decease, taken to the Holy Land in Asia Minor, and his request was complied with. But there are hundreds to-day whose hearts are already in the Holy Land of Heaven. Where your treasures are, there are your hearts also. Quaint John Bunyan caught a glimpse of that place, and in his quaint way he said: "And I heard in my dream, and, lo! the bells of the city rang again for joy, and as they opened the gates to let in the men I looked in after them, and lo! the city shone like the sun, and there were streets of gold, and men walked on them, harps in their hands, to ring praises with all, and after that they shut up the gates, which, when I had seen, I wished myself among them!"

### Cotton Planters' Troubles.

It may seem all very well perhaps for the cotton planter to get the benefit which he hopes to derive from "free" cotton bagging by placing his neighbor's flax on the free list, but he will have the poor comfort of knowing that if he secures any advantage it will be at the expense of farmers engaged in agricultural avocations as honorable and honest as his own. The cotton planter's trouble lies beyond cheaper cotton bagging. It lies in overproduction, failure to rotate his crops for better yields and the poor baling of his product, entailing reductions in price all along the line until the cotton reaches the manufacturer.

### Care of the Ear in Childhood.

Defective hearing is a trouble that many children labor under, caused occasionally by disease, but oftentimes by lack of proper care of the ear passages. It is sometimes the case that the dullness and inattention of a scholar is due to impaired hearing; and the inability to hear distinctly all that is said by teachers and pupils gives the poor child the appearance of being heedless and inattentive.

The very secretion found in the ears is nature's own method of keeping the ear passages in healthy condition. There is frequently, however, an excess of this wax, and occasionally it happens that in cleaning the child's ears the excess wax is pushed further into the ear passages. Repetitions of this process cause the wax to become packed, causing gradual loss of the hearing power. Too much stress cannot be laid upon the fact that pins and such articles should not be used in the care of the ears, as serious injury is liable from the article entering too far.

Glycerine and warm water in equal parts is a mixture (and the best one) that will dissolve and remove the wax. Apply gently with a small syringe.

Should there be, at any time, anything in the nature of discharges from either ear, a physician's advice should be sought without delay. In such cases there is almost certain to be some disease of the inner ear passage requiring medical attention.

Prompt attention will probably save the child serious impairment of hearing, if not utter loss.

It should be noted that teething may have close relationship to trouble in the ears, due to the swelling and inflammation of the gums. This inflammation is liable to extend through the eustachian canals to the ears; and any tenderness, accompanied by redness around the ears, is a sufficient indication to warrant calling the physician's attention to the matter.—Babyland.

# HERALD'S "DIFFICULTY"

## CAN BE TRACED BACK OVER THIRTY YEARS IN HISTORY.

### Disloyal Papers Compelled to Hoist the Stars and Stripes—A Simple Remedy That was Very Effective—Juggling Figures Through a Free Trade Drain.

Under this caption the New York Herald, July 29, endeavored to show that the period of protection is responsible for the existing accumulation of the National debt under the free trade administration. The Herald said that "the expenditures were extremely large on account of the enormous pension payments necessitated by reckless Republican legislation."

Setting aside any discussion of the "reckless Republican legislation" which provided for the payment of pensions to American soldiers, we would remind the Herald that the free trade majority in Congress, which framed and passed the existing tariff law, were perfectly well aware to what extent such payments had to be made when they voted for their tariff for deficiency. It was the incompetence of the free traders in Congress that led to this deficiency, through not framing a revenue measure that would meet the known expenditures of the Government.

The Herald speaks of the "enormous drain on the Treasury under the McKinley law." Let us look at this "drain," using only the figures given by the Herald, and we find that the total amount of money paid out for pensions for the fiscal years 1890 to 1894 inclusive reached $666,470,702. This includes the years of free trade deficiency, when the pension payments were $18,180,273 less than in 1893.

Next, let us take the excess of revenue figures as quoted by the Herald, and we find that for the fiscal years ending June 30, 1890 to 1893, they aggregated $124,132,000. If we even deduct the deficiency during the free trade year of 1894, amounting to $70,025,000, we still have an excess of revenue of $54,107,000 in the years quoted by the Herald, to the credit of the protection administration, over and above all the pension payments made, and even after loading the protectionists up with the 1894 year's deficit of the free trade party.

One point that the Herald has entirely overlooked is that, during the period which it has reviewed, the administration of the Government under the policy of protection reduced the interest bearing debt of the country by $244,824,660. We thus find during the period of the Herald's review, 1890 to 1894, that the policy of protection enabled the following payments and surplus:

| | |
|---|---|
| Pensions | $666,470,702 |
| Excess of revenue | 54,107,000 |
| Reduction in debt | 244,824,660 |
| Total | $965,402,362 |

The Treasury Department was enabled to withstand "this enormous drain under the McKinley law" without any difficulty, although we have charged against it the $70,000,000 deficiency that arose during the first year of the present free trade administration.

We sympathize with the Herald during its present trials and afflictions. For upward of thirty years it has been imbued with an entirely un-American spirit; it has been hostile to the advancement of American interests; it has been hostile to the progress of American industries; it has been hostile to the prosperity of American labor. The "pension incubus" did not prevent the policy of protection from providing a sufficiency of revenue to meet all its liabilities, besides decreasing the public debt and carrying over a surplus. It was the "incubus" of a free trade policy and the "incubus" of the fools who passed it that have brought about the existing troubles that are such thorns in the Herald's side.

Why the New York (so-called) Herald should be so intensely un-American and so intensely unpatriotic we are unable to conjecture. Its un-Americanism is now nearly as pronounced as it was in 1861 when a procession of loyal Americans marched to the office of the New York Herald, compelling the display of the flag of the Union upon its building. This portion of American history may have passed from the minds of many of our readers. Perhaps it is well that it should be recalled, and we do so in the words of one who was a participant in the scene referred to and who has published his personal reminiscences of the Rebellion from 1861 to 1866. This gentleman described the very interesting event when the New York Herald was compelled to fly the flag of the Union from the top of its building in the following words:

"Fifty or sixty men gathered in the lower part of the city and started up Broadway in procession, a small American flag waving at the head of the column, the fifer playing patriotic tunes and the drummer beating a rousing accompaniment to the steps of the marchers. The curious procession immediately attracted great attention. Broadway was crowded. At the top of Wall street forty or fifty gentlemen joined the procession and moved down Wall street. The effect was electrical. All Wall street emptied out and cheered for the flag, and in immensely augmented numbers the procession started for the Journal of Commerce office. That paper had been very disloyal, and a demand was made that the American flag should promptly be displayed on the building. There was but little hesitation before the flag was hung out. Then the procession started for the office of the New York Herald, a dense mass of cheering enthusiasts. Long before the procession reached the office a dozen flags were flying from the building. Then a move was made on the office of the News; and so on until every newspaper in the city that had shown a hesitant or doubtful spirit had been compelled to display the Union flag."

The narrator adds: "Thus was the loyal sentiment of New York City aroused by the simple device of the flag."

### Ad Valorems and Undervaluations.

Goods are being brought in here, according to trustworthy testimony, at prices which do not cover more than the cost of the yarn out of which they are made. The grossest frauds in undervaluation are being perpetrated upon the customs laws, and these goods fraudulently imported are placed in competition with domestic goods and with foreign goods honestly imported. The magnitude of this curse is little appreciated by the average manufacturer and commission merchant, but it is probable that the present light-weight season will furnish object lessons which will strike home and open the eyes of those who now see dimly. Already the cry is heard through the goods district that the foreign manufacturer has obtained the goods market on special grades of worsted—it is frankly admitted that the domestic manufacturer has lost the market on worsteds from $1.25 to $1.75.—Textile Manufacturers' Journal.

### Hard on the Girls.

The falling off twenty-five per cent. in marriages under Cleveland and low tariff is not at all surprising. It has been difficult enough for the average young man to feed and clothe one person.—Journal, Kansas City, Mo.

### Japan as a Competitor.

The phenomenally low price of raw cotton has tempted heavy purchases from abroad. If the crop year be taken, the exports in the ten months ending June 30, 1895, were 3,427,845,716 pounds against 2,566,982,921 pounds in the corresponding period of 1894. Nearly 900,000,000 pounds more were sold in 1895 than in the preceding year, and netted $3,400,000 less. The distribution of this increased quantity may be taken as a fair indication of the industrial countries which have felt the approach of better demand for the manufactured goods. England naturally stands first, taking 700,000,000 pounds more in 1895 than in 1894; Germany, France and Italy will use 450,000,000 pounds in excess of last year; and even greater needs are indicated by the increased exports to Mexico and Canada. One other country, the youngest among Nations and the youngest industrial Power, will repay careful study if her demand for American cotton may be taken as an indication of growing competence. In the year 1894 less than 5,000,000 pounds were exported to Japan; in the year 1895 the export was more than 11,000,000 pounds. This is the more remarkable as Japan has British India and China as sources of supply, and is known to draw heavily from them. This need for our cotton points to positive development on the best lines of manufacture. It is only five years ago that the United States sent cotton cloth to Japan. Now Japan asks for raw cotton, defeats British Indian competition in yarns and threatens English cloth with exclusion from the continent of Asia.—Worthington C. Ford, Chief of the Bureau of Statistics, Washington, D. C., in the North American Review, August, 1895.

### That British Gain.

The increase in British exports to the United States during the first six months of 1895 amounted to £5,743,353, or $28,700,000, in only sixteen classes of articles. It is impossible to give the details of the total British exports to the United States from the British trade returns, because the countries to which goods are shipped are specified only in a few instances that are of the greatest importance to their manufacturers and producers. What the aggregate gain to the United Kingdom has been under the Gorman tariff we are not yet able to determine, but from the British statistics we learn that it has reached at the rate of $57,000,000 a year of increased trade in the sixteen classes of articles only.

The Czar has given to Dr. Zaccharin a jeweled snuff box, on which is a portrait of the late Czar, and is therefore apparently not hopelessly enraged against him.

### A PARALYTIC CURED.

#### His Grandfather, a Revolutionary Soldier, and His Father Both Died of Paralysis, Yet the Third Generation is Cured---The Method.

*From the Herald, Boston, Mass.*

Like a thunderbolt from a clear sky, a stroke of paralysis came to Mr. Frank T. Ware, the well known Boston auctioneer and appraiser, at 235 Washington street. He went to bed one night about six years ago, seemingly in robust health. When he awoke his left side was stiffened by the deadening of the nerves.

The interviewer sought out Mr. Ware to get the facts. He gave the interesting particulars in his own way:

"The first shock came very suddenly while I was asleep, but it was not lasting in its effects, and in a few weeks I was able to be about. A few months after, when exhausted by work and drenched with rain, I went home in a very nervous state. The result was a second and more severe shock, after which my left arm and leg were practically helpless.

"My grandfather, who was a soldier in the Revolutionary War, and lost an arm in the struggle for American independence, died finally of paralysis. My father also died of paralysis, although it was complicated with other troubles, and so I had some knowledge of the fatal character of the disease which is hereditary in our family. After the second shock I took warning, for, in all probability, a third would carry me off.

"Almost everything under the sun was recommended to me and I tried all the remedies that seemed likely to do any good, electricity, massage and specialists, but to no effect.

"The only thing I found that helped me was Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I verily believe that if it hadn't been for those pills I would have been dead years ago.

"Yes, I still have a slight reminder of the last attack six years ago. My left arm is not as strong as the other and my left foot drags a little, as the paralysis had the effect of deadening the nerves. But I can still walk a good distance, talk as easily as ever, and my general health is splendid. I am really over seventy years old, although I am generally taken to be twenty years younger than that.

"The Pink Pills kept my blood in good condition and I believe that is why I am so well, although cheerfulness may help.

"I have thought of it a great many times and I honestly believe that the Pink Pills have saved my life."

Mr. Ware has every appearance of a perfectly healthy man, and arrives at his office promptly at eight o'clock every morning, although he has reached an age when many retire from active life. His experience is well known to a great many people in Boston, where his constant cheerfulness has won him hosts of friends. He says that in his opinion both his father and his grandfather could have been saved if Pink Pills had been obtainable at that time.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People contain all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y., at 50 cents per box, or six boxes for $2.50.

### Should Play Fair.

If the free traders are not satisfied to compare the imports of 1895 with those of 1894, why are they so anxious to compare the improvement in business, as represented by bank clearings and the better Treasury exhibit made this year with those of 1894? What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander.

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

### Furniture Falsehood.

We have been told that a big Wisconsin factory let a good workman go rather than pay him over 87½ cents a day. Charles R. Sligh says the cabinetmakers in England average $1.10 a day. How a protective tariff does protect the American workingmen against the pauper labor of Europe. God bless the rich; the poor man can beg!—St. Louis Furniture News.

Of course, the foregoing is entirely devoid of truth. Nobody will for a moment believe that any cabinetmaker in the United States works for 87½ cents a day or even for $1.10, the English rate. In order to settle the question a correspondent called at Horner's furniture factory, on West Twenty-third street, New York, and there learned that the lowest rate of wages paid to cabinetmakers in this country is $16 per week. One of the men with whom we talked, said: "I receive $3 per day or $18 per week. That is the average rate of wages, but no men work for less than $16."

The St. Louis organ of the furniture trade made a very wild statement in a very careless manner. It will be remembered that, not long since, the Evening Post of New York clamored for free varnish, free glue, free nails and free lumber for the furniture manufacturers, entirely forgetful of the fact, which we showed, that there was more money invested in these industries that furnish "raw material" to the furniture people than was invested in the entire furniture trade of the country. But it is the free trade policy to "rob the many for the benefit of the few," and it would almost seem as if the furniture people had "put up" liberally in order to secure utterly false and irresponsible attacks upon the policy of protection from editors, both in the East and in the West.

### A Bright Dog.

"Do you want a good story?" asked a well-known man last evening. "Well, here's one about a dog, and it's a true one, too.

"The dog's name is Sam. He is a setter, and belongs to a man named McCormick, who keeps a restaurant down at Atlantic City. I was down there last week and saw the dog go through a remarkable performance. A man in a crowd of six or eight people will take a nickel from his pocket, wrap it in a piece of paper, and give it to the dog. Sam then trots off to a corner, where an Italian keeps a fruit stand. The Italian places an orange in a paper bag, and pretty soon Sam comes trotting back with his purchase, wagging his tail and tickled to death. He will then hunt out the man who gave him the nickel, never making a mistake, apparently wishing to show that he hasn't squandered the money foolishly. After that he takes the orange from the bag and plays with it until he gets tired. Then he eats it. He first bites a piece out of the skin, just as a man with a knife might do, and then breaks it in two pieces. He is fond of oranges, but, although he manages to get the meat of the fruit, he will never swallow even a morsel of the skin."—Philadelphia Record.

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.

### Didn't Understand Banking.

Not many days ago a stout, motherly old woman presented herself at one of the teller's windows in the First National Bank, and, making a confidant of the dapper young man behind the wire screen, said:

"Me bye, Jamesey, is in throuble. Oi want to sind him some money."

The sympathetic teller expressed deep interest in the afflicted parent's woes and kindly asked what sort of trouble "Jamesey" had got himself into.

"Wid dhe coppers, ov coorse," the mother answered, unhesitatingly. "They have him in the calaboose, so they do."

"And where—in what city—is he?" asked the teller.

"In Ny Yorick."

"Well, then, I think the best thing to do is to get a New York draft," said the teller.

Instantly the good old woman's manner changed. She stepped backward a pace, placed her hands on her hips and looked defiance at the teller as she blurted out:

"Young man, don't git gay wid me! I'm not here fur foolin' and I've got no time to go to Ny Yorick!"

She was pacified by dint of much persuasion, and induced to purchase a New York draft in Chicago, and it is to be presumed that "Jamesey" has got out of "throuble."

**The Onward March**
of Consumption is stopped short by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. If you haven't waited beyond reason, there's complete recovery and cure.

Although by many believed to be incurable, there is the evidence of hundreds of living witnesses to the fact that, in all its earlier stages, consumption is a curable disease. Not every case, but *a large percentage of cases,* and we believe, **fully 98 per cent.** are cured by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, even after the disease has progressed so far as to induce repeated bleedings from the lungs, severe lingering cough with copious expectoration (including tubercular matter), great loss of flesh and extreme emaciation and weakness.

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Want to learn all about a Horse? How to Pick Out a Good One? Know imperfections and so Guard against Fraud? Detect Disease and Effect a Cure when same is possible? Tell the age by the Teeth? What to call the Different Parts of the Animal? How to Shoe a Horse Properly? All this and other Valuable Information can be obtained by reading our **100-PAGE ILLUSTRATED HORSE BOOK,** which we will forward, post paid, on receipt of only **25** cents in stamps.
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Cleanses and beautifies the hair.
Promotes a luxuriant growth.
Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color.
Cures scalp diseases & hair falling.
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CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
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