In the gardens around London there are more specimens of the cedar of Lebanon than on Mount Lebanon itself.

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BILL ARP'S LETTER.

BATS, BEES AND WOMEN PHYLOSOPHICALLY DISCUSSED.

William Wishes He Were a Naturalist Gen. Young's Crazy Quilt.

Last night while we were all quietly reading my wife looked up and remarked: "There is a bat in the room." A long time ago she used to jump up with alacrity and go into another room and wait 'till I got the little varmint out, but anno domini takes the scare out of a woman as well as a man, and so now she keeps her seat. The girls said, "take the lamp into the hall and it will go out," but it wouldn't. My wife said, "you had better get the broom and knock it down, but don't you knock it this way." I noticed that she had put The Sunny South on her head sunbonnet fashion, and the girls had covered up all but their eyes. Carefully I mounted a chair and began to sweep for the little creature as it skimmed around, but it takes a long time and I lost my perpendicular several times. "The bat is the missing link," said I as I gave another stroke. "Seems to be," said my wife. "You miss it every time." "It is not an amphibious animal," said I, "but very ambiguous," said she. "It is chiropterous and vespertilio," said I as I made another lunge and the chair careened and let me down easy. Pausing a while to get breath, I remarked that those big words of Linneus meant having hands and fingers and coming out at twilight. "Well, do please get the thing out of here—and you can tell us about it afterwards," said my wife. The next effort was an accidental success. The bat was knocked down and swept out. Then I got the cyclopedia and discovered from it how the bat was a bird that laid no eggs, but gave birth to its young and suckled them—how it had hands and feet and fingers and toes and even finger nails and toe nails; how it had teeth, canines and molars; how it was not blind but had little tiny eyes hid in the hair, eyes that cannot bear the light and are entirely closed when flying around a lighted room. Cuvier experimented with them and put their eyes out and they could still fly around and never touch a wall or a ceiling. He said it was owing to their exquisite sense of touch and of smell and hearing. The ancients said the bat had a sixth sense by which they could avoid collision with walls and so forth, but Cuvier did not think so. They are a very ancient little animal and I reckon had a place somewhere in Noah's ark, but we don't know whether he put them with the birds or the bugs. Moses declared them unclean and classed them with owls and vultures. It seems to us that it is a poor, miserable life they live, but I reckon they enjoy it, especially when they come in the house and alarm the women and children. They have a unique and lonely place in creation, there being but two or three kinds, and they never cross or mix and have no society. They have the miniature hands and feet of human beings, the teeth of a dog and wings to fly like a bird. Even Darwin could not tell whether they evoluted backward or forward.

I wish that I was a naturalist. It is an everliving mystery to study these little creatures all around us. How a fly can so swiftly glide upon the window pane, what language the ants use as they pass and repass one another as they go and come from their hidden nests. I watch them on the poles in the trellis and they never fail to pause for an instant and say something and quickly pass on. Maybe it is "Howdy," or "Are all well?" or "I am glad to see you—give my love to the children." That they say something there is no doubt. Then there are the lightning bugs that would be a great wonder if they were not so common. Did you ever observe that they never lighten except to rise higher in the air? They make no descending light, and so it is evident that the light they make is not to see by, but to propel them upwards. It is an electric power—a force without heat—and our scientists might study it and analyze the wonderful little chemical machine that lies hidden in its tail. It is a power as well as a light. My friend Bussey, the bee man of Marietta, says he tried diligently to cross lightning bugs with his bees so that the cross could see how to work in the dark, but he failed. I have great respect for Linneus and Cuvier and Audobon and Agassiz, who have left us such a treasury of knowedge that they gathered from nature. It does seem that providence raises up such men with a kind purpose and gives them a key to unlock His storehouse. Every once in a great while a great man comes up to minister to our pleasure, our learning or our comfort. Thus knowledge becomes diffused and the world becomes wiser and better. If man is the best finder woman is the best diffuser of knowledge. I contemplated them yesterday as they worked on a crazy quilt at my house. A good lady, who is always at work for the church, or the poor, or the heathen, brought over the patchwork of a quilt to be made up. She got her many friends to make each a square and yesterday it was all stitched together and embroidered and the seams pressed down and a rich border put on, and it is about as lovely as a crazy quilt can be, for they are the most distracted things in the world and nobody but crazy people admire them. General Young liked to have taken a fit over this one before it was put together, and he has bought it for $25 and is going to take it to Guatemala when he goes back and will make an official spread of it on his couch of state. Perhaps he may wear it on reception days like a Roman toga or a Spanish mantilla. At any rate, these good women have been as crazy as the quilt, and all for the sake of the heathen Chinese, who are killing up our missionaries. I hope it will be invested in powder. I never saw the like. The harder the times the harder do the women beg for money for some charitable or church work. Almost every mail brings an urgent, pleading letter from somewhere wanting a little help for mercy's sake. What would the churches do without them? What would the prayer meetings do or the weddings or the funerals?—BILL ARP, in Atlanta Constitution.

OUR MINERAL PRODUCTS.

Big Figures Showing the Activity in American Mines in 1885-'94.

The Geological Survey has compiled a statement of the mineral products of the United States, covering the calendar years of 1885 to 1894. The largest production of pig iron was in 1890, when it was 9,202,703 long tons, valued at $151,200,410. The product in 1894 was 6,657,388 tons, valued at $65,007,247. The largest production of silver was in 1892, when 63,500,000 troy ounces were reported, of a coining value of $82,099,150. In 1894 the figures were 49,501,122 ounces, valued at $64,000,000. The largest production of gold was in 1894, when 1,910,816 troy ounces were reported, with a coining value of $39,500,000.

The next largest was in 1886, when the product was 1,881,250 troy ounces, valued at $35,000,000. In 1893 the number of troy ounces was below that in 1886 by 142,169 troy ounces, but the value was greater by $929,000. Aluminum shows that the largest increase of all the metals reported, having risen from 283 ounces in 1885, valued at $2,550 to 550,000 ounces in 1894, valued at $316,250. Tin does not appear until 1891, when 125,289 pounds were reported, valued at $25,058. A slight increase in tin product and value is shown in 1892, a decrease in 1893, and none is reported in 1894.

The bituminous coal product was largest in 1893, being 128,385,231 long tons. The product in 1894 fell off nearly 10,000,000 tons. Anthracite coal also had the largest output in 1893, being 48,185,306 long tons, valued at $85,687,078. In 1894 the product was 46,358,144 long tons, valued at $78,488,063. The production of borax was largest in 1894, being $14,680,130 pounds, valued at $974,445.

The largest value of metallic products of all kinds was reached in 1892, when it was $307,716,239. The same year showed the largest value of non-metallic minerals of all kinds, the amount being $339,900,715. The corresponding figures for 1894 were $218,168,788 and $308,186,774.

Cotton Statistics for the Week.

The Liverpool weekly cotton statistics are as follows: Sales, total 69,000; sales American 56,000; trade takings 46,000; actual exports 9,000; import total 12,000; import American 6,000; stock total 1,186,000; stock, American 1,056,000; afloat, total 23,000; afloat, American 14,000; sales for speculation 3,800; purchases for export 4,100.

Many of the London clubs are very rich and possessed of much property in the shape of real estate and scrips. The Carlton has just invested $40,000 in consols. The Carlton is the only club in London which includes among its its items of expenditure pew rents —$80 per annum.

"OPEN WINDOWS."

THE THEME OF DR. TALMAGE

On Sunday. Open Your Windows Toward God and Religion.

TEXT: "His windows being open in his chamber toward Jerusalem."—Daniel vi., 10.

The scoundrelly princes of Persia, urged on by political jealousy against Daniel, have succeeded in getting a law passed that whosoever prays to God shall be put under the paws and teeth of the lions who are lashing themselves in rage and hunger up and down the stone cage or putting their lower jaws on the ground, bellowing till the earth trembles. But the leonine threat did not hinder the devotions of Daniel, the Cœur de Lion of the ages. His enemies might as well have a law that the sun should not draw water, or that the south wind should not sweep across a garden of magnolias, or that God should be abolished. They could not scare him with the red hot furnaces, and they cannot now scare him with the lions. As soon as Daniel hears of this enactment he leaves his office of secretary of state, with its upholstery of crimson and gold, and comes down the white marble steps and goes to his own house. He opens his window and puts the shutters back and pulls the curtain aside so that he can look toward the sacred city of Jerusalem and then prays.

I suppose the people in the street gathered under and before his window and said: "Just see that man defying the law. He ought to be arrested." And the constabulary of the city rush to the police headquarters and report that Daniel is on his knees at the wide open window. "You are my prisoner," says the officer of the law, dropping a heavy hand on the shoulder of the kneeling Daniel. As the constables open the door of the cavern to thrust in their prisoner they see the glaring eyes of the monsters. But Daniel becomes the first lion tamer, and they lick his hand and fawn at his feet, and that night he sleeps with the shaggy mane of a wild beast for his pillow, while the king that night, sleepless in the palace, has on him the paw and teeth of a lion he cannot tame—the lion of a remorseful conscience.

What a picture it would be for some artist! Darius in the early dusk of morning not waiting for footmen or chariot, hastening to the den, all flushed and nervous and in dishabille, and looking through the crevices of the cage to see what had become of his prime minister. "What, no sound!" he says. "Daniel is surely devoured, and the lions are sleeping after their horrid meal, the bones of the poor man scattered across the floor of the cavern." With trembling voice Darius calls out: "Daniel?" No answer, for the prophet is yet in profound slumber. But a lion more easily awakened, advances, and with hot breath blown through the crevice seems angrily to demand the cause of this interruption, and then another wild beast lifts his mane from under Daniel's head, and the prophet, waking up, comes forth to report himself all unhurt and well.

But our text stands us at Daniel's window, opened toward Jerusalem. Why in that direction open? Jerusalem was his native land, and all the pomp of his Babylonish successes could not make him forget it. He came there from Jerusalem at eighteen years of age, and he never visited it, though he lived to be eighty-five years. Yet when he wanted to arouse the deepest emotions and grandest aspirations of his heart he had his window open toward his native Jerusalem. There are many of you to-day who understand that without any exposition. This is getting to be a Nation of foreigners. They have come into all occupations and professions. They sit in all churches. It may be twenty years ago since you got your naturalization papers, and you may be thoroughly Americanized, but you can't forget the land of your birth, and your warmest sympathies go out toward it. Your windows are open toward Jerusalem. Your father and mother are buried there. It may have been a very humble home in which you were born, but your memory often plays around it, and you hope some day to go and see it—the hill, the tree, the brook, the house, the place so sacred, the door from which you started off with parental blessing to make your own way in the world—and God only knows how sometimes you have longed to see the familiar places of your childhood, and how in awful crises of life you would like to have caught a glimpse of the old wrinkled face that bent over you as you lay on the gentle lap twenty or forty or fifty years ago. You may have on this side of the sea risen in fortune, and like Daniel have become great and may have come into prosperities which you never could have reached if you had staid there, and you may have many windows to your house—bay windows and skylight windows and windows of conservatory and windows on all sides—but you have at least one window open toward Jerusalem.

When the foreign steamer comes to the wharf, you see the long line of sailors, with shouldered mailbags, coming down the planks, carrying as many letters as you might suppose to be enough for a year's correspondence, and this repeated again and again during the week. Multitudes of them are letters from home, and at all the post-offices of the land people will go to the window and anxiously ask for them, hundreds of thousands of persons finding that window of foreign mails the open window toward Jerusalem. Messages that say: "When are you coming home to see us? Brother has gone into the army. Sister is dead. Father and mother are getting very feeble. We are having a great struggle to get on here. Would you advise us to come to you, or will you come to us? All join in love and hope to meet you, if not in this world, then in a better. Goodby."

Yes, yes. In all these cities and amid the flowering Western prairies and on the slopes of the Pacific and amid the Sierras and on the banks of the lagoon and on the ranches of Texas there is an uncounted multitude who this hour stand and sit and kneel with their windows open toward Jerusalem. Some of these people played on the heather of the Scottish hills; some of them were driven out by Irish famine; some of them in early life drilled in the German army; some of them were accustomed at Lyons or Marseilles or Paris to see on the street Victor Hugo and Gambetta; some chased the chamois among the Alpine precipices; some plucked the ripe clusters from Italian vineyard; some lifted their faces under the midnight sun of Norway. It is no dishonor to our land that they remember the place of their nativity. Miscreants would they be if, while they have some of their windows open to take in the free air and the sunlight of an atmosphere which no kingly despot has ever breathed, they forgot sometimes to open the window toward Jerusalem.

No wonder that the son of the Swiss, when far away from home, hearing the National air of his country sung, the malady of homesickness comes on him so powerfully as to cause his death. You have the example of heroic Daniel of my text for keeping early memories fresh. Forget not the old folks at home. Write often, and if you have a surplus of means and they are poor make practical contribution, and rejoice that America is bound to all the world by ties of sanguinity as in no other Nation. Who can doubt but it is appointed for the evangelization of other lands? What a stirring, melting, gospelizing theory that all the doors of other Nations are open toward us, while our windows are open toward them!

But Daniel in the text kept this port hole of his domestic fortress unclosed because Jerusalem was the capital of sacred influences. There had smoked the sacrifice. There was the holy of holies. There was the ark of the covenant. There stood the temple. We are all tempted to keep our windows open on the opposite side toward the world, that we may see and hear and appropriate its advantages. What does the world say? What does the world think? What does the world do? Worshipers of the world instead of worshipers of God. Windows open toward Babylon. Windows open toward Corinth. Windows open toward Athens. Windows open toward Sodom. Windows open toward the flats instead of windows open toward the hills. Sad mistake, for this world as a god is like something I saw in the museum of Strasburg, Germany—the figure of a virgin in wood and iron. The victim in olden time was brought there, and this figure would open its arms to receive him, and once enfolded the figure closed with a hundred knives and lances upon him, and then let him drop 180 feet sheer down. So the world first embraces the idolaters, then closes upon them with many tortures, and then lets them drop forever down. The highest honor the world could confer was to make a man Roman emperor, but out of sixty-three emperors it allowed only six to die peacefully in their beds.

The dominion of this world over multitudes is illustrated by the names of coins of many countries. They have their pieces of money which they call sovereigns, crowns and half crowns, Napoleons and half Napoleons, Fredericks and double Fredericks and ducats and Isabellinos, all of which names mean not so much usefulness as dominion. The most of our windows open toward the exchange, toward the salon of fashion, toward the god of this world. In olden times the length of the English yard was fixed by the length of the arm of King Henry I., and we are apt to measure things by a variable standard and by the human arm that in the great crises of life can give us no help. We need, like Daniel, to open our windows toward God and religion.

But, mark you, that good lion tamer is not standing at the window, but kneeling while he looks out. Most photographs are taken of those in standing or sitting posture. I now remember but one picture of a man kneeling, and that was David Livingstone, who in the cause of God and civilization sacrificed himself, and in the heart of Africa his servant, Majwara, found him in the tent by the light of a candle stuck on the top of a box, his head in his hands upon the pillow and dead on his knees. But here is a great lion tamer living under the dash of the light, and his hair disheveled by the breeze, praying. The fact is that a man can see farther on his knees than standing on tiptoe. Jerusalem was about 550 statute miles from Babylon, and the vast Arabian desert shifted its sands between them. Yet through that open window Daniel saw Jerusalem, saw all between it, saw beyond, saw time, saw eternity, saw earth and saw heaven.

Would you like to see the way through your sins to pardon, through your troubles to comfort, through temptation to rescue, through dire sickness to immortal health, through night to day, through things terrestrial to things celestial—you will not see them till you take Daniel's posture. No cap of bone to the joints of the fingers, no cap of bone to the joints of the elbow, but cap of bone to the knees, made so because the God of the body was the God of the soul, and especial provision for those who want to pray and physiological structure joins with spiritual necessity in bidding us pray and pray and pray.

In olden time the Earl of Westmoreland said he had no need to pray because he had enough pious tenants on his estate to pray for him, but all the prayers of the church universal amount to nothing unless, like Daniel, we pray for ourselves. O men and women, bounded on one side by Shadrach's redhot furnace and the other side by devouring lions, learn the secret of courage and deliverance by looking at that Babylonish window open toward the southwest. "Oh," you say, "that is the direction of the Arabian desert." Yes, but on the other side of the desert is God, is Christ, is Jerusalem, is heaven.

The Brussels lace is superior to all other lace, so beautiful, so multiform, so expensive—400 francs a pound. All the world seeks it. Do you know how it is made? The spinning is done in a dark room, the only light admitted through a small aperture, and that light falling directly on the pattern. And the finest specimens of Christian character I have ever seen or ever expect to see are those to be found in lives all of whose windows have been darkened by bereavement and misfortune save one, but under that one window of prayer the interlacing of divine workmanship went on until it was fit to deck a throne, a celestial embroidery which angels admired and God approved.

But it is another Jerusalem toward which we now need to open our windows. The exiled evangelist of Ephesus saw it one day as the the surf of the Icarian Sea foamed and splashed over the boulders at his feet, and his vision reminded me of a wedding day when the bride by sister and maid was having garlands twisted for her hair and jewels strung for her neck just before she puts her betrothed hand into the hand of her affianced. "I, John, saw the holy city, New Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven prepared as a bride adorned for her husband." Toward that bridal Jerusalem are our windows opened?

We would do well to think more of heaven. It is not a mere annex of earth. It is not a desolate outpost. As Jerusalem was the capital of Judea, and Babylon the capital of the Babylonian monarchy, and London is the capital of Great Britain, and Washington is the capital of our own Republic, the New Jerusalem is the capital of the universe. The King lives there, and the royal family of the redeemed have their palaces there, and there is a congress of many Nations and parliament of all the world. Yes, as Daniel had kindred in Jerusalem of whom he often thought, though he left home when a very young man, perhaps father and mother and brothers and sisters still living, and was homesick to see them, and they belonged to the high circles of royalty, Daniel himself having royal blood in his veins, so we have in the New Jerusalem a great many kindred, and we are sometimes homesick to see them, and they are all princes and princesses, in them the blood imperial, and we do well to keep our windows open toward their eternal residence.

It is a joy for us to believe that while we are interested in them they are interested in us. Much thought of heaven makes one heavenly. The airs that blow through that open window are charged with life, and sweep up to us aromas from gardens that never wither, under skies that never cloud, in a spring-tide that never terminates. Compared with it all other heavens are dead failures.

Homer's heaven was an elysium which he describes as a plain at the end of the earth or beneath, with no snow nor rainfall, and the sun never goes down, and Rhadomanthus, the justest of men, rules. Hesiod's heaven is what he calls the islands of the blessed, in the midst of the ocean, three times a year blooming with most exquisite flowers, and the air is tinted with purple, while games and music and horse races occupy the time. The Scandinavian's heaven was the hall of Walhalla, where the god Odin gave unending wine suppers to earthly heros and heroines. The Mohammedan's heaven passes its disciples in over the bridge Al-Sirat, which is finer than a hair and sharper than a sword, and then they are let loose into a riot of everlasting sensuality.

The American aborigines look forward to a heaven of illimitable hunting ground, partridge and deer and wild duck more than plentiful, and the hounds never off the scent, and the guns never missing fire. But the geographer has followed the earth round and found no Homer's elysium. Voyagers have traversed the deep in all directions and found no Hesiod's islands of the blessed. The Mohammedan's celestial debauchery and the Indian's eternal hunting ground for vast multitudes have no charm. But here rolls in the Bible heaven. No more sea—that is, no wide separation. No more night—that is, no insomnia. No more tears—that is, no more heartbreak. No more pain—that is, dismissal of lancet and bitter draft and miasma and banishment of neuralgias and catalepsies and consumptions. All colors in the wall except gloomy black. All the music in the major key because celebrative and jubilant.

River crystalline, gate crystalline and skies crystalline because everything is clear and without doubt. White robes, and that means sinlessness. Vials full of odors, and that means pure regalement of the senses. Rainbow, and that means the storm is over. Marriage supper, and that means gladdest festivity. Twelve manner of fruits, and that means luscious and unending variety. Harp, trumpet, grand march, anthem, amen and halleluiah in the same orchestra. Choral meeting solo, and overture meeting antiphon, and strophe joining dithyramb, as they roll into the ocean of doxologies. And you and I have all that, and have it forever through Christ if we will let Him with the blood of one wounded hand rub out our sin, and with the other wounded hand swing open the shining portals.

Day and night keep your window open toward that Jerusalem. Sing about it. Pray about it. Think about it. Talk about it. Dream about it. Do not be inconsolable about your friends who have gone into it. Do not worry if something in your heart indicates that you are not far off from its ecstasies. Do not think that when a Christian dies he stops, for he goes on.

An ingenious man has taken the heavenly furlongs as mentioned in Revelation and has calculated that there will be in heaven 100 rooms sixteen feet square for each ascending soul, though this world should lose 100,000,000 yearly. But all the rooms of heaven will be ours, for they are family rooms, and as no room in your house is too good for your children, so all the rooms of all the palaces of the heavenly Jerusalem will be free to God's children, and even the throneroom will not be denied, and you may run up the steps of the throne, and put your hand on the side of the throne, and sit down beside the King according to the promise, "To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with Me in My throne."

But you cannot go in except as conquerors

Many years ago the Turks and Christians were in battle, and the Christians were defeated, and with their commander Stephen fled toward a fortress where the mother of this commander was staying. When she saw her son and his army in disgraceful retreat, she had the gates of the fortress rolled shut, and then from the top of the battlement cried out to her son, "You cannot enter here except as conqueror." Then Stephen rallied his forces and resumed the battle and gained the day, 20 000 driving back 200,000. For those who are defeated in battle with sin and death and hell nothing but shame and contempt, but for those who gain the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ the gates of the New Jerusalem will hoist, and there shall be an abundant entrance into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord, toward which you do well to keep your windows open.

THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK COTTON FUTURES.

Cotton steady, middling uplands 8 ¾ middling gulf, 8 1-2. Futures closed barely steady. Sales 10,400 bales.

September	7 93@94	January	8 17@18
October	7 98	February	8 22@23
November	8 04	March	8 27@28
December	8 10@11	April	8 32@34
		May	8 37@38

LIVERPOOL COTTON MARKET.

Cotton quiet. Middling 4 9-32. Futures steady. Sales 5,000; American, 6,600.

Sept.	4 16 s	Jan. & Feb.	4 18@19
Sept. & Oct.	4 16 s	Feb. & Mar.	4 19@20
Oct. & Nov.	4 15@16	Mar & Apr.	4 21 b
Nov. & Dec.	4 16@17	Apr & May	4 22@23
Dec. & Jan.	4 17@18	May & June	4 24 s

CHICAGO GRAIN AND PRODUCE.

WHEAT	Sept.	58	Dec.	59⅝
CORN—	Sept.	32¼	Dec.	28½
OATS—	Sept.	19½	May.	21⅝
PORK—	Oct.	8 45	Jan.	9 60
LARD—	Oct.	5 95	Jan.	5 87½
RIBS—	Oct.	5 62½	Jan.	5 00

HOME COTTON MARKETS.

	Raleigh.	Charlotte.	Columbia	Charleston.
Good middling	7⅞	8⅛	7 1-2	6 15-16
Strict middling	7½	8	7⅜	7⅝
Middling	7¾	7⅞	7¼	7½
Strict low middling	7⅝		7⅛	7⅜
Low middling			7	7 3-16
Tinges	7⅝	7¼		
Clean stains	7¼	7¼		

BALTIMORE PRODUCE MARKET.

Flour—Weak; Western superfine $2.25@2.50; do extra $2.60@3.00; family $3.15@3.40; winter wheat patent $3.50@3.65; spring wheat, patent $3.45@3.70; do straight $3.35@3.50.

Wheat—Quiet and lower; spot and month 61⅝@62⅝; October 62½@63¾; December 64⅝@64½; steamer No. 2 red 58½@58⅝; Southern wheat by sample 60@63; do on grade 58@60½.

Corn—Steady; spot 40@40¼; September 39½@39¾; October 40 asked; the year 34¼@34 1-2; January 34@34½; Southern white corn 40; do yellow corn 41.

Oats—Firm; No. white western 26 1-2@27; No. 2 mixed western 24@24½.

Rye—Dull; No. 2, 44@45.

Hay—Firm good demand; choice Timothy $15.00.

CHARLOTTE PRODUCE MARKET.

Cabbage—New per crate	1 50
Extra flour—Sack	2 60
Family "	1 75@2 00
Meal—bolted, 46 lbs. per bushel	50
Oats,—32 lbs. per bushel	40
Potatoes Irish	50@60
" Sweet	75@80
Onions—Select, per bushel	50@60
Country—Ham	10@11
" Sides	8@9
" Shoulders	6@7
Lard—N. C.,	09@10
Chickens	12½@18
Butter	15@20
Eggs	11

RALEIGH TOBACCO MARKET.

Smokers, Common	3 a 5
" Good	6 a 10
" Fine	8 a 12
Cutters, Common	10 a 16
" Good	16 a 20
" Fine	22 a 27
Fillers, Common Green	2 a 4
" Good	5 a 8
" Fine	10 a 15
Wrappers, Common	12 a 15
" Good	16 a 25
" Fine	35 a 55

Market active for all grades.

NAVAL STORES.

Wilmington, N. C.—Rosin firm, strained, 1.12½; good strained, 1.17½; Spirits turpentine firm, 24¾@25½; Tar firm, at 1.25; crude turpentine steady, hard 1.10, soft, 1.50, virgin, 1.80.

New York—Rosin quiet; strained, common to good 1.47½@1.55. Turpentine easy at 27½@28.

Charleston — Turpentine firm at 24½. Rosin firm at 1.00@1.15

Cotton Seed Oil.—New York—Cotton seed oil steady; crude 24, yellow prime 26¾; off grade 26.

RICE.

The rice market was quiet at Charleston. The quotations are: Prime 5 a5¼; Good 4 a 4½; Fair 3⅛ a3⅜; Common 2¾a3.

FRUITS AND VEGETABLES.

Lemons, 360's, per box 4.50. Raisins, loose, per box 1.75; cluster, per box 2.00. Mixed nuts, per pound 10c. Red onions, per bag 2.50. Virginia peanuts, hand-picked, per pound 5c; North Carolina peanuts, hand-picked, per bushel 1.25. White beans, per bushel 2.50. Northern pears, 2.50@4; Northern potatoes, 2.25. Northern apples 2.50.

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Country Butter—Choice Tennessee 18a25c, medium 12½ to 15c.

Cow Peas—65c and 70c, per bushel.

Poultry—Grown fowls, choice 3.00 to 3.25 per dozen. Chickens 2.25a2.75 per dozen, according to size and quality. Ducks—Muscovy 4a4.50. Geese, young 4.50 per dozen.

Eggs—Eggs 9c to 10c per dozen.

Wool—Washed 15c per pound; unwashed 11c. Hides 11c to 12c. Wax 25c to 27c.

TIMBER AND LUMBER

Merchantable 14.00 to 16.00 for city sawed; 12.00 to 14.00 for railroad; square and sound, 9.00 to 13.00 for railroad, 8.00 to 11.00 for raft. Dock timber 4.50 to 6.50; shipping 8.50 to 10.50. Shingles 5.00 to 7.00.

Richmond Country Produce Market.

Butter—Fancy dairy, 17@18c.; choice dairy, 14@16c.; choice family (packed), 15@17c.; choice store (packed) 14@15c.; medium store (packed) 11@12c.; common grades, 8@9c.

Eggs—In crates, near by and fresh, 12½@13c.; in crates, fresh and clean, 12@12½c.; in barrels and boxes, fresh, 11@12c.

Poultry—Chickens, large, per pound, 10c.; ducks, live, per pound, 7@9c.; hens, live, per pound, 7c.; small chickens, 10½@11c.; geese, live, per head 25@35c.; roosters, old, 15@20c. apiece.

Live Stock—Calves, per pound, gross, 4@5½c.; sheep, per pound, 2@2½c., beef, cows, per pound, 2@3c.; heifers, per pound, 3@4c.; spring lambs, choice, per pound, 3@4c.; hogs, small, per pound, 6@7c.

Country Bacon—Hams, small, well-smoked per pound, 11@12c.; large, well-smoked, 9@10c.; sides, cured, per pound 8@9c.; shoulders, smoked, per pound, 7@7 1-2.

Hides and Tallow—Dry flint, per pound, 11 1-2@12 1-2c.; dry salted, per pound, 9 1-2@10c; green salted hides, 7@7 1-2c.; green hides, 6@6 1-2c.; green salted calf-skins 65@75c.; tallow, 3 1-2@4 1-2c.; beeswax, 25c.

Vegetables—Irish potatoes, per barrel, large, $1.25@1.50; small 50@75c.

Fruits—Watermelons, 5@10c.; apples, per barrel, $1.00@$2.00; pears $1.50@$2.00 per barrel; choice peaches, $1.25@1.50 per bushel; common, 75@$1.00.

Richmond Tobacco Market.

Sun-Cured Tobacco—Lugs $2 to 4.00; short leaf, 4.00 to 6.00; long leaf 7.00 to 9.00; wrappers 10.00 to 15.00.

Bright Tobaccos—Smokers: Common 4.00 to 5.00; medium, 6.00 to 7.00; fine, 8.00 to 10.00; Cutters: Common, 10.00 to 12.00; medium, 16.00 to 18.00; fine 22.50 to 25.00, fancy 27.50 to 30.00. Fillers: Common, 3.50 to 4.00; medium, 4.50 to 5.50; good, 6.00 to 8.00; fine, 10.00 to 12.00. Wrappers: Common, 12.00 to 15.00; medium, 15.00 to 20.00; good, 25.00 to 30.00; fine, 35.00 to 40.00; fancy, 45.00 to 50.00. Wrappers, Mahogany: Common: 12. to 15.; medium, 20. to 22.; good, 25. to 32.50; fine, 35. to 40.; fancy, 45. to 50.

Dark Tobacco—Lugs, 2. to 4.25; short leaf, 4 50 to 6.50; long leaf, 6. to 8.; selections, 12. to 15.

No Labor on Sunday.

The Secretary of the Interior, Mr. Hoke Smith, has ruled that pay cannot be given for work done by department clerks on Sunday. The secretary reasons that a government clerk has no more right to work on Sunday than a grocery clerk, and that the United States cannot become a lawbreaker by having men to work on Sunday.

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

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Chicago's Collapsed Fad.

Material of which John Brown's fort and Abraham Lincoln's log cabin were made is now stacked up in a couple of barns in Chicago. It is a very good thing indeed that the amusement schemes which were responsible for the moving to this city of the two structures mentioned failed. Neither building should have been moved from the original site, which alone gave it interest.

After the failure of the several foolish plans of this sort originated before the World's Fair there is reason to hope that speculators have quite lost their zeal for making sideshows of the historic buildings.—Chicago Evening Post.

A Pretty Experiment.

A cork that is longer than it is broad floats upon its stomach, so to speak; how can we make it float upon its head?

Place one on end upon a table and around it place six others. Seize them all together and plunge them under water, so as to moisten them completely. Then remove your hand and let them take their own position in the water, when you will find that they will stand upright, as if supporting one another. This is because the water that penetrates the corks by capillarity will make them cling together.—Philadelphia Times.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

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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.

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Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

It is proposed to name one of the new battleships of the American Navy Kearsarge, after the famous ship that sunk the Alabama and was lost two years ago on Roncador Reef, Central America.

Missouri has 56,421 acres planted in flax.

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When Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., published the first edition of his work, The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser, he announced that after 680,000 copies had been sold at the regular price, $1.50 per copy, the profit on which would repay him for the great amount of labor and money expended in producing it, he would distribute the next half million *free*. As this number of copies has already been sold, he is now distributing, *absolutely free*, 500,000 copies of this most complete, interesting and valuable common sense medical work ever published—the recipient only being required to mail to him, at the above address, this little coupon with twenty-one (21) cents in one-cent stamps to pay for postage and packing *only*, and the book will be sent by mail. It is a veritable medical library, complete in one volume. It contains over 1000 pages and more than 300 illustrations. The *Free Edition* is precisely the same as those sold at $1.50 except only that the books are bound in strong manilla paper covers instead of cloth. Send now before all are given away. They are going off rapidly.

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4th. Hemorrhagic Fever.
5th. Dengue Fever.
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Water Wheels and Hay Presses.

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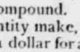

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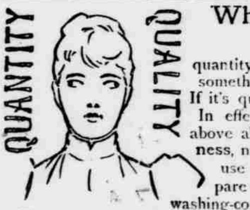

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