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The Eminent Washington Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "All Heaven Looking on."

The subject of Dr. Talmage's opening sermon in Washington was: "All Heaven Looking On," the text selected being the famous passage from Hebrews xii., 1: "Seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses."

In this my opening sermon in the National Capital I give you heartiest Christian salutation. I bethink myself of the privilege of standing in this historic church, so long presided over by one of the most remarkable men of the century. There are plenty of good ministers beside Dr. Sunderland, but I do not know of any man except himself with enough brain to have stood successfully and triumphantly forty-three years in this conspicuous pulpit. Long distant be the year when that gospel chieftain shall put down the silver trumpet with which he has marshaled the hosts of Israel or sheathe the sword with which he has struck such mighty blows for God and righteousness. I come to you with the same gospel that he has preached and to join you in all kinds of work for making the world better, and I hope to see you all in your own homes and have you all come and see me, but don't all come at once. And without any preliminary discourses as to what I propose to do I begin here and now to cheer you with the thought that all heaven is sympathetically looking on. "Seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses."

Crossing the Alps by the Mont Cenis pass, or through the Mont Cenis tunnel, you are in a few hours set down at Verona, Italy, and in a few minutes begin examining one of the grandest ruins in the world—the amphitheater. The whole building sweeps around you in a circle. You stand in the arena where the combat was once fought or the race run, and on all sides the seats rise tier above tier until you count forty elevations or galleries—as I shall see fit to call them—in which sat the senators, the kings and the 25,000 excited spectators. At the sides of the arena and under the galleries are the cages in which the lions and tigers are kept without food until, frenzied with hunger and thirst, they are let out upon some poor victim, who, with his sword and alone, is condemned to meet them. I think that Paul himself once stood in such a place, and that it was not only figuratively, but literally, that he had "fought with beasts at Ephesus."

The gala day has come. From all the world the people are pouring into Verona. Men, women and children, orators and senators, great men and small, thousands upon thousands come, until the first gallery is full, and the second, the third, the fourth, the fifth—all the way up to the twentieth, all the way up to the thirtieth, all the way up to the fortieth. Every place is filled. Immensity of audience sweeping the great circle. Silence! The time for the contest has come. A Roman official leads forth the victim into the arena. Let him get his sword, with firm grip, into his right hand. The 25,000 sit breathlessly watching. I hear the door at the side of the arena creak open. Out plunges the half starved lion, his tongue athirst for blood, and with a roar that brings all the galleries to their feet he rushes against the sword of the combatant. Do you know how strong a stroke a man will strike when his life depends upon the first thrust of his blade? The wild beast, lame and bleeding, slinks back toward the side of the arena. Then, rallying his wasting strength, he comes up with fiercer eye and more terrible roar than ever, only to be driven back with a fatal wound, while the combatant comes in with stroke after stroke, until the monster is dead at his feet, and the 25,000 people clap their hands and utter a shout that makes the city tremble.

Sometimes the audience came to see a race, sometimes to see gladiators fight each other, until the people, compassionate for the fallen, turned their thumbs up as an appeal that the vanquished be spared, and sometimes the combat was with wild beasts.

To an amphitheatrical audience Paul refers when he says, "We are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses."

The fact is, that every Christian man has a lion to fight. Yours is a bad temper. The gates of the arena have been opened, and this tiger has come out to destroy your soul. It has lacerated you with many a wound. You have been thrown by it time and again, but in the strength of God you have arisen to drive it back. I verily believe you will conquer. I think that the temptation is getting weaker and weaker. You have given it so many wounds that the prospect is that it will die, and you shall be victor, through Christ. Courage, brother! Do not let the sands of the arena drink the blood of your soul!

Your lion is the passion for strong drink. You may have contended against it twenty years, but it is strong of body and thirsty of tongue. You have tried to fight it back with broken bottle or empty wine flask. Nay, that is not the weapon! With one horrible roar he will seize thee by the throat and rend thee limb from limb. Take this weapon, sharp and keen—reach up and get it from God's armory. The sword of the Spirit. With that thou mayest drive him back and conquer!

But why specify when every man and woman has a lion to fight? If there be one here who has no besetting sin, let him speak out, for him have I offended. If you have not fought the lion, it is because you have let the lion eat you up. This very moment the contest goes on. The Trajan celebration, where 10,000 gladiators fought and 11,000 wild beasts were slain, was not so terrific a struggle as that which at this moment goes on in many a soul. That combat was for the life of the body; this is for the life of the soul. That was with wild beasts from the jungle; this is with the roaring lion of hell.

Men think, when they contend against an evil habit, that they have to fight it all alone. No! They stand in the center of an immense circle of sympathy. Paul had been reciting the names of Abel, Enoch, Noah, Abraham, Sarah, Isaac, Joseph, Gideon and Barak and then says, "Being compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses."

Before I get through I will show you that you fight in an arena around which circle, in galleries above each other, all the kindling eyes and all the sympathetic hearts of the ages, and at every victory gained there comes down the thundering applause of a great multitude no man can number. "Being compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses."

On the first elevation of the ancient amphitheater, on the day of a celebration, sat Tiberius, or Augustus, or the reigning king. So in the great arena of spectators that watch our struggles, and in the first divine gallery, as I shall call it, sits our King, one Jesus. On His head are many crowns! The Roman emperor got his place by cold blooded conquests, but our King hath come to His place by the broken hearts healed, and the tears wiped away, and the souls redeemed. The Roman emperor sat, with folded arms, indifferent as to whether the swordsman or the lion beat, but our King's sympathies are all with us. Nay, unheard of condescension! I see Him come down from the gallery into the arena to help us in the fight, shouting, until all up and down His voice is heard: "Fear not! I will help thee! I will strengthen thee by the right hand of My power!"

They gave to the men in the arena, in the olden time, food to thicken their blood, so that it would flow slowly, and that for a longer time the people might gloat over the scene. But our King has no pleasure in our wounds, for we are bone of His bone, flesh of His flesh, blood of His blood.

In all the anguish of our heart,
The Man of Sorrows bore a part.

Once, in the ancient amphitheater, a lion with one paw caught the combatant's sword, and with the other paw caught his shield. The man took his knife from his girdle and slew the beast. The king, sitting in the gallery, said: "That was not fair. The lion must be slain by a sword." Other lions were turned out, and the poor victim fell. You cry, "Shame, shame!" at such meanness. But the King, in this case, is our brother, and He will see that we have fair play. He will forbid the rushing out of more lions than we can meet. He will not suffer us to be tempted above that we are able. Thank God! The King is in the gallery! His eyes are on us. His heart is with us. His hand will deliver us. "Blessed are all they who put their trust in Him."

I look again, and I see the angelic gallery. There they are—the angel that swung the sword at the gate of Eden, the same that Ezekiel saw upholding the throne of God, and from which I look away, for the splendor is insufferable. Here are the guardian angels. That one watched a patriarch; this one protected a child; that one has been pulling a soul out of temptation! All those are messengers of light. Those drove the Spanish armada on the rocks. This turned Sennacherib's living hosts into a heap of 185,000 corpses. Those yonder chanted the Christmas carol over Bethlehem until the chant awoke the shepherds. These, at creation, stood in the balcony of heaven and serenaded the new-born world wrapped in swaddling clothes of light. And there, holier and mightier than all, is Michael, the archangel. To command an earthly host gives dignity, but this one is leader of the 20,000 chariots of God and of the ten thousand times ten thousand angels. I think God gives command to the archangel, and the archangel to the seraphim, and the seraphim to the cherubim, until all the lower orders of heaven hear the command and go forth on the high behest.

Now bring on your lions! Who can fear? All the spectators in the angelic gallery are our friends. "He shall give His angels charge over thee to keep thee in all thy ways. They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone. Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder; the young lion and the dragon shalt thou trample underfoot."

Though the arena be crowded with temptations, we shall, with the angelic help, strike them down in the name of our God and leap on their fallen carcasses! Oh, bending throng of bright, angelic faces and swift wings and lightning foot, I hail you to-day from the dust and struggle of the arena!

I look again, and I see the gallery of the prophets and apostles. Who are those mighty ones up yonder? Hosea and Jeremiah and Daniel and Isaiah and Paul and Peter and John and James. There sits Noah, waiting for all the world to come into the ark, and Moses, waiting till the last Red Sea shall divide, and Jeremiah, waiting for the Jews to return, and John of the Apocalypse, waiting for the swearing of the angel that time shall be no longer. Glorious spirits! Ye were howled at; ye were stoned; ye were spit upon! They have been in the fight themselves, and they are all with us. Daniel knows all about lions. Paul fought with beasts at Ephesus.

In the ancient amphitheatre the people got so excited that they would shout from the galleries to the men in the arena: "At it again!" "Forward!" "One more stroke!" "Look out!" "Fall back!" "Huzza! Huzza!" So in that gallery, prophetic and apostolic, they cannot keep their peace. Daniel cries out: "Thy God will deliver thee from the mouth of the lions!" David exclaims, "He will not suffer thy foot to be moved!" Isaiah calls out: "Fear not! I am with thee! Be not dismayed!" Paul exclaims: "Victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!" That throng of prophets and apostles cannot keep still. They make the welkin ring with shouting and hallelujahs.

I look again and I see the gallery of the martyrs. Who is that? Hugh Latimer, sure enough! He would not apologize for the truth preached, and so he died, the night before swinging from the bedpost in perfect glee at the thought of emancipation. Who are that army of 6666? They are the Theban legion who died for the faith. Here is a larger host in magnificent array—884,000—who perished for Christ in the persecution of Diocletian. Yonder is a family group—Felicitas, of Rome, and her children. While they were dying for the faith she stood encouraging them. One son was whipped to death by thorns, another was flung from a rock, another was beheaded. At last the mother became a martyr. There they are, together—a family group in heaven! Yonder is John Bradford, who said in the fire, "We shall have a merry supper with the Lord to-night." Yonder is Henry Voes, who exclaimed as he died, "If I had ten heads they should all fall off for Christ." The great throng of the martyrs! They had hot lead poured down their throats, horses were fastened to their hands and other horses to their feet, and thus they were pulled apart. They had their tongues pulled out by redhot pinchers; they were sewed up in the skins of animals and then thrown to the dogs; they were daubed with combustibles and set on fire! If all the martyrs' stakes that have been kindled could be set at proper distances, they would make the midnight all the world over bright as noonday! And now they sit yonder in the martyrs' gallery. For them the fires of persecution have gone out. The swords are sheathed and the mob hushed. Now they watch us with an all observing sympathy. They know all the pain, all the hardship, all the anguish, all the injustice, all the privation. They cannot keep still. They cry: "Courage! The fire will not consume. The floods cannot drown. The lions cannot devour! Courage, down there in the arena!"

What, are they all looking? This night we answer back the salutation they give and cry, "Hail, sons and daughters of the fire!"

I look again, and I see another gallery, that of eminent Christians. What strikes me strangely is the mixing in companionship of those who on earth could not agree. There I see Martin Luther, and beside him a Roman Catholic who looked beyond the superstitions of his church and is saved. There is Albert Barnes and around him the presbytery which tried him for heterodoxy! Yonder is Lyman Beecher and the church court that denounced him! Stranger than all, there are John Calvin and James Arminius! Who would have thought they would sit so lovingly together? There are George Whitefield and the bishops who would not let him come into their pulpits because they thought him a fanatic. There are the sweet singers—Toplady, Montgomery, Charles Wesley, Isaac Watts and Mrs. Sigourney. If heaven had had no music before they went up, they would have started the singing. And there the band of missionaries—David Abeel, talking of China redeemed, and John Scudder of India saved, and David Brainerd of the aborigines evangelized, and Mrs. Adoniram Judson, whose prayers for Burma took heaven by violence! All these Christians are looking into the arena. Our struggle is nothing to theirs. Do we, in Christ's cause, suffer from the cold? They walked Greenland's icy mountains. Do we suffer from the heat? They sweltered in the tropics. Do we get fatigued? They fainted with none to care for them but cannibals. Are we persecuted? They were anathematized. And as they look from their gallery and see us falter in the presence of the lions I seem to hear Isaac Watts addressing us in his old hymn, only a little changed:

Must you be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
Or sailed through bloody seas?

Toplady shouts in his old hymn:

Your harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take,
Loud to the praise of love divine,
Bid every string awake.

While Charles Wesley, the Methodist, breaks forth in his favorite words, a little varied:

A charge to keep you have,
A God to glorify,
A never dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky!

I look again, and I see the gallery of our departed. Many of those in the other galleries we have heard of, but these we knew. Oh, how familiar their faces! They sat at our tables, and we walked to the house of God in company. Have they forgotten us? Those fathers and mothers started us on the road of life. Are they careless as to what becomes of us? And those children, do they look on with stolid indifference as to whether we win or lose this battle for eternity? Nay; I see that child running his hand over your brow and saying: "Father, do not fret." "Mother, do not worry." They remember the day they left us. They remember the agony of the last farewell. Though years in heaven, they know our faces. They remember our sorrows. They speak our names. They watch this fight for heaven. Nay; I see them rise up and lean over and wave before us their recognition and encouragement. That gallery is not full. They are keeping places for us. After we have slain the lion they expect the King to call us, saying, "Come up higher!" Between the hot struggles in the arena I wipe the sweat from my brow and stand on tiptoe, reaching up my right hand to clasp theirs in rapturous handshaking, while their voices come ringing down from the gallery, crying, "Be thou faithful unto death, and you shall have a crown!"

But here I pause, overwhelmed with the majesty and the joy of the scene! Gallery of the King! Gallery of angels! Gallery of prophets and apostles! Gallery of martyrs! Gallery of saints! Gallery of friends and kindred! Oh, majestic circles of light and love! Throngs! Throngs! Throngs! How shall we stand the gaze of the universe? Myriads of eyes beaming on us! Myriads of hearts beating in sympathy for us! How shall we ever dare to sin again? How shall we ever become discouraged again? How shall we ever feel lonely again? With God for us, and angels for us, and prophets and apostles for us, and the great souls of the ages for us, and our glorified kindred for us, shall we give up the fight and die? No, Son of God, who didst die to save us! No, ye angels, whose wings are spread forth to shelter us. No, ye prophets and apostles, whose warnings startle us. No, ye loved ones, whose arms are outstretched to receive us. No, we will never surrender!

Sure I must fight if I would reign—
Be faithful to my Lord,
And bear the cross, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word.

Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer though they die.
They see the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all Thine armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be Thine.

My hearers, shall we die in the arena or rise to join our friends in the gallery? Through Christ we may come off more than conquerors. A soldier, dying in the hospital, rose up in bed the last moment and cried: "Here! Here!" His attendants put him back on his pillow and asked him why he shouted, "Here!" "Oh! I heard the roll call of heaven, and I was only answering to my name!" I wonder whether, after this battle of life is over, our names will be called in the muster roll of the pardoned and glorified, and with the joy of heaven breaking upon our souls we shall cry: "Here! Here!"

BERING SEA CLAIMS.

Canada's Representatives Presented to Secretary Olney.

Sir Mackenzie Bowell, Premier of Canada, and Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper, Minister of Justice, who are in Washington to attend the Bering Sea Convention, were presented to Secretary Olney. They were accompanied by Sir Julian Pauncefote and the staff of the British Embassy. Sir Julian was seriously indisposed with an attack of the gout, making his movements slow and painful. He had suffered so much that he was unable to move, but in view of the arrival of the official visitors from Canada, he took part in the presentation.

The State Department has not yet announced any of the details of the convention. The first session will be held this week, if Sir Julian's condition permits of his proceeding. No memorandum or brief has been filed by the British representatives as to the amount of their claim, and it is said that this will await the opening of the convention. The original claim for Bering Sea seizures exceeded $1,000,000.

Our Shoddy Tariff.

Statistics continue to multiply demonstrating the bad effect of the new tariff law upon the American wool industry. We notice some of the Democratic papers are trying to make capital by pointing to the woolen mills recently started up and some increase in the machinery. It is well to note in this connection, however, that the importation of shoddy has increased 1000 per cent. since the McKinley bill was repealed. This is a most extraordinary increase and accounts in a large measure for the augmentation of the business of woolen factories. In order to compete with the imported articles the American manufacturers are compelled to resort to the use of shoddy in much larger quantities than ever before. The people who buy and wear the woolen goods will, of course, be the sufferers; meanwhile the farmer is not getting the price for wool that he formerly received and his flocks are decreasing.—Hagerstown (Md.) Herald and Torchlight.

Democrats Deceive the Women.

"The economical woman is not 'in it' nowadays, at least so far as clothes are concerned. Such diplomacies as makeshifts are no longer possible in dress. The feat of making a little go a long way has practically become extinct. Unless provided with a very long tether indeed, 'making two ends meet' has become almost a lost art. It really seems as though fashion and the dry goods merchants were in league against the noble army of women of moderate means."—New York Evening Sun.

This, from a Democratic paper, is far from being in accord with the promises made to shopping women, in 1892, that the repeal of the McKinley tariff would be followed by cheaper goods and lower prices. The dream of shoppers that one free trade dollar would be equal to two protection dollars is sadly shattered by this cold statement of dry facts. Women will be forced to believe that a free trade promise is more fragile than their own pie crust. How about the poor working girl who was to get her clothes so cheap? "The economical woman is not 'in it' nowadays." The Democrats have deceived her.

Won't Work Their Way.

Exports are growing smaller and imports are increasing. The consumption of foreign wool is increasing and that of domestic wool is declining. Larger quantities of dry goods are being brought into the country from foreign lands, and fewer domestic dry goods are being manufactured in the United States. These are some of the results of the Wilson tariff bill, which was to have increased exports of American manufactured articles and thus promote the prosperity of the country.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Sound Sleepers.

Some very hardy, warm blooded people forget that summer is gone and sleep soundly under light covering, even while Jack Frost is painting weird pictures on the panes. But we all learn by experience, and they find themselves in the morning suffering with stiffness, soreness, lameback, stiffneck or muscular cramps. Still, experience teaches. Like everybody else, they get a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil, rub well with it and are cured. Warmer clothing, and the frost shut out, they snore again happily, while from the towers of winter's storm clouds the sentry cries, "All's well."

No man can have a good head and a bad stomach.

In Olden Times

People overlooked the importance of permanently beneficial effects and were satisfied with transient action, but now that it is generally known that Syrup of Figs will permanently cure habitual constipation, well informed people will not buy other laxatives, which act for a time, but finally injure the system.

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"I Have Tried Parker's Ginger Tonic and believe in it," says a mother, and so will you when you know its revitalizing properties.

The truest self-respect is not to think of self.

Piso's Cure is a wonderful Cough medicine.—Mrs. W. Pickert, Van Siclen and Blake Aves., Brooklyn, N. Y., Oct. 26, 1894.

No woman cares to know why she loves a man.

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

We are often able because we think we are able.

Just How it Does it is Not the Question. It is enough to know that Hindercorns takes out corns, and a great relief it is. 15c. druggists.

A pretty woman never forgets herself.

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

By searching the old learn the new.

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.

The wounds made by a friend never heal.

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

All the gestures of children are graceful.

Your Happiness
Depends upon a healthy body and a contented mind
Your Health
Is seriously in danger unless your blood is rich, red and pure.
Hood's Sarsaparilla
Is the One True Blood Purifier Prominently in the Public Eye.
Hood's Pills cure all liver ills, biliousness, headaches. 25c.

If You Happen
To forget the name, just ask for the best Self-Raising Buckwheat.
YOU WILL GET
Heckers'
Of course.

HOW BRADFORD BOOMS.

SENDING US 6447 PER CENT. MORE WOOLEN GOODS THAN A YEAR AGO.

"Good Weavers Wanted Within" the British Factories—The Actual Effects of Free Trade in Wool—Trade Records Broken in a Foreign Industrial Center.

BRADFORD, England, Oct. 25, 1895.
What brag and bluster the English public is treated to all over the blessings the Gorman tariff has brought to our Bradford trade. One can scarcely open his morning newspaper or have a chat at a street corner with a Worstedopolis business man, but the topic of conversation naturally turns to the great doings at present in Bradford, and to the fine "brass" making times many of them are enjoying. Yes, this is a "record" making time in the annals of the woolen and worsted trade of Yorkshire, and everyone admits it is "Yankee" enterprise, push and go that is doing the lot. Such a thing as being "hard up" for orders is altogether out of the question, as many are so "bummed" up with them that flaring advertisements are to be seen in many a factory office window reading, "Good weavers wanted within."

What in reality has this new tariff already done for Bradford alone? Let Claude Meeker's published returns answer that important question. The following figures show the exports for the first eight months in each of the years named:

	£	s	d
1895	3,830,852	16	1
1894	751,652	0	0
1893	1,726,985	13	2
1892	1,748,315	5	3
1891	1,561,533	15	4
1890	3,098,833	8	6
1889	3,121,269	3	10
1888	2,675,555	10	6
1887	2,217,964	4	8

If you like, there is a marked difference between the years '91, '92, '93 and '94. Yes, that was McKinley's reign, when Bradford felt thrown onto its "beam ends," and when men were at their wits' ends to know how to keep their spindles going and their looms picking. However, while there is to-day much fragrance and sweet smell among the factories of Yorkshire, the time is looming in the near future when there shall be emitted from the domestic factory frankincense and myrrh to brighten the lives of those who now may feel to be the victims of fear and despondency.

The following figures show the increased percentages of exports for twelve months from the Bradford district to the United States:

ENGLISH EXPORTS OF WOOLEN GOODS.

	Per cent. of increase 1895 over 1893.	Per cent. of increase 1895 over 1894.
Worsted coating	207.00	437.00
Stuffs	69.00	276.00
Wool	294.00	587.00
Woolen goods	1409.00	6447.00
Worsted and mohair yarns	192.00	329.00
Wool tops		
Carpets and rugs	64.00	813.00
Sundries	33.00	159.00

This is the actual result of our free trade in raw wool. Our woolen manufacturers were promised that, with free wool, they would be enabled not only to control the American market but also to capture the trade in woolen manufactures in the markets of the world. The result, however, is that one little woolen manufacturing district in England is capturing the entire woolen trade of the United States. The breach in our wall of protection is proving quite fatal both to the producers of raw wool and of woolen goods. YANKEE.

Free Wool and Free Trade.

The wool clip has been decreased a hundred million pounds and the price of the clip has been lowered from 7 to 27½ cents. Still some papers assure us that tariff reform is an excellent thing for this industry. It is one of the few articles, in fact, the only prominent one, which has had the alleged benefit of a full Democratic tariff. Wool was placed on the free list. There is not a cent of duty left on it. It is under a strictly Democratic tariff. Nearly all the other articles that are from time to time cited in the newspapers have some portion of the old protective duty left standing to their benefit. It should be borne in mind that the Wilson bill is not a Democratic tariff. It is simply an amasculated Republican tariff. It was a botched Republican tariff when it came from the House. In the Senate Mr. Gorman and his associates added over 600 amendments, most of which were protective amendments, for Maryland has many factories to protect. In this way the Democratic party is now defending duties which are two-thirds at least Republican, only they are unevenly distributed, favoring certain sectional industries. But in the case of wool the Democratic party had the courage of its convictions and took off the whole duty. The wool clip under the McKinley law amounted to 364,000,000 pounds. This year it is reduced to 264,000,000. At the same time the price was reduced from 7 to 27½ cents, depending upon the grade of wool.—Iowa State Register.

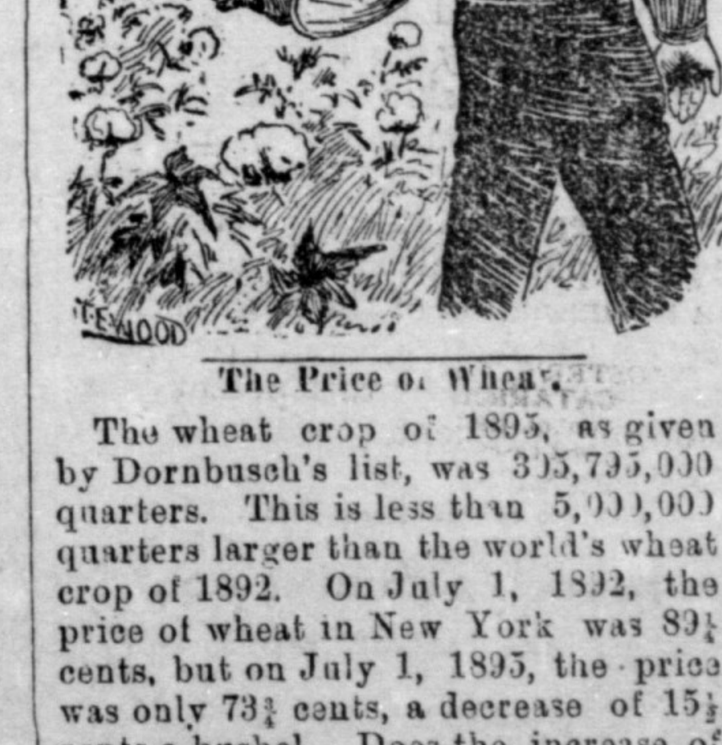
Another Free Trade Trust.

In spite of the fact that the duties on window glass have been reduced nearly one-half by the provisions of the new tariff, the manufacturers have formed a trust. The trust has already advanced prices nearly 18 per cent., and another advance of 5 per cent. is likely to follow. What becomes of the argument that a protective tariff fosters trusts, and that a revision of duties according to Democratic ideas would be a death blow to such combinations?—Troy (N. Y.) Times.

Will Be in Great Demand.

The New York authorities, in view of the great demand for asphalt roadways, are perplexed as to what disposition to make of the basalt blocks now in use. The solution is very easy. If the present Wilson-Gorman Democratic tariff should long continue at the present increasing magnitude of the imports and the decreasing rate of exports they can be used for ballast for steamers going to Europe.—Sing Sing (N. Y.) Republican.

More Cotton Coming.



The Price of Wheat.

The wheat crop of 1895, as given by Dornbusch's list, was 305,795,000 quarters. This is less than 5,000,000 quarters larger than the world's wheat crop of 1892. On July 1, 1892, the price of wheat in New York was 89½ cents, but on July 1, 1895, the price was only 73¾ cents, a decrease of 15¾ cents a bushel. Does the increase of 1½ per cent. in the world's wheat crop between the two periods account for the decrease of 18 per cent. in the value of wheat within the same period?

ARMENIANS BURNED ALIVE.

A Massacre With Terrible Details Reported From the Baiburt District.

Another terrible massacre of Armenians, accompanied by the outraging of women, is reported to have occurred quite recently in the Baiburt District, between Erzeroum and Trebizond.

According to the news received in Constantinople a mob of about 500 Mussulmans and Lazes, the great majority of whom were armed with Martini-Henry rifles, made an attack upon the Armenians inhabiting several villages of that vicinity and set fire to their houses and schools. As the Armenians fled in terror from their dwellings they were shot down as they ran, and a number of men and women who were captured by the rioters, it is added, were fastened to stakes and burned alive.

The Armenian women who fell into the hands of the mob, it is also asserted, were outraged and mutilated. It is also stated that the churches were destroyed, the village pillaged and all the cattle and valuable property belonging to the Armenians carried off.

During the disturbance 150 Armenians are reported to have been killed. The surviving villagers applied to the Governor of Baiburt for protection, who, after hearing their complaint, sent three policemen to the scene of the massacre, after the slaughter was ended.

The Turkish officials, it is claimed, know the ringleaders of the outbreak, but apparently no steps have been taken to arrest them.

The number of Armenians massacred at Erzingjan is now said to be several hundred.

The Turks, it is said, have also attacked the Armenians in the district of Gumushdagh, near Trebizond, and have slaughtered many of them.

It is officially declared that the Armenians provoked the Baiburt disturbances by firing upon the Mussulmans and that many persons were killed and wounded on both sides before the gendarmes suppressed the rioting.

It is also officially stated that the Armenians unwarrantably attacked the Mussulmans at Marash and Zeitoun.

Another despatch received asserts that Major Bekir, of the notorious Hamidieh cavalry, was burned alive on October 4 in a church at Piadim.

Broken Down by Nervous Prostration.

From the Herald, Baltimore, Md.

Mr. J. H. Street, a builder, who is well known in Baltimore, lives with his family at 1809 W. Lanvale Street, a beautiful part of the city, recently built up. When he first occupied his present home, although surrounded by everything to make life comfortable and pleasant, there was a cloud, produced by sickness, which hovered over the household and caused a feeling of unrest, uncertainty and dread of the results in the near future to take possession of every member of the family. Mr. Street, from close application to business, had begun to fail in health. A rest from his labors was advised and tried, but instead of an anticipated improvement he grew worse. His nerves were completely shattered. Doctors worked with him in vain, and every remedy used proved futile. Finally he heard of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and some of the marvelous results attending their use, and he gave them a trial.

"The effect of the pills on me," said Mr. Street a few days ago to a *Herald* reporter, "was little short of a miracle. I was completely broken down from nervous prostration and its concomitant diseases, and had almost given up all hope of ever getting well. I could not sleep, was tired all the time and unable to attend to business. I took three boxes of the pills. There was a perceptible improvement after the first few doses, and by the time I had taken the three boxes I was entirely well and able to attend to business as actively as ever before in my life."

"Yes," said Mrs. Street, who is as strong a believer as her husband in the merits and efficacy of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, "the pills certainly cured my husband, and I shall never cease to give thanks for his having heard of them."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, all forms of weakness either in male or female, and all diseases resulting from vitiated humors in the blood. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price (50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50), by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

A cat farm has been established in Cincinnati. Its purr-puss is to raise fur.

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

TALMAGE IS INSTALLED.

Becomes Co-Pastor of the President's Church After Interesting Exercises.

In the presence of a gathering that filled the edifice, Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage was installed as co-pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Washington, D. C., to which he had recently been called. The First Presbyterian Church, of which Rev. Dr. Bryon Sunderland is pastor, was chosen by President Cleveland as his place of worship when he first came to Washington as the Chief Executive of the nation, and he renewed the choice when he became President in 1893.

The order of exercises included the reading of the 112th Psalm and the Gloria Patri. Dr. David Gregg, of Brooklyn, delivered the sermon; Rev. Adolos Allen, moderator of the Presbytery of Washington, put the constitutional questions to Dr. Talmage; Rev. Dr Wallace Radcliffe delivered the charge to the co-pastor; Rev. Dr. B. F. Billinger, the charge to the people, and Rev. Dr. Thomas Chalmers Easton the closing prayer. Dr. Talmage pronounced the benediction.

A "versatile genius" is really a Jack-of-all-trades, and master of none.

SILVER FOR THE INDIANA.

General Harrison May Present Gifts From the Hoosier State to the Battleship.

Indianians have subscribed nearly $19,000 to be used in purchasing a silver service and library for the battleship Indiana. Governor Matthews has appointed a committee which shall have charge of the expenditure of the money and the presentation of the gifts.

It is expected that General Harrison will be selected to make the presentation at the proper time, as the construction of the ship was ordered while he was President.

Lord Delamere, while hunting in England had his horse stumble under him and he was thrown. As a result of the accident he is in a critical condition.

The Greatest Medical Discovery of the Age.
KENNEDY'S Medical Disco[very]
[...]
pasture weeds [...] kind of Humor, from the [...] 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.

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

ARE YOU A DEMOCRAT?
Presidential Year.
You will find aid and comfort in THE CHICAGO CHRONICLE, the great democratic newspaper of the west. Daily edition $3 per year. No subscription for less than one year at this rate. Sample copies free. THE CHRONICLE, 164-166 Washington st., Chicago, Ill.

$3 A DAY SURE. SEND us your address and we will show you how to make $3 a day; absolutely sure; we furnish the work and teach you free; you work in the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the business fully; remember we guarantee a clear profit of $3 for every day's work; absolutely sure; write at once. [...], Manager, Box LF, DETROIT, MICHIGAN.

ASTHMA
POPHAM'S ASTHMA SPECIFIC
Gives relief in FIVE minutes. Send for a FREE trial package. Sold by Druggists. One Box sent postpaid on receipt of $1.00. Six boxes $5.00. Address THOS. POPHAM, PHILA., PA.

WHY I AM AN A. P. A.
A book, 158 pages, by James Sargent, 303 Beckley Building, Rochester, N. Y. All questions answered. Prices: 25 cents each; $1.50 per doz.; $10 per 100, postage paid. Cash must accompany all orders.

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

PHIDGET. New Game. It pleases the young and old, married and single, sick and well. Send 10c. EL DORADO NOVELTY CO., Washington, D. C.

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

Money in Chickens.

MONEY IN CHICKENS
—IF YOU—
KNOW HOW
To keep them, but it is wrong to let the poor things Suffer and Die of the various Maladies which afflict them when in a majority of cases a Cure could have been effected had the owner possessed a little knowledge, such as can be procured from the
ONE HUNDRED PAGE BOOK
We offer, embracing the PRACTICAL EXPERIENCES of

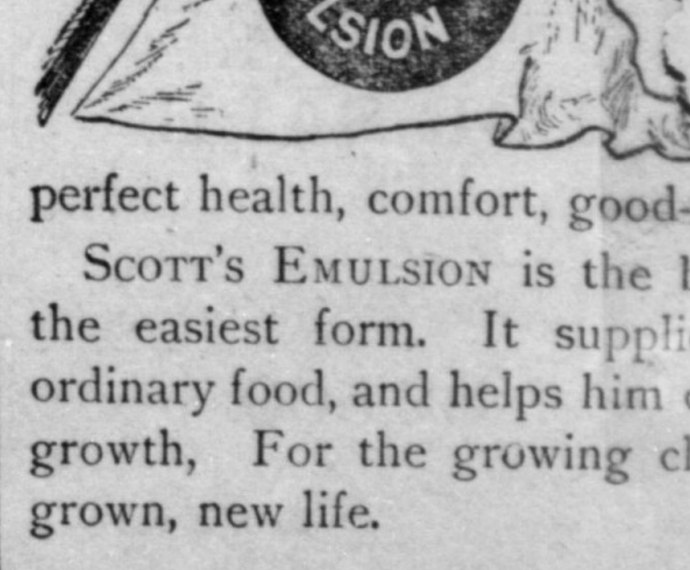


a man who devoted 25 years of his life to CONDUCTING A POULTRY YARD AS A BUSINESS, not as a pastime. As the living of himself and family depended on it, he gave the subject such attention as only a need of bread will command, and the result was a grand success, after he had spent much money and lost hundreds of valuable chickens in experimenting. What he learned in all these years is embodied in this book, which we send postpaid for 25 cents in stamps. It teaches you how to Detect and Cure Diseases, how to Feed for Eggs and also for Fattening, which Fowls to Save for Breeding Purposes and everything, indeed, you should know on this subject.
BOOK PUB. HOUSE,
134 Leonard St., N. Y. City.

Timely Warning.



The great success of the chocolate preparations of the house of Walter Baker & Co. (established in 1780) has led to the placing on the market many misleading and unscrupulous imitations of their name, labels, and wrappers. Walter Baker & Co. are the oldest and largest manufacturers of pure and high-grade Cocoas and Chocolates on this continent. No chemicals are used in their manufactures.
Consumers should ask for, and be sure that they get, the genuine Walter Baker & Co.'s goods.
WALTER BAKER & CO., Limited,
DORCHESTER, MASS.



a health signal.

The baby's mission, its work in life, is growth. To that little bundle of love, half trick, half dream, every added ounce of flesh means added happiness and comfort. Fat is the signal of perfect health, comfort, good-nature, baby-beauty.

SCOTT'S EMULSION is the best fat-food baby can have, in the easiest form. It supplies what he cannot get in his ordinary food, and helps him over the weak places to perfect growth. For the growing child it is growth. For the full-grown, new life.

Be sure you get Scott's Emulsion when you want it and not a cheap substitute.

Scott & Bowne, New York. All Druggists. 50c. and $1.