A Prize Picture Puzzle.

EXPLANATION. The following picture contains four faces, a man and his three daughters. Any one can find the man's face, but it is not so easy to distinguish the faces of the three young ladies. The picture was published in a few newspapers some time ago, and attracted considerable attention to our standard remedies. We now offer a **new** prize competition in connection with it. As the sole object is to **introduce** our medicines into **new** homes, those who entered the former competition are requested not to compete in this one. As to the reliability of "**The Ford Pill Co.**," and the estimation in which their medicines are held, in Toronto, Canada, where they are best known, patrons are referred to the daily newspapers, wholesale druggists and leading business houses generally of Toronto.



The proprietors of "**The Ford Pill Co.**," will give an elegant pair of **Shetland Ponies-Carriage and Harness,** valued at **$600,** (delivered free in any part of the United States, to the *first* person who can make out the three daughters' faces. To the *second* will be given an elegant **Lady's Gold Watch,** set in sapphires and diamonds. To the *third* will be given a pair of solid **Diamond Ear-rings.** To the *fourth* will be given a handsome **China Dinner Service.** To the *fifth* will be given a **Kodak Camera.** To the *sixth*, a **Swiss Music Box.** To the *seventh*, a **French Mantel Clock.** To the *eighth*, an elegant **Banquet Lamp.** To the *ninth*, a pair of **Crown Derby Vases.** To the *tenth*, a complete **Lawn Tennis Set,** and many other prizes in order of merit. Every competitor must cut out the above "**Puzzle Picture,**" distinguish the three girls' faces by marking a cross with a lead pencil on each, and enclose same with 25 U. S. two-cent stamps for **one** of the following "Prize Remedies": "**Ford's Prize Pills,**" "**Ford's Prize Catarrh Remedy,**" or "**Ford's Prize Cough Cure.**" Select any one of the above remedies you desire. Address "**The Ford Pill Co.,**" Cor. Wellington & Bay Sts., Toronto, Canada. The person whose envelope is postmarked first will be awarded the first prize, and the others in order of merit. As this advertisement appears simultaneously throughout the United States, every one has an equal opportunity. To the person sending the *last* correct answer will be given an elegant **Upright Concert Grand Piano,** valued at **$5300.00.** To the *first* person from the *last* sending a correct answer will be given a gentleman's **Gold "Sandoz" Watch,** which strikes the hours and quarter hours on small cathedral gong at pleasure, and valued at **$300.00.** To the *second* from the *last*, a first-class **Safety Bicycle,** pneumatic tire. To the *third* from the *last*, a first-class English **Shotgun.** To the *fourth* from the *last*, a suite of **Parlor Furniture.** To the *fifth* from the *last*, a handsome Silver **Tea Service.** To the *sixth* from the *last*, an elegant **Piano Lamp.** To the *seventh* from the *last*, a handsome pair of **Portieres.** To the *eighth* from the *last*, a genuine English leather travelling **Trunk.** To the *ninth* from the *last*, two pieces of genuine French **Statuary,** and many other prizes in order of merit.

SPECIAL PRIZES FOR EACH STATE.

A special prize of a **Silk Dress Pattern** (sixteen yards, any color), or a first-class **Sewing Machine** (any make desired) will be given to the *first* person in each State in the U. S. who can make out the three daughters' faces. We shall give away **200 valuable prizes,** besides special prizes, (if there should be so many sending correct answers.) No charge is made for boxing and packing of prizes. The names of the leading prize winners will be published in connection with our advertisement in leading newspapers next month. **Extra** premiums will be given to any of those who are willing to assist in introducing our medicines. Nothing is charged for the prizes in any way. They are absolutely given away to introduce and advertise "**Ford's Prize Remedies,**" which are standard medicines, and will be used in every family for years where they have been once introduced. All prizes will be awarded strictly in order of merit, and with perfect satisfaction to the public. The remedies will be sent by mail, postpaid, and prizes **free of duty.**

A WATCH FOR EVERY CORRECT ANSWER.

An **extra** premium of a genuine "**Fearless**" **Watch,** (stem winder,) will be awarded to every person who sends a correct answer within 30 days after this advertisement appears, in case they should not be fortunate enough to secure one of the larger prizes. That is, if any one can find the three faces and enclose them within 30 days from the time this advertisement appears in the newspaper, they are successful either one of the leading prizes, or an **extra** premium of a watch on conditions stated. No answer will be noticed that does not contain 50 cents for one of "**Ford's Prize Remedies.**"

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REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "A Summer's Journey."

TEXT: "*If I take the wings of the morning and dwell in the utmost parts of the sea, even there shall Thy hand lead me.*"—Psalm cxxxix. 9.

What an absurd book the Bible must be to a man who has no poetry in his soul! "Wings of the morning." What kind of a bird is it, and how long are its wings and of what color? Ah, some of us have seen and felt its wings. They are golden. They are buoyant. They are swift. They are widespread. The 15th of last June I took "the wings of the morning" and started for Europe. June 20, on "the wings of the morning," I started from Liverpool. July 12, on "the wings of the morning," I entered Germany, the land of Martin Luther and many of that ilk, living and dead.

On "the wings of the morning" I entered St. Petersburg, Russia. On "the wings of the morning" I entered Moscow. On "the wings of the morning" I entered the palaces of Russia, greeted by the emperor and empress, surrounded by a lovely brood of princes and princesses. On "the wings of the morning" I entered Inverness, the capital of the Scottish highlands, country of Robert Burns and Thomas Chalmers—the one for poetry, the other for religion. September 21st, on "the wings of the morning," I entered the finest haven of all the earth—New York harbor—and looked off toward the most interesting place I had been in three months—1 South Oxford street, Brooklyn.

You all know why I went Russia this summer. There are many thousands of people who have a right to say to me, as was said in the Bible parable, "Give an account of thy stewardship." Through The Christian Herald, which I have the honor to edit, we had for months, in publisher's, in reportorial and editorial column, put before the people the ghastly facts concerning twenty million Russians who were starving to death, and subscriptions to the relief fund had come by letters that seemed not so much written with ink as with tears, some of the letters practically saying, "We find it hard to get bread for our own families, but we cannot stand this cry of hunger fro a beyond the seas, and so please to receive the enclosed." And others had sent jewels from their hands and necks, saying, "Sell these and turn them into bread." And another letter said: "Inclosed is an old gold piece. It was my mother's. She gave it to me and told me never to part with it except for bread, and now I inclose it." We had gathered thirty-five thousand dollars in money, which we turned into three million pounds of flour.

When I went down to the board of trade at Chicago and left five thousand dollars of the amount raised with a prominent grain merchant, taking no receipt and leaving all to him to do the best thing, and returned, it was suggested that I had not done things in a business way. How could we know what sort of flour would be sent. There are styles of flour more fit for the troughs of the swine than the mouths of hungry men and women. Well, as is customary when the flour came to New York it was tested, and we found indeed they had cheated us. They gave us better flour than we had bought. I bought in Chicago fine flour, but they sent us superfine. The blessing of heaven will be given to only those who are honest.

Now we know nothing about famine in America. The grasshoppers may kill the crops in Kansas, the freshets may destroy the crops along the Ohio, the potato worm may kill the vines of Long Island, the rust may get into the wheat of Michigan, yet when there has been dreadful scarcity in some parts of the land there has been plenty in other parts. But in districts of Russia, vast enough to drop several nations into them, drought for six successive years has devastated, and those districts were previously the most productive of all the empire.

It was like what we would have in America if the hunger that sometimes goes out of hell and blighted in our land, and swept his wing over Minnesota, and said, "Let nothing grow here," and over Missouri and said, "Let nothing grow here," and over New York State and said, "Let nothing grow here," and over Ohio and Georgia and Massachusetts and Pennsylvania and Nebraska and Dakota and the Carolinas and said, "Let nothing grow here," and the hunger fiend had swept the same withering and blasting wing over the best parts of America in the years 1887, 1888, 1889, 1890 and 1891 and 1892, and finally all our families were put on small allowance, and we all had risen from the table hungry, and after awhile the children had only quarter enough, and after awhile only one meal a day, and after awhile no good food at all, but a mixture of wheat and chaff and bark of trees, and then fires built in the cauldron down with hunger typhus, and then all the family unable to walk, and then crawling on hands and knees, and then one dead to each room, and magnitude, not quite so exhausted, coming to bury them, and afterward the house becoming the tomb, with none to carry the dead to more appropriate sepulcher—whole families blotted out.

That was what occurred in Russia in homes more than were ever counted, in homes that were once as comfortable and happy and bountiful as yours or mine, in homes as virtuous as yours or mine, in homes where God is worshiped as much as in yours or mine. It was to do a little something toward beating back that archangel of wretchedness and horror that we went and we have now to report that, according to the estimate of the Russian famine relief committee, we saved the lives of 125,000 people. As at the hunger relief stations the bread was handed out—for it was made into loaves and distributed—many people would halt before taking it and religiously cross themselves and utter a prayer for the donors.

Some of them would come staggering back and say, "Please tell us who sent this bread to us." And when told it came from America they would say: "What part of America? Please give us the names of those who sent it." Ah, God only knows the names of those who sent it, but He certainly does know, and many a prayer is going up, I warrant you, day by day, for those who sent flour by the ship L——. Perhaps some of us at our tables rattle off a prayer that may mean nothing, although we call it "saying grace," but I warrant when those people who received the bread which saved their lives "said grace" it meant something.

I said respectfully to a Russian when I saw him cross himself, "What do you do that for?" "Oh," he said, "when I do that I always say, 'Good have mercy on me!'" I hold in my hand something very suggestive. What does that black and unsightly thing look like? That is what is called hungry bread from Russia; that is what millions of people lived on for months before help came from England, Scotland, Ireland and America; that is a mixture which seems to have in it not one grain of sustenance. It is a mixture of pig weed and chaff and the sweepings of stables. That is something which, if dropped in the street, your dog or cat might sniff at, but would not eat. That was the only food on which millions of men and women lived.

You must look at that hunger bread of Russia before you can get proper appreciation of what an attractive and beautiful thing a good loaf of bread is. It is so common to us we cannot realize its meaning.

Why does not some poet ring a canto on a loaf of bread, or some modern Raphael paint it, or some historian tell its history? But I have been asked by good people in Great Britain and America, again and again, Why did not the prosperous people of Russia stop that suffering themselves, making it useless for other nations to help? And I am always glad when I hear the question asked, because it gives me an opportunity of explaining. Have you any idea what it requires to feed twenty million people? There is only one Being in the universe who can do it, and that is the Being who this morning breakfasted sixteen hundred million of the human race. The nobility of Russia have not only contributed most lavishly, but many of them went down and staid for months amid the ghastliness, and the horror, and the typhus fever, and the smallpox that they might administer to the suffering.

The Emperor has made larger contributions toward this relief fund than any monarch ever made for any cause since the world stood, and the superb kindness written all over the faces of Emperor and Empress and Crown Prince is demonstrated in what they have already done and are doing for the sufferers in their own country.

When I saw a few days ago in the papers that the Emperor and Empress had walked through the wards of the most virulent cholera, talking with the patients, shaking hands with them and cheering them up, it was no surprise to me, for I said to myself, "That is just like them." So I put all the three prayers together—God save the President of the United States! God save the Queen of England! God save the Emperor and Empress of Russia!

I will, whether in sermons or lectures I have not yet decided, show that nine-tenthsths of all things written and published against Russia are furnished by men who have been hired by other countries to "write up" or rather write down Russia, so as to divert commerce from that empire or because of international jealousies. Russia being larger than all the rest of Europe put together, you can see how natural would be the jealousies.

Before passing to the other field of my summer observation I give you one little specimen of the falsehoods about Russia. I stood in London with my ticket for St. Petersburg, Russia, in my pocket. It was 2 o'clock in the afternoon, and at 3 o'clock I was to take the train. An American physician came in and said, "You certainly are not going to Russia?" I said, "Why not?" Then a morning paper was shown me, saying that in St. Petersburg there were two thousand cases of virulent cholera; the city had been divided into hospital districts, and the doctors were at their wits' end what to do with the number of patients. The population was flying in terror. It was almost as bad in Moscow.

While reflecting on these accounts two messages arrived from other friends protesting against the foolhardiness of my rushing into the presence of two thousand cases of cholera in one city. Of course I halted. I halted for four days. Meanwhile a telegram from St. Petersburg encouraged me to go. I went. There was not a single case of cholera in St. Petersburg or Moscow, and there was not a single case in either city until four weeks after I left those cities.

I must tell you of a picture of pathos and moral power impressed upon my mind, so that neither time nor eternity may efface it. The ship Leo swung to the docks a few miles below St. Petersburg loaded with flour from America. The sailors on board buzzed as they came down to the docks. From a vacation which we had descended the river to the sea the prominent citizens of St. Petersburg disembarked. The bank was crowded by prosperous citizens, who stood on the wharf, and back of them by poor laborers, who had come down to offer their services free of all charge for the removal of the breadstuffs from the ship to the imperial freight train that took the flour to the interior free of charge. While we stood there the long freight train was backed down to the docks, the locomotive and each car decorated with a flag—the American flag and the Russian flag alternating.

Though my eyes were only a floating rag, you ought to see how the American flag looks five thousand miles from home. It took that day like a section of heaven let down to clear mortal vision. Addresses of welcome and responses were made, and then the work began, the only contest being who should lift the hardest and do most expeditious. From ship to rail train. From rail train to kneeling board. From kneeling board to oven. From oven to table, while all prayed for the life of the dying. Upon all who, whether by contribution small or large, helped make that scene possible may there come the benediction of Him who declared, "I was hungry and ye fed Me."

But I must say a word of report concerning my other theme—the preaching of the Gospel in Great Britain last summer. It was a tour I had for many years anticipated. With the themes of the Gospel I surprised more people in Great Britain in the same length of time—multitudes after multitudes, and beyond anything I can describe. The throngs in all the cities were so great that they could be controlled only by platoons of police, so that none should be hurt by the pressure, each service indoors followed by a service for the waiting throngs outdoors, and both by handshakings to the last point of physical endurance.

In every city and town I had messages poured into my ears for miles in America, Oh, sons of Scotchmen, Englishmen, Welshmen and Irishmen, there are hearts on the other side of the sea beating in affection for you and praying for your present and eternal welfare. By the memories of the old Scotch kirk, where you were baptized, and of the English fireside, by which you prayed, and of the Welsh hills and valleys, among which you roamed, and the old homes on the banks of the Tweed and the Shannon and the Clyde, I charge you be honorable and true and Christian. You have good ancestral blood in your veins. Prove yourself worthy. It seems to me that the Gospel is making mighty strides over there.

What is the use of controversy about anything except how we shall keep close to the cross and do the most for helping people for this world and the next? My three tours in England more cordiality between the National curea and the dissenters. Although I would be called a dissenter there, almost my first step in England was into a banqueting hall—he Lord Mayor's banquet, given to the bishops and high officials of the National church, the great and good and genial Archbishop of Canterbury at their head, and a more magnificent group of folks, intellectually and spiritually, I never got among, and I found that among we had never met before, the archbishop and myself were old friends. But all up and down Great Britain I found a multitude that no man can number enlisted for God and eternity, and I tell you the kingdom is coming.

If the pessimists would get out of the way—the people who snivel and groan and think everything has gone to the dogs or is about to go—I say if these pessimists would only get out of the way the world would soon see the salvation of God. Christianity is only another name for elevated optimism. Was Isaiah an optimist? See his deserts incarnadine with red roses and snowed under with white lilies and his lion asleep between the paws of a lion.

The greatest thing I can think of would be to have a triple alliance of America, England and Russia, in complete harmonation, and then to have upon all of them come a deluge of the Holy Ghost. Let the decimation of other nations cease. Peace and good will to men! For that glorious consummation, which may be nearer than we think, let us pray, remembering that God can do more in five minutes than man can do in five centuries. At the coming nation is not effected in our day I shall ask the privilege of coming out from heaven a little while to look at this old world when it shall have put on its millennial beauty. I think God will let us come out to see it at least once in its perfectest state before it is burned up.

I should not wonder if all heaven would adjourn for an excursion to this world to see how a shipwrecked plane was got off the breakers and set afloat again and into eternal harmonies. Meanwhile let us do all we can to make it better, and it will somehow tell in the final result, though it be only a child's sob unheard, or a trickling tear wiped from a pale face, or a thorn extracted from a tired foot, or a sinful soul washed white as the wool. May God help us to help others! And so these lessons of gratitude and sympathy and helpfulness and vindication I have brought you on the wings of this morning.

SHOT THE INTRUDER.

George Henderson Killed While Trying to Enter John Harden's House.

A sensational tragedy was enacted in Grafton, W. Va. George Henderson, a notorious character about town, was shot down in an attempt to enter a house, and was instantly killed. Henderson attempted to make a forcible entrance into the residence of John Harden, a well-known citizen. Harden heard him at the door, and, appearing at the window above with a revolver, opened fire. He shot and taken a straight course, and pierced him to the heart. He fell on the steps and expired without a struggle. Harden immediately came out when he saw Henderson fall, and finding him dead surrendered himself to the sheriff. A big crowd had assembled by this time, attracted by the shot, and the greatest excitement prevailed. Harden was taken to jail immediately, and Justice Guard summoned a jury and held an inquest over the body of Henderson. When the facts were all brought out and the full story of the killing unfolded, the jury brought in a verdict of justifiable homicide.

JEANNETTE SURVIVORS.

Medals Awarded by Congress Distributed at the Navy Department.

The ill-fated Jeannette Arctic expedition was recalled at the Navy Department when there was presented Commodore Melville one of the gold medals awarded by vote of Congress to the survivors of the expedition.

By order of Congress medals are to be given to each of the surviving officers and men of the expedition (except that the medals for the men are of silver) and to the heirs of those who are dead. But one officer besides Commodore Melville is now alive, R. S. Newcomb, the naturalist of the expedition. The six others are dead, and their medals have been sent to their heirs as follows: Commander De Long's to his widow; Lieutenant Danenhower's to his widow; Dr. Ambel's to his brother; Dunbar's (the ice pilot) to his administrator in London; and J. J. Collins' (the astrologist) to his brother. About a dozen of the twenty-three sailors of the party are supposed to be alive.

THE young American artist Shannon, who has just returned to London, is said to be the fashionable portrait painter of the day in London. Society has honored him with many commissions, and the highest ladies of the land have sat before his easel. His work was exhibited to the public for the first time at the Grosvenor Gallery in London six years ago, and the young artist jumped at once into popularity.

MODERN SLAVERY.

WHAT FREE TRADE MEANS IN "MERRIE ENGLAND"—WORKING IN THE SHADOW OF THE POOR HOUSE—WOMEN TOILERS FOR THIRTY CENTS A DAY.

Four years ago, when Grover Cleveland first appealed to you to indorse his free trade policy, I went to England to learn with my own eyes what free trade had done for the wage earners of that country and to report to you the facts as they existed there. Many years of my life have been spent toiling as a mechanic and I know from my experience what a fair day's pay means to the workingman.

If every workingman in America could go where I have gone the last two months and see what I have seen among the working classes of England—could take with him the picture of the comfortable and contented homes of our industrial classes, well fed and well clothed, and contrast them with the wretched places called homes in "Merrie England"—if, I say, all of you could have traveled around among England's workers as I did, there would not be one among you who would not denounce as a traitor to the Nation the man or the party that advocated a free trade policy for America.

FACTS NEVER CONTRADICTED.

Though my report to you four years ago went into every city and village in this country, and was mailed abroad as well, I have yet to hear the facts therein stated contradicted or my deductions challenged. The free trade press has attempted to dispute the truth of my statements. I have taken the same care this summer to have my data as to wages and ways of living indisputably established, and I undertake to prove to the satisfaction of any unprejudiced man the truth of every line in this document.

A PITIABLE PICTURE REPRODUCED.

I left New York last July and returned to it two weeks ago. In that time I traveled the Black country, as it is called, of England, visited many of the same places and saw many of the same faces as four years ago. Time had not dealt kindly with them, especially the women, the sound of whose hammering on the anvil, the clank of the chains at which they work, and the noise of the pit upon which they shovel and wheel coal, were still all too horrible to the ear of one accustomed to seeing the mothers, wives and sweethearts of his fellow workmen comfortably housed and spared the terrible burdens which these unfortunates have to bear.

Where throughout our broad land are our women made to slave like beasts of burden—ill paid, poorly fed and clad, and looking only to death to relieve them from the toil to which in life there is no ending?

Free trade! No! Slave trade! And even worse than that it is, and the eye that can witness the spectacle undimmed, or the heart that does not go out in sympathy, has no place for humanity. But free trade is the cause of it, and for that reason is the curse of England.

ENGLAND'S ARMY OF PAUPERS.

On the steamer going over I picked up Whittaker's Almanac, and found from its pages that there were 977,421 paupers in Great Britain in a population of 35,246,562. That is 1 to every 36 people. According to our last Federal census we have only 97,265 paupers among the 65,000,000 in the United States, or 1 in every 643 of population. One person in every 12 in the United Kingdom needs parish relief to keep him from starvation. It cost $43,467,345 last year to support England's paupers.

In London, out of 9 persons who die, 2 die in a workhouse, hospital or other public institution: in Manchester it is about 1 out of every 5, and in Liverpool and Birmingham, 1 out of every 6. A couple of years ago a return was issued by the Glasgow medical officer of health in which he showed that in every 100 houses in Glasgow, 30 consisted of only 1 room, 44 of 2 rooms, 14 of 3 rooms, 7 of 4 rooms, 5 of 5 rooms and upward.

IS IT PROTECTION VS. FREE TRADE?

What a commentary on the condition of the people of the two countries! The one the greatest protectionist Nation in the world and the other the leading exponent of free trade. The one having its people contented and well fed, and the other starving or paupers. Remember also in making this comparison that our country is annually adding to its population hundreds of thousands of immigrants made up of the poorer classes from foreign Nations, and that they form the larger part of our paupers.

PAY OF ENGLISH RAILWAY MEN.

Liverpool reached, my next move was to get to Wigan, sixteen miles distant, at the entrance to the "Black Country, where 45,000 people are said to live but really only exist. At the railway station of the London and Northwestern road I learned from the engineer in charge of the train that he got $1.38 per day of ten hours. On express trains the pay is $1.80 for ten hours; firemen get $1.32.

The conductor told me he had $1.32 per day; that trackmen had eighty-four cents; track layers, $4.86 per week; laborers, $4.20; machinists, first class, $7.68, and second class, $6.72. Talking further with this engineer, I learned from him that he had two children at work receiving $1.68 each a week, while his wife worked in a factory for $4.80. He lived in three rooms, for which he paid $1.32 rent per week. Let railway employes in America compare these wages with their own—more than twice as large!

Wigan again, and Bailey's Court! What a picture of hopeless misery and despair it is. The sunshine of life shut out by clouds darker and thicker than those hanging over the town. From tall chimney tops columns of black smoke shoot upward; from great buildings, soot covered and begrimed with the dust of ages, are heard the hum of turning wheels and the roar of busy machinery; trucks laden with stuffs more precious to England than human life—the tokens of her boasted commercial supremacy over land and sea—fill the streets with deafening noise, while long rows of low brick tenements, two stories high, with stone floors, with little windows, affording scarce a breath of pure, fresh air or a ray of bright sunshine, stand as mute reminders that the passing throng of poorly dressed men and women have places they call home, however little of home there is in them to an American eye.

THE STORY OF TWO BUTCHERS.

Two butchers who live there told me something of their existence. One has a wife and five children, another a wife and three children. The latter said his food cost as follows: Butter, 25 cents per pound; flour, 15 cents per pound; beef, 8 to 20 cents per pound; pork, 11 to 16 cents per pound; sugar, 46; rice, 8 to 16 cents; cheese, 12 to 16 cents; milk, 6 cents per quart; chickens, 40 to 60 cents each; potatoes, 20 pounds for 24 cents.

HOW A SLATER EXISTS ON $1.32 A DAY.

A slater whom I met said he earned $1.32 per day and paid eight cents each night for his lodging. He said he could board by the week for $3.36. He preferred to live another way though and paid about the following sum for his meals:

Breakfast	Bacon.... 4 cents Tea..... 3 cents Bread..... 2 cents	9 cents
Dinner	Mutton.. 6 cents Bread.... 2 cents Pot beer.. 4 cents	12 cents
Supper	Bacon.... 4 cents Cheese... 2 cents Bread..... 1 cents Pot beer.. 2 cents	12 cents
Lodgings		9 cents
Total		41 cents

As he receives $1.32 per day he has left after this scanty living ninety-one cents. I asked him what he did with this balance. "I swallow it," said he, meaning that he spent it for liquor. Then I asked him as to the cost of his clothes in a year, and got these figures, which are a fair average for a year's supply for this type of workman:

3 pairs of breeches at $1.92	$5.76
2 coats at $1.50	3.00
3 shirts at 78 cents	2.34
3 vests at $1.08	3.24
3 caps, 24 cents each	.72
2 pairs of shoes at $1.96 each	3.92
3 pairs socks at 32 cents each	.96
Total cost	$19.94

I venture to say, though, that no slater in America would wear the clothes this man buys nor eat the food that he does.

A POORHOUSE THEIR ASYLUM.

Wigan is one of the great coal producing centres of England as well as one of its manufacturing places. The town has been literally undermined for coal, some of the shafts running as far as 2500 feet underground. Close to the centre of the city is the Meadows Colliery, where men and women work together year after year, and the first sight that reaches their eyes when they come above ground is the Wigan poorhouse, just opposite the entrance—a constant reminder of the end for most of them.

A WOMAN FORTY YEARS WHEELING COAL.

Forty women of all ages and conditions were at work wheeling coal when I reached the Meadows Colliery. One of them, though old and wrinkled, seemed to have the muscles of an animal. She told me that her name was Eliza Rider, fifty-five years old, and that she had been wheeling coal for forty years. She earns forty-six cents a day of ten hours.

When I asked her about her clothes, she said that she wore trousers cast off by the men. On the top of the pit I took photographs of the women with their clogs on, while wheeling coal from the pit to the dumps. They told me they got forty cents a day of ten hours. Some were paid fifty-two cents.

One of the women said that her husband worked in the pit and that her child was kept by her mother. She paid sixty cents a week rent and forty-eight cents a week for coal. Her husband earns ninety cents a day in the pit, making $5.40 for him and $2.40 for her—making $7.80 in all per week for the family. She said: "I pay my mother ninety-six cents a week to care for my child, so that I can work. I have worked here for eight years and before that was in a cotton mill. My supper is usually a pot of potatoes and meat or potatoes and bread; seldom have meat and bread together, as I cannot afford both."

NATHANIEL MCKAY.

Dan Sickles's Blow.

One of the most significant speeches at the Grand Army Reunion was made by that famous Democratic soldier, General Sickles. Added to the significance of the words themselves was the further fact that they were vociferously applauded. He first praised President Harrison as a brave soldier whom he knew and honored, and as the applause over his earnest and graceful treatment gars in the face. He should be given a chance to hit 'em again."

The Tariff is a Tax.

The tariff is a tax. We confess it, announce it, assert it.

No intelligent man will try to deny that it is a tax.

It is a heavy tax, an oppressive tax, a strangulation tax.

Of his subject subsided he added: "And he did not need a substitute to the war." At this the cheering became mighty and continuous.

Just at the close of this assembly of his old Taird Corps the General rose again and proceeded as follows:

"There was a point which I intended to make, but in the rambling nature of my remarks I neglected to do, which I will take this opportunity of stating. You have heard, no doubt, some cranks and some snarlers who complain about your little pensions. They say the amount is becoming immense, and talk about reducing it. I will prove to you, my boys, that you are entitled to every bit of it, and deserve more. It is yours by the law, and I would be willing to leave the case to any fair-minded jury.

"You are undoubtly aware that maritime law especially provides that should anyone find a vessel in an imperiled or dangerous condition and bring her safely to port, thus saving the cargo and vessel, that the person or persons acting thus are entitled to a salvage. This salvage amounts to a quarter, a half, or even a greater proportion of the entire value of the cargo and vessel.

"Now that is just the case with you, boys. Your little pension is your salvage, and a mighty small one it is. You found the great Ship of State imperiled and on the brink of destruction. It was your heorism and bravery that saved it, and salvage is due you.

"Go back to your homes, and when your quibbling neighbor, who probably sent a substitute, talks to you about your pension, remember what I have said to you. If you are sensible, you will not all it place in the Executive Chair any one who opposes the payment of pensions to the soldiers who put down the Rebellion.

In opposition to this position of General Sickles comes the Durham (N. C.) Globe with this platform:

"The pension fraud is the greatest of the age—and Cleveland struck the beg-

So far, so good. Just at this point comes our mighty—

But. It is the foreigner who is taxed, oppressed and impoverished by it.

That simple fact throws a flood of light on the tariff tax question.

If you doubt, ask tax tin-plate makers of Wales who have seen their profits disappear to make room for the American tariff.

Ask the Chemnitz hosiery manufacturers who have been delivering goods in this market, duty paid, for less than they received under the old and lower duty.

The pearl button manufacturers of Austria whose business has been captured by America will tell you who is oppressed by the McKinley law.

So will the cotton tie makers of England.

So will the lace curtain makers of Nottingham and the worsted manufacturers of Bradford, and the plush men of Huddersfield.

These people can tell from experience that they are oppressed and taxed by our tariff.

They are all unanimously in favor of its repeal. Every man of them would vote for Cleveland if he could.

Not being able to vote, they pray for his election and subscribe to his campaign fund.

They can afford to. The success of his policy would mean untold wealth to them.

If money could elect a President, their money would elect Cleveland.

But, thank God, money cannot carry an election against the convictions of the American people. Least of all can foreign gold do so.

That is why Benjamin Harrison will continue to occupy the White House for some years yet.

But the tariff tax will stand.

Our people rejoice in it.

It is a tax that protects and enriches them at the expense of the foreign enemies of American industry.—American Economist.

A YOUNG woman residing at Absecon, N. J., was out buggy riding with a young man of the same village, and when they came to a toll-bridge he put his more or less manly arm around her waist and squeezed her real hard. She made him take her right home, and then had him arrested for assault and battery. If this is where the proceedings terminated it is only fair to say that arrest was too good for him. Any reasonably good-looking woman should be duly kissed at all toll-bridges, according to time-honored custom.

MR. REID'S LETTER.

Acceptance of the Nomination for Vice-President.

Wages Under the Present Tariff—The Force Bill.

Mr. Whitelaw Reid has sent his letter of acceptance to W. T. Durbin, of Indiana, chairman of the committee appointed to notify him of his nomination as Republican candidate for the vice-presidency of the United States.

Mr. Reid accepts the principles set forth in the party platform, and argues in support of his party's position on the tariff, reciprocity and the currency.

TARIFF AND WAGES.

Of the effects of the present tariff on wages Mr. Reid says: "Our opponents join issue with us directly and positively on the effects of the present tariff. They deny that there has been any increase of prosperity under it, declare that wages have been reduced, and denounce our policy, saying with a sneer it fosters no industry so much as that of the sheriff. It has been a fortunate circumstance for an impartial public, which desires above all to ascertain the exact facts concerning such an assertion, that in the regular course of their official duty a number of democratic officers have since been required to report the statistics in their several departments bearing upon this subject. Such reports have been made successfully by the commissioner of labor statistics, the bank commissioner and the board of equalization of the State of New York; by the chairman of the savings bank commission and the chief of the bureau of labor statistics of Massachusetts; by the commissioner of the bureau of statistics of New Jersey, and by others. All these reports tend to show an increase during the year 1891, under the present tariff, in wages, in the value of products, in the deposits in savings banks or in building and loan associations, and in the value of real and personal property as fixed for purposes, not of speculation, but of taxation."

THE FORCE BILL.

Of the force bill Mr. Reid says: "The attempt to charge the issues and divert attention from these pressing questions of the hour to an alleged force bill scarcely calls for notice. The very title of the bill referred to proclaims its object to be to prevent the use of force at elections; it failed, anyway, and the Southern white men who were last by its chief, as they were its most interested opponents, now begin to wish it revived to protect them from being themselves counted out of elections they have fairly won—as the other day in Alabama—by their own white fellow-democrats.

"It is well, however, to say that the denunciation in the democratic platform of the principle that the federal government may supervise the election of federal officers is grotesque. That principle has been long recognized; it has been sustained by the courts; it now stands undisputed on the statute book and it was enforced at recent elections by Grover Cleveland, then President of the United States, through his order of October 5, 1886 to McGarland, his Attorney-General.

"But it is not to be disguised that the recent clamor against this principle, if it means anything, means a purpose to nullify the fourteenth article of the constitution of the United States."

AN HONEST ADMINISTRATION.

"The administration of President Harrison has been generally recognized as honest, able and safe. Concerning the number of important subject of both foreign and domestic policy it has been compelled to deal with, and the satisfaction that has attended the acts it, may, indeed, be pronounced brilliantly successful. Abroad it has adjusted difficult questions with consideration for weak nations and with courteous but resolute firmness to the most powerful. It has protected the honor of the flag and the rights of our citizens; has preserved the peace and secured the further application of the principle of international arbitration; has removed long-standing prohibitions on unjust charges of unhealthfulness against our food products; has opened new markets with our neighbors and promoted a closer intercourse. At home it has refunded a portion of the remaining debt at the lowest rate ever commanded by any nation in the civilized world; has largely strengthened and improved our navy; has greatly enlarged the free list at our custom-houses and remitted over one hundred millions of duties on a single article in addition; sugar free. Not to enumerate further, it may be fairly said that the present condition of the country and the general public confidence in the administration combine to form the strongest protest against such pitching the people to the shock and inconveniences inevitable in such a change."

MARYLAND STATE NEWS.

The Latest Happenings in Various Parts of the State.

A BARN and outbuildings on the farm of Thomas Drennen, in Elk Neck, Cecil county, were burned. Richard Foreacre is the tenant on the farm. The crop of hay and contents of the barn destroyed, was valued at $125, while the loss on the building is about $50. Insurance on the barn for $300 in the Cecil county company.

CHAS. MOORE, a bartender in Elkton, attempted suicide by taking laudanum. The attempt was unsuccessful.

REV. GEO. W. EASTER, of West Virginia, has been called to the rectorship of Christ Episcopal Church, Rock Spring, Harford county.

THE vestry of Emmanuel Episcopal Church, Belair, have called Rev. Mr. Whitcomb, of Washington, to take charge of the parish for one year. Mr. Whitcomb, who is yet in deacon's orders, was formerly a lutheran minister.

THE body of David F. Ash, the six-year-old son of David Ash, of Elkton, was found buried in a sand pit on Water street. The unfortunate had left home in the morning and proceeded to the sand pit where he was in the habit of going to play. As he did not return home for dinner, his parents became alarmed and search was at once instituted, when the above result. The pit is quite deep and it was necessary to remove several cartloads of sand before the boy's body could be removed. It is thought the bank caved in on him about noon. His parents are almost heartbroken over the sad occurrence.

SEVERAL miners have been prospecting during the past week on the land of Jacob Caple, near Carrollton station, Western Maryland Railroad, for gold.

BURGLARS broke into the ticket office of the Norfolk and Western Railroad at Antietam, Md., and opened the iron safe, but got nothing for their pains.

MRS. WM. HAMILTON, the wife of a farmer who lives near Rush, Allegany county, was thrown from a market wagon while returning from Cumberland to her home and killed. Her husband was asleep in the wagon whilst the woman drove the team. In descending a heavy grade on Iron Mountain the yoke strap of the wagon pole broke, causing the spirited horses to run off, upsetting the wagon and killing Mrs. Hamilton. The husband escaped with a few slight bruises.

JOHN FEHAB, about sixty years old was instantly killed on the Pittsburg Division of the Baltimore and Ohio in the rear of the Cumberland Glass works. He was a laborer going to his work and stepped from the East-bound track to avoid a passing train, when he was struck by an unobserved West-bound train and ground to pieces.

THE members of the Garrett county bar have appointed Messrs. G. S. Hamill, A. B. Gondor