Wedding and Funeral Together.

John A. Chittenden, of Ashley, Mich., on his death bed, requested that his sister, Louise, and her betrothed, Charles A. Holmden, be married over his coffin. The wedding originally was to have taken place some weeks hence, but the date was changed to comply with the wish of the dying man, and while he lay in his coffin his sister and her sweetheart joined hands over the coffin while the Rev. John Glase performed the marriage ceremony. Then he delivered the funeral oration, and the newly married couple occupied the first carriage behind the hearse.—Cleveland Leader.

An Epileptic Record.

An epileptic young woman, whose case is reported in the London Lancet seems to have broken the record for fits. She had 3205 distinct fits in twenty-one days, an average of 152 a day, and in one day had 320 of them. She was cured with chloral hydrate and bromide of potassium.

To Our Lady Readers.

Nine-tenths of the women of the world are afflicted with some of the complaints familiarly known as "Female Diseases," or "Womb Troubles." There is scarcely a family but has an idolized daughter, a cherished sister, or a dearly loved mother who suffers agonies that are endured in silence to protect her modesty. Proper treatment is postponed from month to month by dread of a physicians' humiliating examination, or surgeon's knife. Most of these dangerous diseases can be successfully treated at home, but there is wide-spread ignorance among even the most intelligent classes of women regarding their natural functions and organs of generation, owing to so little information having been published in regard to this subject and a modesty that shrinks from investigation such a disagreeable matter. The Wine of Cardui treatment of female diseases cures thousands of cases of this kind of trouble every year. It can be used successfully in the privacy of the home and is cheap and effective. Ask your druggist for McElree's Wine of Cardui.

Providence, R. I.

Please forward six bottles of Tetterine. C. O. D. I think it strange that it is not sold here in New England, as it is the best cure for Eczema, Ring-Worm and all eruptions of the skin I ever saw. I got a box from a Cincinnati drummer, and gave part of it to a young lady who had tried almost everything to remove Pimples and an eruption from her face. Two applications of Tetterine completely cured her. I know also a gentleman whose body had been covered with Eczema—two boxes of Tetterine cured him completely, and now his skin is as smooth as a baby's. P. O. Hanlon, with Silver Springs Bleaching Co. Sent by mail for 50c. in stamps. J. T. Shuptrine, Savannah, Ga.

I cannot speak too highly of Piso's Cure for Consumption.—MRS. FRANK MORRO, 215 W. 29d St., New York, Oct. 29, 1892.

FITS stopped free by Dr. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER. No fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2 trial bottle free. Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Walking Would Often be a Pleasure were it not for corns. These pests are removed with Hindercorns. 15c. at druggists.

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

Tainted Blood

Poisoned my whole system, local troubles being the origin of my suffering. My limbs and arms swelled and sores broke out. My nervous system was shattered and I became helpless. Medical treatment availed nothing.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

gave me vitality at once. I gained rapidly and the sores disappeared. I gained strength and was finally restored to health." MRS. EMANUEL E. SMITH, P. O. address, West Granville, Mass. Get Hood's.

Hood's Pills are tasteless, mild, effective. All druggists. 25c.

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But a penny saved in buying a poor article of food is a dollar lost to the doctor.

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PRISON'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

THE REWARD IS SURE TO COME.

God is the Defender of All, and the Disabled Especially.

TEXT: "As his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff."—1 Samuel xxx., 24.

If you have never seen an army change quarters you have no idea of the amount of baggage—twenty loads, fifty loads, 100 loads of baggage. David and his army were about to start on a double quick march for the recovery of their captured families from the Amalekites. So they left by the brook Besor their blankets, their knapsacks, their baggage and their carriages. Who shall be detailed to watch this stuff? There are sick soldiers, and wounded soldiers, and aged soldiers who are not able to go on swift military expedition, but who are able to do some work, and so they are detailed to watch the baggage. There is many a soldier who is not strong enough to march thirty miles in a day and then plunge into a ten hours' fight who is able with drawn sword lifted against his shoulder to pace up and down as a sentinel to keep off an enemy who might put the torch to the baggage. There are 200 of these crippled and aged wounded soldiers detailed to watch the baggage. Some of them, I suppose, had bandages across the brow, and some of them had their arms in slings, and some of them walked on crutches. They were not cowards shirking duty. They had fought in many a fierce battle for their country and their God. They are now part of the time in hospital and part of the time on garrison duty. They almost cry because they cannot go with the other troops to the front. While these sentinels watch the baggage the Lord watches the sentinels.

There is quite a different scene being enacted in the distance. The Amalekites, having ravaged and transacked and robbed whole countries, are celebrating their success in a roaring carousal. Some of them are dancing on the lawn with wonderful gyration of heel and toe, and some of them are examining the spoils of victory—the finger rings and earrings and necklaces, the wristlets, the headbands, diamond starred, and the coffers with coronets and carcanions and pearls and sapphires and emeralds and all the wealth of plate, and jewels and decanters, and the silver and the gold banked up on the earth in princely profusion, and the embroideries, and the robes, and the turbans, and the cloaks of an imperial wardrobe. The banquet has gone on until the banqueters are maudlin and weak and stupid and indecent and loathsomely drunk. What a time it is now for David and his men to swoop on them. So the English lost the battle of Bannockburn because the night before they were in wassail and bibulous celebration, while the Scotch were in prayer. So the Syrians were overthrown in their carousal by the Israelites. So Chedorlaomer and his army were overthrown in their carousal by Abraham and his men. So in our Civil War more than once the battle was lost because one of the generals was drunk. Now is the time for David and his men to swoop upon these carousing Amalekites. Some of the Amalekites are hacked to pieces on the spot, some of them are just able to go staggering and hiccoughing off the field, some of them crawl on camels and speed off in the distance. David and his men gather together the wardrobes, the jewels, and put them upon the backs of camels and into wagons, and they gather together the sheep and cattle that had been stolen and start back toward the garrison. Yonder they come, yonder they come. The limping men of the garrison come out and greet them with wild huzza. The Bible says David saluted them—that is, he asked them how they all were. "How is your broken arm?" "How is your fractured jaw?" "Has the stiffened limb been unlimbered?" "Have you had another chill?" "Are you getting better?" He saluted them.

But now came a very difficult thing, the distribution of the spoils of victory. Drive up those laden camels now. Who shall have the spoils? Well, some selfish soul suggests that these treasures ought all to belong to those who had been out in active service. "We did all the fighting while these men stayed at home in the garrison, and we ought to have all the treasures." But David looked into the worn faces of these veterans who had stayed in the garrison, and he looked around and saw how cleanly everything had been kept, and he saw that the baggage was all safe, and he knew that the wounded and crippled men would gladly enough have been at the front if they had been able, and the little general looks up from under his helmet and says, "No, no, let us have fair play," and he rushes up to one of these men and he says, "Hold your hands together," and the hands are held together, and he fills them with silver! And he rushes up to another man who was sitting away back and had no idea of getting any of the spoils, and throws a Babylonish garment over him and fills his hand with gold. And he rushes up to another man who had lost all his property in serving God and his country years before, and he drives up some of the cattle and some of the sheep that they had brought back from the Amalekites, and he gives two or three of the cattle and three or four of the sheep to this poor man, so he shall always be fed and clothed. He sees a man so emaciated and worn out and sick he needs stimulants, and he gives him a little of the wine that he brought from the Amalekites. Yonder is a man who has no appetite for the rough rations of the army, and he gives him a rare morsel from the Amalekitish conquest, and the 200 crippled and maimed and aged soldiers who tarried on garrison duty get just as much of the spoils of battle as any of the 200 men that went to the front. "As his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff."

The impression is abroad that the Christian rewards are for those who do conspicuous service in distinguished places—great patriots, great preachers, great philanthropists. But my text sets forth the idea that there is just as much reward for a man that stays at home and minds his own business, and who, crippled and unable to go forth and lead in great movements and in the high places of the earth, does his whole duty just where he is. Garrison duty as important and as remunerative as service at the front. "As his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff."

The Earl of Kintore said to me in an English railway, "Mr. Talmage, when you get back to America I want you to preach a sermon on the discharge of ordinary duty in ordinary places, and then send me a copy of it." Afterward an English clergyman, coming to this land, brought from the Earl of Kintore the same message. Alas, that before I got ready to do what he asked me to do the good Earl of Kintore had departed this life! But that man, surrounded by all palatial surroundings, and in a distinguished sphere, felt sympathetic with those who had ordinary duties to perform in ordinary places and in ordinary ways. A great many people are discouraged when they hear the story of Moses, and of Joshua, and of David, and of Luther, and of John Knox, and of Deborah, and of Florence Nightingale. They say, "Oh, that was all good and right for them, but I shall never be called to receive the law on Mount Sinai, I shall never be called to command the sun and moon to stand still, I shall never be called to slay a giant, I shall never preach on Mars hill, I shall never defy the Diet of Worms, I shall never be called to make a queen tremble for her crimes, I shall never preside over a hospital."

There are women who say, "If I had as brilliant a sphere as those people had I should be as brave and as grand, but my business is to get children off to school, and to hunt up things when they are lost, and to see that dinner is ready, and to keep account of the household expenses, and to hinder the children from being strangulated by the whooping cough, and to go through all the annoyances and vexations of housekeeping. Oh, my sphere is so infinitesima, and so insignificant, I am clear discouraged." Woman, God places you on garrison duty, and your reward will be just as great as that of Florence Nightingale, who, moving so often night by night with a light in her hand through the hospitals, was called by the wounded the "lady of the lamp." Your reward will be just as great as that of Mrs. Hertzog, who built and endowed theological seminary buildings. Your reward will be just as great as that of Hannah More, who by her excellent books won for her admirers Garrick and Edmund Burke and Joshua Reynolds. Rewards are not to be given according to the amount of noise you make in the world, nor even according to the amount of good you do, but according to whether you work to your full capacity, according to whether or not you do your full duty in the sphere where God has placed you.

Suppose you give to two of your children errands, and they are to go off to make purchases, and to one you give $1 and to the other you give $20. Do you reward the boy that you gave $20 to for purchasing more with that amount of money than the other boy purchased with $1? Of course not! If God give wealth or social position or eloquence, or twenty times the faculty to a man than He gives to the ordinary man, is He going to give to the favored man a reward because he has more power and more influence? On, no. In other words, if you and I were to do our whole duty, and you had twenty times more talent than I have, you will get no more divine reward than I will. Is God going to reward you because He gave you more? That would not be fair; that would not be right. These 200 men of the text who fainted by the brook Besor did their whole duty. They watched the baggage, they took care of the stuff, and they got as much of the spoils of victory as the men who went to the front. "As his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff."

There is high encouragement in this for all who have great responsibility and little credit for what they do. You know the names of the great commercial houses of these cities. Do you know the names of the confidential clerks—the men who have the key to the safe, the men who know the combination look? A distinguished merchant goes forth at the watering place, and he flashes past, and you say, "Who is that?" "Oh," replies some one, "don't you know? That is the great importer; that is the great banker; that is the great manufacturer." The confidential clerk has his week off. Nobody notices whether he comes or goes. Nobody knows him, and after awhile his week is done, and he sits down again at his desk. But God will reward his fidelity just as much as He recognizes the work of the merchant philanthropist whose investment this unknown clerk so carefully guarded. Hudson River Railroad, Pennsylvania Railroad, Erie Railroad, New York and New Haven Railroad—business men know the names of the Presidents of these roads and of the prominent directors, but they do not know the names of the engineers, the names of the switchmen, the names of the flagmen, the names of the brakesmen. These men have awful responsibilities, and sometimes, through the recklessness of an engineer or the unfaithfulness of a switchman, it has brought to mind the faithfulness of nearly all the rest of them. Some men do not have recognition of their services. They have small wages and much complaint. I very often ride upon locomotives, and I very often ask the question, as we shoot around some curve or under some lofty of rocks, "How much wages do you get?" And I am always surprised to find how little for such vast responsibility. Do you suppose God is not going to recognize that fidelity? Thomas Scott, the President of the Pennsylvania Railroad, going up at death to receive from God his destiny, was no better known in that hour than was known last night the brakeman who, on the Erie Railroad, was jammed to death amid the car couplings. "As his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff."

Once for thirty-six hours we expected every moment to go to the bottom of the ocean. The waves struck through the skylights and rushed down into the hold of the ship and hissed against the boilers. It was an awful time, but by the blessing of God and the faithfulness of the men in charge we came out of the cyclone, and we arrived at home. Each one before leaving the ship thanked Captain Andrews. I do not think there was a man or woman that went off that ship without thanking Captain Andrews, and when, years after, I heard of his death, I was impelled to write a letter of condolence to his family in Liverpool. Everybody recognized the goodness, the courage, the kindness of Captain Andrews, but it occurs to me now that we never thanked the engineer. He stood away down in the darkness, amid the hissing furnaces, doing his whole duty. Nobody thanked the engineer, but God recognized his heroism and his continuance and his fidelity, and there will be just as high reward for the engineer who worked out of sight as the Captain who stood on the bridge of the ship in the midst of the howling tempest. "As his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff."

A Christian woman was seen going along the edge of a wood every evening, and the neighbors in the country did not understand how a mother with so many cares and anxieties should waste so much time as to be idly sauntering out evening by evening. It was found out afterward that she went there to pray for her household, and while there one evening she wrote that beautiful hymn, famous in all ages for cheering Christian hearts:

I love to steal awhile away
From every cumbering care
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.

Shall there be no reward for such unpretending, yet everlasting service?

Clear back in the country there is a boy who wants to go to college and get an education. They call him a bookworm. Wherever they find him—in the barn or in the house—he is reading a book. "What a pity it is," they say, "that Ed cannot get an education!" His father, work as hard as he will, can no more than support the family by the product of the farm. One night Ed has retired to his room, and there is a family conference about him. The sisters say: "Father, I wish you would send Ed to college. If you will, we will work harder than we ever did, and we will make our old dresses do." The mother says: "Yes; I will get along without any hired help. Although I am not as strong as I used to be, I think I can get along without any hired help." The father says: "Well, I think by husking corn nights I can get along without any assistance." Sugar is banished from the table, butter is banished from the plate. That family is put down on rigid—yes, suffering—economy that the boy may go to college. Time passes on. Commencement day has come. Think not that I mention an imaginary case. God knows it happened. Commencement day has come, and the professors walk in on the stage in their long gowns. The interest of the occasion is passing on, and after awhile it comes to a climax of interest, as the valedictorian is to be introduced. Ed has studied so hard and worked so well that he has had the honor conferred upon him. There are rounds of applause, sometimes breaking into vociferation. It is a great day for Ed. But away back in the galleries are his sisters in their plain hats and their faded shawls, and the old fashioned father and mother—dear me, she has not had a new hat for six years; he has not had a new coat for six years—and they get up and look over on the platform, and they laugh and they cry, and they sit down, and they look pale, and then they are very much flushed. Ed gets the garlands, and the old fashioned group in the gallery have their full share of the triumph. They have made that scene possible, and in the day when God shall more fully reward self-sacrifices made for others He will give grand and glorious recognition. "As his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff."

There is high encouragement in this subject also for those who once wrought mightily for Christ and the church, but through sickness or collapse of fortune or advanced years cannot now go to the front. These two hundred men of the text were veterans. Let that man bare his arm and show how the muscles were torn. Let him pull aside the turban and see the mark of a battleax. Pull aside the coat and see where the spear thrust him. Would it have been fair for those men, crippled, weak and old by the brook Besor, to have no share in the spoils of triumph? I was in the Soldier's hospital in Paris and I saw there some of the men of the first Napoleon, and I asked them where they had fought under their great commander. One man said, "I was at Austerlitz." Another man said, "I was at the Pyramids." Another man said, "I was in the awful retreat from Moscow." Another man said, "I was at the bridge of Lodi." Some of them were lame, they were all aged. Did the French Government turn off those old soldiers to die in want? No. Their last days were spent like princes. Do you think my Lord is going to turn off His old soldiers because they are weak and worn and because they fainted by the brook Besor? Are they going to get no part of the spoils of the victory? Just look at them. Do you think those crevices in the face are wrinkles? No. They are battle scars. They fought against sickness, they fought against trouble, they fought against sin, they fought for God, they fought for the church, they fought for the truth, they fought for heaven. When they had plenty of money their names were always on the subscription list. When there was any hard work to be done for God they were ready to take the heaviest part of it. When there came a great revival they were ready to pray all night for the anxious and the sin struck. They were ready to do any work, endure any sacrifice, do the most unpopular thing that God demanded of them. But now they cannot go further. Now they have physical infirmities. Now their head troubles them. They are weak and faint by the brook Besor. Are they to have no share in the triumph? Are they to get none of the treasures, none of the spoils of conquest? You must think that Christ has a very short memory if you think He has forgotten their services.

Fret not, ye aged ones. Just tarry by the stuff and wait for your share of the spoils. Yonder they are coming. I hear the bleating of the fat lambs, and I see the jewels glint in the sun. It makes me laugh to think how you will be surprised when they throw a chain of gold over your neck and tell you to go in and dine with the king. I see you backing out because you feel unworthy. The shining ones comes up on the one side and the shining ones come up on the other side, and they push you on, and they push you up, and they say, "Here is an old soldier of Jesus Christ," and the shining ones will rush out toward you and say, "Yes; that man saved my soul," or they will rush out and say, "Oh, yes; she was with me in the last sickness!" And then the cry will go round the circle: "Come in, come in, come in, come in! We saw you away down there, old and sick and decrepit and discouraged because you could not go to the front, but 'As his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff.'"

There is high consolation also in this for aged ministers. I see some of them here today. They sit in pews in our churches. They used to stand in pulpits. Their hair is white with the blossoms of the tree of life, their names marked on the roll of the general assembly, or of the consociation, emeritus. They sometimes hear a text announced which brings to mind a sermon they preached fifty years ago on the same subject. They preached more gospel on $400 a year than some of their successors preach on $4000. Some Sunday the old minister is in a church, and near by in another pew there are a husband and a wife and a row of children. And after the benediction the lady comes up and says, "Doctor, you don't know me, do you?" "Well," he says, "your face is familiar, but I cannot call you by name." "Why," she says, "you baptized me, and you married me, and you buried my father and mother and sisters." "Oh, yes," he says. "My eyesight isn't as good as it used to be." They are in all our churches—the heroes of 1829, the heroes of 1832, the heroes of 1837. By the long grave trench that cut through half a century they have stood sounding the resurrection. They have been in more Balaklavas and have taken more Sevastopols than you ever heard of. Sometimes they get a little fretful because they cannot be at the front. They hear the sound of the battle and the old war horse champs his bit. But the 60,000 ministers of religion this day standing in the brunt of the fray shall have no more reward than those retired veterans. "My father, my father, the chariots of Israel and the horsemen thereof." "As his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff."

Cheer up, men and women of unappreciated services. You will get your reward, if not here, hereafter. When Charles Wesley comes up to judgment, and the thousands of souls which were wafted into glory through his songs shall be enumerated, he will take his throne. Then John Wesley will come up to judgment, and after his name has been mentioned in connection with the salvation of the millions of souls brought God through the Methodism which he founded he will take his throne. But between the two thrones of Charles Wesley and John Wesley there will be a throne higher than either, on which shall sit Susannah Wesley, who, with maternal consecration in Epworth rectory, Lincolnshire, started those two souls on their triumphant mission of sermon and song through all the following ages. Oh, what a day that will be for many who rocked Christian cradles with weary foot, and who patched worn out garments and darned socks, and out of a small income made the children comfortable for the winter. What a day that will be for those to whom the world gave the cold shoulder and called them nobodies and begrudged them the least recognition, and who, weary and worn and sick, fainted by the brook Besor. Oh, that will be a mighty day when the Son of David shall distribute among them the garlands, the crowns, the scepters, the chariots, the thrones. And then it shall be found that all who on earth served God in inconspicuous spheres receive just as much reward as those who filled the earth with uproar of achievement. Then they shall understand the height, the depth, the length, the breadth, the pillared and domed magnificence of my text, "As his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff."

THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK COTTON FUTURES.

Cotton quiet, middling uplands, 8 15-16, middling gulf, 9 3-16. Futures closed easy. Sales 139,200 bales.

December	8 65@8 66	April	8 85@8 86
January	8 72@8 73	May	8 90@8 91
February	8 76@8 77	June	8 95@8 96
March	8 81@8 82	July	8 98@8 99

LIVERPOOL COTTON MARKET.

Cotton, fair demand, higher. Middling 4 23-32 d. Futures quiet. Sales 7,000. Including American, 6,100.

Nov	4 40@41	Mar & Apr	4 43 b
Nov. & Dec	4 40 b	Apr & May	4 44@45
Dec. & Jan.	4 40@41	May & June	4 45@46
Jan. & Feb.	4 41 b	June & July	4 47 s
Feb. & Mar.	4 42 b	July & Aug	4 48 b

CHICAGO GRAIN AND PRODUCE.

WHEAT	Dec. ...59	May	63⅝
CORN	Nov. ...29⅛	Dec.	27⅝
OATS	Dec. ...18⅝	May	20⅝
PORK	Jan. ...9 12½	May	9 42½
LARD	Jan. ...5 65	May	5 85
RIBS	Jan. ...4 57½	May	4 80

HOME COTTON MARKETS.

	Charlotte.	Columbia.	Charleston.
Good middling	8 9-16	8 7-16	8⅝
Strict middling	8⅝	8 5-16	8½
Middling		8 3-16	8⅜
Strict low middling		8 1-16	8¼
Low middling		7 15-16	
Middling fair			8⅞
Fully middling			8⅝

AT OTHER POINTS.

COTTON—Middling quotations: Augusta quiet, 8⅝. Norfolk firm, 8⅝. Charleston, quiet, 8⅝. Boston quiet, 9. Savannah quiet, 8 7-16. Baltimore quiet, 8⅝. Philadelphia quiet 9⅛. Wilmington firm 8⅝. New Orleans steady, 8⅝. New York quiet, 9.

SEA ISLAND COTTON.

The sea island cotton market was firm this week with sales of 699 bags. The quotations are: Medium fine, 23 to 25c.; fine, 26 to 27c.; fully fine, 28 to 30.; extra fine, 35 to 40c.

RALEIGH TOBACCO MARKET.

Smokers, Common	3@ 5
" Good	6@10
Cutters, Common	8@12
" Good	15@20
" Fine	25@30
Fillers, Common Green	2@ 3
" Good	5@ 7
" Fine	8@10
Wrappers, Common	12@18
" Good	20@35
" Fine	40@60
" Fancy	65@85

Market strong with advance on all grades.

BALTIMORE PRODUCE MARKET.

FLOUR—Steady, Western superfine 2.45@2.65; do extra $2.75@3.00; family $3.20@3.50; winter wheat patent $3.55@3.85; spring wheat, patent $3.70@4.00; spring wheat straight $3.50@3.75.

WHEAT — Spot and October 66⅛; December 66⅝@67; May 71⅛ asked; steamer No. 2 red 63@63⅛; Southern wheat by sample 66⅛@67⅛; do on grade, 64@67.

CORN—Easy; spot 37⅛@37⅝; November, new or old 34⅛@34⅝; the year 33⅝@33⅞; January 33⅛@33⅝; February, 33⅛@33⅝; March, 34@33⅛, steamer mixed—; Southern white corn 34⅛@37; do yellow corn 34⅛@36⅛.

Oats—Firm; No. 2 white Western 24⅛@24½; No. 2 mixed western 23@23⅛.

Rye—Inactive; No. 2, 44@45 near by; No. 2 western 48@49⅛.

Hay—Firm; choice Timothy $15.50@16.

RALEIGH RAW COTTON.

Middling	Nominal.
Strict middling	8⅛@8⅜
Strict good middling	8⅜@8½
Good middling	8⅛@8⅜

Market quiet.

The Per Capita $22.72.

The Treasury circulation statement, issued Saturday shows a net decrease of money in the Treasury during October of $12,973,340, and an increase of $13,265,807 of all kinds of money in circulation in the United States during October, making the total circulation foot up $1,598,859,316, or $22.72 per capita based on 70,376,000 population.

BILL ARP'S LETTER.

WILLIAM IS AVERSE TO ANOTHER SANGUINARY CONFLICT.

The World to Him Seems Now Contented and Happy.

All is peace and harmony about Atlanta now, but I haven't forgotten when Sherman was throwing his unfeeling shells all over the city. Such a panic, such a stampede, such helpless terror among women and children I never witnessed. I had gotten my wife and little children away, but I had to stay, and the scene was as awful as the picture of death on the pale horse. Everybody and everything that could move was moving. Shells are not so terribly destructive, but as Big John said that day, they are the "most perilyzing thing" in the world. I met him on Decatur street, making tracks toward Stone Mountain, carrying his three hundred pounds of flesh—most of it in front. Big beads of perspiration were on his forehead and he was carrying his wiz in one hand and an old carpet bag in the other. "Where now, my friend?" said I. "Anywhere in this direction," said he, with a distressing smile. "I am bound to keep ahead of 'em, the infernal devils. They don't travel fast, thank the Lord." "Where is your cart and steer?" said I. "Sold 'em—sold 'em to a free nigger for two hundred dollars confederate money, about enough to keep me in vittles and whisky for a week." "And then what?" said I. "Jine the conscript camp at Decatur," said he, and he mopped the sweat off his head and face with his big bandana handkerchief. Another shell sang through the air and Big John moved on with alacrity, never even said goodbye, but hallooed back, "Pray for me, Bill." The next week I got him a place in the ordnance department at Macon under General Howell Cobb and left him sitting on a box full of guns. He placed two boxes close together for a bed and said he should sleep on his arms.

The shells kept coming on making their parabolas and singing and sizzing in the circumambient air. I had sorter gotten used to shells in old Virginia and so ventured to walk down half a mile on Walton street to see what had become of an old uncle and his family who lived there. His four boys were all in the war, but my uncle and aunt and their only daughter lived there. I found them huddled up in the basement, for a shell had already torn part of the roof away and they had moved—moved lower down, and were waiting, waiting, he said, to see what the Lord or the devil would do. They escaped unharmed. One of their absent boys was killed and another was trimmed up, but that was the common lot. But now everybody is happy except some—everybody except the very rich and the very poor. That is why old Augur dident want to do either. Just the expression of the people you meet—meet on the trains or at the depots or the fair grounds or on the streets or in the churches. How much more pleasant it is than a few months' ago. How happy are the women and children. How cordial the greetings between the north and the south—the blue and the gray. The fact is, when our northern brethren come down here and eat our barbecued meat and receive our hospitality and look at our beautiful women they are nearly ready to apologize for everything they have done to us or said about us. I've been waiting for them to apologize for twenty-five years, but they say they can't do it consistently until they begin to pension our soldiers and our widows and orphans. I believe they will pass a pension law for our soldiers about the time they are all dead, for it is a fact that unpensioned soldiers do die.

"Time cuts down all,
Both great and small,
Except a pensioned soldier."

An insurance man told me that a man who was drawing a pension could get his life insured for half price.

It is curious how short sighted are the wisest and the greatest men. Calhoun and Davis and Stevens and Henry Clay and John Randolph all said that no races of people could ever live together in peace unless one was in subjection and under the civil dominion of the other. That has proved a mistake. We are living together now on terms of civil equality and getting along fairly well. Giddings and Phillips and all the abolition leaders said that just as soon as a war broke out the negroes would rise up and kill and burn and destroy all over the south. They did nothing of the kind. Nathaniel Hawthorne said: "I am for the war, but I don't understand what we are fighting about or what good results can come from it. I rejoice that the old union is smashed. We never were one people and never will be. If we pummel the south ever so hard they will love us none the better."

But the union is not smashed. It is stronger than ever and Dana says the nation will have to look to the south for its preservation—preservation from anarchy and isms that seem to breed and fester and flourish in the north. And Chauncey Depew says the south is fuller than ever of the old spirit—the old flag and the old desire for an appropriation. Yes, confound him, I like Chauncey, but why dident he mention that the north got 95 per cent of all the appropriations, all the money that is spent on the army and navy and public printing and supplies of every kind, while all we get is a little custom house and postoffice here and there and for those we have to take a northern architect and build it with northern stone or brick and fill it with northern furniture. Confound 'em, dogon. They throw a sop to us once in a while, just like throwing a bone to a dog. Never mind. If they do get up a war with some foreign country they will want us to do the fighting and we expect to have it to do, but they will have to apologize and heal up the old sore first. Now mark my prediction. If a war does become imminent between this country and any one of the great powers, some fellow from Massachusetts or Tom Reed from Maine will introduce a bill to give pensions and back pay to the southern soldiers. Up to date there has been paid $2,000,000,000 in pensions since the war and the Grand Army is howling for more, and Mr. Cleveland and Carlisle have to keep issuing bonds to keep up with it.

But let the procession proceed. Mr. Lochren says he thinks that some of the pensioners will begin to die off next year. Some of them are moving down to Georgia and buying land and building towns in the piney woods. That's all right. We welcome any northern man who comes here to stay. They are most always good citizens. The mean ones don't come. They had rather stay up there and abuse us. A man told me that about half of the G. A. R.'s who came to the Louisville encampment the other day were foreigners, who dident speak English and came with one shirt and $2 and dident change either till they got back home. But we are harmonizing at last and we want everybody from up there to come down to our show. There are a good many signs of coming peace and good will between the sections. A northern democrat sent my wife a photograph of Lincoln as he was away back in the fifties—Lincoln in the woods, Lincoln the rail splitter—and says he has had it thirty-three years. It is a remarkable picture—the most earnest and serious and the ugliest white man I ever saw on a cardboard. It is strangely attractive, and you never get tired looking at it. No wonder he captivated the common people. Mr. Kuhleman writes that he wants us to be reconciled to old Abe. Well, we are. The south admired him and reveres his memory. He was the best public man the north had. He was honest, sincere and big hearted. But from all the Shermans now the good Lord deliver us.

And now I think I feel better. General Palmer made me mad in his Grand Army speech at Louisville. He is a brag and a demagogue and I'm bound to get even with him and his sort.

BILL ARP in Atlanta Constitution.

Plenty of Room in the Boots.

In the German army the Fatherland kindly provides very roomy boots for its warriors. There is, however, a serious inconvenience attending the disproportion between the sizes of boots and feet. In very soft, tenacious ground the boots are left sticking, and the man goes, casting an affectionate farewell glance behind him. Halt he cannot.

When the Eighteenth Army Corps, a few years ago, defiled before the Emperor at Strasburg across a stubble field which rain had rendered very sticky and muddy, the boots of the infantry were pulled off by the hundred, so that a fatigue party had to be told off, amid great laughter, to gather up the lost property. In military history the occasion is still known as the boot parade.—Berlin Herald.

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The oldest steam engine in the country went through a recent fire in Savannah, Ga., but was dug out of the ruins all right, and exhibited in Atlanta. It was built by James Watt.

Great Britain still refuses to co-operate with us in keeping the Atlantic water lane clear of derelicts, on the ground, explains the New York Sun, that the game is not worth the candle; that the risk is not co-extensive with the gain.

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When Professor Jacob Cooper, of Rutgers, was examined for admission to Yale in 1852 Tutor Talcott said to Mr. Cooper: "How much Greek have you read?" "Over 3000 pages," was the reply. "You don't mean that, do you?" said Mr. Talcott. "Isn't it 3000 lines?" "No, sir," was the reply. "When I say pages I mean pages." In later life he declared that if all the Hebrew Bibles in the world were destroyed he could reproduce the text from memory. Professor Cooper's scholarship was recognized by the bestowal last summer of a degree of LL.D. by Tulane University, the President of which, Professor Johnson, was a member of the same class at Yale and remembered the incident cited above.—Chicago Chronicle.

The biggest man at the English Parliamentary bar is Mr. Pope, the leader. He sits upon an air cushion, and his weight is so enormous that he is not compelled to stand when conducting a case. At the end of a day's work he is wheeled in a chair to the elevator, from which he is then transferred to a four-wheeler.

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