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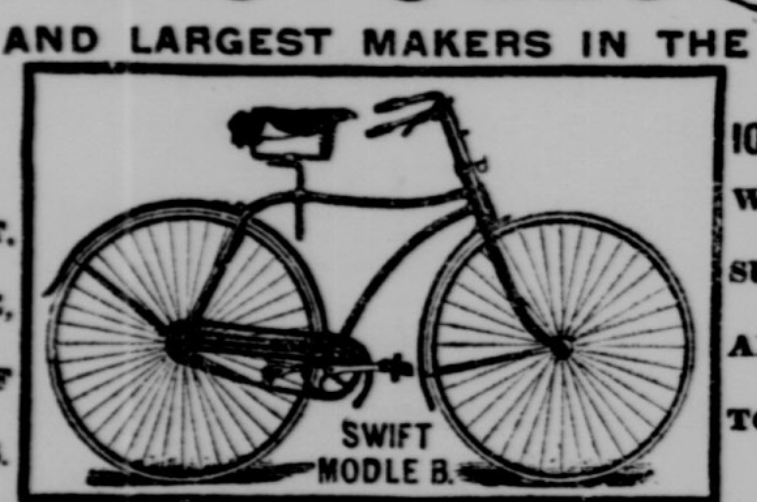

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They Wear Veils.

The oddest things to be seen in the streets of Colorado Springs are horses decked with veils. We have grown accustomed to the jaunty little hats worn by many horses in our towns to protect them from the heat of the sun. We can even see an umbrella fastened over their heads without surprise, but a veil gives to the noble beast a dandyish look that is very droll. Some of these veils, belonging to fine saddles, are mere fringes of fine strips of leather that hang before the eyes; others are pieces of mosquito netting drawn tightly back and fastened like a lady's nose veil; but the most stylish and altogether effective are of netting drawn over a hoop which holds it away from the eyes, yet completely protects them. These exaggerated goggles give the gravest horse a waggish look. The veils are not worn for fashion's sake. They are indeed a stern necessity, and the comfort, if not even the life of the horse, demands it. Colorado, with all its great attractions, has one plague—the plague of flies. Flies of all sizes, from the least up to the enormous bluebottle are everywhere. Most parts of his body the horse can himself protect if not deprived of his tail, but his eyes he cannot, and these delicate organs are special objects of attack by the fly tribe. [illegible] can do to [illegible] his most faithful servant.

MICHAEL DAVITT has been elected a member of Parliament without opposition to represent Northeast Cork, Ireland.

MURRAY, the BARBER.
MURRAY, the Barber, respectfully informs his customers and friends that he can [illegible] found [illegible] to the profession at his old stand, four doors east of the European House

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REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "The Coliseum of Rome."

TEXT: *"I am ready to preach the gospel to you that are at Rome also."*—Romans i., 15.

Rome! What a city it was when Paul visited it! What a city it is now! Rome! The place where Virgil sang and Horace satirized, and Terence laughed and Catiline conspired, and Ovid dramatized and Nero fiddled, and Vespasian prosecuted and Sulla legislated, and Cicero thundered, and Aurelius and Decius and Caligula and Julian and Hadriad and Constantine and Augustus reigned, and Paul the Apostle preached the gospel.

I am not much of a draftsman, but I have in my memorandum book a sketch which I made in the winter of 1889, when I went out to the gate through which Paul entered Rome and walked up the very street he walked up to see somewhat how the city must have looked to him as he came in on the gospel errand proposed in the text. Palaces on either side of the street through which the little missionary advanced. Piled up wickedness. Enthroned accursedness. Templed cruelties. Altars to sham deities. Glorified delusions. Pillared, arched, domed, turreted abominations. Wickedness of all sorts at a high premium and righteousness 99¾ per cent. off. And now he passes by the foundations of a building which is to be almost unparalleled for vastness. You can see by the walls which have begun to rise, that here is to be something enough stupendous to astound the centuries. Aye, it is the Coliseum started.

Of the theatre at Ephesus where Paul fought with wild beasts, the temple of Diana, of the Parthenon, of Pharaoh's palace at Memphis and of other great buildings, the ruins of which I have seen, it has been my privilege to address you, but a member of my family asked me recently why I had not spoken to you of the Coliseum at Rome, since its moral and religious lessons are so impressive.

Perhaps while in Rome the law of contrast wrought upon me. I had visited the Mamertine dungeon where Paul was incarcerated. I had measured the opening at the top of the dungeon through which Paul had been let down, and it was twenty-three inches by twenty-six. The ceiling at its highest point was seven feet from the floor, but at the sides of the room the ceiling was five feet seven inches. The room at the widest was fifteen feet. There was a seat of rock 2½ feet high. There was a shelf four feet high. The only furniture was a spider's web suspended from the roof, which I saw by the torchlight I carried. There was the subterraneous passage from the dungeon to the Roman forum, so that the prisoner could be taken directly from prison to trial.

The dungeon was built out of volcanic stone from the Albano Mountains. Oh, it was a dismal and terrific place. You never saw coal hole so dark or so forbidden. The place was to me a nervous shock, for I remember that was the best thing that the world would afford the most illustrious being, except one, that I ever saw, and that from that place Paul went out to die. From that spot I visited the Coliseum—one of the most astounding miracles of architecture that the world ever saw. Indeed, I saw it morning, noon and night, for it threw a spell on me from which I could not break away.

Although now a vast ruin, the Coliseum is so well preserved that we can stand in the center and recall all that it once was. It is in shape ellipsoidal, oval, oblong. It is at its greatest length 612 feet. After it had furnished seats for 87,000 people it had room for 15,000 more to stand, so that 100,000 people could sit and stand transfixed by its scenes of courage and martyrdom and brutality and horror.

Instead of our modern tickets of admission, they entered by ivory check, and a check dug up near Rome within a few years was marked "Section 6, Lowest Tier, Seat No. 18." You understand that the building was not constructed for an audience to be addressed by human voice, although I tested it with some friends and could be heard across it, but it was made only for seeing and was circular, and at any point allowed full view of the spectacle.

The arena in the centre in olden times was strewn with pounded stone or sand, so as not to be too slippery with human blood, for if it were too slippery it would spoil the fun. The sand flashed here and there with sparkles of silver and gold, and Nero added cinnabar and Caligula added chrysocolla. The sides of the arena were composed of smooth marble eleven feet high, so that the wild beasts of the arena could not climb up into the audience. On the top of these sides of smooth marble was a metal railing, having wooden rollers, which easily revolved, so that if a panther should leap high enough to scale the wall and with his paw touch any one of those rollers it would revolve and drop him back again into the arena.

Back of this marble wall surrounding the arena was a level platform of stone, adorned with statues of gods and goddesses and the artistic effigies of monarchs and conquerers. Here were movable seats for the emperor and the imperial swine and swinesses with which he surrounded himself. Before the place where the emperor sat the gladiators would walk immediately after entering the arena, crying, "Hail, Cæsar! Those about to die salute thee."

The different ranks of spectators were divided by partitions studded with mosaics of emerald and beryl and ruby and diamond. Great masts of wood arose from all sides of the building, from which festoons of flowers were suspended, crossing the building, or in time of rain awnings of silk were suspended, the Coliseum having no roof. The outside wall was incrusted with marble and had four ranges, and the three lower ranges had 80 columns each and arches at the arches, and on each arch an exquisite statue of a god or a hero.

Into 180 feet of altitude soared the Coliseum. It glittered and flashed and shone with whole sunrises and sunsets of dazzlement. After the audience had assembled aromatic liquids oozed from tubes distilled from pipes and rained gently on the multitudes and filled the air with odors of hyacinth and heliotrope and frankincense and balsam and myrrh and saffron, so that Lucan, the poet, says of it:

> At once ten thousand saffron currents flow
> And rain their odors on the crowd below.

But where was the sport to come from? Well, I went into the cellars opening off from the arena, and I saw the place where they kept the hyenas and lions and panthers and wild boars and beastly violences of all sorts without food or water until made fierce enough for the arena, and I saw the underground rooms where the gladiators were accustomed to wait until the clapping of the people outside demanded that they come forth armed—to murder or be murdered. All the arrangements were complete, as enough of the cellars and galleries still remain to indicate. What fun they must have had turning lions without food or drink upon an unarmed disciple of Jesus Christ!

At the dedication of this Coliseum 9000 wild beasts and 10,000 immortal men were slain, so that blood of men and beast was not a brook, but a river; not a pool, but a lake. Having been in that way dedicated, be not surprised when I tell you that Emperor Probus on one occasion threw into that arena of the Coliseum 1000 stags, 1000 boars and 1000 ostriches. What fun it must have been—the sound of trumpets, the roar of wild beasts and the groans of dying men while in the gallery the wives and children of those down under the lion's paw wrung their hands and shrieked out in widowhood and orphanage, while 100,000 people clapped their hands, and there was a "Ha! ha!" wide as Rome and deep as perdition!

The corpses of that arena were put on a cart or dragged by a hook out through what was called the Gate of Death. What an excitement it must have been when two combatants entered the arena, the one with sword and shield and the other with net and spear. The swordsman strikes at the man with the net and shear. He dodges the sword and then flings the net over the head of the swordsman and jerks him to the floor of the arena, and the man who flung the net puts his foot on the neck of the fallen swordsman, and spear in hand looks up to the galleries, as much as to say, "Shall I let him up, or shall I plunge this spear into his body until he is dead?"

The audience had two signs, either of which they might give. If they waved their flags, it meant spare the fallen contestant. If they turned their thumbs down, it meant slay him. Occasionally the audience would wave their flags, and the fallen would be let up, but that was too tame sport for most occasions, and generally the thumbs from the galleries were turned down, and with that sign would be heard the accompanying shout of "Kill! Kill! Kill! Kill!"

Yet it was far from being a monotone of sport, for there was a change of programme in that wondrous Coliseum. Under a strange and powerful machinery, beyond anything of modern invention, the floor of the arena would begin to rock and roll and then give away, and there would appear a lake of bright water, and on its banks trees would spring up rustling with foliage, and tigers appeared among the jungles, and armed men would come forth, and there would be a tiger hunt. Then on the lake in the Coliseum armed ships would float, and there would be a sea fight. What fun! What lots of fun! When pestilence came, in order to appease the gods, in this Coliseum a sacrifice would be made, and the people would throng that great amphitheatre, shouting, "The Christians to the wild beasts!" and there would be a crackling of human bones in the jaws of leonine ferocity.

But all this was to be stopped. By the outraged sense of public decency? No. There is only one thing that has ever stopped cruelty and sin, and that is Christianity, and it was Christianity, whether you like its form or not, that stopped this massacre of centuries. One day while in the Coliseum a Roman victory was being celebrated, and 100,000 enraptured spectators were looking down upon two gladiators in the arena stabbing and slicing each other to death, an Asiatic monk of the name of Telemachus was so overcome by the cruelty that he leaped from the gallery into the arena and ran in between the two swordsmen and pushed first one back and then the other back and broke up the contest.

Of course the audience was affronted at having their sport stopped, and they hurled stones at the head of Telemachus until he fell dead in the arena. But when the day was passed, and the passions of the people had cooled off, they deplored the martyrdom of the brave and Christian Telemachus, and as a result of the overdone cruelty the human sacrifices of the Coliseum were forever abolished.

What a good thing, say you, that such cruelties have ceased. My friends, the same spirit of ruinous amusements and of moral sacrifice is abroad in the world to-day, although it takes other shapes. Last summer in our southwest there occurred a scene of pugilism on which all Christendom looked down, for I saw the papers on the other side of the Atlantic Ocean giving whole columns of it. Will some one tell me in what respect that brutality of last summer was superior to the brutality of a Roman Coliseum? In some respects it was worse by so much as the Nineteenth Century pretends to be more merciful and more decent than the Fifth Century.

That pugilism is winning admiration in this country is positively proved by the fact that years ago such collision was reported in a half dozen lines of newspaper, if reported at all, and now it takes the whole side of a newspaper to tell what transpired between the first blood drawn by one loafer and the throwing up of the sponge by the other loafer, and it is not the newspaper's fault, for the newspapers give only what the people want, and when newspapers put carrion on your table it is because you prefer carrion.

The same spirit of brutality is seen to-day in many an ecclesiastical court when a minister is put on trial. Look at the countenances of the prosecuting ministers, and not in all cases, but in many cases, you will find nothing but diabolism inspires them. They let out on one poor minister who cannot defend himself the lion of ecclesiasticism and the tiger of biggotry, and the wild boar of jealousy, and if they can get the offending minister flat on his back some one puts his feet on the neck of the overthrown gospelizer and looks up, spear in hand, to see whether the galleries and ecclesiastics would have him let up or slain. And, lo! many of the thumbs are down.

In the worldly realms look at the brutalities of the presidential election eight years ago. Read the biographies of Daniel Webster and Alexander H. Stephens and Horace Greeley and Charles Sumner and Lucius Quintus Cincinnatus Lamar and James G. Blaine, and if the story of defamation and calumny and scandalization and diatribe and scurrility and lampoon and billingsgate and damnable perfidy be accurately recorded, tell me in what respects our political arena and the howling and blaspheming galleries that again and again look down upon it are better than the Roman Coliseum.

When I read a few days ago that the Supreme Court of the United States had appropriately adjourned to pay honors to the two last distinguished men mentioned, and American journalism North, South, East and West went into lamentations over their departure and said all complimentary things in regard to them, I asked: "When did the Nation lie about these men? Was it when during their life it gave them malediction or now since their death when bestowing upon them beatification?"

The same spirit of cruelty that you deplore in the Roman Coliseum is seen in the sharp appetite the world seems to have for the downfall of good men, and in the divorce of those whose marital life was thought accordant, and in the absconding of a bank cashier. Oh, my friends, the world wants more of the spirit of "Let him up" and less of the spirit of "Thumbs down!" There are hundreds of men in the prisons of America who ought to be discharged, because they were the victims of circumstances or have suffered enough.

There are in all professions and occupations men who are domineered over by others, and whose life is a struggle with montrous opposition, and circumstances have their heel upon the throbbing and broken hearts. For God's sake, let them up! Away with the spirit of "Thumbs down!" What the world wants is 1000 men like Telemachus to leap out of the gallery into the arena, whether he be a Roman Catholic monk, or a Methodist steward, or Presbyterian elder, and go in between the contestants. "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God!"

One-half of the world is down and the other half is up, and the half that is up has its heel on the half that is down. If you, as a boss workman, or as a contractor, or as a Bishop, or as a State or National official, or as a potent factor in social life, or in any way are oppressing any one, know that the same devil that possessed the Roman Coliseum oppresses you. The Diocletians are not all dead. The cellars leading into the arena of life's struggle are not all emptied of their tigers. The vivisection by young doctors of dogs and cats and birds most of the time adds nothing to human discovery, but is only a continuation of Vaspasian's Coliseum.

The cruelties of the world generally begin in nurseries, and in home circles, and in day schools. The child that transfixes a fly with a pin, or the low feeling that sets two dogs into combat, or that bullies a weak or crippled playmate, or the indifference that starves a canary bird, needs only to be developed in order to make a first class Nero or a full armed Apollyon. It would be a good sentence to be written on the top line of a child's book, and a fit inscription to be embroidered in the arm chair of the sitting room, and an appropriate motto for judge and jury and district attorney and sheriff to look at in the court house, "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy!"

And so the ruins of that Coliseum preach to me. Indeed the most impressive things on earth are ruins. The four greatest structures ever built are in ruins. The Parthenon in ruins, the temple of Diana in ruins, the temple of Jerusalem in ruins, the Coliseum in ruins. Indeed the earth itself will yet be a pile of ruins, the mountains in ruins, the seas in ruins, the cities in ruins, the hemispheres in ruins. Yea, further than that, all up and down the heavens are worlds burned up, worlds wrecked, worlds extinct, worlds abandoned. Worlds on worlds in ruins!

But I am glad to say it is the same old heaven, and in all that world there is not one ruin and never will be a ruin. Not one of the pearly gates will ever become unhinged. Not one of the amethystine towers will ever fall. Not one of the mansions will ever decay. Not one of the chariots will ever be unwheeled. Not one of the thrones will ever rock down. Oh, make sure of heaven, for it is an everlasting heaven. Through Christ the Lord get ready for residence in the eternal palaces.

The last evening before leaving Rome for Brindisi and Athens and Egypt and Palestine I went alone to the Coliseum. There was not a living soul in all the immense area. Even those accustomed to sell curios at the four entrances of the building had gone away. The place was so overwhelmingly silent I could hear my own heart beat with the emotions aroused by the place and hour. I paced the arena. I walked down into the dens where the hyenas were once kept. I ascended to the place where the emperor used to sit. I climbed up on the galleries from which the mighty throngs of people had gazed in enchantment.

To break the silence I shouted, and that seemed to awaken the echoes, echo upon echo. And those awakened echoes seemed to address me, saying: "Men die, but their work lives on. Gaudentius, the architect who planned this structure; the 60,000 enslaved Jews brought by Titus from Jerusalem, and who toiled on these walls, the gladiators who fought in this arena, the emperors and empresses who had place on yonder platform, the millions who during centuries sat and rose in these galleries, have passed away, but enough of the Coliseum stands to tell the story of cruelty and pomp and power—500 years of bloodshed."

Then, as I stood there, there came to me another burst of echoes, which seemed throbbing with the prayers and songs and groans of Christians who had expired in that arena, and they seemed to say, "How much it cost to serve God in ages past, and how thankful modern centuries ought to be that the persecution which reddened the sands of this amphitheater have been abolished."

And then I questioned the echoes, saying, "Where is Emperor Titus, who sat here?" The answer came, "Gone to judgment." "Where is Emperor Trajan, who sat here?" "Gone to judgment." "Where is Maximinus, who sat here?" "Gone to judgment." "Where are all the multitudes who clapped and shouted and waved flags to let the vanquished up, or to have them slain put thumbs down?" The echoes answered, "Gone to judgment." I inquired, "All?" And they answered "All."

And I looked up to the sky above the ruins, and it was full of clouds scurrying swiftly past, and those clouds seemed as though they had faces, and some of the faces smiled and some of them frowned, and they seemed to have wings, and some of the wings were moongilt and others thunder charged, and the voice overpowered the echoes beneath. "Behold He cometh with clouds, and every eye shall see Him."

And as I stood looking up along the walls of the Coliseum they rose higher and higher, higher and higher, until the amphitheatre seemed to be filled with all the Nations of the past, and all the Nations of the present, and all the Nations of the future, those who went down under the paws of wild beasts, and those who sat waving flags to let up the conquered, and those who held thumbs down to command their assassination, and small and great, and emperor and slave, and pastor and people, and righteous and wicked, the amphitheatre seeming to rise to indefinite heights on all sides of me, and in the center of that amphitheatre, instead of the arena of combatants, a great throne stood, rising higher and higher, higher and higher, and on it sat the Christ for whom the martyrs died and against whom the Diocletians plotted their persecutions, and waving one hand toward the piled up splendors to the right of Him He cried, "Come, ye blessed," and waving the other hand toward the piled up glooms on the left of Him He cried, "Depart, ye cursed."

And so the Coliseum of Rome that evening of 1889 seemed enlarged into the amphitheater of the last judgment, and I passed from under the arch of that mighty structure, mighty even in its ruins, praying to Almighty God, through Jesus Christ, for mercy in that day for which all other days were made, and that as I expected mercy from God I might exercise mercy toward others and have more and more of the spirit "Let him up" and less of the spirit of "Thumbs down."

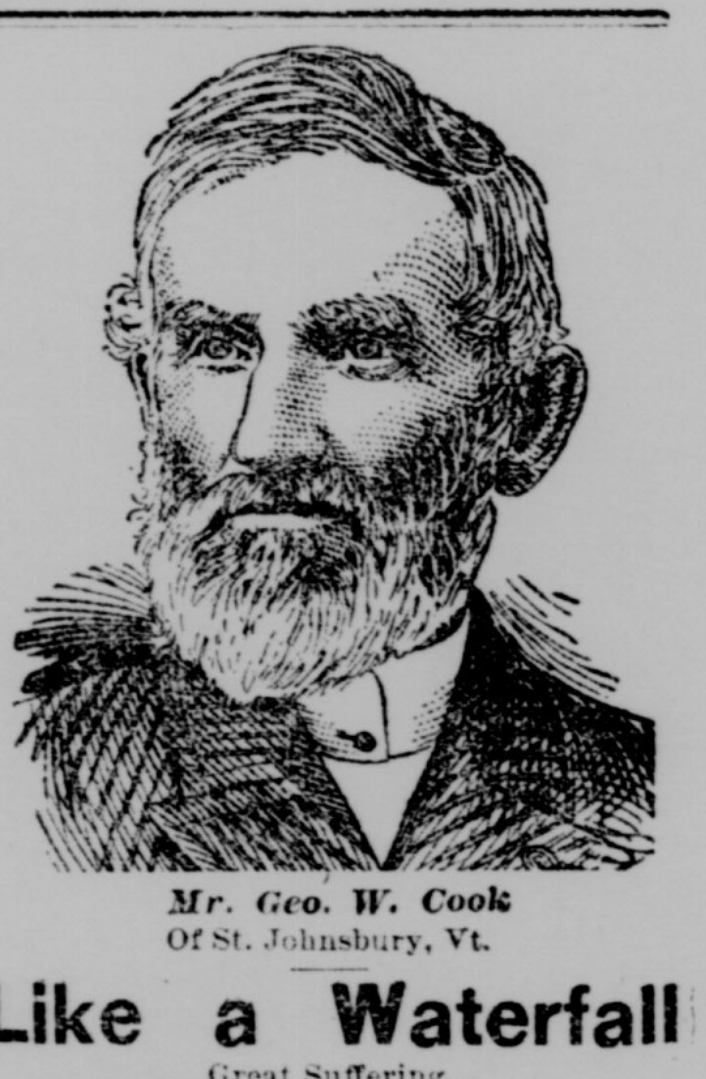
We may not all be able to do a sum in higher mathematics, but there is a sum in the first role of gospel arithmetic which we all may do. It is a sum in simple addition: "Add to your faith virtue, and to virtue knowledge, and to knowledge temperance, and to temperance patience, and to patience godliness, and to godliness brotherly kindness, and to brotherly kindness charity."

A PECULIAR Siamese-twin pair of pheasants was shot, on the wing, by a sportsman near Bellefonte, Penn., a few days ago. Both birds were perfectly developed, and were connected by a fleshy link, half an inch thick, just in front of the wings.

Two stock trains were wrecked by a collision on the Burlington Road, near Osceola, Iowa. Eight persons were injured and many of the cattle were killed or crippled.

MRS. FRITZ HINKLEY (nee Florence Blythe) of San Francisco, parts with twenty-seven and a half per cent. of her newly inherited $3,000,000 estate in lawyers' fees.

The mother tongue is probably the language of Mars.



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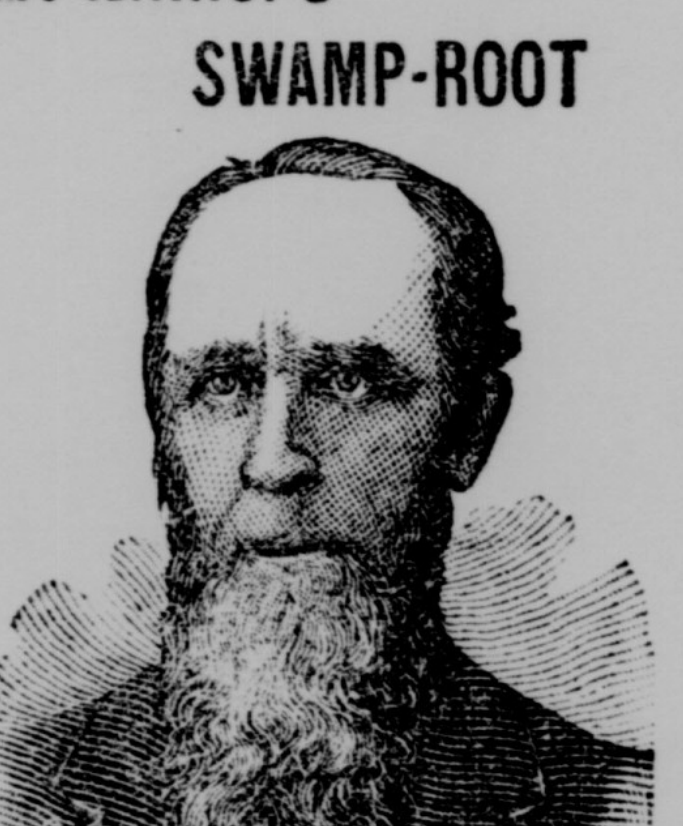

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GUARDING THE QUEEN.

The Post of Royal Detective Is Arduous and Dangerous.

Persons who think about the matter at all suppose it is an easy enough matter to guard the person of Queen Victoria. As a matter of fact the Queen and royal family are a greater source of care to the police than is generally believed by the public, which doubtless imagines that with just a few "bobbies" here and there in uniform and plain clothes, whenever the soverign and the heir apparent take their walks abroad, the whole trick is done. It is a far more difficult and expensive job than this to guard the Queen and Prince.

Every time the Queen leaves one of her residences, even for an afternoon drive, the event is notified some hours beforehand to the police by the equerry on duty, who announces what itinerary her Majesty will probably take. At certain points all along the route policemen have to be stationed, and detectives are placed at all the spots where the royal carriages are likely to stop. About Balmoral and Osborne the roads can be watched without difficulty, but not so around Windsor and Buckingham Palace.

It will be seen from this that the office of court detective is by no means a sinecure, and we might also add that it is of all posts that in which faithful, zealous, efficient service obtains the least honor and reward. Not that royal persons are ungrateful to those who guard them properly, but because the men who guard best are naturally those who make the least fuss. It is the duty of a court detective not only to shield the Queen and Princes from danger, but to conceal from them, so far as possible, that they have been in danger. Thus a man whose sagacity and diligence may over and over again have saved the Queen or Princes from annoyances or hurt, will often be less appreciated than the more demonstrative servant, who, perhaps, once in his life has had the good luck to arrest the arm of an assassin after, not before, the pistol was fired.

Earning a Holiday.

As is well known, Daniel Webster was fitted for college by Rev. Mr. Wood at Boscawen, N. H. He was a good student, and a favorite with his instructor, but his love of sport, particularly fishing, sometimes drew him away from his studies and brought upon him a reprimand. On one occasion Daniel had been fishing without leave, and as a punishment 100 lines of Virgil were given him to translate.

Daniel resolved to surprise his instructor; he did not go to bed, but sat up all night poring over his Virgil. The next day, when the hour for recitation came, he recited his hundred lines with fluency and correctness.

"Very well," said Dr. Wood, preparing to close the book.

"But, doctor, I have a few more lines that I can recite."

"Go on, then," said the teacher, supposing that the lad might have read twenty-five or thirty lines more. But the boy kept on till he had completed a second hundred.

"Really, Dan, I compliment you on your industry."

"But," said Dan, "I have studied further."

"Very remarkable," said the minister in surprise; "well, let us have them."

Dan rolled off another hundred lines, which he appeared to know quite as well as the previous 200.

"You are a smart boy!" said the doctor, approvingly, and not without feeling of relief, for it is rather tedious to listen critically to the translation of 300 lines.

"But," said Dan, "I am not through yet."

"Pray how much have you read?" asked Dr. Wood, in amazement.

"I can recite 500 more if you like," said Dan, his eyes twinkling with enjoyment at the doctor's surprise.

"I think that will do for to-day?" said Dr. Wood. "I don't think I shall have time to hear them now. You have the rest of the day for pigeon-shooting."

And Daniel, rejoicing at the permission, went off to the enjoyment of his sport.

AFTER a fruitful sojourn in Pittsburg, Francis Murphy is off again for the Pacific coast. When he returns he is promised by Andrew Carnegie and others, a people's church in Pittsburg.

MARKETS.

BALTIMORE.

GRAIN, ETC.

FLOUR—Balto. Best Pat.	$ 4 75	@ $ 5 00
High Grade Extra	4 00	4 30
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	73½	77
CORN—No. 2 White	52	53
Yellow	52	53
Ear Yellow per brl	2 70	2 75
OATS—Southern & Penn.	38	42
Western White	39	42
Mixed	37	38½
RYE—No. 2	58	63
HAY—Choice Timothy	16 00	16 50
Good to Prime	14 50	15 50
STRAW—Rye in car lds.	11 00	11 50
Wheat Blocks	6 50	7 00
Oat Blocks	8 50	9 00

CANNED GOODS.

TOMATOES—Stnd. No. 3.	$ 1 00	@ $ 1 10
No. 2	82½	85
PEAS—Standards	1 20	1 40
Seconds		1 00
CORN—Dry Pack		1 10
Moist		1 00

HIDES.

CITY STEERS	$ 7½	@ $ 8
City Cows	4½	4¾
Southern No. 2	4	4½

POTATOES & VEGETABLES.

POTATOES—Burbanks	$ 88	@ $ 90
Va. Yellow	3 50	3 75
Yams	2 00	2 25
ONIONS	95	1 05

PROVISIONS.

HOGS PRODUCTS—shlds.	$ 10½	@ $ 10¾
Clear ribsides	11	11½
Bacon sides	12	12¾
Hams	15	15¾
Mess Pork, per bar		19 50
LARD—Crude		11¾
Best refined		13

BUTTER.

BUTTER—Fine Crmy	$ 30	@ $ 31
Under fine	25	28
Roll	23	24

CHEESE.

CHEESE—N. Y. Factory.	$ 12¾	@ $ 13
N. Y. flats	13	13¼
Skim Cheese	8	11

EGGS.

EGGS—State	$ 36	@ $ 37
North Carolina	34	35

POULTRY.

CHICKENS—Hens	$ 11	@ $ 12
Turkeys	13	15
Ducks, per lb	14	15

TOBACCO.

TOBACCO—Md. Infer's.	$ 1 50	@ $ 1 50
Sound common	3 00	4 00
Middling	6 00	8 00
Fancy	12 00	13 00

LIVE STOCK.

BEEF—Best Beeves	$ 5 25	@ $ 5 50
Good to Fair	4 75	5 00
SHEEP	3 00	5 00
Hogs	6 25	7 25

FURS AND SKINS.

MUSKRAT	$ 10	@ $ 11
Raccoon	40	45
Red Fox	—	1 00
Skunk Black	—	80
Opossum	22	23
Mink	—	80
Otter	—	6 00

NEW YORK.

FLOUR—Southern	$ 2 00	@ $ 3 10
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	80¼	80½
RYE—Western	5[illegible]	5[illegible]
CORN—No. 2	53½	54
OATS—No. 3	[illegible]8	38½
BUTTER—State	[illegible]0	[illegible]9
EGGS—State	32	33
CHEESE—State	10	12

PHILADELPHIA.

FLOUR—Southern	$ 3 60	@ $ 4 00
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	77	77½
CORN—No. 3	51¼	51½
OATS—No. 2	41½	41⅝
BUTTER—State	29	30
EGGS—Penn. fst.	35	36

The Power of Water.

"A Southern Engineer" contributes a valuable article on "Geology and the Mississippi Problem" to the Engineering Magazine. In it he says:

We find in water the only tireless agent that works in the modification of continents; and instead of being the great renovator of the land, as it is popularly conceived, it is the great destroyer. The destruction of ancient Rome has been attributed to time. But it was due simply to the moisture of the atmosphere working through chemical agencies. It was water, invisible but penetrating even the very stones of the wonderful city, that caused her to crumble to ruins, and gave to modern Rome a grade greatly elevated above her ancient grade. But it works not alone in the cities and towns. There is not a hill on earth that has not been shorn of some of its altitude by this subtle force, and there is not a mountain on earth, if not fitfully renewed by volcanic action, that has not been compelled to lower its peak before this universal leveler of the exalted. It may be a dreadful thought, indeed, but we do not know absolutely that we are not dependent on the earthquake and the volcano for keeping our continental habitat above the level of the ocean; for water not only destroys, but it has the persistency and force to carry off to its burial place in the sea all that it has caused to perish. It may take a long time at its task, but working either in its gaseous, its liquid, or its solid form, it seems to be the most persistent thing on earth, never perishing, and, however divided and invisible at times, always ready to unite its forces for a supreme effort at the degradation of a continent.

How to Guess a Woman's Age.

A volume of memoirs has just been published giving the experiences of a French President of Assizes. It bears curious testimony to the inaccuracy of women on the subject of their own ages. As the writer's information is from the calender, he speaks only of the criminal classes. The only instances in which he finds correct dates given by women are when they are under twenty-five or over eighty five. At these periods of life, he says, they are to be trusted.

At all other periods the sure controlling tendency is to understate. The magistrate has been able to give a rule for guidance. He finds that female prisoners invariably state their ages as twenty-nine, thirty-nine, forty-nine or fifty-nine and from this remarkable circumstance he deduces his rule. If their ages are in the forties, they bodily set them down in the thirties, but conscience asserting itself, they keep as near the truth as they can and fix them at thirty-nine. Whether male criminals do the same the magistrate does not state.—London News.

A Rider's Experiments.

Experiments with cyclers and carrier pigeons for transmitting messages are being made by the Gymnastic Society of Rome, in the interest of the Italian army. The rider carried a small cage attached to his machine, in which are several well-trained pigeons. When important observations have been taken and jotted down, they are placed in envelopes and affixed to the birds, which are liberated. In every instance thus far the birds have flown promptly and in a straight line back to headquarters.—New York Witness.

An English writer says a good substitute for a milk for pigs is fine wheat middlings, with a small proportion of boiled flaxseed mixed with the mess.

Peas and Beans.

Although peas were known and used as food many centuries before the birth of Christ, it is singular that green peas came into use in Western Europe only 200 years ago. Mme. de Maintenon wrote in 1696: "All the talk now is about the new dish—green peas. The impatience for them, the pleasure of eating them, the triumph of finding them so enjoyable, and the joy of anticipating the repetition of the treat are animating points of conversation at our court. And many ladies after going home from a royal feast must have a dish ready to eat at home before lying down."

Beans were in use 2000 years before Christ, but in the Egyptian temples they were under ban. Priests must not eat them or look at the growing plants. They were served at funeral feasts only on the dishes placed before the seats of the lately deceased. Thus a prejudice was created which prevented much use of one of the cheapest and best items of food even in Europe until a late day. We have gained nearly as much by the shaking off of such old fetters as by new discoveries.—New York Tribune.

Canon Carr may now be said to be the wealthiest clergyman in England, he having inherited the vast estates of Sir William Evans, the Derbyshire Baronet who died some weeks since. The Canon was connected with the late Baronet by marriage only.

Still Bright and Booming.

A publication brimful of sound advice and the raciest bits of fun, original and copyrighted, from the pens of such noted humorists as Bill Nye, Opie P. Read, Danbury-News-Man, etc., is the St. Jacob's Oil Family Almanac and Book of Health and Humor, 1893. It is a free gift at the Druggists' counter. The work differs somewhat from its fromer editions, but is none the less attractive and in many of its features is the superior of former numbers. One special feature is the "Offer of One Hundred Dollars," open to all contestants, the details of which a perusal of the book will fully give. The Almanac is sent forth by The Charles A. Vogeler Company, Baltimore, Md., proprietors of some of the best known and most reliable medicinal preparations. A copy will be mailed to any address on receipt of a 2-cent stamp by the above firm.

England has revived an old law against swearing.

We eat too much and take too little out-door exercise. This is the fault of our modern civilization. It is claimed that Garfield Tea, a simple herb remedy, helps Nature to overcome these abuses.

When one woman praises another, folks think she is sarcastic.

FOR THROAT DISEASES AND COUGHS use BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES. Like all *really good* things, they are imitated. *The genuine are sold only in boxes.*

Cannot Take the Bit.

The chief of the Kansas City (Mo.) Fire Department has invented a new bridle for horses, the use of which makes it impossible for the horse to take the bit between his teeth. It has no bit to take. It is arranged with a strap over the horse's nose, and a steel curb under his jaw in such a way that a hard pull on the reins make the animal very uncomfortable indeed. The new bridle works to perfection, it is said, on a practical test, keeping the horse perfectly under control, while giving him the minimum of discomfort. One great advantage of the contrivance is that it enables the animal to eat and drink in comfort without displacing the bridle.—New York News.

The Sultan of Turkey has ordered a competitive trial of Krupp and Cail cannon. The latter are used by the French army; and the Ottoman army has been using the former.

"Each Spoonful has done its Perfect Work,"

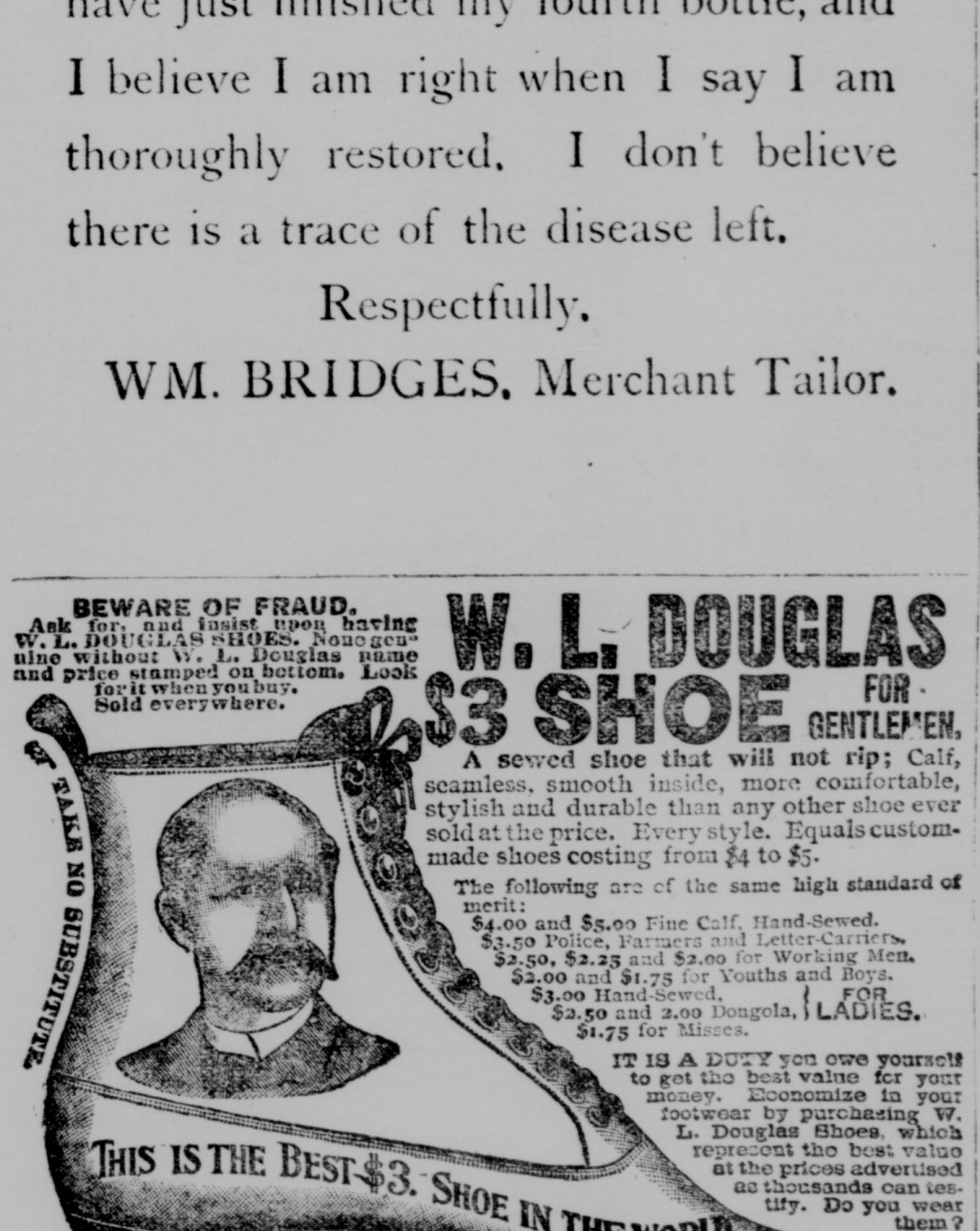
Is the verdict of every woman who has used **Royal Baking Powder.** Other baking powders soon deteriorate and lose their strength, owing to the use of inferior ingredients, but **Royal Baking Powder** is so carefully and accurately compounded from the purest materials that it retains its strength for any length of time, and the last spoonful in the can is as good as the first, which is not true of any other baking powder.

A Testimonial Worth Reading

MT. STERLING, KY., FEB. 13, 1889.

I desire to make a brief statement for the benefit of the suffering. I had been afflicted with catarrh of the head, throat and nose, and perhaps the bladder for fully twenty-five years. Having tried other remedies without success, I was led by an advertisement in the Sentinel-Democrat to try Hall's Catarrh Cure. I have just finished my fourth bottle, and I believe I am right when I say I am thoroughly restored. I don't believe there is a trace of the disease left.

Respectfully,
WM. BRIDGES, Merchant Tailor.



BEWARE OF FRAUD. Ask for, and insist upon having W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES. None genuine without W. L. Douglas name and price stamped on bottom. Sold everywhere.
W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE FOR GENTLEMEN.
A sewed shoe that will not rip; Calf, seamless, smooth inside, more comfortable, stylish and durable than any other shoe ever sold at the price. Every style. Equals custom-made shoes costing from $4 to $5.
The following are of the same high standard of merit:
$4.00 and $5.00 Fine Calf, Hand-Sewed.
$3.50 Police, Farmers and Letter-Carriers.
$2.50, $2.25 and $2.00 for Working Men.
$2.00 and $1.75 for Youths and Boys.
$3.00 Hand-Sewed, $2.50 and $2.00 Dongola, FOR LADIES.
$1.75 for Misses.
IT IS A DUTY you owe yourself to get the best value for your money. Economize in your footwear by purchasing W. L. Douglas Shoes, which represent the best value at the prices advertised above, as thousands can testify. Do you wear them?
Will give exclusive sale to shoe dealers and general merchants where I have no agents. Write for catalogue. If not for sale in your place send direct to Factory, stating kind, size and width wanted. Postage Free. W. L. Douglas, Brockton, Mass.

TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE.
THIS IS THE BEST $3. SHOE IN THE WORLD
WILL NOT RIP.

Syrup of Figs
ONE ENJOYS
Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.
Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and $1 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.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

Every Month
many women suffer from Excessive or Scant Menstruation; they don't know who to confide in to get proper advice. Don't confide in anybody but try
Bradfield's Female Regulator
a Specific for PAINFUL, PROFUSE, SCANTY, SUPPRESSED and IRREGULAR MENSTRUATION.
Book to "WOMAN" mailed free.
BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., Atlanta, Ga.
Sold by all Druggists.

"August Flower"
I had been troubled five months with Dyspepsia. I had a fullness after eating, and a heavy load in the pit of my stomach. Sometimes a deathly sickness would overtake me. I was working for Thomas McHenry, Druggist, Allegheny City, Pa., in whose employ I had been for seven years. I used August Flower for two weeks. I was relieved of all trouble. I can now eat things I dared not touch before. I have gained twenty pounds since my recovery. J. D. Cox, Allegheny, Pa.

PISO'S CURE FOR The Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by Druggists. CONSUMPTION
We offer you a ready made medicine for Coughs, Bronchitis and other diseases of the Throat and Lungs. Like other so-called Patent Medicines, it is well advertised, and having merit it has attained a wide sale under the name of Piso's Cure for Consumption.
It is now a "Nostrum," though at first it was compounded after a prescription by a regular physician, with no idea that it would ever go on the market as a proprietary medicine. But after compounding that prescription over a thousand times in one year, we named it "Piso's Cure for Consumption," and began advertising it in a small way. A medicine known all over the world is the result.
Why is it not just as good as though costing fifty cents to a dollar for a prescription and an equal sum to have it put up at a drug store?

MEND YOUR OWN HARNESS WITH **THOMSON'S SLOTTED CLINCH RIVETS.**
No tools required. Only a hammer needed to drive and clinch them easily and quickly; leaving the clinch absolutely smooth. Requiring no hole to be made in the leather nor burr for the Rivets. They are strong, tough and durable. Millions now in use. All lengths, uniform or assorted, put up in boxes.
Ask your dealer for them, or send 40c. in stamps for a box of 100, assorted sizes. Man'f'd by
JUDSON L. THOMSON MFG. CO., WALTHAM, MASS.
BN 7

RISING SUN STOVE POLISH
Do Not Be Deceived with Pastes, Enamels and Paints which stain the hands, injure the iron and burn red. The Rising Sun Stove Polish is Brilliant, Odorless, Durable, and the consumer pays for no tin or glass package with every purchase.

25 DOSES 25c THE GREAT COUGH CURE 25c 50c & $1. **SHILOH'S CURE.**
Cures Consumption, Coughs, Croup, Sore Throat. Sold by all Druggists on a Guarantee.

AN IDEAL FAMILY MEDICINE
for Indigestion, Biliousness, Headache, Constipation, Bad Complexion, Offensive Breath, and all disorders of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels.
RIPANS TABULES act gently yet promptly. [illegible]
RIPANS CHEMICAL CO., New York.

BLOOD POISON A SPECIALTY. [illegible] Our financial backing is $500,000. [illegible] THE ONLY THING THAT WILL CURE PERMANENTLY. [illegible] FREE. COOK REMEDY COMPANY, Chicago, Ill.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.
CATARRH
Sold by druggists or sent by mail, 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

Garfield Tea Overcomes results of bad eating. Cures Constipation, Restores Complexion, saves Doctors' Bills. [illegible]
Cures Sick Headache