The Wounded Antelope.

"The stricken deer flees from the herd."

The term is supposed to be poetical, and may be so; but does anyone know why the deer runs away?

A good many years ago when Denver was a huddle of shanties and the overland stage was in its glory, the writer of these lines was crossing what was then represented on the school maps as "The Great American Desert." It was very early in the morning and light, though the sun had not yet risen, when the wagons started. Soon the leader stopped in silence, and every one saw on an eminence or "roll" a splendid antelope, standing and looking at the wagons as though surprised. Not a sound was made on either side until the silence was broken by the sharp crack of a rifle. The antelope fell, but only for an instant, and then bounded away. Arrived at the place where he fell, a little blood was noticed, and, rising the "roll," the stricken deer was seen making his way not from, but to the herd, some 400 in number. Then was seen a rather curious sight in the early light. Catching sight of the wagon, the whole herd moved away at a smart pace, but not at a panic gait. The wounded animal had reached the herd, but was not wanted; for two or three bucks made for him, and as long as we watched them chased and horned the poor animal until presumably he fell dead, a feast for the coyotes. For some reason peculiar to antelopes, they wanted no "stricken deer" about and wouldn't have one.—Homeopathic Envoy.

An Immense Shark.

Antone Joseph, an old whaling mate now stationed as cook of the Cornfield lightship, Essex, Conn., hooked the boss shark of the season on Wednesday of last week. The monster measured from nose to tip of tail 14 feet 7 inches, and weighed about 500 pounds. When Mr. Joseph noticed the shark under the lightship quarter, he immediately got out the shark fishing tackle and baited the hook with a round of Uncle Sam's mess pork, which Mr. Shark very quickly made a meal of and was towed alongside of the ship. The gaffs were hooked on to him and he was hoisted on board. The sirloin steaks being removed, he was cast back into the sea for the Niantic parties to take pictures of or some imaginative reporter to write up as a sea serpent.

Howling at the Moon.

Just as some highly civilized races worship the sun, so some people lower in the scale worship the moon. Amongst the latter may be named the Makua, of Mozambique, in East Africa. They are a bad lot, and give the Portuguese much trouble. At full moon they always dance and howl most mournfully. Mr. H. H. Johnston, the traveler, says that though the authorities forbid these observances, his Makua servants ran the risk of being whipped, and even imprisoned, rather than not go down to the beach to yell and caper on full-moon nights.

Mollie—"Do you like trolley parties?" Dollie—"I just love 'em. You know I'm engaged to one; he's a motorman."—Yonkers Statesman.

How's This?

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

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

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

A Governor's Opinion.

Everybody knows ex-Governor Robert Taylor, of Tennessee. He says: "I have had occasion to use Tyner's Dyspepsia Remedy and find it an admirable aid to digestion. Taken before retiring, it imparts a vigor and calmness of feeling which is very desirable. I am convinced that it is a first-class remedy for aiding digestion."

"Especially if Tyner's Dyspepsia Remedy is taken after eating."

Price 50 cents per bottle. For sale everywhere.

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

Hindercorns is a Simple Remedy, But it takes out corns, and what a consolation it is! Makes walking a pleasure. 15c. at druggists.

Brogdon, S. C.

I have used 4 boxes of Tetterine, for Tetter on my feet, of 17 years' standing. My nails were thick and rotten, since using Tetterine they are growing out new and healthy. Please send me two more boxes to use in case it should show any sign of returning. C. M. Best. Sent by mail for 50c. in stamps. J. T. Shuptrine, Savannah, Ga.

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.

After physicians had given me up, I was saved by Piso's Cure.—RALPH ERIEG, Williamsport, Pa., Nov. 22, 1893.

Mothers Who Use Parker's Ginger Tonic insist that it benefits more than other medicines for every form of distress.

Take Care

Of your physical health. Build up your system, tone your stomach and digest ve organs, increase your appetite, enrich your blood, drive out all impurities and prevent sickness with

Hood's

Sarsaparilla

The One True Blood Purifier. $1; 6 for $5.

Hood's Pills act harmoniously with Hood's Sarsaparilla. 25c.

NATURE'S WAY:

There is no reason why the period preceding childbirth should be full of discomfort. There is no reason why childbirth itself should bring a feeling of dread to the mother. Nature does nothing wrong. It is the abuse of nature by wrong living, lack of exercise, ill-fitting clothes, that brings about the tortures of childbirth.

Perfectly healthy women go through the ordeal with comparative ease. Nature intended it that way. Women approaching motherhood have really but one thing to do—get strength generally and locally.

McELREE'S WINE OF CARDUI

is the best medicine and tonic to do this. It prepares the generative organs for the coming trial, shortens labor, lessens pain and reduces confinement of its danger.

One Dollar a Bottle.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

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

CONGRESS CONVENES

DR. TALMAGE WELCOMES IT.

The Learned Divine Says "God is On the Side of This Nation.

TEXT: "And the Lord opened the eyes of the young man, and he saw, and, behold, the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha."—II Kings vi., 17.

The American Congress is assembling. Arriving or already arrived are the representatives of all sections of this beloved land. Let us welcome them with prayers and benediction. A nobler group of men never entered Washington than those who will to-morrow take their places in the Senate Chamber and the House of Representatives. Whether they come alone or leave their families at the homestead far away, may the blessing of the Eternal God be upon them! We invite them to our churches, and together they in political spheres and we in religious circles will give the coming months to consideration of the best interests of this country which God has blessed so much in the past that I purpose to show you and show them, so far as I may now reach their ear or to-morrow their eye through the printing press, that God will be with them to help them as in the text He filled the mountains with help for Elisha.

As it cost England many regiments and $2,000,000 a year to keep safely a troublesome captive at St. Helena, so the king of Syria sends out a whole army to capture one minister of religion—perhaps 50,000 men to take Elisha. During the night the army of Syrians came around the village of Dothan, where the prophet was staying. At early daybreak the man servant of Elisha rushed in and said: "What shall we do? There is a whole army come to destroy you! We must die! We must die!" But Elisha was not scared a bit, for he looked up and saw the mountains all around full of supernatural forces, and he knew that if there were 50,000 Syrians against him there were 100,000 angels for him and in answer to the prophet's prayer in behalf of his affrighted man servant the young man saw it too. Horses of fire harnessed to chariots of fire, and drivers of fire pulling reins of fire on bits of fire, and warriors of fire with brandished swords of fire, and the brilliance of that morning sunrise was eclipsed by the galloping splendors of the celestial cavalcade. "And the Lord opened the eyes of the young man, and he saw, and behold the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha." I speak of the upper forces of the text that are to fight on our side as a Nation. If all the low levels are filled with armed threats, I have to tell you that the mountains of our hope and courage and faith are full of the horses and chariots of divine rescue.

You will notice that the divine equipage is always represented as a chariot of fire. Ezekiel and Isaiah and John, when they come to describe the divine equipage, always represent it as a wheeled, a harnessed, an upholstered conflagration. It is not a chariot like kings and conquerors of earth mount, but an organized and compressed fire. That means purity, justice, chastisement, deliverance through burning escape. Chariot of rescue? Yes, but a chariot of fire. All our National disenthrallments have been through scorching agonies and red disasters. Through tribulation the individual rises. Through tribulation Nations rise. Chariots of rescue, but chariots of fire. But how do I know that this divine equipage is on the side of our institutions? I know it by the history of the last 119 years. The American Revolution started from the pen of John Hancock in Independence Hall in 1776. The colonies, without ships, without ammunition, without guns, without trained warriors, without money, without prestige. On the other side, the mightiest Nation of the earth, the largest armies, the grandest navies and the most distinguished commanders, and resources inexhaustible, and nearly all Nations ready to back them up in the fight. Nothing, as against immensity.

The cause of the American colonies, which started at zero, dropped still lower through the quarreling of the generals, and through the jealousies at small successes, and through the winters which surpassed all predecessors in depth of snow and horrors of congealment. Elisha surrounded by the whole Syrian army did not seem to be worse off than did the thirteen colonies encompassed and overshadowed by foreign assault. What decided the contest in our favor? The upper forces, the upper armies. The Green and White Mountains of New England, the Highlands along the Hudson, the mountains of Virginia, all the Appalachian ranges were full of re-enforcements, which the young man Washington saw by faith, and his men endured the frozen feet, and the gangrened wounds, and the exhausting hunger, and the long march because "the Lord opened the eyes of the young man, and he saw, and, behold, the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha." Washington himself was a miracle. What Joshua was in sacred history the first American President was in secular history. A thousand other men excelled him in different things, but he excelled them all in roundness and completeness of character. The world never saw his like, and probably never will see his like again, because there probably never will be another such exigency. He was let down a divine interposition. He was from God direct.

I do not know how many can read the history of those times without admitting the contest was decided by the upper forces. Then in 1861, when our Civil War opened, many at the North and at the South pronounced it National suicide. It was not courage against cowardice, it was not wealth against poverty, it was not large States against small States. It was heroism against heroism, it was the resources of many generations against the resources of generations, it was the prayer of the North against the prayer of the South, it was one-half of the Nation in armed wrath meeting the other half of the Nation in armed indignation. What could come but extermination?

At the opening of the war the commander-in-chief of the United States forces was a man who had been great in battle, but old age had come, with many infirmities, and he had a right to quietude. He could not mount a horse, and he rode on the battlefield in a carriage, asking the driver not to jolt it too much. During the most of the four years of the contest on the Southern side, was a man in midlife, who had in his veins the blood of many generations of warriors, himself one of the heroes of Churubusco and Cerro Gordo, Contreras and Chapultepec. As the years passed on and the scroll of carnage unrolled there came out from both sides a heroism, and a strength, and a determination that the world had never seen marshaled. And what but extermination could come when Philip Sheridan and Stonewall Jackson met, and Nathaniel Lyon and Sidney Johnston rode in from North and South, and Grant and Lee, the two thunderbolts of battle, clashed? Yet, we are a Nation, and yet we are at peace. Earthly courage did not decide the conflict. The upper forces of the text—they tell us there was a battle fought above the clouds on Lookout Mountain, but there was something higher than that.

Again, the horses and chariots of God came to the rescue of this Nation in 1876, at the close of a Presidential election famous for ferocity. A darker cloud yet settled down upon this Nation. The result of the election was in dispute, and revolution, not between two or three sections, but revolution in every town and village and city of the United States seemed imminent. The prospect was that New York would throttle New York, and New Orleans would grip New Orleans, and Boston, Boston, and Savannah, Savannah, and Washington, Washington. Some said Mr. Tilden was elected, others said Mr. Hayes was elected, and how near we came to universal massacre some of us guessed, but God only knew. I ascribe our escape not to the honesty and righteousness of infuriated politicians, but I ascribe it to the upper forces of the text. Chariots of mercy rolled in, and though the wheels were not heard and the flash was not seen, yet all through the mountains of the North, and the South, and the East, and the West, though the hoofs did not clatter, the cavalry of God galloped by. I tell you God is the friend of this Nation. In the awful excitement at the massacre of Lincoln, when there was a prospect that greater slaughter would open upon this Nation, God hushed the tempest. In the awful excitement at the time of Garfield's assassination God put His foot on the neck of the cyclone. To prove God is on the side of this Nation I argue from the last eight or nine great National harvests, and from the National health of the last quarter of a century, epidemics very exceptional, and from the great revivals of religion, and from the sprinkling of the church of God, and from the continent blossoming with asylums and reformatory institutions, and from an Evangelization which promises that this whole land is to be a paradise, where God shall walk.

I am encouraged more than I can tell you as I see the regiments wheeling down the sky, and my jeremiads turn into doxologies, and that which was the Good Friday of the Nation's crucifixion becomes the Easter morn of its resurrection. Of course God works through human instrumentalities, and this National betterment is to come among other things through a scrutinized ballot box. By the law of registration it is almost impossible now to have illegal voting. There was a time—you and I remember it very well—when droves of vagabonds wandered up and down on Election Day, and from poll to poll, voted here, and voted there, and voted everywhere, and there was no challenge, or if there were, it amounted to nothing, because nothing could so suddenly be proved upon the vagabonds. Now, in every well organized neighborhood, every voter is watched with severest scrutiny. If I am in a region where I am allowed a vote, I must tell the registrar my name, and how old I am, and how long I have resided in the State, and how long I have resided in the ward or the township, and if I misrepresent fifty witnesses will rise and shut me out from the ballot box. Is not that a great advance? And then notice the law that prohibits a man voting if he has bet on the election. A step farther needs to be taken and that man forbidden a vote who has offered or taken a bribe, whether it be in the shape of a free drink, or cash paid down, the suspicious cases obliged to put their hand on the Bible and swear their vote in if they vote at all. So, through the sacred chest of our Nation's suffrage, redemption will come.

God will save this Nation through an aroused moral sentiment. There has never been so much discussion of morals and immorals. Men, whether or not they acknowledge what is right, have to think what is right. We have men who have had their hands in the public treasury the most of their lifetime, stealing all they could lay their hands on, discoursing eloquently about dishonesty in public servants, and men with two or three families of their own preaching eloquently about the beauties of the seventh commandment. The question of sobriety and drunkenness is thrown in the face of this Nation as never before and takes a part in our political contests. The question of National sobriety is going to be successfully and deferentially heard at the bar of every Legislature, and every House of Representatives, and every State Senate, and an overwhelming vote will ring down the sky and across this land and back again, swinging to those rising tides of drunkenness which threaten to whelm home and church and Nation, "Thus far shalt thou come, but no farther, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed."

I have not in my mind a shadow of disheartenment as large as the shadow of a house-fly's wing. My faith is in the upper forces, the upper armies of the text. God is not dead. The chariots are not unwheeled. If you would only pray more and wash your eyes in the cool, bright water fresh from the well of Christian reform, it would be said of you, as of this one of the text: "The Lord opened the eyes of the young man, and he saw, and, behold, the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha."

When the army of Antigonus went into battle, his soldiers were very much discouraged, and they rushed up to the general and said to him, "Don't you see we have a few forces and they have so many?" And the soldiers were affrighted at the smallness of their number and the greatness of the enemy. Antigonus, their commander, straightened himself up and said, with indignation and vehemence, "How many do you reckon me to be?" And when we see the vast armies arrayed against the cause of sobriety it may sometimes be very discouraging, but I ask you in making up your estimate of the forces of righteousness—I ask you how many do you reckon the Lord God Almighty to be? He is our commander. The Lord of Hosts is His name. I have the best authority for saying that the chariots of God are 20,000, and the mountains are full of them.

Have you any doubt about the need of the Christian religion to purify and make decent American politics? At every yearly or quadrennial election we have in this country great manufactories—manufactories of lies—and they are run day and night, and they turn out half a dozen a day, all equipped and ready for full sailing. Large lies and small lies. Lies private and lies public and lies prurient. Lies cut bias and lies cut diagonal. Long limbed lies and lies with double back action. Lies complimentary and lies defamatory. Lies that some people believe and lies that all the people believe, and lies that nobody believes. Lies with humps like camels, and scales like crocodiles, and necks as long as storks, and feet as swift as an antelope's, and stings like adders. Lies raw and scalloped and panned and stewed. Crawling lies and jumping lies and soaring lies. Lies with attachment screws and rufflers and braiders and ready wound bobbins. Lies by Christian people who never lie except during elections, and lies by people who always lie, but beat themselves in a Presidential campaign.

I confess I am ashamed to have a foreigner visit this country in such times. I should think he would stand dazed, his hand on his pocketbook, and dare not go out nights. What will the hundreds of thousands of foreigners who come here to live think of us? What a disgust they must have for the land of their adoption. The only good thing about it is many of them cannot understand the English language. But I suppose the German and Italian and Swedish and French papers translate it all and peddle out the infernal stuff to the subscribers.

Nothing but Christianity will ever stop such a flood of indecency. The Christian religion will speak after awhile. The billingsgate and low scandal through which we wade every year or every four years must be rebuked by that religion which speaks from its two great mountains—from the one mountain intoning the command, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor," and from the other mount making plea for kindness and blessing rather than cursing. Yes, we are going to have a National religion. There are two kinds of National religion. The one is supported by the State, and is a matter of human politics, and it has great patronage, and an ardent man will struggle for prominence without reference to qualifications, and its archbishop is supported by a salary of $75,000 a year, and there are great cathedrals, with all the machinery of music and canonicals, and room for a thousand people, yet an audience of fifty people, or twenty people, or ten or two. We want no such religion as that, no such National religion, but we want this kind of National religion—the vast majority of the people converted and evangelized—and then they will manage the secular as well as the religious.

Do you say that this is impracticable? No. The time is coming just as certainly as there is a God, and that this is His book and that He has the strength and the honesty to fulfill His promises. One of the ancient emperors used to pride himself on performing that which his counselors said was impossible, and I have to tell you to-day that man's impossibles are God's easies. "Hath He said, and shall He not do it? Hath He commanded, and will He not bring it to pass?" The Christian religion is coming to take possession of every ballot box, of every schoolhouse, of every home, of every valley, of every mountain, of every acre of our National domain. This Nation, notwithstanding all the evil influences that are trying to destroy it, is going to live.

Never since, according to John Milton, when "satan was hurled headlong flaming from the ethereal skies in hideous ruin and combustion down," have the powers of darkness been so determined to win this continent as now. What a jewel it is—a jewel carved in relief, the cameo of this planet. On one side of us the Atlantic Ocean, dividing us from the worn-out Governments of Europe. On the other side the Pacific Ocean, dividing us from the superstitions of Asia. On the north of us the Arctic Sea, which is the gymnasium in which the explorers and navigators develop their courage. A continent 10,000 miles long, 17,000,000 square miles, and all of it but one-seventh capable of rich cultivation. One hundred millions of population on this continent of North and South America—1,000,000,000, and room for many hundred millions more. All fruits and all flowers, all metals and all precious woods, and all grains and all fruits. The Appalachian range the backbone, and the rivers gangliz carrying life all through and out to the extremities, Isthmus of Darien, the narrow waist of a giant continent, all to be under one Government, and all free, and all Christian, and the scepter of Christ's personal reign swaying over it, according to the expectation of many good people. He shall at last set up His throne in this world. Who shall have this hemisphere, Christ or satan? Who shall have the shore of her inland seas, the silver of her Nevadas, the gold of her Colorados, the telescopes of her observatories, the brain of her universities, the wheat of her prairies, the rice of her savannas, the two great ocean beaches—the one reaching from Baffin's Bay to Tierra del Fuego, and the other from Bering Strait to Cape Horn—and all the moral and temporal and spiritual and everlasting interests of a population vast beyond all human computation? Who shall have the hemisphere? You and I will decide that, or help to decide it, by conscientious vote, by earnest prayer, by maintenance of Christian institutions, by support of great philanthropies, by putting body, mind and soul on the right side of all moral, religious and National movements.

Ah, it will not make any difference to you or to me what becomes of this continent, so far as earthly comfort is concerned. All we will want of it will be seven feet by three, and that will take in the largest, and there will be room and to spare. That is all of this country we will need very soon—the youngest of us all. But we have an anxiety about the welfare and the happiness of the generations that are coming on, and it will be a grand thing if, when the archangel's trumpet sounds, we find that our sepulchre, like the one Joseph of Arimathea provided for Christ, is in the midst of a garden.

One of the seven wonders of the world was the white marble watch tower of pharos of Egypt. Sostratus, the architect and sculptor, after building that watch tower, cut his name on it. Then he covered it with plaster, and to please the king he put the monarch's name on the outside of the plastering, and the storms beat and the seas dashed in their fury, and they washed off the plastering, and they washed it out, and they washed it down, but the name of Sostratus was deep cut in the imperishable rock. So across the face of this Nation there have been a great many names written, across our finances, across our religions, names worthy of remembrance, names written on the architecture of our churches, and our schools, and our asylums, and our houses of mercy, but God is the architect of this continent, and He was the sculptor of all its grandeurs, and long after the wash of the seas and the tempests of centuries—all other names shall be obliterated the divine signature and divine name will be brighter and brighter as the millenniums go by, and the world shall see that the God who made this continent has redeemed it by His grace from all its sorrows and from all its crimes.

Have you faith in such a thing as that? After all the chariots have been unwheeled, and after all the war chariots have been crippled, the chariots which Elisha saw on the morning of his peril will roll on in triumph, followed by all the armies of heaven on white horses. God could do it without us, but He will not. The weakest of us, the faintest of us, the smallest brained of us, shall have a part in the triumph. We may not have our name, like the name of Sostratus, cut in imperishable rock and conspicuous for centuries, but we shall be remembered in a better place than that, even in the heart of Him who came to redeem us and redeem the world, and our names will be seen close to the signature of His wound, for, as to-day He throws out His arms to us, He says, "Behold, I have graven thee on the palms of My hands." Be the mightiest of all agencies, the potency of prayer, I beg you seek our National welfare.

Some time ago there were 4,000,000 letters in the dead letter office in this city—letters that had lost their way—but not one prayer ever directed to the heart of God miscarried. The way is all clear for the ascent of your supplications heavenward in behalf of this Nation. Before the postal system of this country was so easy, and long ago on a rock 100 feet high on the coast of England there was barrel fastened to a post, and in great letters on the side of the rock, so it could be seen far out to sea, were the words "Post-office," and when ships came by a boat put out to take and fetch letters. And so sacred was those deposits or affection in that barrel that no lock was ever put upon that barrel, although it contained messages for America and Europe and Asia and Africa and all the islands of the sea. Many a storm tossed sailor, homesick, got messages of kindness by that rock, and many a homestead heard good news from a boy long gone. Would that all the heights of our National prosperity were in interchange of sympathies—prayers going up, blessings coming down, not by a storm struck rock on a wintry coast, but by the Rock of Ages.

THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK COTTON FUTURES.

Cotton easy, middling uplands 8¾; middling gulf, 8⅞. Futures easy. Sales 165,500 bales.

December	8 26@8 27	April	8 43@8 44
January	8 29@8 30	May	8 47@8 48
February	8 34@8 35	June	8 50@8 52
March	8 39	July	8 51@8 53
		August	8 53@8 54

LIVERPOOL COTTON MARKET.

Cotton, quiet but steady. Middling 4 11-16. Futures quiet but steady. Sales 10,000, Including American, 8,100.

Nov. & Dec.	4 36@37	Apr & May	4 36 b
Dec. & Jan.	4 33@36	May & June	4 37 s
Jan. & Feb.	4 35@36	June & July	4 37@38
Feb. & Mar.	4 35@36	July & Aug.	4 38@39
Mar & Apr.	4 35@36		

CHICAGO GRAIN AND PRODUCE.

WHEAT—Dec.	56⅛	May	60⅝
CORN—Dec.	26⅞	Jan.	26⅜
OATS—Dec.	17⅝	May	20⅛
PORK—Jan.	8 75	May	9 15
LARD—Jan.	5 40	May	5 65
RIBS—Jan.	4 42½	May	4 65

HOME COTTON MARKETS.

	Charlotte.	Columbia.	Charleston.
Good middling	8⅝	8	8½
Strict middling	8 3-16	7⅞	8⅜
Middling	8	7¾	7⅞
Strict low middling		7⅝	7¾
Low middling		7½	
Middling fair			8⅝
Fully middling			8

AT OTHER POINTS.

COTTON—Middling quotations: Augusta dull, 8⅛. Norfolk, dull, 8 5-16. Charleston, steady, 8⅛. Boston dull, 8 5-16. Savannah quiet, 8 3-16. Baltimore nominal, 8⅜. Philadelphia quiet, 8 13-16. Wilmington dull, 8⅛. New Orleans easy, 8 5-16.

SEA ISLAND COTTON.

The sea island cotton market was firm this week with sales of 693 bags. The quotations are: Medium fine, 23 to 23½c.; fine, 26 to 27c.; fully fine, 28 to 30.; extra fine, 35 to 40c.

RALEIGH NEW COTTON.

Middling	7⅞
Strict middling	8
Good middling	8⅛

Market firm.

RALEIGH TOBACCO MARKET.

Smokers, Common	2 50@ 4
" Good	5@ 8
Cutters, Common	10@12
" Good	8@12
" Fine	12@18
Fillers, Common Green	20@27
" Good	2@ 4
" Fine	5@ 8
Wrappers, Common	12@18
" Good	20@35
" Fine	40@55
" Fancy	—@—

Market firm for all grades.

BALTIMORE PRODUCE MARKET.

FLOUR—dull, Western superfine 2.45@2.55; do extra $2.75@3.00; family $3.20@3.50; winter wheat patent $3.55@3.85; spring wheat, patent $3.50@3.70; spring wheat straight $3.25@3.55.

WHEAT—Easy; Spot November and December 65@65¼; May 69⅝@69¾; steamer No. 2 red 62@62¼; Southern wheat by sample 65@67; do on grade, 63@66.

CORN—Easy; spot 34⅝@34; November, new or old 34@34⅛; the year 33½@33½; January 33½@33⅝; February, 33⅝@33⅝; steamer mixed 32⅞@33; Southern white corn 33@34; do yellow corn 33½@34½.

OATS—Firm; No. 2 white western 23½@24; No. 2 mixed western 22½@23.

RYE—Dull; No. 2, 43@44 near by; No. 2 western 47.

HAY—Firm; choice Timothy $15.50.

NAVAL STORES.

Wilmington, N. C.—Rosin firm, strained, 1.20; good strained, 1.25; Tar quiet, at 1.05; crude turpentine easy, hard 1.10, soft, 1.50; virgin, 1.60.

COTTON SEED OIL.—New York—Cotton seed oil quiet and firm; prime crude 23½@24, yellow prime 29@29½; off grade 28@28½.

RICE.

The rice market was steady at Charleston. The quotations are: Prime 4½a4¾; Good 3⅞ a 4¼; Fair 3½a3⅝; Common 2½a3.

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

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

Cow Peas—90c and $1.00 per bushel.

Poultry—Grown fowls, choice 3.50 to 3.75 per dozen. Chickens 1.75a2.50 per dozen, according to size and quality. Ducks—Muscovy 4a4.50. Geese, young 4.50 per dozen.

Eggs—Eggs 15c. per dozen.

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

BILL ARP'S LETTER.

ENGLISH PEOPLE KNOW VERY LITTLE ABOUT THE SOUTH.

William Tells of Some of Their Bad Breaks.

Of all enlightened nations the English are the most ignorant of affairs and things outside of England. The dominant idea of the common people is that nothing is worth knowing that is not English, and hence they do not disturb their minds about our people or our country. One of our boys was over there last summer and was amazed at the ignorance of some of their educated people. His landlady had heard of our civil war, but thought it was between North America and South America. That was the only north and south she knew of. Her son, a lad of fourteen, asked my son if he had any boys at home.

"Yes," said he, "I have four."

"Are they black?" he innocently inquired.

His mother apologized by saying he had heard so much about the negroes over here that he thought most all the people were black.

A very refined and cultured English lady dined at our home some years ago and asked to see our cook, who had prepared such delightful dishes. So Aunt Ann was invited to her presence. She asked her many questions that were proper enough and after she had retired the lady inquired how long Aunt Ann had been from Africa. My wife was surprised and said: "She never was in Africa. She was born here and so were her parents and grandparents."

The lady then expressed her surprise. "Why, I thought," said she, "that they gradually changed color from the influence of climate and in two or three generations became almost white."

We all smiled, of course, but she rallied to her own defense and said, "Well I saw some down at the hotel who are turning white." I told her that there were a few creoles scattered around over the country and then I managed to change the subject.

This reminds me of neighbor Freeman, who fussed at big-mouth Bob for going to meeting so much on work days, and Bob said: "Well, boss, we niggers is tryin' to save our souls."

Freeman smiled and said: "Why, you old fool, don't you know that a nigger hasent got any soul? A man up in Tennessee has written a book about that and he's done proved that a nigger hasent got any more soul than a monkey. So what are you going to meeting for?"

Bob showed his pearly teeth and laughed and then came back at him and said: "Look here, boss, has a mellater got any soul?"

This perplexed the nabor for a moment and he said: "Well, I suppose that a mulatto has got about half a soul."

Bob laughed tumultuously and said: "Well, boss, dat's all right, but I don't see how a soul can be split in two."

The other day I traveled in the car with an Ohio farmer who was very talkative and friendly. He was emphatically a horny-handed son of toil, for his hands were seamy and cracked and his stumpy fingers looked like iron claws. He was on a bust, but not from drink. He had bought a cigar from the new-boy and from the way he managed it I knew he was not used to the article.

"Going to the expo?" said I.

"Well, yes," said he. "I've got some nabors along. We sorter wanted to see the south now that things are gitting along peaceable and there wasent any danger. Mighty clever people down here, seem like. We havent seen any dis urbance."

"What were you afraid of?" said I.

"Oh, nothing much, but you see it was a powerful long stretch from home and there are so many niggers down here, and our folks where I live don't like niggers. I stopped over a day in Chattanooga and saw lots of niggers and they seemed to be peaceable enough and was havin' more fun than the white folks, so we concluded to come on further down. We want to get acquainted with you people and maybe we will like one another better. Some of us are gittin' tired of six months winter and would like to change climate. We have been talking about it several years, but some said the war wasent over down here and some said the climate was too hot and some said the niggers would perish us out and our preacher said we would have to turn democrats the first thing or leave the country. I've got a good farm of 118 acres and I can sell it any day for $16,000. It pays a good interest on that. I sold $100 worth of back wheat last week and 300 bushels of apples. I raise cattle and hogs and potatoes and hops and wheat and corn and fowls and everything, but my wife is runnin' down hill; she works too hard and the doctor says she would live longer in a warmer climate and so I'm going to look around for a farm afore I go back."

He talked fair and honest and was a sample copy of thousands of those people who have been for half a century as ignorant about the south as if we lived on another continent. Now that man can buy our best farming land for $10 an acre; land that will produce everything that he grows in Ohio and cotton and sweet potatoes besides and he would have ten men as to work in instead of six and no doubt his wife would live several years longer.

But it is all right and has no doubt been a blessing in disguise that the tide of immigration went west instead of south. As Mr. Loomis said, our people have preserved their Americanism.

I am no A. P. A., and never expect to be, but I do like to mingle with our same sort of people, what you call a homogeneous people, a people who value good principles and truth and fairness in trade and respect for law and reverence for woman.

But I like that Ohio man I traveled with, and his sort would find welcome down here in Dixie. He would have come long ago but he was afraid. He didn't know anything about us except that we would fight. "They all knew that," he said.

But just consider these English. Even their editors are ridiculously ignorant of our country. Only a few days ago a London daily published a brief notice of our exposition and located it at Atlantic City. It told of the Liberty bell that was taken from the dome of the capitol at Washington to open the exposition with and that Professor Booker Washington, who was a lineal descendant of George Washington, the first American president, made the opening address, and that one of the novelties was a grove of cottonwood trees full of cotton, and that the exposition realized the dream of Thomas F. Grady, the father of the solid south.

How is that for blunders? It looks like a joke, but it was not. I know an Englishman who told me he had been taught that cotton grew on large trees and was gathered by using ladders.

The south has always been better acquainted with the north than the north has been with us. Our merchants used to go north about twice a year to buy their goods, and our rich people visited their cities and watering places every summer, but there was nothing for them to come down here for. Albion Tourgee came down on a fool's errand after the war and went back and wrote that our people were all born politicians. Governor Altgeld said the other day in his beautiful address that we were all born orators. Mr. Loomis says we are native born American patriots, and several speakers said that hospitality was an inborn southern trait. It is really refreshing to read their praises and compliments.

The other day a caravan of wagons and people came through our town moving to lower Georgia. One of the head men was sick and Dr. Calhoun visited him and prescribed, and the prescription was filled at the drug store near by. The man asked the doctor for his charge and he said: "No charge for that, my friend, you are too far from home to charge." The druggist told him the same and the man said: "Well gentlemen, I don't understand you people down here. I am able to pay my way and don't want to beg it. There are several hundred coming from my section, and more will keep coming when we write back how we are treated." The truth is, I believe the backbone of our alienation is broken, and hereafter the north and the south will fully harmonize. We don't ask them to turn democrats, for they will soon do that after they have lived with us awhile. We are right smartly in the minority now, so far as national politics is concerned, but that don't trouble anybody but the postmasters and the revenue men, and we keep on hand enough clever republicans to fill these offices when the time comes.

So let the procession proceed, for whether the tariff is high or low; whether it's gold only or gold and silver, we can stand it if they can. I read Mr. Crisp's speech and I am proud of him. He is one fore-go-born man whom our people delight to honor. Almost from his infancy he has been an adopted son of Georgia. With no influential kindred, no family prestige, he has, unaided, climbed his way to honor and fame, and there is no stain upon his name. The small dogs may bark at him, but he knows no fear and will not turn to the right or the left from his own convictions of right and duty.—BILL ARP, in Atlanta Constitution.

Log-Rafting on the Pacific.

The latest big log raft experiment on the Pacific coast has proved a great success, the first entire success in the history of such attempts. The raft was built on the Columbia river, and contained between six and seven million feet of lumber. It was made of piles so closely bound together that not a timber of the whole great bulk was movable. The raft was started from Oregon late in July, in tow of the steamer Mineola, and arrived in San Francisco on Aug. 2, after as smooth a trip as though it had floated down a placid river instead of over a considerable stretch of the Pacific ocean. It would have taken several score of ships to trasport the lumber, and the owners of the raft have cleared something over $22,000 by the success of the experiment. Several similar rafts have been started on a similar trip, but, while one or two have been a modified success, several of the largest have gone to pieces in stormy weather and been a total loss.—Chicago Chronicle.

To Renovate Black Velvet.

To renovate shabby black velvet, add two tablespoonfuls of ammonia to half a pint of hot water, and apply to the velvet with a stiff brush, rubbing it into the pile so as to take out all stains and creases. Then hold the velvet over a hot iron until the steam raises the pile, and it is perfectly dry.

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