When Nature

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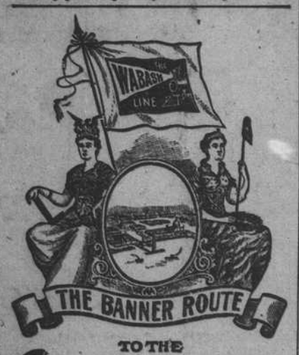

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COLUMBUS' CAREER.

Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage Views it from a Religious Standpoint.

The Great Navigator's Life Teaches Some Valuable Lessons, Principal Among Which is Fixedness of Purpose.

The following discourse, delivered in the Brooklyn tabernacle, was Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage's contribution to the religious observances in connection with the Columbian celebration. His text was:

Lift up thine eyes westward.—Deut. iii., 27.

So God said to Moses in Bible times and so He said to Christoforo Colombo, the son of a wool-comber, of Genoa, more than four hundred years ago. The nations had been looking chiefly toward the east. The sculpture of the world, the architecture of the world, the laws of the world, the philosophy of the world, the civilization of the world, the religion of the world came from the east. But while Columbus, as his name was called after it was Latinized, stood studying maps and examining globes and reading cosmography, God said to him: "Lift up thine eyes toward the west." The fact was it must have seemed to Columbus a very lop-sided world. Like a cart with one wheel, like a scissors with one blade, like a sack on one side of a camel, needing a sack on the other side to balance it. Here was a bride of the world with no bridegroom. When God makes a half of anything He does not stop there. He makes the other half. We are all obliged sometimes to leave things only half done. But God never stops half way, because He has the time and the power to go all the way. I do not wonder that Columbus was not satisfied with half a world, and so he went to find the other half. The pieces of carved wood that were floated to the shores of Europe by a westerly gale, and two dead human faces, unlike anything he had seen before, likewise floated from the west, were to him the voice of God, saying: "Lift up thine eyes toward the west." But the world then, as now, had plenty of Can't-be-dones.

That is what keeps individuals back and enterprises back and the church back, and nations back—ignominious and disheartening can't-be-dones. Old navigators said to young Columbus, "It can't be done." The republic of Genoa said: "It can't be done." Alphonso V. said: "It can't be done." A committee on maritime affairs, to whom the subject was submitted, declared: "It can't be done." Venetians said: "It can't be done." But the father of Columbus' wife died, leaving his wife a large number of sea charts and maps, and as if to condemn the slur that different ages put upon mothers-in-law, the mother-in-law of Columbus gave him the navigator's materials, out of which he ciphered America. After awhile the story of this poor but ambitious Columbus reaches the ear of Queen Isabella, and she pays eighty dollars to buy him a decent suit of clothes, so that he may be fit to appear before royalty. The interview in the palace was successful. Money enough was borrowed to fit out the expedition. There they are, the three ships, in the gulf of Cadiz, Spain. If you ask me which have been the most famous boats of the world, I would say, first, Noah's ship, that wharfed on Mount Ararat; second, the boat of bulrushes, in which Moses floated the Nile; third, the Mayflower, that put out from Plymouth with the Pilgrim Fathers; and now these three vessels that on this, the Friday morning, August 3, 1492, are rocking on the ripples, I am glad it is Friday, so that the prows of those three ships shall first all run down the superstition that things begun or voyage started on Friday must necessarily prove disastrous. Show me any Monday or Tuesday or Wednesday or Thursday or Saturday that ever accomplished as much as this expedition that started on Friday. With the idea that there will be perils connected with the expedition, the sacrament of the Lord's supper is administered. Do not forget that this voyage was begun under religious auspices. There is the Santa Maria, only ninety feet long, with four masts and eight anchors. The captain walking the deck is fifty-seven old, his hair white; for at thirty-five he was gray, and his face is round, his nose aquilline, and his stature a little taller than the average. I know from his decided step and the set of his jaw that he is a determined man. That is Capt. Christopher Columbus. Near by, but far enough off not to run into each other, are the smaller ships, the Pinta and the Nina, about large enough and safe enough to cross the Hudson river or the Thames in good weather. There are two doctors in this fleet of ships, and a few landsmen, adventurers who are ready to risk their necks in a wild expedition. There are enough provisions for a year. "Capt. Christopher Columbus, where are you sailing for?" "I do not know." "How long before you will get there?" "I can not say." "All ashore that are going," is heard, and those who wish to remain go to the land.

Now the anchors of the three ships are being weighed and the ratlines begin to rattle and the sails to unfurl. The wind is dead east, and it does not take long to get out to sea. In a few hours, the adventurers wish they had not started. The ships begin to roll and pitch. Oh, it is such a delightful sensation for landsmen! They began to bother Capt. Columbus with questions. They want to know what he thinks of the weather. They want to know when he thinks he will probably get there. Every time when he stands taking observations of the sun with an astrolabe they wonder what he sees, and ask more questions. The crew are rather grouty. Some of them came on under four months' advance pay and others were impressed into the service. For sixteen days the wind is dead east, and that pleases the captain, because it blows them further and further away from the European coast, and further on toward the shore of another country, if there is any. After awhile there comes a calm day, and the attempt is made to fathom the ocean, and they can not touch bottom though the line and lead run down two hundred fathoms. More delightful sensations for those who are not good sailors! A fathom is six feet, and two hundred fathoms one thousand two hundred feet, and below that it may be many hundred feet deeper. To add interest to the voyage, on the twentieth day out, a violent storm sweeps the sea, and the Atlantic ocean tries what it can do with the Santa Maria, the Pinta and the Nina. Some of you know something of what a sea can do with the Umbria, the Majestic, the Teutonic and the City of Paris, and you must imagine what the ocean could do with those three small ships of olden time. You may judge what the ocean was then by what it is now; it has never changed its habits. It can smile like the morning, but often it is the archangel of wrath, and its most rollicking fun is a shipwreck. The mutinous crew would have killed Columbus had it not been for the general opinion on shipboard that he was the only one that could take them back home in safety. The promise of a silk waistcoat and forty dollars in money to the man who should first discover land appeased them somewhat, but the indignation and blasphemy and threats of assassination must have been awful. Yet God sustained the great sailor commanding the Santa Maria. Every evening on shipboard they had prayers and sang and a vesper hymn. But after all the patience of those on board the ships had been exhausted and the great captain or admiral had been cursed by every anathema that human lips could frame, one night a sailor saw a light moving along the shore, and then moving up and down, and then disappearing.

On Friday morning at 2 o'clock, just long enough after Thursday to make it sure that it was Friday and to give another blow at the world's idea of unlucky days—on Friday morning, October 12, 1492, a gun from the Pinta signaled "Land ahead." Then the ship lay to, and the boats were lowered, and Capt. Christopher Columbus first stepped upon the shore, amid the song of birds and the air a surge of redolence, and took possession in the name of the Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost. So the voyage that began with the Sacrament ended with Gloria in Excelsis Deo. From that day onward, you say there can be nothing for Columbus but honors, rewards, rhapsodies, palaces and world-wide applause. No, no! On his way back to Spain the ship was so wrenched by the tempest and so threatened with destruction that he wrote a brief account of his discovery and put it in a cask, and threw it overboard, that the world might not lose the advantage of his adventures. Honors awaited him on the beach, but he undertook a second voyage, and with it came all malignant and persecution and denunciation and poverty. He was called a land-grabber, a liar, a cheat, a fraud, a deceiver of nations. Speculators robbed him of his good name, courtiers depreciated his discoveries, and there came to him ruined health and imprisonment and chains, of which he said while he rattled them off his wrists: "I will wear them as a memento of the gratitude of princes." Amid keen appreciation of the world's abuse and cruelty, and with body writhing in the tortures of gout, he groaned out his last words: "In manus tuas Domine commendo spiritum meum: "Into Thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit."

Of course he had regal obsequies. That is the way the world tried to atone for its mean treatment of great benefactors. Many a man has had a fine ride to his grave who during this life had walked all the way. A big funeral, and instead of bread they gave him a stone—that is, a tombstone. But death that brings quiet to the body of others did not bring quiet to his. First buried in the church of Santa Maria. Seven years afterward removed to Seville. Twenty-three years afterward removed to San Domingo. Finally removed to Cuba. Four post-mortem journeys from sepulcher to sepulcher. I wish his bones might be moved just once more, and now that they have come so near to America as Cuba, they might during the great Columbian year be transported to our own shores, where they belong, and that in the fifth century after his decease the American continent might build a mausoleum worthy of him who picked this jewel of a hemisphere out of the sea and set it in the crown of the world's geography.

But the bright noonday sun of that old sailor's prosperity went down in thickest night, and though here and there a monument has been lifted in his memory, and here and there a city called after him, the continent that he was the means of founding was named after another name, and no fitting commemoration of his work has been proposed until nearly four hundred years after his body turned to dust. May the imposing demonstration now being made in his honor on the Atlantic coast, and to be made next year in his honor mid-continent, be brilliant enough and far-resounding enough and Christian enough and magnificent enough to atone for the neglect of centuries. May the good Lord allow that most illustrious sailor of all time to look over the amethystine battlements long enough to see some of the garlands wreathed around his name and hear something of the hemispheric shout that shall greet his memory.

What most impresses me in all that wondrous life, which for the next twelve months we will be commemorating by sermon and song and military parade and World's fair and Congress of Nations, is something I have never heard stated, and that is that the discovery of America was a religious discovery and in the name of God. Columbus, by the study of the prophecies, and by what Zachariah and Micah and David and Isaiah had said about the "ends of the earth," was persuaded to go out and find the "ends of the earth," and he felt himself called by God to carry Christianity to the "ends of the earth." Then the administration of the Last Supper before they left the gulf of Cadiz, and the evening prayers during the voyage, and the devout ascription as soon as they saw the new world, and the doxologies with which they landed confirm me in saying that the discovery of America was a religious discovery. Atheism has no right here; infidelity has no right here; vagabondism has no right here. And as God is not apt to fail in any of His undertakings (at any rate, I have never heard of His having anything to do with a failure), America is going to be gospelized, and from the Golden Gate of California to the Narrows of New York harbor, and from the top of North America to the foot of South America, from Behring straits to Cape Horn, this is going to be Immanuel's Land. All the forms of irreligion and abomination that have cursed other parts of the world will land here—yes, they have already landed—and they will wrangle for the possession of this hemisphere, and they will make great headway and feel themselves almost established. But God will not forget the prophesies which encouraged Columbus about the "ends of the earth seeing the salvation of God," nor the Christsan anthem which Columbus led on the morning of the 12th of October, 1492, on the coast of San Salvador. Like that flock of land birds which met the Santa Maria and the Pinta and the Nina far out at sea, indicating to the commanders of that fleet that they were approaching some country, so a whole flock of promises and hopes, golden-winged and songful, this morning alight around us, assuring us that we are approaching the glorious period of American evangelization. A Divine influence will yet sweep the continent that will make iniquity drop like slack lime, and make the most blatant infidelity declare it was only joking when it said the Bible said it was not true, and the worst atheism announce that it always did believe in the God of nations. Let others call for requiem and dead march, I call for George Frederick Handel's hallelujah chorus. There has been much talk of late about communication with other worlds. Mars has come so near we can see its canals, and it has been hoped that by signals after a while we may communicate with other stars. Ah, that will not be possible until our world has been reformed and evangelized. It would not do for our world in its long and ruined state to have communication with other worlds. It would spoil their morals. But wait until this world is fully redeemed, as it will be, and then perhaps interstellar correspondence may be opened. Till then, this smitten and sickened world of ours must be quarantined from coming too near the unfallen worlds. But, thank God, the prophecies which cheered Columbus in his great undertaking cheer us. America for God! Yes, the round world for God! There can be no doubt about it!

While studying the life of this Italian navigator, I am also reminded of the fact that while we are diligently looking for one thing, we find another. Columbus started to find India, but found America. Go on and do your duty diligently and prayerfully, and if you do not find what you look for, you will find something better. Saul was hunting for the strayed animals of his father's barnyard, but met Samuel, the prophet, who gave him a crown of dominion. Nearly all the great inventions and discoveries were made by men who at the time were looking for something else. Prof. Morse gone to Europe to perfect himself in chemistry, on returning happens to take the packetship Sully from Havre, and while in conversation with a passenger learns of some experiments in France, which suggest to him the magnetic telegraphy. He went to Europe to learn the wisdom of others and discovered the telegraph. Hargreaves by the upsetting of a machine, and the motion of its wheel while upset, discovered the spinning-jenny. So, my friend, go on faithfully and promptly with your work, and if you do not get the success you seek, and your plans upset, you will get something just as good and perhaps better. Sail ahead on the voyage of life, keep a correct log-book, brave the tempest, make the best use of the east wind, keep a sharp look-out, and I warrant you in the name of the God of Columbus that if you do not find just what you want of an earthly nature, you will find Heaven, and that will be better. What was worn-out India, crouching under a tropical sun, compared with salubrious and radiant and almost illimitable America; and what is all that this little world in which we live can afford you compared with that supernal realm, whose foliage, and whose fruits, and whose riches, and whose population, and whose grandeurs, and whose worship, and whose Christ make up an affluence that the most rapturous vocabulary fails to utter?

Another look at the career of that admiral of the Santa Maria persuades me that it is not to be expected that this world will do its hard workers full justice. If any man ought to have been treated well from first to last it was Columbus. He had his faults. Let others depict them. But a greater soul the centuries have not produced. This continent ought to have been called Colombia, after the hero who discovered it, or Isabelliana, after the queen who furnished the means for the expedition. No. The world did not do him justice while he was alive, and why should it be expected to do him justice after he was dead? Columbus, in a dungeon! What a thought. Columbus, in irons! What a spectacle. The wife of Robert Murray, after whom Murray Hill, New York, was named, never has received proper credit for detaining at a very rich luncheon the officers of the opposing army until Washington and his army could escape. Mrs. Murray saved American independence. How the wrong and the wrong women get credit that does not belong to them, while God's heroes and God's heroines go ungarlanded. You have heard of the brave words of dying chieftains, but you probably never heard of what a private soldier said, fallen at Resaca and bleeding under a shell-wound in his mouth, and who, though suffering dreadfully from thirst, when a cup of water was offered him, declined to drink, saying: "My mouth is all bloody, sir, and it might make the tin cup bad for others!" The world knows little or nothing of the bravest words and the bravest deeds. In one of the last letters which Columbus sent to his son he wrote this lamentation: "I receive nothing of the revenue due me. I live by borrowing. Little have I profited by twenty years of service with such toils and perils since at present I do not own a roof in Spain. If I desire to eat or sleep, I have no recourse but the inn, and for the most times have not wherewithal to pay my bill." Be not surprised, my hearer, if you suffer injustice. You are in the best of company; the men and women who wrought mightily for God and the world's improvement, and got for it chiefly misrepresentation and abuse while they lived, although afterward they may have had a long of carriages at the obsequies and a gilt-edged set of resolutions unanimously adopted for the consolatian of the bereft household. Do your full duty, expecting no appreciation in this world, but full reward in the world to come.

And, now, while I am thinking of this illustrious ship captain of Genoa, let me bespeak higher appreciation for the ship captains now in service, many of them this moment on the sea, the lives of tens of thousands of passengers in their keeping. What an awful responsibility is their! They go out through the Narrows, or start from Queenstown or Southampton or Glasgow, not knowing what cyclone or collisions or midnight perils are waiting for them. It requires bravery to face an army of men, but far more bravery to face an army of Atlantic surges led on by hurricanes. A more stupendous scene is not to be witnessed than that of a ship captain walking the bridge of a steamer in the midst of a cyclone. Remember those heroes in your prayers, and when worn out in the service, and they have to command inferior craft or return to the land and go out to service, do them full honor for what they once were. Let the ship companies award them pensions worthy of what they endured until they start on their last voyage from this world to the next. Aye, that voyage we must all take, landsmen as well as seafarers. Let us be sure that we have the right pilot, and the right chart, and the right captain, and that we start in the right direction. It will be to each of us who love the Lord a voyage more wonderful for discovery than that which Columbus took, for, after all we have heard about that other world, we know not where it is or how it looks, and it will be as new as San Salvador was to the glorious captain of the Santa Maria. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man." May the light from that golden beach flash on the darkness, and we be able to step ashore amid groves and orchards and aromas such as this world's atmosphere never ripened or breathed. Aye, fellow-mariners, over the rough seas of this life, through the fogs and mists of earth, see you not already the outline of the better country? Land ahead! Land ahead! Nearer and nearer we come to heavenly wharfage. Throw out the planks and step ashore into the arms of your kindred, who have been waiting and watching for the hour of your disembarkation. Through the rich grace of Christ, our Lord, may we all have such blissful arrival.

THE DUTY ON WOOL.

It Protects Only Protectionist Politicians—Some Facts Stated.

The editor of the American Wool and Cotton Reporter is by no means a free trader. He believes in protection, but he has to deal with facts in the wool and cotton industries and these facts have convinced him that protection to the wool industry is a farce, kept up by politicians and political wool-growers at the expense of consumers and actual wool growers. The following is an extract from an editorial in this journal for September 1, 1892:

"It is impossible not to admire the genial persistence with which Judge Lawrence, of Ohio, interjects his peculiar opinions respecting the wool tariff whenever an opportunity offers. His letter elsewhere contains some interesting and kindly suggestions respecting the Reporter's experiments with abandoned farms in Maine, but the Judge closes with a characteristic exordium to the Reporter to join with him in defending high duties upon wool.

The illogical character of his conclusions transpires first in his advocacy of sheep as a means of reclaiming the soil. He mentions a worn-out hay farm of 380 acres which yielded but seventeen loads of hay the season after it was purchased. No means of recuperation were found successful until sheep were tried, the result being that the farm eventually cut 800 loads of hay besides yielding other bountiful crops. But, wonderful to relate, this experiment occurred between 1840 and 1866, which was mainly a period of low wool duties!

Ah, judge, you forget yourself when you mentioned this interesting experiment in the same letter in which you make the success of sheep husbandry dependent upon the tairff.

If the "abandoned farms" of the Reporter are successful, we shall keep 1,000 sheep upon them eventually, and ought to raise $6,000 worth of lambs for market per annum. But 1,000 sheep can hardly be expected to produce more than $2,000 worth of wool per year. Adding to the annual product of lambs such a percentage of increase in the productive capacity of the land as Judge Lawrence suggests, and it will be seen that the wool is but a moderate factor in the success of the experiment.

We are afraid to expect that the success of the Reporter's experiment is as well assured as Judge Lawrence suggests. The chances seem to us about even that the experiment will prove a failure, and that the tariff has very little to do with the matter either one way or the other. But while we believe the main objection to the increased duties upon wool under the McKinley bill has been that they are a tax upon the consumer without doing the producer any good, we still admire the genial insistence with which Judge Lawrence presents his high tariff opinions whenever opportunity offers."

ICE COLD LOGIC.

Rules Proven Mostly By Exceptions—High Priests of Protection Logicians of a High Order.

McKinley, Harrison, Aldrich and the other high priests of protection, may not be mathematicians, but they are logicians of a high order and, outside of Euclid, no conclusions could be more clearly demonstrated than are those which they use in favor of protection. Observe how carefully their every step is taken and how irresistible is the invincible logic by which in each case they reach their conclusions:

1. The United States has protection and high wages; England has free trade and not such high wages; therefore protection makes high wages.

2. Germany, France and Italy have protection and extremely low wages; England, Belgium and New South Wales have free trade and comparatively high wages; therefore—but these are only exceptions which prove the rule that protection produces high wages in the United States.

3. The duty on corn and the price of corn were higher in 1891 than in 1889; cotton had no duty on it and the price was lower in 1891 than 1889; therefore protection increases the price of farm products.

4. Duties on wool, pork and hay were higher in 1891 than in 1889 and the prices were lower; the duty on sugar was lower in 1891 than in 1889 and the price was lower; therefore—but these are a few more exceptions that only prove the rule that protection is the farmer's best friend and increases the prices of what he has to sell and decreases the prices of what he has to buy.

5. France has protected home markets and her farmers are prosperous; England has free trade home markets and her farmers are not prosperous; therefore protected home markets bring prosperity to the farmer.

6. Italy, United States, and Germany have protected home markets and the farmers are not prosperous; Australia has no protected markets and her farmers are prosperous; therefore—but these are enough exceptions to prove the rule that protected home markets are the sole reliance of the over productive former.

7. But what is the use of more demonstration? Protection wouldn't protect if it didn't bring prosperity and do all that should be done. Hence all our blessings—such as good crops at high prices, and plenty of work at high wages—are the direct result of protection; and all our curses—such as mortgaged and abandoned farms and little work at low wages—are the result of shiftlessness and extravagance on the part of farmers and improper distribution of labor—in no way due to protection, which could not possibly do harm to any one.

HIS ACCEPTANCE.

President Harrison On the Tariff—Tin Plate, Pearl Buttons and Silver Mining.

The only industries to which Mr. Harrison ventures to refer in his letter of acceptance are tin plate, pearl buttons and silver mining. Despite his moderate facts and immoderate predictions the president cannot conceal the fact that, after the enormous tribute levied on the American people by the McKinley tariff, tin plate is not produced in commercial quantities in the United States, and he prudently avoids the remotest reference to the crushing weight of that tribute, nor does he find it wise to refer to the fact that the tax on silver-lead ores, that so excites his admiration, has transferred a large part of the American smelting industry to Mexican soil. He pays much attention to the merits of "reciprocity" under the McKinley bill, and introduces the subject with a grudging compliment to Mr. Blaine for "pressing" what he really invented. Mr. Harrison does not perceive, or if he does, he does not acknowledge, that whatever reciprocity has accomplished, be it much or little, is the effect of the partial adoption of freedom of commerce and the proportionate abandonment of the policy of tariff barriers to foreign trade. And besides this radical avoidance of the essential fact as concerns the merits of the two policies, he again descends to pettifogging by accusing the democrats of wishing to deprive the people of the benefits of reciprocity by repealing the law containing the provision for it. That is an argument for a rural jury, selected by straining off all who can read newspapers; it is not an argument for a rational and self-respecting political leader to address to the great jury of his countrymen. It is at once an insult to them and a disclosure of Mr. Harrison's caliber.—N. Y. Times.

THE GOLDEN ROSE.

Gift of the Pope to Queen Amelia, of Portugal.

When the "Golden Rose," the gift of the pope to Queen Amelia, of Portugal, was presented to her by the envoy of his holiness, Marquis Jules de Sacchetti, in the church of the Necessidades in Lisbon, amid imposing ceremonies, the event marked an epoch of fifty years since a queen of Portugal received this distinguished honor. In 1842 Maria II. da Gloria won it, and she was the first queen of Portugal to get it after a lapse of three hundred years. This golden rose, says the New York Sun, is the premium of the popes of Rome for the best, the most religious, and most virtuous among the queens of Europe; but, unfortunately, there has lately grown up a wicked suspicion that it brings hard luck, because a great many royal ladies who gained it lost their thrones shortly afterward. It surely is not to be inferred that Leo XIII. sent it to the innocent queen with the diabolical intention to dethrone her and establish a republic in Portugal. It is a beautiful present, thus described in a leading Paris paper: "Upon a tall, triangular socle there stands a sort of chalice with the pontifical arms engraved upon it, and from this there emerges a cluster of golden roses, one of which, larger and in fuller bloom than the others, sparkles with dewdrops all of diamonds. In the heart of this rose there is a little cachette, a valve into which the balm and perfumes are introduced at the moment of the benediction." It is needless to say that this splendid rose has made the queen as happy as a big sunflower. God save her majesty Queen Amelia!

ANECDOTE OF JAMES WATT.

The Inventor Gives a Steamboat Engineer a Valuable Lesson.

James Watt, who did so much to make the steam engine of practical use, did not, so far as can be learned, take any deep interest in the subject of steam navigation. Yet incidentally he did a good deal to advance it. In his old age he paid a visit to his native town of Greenock. On the 15th of August, 1812, a small steamboat had begun making regular trips between that place and Glasgow, and gradually the service was extended to other points, several boats being put into commission. The old engineer went on one of the new vessels to Rothesay and back, the trip then occupying the whole day. Mr. Williamson, in his "Memories of James Watt," tells this story of the voyage: "Mr. Watt entered into conversation with the engineer of the boat, pointing out to him the method of backing the engine. With a foot-rule he demonstrated to him what he meant. Not succeeding, however, he at last, under the impulse of the ruling passion, threw off his overcoat, and, putting his hand to the engine himself, showed the practical application of his lecture. Previously to this the back-stroke of the steamboat engine was either unknown or not generally acted on. The practice was to stop the engine entirely a considerable time before the vessel reached the point of mooring in order to allow the gradual and natural diminution of her speed."

A PECULIAR INDUSTRY.

The Raising of Dogs in Northern China for Their Beautiful Skins.

Dog farming is not unknown in civilized countries, though the dogs there are bred for petting and hunting. In the extreme north of China they are bred for their skins. In Mandchoury the skins are very beautiful; the hair is long, thick and silky and of a remarkably fine texture. This is explained by the climate of the Mandchoury, which is exceedingly cold and the dogs must of necessity be protected by thick, heavy fur. Connoisseurs declare that finer skins of this kind have never been found. The animals are killed by strangulation in the winter, because at that time the hair is longest and thickest, but none are killed that are not eight months old.

The price paid for this fur is ridiculously small. A large mantle measuring about one hundred and twenty inches is sold for three dollars and a half. About eight skins are needed to make such a mantle. The skins must not only be assorted and matched in color and quality but the mantle be made as well, certainly a curious industry that deals with profits which seem to us abnormally small. It would certainly be a novelty in America to see a parlor rug of dogskins—for instance, a centerpiece of "big yaller stray dog," surrounded by patterns shading off in gray, black-and-tan and spitz, the whole finished with a variegated border of assorted puppies.

Give Him Time.

"But, doctor, you said last week that the patient would certainly die, and now he is perfectly well."

"Madam, the confirmation of my prognosis is only a question of time."—Fliegende Blatter.

The Greatest Race on Record

Is the race for popularity won by Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. It took the lead at the start and distanced all competitors. It eradicates indigestion, malarial complaints, ailments of the bladder and kidneys, nervousness, neuralgia, rheumatism. Physicians commend, the public knows its value, the press endorses. Grand are its credentials, grander still its success.

"THE more a man gets the more he wants," except when he's receiving a sentence in a court of justice.

THE American Brewing Co. of St. Louis make the "A. B. C. Bohemian Bottled Beer"—Golden, sparkling, pure.

JAGSON says you can take a tramp to task, but you can't make him do it.—Elmira Gazette.

THE MARKETS.

New York, Oct. 11, 1892.			
CATTLE—Native Steers	$3 15	@	5 10
COTTON—Middling	8⅛	@	8¼
FLOUR—Winter Wheat	2 00	@	4 40
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	79⅞	@	81
CORN—No. 2	51⅝	@	56½
OATS—Western Mixed	36	@	38
PORK—New Mess	12 75	@	13 00
ST. LOUIS.			
COTTON—Middling	....	@	7⅞
BEEVES—Choice Steers	5 00	@	5 65
Medium	4 80	@	5 00
HOGS—Fair to Select	5 00	@	5 65
SHEEP—Fair to Choice	3 75	@	4 50
FLOUR—Patents	3 55	@	3 70
Fancy to Extra Do.	2 70	@	3 35
WHEAT—No. 2 Red Winter	70⅝	@	70¾
CORN—No. 2 Mixed	43	@	43½
OATS—No. 2	....	@	30½
RYE—No. 2	53½	@	55½
TOBACCO—Lugs	1 10	@	5 10
Leaf Burley	4 50	@	7 10
HAY—Clear Timothy (new)	9 50	@	12 50
BUTTER—Choice Dairy	18	@	21
EGGS—Fresh	....	@	17
PORK—Standard Mess (new)	....	@	12 00
BACON—Clear Rib	....	@	8½
LARD—Prime Steam	....	@	8½
WOOL—Choice Tub	32	@	33½
CHICAGO.			
CATTLE—Shipping	3 75	@	5 75
HOGS—Fair to Choice	5 00	@	5 80
SHEEP—Fair to Choice	4 00	@	5 25
FLOUR—Winter Patents	3 70	@	4 00
Spring Patents	3 85	@	4 30
WHEAT—No. 2 Spring	....	@	74½
CORN—No. 2	....	@	43⅝
OATS—No. 2	....	@	31½
PORK—Mess (New)	11 37½	@	11 40
KANSAS CITY.			
CATTLE—Shipping Steers	3 20	@	4 50
HOGS—All Grades	4 80	@	5 37½
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	64	@	65
OATS—No. 2	26	@	27
CORN—No. 2	37½	@	38
NEW ORLEANS.			
FLOUR—High Grade	3 65	@	4 00
CORN—No. 2	....	@	56
OATS—Western	....	@	38
HAY—Choice	15 50	@	16 50
PORK—New Mess	....	@	12 00
BACON—Sides	....	@	9
COTTON—Middling	....	@	7⅞
CINCINNATI.			
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	70	@	71
CORN—No. 2 Mixed	40	@	47½
OATS—No. 2 Mixed	31½	@	35
PORK—New Mess	11 00	@	11 25
BACON—Clear Rib	9	@	9
COTTON—Middling	....	@	7¾

AT ITS HEIGHT.

The Carnival at St. Louis a Glorious Success.

A Crowded and Happy City—Elaborate Arrangements for Taking Care of the Crowds—Six Miles of Brilliantly-Illuminated Streets—A Host of Other Festivity Attractions.

St. Louis, Oct. 6.—This is "Fair Thursday," and it is unfortunate for the city that the census can not be taken to-day, for it would certainly reveal the presence in it of over a million people. The streets are thronged with sight-seers, and there are over 125,000 people who have spent a happy day at the fair. The exposition also has been crowded all day, and Gilmore's "One Hundred," the greatest band on earth, has had to respond to encore after encore at each of the four concerts in the great music hall.

The Exposition remains open until October 22, and any who have not seen it should arrange to attend at least once before the great doors are finally closed for the season. This is the ninth consecutive annual season, all records for annual expositions having been easily broken, and as the displays have been getting better and better every year, the combined attractions are positively irresistible this fall. The music is the very best that can be provided, regardless of expense, and the art gallery is one of the

The Santa Maria Arch.

finest on the continent. There are also innumerable displays in which the blending of color and the triumphs of mechanical art are combined, and there are also fish, electric, carriage, and other departments. The expense of running an exposition of this kind is of course enormous, but the attendance is so uniformly large that it is only necessary to charge 25 cents for admission. This trifling payment includes all the departments, as well as a seat at the great Gilmore concerts, which are alone worth far more than the cost of a ticket.

The beauties of the street illuminations increase as the season wears on. The illustration is of the Santa Maria arch, one of the series of set pieces designed to illustrate the discovery of America and the great achievements of Columbus. To the visitor it appears as though the World's fair were already in progress, and the cheers which greet the world's discovery panorama every illumination night are remarkable. Over seventy-five thousand lights are used, the majority of them electric, and the effect is best described as dazzling.

The season is drawing to a close and procrastination is no longer permissable. All the railroads are making low rates to the city of St. Louis, and prompt inquiry should be made of the nearest station agent for details. There will be grand illuminations on the evening of the 13th and 20th, and visits should be arranged so as to take in these nights. There need be no fear as to finding accommodations at reasonable rates, for the merchants have organized a hotel and boarding bureau, which will engage rooms or board for visitors without charge and guarantee regular rates.

THE person who is afflicted with kleptomania always feels that he "ought to take something for it."—Washington Star.

A BIT in the morning is better than nothing all day.—Ram's Horn.

THE chemist's best girl is analyzer.—Lowell Courier.

A FAIR QUESTION—"Are you going to Chicago next summer?"

Cost and Cure.

For 10 Years.

POTTSTOWN, PA.

I was a sufferer from neuralgia for ten years; tried all kinds of remedies without relief, and had given up all hope. I tried a bottle of

ST. JACOBS OIL,

and it effected such wonderful relief that I recommend it to all.

CHAS. LAW, JR.

One 1 Bottle.

CAUTION.—Beware of dealers substituting shoes without W. L. Douglas name and the price stamped on bottom. Such substitutions are fraudulent and subject to prosecution by law for obtaining money under false pretenses.

TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE
THIS IS THE BEST $3 S