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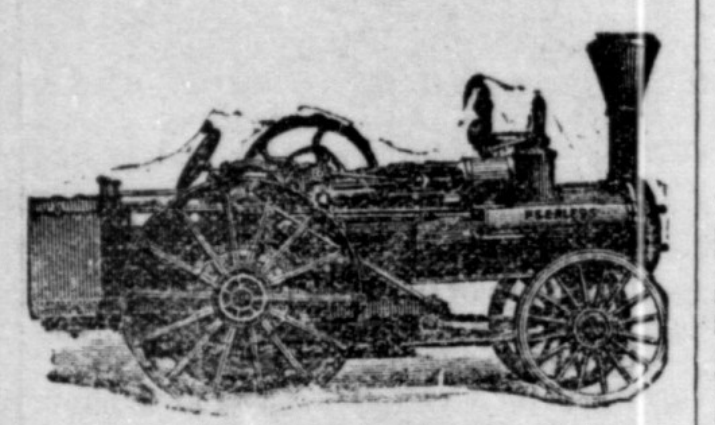

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REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent New York Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "Rough Sailing."

TEXT: "And there were also with Him other little ships, and there arose a great storm of wind."—Mark iv., 36, 37.

Tiberias, Galilee and Gennesaret were three names for the same lake. It lay in a scene of great luxuriance. The surrounding hills, high, terraced, sloping, gorged, were so many hanging gardens of beauty. The streams tumbled down through rocks of gray and red limestone, and flashing from the hillside bounded to the sea. In the time of our Lord the valleys, headlands and ridges were covered thickly with vegetation, and so great was the variety of climate that the palm tree of the torrid and the walnut tree of rigorous climate were only a little way apart. Men in vineyards and olive gardens were gathering up the riches for the oil press. The hills and valleys were starred and crimsoned with flowers, from which Christ took His text, and the disciples learned lessons of patience and trust. It seemed as if God had dashed a wave of beauty on all the scene until it hung dripping from the rocks, the hills, the oleanders. On the back of the Lebanon range the glory of the earthly scene was carried up as if to set it in range with the hills of heaven.

No other gem ever had so exquisite a setting as beautiful Gennesaret. The waters were clear and sweet and thickly inhabited, tempting innumerable nets and affording a livelihood for great populations. Bethsaida, Chorazin and Capernaum stood on the bank roaring with wheels of traffic and flashing with splendid equipages, and shooting their vessels across the lake, bringing merchandise for Damascus and passing great cargoes of wealthy product. Pleasure boats of Roman gentlemen and fishing smacks of the country people, who had come down to cast a net there, passed each other with nod and shout and welcome, or side by side swung idly at the mooring. Palace and luxuriant bath and vineyard, tower and shadowy arbor, looking off upon the calm sweet scene as the evening shadows began to drop, and Hermon, with its head covered with perpetual snow, in the glow of the setting sun looked like a white bearded prophet ready to ascend in a chariot of fire. I think we shall have a quiet night! Not a leaf winks in the air or a ripple disturbs the surface of Gennesaret. The shadows of the great headlands stalk clear across the water. The voices of eveningtide, how drowsily they strike the ear—the splash of the boatman's oar, and the thumping of the captured fish on the boat's bottom, and those indescribable sounds which fill the air at nightfall. You hasten up the beach of the lake a little way, and there you find an excitement as of an embarkation. A flotilla is pushing out from the western shore of the lake—not a squadron with deadly armament, not a clipper to ply with valuable merchandise, not piratic vessels with grappling hook to hug to death whatever they could seize, but a flotilla laden with messengers of light and mercy and peace. Jesus is in the front ship. His friends and admirers are in the small boats following after. Christ, by the rocking of the boat and the fatigues of the preaching exercises of the day, is induced to slumber, and I see Him in the stern of the boat, with a pillow perhaps extemporized out of a fisherman's coat, sound asleep. The breezes of the lake run their fingers through the locks of the wornout sleeper, and on its surface there riseth and falleth the light ship, like a child on the bosom of its sleeping mother! Calm night. Starry night. Beautiful night. Run up all the sails, and ply all the oars, and let the boats—the big boat and the small boats—go gliding over gentle Gennesaret.

The sailors prophesy a change in the weather. Clouds begin to travel up the sky and congregate. After awhile, even the passengers hear the moan of the storm, which comes on with rapid strides and with all the terrors of hurricane and darkness. The boat, caught in the sudden fury, trembles like a deer at bay amid the wild clangor of the hounds. Great patches of foam are flung through the air. The loosened sails, flapping in the wind, crack like pistols. The small boats poised on the white cliff of the driven sea tremble like ocean petrels, and then plunge into the trough with terrific swoop until a wave strikes them with thunder crack, and overboard go the cordage, the tackling and the masts, and the drenched disciples rush into the stern of the boat and shout amid the hurricane, "Master, carest Thou not that we perish?" That great personage lifted his head from the fisherman's coat and walked out to the prow of the vessel and looked upon the storm. On all sides were the small boats tossing in helplessness, and from them came the cries of drowning men. By the flash of lightning I see the calmness of the uncovered brow of Jesus and the spray of the sea dripping from His beard. He has two words of command—one for the wind, the other for the sea. He looks into the tempestuous heavens and He cries "Peace!" and then He looks down into the infuriate waters and He says, "Be still!" The thunders beat a retreat. The waves fall flat on their faces. The extinguished stars rekindle their torches. The foam melts. The storm is dead. And while the crew are untangling the cordage and the cables and baling out the water from the hold of the ship the disciples stand wonder struck, now gazing into the calm sky, now gazing into the calm sea, now gazing into the calm face of Jesus, and whispering one to another, "What manner of man is this, that even the winds and the sea obey Him?"

I learn, first, from this subject that when you are going to take a voyage of any kind you ought to have Christ in the ship. The fact is that those boats would all have gone to the bottom if Christ had not been there. Now, you are about to voyage out into some new enterprise—into some new business relation. You are going to plan some great matter of profit. I hope it is so. If you are content to go along in the treadmill course and plan nothing new, you are not fulfilling your mission. What you can do by the utmost tension of body, mind and soul that you are bound to do. You have no right to be colonel of a reigiment if God calls you to command an army. You have no right to be stoker in a steamer if God commands you to be admiral of the navy. You have no right to engineer a ferryboat from river bank to river bank if God commands you to engineer a Cunarder from New York to Liverpool. But whatever enterprise you undertake, and on whatever voyage you start, be sure to take Christ in the ship. Here are men largely prospered. The seed of a small enterprise grew into an accumulated and overshadowing success. Their cup of prosperity is running over. Every day sees a commercial or a mechanical triumph. Yet they are not puffed up. They acknowledge the God who grows the harvests and gives them all their prosperity. When disaster comes that destroys others, they are only helped into higher experiences. The coldest winds that ever blew down from snow capped Hermon and tossed Gennesaret into foam and agony could not hurt them. Let the winds blow until they crack their cheeks. Let the breakers boom—all is well, Christ is in the ship. Here are other men, the prey of uncertainties. When they succeed, they strut through the world in great vanity and wipe their feet on the sensitiveness of others. Disaster comes, and they are utterly down. They are good sailors on a fair day, when the sky is clear and the sea is smooth, but they cannot outride a storm. After awhile the packet is tossed abeam's end, and it seems as if she must go down with all the cargo. Push out from the shore with lifeboat, long boat, shallow and pinnace. You cannot save the crew. The storm twists off the masts. The sea rises up to take down the vessel. Down she goes! No Christ in that ship.

I speak of young people whose voyage in life will be a mingling of sunshine and of darkness, of arctic blast and of tropical tornado. You will have many a long, bright day of prosperity. The skies clear, the sea smooth. The crew exhilarant. The boat stanch will bound merrily over the billows. Crowd on all the canvas. Heigh, ho! Land ahead! But suppose that sickness puts its bitter cup to your lips; suppose that death overshadows your heart; suppose misfortune, with some quick turn of the wheel, hurls you backward; suppose that the wave of trial strikes you athwart ships, and bowsprit shivered, and halyards swept into the sea, and gangway crowded with piratical disasters, and the wave beneath, and the sky above, and the darkness around are filled with the clamor of voices of destruction. Oh, then you will want Christ in the ship!

I learn, in the next place, that people who follow Christ must not always expect smooth sailing. When these disciples got into the small boats, they said: "What a delightful thing this is! Who would not be a follower of Christ when he can ride in one of these small boats after the ship in which Jesus is sailing?" But when the storm came down these disciples found out that following Jesus did not always make smooth sailing. So you have found out, and so I have found out. If there are any people who you would think ought to have had a good time in getting out of this world, the apostles of Jesus Christ ought to have been the men. Have you ever noticed how they got out of the world? St. James lost his head; St. Philip was hung to death against a pillar; St. Matthew was struck to death by a halberd; St. Mark was dragged to death through the streets; St. James the Less had his brains dashed out with a fuller's club; St. Matthias was stoned to death; St. Thomas was struck through with a spear. John Huss in the fire, the Albigenses, the Waldenses, the Scotch Covenanters—did they always find smooth sailing? Why go so far?

There is a young man in a store in New York who has a hard time to maintain his Christian character. All the clerks laugh at him, the employers in that store laugh at him, and when he loses his patience they say, "You are pretty Christian!" Not so easy is it for that young man to follow Christ. If the Lord did not help him hour by hour, he would fail. There are scores of young men to-day who would be willing to testify that in following Christ one does not always find smooth sailing. There is a Christian girl. In her home they do not like Christ. She has hard work to get a silent place in which to say her prayers. Father opposed to religion; mother opposed to religion; brothers and sisters opposed to religion. The Christian girl does not always find it smooth sailing when she tries to follow Jesus. But be of good heart. As seafarers, when winds are dead ahead, by setting the ship on starboard tack and bracing the yards make the winds that oppose the course propel the ship forward, so opposing troubles, through Christ, veering around the bowsprit of faith, will waft you to heaven when, if the winds had been abaft, they might have rocked and sung you to sleep, and while dreaming of the destined port of heaven you could not have heard the cry of warning and would have gone crashing into the breakers.

Again, my subject teaches me that good people sometimes get very much frightened. From the tone and manner of these disciples as they rushed into the stern of the vessel and woke Christ up, you know that they are fearfully scared. And so it is now that you often find good people wildly agitated. "Oh!" says some Christian man, "the infidel magazines, the bad newspapers, the spiritualistic societies, the importation of so many foreign errors, the church of God is going to be lost, the ship is going to founder! The ship is going down!" What are you frightened about? An old lion goes into his cavern to take a sleep, and he lies down until his shaggy mane covers his paws. Meanwhile the spiders outside begin to spin webs over the mouth of his cavern and say, "That lion cannot break out through this web," and they keep on spinning the gossamer threads until they get the mouth of the cavern covered over. "Now," they say, "the lion's done, the lion's done." After awhile the lion awakes and shakes himself, and he walks out from the cavern, never knowing there were any spiders' webs, and with his voice he shakes the mountain. Let the infidels and the skeptics of this day go on spinning their webs, spinning their infidel gossamer theories, spinning them all over the place where Christ seems to be sleeping. They say: "Christ can never again come out. The work is done. He can never get through this logical web we have been spinning." The day will come when the Lion of Judah's tribe will rouse himself and come forth and shake mightly the Nations. What then all your gossamer threads? What is a spider's web to an aroused lion? Do not fret, then, about the world's going backward. It is going forward.

You stand on the banks of the sea when the tide is rising. The almanac says the tide is rising, but the wave comes up to a certain point and then it recedes. "Why," you say, "the tide is going back." No, it is not. The next wave comes up a little higher, and it goes back. Again you say the tide is going out. And the next time the wave comes to a higher point, and then to a higher point. Notwithstanding all these recessions at last all the shipping of the world knows it is high tide. So it is with the cause of Christ in the world. One year it comes up to one point, and we are greatly encouraged. Then it seems to go back next year. We say the tide is going out. Next year it comes to a higher point and falls back, and next year it comes to a still higher point and falls back, but all the time it is advancing, until it shall be full tide, "and the earth shall be full of the knowledge of God as the waters fill the sea."

Again, I learn from this subject that Christ is God and man in the same person. I go into the back part of that boat, and I look on Christ's sleeping face and see in that face the story of sorrow and weariness, and a deeper shadow comes over His face, and I think He must be dreaming of the cross that is to come. As I stand on the back part of the boat looking on His face I say: "He is a man! He is a man!" But when I see Him come to the prow of the boat, and the sea kneels in His presence, and the winds fold their wings at His command, I say: "He is God! He is God!" The hand that set up the stormy pillars of the universe wiping away the tears of an orphan! When I want pity and sympathy, I go into the back part of this boat, and I look at Him, and I say: "O Lord Jesus, Thou weary One, Thou suffering One, have mercy on me!" "Ecce homo!" Behold the man! But when I want courage for the conflict of life, when I want some one to beat down my enemies, when I want faith for the great future, then I come to the front of the boat and I see Christ standing there in all His omnipotence, and I say, "O Christ, Thou who couldst hush the storm can hush all my sorrows, all my temptations, all my fears!" "Ecce Deus!" Behold the God!

I learn also from this subject that Christ can hush the tempest. Some of you, my hearers, have a heavy load of troubles. Some of you have wept until you can weep no more. Perhaps God took the sweetest child out of your house, the one that asked the most curious questions, the one that hung around you with greatest fondness. The gravedigger's spade cut down through your bleeding heart. Or perhaps it was the only one that you had, and your soul has ever since been like a desolate castle, where the birds of the night hoot amid the falling towers and along the crumbling stairway. Or perhaps it was an aged mother that was called away. You used to send for her when you had any kind of trouble. She was in your home to welcome your children into life, when they died she was there to pity you. You know that the old hand will never do any more kindness for you, and the lock of white hair that you keep so well in the casket of the locket does not look so well as it did on the day when she moved it back from the wrinkled forehead under the old fashioned bonnet in the church in the country. Or perhaps your property has gone. You said, "There, I have so much in bank stock, so much I have in lands, so much I have in securities." Suddenly it is all gone. Alas! for the man who once had plenty of money, but who has hardly enough now for the morning marketing. No storm ever swept over Gennesaret like that which has gone trampling its thunders over your quaking soul. But you awoke Christ in the back part of the ship, crying, "Master, carest Thou not that I perish?" and Christ rose up and quieted you. Jesus hushing the tempest.

There is one storm into which we must all run. When a man lets go this life to take hold of the next, I do not care how much grace he has, he will want it all. What is that out yonder? That is a dying Christian rocked on the surges of death. Winds that have wrecked magnificent flotillas of pomp and worldly power come down on that Christain soul. All the spirits of darkness seem to be let loose, for it is their last chance. The wailing of kindred seems to mingle with the swirl of the waters, and the scream of the wind and the thunder of the sky. Deep to deep, billow to billow, yet no tremor, no gloom, no terror, no sighing for the dying Christian. The fact is that from the back part of the boat a voice sings out, "When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee." By the flash of the storm the dying Christian sees that the harbor is only just ahead. From heavenly castles voices of welcome come over the waters. Peace drops on the angry wave as the storm sobs itself to rest like a child falling asleep amid tears and trouble. Christ hath hushed the tempest.

CURIOUS FACTS.

The Himalaya Mountains have been seen 224 miles away.

In Missouri they "cut sprouts and deaden timber in the dark of the moon."

Joseph B. Stearns, of Camden, Me., who died recently, had the largest collection of ivory carvings in the world.

Plattsburg, Mo., challenges the attention of the world, with a soda fountain dispensing 118 kinds of drinks as its platform.

John B. Williams, a Bellfontaine (Penn.) banker, has fed 1090 tramps at his home during the past year. But few of them returned any service for the food.

A sycamore tree believed to be 400 years old was recently felled at Los Angeles, Cal. It measured twenty-two feet in circumference and was 125 feet high.

A Canton (Conn.) dog undertook to do up a porcupine that he met in the course of his wanderings. It took half an hour to get all the quills out of him afterwards.

Colonel Edward Leyh, editor of a German paper in Baltimore, Md., keeps as pets a couple of fully-fanged rattlesnakes. Their duty in the office is to interview the bores.

The word "forest," as applied to Rannoch Moor, Breadalbane's famous Black Mount deer forest and many another in Great Britain where no tree now grows, is merely a survival. On Rannoch Moor there are still plenty of the roots bedded in the peat.

The Big Muddy, as the Missouri was called by the Indians, justified its name the other day when it was filled with what was graphically described as "fifty miles of dead fishes," which it is supposed were washed out of the smaller streams by the floods and were unable to live in the soup-like water of the Missouri.

The longest, largest and most expensive railway bridge in Continental Europe, which, of course, excludes those of Great Britain, is that across the River Vistula, between Forden, in Prussian Poland, and Culmsee, in Germany. It was opened for traffic in December, 1893, and is 1450 yards in length. It was begun in 1889, and cost 8,000,000 marks, exclusive of the piers.

President Diaz, of Mexico, has issued a decree recognizing homeopathic physicians as regular practitioners of medicine.

A Bird Hospital.

Chicago has a bird hospital. The Superintendent is Mr. C. A. Cross. Some of the Chicago papers refer to him as a B. D. (Bird Doctor), but there is no college which grants such a title, so that if he does employ it it is but the coinage of a fertile imagination. Mrs. Cross is the matron of the hospital and appears to be nearly as talented a B. D. as her husband. The hospital is prosperous and is filled nearly to its limit with patients. The superintendent holds the office and occasionally administers medicine to the invalids in the wards, while the matron sits there with either reading or sewing all day listening to their simple tales and consoling them with words of friendship and affection.

The bird hospital has already, it is said, added largely to our information respecting the feathered kingdom. In the management of the new bird hospital the rates are very reasonable. Small birds, with limited appetites, such as canaries, thrushes, larks, catbirds and swallows, are boarded for thirty-five cents a week and treated medically for fifty cents. Birds of a larger size, such as the parrot, cockatoo, Macaw, gray African and Lory (all of which when inspired by Western air, will eat anything from buttons up to silver half dollars) pay fifty cents a week for their board and $2 a week for therapeutic service. Medium sized birds, such as robins, mocking birds, bobolinks and quail are charged thirty-five cents and $1 respectively. Owls, hawks, falcons and eagles are received upon social terms. The hospital is not exclusive nor one-sided. The inmates can be treated to allopathy, homeopathy, hydropathy, electropathy, eclecticism according to the tastes of their owners. No loud conversation is permitted in the wards of the hospital nor are any cats or dogs allowed about the premises. Arrangements have been made, it is said, for a first-class cemetery,, but this is undoubtedly another piece of imagination. At any rate Chicago has a bird hospital and it is the only city in the world which has one.—New York Mail and Express.

A Solitary Honeymoon.

A story is going the rounds about the unique honeymoon of a Baltimore & Ohio officer, whose office is in the Central Building. He recently married a Baltimore street typewriter. She took a half hour "off" to get married. Then she went back to her machine and is still faithfully pounding away while the bridegroom is off on a trip alone. There is some dispute among those who tell the story as to what the officer went away for. Some claim he has taken this solitary way of enjoying his new-found bliss. Others say he is simply away on a business trip for the road. As for the bride working at her typewriter, it is explained that her employer could get no other help and would not release her.

It is a romance of six months' standing. The officer went to an office to pay his assessment in a beneficiary organization and the bride received it. Both were impressed, and he began giving her boxes of candy. Then he took her out to a Baltimore street lunch-room. There over the "beef-and" and "'alf on the 'alf" the courtship progressed rapidly, with the result as stated. He is twice her age and seven years more.—Baltimore News.

Heat-Proof Glass.

It is said that a new glass has been manufactured, that, while it allows the free passage of light, is a decided check to heat. In an experiment it was proven that a glass plate four-tenths of an inch thick allowed but four and six-tenths per cent. of radiant heat to pass through it. Ordinary window glass lets eighty-six per cent. of heat through. A very thin slab of this glass allowed less than one per cent. of heat from gas to pass through it, although it permitted the transmission of twelve per cent. of heat from sunlight. If this glass is an equal bar to cold, it is a discovery that will revolutionize building and many other of the arts. The glass contains iron in the form of ferrous chloride.—New York Ledger.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials, free. Address
F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.
☞ Sold by Druggists, 75c.

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

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.

The Reviving Powers of Parker's Ginger Tonic make it the need of every home. Stomach troubles, colds and all distress yield to it.

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.

To Keep Young
needs no magic elixir. It only requires a little daily care of the health. Ripans Tabules reduce doctoring to its lowest cost.

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 is an A No. 1 Asthma medicine.—W. R. WILLIAMS, Antioch, Ills., April 11, 1894.

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

Get Hindercorns and Use it If you want to know the comfort of no corns. It takes them out perfectly. 15c. at druggists.

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

Peculiar
In combination, proportion and process, Hood's Sarsaparilla possesses peculiar curative powers unknown to any other preparation. This is why it has a record of cures unequalled in the history of medicine. It acts directly upon the blood, and by making it pure, rich and healthy it cures disease and gives good health.
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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IT IS
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FOR NURSING MOTHERS, INFANTS AND
CHILDREN
★ JOHN CARLE & SONS, New York. ★

LABOR AND WAGES.

THE FALSITY OF FREE TRADE CLAIMS CLEARLY SHOWN.

More Hands Were Employed and Better Wages Paid Under the McKinley Law Than Under the Wilson Act—Results of a Thorough Investigation.

Since the beginning of the present year the free trade newspapers have been busily engaged in reporting what they were pleased to term "advances" in wages, though in no single instance has it been stated to what previous rate of wages the "advance" related. With a view to ascertaining the facts, the American Protective Tariff League has undertaken an investigation to determine the average number of hands employed in different industries, during the first half of the years 1890, 1894 and 1895, together with the percentage of wages paid, the rate of 1890 being taken as a full standard.

Almost 500 reports from eighty-five different industries were received, the largest number of industries that ever reported to any census made by the League. As forty of the replies were either unsigned, only partially filled out, or both, the League omitted them entirely from its calculations, leaving particulars representing the information given by 456 different employers of labor. The first list gives in detail the number of hands employed. It shows that the same industries employed 9530 more hands in 1892 than in 1890, an increase of 12 per cent. In 1894 they employed 24,081 hands less than 1892, a decrease of 26 per cent.; in the early part of 1895 they employed 11,756 more hands than in 1894, but 12,325 less hands than in 1892 and 2795 less even than in 1890. For 1895 the employment of labor shows an increase of 17 per cent. as compared with 1894, a decrease of 13 per cent. as compared with 1892, and a decrease of 3 per cent. as compared with 1890.

Next the League gives the percentage of wages paid in 455 different industrial establishments. Such percentage shows that the average of wages paid in 1892 was 5 per cent. higher than in 1890; in 1893 it was 16 per cent. less than in 1890 and 21 per cent. less than in 1892; while for the 1895 period the average rate of wages paid was 14 per cent. less than in 1890, 17 per cent. less than in 1892 and only 2 per cent. greater than in 1894. While those reported "advances" in wages have been diligently announced in the cases of the few industries that have been enabled to make them, nothing has been heard of the far more numerous other instances wherein the wage earners have not been so fortunate.

Previous investigations made by the League were:

McKinley census, October, 1892, showing over $40,000,000 invested in new or enlarged industries within two years; also that work has been provided for 37,285 additional hands.

Industrial census, October, 1893, showing a loss of 47.20 per cent. in the volume of trade as compared with November, 1892; a decrease of 60½ per cent. in the number of hands employed; a decrease of 69 per cent. in the amount of wages paid; and a decrease of $2.35 in the average weekly earnings.

Industrial census, October, 1894, showing a decrease of 56 per cent. in the output of factories as compared with 1892; a falling off of 30 per cent. in the number of hands employed; a falling off of 45 per cent. in the amount of wages earned; a decrease of $55 in average annual earnings.

These results can be briefly tabulated as follows:

M'KINLEY CENSUS OF 1892.

Extra hands employed	37,285
New capital invested	$40,000,000

INDUSTRIAL CENSUS, OCTOBER, 1893.
Since Nov., 1892.

Decrease in labor	60½ per cent
Decrease in wages	69 per cent
Decrease in business	47.2 per cent.
Number of hands out of work	101,763
Total loss in weekly wages	$1,202,851.36
Average decrease in rate of wages	$2.35 per week

INDUSTRIAL CENSUS, OCTOBER, 1894.
Since 1890 Census.

Decrease in labor	30 per cent.
Decrease in wages	45 per cent.
Decrease in product value	44 per cent.
Decrease in cost of material	44 per cent.

WAGES AND LABOR CENSUS, SEPTEMBER, 1895.

Comparison with	Labor employed. More (X) or less (—).	Wages paid. More (X) or less —.
1890	—3 per cent.	—14
1892	—13 per cent.	—17
1894	X17 per cent.	X12

From this latest investigation it is apparent that the industrial condition of the United States has retrogressed more than half a decade. Six years have elapsed since the taking of the census of 1889, and we find that 3 per cent. less labor is employed now than then, also that labor earned this year at the rate of 14 per cent. less wages than in 1889. These results, as applied to the whole country, appear in the following exhibit:

	Census of 1890.		Investigation of 1895.
Hands employed	4,712,622	— 3 per cent.	4,571,243
Wages earned	$2,283,216,529	—14 p. c.	$1,963,566,215

The result of a Democratic Administration and a free trade fanatic Congress is that labor was earning $300,000,000 less this year than in 1889. We have to thank the more conservative Democratic Congressmen that the result was not worse. Contrast this half decade of Democratic destruction with the progress of the country during three decades of protection:

GROWTH OF CAPITAL INVESTED.

1860	$1,009,855,715
1870	2,118,208,769
1880	2,790,272,606
1890	6,524,475,306

INCREASE OF PERSONS EMPLOYED.

	Men.	Women.	Children Not Returned.
1860	1,040,349	270,807	*
1870	1,615,598	323,770	114,628
1880	2,019,035	531,639	181,921
1890	3,745,210	845,428	121,194

*Not returned.

TOTAL WAGES PAID.

1860	$378,878,966
1870	775,584,343
1880	947,953,795
1890	2,283,216,529

COST OF MATERIAL AND VALUE OF PRODUCT.

	Cost of Material.	Value of Product.
1860	$1,031,605,092	$1,885,861,676
1870	2,488,427,242	4,232,325,242
1880	3,396,823,549	5,369,579,191
1890	5,162,044,076	9,372,437,283

There are two items in the above tables that stand out in bold relief of all others:

	Total Number Hands Employed.	Total Wages Paid.
1890	4,712,622	$2,283,216,529
1880	2,732,595	947,953,795
Increase in ten years	1,980,027	$1,335,262,734

Nearly two millions of people given employment in a decade. Two hundred thousand per year. This was protection. And the threat of free trade has thrown us back half a dozen years till labor is less busy now than it was in 1889, and its earning capacity is less by three hundred million dollars a year.

Here the suggestion naturally follows that our consumption of goods must be on the basis of our consumption in 1889, at least as far as the wage earners are concerned, if they are in receipt of $300,000,000 less than in 1889. This being the case, the effect of our present importations of foreign goods could only be fairly gauged by comparing them with our imports of 1889. That we are not consuming as much as we did from 1890 to 1893 is well known, but if the demand has fallen back to that of 1889, then our manufacturers will certainly have to curtail their output very shortly. We have, in fact, learned from representatives of several industries that this is likely to be the case."

Clothing the Naked.

The renewal of activity in our factories and workshops during the past few months may not inaptly be regarded as a clothing of the naked. For a couple of years past a large proportion of the population has not been able to do this for itself or to its entire satisfaction. The reason is well known. By an unnatural freak the free traders were elected to Congressional control. They at once proceeded to threaten the country with absolute ruin, very effectively distributing their object lessons.

Factory after factory was closed, hand after hand was turned idle upon the streets, but few of them, comparatively, with any financial resources or means of sustenance. Those were not days for replenishing wardrobes. Quite the coutrary. They were leisure days, days of enforced idleness when there was ample time and abundant opportunity to overhaul the wardrobe. Garments that had been thrown away in garret or cellar were brought back for further use. Such were mended that could be mended, while others served for the construction of Cleveland badges.

Those were not the days for buying new clothes. They were the days of enforced economy, the days of rags and tatters, owing to the open threat for absolute free trade for the United States. Those mending days, however, have partly passed away with the passage of a partly protective tariff. The free traders were prevented from carrying out their wild schemes and the people indorsed this restriction in the fall of 1894, just as soon as they had a chance to place themselves on record at the polls. Business mended at once and our factories have since been busy in clothing the naked—those who had been compelled to patch up their rags and tatters and make Cleveland badges, but who are now replenishing their wardrobe just as quickly as they earn money enough to pay for new clothes.

Railroads and the Tariff.

Said a leading banker recently: "Railroads formerly depended largely upon the hauling of farm products for revenue; now their earnings are swelled immensely by the carrying of raw materials and finished goods, which supply permanent business." The railroad business is not directly protected by a tariff, but the banker's remarks are emphatically correct, that the railroad interests are closely connected with the growth of home industry. Factories provide that steady business which railroads desire and need so much. Moreover, the rates are better for manufactured goods than they are on farm products. Hence the broad-minded, able men who conduct the railroad business of the country should all be protectionists.

It isn't very remarkable that Chauncey M. Depew should wed "a woman worth $2,000,000." Any good, true wife is worth that amount.

Woolen Manufacturers in Danger.

There is a growing feeling in the woolen industry that something must be done, and at once, to protect the domestic manufacturer from the unequal competition of foreign makers. The spring business is in a terrible condition; the foreign manufacturer has obtained the larger portion of the orders placed on worsted goods, and the outlook for the next fall season is dismal indeed for the domestic manufacturer as his competitor will be in far better condition to control this trade. There is apparently a protection of fifty per cent., but in reality, through frauds and deceptions, the protection is far below this percentage—there is no protection in it. Congress meets in December, and efforts should be, and must be, made to correct the monstrous evils of the existing tariff which is rapidly strangling the domestic manufacturer. Something must be done, and done quickly, if the woolen industry of this country is to be saved from extinction.—Textile Manufacturers' Journal.

John Bull Knows.

American independence means American prosperity. The average Englishman knows what prosperity means. He knows what American determination means. He has always got better returns for his investments here than anywhere else on the face of the earth. He knows that the "ten or twenty years of prosperity" in sight is based on the returning good sense of the average American voter. He is willing to put up his money on it, and the American voter will see to it that there will be opportunities in plenty for his investments.—Kansas City 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.

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

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Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50 cent bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.
CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
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ASSIST NATURE a little now and then in removing offending matter from the stomach and bowels and you thereby avoid a multitude of distressing derangements and diseases, and will have less frequent need of your doctor's service.
Of all known agents for this purpose, Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are the best. Once used, they are always in favor. The Pellets cure biliousness, sick and bilious headache, dizziness, costiveness, or constipation, sour stomach, loss of appetite, coated tongue, indigestion, or dyspepsia, windy belchings, "heart-burn," pain and distress after eating, and kindred derangements of the liver, stomach and bowels.

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All this and other valuable information can be obtained by reading our One Hundred Page Illustrated Horse Book, which we will forward, post-paid, on receipt of price in stamps. Assuredly the Horse is too good a friend to man to be neglected for want of knowledge which can be procured for only twenty-five cents.
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