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A Christmas Thought and a Happy One!

The season for gifts is upon us, and the same old trouble—
What to Select!
It is generally difficult to find something useful as well as ornate.
But we have it—
It's a Lamp—
and a beauty, and the price is much less than you would guess, and can be had only in New York City and from us. We have pictured this lamp as well as practicable in a newspaper cut. It is truly A BEAUTY—24 inches high, with best central draft burner, elegant Mexican onyx column, and an exquisite silk shade—any color you say—sent securely packed on receipt of money order for $8.60.
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THE HOLIDAY TRADE.

SHOPPERS AND SHOPKEEPERS NOT AS BUSY AS THEY USED TO BE.

Valuable Information as to the Volume of Holiday Business—Hundreds of Millions of Dollars Less Trade Than in 1892—But Little Improvement Over 1894.

A year ago the free trade papers were pointing with pride to an increase in the volume of last November's business as compared with 1894. They stated that the real movement of goods for the Christmas trade began in November. Let us see how it has been this year.

Bradstreet's, December 7, told us that the totals of last month's bank clearings were smaller than for October, and that "the falling off shown from October is not unexpected, in view of the recent lull in trade reported from week to week." This seems peculiar. Here we had been approaching Christmas when there should be an extra boom to business, over and above the free trade boom that is said to be in existence, yet Bradstreet's reported a "lull from week to week." Again we quote from that authority:

"Rather more than the usual number of decreases (in bank clearings) are shown to have occurred during November as compared with November a year ago."

This is disheartening Christmas cheer. Let us turn to Dun's Review for something brighter:

"Business is still sluggish, as if gorged by excessive indulgence of the appetite for buying when prices were advancing. In nearly every branch stocks not yet distributed to consumers stand in the way of new orders, and competition of a producing force largely exceeding the present demand puts down prices, that decline retarding purchases yet more. After the holidays men look for a larger demand."

This is about as cheerful as missing the last car at night and having to walk home. Not even the expectations of a larger demand after the holidays can be inspiriting, because business men know perfectly well that there is always a sluggish season after the holidays, so they are likely to "look" in vain for that "larger demand." To the producers of raw material, to wage earners and to manufacturers, Dun's Review gave this cheerful Christmas greeting:

"In this country the manufacturer meets with a much reduced demand, and prices are gradually sinking."

Not even free wool can brighten the gloom of the holiday season, for Dun's Review says of this branch of trade:

"Manufacturers have much machinery idle at present, and orders thus far are not encouraging."

A later issue of Bradstreet's, December 14, confirmed this opinion when it said that "among more conspicuous trade features are the disappointing Christmas trade at several cities." It also gave a comparison of the bank clearings of the country during the two first weeks of December, 1895, and for five preceding years, which we reproduce as follows:

BANK CLEARINGS.

Year	Week ending December 5.	Week ending December 12.
1890	$1,316,000,000	$1,186,000,000
1891	1,328,000,000	1,213,000,000
1892	1,450,000,000	1,354,000,000
1893	1,118,000,000	995,000,000
1894	1,163,000,000	1,019,000,000
1895	1,247,000,000	1,229,000,000

The rise of the Christmas trade under an Administration favorable to protection and its decline under the free trade Administration form strong contrasts that should attract the attention of all traders, whether wholesale or retail. Even this year the holiday trade has not yet reached its proportions in 1890.

It looks as if we had been having a regular old dull Democratic Christmas time. Let us hope it will be the last one.

Careful of Their Dollars.

The careful buyer has been holding on to his dollar. The purchasing power of the people having been restricted this year, there is a large accumulation of goods both in wholesale and retail houses, especially of clothing. A big drop in prices is looked for with the new year and then, perhaps, the wage earner, who as been at work only during six out of the twelve months, may be able to make a modest purchase of some winter clothing. He will not, however, replenish his wardrobe as in 1892.

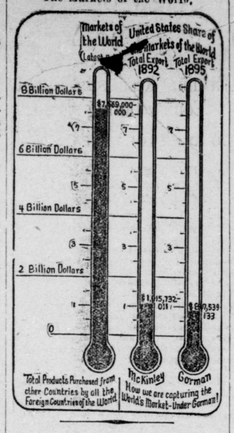
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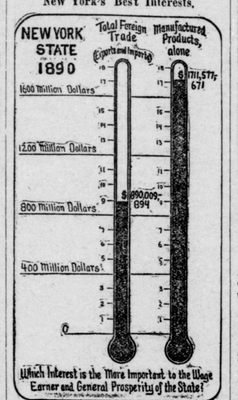
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Wilson's Latest Deficiencies.

The Postmaster-General's report deals only with deficiencies in his department for 1894 and 1895, and estimated deficiencies for 1896 and 1897. After 1897, when the Administration will again be in the hands of the friends of protection, we may begin to look for an estimated surplus in the different departments. Professor Wilson's experience as Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee has stood him in good stead. The miserable failure of his "tariff for revenue only" has made him more cautious in the matter of estimates than his colleague of the Treasury Department. A surplus should be looked for in the British Postal Department.

Making the Market.

American manufacturing makes American wages; American wages make the American market. Stop the manufacturing and you have destroyed the market. For a little temporary gain to the free trade importer, is it wise to dissipate the wealth of an entire Nation?

Time and Tides.

"Time an I tide wait for no man" saith the adage—but there are many other things of the non-waiting kind which will not be put off and ought not to be. Half the misery of the world is caused by delay, and Rheumatism is one of those insidious ills which demands prompt attention, especially in midwinter, when the cold accelerates its action and intensifies pain. If allowed to have its way, it will wait for no man in its rapid development of the chronic stage. When this is reached, then come troubles, not only in its misery but in many ways where a helpless condition throws the sufferer out of work and money. But whether in its acute, chronic or inflammatory stage, don't wait. The tide of pain will go on and so will loss of time. At the same time we all know that St. Jacobs Oil is made and sold for the express purpose of curing the worst cases in their worst form at any stage. It has cured and will cure in nine cases out of ten.

We need to cultivate every influence which tends to assist us in the contemplation of the beautiful and true.

How's This?
We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.
F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.
We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.
WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.
WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

The man who assiduously courts trouble will in the end be married to it.

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

There is a great deal of common sense in getting scared in time.

A Good Dog is Worth Looking After.
If you own a dog and think anything of him you should be able to treat him intelligently when ill and administer him sufficiently to detect symptoms of illness. The dog doctor book written by H. Clay Glover, D. V. S., specialist in canine diseases to the principal kennel clubs, will furnish this information. It is a cloth bound, handsomely illustrated book and will be sent postpaid by the Book Publishing House, 124 Leonard St., N. Y. City, on receipt of 40 cts. in postage stamps.

It is often a good thing that men do not practice what they preach.

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 man who dies young will not be obliged to die old.

Pain is Not Conducive of Pleasure,
especially when occasioned by corns. Hindercorns will please; it removes them perfectly.

The first Duchess of Marlborough was a servant girl in the Duke's family when he married her.

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

Montana has a petroleum belt in the new county of Carbon.

Piso's Cure is the medicine to break up children's coughs and Colds.—Mrs. M. G. BLUNT, Sprague, Wash., March 8, 1894.

In civilized countries the average age at which women marry is 25½ years.

Take Parker's Ginger Tonic Home With you. It will exceed your expectations in abating colds, and many ill- and aches.

Lieutenant Peary says the Eskimo women never scold.

A COUGH, COLD OR SORE THROAT requires immediate attention. "Brown's Bronchial Troches" will invariably give relief.

Russia has about 550 female physicians.

Rich Red Blood
Is the foundation of health. The way to have Rich, Red, Healthy Blood is to take
Hood's Sarsaparilla
Hood's Pills cure all Liver Ills. 25 cents.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Washington Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "The Philippian Jailer."

TEXT: "Sirs, what must I do to be saved?"—Acts xvi., 30.

Incarcerated in a Philippian penitentiary, a place cold and dark and damp and loathsome and hideous, unilluminated save by the torch of the official who comes to see if they are alive yet, are two ministers of Christ, their feet fast in instruments of torture, their shoulders dripping from the stroke of leathern thongs, their mouths hot with inflammation of thirst, their heads faint because they may not lie down. In a comfortable room of that same building and amid pleasant surroundings is a paid officer of the Government whose business it is to supervise the prison. It is night, and all is still in the corridors of the dungeon save as some murderer struggles with a horrid dream, or a ruffian turns over in his chains, or there is the cough of a dying consumptive amid the dampness, but suddenly, crash! go the walls. The two clergymen pass out free. The jail keeper, although familiar with the darkness and the horrors hovering around the dungeon, is startled beyond all bounds, and flambeau in hand he rushes through, amid the falling walls, shouting at the top of his voice, "Sirs, what must I do to be saved?"

I stand now among those who are asking the same question with more or less earnestness, and I accost you in this crisis of your soul with a message from heaven. There are those in this audience who have larger knowledge in argument than I am; there are those here who can dive into deeper depths of science or have larger knowledge; there are in this audience those before whom I would willingly bow as the inferior to the superior, but I yield to no one in this assemblage in a desire to have all the people saved by the power of an omnipotent gospel.

I shall proceed to characterize the question of the agitated jail keeper. And first I characterize the question as courteous. He might have rushed in and said: "Paul and Silas, you vagabonds, are you tearing down this prison? Aren't you satisfied with disturbing the peace of the city by your infamous doctrines? And are you now going to destroy public property? Back with you to your places, you vagabonds!" He said no such thing. The word of four letters, "sirs," equivalent to "lords," recognized the majesty and the honor of their mission. Sirs! if a man with a captious spirit tries to find the way to heaven, he will miss it. If a man comes out and pronounces all Christians as hypocrites and the religion of Jesus Christ as a fraud and asks irritating questions about the mysterious and inscrutable, sayinz, "Come, my wise man, explain this and explain that; if this be true, how can that be true?" no such man finds the way to heaven. The question of the text was decent, courteous, gentlemanly, deferential. Sirs!

Again, I characterize this question of the agitated jail keeper by saying that it was a practical question. He did not ask why God let sin come into the world; he did not ask how Christ could be God and man in the same person; he did not ask the doctrine of the decrees explained or want to know whom Cain married or what was the cause of the earthquake. His present and everlasting welfare was involved in the question, and was not that practical? But I know multitudes of people who are bothering themselves about the nonessentials of religion. What would you think of a man who should, while discussing the question of the light and heat of the sun, spend his time down in a coal cellar when he might come out and see the one and feel the other? Yet there are multitudes of men who, in discussing the chemistry of the gospel, spend their time down in the dungeon of their unbelief when God all the while stands telling them to come out into the noonday light and warmth of the sun of righteousness. The question for you, my brother, to discuss is not whether Calvin or Arminius was right, not whether a handful of water in holy baptism or a baptistery is the better, not whether foreordination and free agency can be harmonized. The practical question for you to discuss and for me to discuss is, "Where will I spend eternity?"

Again, I characterize this question of the agitated jail keeper as one personal to himself. I have no doubt he had many friends, and he was interested in their welfare. I have no doubt he found that there were persons in that prison who, if the earthquake had destroyed them, would have found their case desperate, but it is not questioning about them. The whole weight of his question turns on the pronoun "I." "What shall I do?" Of course when a man becomes a Christian he immediately becomes anxious for the salvation of other people, but until that point is reached the most important question is about your own salvation. "What is to be my destiny?" "What are my prospects for the future?" "Where am I going?" "What shall I do?" The trouble is we shuffle the responsibility off upon others. We prophesy a hell and to that inebriate, and terrific exposure to that defaulter, and awful catastrophe to that profligate. We are so busy in weighing other people we forget ourselves to get into the scales. We are so busy watching the poor gardens of other people that we let our own dooryard go to weeds. We are so busy sending missionaries to people into the lifeboat we sink in the wave. We cry "fire" because our neighbor's house is burning down and seem to be uninterested although our own house is in the conflagration. Oh, wandering hypocrites and the religion of Jesus Christ as a fraud and asks irritating questions about the mysterious and inscrutable, sayinz, "Come, my wise man, explain this and explain that; if this be true, how can that be true?" no such man finds the way to heaven. The question of the text was decent, courteous, gentlemanly, deferential. Sirs!

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the festal days of Christmas and Thanksgiving—days gone forever. Oh, it is the earthquake that startled you to asking this question—the earthquake of domestic misfortune. Death is so cruel, so devouring, so relentless, that when it swallows up our loved ones we must have some one to whom we can carry our torn and bleeding hearts. We need a balsam better than anything that ever exuded from earthly tree to heal the pang of the soul. It is pleasant to have our friends gather around us and tell us how sorry they are, and try to break up the loneliness, but nothing but the hand of Jesus Christ can take the bruised soul and put it in His bosom, hushing it with the lullaby of heaven. O brother! O sister! The gravestone will never be lifted from your heart until Christ lifts it. Was it not the loss of your friends, or the persecution of your enemies, or the overthrow of your worldly estate—was it not an earthquake that startled you out to ask this stupendous question of my text?

But I remark again, I characterize this question of the agitated jail keeper as hasty, urgent and immediate. He put it on the run. By the light of his torch as he goes to look for the apostles, behold his face, see the startled look and see the earnestness. No one can doubt by that look that the man is in earnest. He must have that question answered before the earth stops rocking, or perhaps he will never have it answered at all. Is that the way, my brother, my sister, you are putting this question? Is