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1 inch Yellow Pine Boards, (Edge,) $12.50 per M.
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Nothing has ever been produced to equal or compare with **Humphreys' Witch Hazel Oil** as a CURATIVE and HEALING APPLICATION. It has been used 40 years and always affords relief and always gives satisfaction.

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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.

Three Sizes, 25c., 50c. and $1.00.

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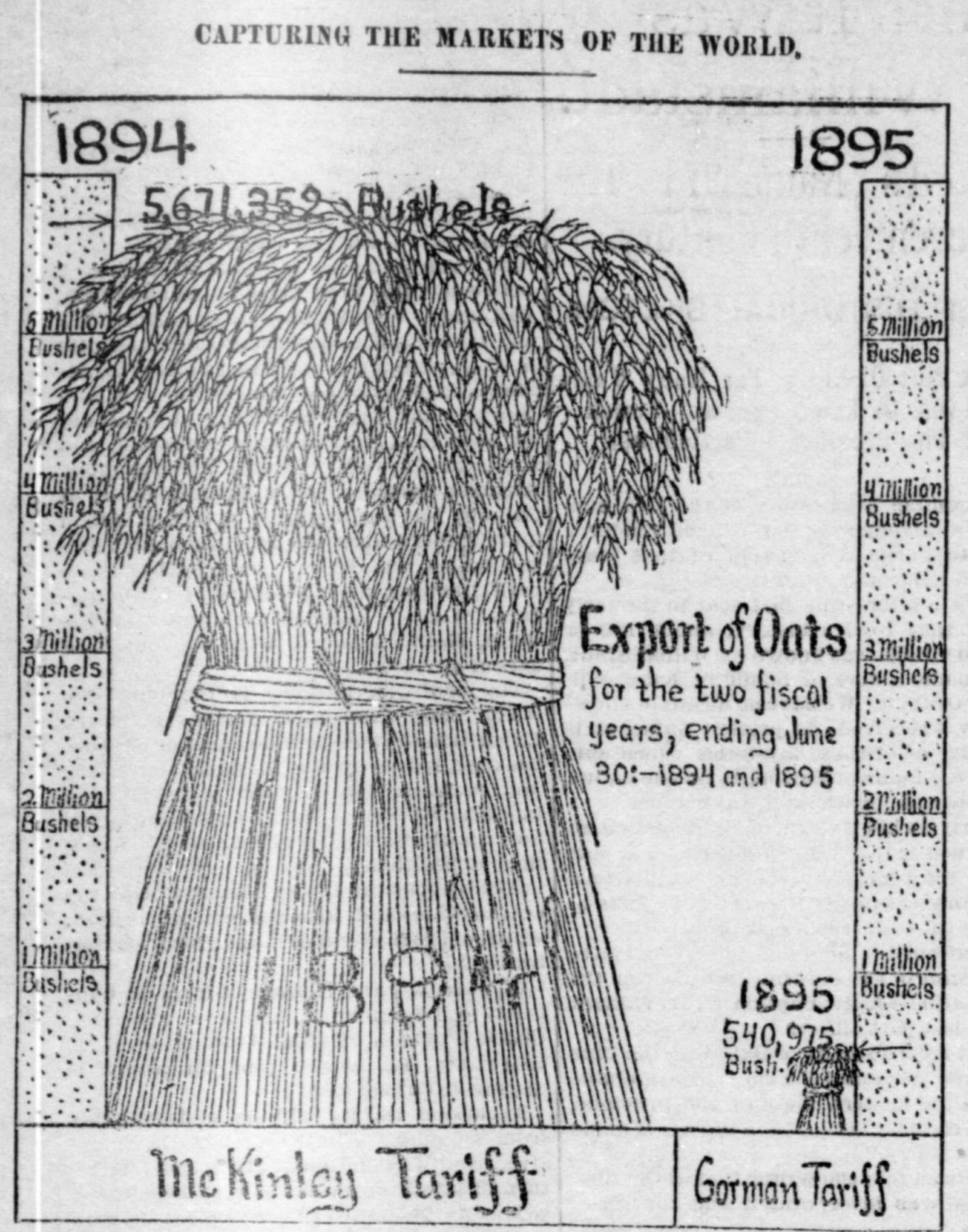
WITCH HAZEL OIL

CAPTURING THE MARKETS OF THE WORLD.



THEORY SMASHER.

FACTS OF TRADE DISPROVE DEMOCRATIC ASSERTIONS.

Larger Imports Consist Entirely of Goods We Can Manufacture—Fewer Goods in Crude Condition to Help Home Industry—Decrease in Our Purchasing Power.

Comparing the 1895 year's imports, during which the Gorman tariff was in force for ten months, with the full twelve months' imports of 1892 and 1893, the Gorman tariff imports are in some cases larger than those for 1892, and in other instances larger than the imports for 1893, and sometimes greater than the figures given for both of these two McKinley protection years. When considering the effect of the present lower tariff, it should be remembered that in 1892 and early in 1893 the bulk of the people were far more prosperous than they are to-day and consequently were better able to pay for the luxury of foreign goods. Now the lower tariff permits the larger quantities of imports at such low prices as enable keen competition with our own manufacturers and interference with their business in our home market, the people not being able to afford to purchase so many articles of voluntary use and luxury as they did in 1892 and 1893.

This fact is very evident from a comparison of such imports as follows:

IMPORTS OF ARTICLES OF VOLUNTARY USE, LUXURIES, ETC.

	1892.	1893.	1895.
Value	$104,764,252	$125,855,541	$93,255,730

During the year just ended, to June 30, 1895, we bought over $11,500,000 worth less of articles of voluntary use, luxuries, etc., than in 1892, and $32,600,000 less than in 1893.

Turning next to our imports of articles manufactured and ready for consumption, articles that enter directly into competition with the products of our own factories, we find that we bought $5,300,000 worth more in 1895 than in 1893, an increase of 2.32 per cent. of all imports, while the increase was 2.97 per cent. over the 1892 figures.

If we look at those imports of articles in a crude condition, or which were wholly or partly manufactured for use in our mechanic arts, we find that in both cases they were less in 1895 than in 1893 and 1892, the exact figures being:

In crude condition in 1892, $204,093,996; for use in mechanic arts in 1892, $83,206,471; in crude condition in 1893, $226,711,989; for use in mechanic arts in 1893, $98,753,902; in crude condition in 1895, $191,119,810; for use in mechanic arts in 1895, $73,656,655.

In 1895 we imported nearly $13,000,000 worth less of articles in a crude condition than we did in 1892 and $35,000,000 worth less than in 1893. Of articles for use in the mechanic arts we imported to the extent of $9,550,000 less in 1895 than in 1892 and over $25,000,000 less than in 1893. These values show that the Gorman tariff has been a hindrance to our manufacturers in supplying them with an abundance of cheap raw or partly finished material, and it has been a hindrance to them in supplying the demands of the home market because our imports of articles, manufactured and ready for consumption, have been of greater value even than they were in 1892, when our ability to purchase them was so much greater.

Utah Feels Democratic Times.

The Democratic party wanted and proclaimed that the last vestige of the protective tariff should be wiped away. That would involve the loss of nearly all the competing institutions that furnish labor with employment in the country. And that Mr. Wilson embodied in his bill, and when Mr. Gorman and Mr. Hill attached amendments by the hundred, the effort was made to read both of these gentlemen out of the Democratic party as heretics, and Mr. Cleveland declared the law as it now stands would be, if passed, a thing of perfidy and dishonor. In this territory the law as amended left some protection on lead, but last year it cost the lead miners in this Territory quite half a million of dollars. That much was pure robbery of the lead miners. The list could be extended very largely. It cost the sheepmen quite two millions of dollars. It cost the cattlemen a great deal of money. It was not all that they wanted, but it was in the direct line of robbery of American producers and workingmen in the interest of paupers beyond the sea, or rather of the rich men who employ paupers. In answer to the question why Democrats should want to ruin the industries of this country, it is one of the marvelous things. It was born in the subtle brain of John C. Calhoun, who did not want any manufacturing in this country. He was so infatuated with slavery, and he was sure that cotton was king and would always be, that the system of government he wanted was one where a few of the aristocracy should rule, where the labor should be performed by unpaid workmen. The "greasy mechanic" was to be ignored and abolished, and that heresy has come down through the Confederate platform until in 1892 it was incorporated in the Democratic platform, and Democrats of the Herald stripe were grieved beyond description when a little sense was injected into it by Senators Gorman and Hill.—The Daily Tribune, Salt Lake City.

Protection for Cotton.

One of the New England cotton mills has not used a pound of American cotton within two years. It is not surprising that our cotton planters are beginning to bestir themselves for protection.

Increase the Home Market.

Under the system of diversified labor which Andrew Jackson, who was at heart a sound protectionist, would promote, the country might regard good crops with more complacency and satisfaction. When farmers hear of the immense corn and spring wheat crops that are expected they wonder what the price will be. The mere chance circumstance of a shortage in the European yield alone prevents wheat from falling to the low prices that were current last winter and spring. The prices would be still more ruinous had not home industries provided that home market which the founders of the Republic so earnestly desired. If we produced at home the products which we needlessly buy abroad, corn, wheat and meat would command better and steadier prices than under the free trade policy which would make this country so dependent upon the European markets.

Farmers and Free Trade.

Long Island farmers are beginning to reap the immense benefits that were to accrue under the Wilson-Gorman tariff. One dollar per hundred for cabbage and less than $1.50 per barrel for the first potatoes, with all other farm products being sacrificed at proportionate rates, is something the farmers in this section are not accustomed to. At the present market prices some farmers are seriously considering the abandonment of their avocation. Oh, these good Democratic times; how the farmer must enjoy them! But perhaps they take satisfaction in the thought that the Democratic tariff is a good thing for the Canadians and other foreigners.—The Island.

The True Laxative Principle

Of the plants used in manufacturing the pleasant remedy, Syrup of Figs, has a permanently beneficial effect on the human system, while the cheap vegetable extracts and mineral solutions, usually sold as medicines, are permanently injurious. Being well informed, you will use the true remedy only. Manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co.

There is a time in a girl's life when she tries on every hat she sees, for she knows they are all becoming to her.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever. Nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.
☞ Sold by Druggists, 75c.

There is a strength of quite endurance as significant of courage as the most daring feats of prowess.

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.

When a man tries to throw a stone with his left hand he can sympathize with a woman's throwing.

Those Distressing Corns!

Bad as they are, Hindercorns will remove them, and then you can walk as you like.

It is meet that noble minds keep ever with their likes for who so firm that cannot be seduced.

"Good Spirits."

The words have different meanings to a spiritualist, a Kentuckian, and an average man. For the average man good spirits depend on good digestion. How to insure good digestion? A Ripans Tabule after each meal, that's all.

A good many things can be found out about human nature by charging ten cents admission.

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

Hold on to the truth for it will serve well, and do you good through eternity.

Experience Leads Many Mothers to Say "Use Parker's Ginger Tonic" because it is good for colds, pain and almost every weakness.

Strength is incomprehensible by weakness, and therefore the more terrible.

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

Though flattery blossoms like friendship, there is a great difference in the fruit.

Piso's Cure for Consumption has no equal as a Cough medicine.—F. M. ABBOTT, 383 Seneca St., Buffalo, N. Y., May 9, 1894.

The personal pronoun "I" should be the coat-of-arms of some individuals.—Rivarol.

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

No one will ever shine in conversation who thinks of saying fine things.

It is a Fact

That Hood's Sarsaparilla has an unequalled record of cures, the largest sales in the world, and cures when all others fail.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Is the Only
True Blood Purifier

Prominently in the public eye today. $1, six for $5; Be sure to get Hood's.

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

Walter Baker & Co. Limited,
The Largest Manufacturers of
PURE, HIGH GRADE
COCOAS and CHOCOLATES
On this Continent, have received
HIGHEST AWARDS
from the great
Industrial and Food
EXPOSITIONS
IN EUROPE AND AMERICA.

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SOLD BY GROCERS EVERYWHERE.
WALTER BAKER & CO. LTD. DORCHESTER, MASS.

REV. DR. TALMAGE

The Eminent New York Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "Five Pictures."

TEXT: "Behold, I see the heavens opened."—Acts vii., 56-60.

Stephen had been preaching a rousing sermon, and the people could not stand it. They resolved to do as men sometimes would like to do in this day, if they dared, with some plain preacher of righteousness—kill him. The only way to silence this man was to knock the breath out of him. So they rushed Stephen out of the gates of the city, and, with curses and whoop and bellow, they brought him to the cliff, as was the custom when they wanted to take away life by stoning. Having brought him to the edge of the cliff, they pushed him off. After he had fallen they came and looked down, and seeing that he was not yet dead they began to drop stones upon him, stone after stone. Amid this horrible rain of missiles Stephen clambers upon his knees and folds his hands, while the blood drips from his temples, and then, looking up, he makes two prayers—one for himself and one for his murderers. "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." That was for himself. "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge." That was for his murderers. Then, from pain and loss of blood, he swooned away and fell asleep.

I want to show you to-day five pictures! Stephen gazing into heaven, Stephen looking at Christ, Stephen stoned, Stephen in his dying prayer, Stephen asleep.

First, look at Stephen gazing into heaven. Before you take a leap you want to know where you are going to land. Before you climb a ladder you want to know to what point the ladder reaches. And it was right that Stephen, within a few moments of heaven, should be gazing into it. We would all do well to be found in the same posture. There is enough in heaven to keep us gazing. A man of large wealth may have statuary in the hall, and paintings in the sitting room, and works of art in all parts of the house, but he has the chief pictures in the art gallery, and there hour after hour you walk with catalogue and glass and ever increasing admiration. Well, heaven is the gallery where God has gathered the chief treasures of His realm. The whole universe is His palace. In this lower room where we stop there are many adornments, tessellated floor of amethyst, and on the winding cloud stairs are stretched out canvases on which commingle azure and purple and saffron and gold. But heaven is the gallery in which the chief glories are gathered. There are the brightest robes. There are the richest crowns. There are the highest exhilarations. St. John says of it, "The kings of the earth shall bring their honor and glory into it." And I see the procession forming, and in the line come all empires, and the stars spring up into an arch for the hosts to march under. They keep step to the sound of earthquake, and the pitch of avalanche from the mountains, and the flag they bear is the flame of a consuming world, and all heaven turns out with harps and trumpets and myriad voiced acclamation of angelic dominions to welcome them in, and so the kings of the earth bring their honor and glory into it. Do you wonder that good people often stand, like Stephen, looking into heaven? We have many friends there.

There is not a man here so isolated in life but there is some one in heaven with whom he once shook hands. As a man gets older the number of his celestial acquaintances very rapidly multiplies. We have not had one glimpse of them since the night we kissed them goodby, and they went away, but still we stand gazing at heaven. As when some of our friends go across the sea, we stand on the dock, or on the steam tug, and watch them, and after awhile the hulk of the vessel disappears, and then there is only a patch of sail on the sky, and soon that is gone, and they are all out of sight, and yet we stand looking in the same direction. So when our friends go away from us into the future world we keep looking down through the Narrows and gazing and gazing as though we expected that they would come out and stand on some cloud and give us one glimpse of their blissful and transfigured faces.

While you long to join their companionship, and the years and the days go with such tedium that they break your heart, and the vipers of pain and sorrow and bereavement keep gnawing at your vitals, you will stand, like Stephen, gazing into heaven. You wonder if they have changed since you saw them last. You wonder if they would recognize your face now, so changed has it been with trouble. You wonder if, amid the myriad delights they have, they care as much for you as they used to when they gave you a helping hand and put their shoulders under your burdens. You wonder if they look any older, and sometimes in the evening tide, when the house is all quiet, you wonder if you should call them by their first name if they would not answer, and perhaps sometimes you do make the experiment, and when no one but God and yourself are there you distinctly call their names and listen and sit gazing into heaven.

Pass on now and see Stephen looking upon Christ. My text says he saw the Son of Man at the right hand of God. Just how Christ looked in this world, just how He looks in heaven, we cannot say. The painters of the different ages have tried to imagine the features of Christ and put them upon canvas, but we will have to wait until with our own eyes we see Him and with our own ears we can hear Him. And yet there is a way of seeing Him and hearing Him now. I have to tell you that unless you see and hear Christ on earth you will never see and hear Him in heaven.

Look! There He is! Behold the Lamb of God! Can you not see Him? Then pray to God to take the scales off your eyes. Look that way—try to look that way. His voice comes down to you this day—comes down to the blindest, to the deafest soul—saying, "Look unto Me, all ye ends of the earth, and be ye saved, for I am God, and there is none else." Proclamation of universal emancipation for all slaves. Tell me, ye who know most of the world's history, what other king ever asked the abandoned, and the forlorn, and the wretched, and the outcast to come and sit beside him? Oh, wonderful invitation! You can take it to-day and stand at the head of the darkest alley in all this city and say, "Come. Clothes for your rags, salve for your sores, a throne for your eternal reigning." A Christ that talks like that and acts like that and pardons like that—do you wonder that Stephen stood looking at Him? I hope to spend eternity doing the same thing. I must see Him. I must look upon that face once clouded with my sin, but now radiant with my pardon. I want to touch that hand that knocked off my shackles. I want to hear the voice that pronounced my deliverance. Behold Him, little children, for if you live to threescore years and ten you will see none so fair. Behold Him, ye aged ones, for He only can shine through the dimness of your failing eyesight. Behold Him, earth. Behold Him, heaven. What a moment when all the Nations of the saved shall gather around Christ! All faces that way. All thrones that way, gazing on Jesus.

His worth if all the Nations knew
Sure the whole earth would love Him too,

I pass on now and look at Stephen stoned. The world has always wanted to get rid of good men. Their very life is an assault upon wickedness. Out with Stephen through the gates of the city. Down with him over the precipices. Let every man come up and drop a stone upon his head. But these men did not so much kill Stephen as they killed themselves. Every stone rebounded upon them. While these murderers are transfixed by the scorn of all good men Stephen lives in the admiration of all Christendom. Stephen stoned, but Stephen alive. So all good men must be pelted. "All who will live godly in Christ Jesus must suffer persecution." It is no eulogy of a man to say that everybody likes him. Show me any one who is doing all his duty to state or church, and I will show you scores of men who utterly abhor him.

If all men speak well of you, it is because you are either a laggard or a dolt. If a steamer makes rapid progress through the waves, the water will boil and foam all around it. Brave soldiers of Jesus Christ will hear the carbines click. When I see a man with voice and money and influence all on the right side, and some caricature him, and some sneer at him, and some denounce him, and men who pretend to be actuated by right motives conspire to cripple him, to cast him out, to destroy him, I say, "Stephen stoned."

When I see a man in some great moral or religious reform battling against grogshops, exposing wickedness in high places, by active means trying to purify the church and better the world's estate, and I find that the newspapers anathematize him, and men, even good men, oppose him and denounce him because, though he does good, he does not do it in their way, I say, "Stephen stoned." But you notice, my friends, that while they assaulted Stephen they did not succeed really in killing him. You may assault a good man, but you cannot kill him. On the day of his death Stephen spoke before a few people in the sanhedrin. This Sabbath morning he addresses Christendom. Paul, the apostle, stood on Mars hill addressing a handful of philosophers who knew not so much about science as a modern schoolgirl. To-day he talks to all the millions of Christendom about the wonders of justification and the glories of the resurrection. John Wesley was howled down by the mob to whom he preached, and they threw bricks at him, and they denounced him, and they jostled him, and they spat upon him, and yet to-day, in all lands, he is admitted to be the great father of Methodism. Booth's bullet vacated the Presidential chair, but from that spot of coagulated blood on the floor in the box of Ford's Theatre there sprang up the new life of a Nation. Stephen stoned, but Stephen alive.

Pass on now and see Stephen in his dying prayer. His first thought was not how the stones hurt his head, nor what would become of his body. His first thought was about his spirit. "Lord Jesus receive my spirit." The murderer standing on the trapdoor, the black cap being drawn over his head before the execution, may grimace about the future, but you and I have no shame in confessing some anxiety about where we are going to come out. You are not all body. There is within you a soul. I see it gleam from your eyes to-day, and I see it irradiating your countenance. Sometimes I am abashed before an audience, not because I come under your physical eyesight, but because I realize the truth that I stand before so many immortal spirits. The probability is that your body will at last find a sepulcher in some of the cemeteries that surround this city. There is no doubt that your obsequies will be decent and respectful, and you will be able to pillow your head under the maple, or the Norway spruce, or the cypress, or the blossoming fir, but this spirit about which Stephen prayed, what direction will that take? What guide will escort it? What gate will open to receive it? What cloud will be cleft for its pathway? After it has got beyond the light of our sun will there be torches lighted for it the rest of the way?

Will the soul have to travel through long deserts before it reaches the good land? If we should lose our pathway will there be a castle at whose gate we may ask the way to the city? Oh, this mysterious spirit within us! It has two wings, but it is in a cage now. It is locked fast to keep it, but let the door of this cage open the least, and that soul is off. Eagle's wing could not catch it. The lightnings are not swift enough to come up with it. When the soul leaves the body it takes fifty worlds at a bound. And have I no anxiety about it? Have you no anxiety about it?

I do not care what you do with my body when my soul is gone, or whether you believe in cremation or inhumation. I shall sleep just as well in a wrapping of sackcloth as in satin lined with eagle's down. But my soul—before I close this discourse I will find out where it will land. Thank God for the intimation of my text that when we die Jesus takes us. That answers all questions for me. What though there were massive bars between here and the City of Light, Jesus could remove them. What though there were great Saharas of darkness, Jesus could illume them. What though I get weary on the way, Christ could lift me on His omnipotent shoulder. What though there were chasms to cross, His hand could transport me. Then let Stephen's prayer be my dying litany. "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." It may be in that hour we will be too feeble to say a long prayer. It may be in that hour we will not be able to say the Lord's Prayer, for it has seven petitions. Perhaps we may be too feeble even to say the infant prayer our mothers taught us, which John Quincy Adams, seventy years of age, said every night when he put his head upon his pillow:

Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep.

We may be too feeble to employ either of these familiar forms, but this prayer of Stephen is so short, is so concise, is so earnest, is so comprehensive, we surely will be able to say that, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." Oh, if that prayer is answered, how sweet it will be to die! This world is clever enough to us. Perhaps it has treated us a great deal better than we deserved to be treated, but if on the dying pillow there shall break the light of that better world we shall have no more regret than about leaving a small, dark, damp house for one large, beautiful and capacious. That dying minister in Philadelphia, some years ago, beautifully depicted it when, in the last moment, he threw up his hands and cried out, "I move into the light!"

Pass on now, and I will show you one more picture, and that is Stephen asleep. With a pathos and simplicity peculiar to the Scriptures the text says of Stephen, "He fell asleep." "Oh," you say, "what a place that was to sleep! A hard rock under him stones falling down upon him, the blood streaming, the mob howling. What a place it was to sleep!" And yet my text takes that symbol of slumber to describe his departure, so sweet was it, so contented was it, so peaceful was it. Stephen had lived a very laborious life. His chief work had been to care for the poor. How many loaves of bread he had distributed, how many bare feet he had sandaled, how many cots of sickness and distress he had blessed with ministries of kindness and love, I do not know. Yet from the way he lived, and the way he preached, and the way he died, I know he was a laborious Christian. But that is all over now. He has pressed the cup to the last fainting lip. He has taken the last insult from his enemies. The last stone to whose crushing weight he is susceptible has been hurled. Stephen is dead! The disciples come. They take him up. They wash away the blood from the wounds. They straighten out the bruised limbs. They brush back the tangled hair from the brow, and then they pass around to look upon the calm countenance of him who had lived for the poor and died for the truth. Stephen asleep!

I have seen the sea driven with the hurricane until the tangled foam caught in the rigging, and wave rising above wave seemed as if about to storm the heavens, and then I have seen the tempest drop, and the waves crouch, and everything become smooth and burnished as though a camping place for the glories of heaven. So I have seen a man whose life has been tossed and driven coming down at last to an infinite calm in which there was a hush of heaven's lullaby. Stephen asleep!

I saw such a one. He fought all his days against poverty and against abuse. They traduced his name. They rattled at the doorknob while he was dying with duns for debts he could not pay. Yet the peace of God brooded over his pillow, and while the world faded heaven dawned, and the deepening twilight of earth's night was only the opening twilight of heaven's morn. Not a sigh. Not a tear. Not a struggle. Hush! Stephen asleep.

I have not the faculty as many have to tell the weather. I can never tell by the setting sun whether there will be a drought or not. I cannot tell by the blowing of the wind whether it will be fair weather or foul on the morrow. But I can prophesy and I will prophesy what weather it will be when you, the Christian, come to die. You may have it very rough now. It may be this week one annoyance, the next another annoyance. It may be this year one bereavement, the next another bereavement. But at the last Christ will come in, and darkness will go out. And though there may be no hand to close your eyes, and no breast on which to rest your dying head, and no candle to lift the night, the odors of God's hanging garden will regale your soul, and at your bedside will halt the chariots of the king. No more rents to pay, no more agony because flour has gone up, no more struggle with "the world, the flesh and the devil," but peace—long, deep, everlasting peace. Stephen asleep!

Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep,
From which none ever wake to weep;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Uninjured by the last of foes.

Asleep in Jesus, far from thee
Thy kindred and thy graves may be,
But there is still a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wake to weep.

You have seen enough for one day. No one can successfully examine more than five pictures in a day. Therefore we stop, having seen this cluster of divine Raphaels—Stephen gazing into heaven, Stephen looking at Christ, Stephen stoned, Stephen in his dying prayer, Stephen asleep.

Two Engaged Girls.

It's as good as a circus to listen to the general conversation of two engaged girls. The interesting dialogue usually jogs along something like this:

"We haven't decided yet just when we're to be married, but I think perhaps it'll be some time in——"

"Mine is going to be a swell church wedding with a tulle veil and flower girls and white ribbons strung up the aisle and——"

"Dear me, I wouldn't be married in church for loads of money. I never could say 'I will' before a crowd of people. A simple little home wed——"

"Jack says he knows I'll look sweet in a white satin gown, and white is so becoming to me. Jack says that I'll be the prettiest bride in the world. Of course, his ideas are a trifle biased, but——"

"Oh, say, you ought to have seen Will when he proposed to me. He acted just like a lunatic and I wanted to laugh so that I thought I'd die. He plumped down on his knees and grabbed my hands and began to talk in the wildest manner, and——"

"Huh, Jack wasn't that way at all He was as dignified as a—as a park policeman, and he folded his arms and said: 'Marie, dear, I love you with all my heart——"

"——And, upon my word, I felt just like yelling for mother, she has such a fondness for humorous scenes. But after awhile he got sort of rational and—"

"——And Jack said——"

At that point there is such a salad of words that it is impossible to unclasp one girl's talk from that of the other. Each appears to talk especially for her own benefit and pleasure and pays absolutely no attention to her companion's remarks. Shakspeare, when he declared that love and lunacy were of the same order of affliction, certainly hit the nail on the head.—Chicago Record.

May Yet Succeed.

The last change in the law was evidently intended to lift woolen goods out of the range of politics by completely annihilating the domestic industries.—Textile Manufacturers' Journal.

The New York Mercury says that "Tammany is still a pretty robust cadaver and is busily chewing the cud of the past." A cadaver chewing anything would be about as great a curiosity as a Tammany tiger with a cud.

Why Times Are Better.

Republicans rejoice in all evidences of returning prosperity. The business interests of the country were stricken down by the success of Mr. Cleveland on a platform demanding the immediate overthrow of the protective system, and at the head of a party which had shown its friendship in every way to free silver coinage. The Democrats of the House of Representatives, as soon as called together by Mr. Cleveland, began work on a bill under the supervision of Mr. Wilson designed to carry out their platform. It was passed by the House, but the Senate substituted another bill for it, which, under the lead of Mr. Gorman, the Democratic manager in that body, changed the Wilson bill into an irregular and unsystematic protection measure. Business did not revive after that bill was passed because the free trade and ruling element in the Democratic party denounced it as a base betrayal of principle, and declared that at the first opportunity further steps would be taken toward free trade. Last November the people had a chance to express their opinion, and they did so in a way that showed that there would be no more free trade legislation for a long time to come. Then manufacturers and other business men felt safe in making some calculations for the future, and business began to revive. The indications are that we will have good crops and fair prices, and good crops and fair prices help the revival that the Republican victories started. The Republicans promised last fall that times would begin to improve if their cause was indorsed by the people, and the promise has been carried out. Times are better, but they are not wholly good, and will not be until Republicans are put in full charge of the administration of Government affairs.—Louisville Commercial.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder
ABSOLUTELY PURE

CUSTOM WAREHOUSE.

Active Work on the New Appraiser's Store in New York City.

Congress last session authorized the Secretary of the Treasury to make contracts to the extent of a million dollars for the completion of the new warehouse for the Government appraisers in New York. On March 4, $200,000 was appropriated for immediate use. The original appropriation on Sept. 14, 1888, was for $850,000 for the site, which occupies the entire block bounded by Washington, Greenwich, Christopher and Barrow streets, and $650,000 for a ten-story pressed brick and granite building. This latter sum was found to be inadequate, and has been expended in the construction of the first two stories. The contract for the entire work was given to Michael Giblin of New York city, in November, 1892.

The building, when completed, will be about 130 feet in height, and will have a frontage of 214.3 feet on Washington street. It will be finished in two years if the Supervising Architect's office finishes the drawings and plans at once. The drawings have yet to be made. This new warehouse will be capacious enough to meet all possible requirements of the appraisers' stores for many years to come. The delay in its construction costs the Government more than $75,000 a year for the rental of private property to hold the stores. What is commonly known as the "Chicago construction" is being employed in the new structure. The outer walls serve merely as inclosures, and not as supports, except for their own weight, the entire weight of the floors being upheld by hundreds of columns and girders.

NEW CUSTOM WAREHOUSE.

An exchange says that "a scientist who is studying the language of cats thinks that they swear." It would not be remarkable if they picked up a few swear words at night while dodging bootjacks.

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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.

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CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
25 CTS 25 CTS

Dyspepsia, Insomnia.

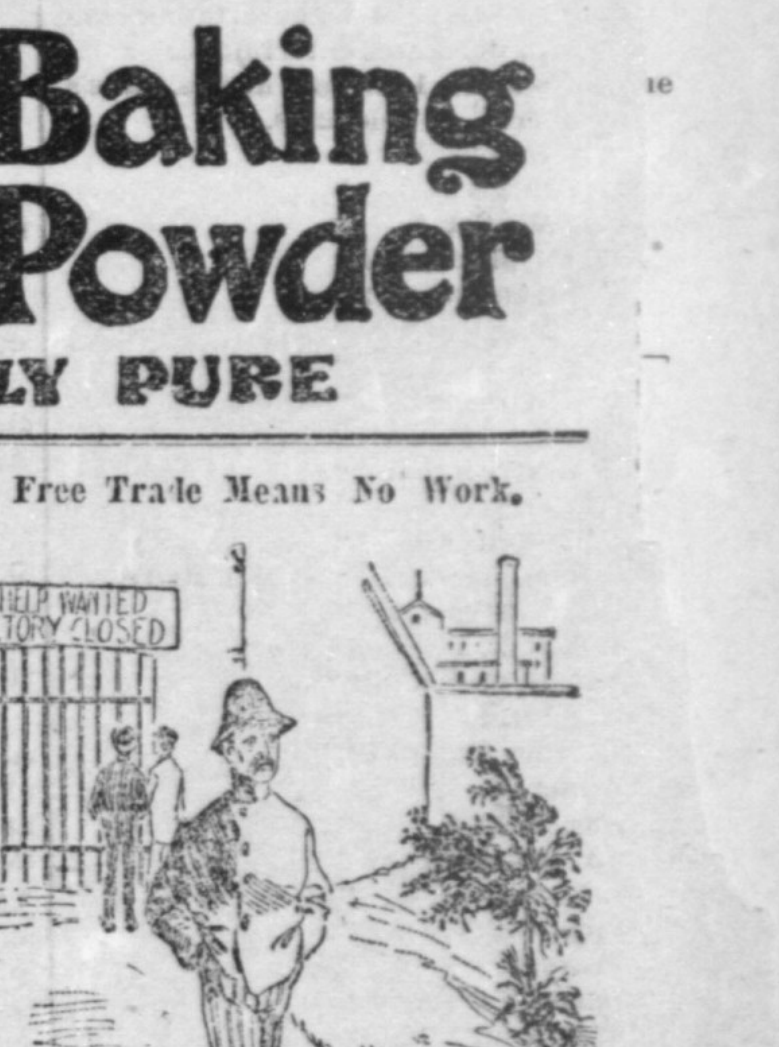
From the Herald, Baltimore, Md.

Mr. Isaac Hamburger is a well-known cigar manufacturer and tobacco dealer at 1425 E. Baltimore street, Baltimore, Md. He is a hale, robust man now, but a few months ago he thought he was about to become a living skeleton if not a dead man. He now weighs about 200 pounds and steps about his factory as actively as do his "stripper" boys. His present condition is due to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which he considers the best medicine in the world for dyspepsia, loss of appetite, indigestion and insomnia. When a *Herald* reporter recently called on Mr. Hamburger he came jauntily in the store from his factory and in speaking of the pills, said: "Yes, I have used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and can cheerfully recommend them. Some months since," he continued, "owing to confinement to business, I had an attack of dyspepsia accompanied by terrible and almost incessant heart burn and torpid liver. I tried doctors and many remedies that friends advised me to take, but found no relief until I heard of and used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I secured five boxes and began to improve perceptibly after taking a few doses, and when the five boxes were gone I was completely cured. If you had seen me when I was sick and compared my condition then with what it is now you would join me in a song of praise of the marvelous merits of Pink Pills. I am a living monument to their efficacy in curing the maladies from which I suffered. I weigh now nearly 200 pounds, sleep well, eat heartily and digest my food without any inconvenience and sleep as well as I did when a boy after a romp before bed time. I unhesitatingly and with confidence in their curative and invigorating qualities recommend the Pink Pills to all sufferers and should I be so unfortunate as to be sick again I shall get another supply."

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

When a boy first starts in the shoe shining business he nearly works himself to death on one pair.

Free Trade Means No Work.



Irrigation in the West.

Some notion of the extent and importance of irrigation in the West is had from the fact that seventeen States and territories will be represented in the fourth national irrigation congress, which is to be held in Albuquerque, N. M., during the third week of next September.

WOMEN'S FACES

—like flowers, fade and wither with time; the bloom of the rose is only known to the healthy woman's cheeks. The nervous strain caused by the ailments and pains peculiar to the sex, and the labor and worry of rearing a family can often be traced by the lines in the woman's face. Dull eyes, the sallow or wrinkled face and those "feelings of weakness" have their rise in the derangements and irregularities peculiar to women. The functional derangements, painful disorders, and chronic weaknesses of women, can be cured with Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. For the young girl just entering womanhood, for the mother and those about to become mothers, and later in "the change of life," the "Prescription" is just what they need; it aids nature in preparing the system for these events. It's a medicine prescribed for thirty years, by Dr. R. V. Pierce, chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, at Buffalo, N. Y.

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