REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Emigent Washington Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "The Song of the Drunkards,"

TEXT: "I was the song of the drunkards" Psalma lxix., 12.

Who said that? Was it David or was it Ohrist? It was both. These Messianio Psaims are like a telescope. Pull the instru-ment to a certain range, and it shows you an object near by. Puil it to another range, and it will show you objects far away. David and Christ were both, each in his own time, the song of the drankards. Holiness of doctrine and life always did excite wicked merriment. Although David had fully reformed and written a psalmody in which all subse-quent ages have sobbed out their peaitence, is enemies preferred to fetch up his old career and put into metric measures sins long before forgiven. Christ who committed no sin, was still more the subject of unholy song, because the better one is the more iniquity hates him. Of the best being whose voice ever moved the air or whose foot ever touched the earth it might be said:

The byword of the passing throng,

The ruler's scoff, the drunkard's song. The earth fitted up for the human race, in congratulation the morning stars sang a song. The Israelitish army safe on the bank of the Red Sea and the Egyptians clear un-The Israelitish army safe on the bank der the returned water, Moses sang a song. One of the most important parts of this great old book is Solomon's song. At the birth of our Lord the Virgin Mary and old Simeon and angelie prima donnas in hovering clouds sang a song. What enrichment has been given to the world's literature and enjoy-ment by the ballads, the canticles, the discants, the ditties, the roundelays, the eples, the lyrics, the dithyrambs! But my text calls attention to a style of song that I think has never been discoursed upon. You sometimes hear this style of music when passing a saluon, or a residence in which dissipation ascendant, or after you have retired at night you hear it coming out of the street from those who, having tarried long at their cups, are on their way home-the ballad of the inebrate, the screnade of the alcoholized, or what my text calls the song of the drunkards.

For practical and saving and warning and Christian purposes I will announce to you Constian purposes I will announce to you the characteristics of that well-known cadence mentioned in my text. First I remark that the song of the drunkards is an old song. Much of the music of the world and of the church is old music. First came the music of percussion, the damping armbal which mas suggested by elapping cymbal, which was suggested by a hammer on an anvil, and then the sighing of the wind across the reeds suggested the flute, and then the strained sinews of the tortoise across its shell suggested the harp. But far back of that, and nearly hack as far as the moral collapse of our first parentage is the song of the drunk-That tune was sung at least 4243 years ago, when, the deluge past, Noah came out of the ark, and, as if disgusted with too much prevalence of water, he took to strong drink and staggered forth, for all ages the first known drunkard. He sound-ed the first note of the old music of inebriacy. An Arab author of A. D. 1310 wrote: ah, being come out of the ark, ordered each of his sons to build a house. Afterward they were occupied in sowing and in planting trees, the pippins and fruits of which they found in the ark. The vine alone was wanting, and they could not discover it. Gabriel then informed them that the devii had desired it, and, indeed, had some right to it. Hereupon Noah summoned him to appear in the field and said to him: 'Oh, sccursed! Why hast thou carried away the "it belonged to me,' 'Shall I part it for you? said Gabriel. 'I consent,' said Noah, 'and will leave him a fourth.' 'That is not sufficient for him, said Gabriel. 'Well, I will take halt, 'replied Noah, 'and he shall take the other.' 'That is not sufficient yet,' re-sponded Gabrie!. 'He must have two-third id thou one, and when thy wine shall have boiled on the fire until two-thirds are gone the remainder shall be assigned for thy use. A fable that illustrates how the vine has been misappropriated. Again, this song of the drunkards is an expensive song. The Sonntags and the Parepa Rosas and Nilssons, and the other renderers of elevated and divine solos received their thousands of dollars per night in coliseums and academies of music. Some of the people of small means almost pauper-ized themselves that they might sit a few evenings under the environment of those angels of sweet sounds. I paid \$7 to hear Jenny Lind sing when it was not very easy to afford the \$7. Very expensive is such music, but the costliest song on earth is the drunkard's song. It costs run of body. It costs ruin of mind. It costs ruin of soul. Go right down among the residential streets of any city and you can find once beautiful and luxurious homesteads that were expended in this destructive music. The lights have gone out in the drawing room, the pianos have gene out in the drawing of their keys, the wardrobe has lost its last article of appropriate attire. The Bei-shazzarean feast has left nothing but the broken pieces of the crushed challees. There it stands, the ghastliest thing on earth, the remnant of a drunkard's home. The costliest thing on earth is sin. The most expen-sive of all music is the song of the drank-ards. It is the highest tariff of Nations--not a protective tariff, but a tariff of doom, a tariff of woe, a tariff of death. This evil whets the knives of the assassins, cuts the most of the wounds of the hospital, makes cessary most of the almshouses, causes the most of the ravings of the insane asylum, and puls up most of the iron bars of the penitentiaries. It has its hand to-day on the throat of the American republic. It is the taskmaster of Nations, and the human race erouches under its anathems. The song of the drunkards has for it - accompanim the elank of chains, the contering teeth of poverty, the rattle of executioner's scaffold, the creaking door of the descried home, the erash of shipwreeks and the groans of em-pires. The two billion twenty million dolars which rum costs this country in a year, the destruction of grain and sugar, and the supporting of the paupers, and the invalids and the criminals which strong drink causes, is only a small part of what is paid for this expensive song of the drunk-Again, this song of the drunkards is a multitudinous song-not a solo, not a dust, not a quartet, not a sextet, but millions on millions are this hour singing it. Do not think that alcoholism has this field all to it self. It has powerful rivals in the intoxicants of other Nations-hasheesh and arrack, and pulque and opium, and quavo and mastic and wedro. Every Nation, barbaric as well as civilized, has its pet intoxicant. This song of the drunkards is rendered in Chinese, This Bindoo, Arabian, Assyrian, Persian, Mexi-Can-yea, all the languages. All zones join it. No continent would be large enough for the choir gallery if all those who have this libretto in their hands should stand side by side to chant the international chorus. Other throngs are just learning the eight notes of this deathful music, which is already mas-tered by the orchestras in full voice under the batons in full swing. All the musicians assembled at Dusseldorf, or Berlin, or Boston ence jubilee, rendering symphonies, re-alems or grand marches of Mendelssohn or quienes or grand marches of Mendelssoin or Wagner, or Chopin or Handel, were insig-nificant in numbers as compared with the innumerable throags, hosts besides hosts, gallery above gallery, who are now pouring forth the song of the drunkards. Tears ago, standing before a bulletin board in New York on the night of a Presi-dential election day, as the news came in and the choice of the American people was finally announced there were people in the streets who sang roistering and frivolous songs. But in the street one man, in deep, strong, resonant volce, started, to the tune of "Old Hundred," "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow." and soon all up and

lown the street the voices joined in the dox-ology. May God speed the day when the tong of rescue and salvation shall drown with an overwhelming surge this mighty ong of the drunkards!

I song of the drunkards! Notice that the second noun of my text is in the plural. Not "drunkard," but "drunkards." It would be dull work to sing that song solitary and alone. It is generally a chorus. They are in groups. On that downward way there must be companion-thip. Here and there is a man so mean as always to drink alone, but generous men. always to drink alone, but generous men. Nays to drink atone, but generous mes-big hearted men, drinking at bar or in res-laurant or in clubhouse, feel mortified to take the beverage unaccompanied. There must be some one with whom to click the tim of the glasses, some one's health to propose, some sentiment to toast. There must be two, and still better if four, and still betsix, to give zest to the song of the frunkards. Those who have gone down bould mention the name of at least one who helped them down. Generally it is some one who was a little higher ups in social life or in financial resources. In social file or in influent to have an Invitation from one of superior name. Each one drank not only when he felt like it, but when the other felt like it. Neither wanted to seem lacking in sociality when he was invited. So 100,000 men every year are treated into hell. Together are they manacled of evil habit, together they travel toward their doom, together they make mer-ry over the cowardice and Puritanical senti-ment of these she news induces together nent of those who never indulge, together they join their volces in the song of the drankards. If the one proposes to stop, the other will not let him stop. When men are getting down themselves, they do not want their associates to turn back. Those who turn back will be the scoff and caricature of those who keep on, and there will be con-spiracy to bring them back to the old places and their old environment, and so have them

enew the song of the drunkards. Again, the song of the drunkards is easily learned. Through what long and difficult drill one must go to succeed as an elevated and inspiring singer! Emma Abbott, among the most eminent cantatrices that ever enchanted academies of music, told me on ocean ship's deck, in answer to my question, "Whither are you boun 12" "I am going to Berlin and Paris to study music." "What!" I said. "After all your world renowned suceases in music, going to study?" Then she told me through what hardships,

through what self denials, through what almost killing fatigues, she had gone in order to be a singer, and that when in her earlier days a great teacher of music had told her there were cartain notes she could never reach, she said, "I will reach and through doing nothing else but practice for five years she did reach them. Oh, how many heroes and heroines of musical achievement! There are songs which are easy to hear, but most difficult to render. When Handel, with a new oratorio, entered a room where a group of musicians had assembled and said, "Gentlemen, you had assembled and said, "Gentlemen, you all read music?" They said, "Yes, we play in church." "Very well," said the great composer. "Play this, But the perform-ance was so poorly done Handel stopped his ears and said: "You play in church! Very well, for we read the Lord is lorg suffering, of great kindness and fergiving of iniquity, transgression and sin. But you shall not play for me." Puremusic, whether fingered play for me. Pure music, whether ungered on instrument or trilled from human lips, is most difficult. But one of the easiest songs to learn is the song of the drunkards. Anybody can learn it. In a little while you can touch the highest note of convivality or the lowest note of besottedness. Begin moderately, a sip here and a sip there. Begin with claret, go on with ale and wind up with cognac First take the stimulant at a weeding, then take it at meals, then take it between meals, then all the time keep your pulse under its stealthy touch. In six months the dullest scholar in this Apoliyonic music may become an expert. First it will be sounded in a hic-cough. After awhile it will be heard in a silly ha, ha! Further on it will become a

# sentenced to death. But three or four persentenced to death. But three or four per-sons, hearing of the case, came up in time to swear that they, too, heard the clock strike 13 that same midnight, and so the man's life was spared. My hearer, if you go on and thoroughly learn the drunkards' song, perhaps in the deep midnight of your soul there may sound so nething that will yet effect your moral and eternal rescue. But it is a risky "perhaps." It is excep-tional. Go ahead on that wrong road, and the clock will more probably strike the 12 the clock will more prohably strike the 12 that closes your day of opportunity than that it will strike 13, the sound of your de-

liverance. A few Sabbaths ago on the steps of this church a man whom I had known in other years confronted me. At the first glance I saw that he was in the fifth and last act of the tragedy of intemperance. Splendid even in his ruin. The same brilliant eye, and the same courtly manners, and the mains of the same intellectual endow, ments, but a wreck. I had seen that craft when it plowed the waters, all sails set and when it plowed the waters, all sais set and running by true compass; wife and chil-dren and friends on board, himself com-manding in a voyage that he expected would be glorious, putting into prosperous harbors of earth and at last putting into the harbor of heaven. But now a wreck, towed along by low appetites, that ever and anon run him into the breakers -- a wreck of body, a wreck of mind, a wreck of soul, "Where is your wife?" "I do not know." "Where are your children?" "I do not know." "Where is your God?" "I do not know." That man is coming to the last verse of that long cantata, that protracted threnody, that terrific song of the drunkards.

But if these words should come-for you know the largest audience I reach I never see at all-I say if these words should come, though at the ends of the earth, to any fallen man, let me say to him: Be the exception to the general rule and turn and live, while I recall to you a scene in England, where some one said to an inebriate as he was going out of church where there was a great awakaalng, "Why don't you sign the pledge?" He answered, "I have signed it twenty times an ! will never sign it again." "Why, then," said the gentleman talking to 'don't you go up and kneel at the altar. him. amid those other positents?" He took the advice and went and knelt. After awhile a little girl, in rage and soaked with the rain looked in the amid church door, and some one said: "What are you doing here, little girl?" She said: you doing here, little girl?" She said: "Please, sir. I heard as my father is here, Why, that is my father up there kneeling now." She went up and put her arms around her father's neck and said: "Father, what are you doing here?" And he said; "I am asking God to forzive me." Said she: "If He forgives you, will we be happy again?" "Yes, my dear." "Will we have enough to eat again?" "Yes, my dear." "And will you never strike us again?" "No, my child." "Wait here," said she, "till go and call mother." And soon this child came with the mother, and the mother, kneeling beside the husband, said: "Saw kneeling beside the husband, said: "Save me too! Save me too!"

And the Lord heard the prayer at that altar, and one of the happiest homes in Eng-land is the home over which that father and mother now lovingly preside. So, if in this sermon I have warned others against a disslpated life, with the fact that so few return after they have once gone astray, for the encouragement of those who would like to re-turn I tell you God wants you to come back, every one of you, and to come back now, and more tenderly and lovingly that any mother ever lifted a sick child out of a cradle, and folded it in her arms, and crooned over it a lullaby and rocked it to and fro the Lord will take you up and fold you in the arms of his pardoning love.

There's a wideness in God's mercy, Like the wideness of the sea; There's a kindness in his justice. Which is more than liberty.

## LIFE-SAVING STATIONS.

#### How They Are Arranged and the Duties of the Keepers.

The sitution itself is a two-story house built securely and solidly upon some good site along the beach; it is comfortable and roomy, furnished by the government, and has the boat-room and kitchen on the lower floor; a large bedroom for the keeper, another for the sarfmen, and a store-room occupy the second story. -

The boat-room is large, and opens by great double doors upon the beach. It contains the life-boat and all the lifesaving apparatus-always in perfect order and readiness.

The crew consists of a keeper and six surfmen, though some stations number seven surfmen; these men are graduates from no naval college, but have served their apprenticeship with Old Ocean as their master; they must be able to handle a boat in the roughest weather, and to face all the dangers of the deep.

Each man must undergo a strict medical examination, and must bring to the station his certificate of good health; and he is also obliged to sign an agree ment to faihtfully perform all duties.

The keeper receives a salary of \$900 a year (up to 1892 It was \$700); he must be at the station all the year round, but is allowed a month's leave of absence in summer if he gives up his pay. A surfman receives \$65 a month, is at the station during eight months of the year, and has the privilege of leaving the station for twenty-four hours every two weeks-but in lonely stations they generally remain for the active season. which begins September 1, ending May 1: when a man leaves in May, he goes where he pleases, and if he does not return in September the keeper gets another man in his place for the next winer season.

The keeper is held responsible for the condition of everything connected with the station; he must drill the men in their duties, divide the work evenly. and see that the men are orderly. No liquor is allowed on the premises; drunkenness or neglect of duty is punished by instant dismissal from the service; the man who is detailed to cook must keep the kitchen in perfect order; and each has his share of the housework to perform, for no women live at

the stations. The crew are numbered by the keeper from one to six, and at midnight preceding September 1 the station goes into commission; at that hour the keeper gives patrol equipments to two of the surfmen, and they start out on the first patrol, and the active season has fairly egun; everything runs like clock-work after that, and as strict a discipline is maintained as on board a man-of-war .--

St. Nicholas.

Washington's Camp Dinner. The following pleasant letter was

## Hence the Loving Cup.

The best account of the origin of the loving cup is that given by the late Lord Lyons, formerly an anthassador in Paris. According to his narrative, King Henry of Navarre while hunting became separated from his companions, and, feeling thirsty, called at a wayside inn for a cup of wine. The serving maid, on handing it to him as he sat on horseback, neglected to present the handle. Some wine was spilled over, and his majesty's white gauntlets were solled. While riding home the king bethought him that a two-handled cup would prevent a recurrence of this, so his majesty had a two-handled cup made at the royal pottery and sent it to the inn. On his next visit he called again for wine, when to his astonishment the maid (having received instructions from her mistress to be very careful of the king's cup presented it to him holding it by each of its handles, At once the happy idea at once struck the king of a cup with three handles, which was promptly acted upon, as his majesty quaintly remarked, "Surely out of three handles I shall be able to get one!"

When a man is ashamed to look in a mir-ror it is a safe bet that his wife buys his neckties.

## HOW TO FIND OUT.

Fill a bottle or common water glass with urine and let it stand twenty-four hours; a sediment or settling indicates a diseased condition of the kidneys. When urine stains linen it is positive evidence of kidney trouble. Too frequent desire to urinate or pain in the back is also convincing proof that the kidneys and bladder are out of order.

#### WHAT TO DO.

There is comfort in the knowledgeso often expressed, that Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy, fulfills every wish in relieving pain in the back, kidneys, liver, bladder and every part of the urinary passages. It corrects inability to hold urine and scalding pain in passing it, or bad effects following use of liquor, wine or beer, and overcomes that unpleasant necessity of being compelled to get up many times during the night to urinate. The mild and the extraordinary effect of Swamp-Root is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases. Sold by druggists, price fifty cents and one dollar. For a sample bottle and pamphlet, both sent free by mail, mention this paper and send your full postoffice address to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. The proprietors of this paper guarantee the genuineness of this offer. FREE

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If you knew that to-morrow would be your last day how would you spend this?

### "The Old Yellow Almanac."

When Eila Wheeler Wilcox wrote the poem, having for title the same heading as this article, she touched a chord that a article, she touched a chord that vibrated in thousands of hearts. For Aver's Almanac, "The Old Yeliow Almanac the poem, is intimately associated with the days and deeds of a large part of the world's population. How large a part of the population this general statement may include can be gathered from the fact that the yearly issue of Ayer's Almanac is from 17,000,000 to 25,000,000 copies. It is printed in twenty-eight editions and in some eighteen languages, including, besides Eng-lish-Spanish, Portuguese, Dutch, German, hisn--spanish, Portuguese, Dutch, Oerman, Swedish, Danish, Norwegian, Bobemian, Welch, Italian, French, etc. The old style almanac is looked upon by many as a relie of antiquity, especially the "patent medi-cine almanac," whose jokes are the but often of the very papers in whose columns they first appeared. But there are almanacs and almanacs. Ever since Dr. Ayer's Aimanac has been put out it has employed as high a class of mathematical and astromical talent as is available in the country. The result is that it stands on a par, in respect of the reliability of its data and the accuracy of its calculations with the U.S. Nautical Almanac, and testimony to this fact is found year after year in the letters, referred to the aimanac department of company, from students and mathematicians in various jarts of the world. In its permanence and reliability Ayer's Almanac stands as a very fitting type of the Ayer Remedies-indispensible in the family and reliable every day in the year. The 1897 edition of this useful almanac is now in course of distribution through the druggists of the country.

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wild whoop. Then it will enable you to run up and down the five lines of the musical scale infernal. Then you will have mastered it—the song of the drankards.

The most skilful way is to adopt the modern theory and give the intoxicant to will in after life meet the intoxicants everywhere, and they must get used to seeing them and tasting them and controlling their appetites." That is the best way of teaching them the song of the drunkards. Keep up that mode of education, and if you have four boys at least three of them will learn the drunkards' song and lie down in a drunkard's grave, and if I evet laid a wager I would lay a wager that the fourth will lie down with the other three. Of if the education of the children in this music should be neglected, it is not too late to begin at twenty-one years of age. The young man will find plenty of young men who drink. They are in every circle to be found. Surely, my boy, you are not a coward and afraid of it? Surely you are not going to be hindered by sumpluary laws or the prejudices of your old father and mother? They are behind the times. Take some-thing. Take it often. Some of the greatest poets and orators have been notorious imbibers. If you are to enter a parlor, It makes you more vivacious and Ches-terileldian. It you are to transact business, your customer is apt to buy more If you have taken with him a sherry cobbler. If you are to make a speech, it will give you aglibber tongue. Gluck could compose his best music by having his piano taken into the midst of a meadow, and a bottle of champagne placed on each side of him. The sariier you begin to learn the song of the drunkards the easier it is, but none of you are to old to learn. You can begin at fifty or sixty, under prescription of a doctor for aids to digestion or breaking up of infirm-ities, and close life by rendering the song of the drunkards so well that all pandemonium will encore the performance and want it again and again.

Furthermore, the last characteristic of the drunkard's song is so tremendous that I can hardly bring myself to mention it. The drunkards' song is a continuous song. Once start that tune, and you keep it up. You have known a hundred men destroyed of strong drink. You cannot mention five who got fully started on that road and stopped. The grace of God can do anything, but it does not do everything. Religion saves some. Temporance societies save some. The Bowery mission saves some. The Central mission saves some. But 100,000 who are annually slain by strong drink are not saved at all.

I have been at a concert which went on for two hours and a half, and many people got up and left because it was too long. But ninety-five per cent. of those who are singing the drunkards' song will to the last breath of the or unsature song will to the last breath of their lungs and the last beat of their hearts keep on rendering it, and the galleries of earth and heaven and heli will stay filled with the astounded spectators. It is such a con-tinuous and prolonged song that one feels the making the process thick and the second like making the prayer which a reformed insbriate once made: "Almighty God! If it be Thy will that man should suffer, what-It be Thy will that man should suffer, what-ever seemeth good in Thy sight im-pose upon me. Let the bread of at-fliction be given me to eat. Take from me the friends of my confidence. Let the cold but of poverty be my dwelling place and the wasting hand of disease inflict its painful torments. Let me sow in the whirl-wind and rean in the storm. Let those here wind and reap in the storm. Let those have me in derision who are younger than L Let

ms in derision who are younger than L Let the passing away of my welfare be like the fleeting of a cloud, and the shouts of my enemies like the rushing of waters. When I anticipate good, let evil annoy me, When I hook for light, let darkness come upon me, Let the terrors of death be ever before me. Do all this, but save me, merciful God'save me from the fate of a drunkard. Amen." Tou see this sermon is not so much for cure as for prevention. Stop before you start, if you will forgive the solecism. The clock of St. Paul's cathedral struck thirteen one midnight, an 1 so saved the life of a sen-tinel. The soldier was arrested and tried for falling asleep at his post one midnight, But he declared that he was awake at mid-night, and in proof that he was awake at mid-night, and in proof that he was awake be said that he had heard the unusnal occur-rence of the clock striking 13 instead of 12. He was laughed to scorn and

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