The American Manufacturer notes that latest reports on the movement of iron ore from the Lake Superior region state that up to close of June the shipments aggregated 3,142,757 tons, an increase of 637,345 tons over those of the first six months in 1894.

Country Produce Market.

RICHMOND, VA.—BUTTER—Fancy dairy, 17 @18c.; choice dairy, 14@16.; 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, 14c.; in crates, fresh and clean, 13c.; in barrels and boxes (fresh), 12½@13c.

POULTRY—Chickens (large), per pound, 10c.; ducks (live), per pound, 7@9c.; hens (live), per pound, 7@8c.; 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.; steers, per pound, 2½@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, per pound, 9@10c.; sides, cured, per pound 8@9c.; shoulders, smoked, 7@7½c.

HIDES AND TALLOW—Dry flint, per pound, 11@12c.; dry salted, per pound, 9@10c.; green salted hides, 6½@7c.; green hides 5 1-2@6c.; 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.; onions $1.50@$2.00 per barrel.

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.

The Prevailing Malady

In this country is dyspepsia. Probably more than three-fourths of the people suffer from it in some of its many forms. Many have dyspepsia and don't know it, because they have the painless kind. Such are always half sick and ascribe their ailment to any cause but the true one. Where dyspepsia is known, or suspected, Tyner's Dyspepsia Remedy ought to be used. It is a wonderful medicine, very pleasant to take, and not only corrects digestion in a few minutes, but cures the worst cases of dyspepsia. For sale by all druggists.

Piso's Cure for Consumption has no equal as a Cough medicine.—F. M. ABBOTT, 383 Seneca St., Buffalo, N. Y., May 9, 1894.

These Distressing Corns!

Bad as they are, Hindercorns will remove them, and then you can walk as you like.

The True Laxative Principle

Of the plants used in manufacturing the pleasant remedy, Syrup of Figs, has a permanently beneficial effect on the human system, while the cheap vegetable extracts and mineral solutions, usually sold as medicines, are permanently injurious. Being well informed, you will use the true remedy only. Manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co.

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.

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

Experience Leads Many Mothers to Say

"Use Parker's Ginger Tonic" because it is good for colds, pain and almost every weakness.

"Good Spirits."

The words have different meanings to a spiritualist, a Kentuckian, and an average man. For the average man good spirits depend on good digestion. How to insure good digestion? A Ripans Tabule after each meal, that's all.

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

It is a Fact

That Hood's Sarsaparilla has an unequalled record of cures, the largest sales in the world, and cures when all others fail.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the Only

True Blood Purifier

Prominently in the public eye today. $1, six for $5. Be sure to get Hood's.

Hood's Pills act harmoniously with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

The Greatest Medical Discovery of the Age.

KENNEDY'S

Medical Discovery.

DONALD KENNEDY, OF ROXBURY, MASS.,

Has discovered in one of our common pasture weeds a remedy that cures every kind of Humor, from the worst Scrofula down to a common pimple.

He has tried it in over eleven hundred cases, and never failed except in two cases (both thunder humor). He has now in his possession over two hundred certificates of its value, all within twenty miles of Boston. Send postal card for book.

A benefit is always experienced from the first bottle, and a perfect cure is warranted when the right quantity is taken.

When the lungs are affected it causes shooting pains, like needles passing through them; the same with the Liver or Bowels. This is caused by the ducts being stopped, and always disappears in a week after taking it. Read the label.

If the stomach is foul or bilious it will cause squeamish feelings at first.

No change of diet ever necessary. Eat the best you can get, and enough of it. Dose, one tablespoonful in water at bedtime. Sold by all Druggists.

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$40 Pays for Complete Business Course. Actual Business from start to finish. The only Business College in the South that you can try before paying the tuition. Send for Catalogue.

J. F. HUDSON, Prin.

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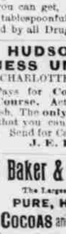

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TETTERINE

The ONLY painless and harmless CURE for the worst type of Eczema, Tetter, Ringworm, ugly rough patches on the face, crusted scalp, Ground itch, chafes, chaps, pimples. Poison from ivy or poison oak. In short ALL ITCHES. Send 50c. in stamps or cash to J. T. Shuptrine, Savannah, Ga., for one box, if your druggist don't keep it.

PISO'S CURE FOR

CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.

Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

CONSUMPTION

FIVE LIVE PICTURES

WORDED BY REV. DR. TALMAGE.

Stephen Gazing Into Heaven—Looking at Christ—Stoned—Dying Prayer—Asleep.

TEXT: "Behold, I see the heavens opened." —Acts vii., 56-60.

Stephen had been preaching a rousing sermon, and the people could not stand it. They resolved to do as men sometimes would like to do in this day, if they dared, with some plain preacher of righteousness—kill him. The only way to silence this man was to knock the breath out of him. So they rushed Stephen out of the gates of the city, and, with curses and whoop and bellow, they brought him to the cliff, as was the custom when they wanted to take away life by stoning. Having brought him to the edge of the cliff, they pushed him off. After he had fallen they came and looked down, and seeing that he was not yet dead they began to drop stones upon him, stone after stone. Amid this horrible rain of missiles Stephen clambers upon his knees and folds his hands, while the blood drips from his temples, and then, looking up, he makes two prayers—one for himself and one for his murderers. "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." That was for himself. "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge." That was for his murderers. Then, from pain and loss of blood, he swooned away and fell asleep.

I want to show you to-day five pictures: Stephen gazing into heaven, Stephen looking at Christ, Stephen stoned, Stephen in his dying prayer, Stephen asleep.

First, look at Stephen gazing into heaven. Before you take a leap you want to know where you are going to land. Before you climb a ladder you want to know to what point the ladder reaches. And it was right that Stephen, within a few moments of heaven, should be gazing into it. We would all do well to be found in the same posture. There is enough in heaven to keep us gazing. A man of large wealth may have statuary in the hall, and paintings in the sitting room, and works of art in all parts of the house, but he has the chief pictures in the art gallery, and there hour after hour you walk with catalogue and glass and ever increasing admiration. Well, heaven is the gallery where God has gathered the chief treasures of His realm. The whole universe is His palace. In this lower room where we stop there are many adornments, tessellated floor of amethyst, and on the winding cloud stairs are stretched out canvases on which commingle azure and purple and saffron and gold. But heaven is the gallery in which the chief glories are gathered. There are the brightest robes. There are the richest crowns. There are the highest exhilarations. St. John says of it, "The kings of the earth shall bring their honor and glory into it." And I see the procession forming, and in the line come all empires, and the stars spring up into an arch for the hosts to march under. They keep step to the sound of earthquake, and the pitch of avalanche from the mountains, and the flag they bear is the flame of a consuming world, and all heaven turns out with harps and trumpets and myriad voiced acclamation of angelic dominions to welcome them in, and so the kings of the earth bring their honor and glory into it. Do you wonder that good people often stand, like Stephen, looking into heaven? We have many friends there.

There is not a man here so isolated in life but there is some one in heaven with whom he once shook hands. As a man gets older the number of his celestial acquaintances very rapidly multiplies. We have not had one glimpse of them since the night we kissed them goodby, and they went away, but still we stand gazing at heaven. As when some of our friends go across the sea, we stand on the dock, or on the steam tug, and watch them, and after awhile the hulk of the vessel disappears, and then there is only a patch of sail on the sky, and soon that is gone, and they are all out of sight, and yet we stand looking in the same direction. So when our friends go away from us into the future world we keep looking down through the Narrows and gazing and gazing as though we expected that they would come out and stand on some cloud and give us one glimpse of their blissful and transfigured faces.

While you long to join their companionship, and the years and the days go with such tedium that they break your heart, and the vipers of pain and sorrow and bereavement keep gnawing at your vitals, you will stand, like Stephen, gazing into heaven. You wonder if they have changed since you saw them last. You wonder if they would recognize your face now, so changed has it been with trouble. You wonder if, amid the myriad delights they have, they care as much for you as they used to when they gave you a helping hand and put their shoulders under your burdens. You wonder if they look any older, and sometimes in the evening tide, when the house is all quiet, you wonder if you should call them by their first name if they would not answer, and perhaps sometimes you do make the experiment, and when no one but God and yourself are there you distinctly call their names and listen and sit gazing into heaven.

Pass on now and see Stephen looking upon Christ. My text says he saw the Son of Man at the right hand of God. Just how Christ looked in this world, just how He looks in heaven, we cannot say. The painters of the different ages have tried to imagine the features of Christ and put them upon canvas, but we will have to wait until with our own eyes we see Him and with our own ears we can hear Him. And yet there is a way of seeing Him and hearing Him now. I have to tell you that unless you see and hear Christ on earth you will never see and hear Him in heaven.

Look! There He is! Behold the Lamb of God! Can you not see Him? Then pray to God to take the scales off your eyes. Look that way—try to look that way. His voice comes down to you this day—comes down to the blindest, to the deafest soul—saying, "Look unto Me, all ye ends of the earth, and be ye saved, for I am God, and there is none else." Proclamation of universal emancipation for all slaves. Tell me, ye who know most of the world's history, what other king ever asked the abandoned, and the forlorn, and the wretched, and the outcast to come and sit beside him? Oh, wonderful invitation! You can take it to-day and stand at the head of the darkest alley in all this city and say, "Come! Clothes for your rags, salve for your sores, a throne for your eternal reigning." A Christ that talks like that and acts like that and pardons like that—do you wonder that Stephen stood looking at Him? I hope to spend eternity doing the same thing. I must see Him. I must look upon that face once clouded with my sin, but now radiant with my pardon. I want to touch that hand that knocked off my shackles. I want to hear the voice that pronounced my deliverance. Behold Him, little children, for if you live to threescore years and ten you will see none so fair. Behold Him, ye aged ones, for He only can shine through the dimness of your failing eyesight. Behold Him, earth. Behold Him, heaven. What a moment when all the Nations of the saved shall gather around Christ! All faces that way. All thrones that way, gazing on Jesus.

His worth if all the Nations knew
Sure the whole earth would love Him too.

I pass on now and look at Stephen stoned. The world has always wanted to get rid of good men. Their very life is an assault upon wickedness. Out with Stephen through the gates of the city. Down with him over the precipices. Let every man come up and drop a stone upon his head. But these men did not so much kill Stephen as they killed themselves. Every stone rebounded upon them. While these murderers are transfixed by the scorn of all good men Stephen lives in the admiration of all Christendom. Stephen stoned, but Stephen alive. So all good men must be pelted. "All who will live godly in Christ Jesus must suffer persecution." It is no eulogy of a man to say that everybody likes him. Show me any one who is doing all his duty to state or church, and I will show you scores of men who utterly abhor him.

If all men speak well of you, it is because you are either a laggard or a dolt. If a steamer makes rapid progress through the waves, the water will boil and foam all around it. Brave soldiers of Jesus Christ will hear the carbines click. When I see a man with voice and money and influence all on the right side, and some caricature him, and some sneer at him, and some denounce him, and men who pretend to be actuated by right motives conspire to cripple him, to cast him out, to destroy him, I say, "Stephen stoned."

When I see a man in some great moral or religious reform battling against grogshops, exposing wickedness in high places, by active means trying to purify the church and better the world's estate, and I find that the newspapers anathematize him, and men, even good men, oppose him and denounce him because, though he does good, he does not do it in their way. I say, "Stephen stoned." But you notice, my friends, that while they assaulted Stephen they did not succeed really in killing him. You may assault a good man, but you cannot kill him. On the day of his death Stephen spoke before a few people in the sanhedrin. This Sabbath morning he addresses Christendom. Paul, the apostle, stood on Mars hill addressing a handful of philosophers who knew not so much about science as a modern schoolgirl. To-day he talks to all the millions of Christendom about the wonders of justification and the glories of the resurrection. John Wesley was howled down by the mob to whom he preached, and they threw bricks at him, and they denounced him, and they jostled him, and they spat upon him, and yet to-day, in all lands, he is admitted to be the great father of Methodism. Booth's bullet vacated the Presidential chair, but from that spot of coagulated blood on the floor in the box of Ford's Theatre there sprang up the new life of a Nation. Stephen stoned, but Stephen alive.

Pass on now and see Stephen in his dying prayer. His first thought was not how the stones hurt his head, nor what would become of his body. His first thought was about his spirit. "Lord Jesus receive my spirit." The murderer standing on the trap-door, the black cap being drawn over his head before the execution, may grimace about the future, but you and I have no shame in confessing some anxiety about where we are going to come out. You are not all body. There is within you a soul. I see it gleam from your eyes to-day, and I see it irradiating your countenance. Sometimes I am abashed before an audience, not because I come under your physical eyesight, but because I realize the truth that I stand before so many immortal spirits. The probability is that your body will at last find a sepulcher in some of the cemeteries that surround this city. There is no doubt that your obsequies will be decent and respectful, and you will be able to pillow your head under the maple, or the Norway spruce, or the cypress, or the blossoming fir, but the spirit about which Stephen prayed, what direction will that take? What guide will escort it? What gate will open to receive it? What cloud will be cleft for its pathway? After it has got beyond the light of our sun will there be torches lighted for it the rest of the way?

Will the soul have to travel through long deserts before it reaches the good land? If we should lose our pathway will there be a castle at whose gate we may ask the way to the city? Oh, this mysterious spirit within us! It has two wings, but it is in a cage now. It is locked fast to keep it, but let the door of this cage open the least, and that soul is off. Eagle's wing could not catch it. The lightnings are not swift enough to come up with it. When the soul leaves the body it takes fifty worlds at a bound. And have I no anxiety about it? Have you no anxiety about it?

I do not care what you do with my body when my soul is gone, or whether you believe in cremation or inhumation. I shall sleep just as well in a wrapping of sackcloth as in satin lined with eagle's down. But my soul—before I close this discourse I will find out where it will land. Thank God for the intimation of my text that when we die Jesus takes us. That answers all questions for me. What though there were massive bars between here and the City of Light, Jesus could remove them. What though there were great Saharas of darkness, Jesus could illume them. What though I get weary on the way, Christ could lift me on His omnipotent shoulder. What though there were chasms to cross, His hand could transport me. Then let Stephen's prayer be my dying litany, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." It may be in that hour we will be too feeble to say a long prayer. It may be in that hour we will not be able to say the Lord's Prayer, for it has seven petitions. Perhaps we may be too feeble even to say the infant prayer our mothers taught us, which John Quincy Adams, seventy years of age, said every night when he put his head upon his pillow:

Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep.

We may be too feeble to employ either of those familiar forms, but this prayer of Stephen is so short, is so concise, is so earnest, is so comprehensive, we surely will be able to say that, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." Oh, if that prayer is answered, how sweet it will be to die! This world is clever enough to us. Perhaps it has treated us a great deal better than we deserved to be treated, but if on the dying pillow there shall break the light of that better world we shall have no more regret than about leaving a small, dark, damp house for one large, beautiful and capacious. That dying minister in Philadelphia, some years ago, beautifully depicted it when, in the last moment, he threw up his hands and cried out, "I move into the light!"

Pass on now, and I will show you one more picture, and that is Stephen asleep. With a pathos and simplicity peculiar to the Scriptures the text says of Stephen, "He fell asleep." "Oh," you say, "what a place that was to sleep! A hard rock under him, stones falling down upon him, the blood streaming, the mob howling. What a place it was to sleep!" And yet my text takes that symbol of slumber to describe his departure, so sweet was it, so contented was it, so peaceful was it. Stephen had lived a very laborious life. His chief work had been to care for the poor. How many loaves of bread he had distributed, how many bare feet he had sandaled, how many cots of sickness and distress he had blessed with ministries of kindness and love, I do not know. Yet from the way he lived, and the way he preached, and the way he died, I know he was a laborious Christian. But that is all over now. He has pressed the cup to the last fainting lip. He has taken the last insult from his enemies. The last stone to whose crushing weight he is susceptible has been hurled. Stephen is dead! The disciples come. They take him up. They wash away the blood from the wounds. They straighten out the bruised limbs. They brush back the tangled hair from the brow, and then they pass around to look upon the calm countenance of him who had lived for the poor and died for the truth. Stephen asleep!

I have seen the sea driven with the hurricane until the tangled foam caught in the rigging, and wave rising above wave seemed as if about to storm the heavens, and then I have seen the tempest drop, and the waves crouch, and everything become smooth and burnished as though a camping place for the glories of heaven. So I have seen a man whose life has been tossed and driven coming down at last to an infinite calm in which there was a hush of heaven's lullaby. Stephen asleep!

I saw such a one. He fought all his days against poverty and against abuse. They traduced his name. They rattled at the doorknob while he was dying with duns for debts he could not pay. Yet the peace of God brooded over his pillow, and while the world faded heaven dawned, and the deepening twilight of earth's night was only the opening twilight of heaven's morn. Not a sigh. Not a tear. Not a struggle. Hush! Stephen asleep.

I have not the faculty as many have to tell the weather. I can never tell by the setting sun whether there will be a drought or not. I cannot tell by the blowing of the wind whether it will be fair weather or foul on the morrow. But I can prophesy and I will prophesy what weather it will be when you, the Christian, come to die. You may have it very rough now. It may be this week one annoyance, the next another annoyance. It may be this year one bereavement, the next another bereavement. But at the last Christ will come in, and darkness will go out. And though there may be no hand to close your eyes, and no breast on which to rest your dying head, and no candle to lift the night, the odors of God's hanging garden will regale your soul, and at your bedside will halt the chariots of the king. No more rents to pay, no more agony because flour has gone up, no more struggle with "the world, the flesh and the devil," but peace—long, deep, everlasting peace. Stephen asleep!

Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep,
From which none ever wake to weep;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Uninjured by the last of foes.

Asleep in Jesus, far from thee
Thy kindred and thy graves may be.

But there is still a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wake to weep.

You have seen enough for one day. No one can successfully examine more than five pictures in a day. Therefore we stop, having seen this cluster of divine Raphaels—Stephen gazing into heaven, Stephen looking at Christ, Stephen stoned, Stephen in his dying prayer, Stephen asleep.

BILL ARP'S LETTER.

HE HOPES THAT ALL THE BOYS WILL SEE THE EXPOSITION.

William Tells of His Experience in Raising Silkworms.

The exposition gets bigger and bigger. The managers have builded wiser than they knew, and everything concerning it seems to prosper. It will be a great show and a great school. I wish that every youth in this southern land who is over ten years of age could visit it. They would learn more in a day than they can learn in a year from books. The sight is the very best receptive of knowledge. The best way to study geography is to travel, and the best way to study art is to see things made by the artist or the mechanic. I see that a Philadelphia silk house will have silk worms there making their cocoons and will reel the silk from them and spin and weave it into cloth and will sell you a cravat for a song.

I make mention of this because when I was a lad my father carried on that same business of making silk in Lawrenceville, Ga., and for three years I had to pick mulberry leaves in their season and feed them to the greedy worms. I had to get up before day and go to the morus multicaulus orchard and pick the leaves while the dew was on and carry them in sacks to the silk house and scatter them all over the hurdles and the greedy worms would eat them all up before breakfast. The big worms that were two to two and a half inches long were kept in one row of hurdles and were given the coarser leaves; smaller ones were graded down according to age and the little worms, half an inch long, had to have the young and tender leaves. When the worms were full grown and had devoured till they had stuffed themselves with mulberry fiber they settled down to business and spun their winding sheet in the shape of a cocoon. These cocoons were beautiful little things, about as large as a pecan nut and of the same shape. They were of different colors. Some were pure white, some green, some pink, some red, some yellow and all were bright and glossy. The worm got smaller as he wrapped his web around him, and by the time the cocoon was done it had changed its shape and turned into a chrysalis, an ugly brown thing that had neither head nor tail visible. It passed into a comatose condition for awhile and then came to life again and cut its way out of the cocoon in the shape of a butterfly or large fluttering moth and crawled about over the hurdles to find some place to lay its eggs. These eggs soon hatched out into little silk worms that went to eating leaves just like their greedy ancestors.

But we dident wait for many to cut their way out of the cocoons. We put them in a pot of hot water and they staid comatose all the rest of their lives. We would have perhaps a hundred cocoons floating on the top of the hot water and with a tiny brush would catch up the delicate fibers of silk from thirty to forty cocoons and make a thread of all of them together, and having fastened that thread to a reel close by we would turn the reel just like our grandmothers used to turn it in winding spun truck—turn it until it clicked and then take the cut off and begin again. Just so we reeled the raw silk and kept putting more cocoons in the hot water. In this way we reeled off every bit of the winding sheet and left the ugly dead chrysalis floating on the water. When they accumulated so as to be in the way we skimmed them out and threw them away.

This is only an outline of the business, and I want the young folks to see how the thing is done from the tiny little egg to the raw silk upon the reel and from there to the loom. My father was a pioneer in the morus multicaulus craze, as it was called, and I think the only man in Georgia who made silk and sold it. I remember that one year he sold $600 worth at one shipment and he sold some other smaller lots. He would have continued the business but his trees took the "die back" or something and he had to give it up. It was said that the continued stripping of the leaves will kill them in about three years, for the leaves are the lungs of plants and they can't keep on making new lungs just to please silk worms. These trees were grown from cuttings and we began to strip them the second year when they were about as large as a broom handle. They had no branches and were about as far apart as young apple trees in a nursery. We stripped them like pulling fodder, coming down with both hands and leaving only a few leaves at the top. It would have been good fun if it had not been so monotonous and required so much of Ben Franklin's advice about "early to bed and early to rise," etc, I havent gotten over that habit yet, but it hasent made me wealthy or wise. I never have found out how one worm can get red silk out of a mulberry leaf and another one will get white or yellow.

I heard Captain Evan Howell make a speech once and he got eloquent and humble as he said: "My friends, we are helpless and ignorant creatures. We know nothing hardly about the mysteries of nature that are all around us. The good book says: 'Great is the mystery of godliness.' We cant tell why it is that when a goose eats grass the grass turns to feathers and when a horse eats grass it turns to hair and when a sheep eats grass it turns into wool." And he might have added and when a worm eats mulberry leaves it turns to silk.

The exposition has been a great strain upon Atlanta, but that town is smart and gamey and will make it a grand success. When the scheme was first proposed we outsiders never said anything to discourage it, but we smiled and whispered was there ever such cheek. Right after the great Chicago fair and right in the middle of a financial panic for a little city of only 100,000 people to propose such an absurd scheme is perfectly ridiculous. And to think had their say. It is a very amusing idea for a South Carolina man and a Brunswick preacher to write up and say they will not come to the fair nary step if the street car fare is raised to 10 cents. Why, this is a free country and those gentlemen can stay at home or they can come and patronize the Southern railroad that will charge 10 cents, too. It does not seem to be the price, but it is the raise that arouses their indignation. But this little episode will all settle down. It reminds me, however, of the time when we proposed to build a public academy in Rome, and it was to cost $1,800. The boys had put me forward to run for mayor and the issue was "academy" or "no academy." Of course I was for progress and the noisiest and bitterest enemy I had to contend with took the streets and declared that I would tax the people to death, and he for one was not going to stand it. Looking over the tax books at his sworn return of his property I found that his part of the academy would be 47 cents. So I pleasantly showed him the figures and told him I would pay his part if he would hush—and he of the impudence of asking for the patronage of the national government and an appropriation.

But the managers kept right on and have never faltered for a moment. And they got the Smithsonian institution and the Liberty bell and they seriously discussed the practicability of borrowing the Bartholdi statute of liberty from New York harbor and putting it up in Clara Meer.

I see that the hotel department is all right and that the visitors will be fed and sheltered decently. There has been a little flirtation going on about the street car lines charging 10 cents, but that is all buncomb, I reckon. It is a right big rumpus about a very little matter and I reckon will die out after a few more have hushed. Now let everybody hush about this car fare business, for the people are tired of it and in these parts are not making any fuss about it. It will cost our people from two to three dollars each to go to the fair and enjoy the day and come back home and talk about it for a month and we are not going to miss it for 5 cents; we are not built that way. I should think it would remind a newspaper man of those amusing fellows who ever and anon get mad with the editor and write to him to stop their paper. But I don't reckon the fair will bust up on account of the absence of any man who swears he wont come if he has to pay 10 cents to the street cars. I hope not.—BILL ARP in Atlanta Constitution.

AN AUDACIOUS VILLIAN.

Tries to Smash the Old Liberty Bell With a Sledge Hammer.

The Columbia Liberty Bell special train arrived at Arcola, Ills., Saturday evening and about 2,000 people gathered to see it.

While Manager Knapp was giving a history of the bell and the guides were hoisting it to ring it, a man named Matthews rushed through the crowd and struck the lower rim three hard blows with a sledge hammer, making three dents in it.

The bell was considerably damaged.

Manager Knapp said he would trust to the people of Arcola to prosecute the villian who had so grossly insulted American pride.

Major S. A. D. McWilliams, of Fourth Regiment, I. N. G., effected the arrest and Matthews was locked up.

THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK COTTON FUTURES.

Cotton quiet, middling uplands 8¾, middling gulf, 8 1-2. Futures closed steady. Sales 97,700 bales.

September	7 87@89	January	8 10@11
October	7 90@91	February	8 15@16
November	7 96@97	March	8 20@21
December	8 04@05	April	8 25@26
		May	8 30@31

LIVERPOOL COTTON MARKET.

Cotton quiet. Middling 4 9-32. Futures steady. Sales 6,000; American, 5,500.

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

CHICAGO GRAIN AND PRODUCE.

WHEAT	Sept	56⅛	Dec.	59⅝
CORN—	Sept	31⅜	Dec.	27¾
OATS—	Sept	19⅜	May	20⅞
PORK—	Oct	17½	Jan.	9 50
LARD—	Oct	5 80	Jan.	5 75
RIBS—	Oct	5 30	Jan.	4 80

HOME COTTON MARKETS.

	Raleigh.	Charlotte.	Columbia.	Charleston.
Good middling	8⅛	8	7⅞	7
Strict middling	7⅞	7 95	7 1-2	7⅝
Middling	7¾	7 80	7⅜	7½
Strict low middling	7⅝	6 45	7¼	7⅜
Low middling		6 95	7⅛	7¼
Tinges	7⅜			
Clean stains	7¼			

RALEIGH NEW COTTON.

Good Middling, 7⅝; strict middling, 7½; middling, 7⅜.

BALTIMORE PRODUCE MARKET.

Flour—Steady; Western superfine $2.20@2.40; do extra $2.50@2.75; family $2.95@3.25; winter wheat patent $3.35@3.50; spring wheat, patent $3.40@3.70; do straight $3.25@3.40.

Wheat—Firmer and dull; spot and month 60⅛@60¼; October 61⅝@61⅞; December 63⅜@63½; steamer No. 2 red 57½@57¾; Southern wheat by sample 59@61; do on grade 57½@60½.

Corn—Firmer; spot 40 bid; September 39⅞ asked; October 39½ asked; the year 34⅝@34 1-2; January 34⅛@34⅜; Southern white corn 40; do yellow corn 41.

Oats—Steady, some activity; No. 2 white Western 26 1-2@27; No. 2 mixed western 24@24½.

Rye—Dull, very little demand; No. 2, 44.

Hay—Steady; good to choice Timothy $14.50@$15.00.

CHARLOTTE PRODUCE MARKET.

Cabbage—New per crate	1 25
Extra flour—Sack,	1 90
Family "	1 75@2 25
Meal—bolted, 46 lbs. per bushel,	46
Oats,—32 lbs. per bushel,	63
Potatoes Irish	40@50
" Sweet	35@40
Onions—Select, per bushel	50@60
Country—Ham	10@11
" Sides	7½
" Shoulders	7½
Lard—N. C.,	8@9
Chickens	10@15
Butter	15
Eggs	11@12

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 8
" Good	5 a 4
Wrappers, Common	10 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@25¼; Tar firm, at 1.20; crude turpentine steady, hard 1.10, soft, 1.50, virgin, 1.80.

New York—Rosin quiet; strained, common to good 1.47½@1.50. Turpentine easy at 27½@28.

Charleston — Turpentine firm at 24½. Rosin firm at 1.10.

Cotton Seed Oil.—New York—Cotton seed oil stronger; crude 24, yellow prime 27; off grade 26.

RICE.

The rice market was quiet at Charleston. The quotations are: Prime 5 a5¼; Good 4 a 4½; Fair 3⅜a3¾; Common 2⅝a3.

FRUITS AND VEGETABLES.

Lemons, 360's, per box 7.50. Raisins, loose, per box 1.75; cluster, per box 2.00. Mixed nuts, per pound 10c. Red onions, per bag 2.00. Virginia peanuts, hand-picked, per bushel, 1.25. Grapes, 2 to 30c. per basket. Turnips, per barrel, 1.50. Beets, per barrel, 2.50. Cabbage, 6 to 7c. Bananas, 1.25 to 1.75 per bunch. Cocoanuts, per 100, 4.00. White beans, per bushel 2.50. Northern pears, 4.00@5; Northern potatoes, 2.00. 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 1.25a2.50 per dozen, according to size and quality. Ducks—Muscovy 4a4.50. Geese, young 4.50 per dozen.

Eggs—Eggs 12½c. per dozen.

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

Dairy cattle of St. Louis are dying by scores from anthrax, which is also raging in Randolph County, Missouri.

FARMER BAILEY'S ESCAPE.

AND THE RARE EXPERIENCE OF JOHN H. LOFTIN.

A Happy Release After Both Had About Given Up.

From the Caucasian, Clinton, N. C.

We had been reliably informed that J. F. Bailey, of Warsaw, Dublin Co., N. C., had been cured of consumption, and sent a reporter to see him and make a report, believing that the facts would be welcome to many readers of this paper. We found Mr. Bailey strong in the belief that he had had consumption, though his physician, Dr. W. P. Kennedy, stated the case in a little different way. The doctor said:

"Mr. Bailey was suffering from overwork and chronic malarial poisoning, with some of the symptoms of chronic rheumatism and a general run-down condition of his system.

"Boils prevented him from work a part of the time. Bronchitis and spitting of blood were sources of great annoyance to him."

It is probably true that the doctor was correct, though without doubt Mr. Bailey would eventually have gone into consumption, as this disease frequently follows the symptoms and conditions above given. He was thoroughly cured, however. Mr. Bailey said to the reporter:

"In the spring of '94 I began farm work. Soon I found my health failing and a hacking cough my constant companion.

"I grew so weak that I could no longer work. My cough became so severe that I was unable to sleep, and I was constantly spitting up blood and corruption. My physician could give me no relief and I continued to grow weaker and weaker. I had well nigh given up all hope of living, much less being restored to my usual strength when a friend called my attention to testimonials as to the value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I at once left off using the medicine prescribed by my physician and began to take the Pink Pills. I felt the good effects of this wonderful medicine within three days. In less than two months' time I was a well man, and three boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills did the work.

"Is it any wonder," queried Mr. Bailey, "that I sing the praises of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills when they have done so much for me? But for the timely use of them I would to-day be in my grave and I want the world to know of their incalculable value as a medicine."

The reporter having heard that Mr. John H. Loftin, of Warsaw, had been cured of rheumatism by the use of three boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, interviewed him with the following result. Said Mr Loftin: "I suffered intensely with rheumatism for ten months. I was entirely helpless for two months. I tried various remedies but none of them did me any good. Having heard of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and their wonderful curative powers, I procured a box and began the use of them with wonderful effect. In two weeks' time I was able to leave my bed, and in a few months' time I was able to do manual labor. From helplessness to manual labor is my experience, and I attribute this great benefit solely to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

Dr. William's Pink Pills contain all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are for sale by all druggists, or may be had by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., for 50 cents per box, or six boxes for $2.50.

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

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

A SPEAKER SQUELCHED.

Eulogy of Anarchists Not Permitted by Methodist Preachers of Chicago.

Keir Hardie, the English labor leader, now in this country, disturbed the sedateness of the weekly meeting of Methodist clergymen at Chicago by a fiery Socialistic speech, and was greeted with such a storm of ministerial disapproval that he was compelled to abandon the floor. Hardie had been invited to address the preachers, and with several local Socialists attended the meeting. The Englishman proceeded to air his views, loudly applauded by his friends, and finally bitterly denounced the execution of the Chicago anarchists and eulogized them as pioneers in the new religion. The storm which greeted the statement almost carried Hardie off his feet. Half a dozen preachers at a time bitterly denounced the sentiments expressed, and the speaker was compelled to sit down. The ministers then denounced in scathing terms speech and speaker, and Hardie left much offended.

A Pneumatic Boat.

The pneumatic boat of the International Pneumatic Boat Company, New York, will be useful to sportsmen and travelers. It resembles a horse collar made of india rubber cloth, but the interior is provided with rubber boots and trousers, into which the user thrusts his legs, bringing the boat up round his waist. He then walks into the water and inflates the collar, which buoys him up. Of course he can propel the boat by treading the water or by rigging up a sail, and he remains quite dry. The "boat" is easily carried about.

A return of the strikes of 1893 in France, just published, shows that they numbered 634. Four thousand three hundred and eighty-six factories and mines were affected, and 170,123 workmen took part in the strikes, the number of working days lost being 3,174,000.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever. Nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O.

☞ Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Tahiti, in the South Seas, is now lighted by electric lamps.

WOMEN'S FACES—like flowers, fade and wither with time; the bloom of the rose is only known to the healthy woman's cheeks. The nervous strain caused by the ailments and pains peculiar to the sex, and the labor and worry of rearing a family, can often be traced by the lines in the woman's face. Dull eyes, the sallow or wrinkled face and those "feelings of weakness" have their rise in the derangements and irregularities peculiar to women. The functional derangements, painful disorders, and chronic weaknesses of women, can be cured with Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. For the young girl just entering womanhood, for the mother and those about to become mothers, and later in "the change of life," the "Prescription" is just what they need; it aids nature in preparing the system for these events. It's a medicine prescribed for thirty years, by Dr. R. V. Pierce, chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, at Buffalo, N. Y.

Baseball by Electricity.

Baseball by electricity received a practical test at Palmer's Theatre yesterday and was at once branded a success. The stage is fitted up as a ball-ground. The players are small figures stationed in their respective positions. The catcher stands behind the plate and plays "back" or "off the bat" just as the circumstances denote. He moves on a sort of wheel. The pitcher stands in the box. The umpire stands behind the batter and gesticulates with great emphasis. On the line are the "coachers," who wave their hands in a delirium of baseball frenzy. The umpire automatically raises his hand. The batter, as if conjured from the depths, slowly emerges from a trapdoor at home plate and takes position. A globe in the pitcher's hand, denoting the ball, suddenly flashes and the ball is in play. It goes out, and then blazes in the pitcher's hand. Thus a "ball or "strike" is noted. When the ball is knocked out, an electric lamp above the field denotes which direction it goes, and another flash on the ground denotes where it struck. Repeated flashes denote every move of the ball until it again reaches the pitcher's hand. The batter, when the ball is hit, scurries off for the first bag. If he is out he drops through a trap door. If not, he continues around the circuit until he reaches home or is put out. Every play is called. A green flash denotes a foul.

The way the figures run, slide, emerge from and drop through the trapdoors is extremely interesting.—New York Tribune.

JOHNSON'S CHILL AND FEVER TONIC

Costs you 50 cents a bottle if it cures you, and not a single cent unless it does.

What does it cure?

1st. Chills and Fever.
2nd. Bilious Fever.
3rd. Typhoid Fever.
4th. Hemorrhagic Fever.
5th. Dengue Fever.
6th Measles
7th. Neuralgia.
8th. La Grippe.

Money back if one bottle fails. Ask your dealers about it. A. B. Girardeau, Savannah, Ga., Proprietor

SAW MILLS CORN AND FEED MILLS.
Water Wheels and Hay Presses.
BEST IN THE MARKET.
DeLoach Mill Mfg. Co., 393, Atlanta, Ga.

GUNS Great Sale Parker, Baker and other Breech Loaders. Price way down. Single barrel, $4.00; double, $6.50; muzzle loaders, $2.00; rifles, $1.75; air rifles, $1.00; repeating, $1.50; revolvers, etc., bicycles, half price; kodaks; boxing gloves, delivered, $1.75, set of four. Send stamps for 48-page pictorial catalogue. H. & D. Folsom Arms Co., 314 B'way, N.Y.

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S. N. U.--38.

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