

Turned to Stone.
The Superstitious Mountains loom up from the arid desert to the east of the Salt River Valley. On the crest of this unique range, and in full view of the rarefied atmosphere for an immense distance from the plain, are hundreds of queer figures, representing men in all attitudes. When you look first you are sure they are men, and a second glance confirms the impression. They represent ball throwers, outlooks, mere viewers of the country roundabout, men recumbent and contemplate, others starting on a foot race, and in every conceivable posture and position. They are not real flesh and blood, however—nothing but stone sentience—yet it is impossible to convince the Indians, and some white men, that they are not genuine. They say they are real mortals turned to stone, petrified by the peculiar condition of the air on the mountains. The Indians will have nothing to do with the mountains. Their belief has grown out of an Apache legend handed down for hundreds of years. They have heard that an ancient chief, who had learned of the curious character of the Superstitious Mountains, forbade any of his people to go there. A large band, however, one day discovered a way to get in by a precipitous route, and finally reached the top. It resulted as the chief had said—they never got down alive.

Some people think they need health, when really they only need energy.

Water alone has been known to sustain life for fifty-five days.

Prayer and Profanity
are all right in their proper places, but if you have Tetter or Eczema, or Salt Rheum, or Ringworm, better save your breath and buy "Tetter-ine," 50 cents a box at drug stores, or by mail from J. T. Shuprine, Savannah, Ga.

When there is a coffin in the house there is a welcome for the preacher.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.
Over 400,000 cured. Why not let No-To-Bac regulate or remove your desire for tobacco? Saves money, makes health and manhood. Cure guaranteed. 50 cents and \$1.00 at all drug stores.

Every great gift has a germ of responsibility hidden within itself.

Pilo's Cure for Consumption restores the most obstinate cough—Rev. D. BUCHANAN, Lexington, Mo., February 24, 1894.

Education, in this age, means cramming more than leading out.

CASCARETS stimulate liver, kidneys and bowels. Never sicken, weaken or gripe!

Charity robs herself when she frowns while bestowing a gift.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is a liquid and is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Write for testimonials, free. Manufactured by F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

The hand that holds the rod should always be controlled by love.

Fits permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use. Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. 50¢ trial bottle and treatise free. Dr. H. H. KLINE, LEE, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Thought without purpose is like seed spilled upon the ground.

When millions of coffee, eat a Cascaret, caudly cathartic; cure guaranteed; 10c, 25c.

There is no safe side in any kind of sin.

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

Many let heaven go by default.

Just try a 10c. box of Cascarets, the finest liver and bowel regulator ever made.

Overwork is a thief of time.

Inflicted with sore eyes Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water. Drugists sell at 25c. per bottle.

A stop in time saves pain.

Scrofula Cured

"When three months old my boy was troubled with scrofula. There were sore places on his hands and body as large as a man's hand, and sometimes the blood would run. We began giving him Hood's Sarsaparilla and it soon took effect. When he had taken three bottles he was cured." W. H. GARNER, West Earl, Pennsylvania.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

It is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier. Hood's Pills cure all Liver ills and Sore Heads. 25c.

A COOL BOTTLE

of Hires Rootbeer on a sweltering hot day is highly essential to comfort and health. It cools the blood, reduces your temperature, tones the stomach.

HIRES Rootbeer

should be in every home, in every office, in every workshop. A temperance drink, more healthful than ice water, more delightful than any other beverage produced.

Made only by the Charles E. Hires Co., Philadelphia. A perfect tonic and a stimulant. Sold every where.

DRUNKARDS CAN BE SAVED.

The craving for drink is a disease, a marvelous cure for which has been discovered called "Anti-Jag," which makes the inebriate lose all taste for strong drink without knowing why, as it can be given secretly in tea, coffee, soup and the like.

"Anti-Jag" is not kept by your druggist send one dollar to the Remedy Chemical Co., 45 Broadway, New York, and it will be sent postpaid, in plain wrapper, with full directions how to give secretly. Informations mailed free.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

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

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Washington Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Improvidence and Alcoholism Arraigned—Most Overpowering Enemy of the Working People is Strong Drink—A Plea for Earnest Christian Prudence.

Text: "He that earneth wages earneth wages to put into a bag with holes."—Haggai, 1, 6.

In Persia, under the reign of Darius Hystaspes, the people did not prosper. They made money, but did not get it. They were like men who had a sack in which they put money, not knowing that the sack is torn or eaten of moths, or in some way made incapable of holding valuable. As fast as the coin was put in one end of the sack it dropped out of the other. It made no difference how much wages they got, for they lost them. "He that earneth wages earneth wages to put into a bag with holes."

What has become of the billions and billions of dollars in this country paid to the working classes? Some of these monies have gone for houses rent or the purchase of homesteads, or wardrobe, or family expenses, or the necessities of life, or to provide comforts in old age. What has become of other billions? Wasted in foolish outlay. Wasted at the gaming table. Wasted in intoxicants. Put into a bag with holes.

Gather up the money that the working classes have spent for drink during the last thirty years, and I will build for every workman a house and lay out for him a garden, and clothe his sons in broadcloth and his daughters in silks, and place at his front door a prancing span of sorrels or bays, and secure him a policy of life insurance, so that the present home may be well maintained after he is dead. The most persistent, most overpowering enemy of the working classes is intoxicating liquor. It is the anarchist of the centuries and has boycotted and is now boycotting the body and mind and soul of American labor. It is to it a worse foe than monopoly and worse than associated capital.

It annually swindles industry out of a large percentage of earnings. It holds out its blasting solicitations to the mechanic and operative on his way to work, and at the noon spell, and on his way home at evening; on Saturday, when the wages are paid, it snatches a large part of the money that might come into the family and sacrifices it among the saloon keepers. Stand the saloons of this country side by side, and it is carefully estimated that they would reach from New York to Chicago. "Forward, march," says the drink power, and take possession of the American Nation.

The drink business is pouring its vitriol and damnable liquids down the throats of hundreds of thousands of laborers, and while the ordinary strikes are ruinous both to employers and employees, I proclaim a strike universal against strong drink, which, if kept up, will be the relief of the working classes and the salvation of the Nation. I will undertake to say that there is not a healthy laborer in the United States who within the next ten years, if he will refuse all intoxicating beverages and be saving, may not become a capitalist on a small scale in his own country in a year, spending \$1,500,000,000 for drink. Of course the working classes do a great deal of this expenditure. Careful statistics show that the wage earning classes of Great Britain expend in liquors \$100,000,000,000 or \$200,000,000,000 a year. Sit down and calculate, oh, workmen, how much you have expended in these directions. Add it all up, and what you neighbors have expended and realize that instead of a drunkard the back of other people you might have been your own capitalist. When you deplete a workman's physical energy, you rob him of his capital. The stimulant workman gives out before the unstimulated workman. My father said: "I became a temperance man in early life, because I noticed in the harvest field that though I was physically weaker than other workmen, I could hold out longer than they. They took stimulants. I took none." A brick-maker in England gives his experience in regard to this matter among men in his employ. He says after investigation: "The beer drinker who made the fewest bricks made 659,000, and the abstainer who made the fewest bricks 746,000. The difference in behalf of the abstainer over the indulger, 87,000."

I have no sympathy for skinflint saving, but I plead for Christian prudence. You say it is impossible now to lay up anything for a rainy day. I know it. We are at the daybreak of National prosperity. Some people think it is mean to turn the gas low when they go out of the parlor. They feel embarrassed if the doorbell rings before they have the hall lighted. They apologize for the plain meal, if you surprise them at the table. Well, it is mean if it is only to pile up a miserly board. But if it be to educate your children, if it be to give more help to your wife when she does not feel strong, if it be to keep your funeral day from being horrible beyond all endurance, because it is to be the disruption and annihilation of the domestic circle—if it be for that, then it is magnificent.

There are those who are kept in poverty because of their own fault. They might have been well off, but they smoked or drank, and their earnings, or they lived beyond their means, while others on the same wages and on the same salaries went on to competency. I know a man who is all the time complaining of his poverty and crying out for rich men while he himself has two dogs and chews and smokes and is full to the chin with whisky and beer. Wilkins Micawber said to David Copperfield: "Copperfield, my boy, 41 income, expenses, 20s. 6d.; result, misery. But, Copperfield, my boy, 41 income; expenses, 15s. 6d.; result, happiness." But O workman, take your morning dram, and your noon dram, and your evening dram, and spend every thing you have over for tobacco and excursions, and you insure poverty for yourself and your children forever!

If by some generous fiat of the capitalists of this country or by a new law of the Government of the United States twenty-five per cent. or fifty per cent. or 100 per cent. were added to the wages of the working classes of America, it would be no advantage to hundreds of thousands of them unless they stopped strong drink. Aye, until they quit that evil habit the more money the more ruin, the more wages the more holes in the bag.

My plea is to those working people who are in a discipleship to the whisky bottle, the beer jug and the wine flask. And what I say to them will not be more appropriate to the working classes than to the business classes and the literary classes and the professional classes and all classes, and not with the people of one age more than of all ages. Take one good square look at the suffering of the man whose strong drink has enthralled and remember that toward that goal multitudes are running. The disciple of alcoholism suffers the loss of self respect. Just as soon as a man wakes up and finds that he is the captive of strong drink, he feels demeaned. I do not care how recklessly he acts. He may say, "I don't care," he does care. He cannot look a pure man in the eye unless it is with positive force of resolution. Three-fourths of his nature is destroyed; his self-respect is gone; he says things he would not otherwise say; he does things he would not otherwise do. When a man is nine-tenths gone with strong drink, the first thing he wants to do is to persuade you that he can stop any time he wants to. He cannot. The Philistines have bound his hand and foot, and shorn his locks, and put out his eyes, and are making him grind in the mill of a great horror. He cannot stop. I will prove it. He knows that his course is bringing ruin upon himself. He loves himself. If he could stop, he would. He knows his course is bringing ruin upon his family. He loves them. He would stop if he could. He cannot. Perhaps he could three months or a year ago; not now. Just

ask him to stop for a month. He cannot—he knows he cannot, so he does not try. God only knows what the drunkard will do. Pain flies on every nerve, and travels every groove, and gnaws every bone, and burns with every flame, and stings with every poison, and pulls at him with every torture. What reptiles crawl over his sleeping limbs. What fiends stand by his midnight pillow. What groans tear his ear. What horrors shiver through his soul. Talk of the rack, talk of the inquisition, talk of the funeral pyre, talk of the roasting juggernaut—let's look them all at once. Have you ever been in the ward of the hospital where these inebriates are dying, the stretch of their wounds driving back the attendants, their voices sounding through the night? The keeper comes up and says: "Hush, now be still. Stop making all this noise." But it is effectual only for a moment, for as soon as the keeper is gone they begin again: "O God! O God! Help! Help! Drink! Give me drink! Help! Take them off me! Take them off me! O God! O God!" And then they shriek, and they rave, and they pluck out their hair by handfuls and bite their nails into the quick, and then they groan, and they sob, and they blaspheme, and they ask the keepers to kill them—"Stab me! Smother me! Strangle me! Take the devil off me!" Oh, the fancy devil that is doing on now and then and down the lid, and tell you further that this is going to be the death that some of you will die. I know it. I see it coming.

The drunkard suffers through the loss of home. I do not care how much he loves his wife and children, if this passion for strong drink has mastered him he will do the most outrageous things, and if he could not get drink in any other way, he would sell his family into eternal bondage. How many homes have been broken up in that way no one but God knows. Oh, is there anything that will so destroy a man for life as to get him drunk? "This is life to come?" Do not tell me that a man can be happy when he knows that he is breaking his wife's heart and clothing his children with rags. Why, there are on the roads and in the streets, and in the children, barefooted, unwashed and unkempt, want on every patch of their faded dress and on every wrinkle of their prematurely old countenances, who have been in churches, and who are as proud as you are but for the fact that rum destroyed their parents and drove them into the grave. Oh, rum, thou foe of God, thou despoiler of the home, thou recruiting officer of the pit, I hate thee.

But my subject takes a deeper tone, and that is that the unfortunate of whom I speak suffers from the loss of the soul. The Bible intimates that in the future world, if we are unfortunates here, our material and appetites, unrestrained, will go along with us and make our torment there. So that, I suppose, when an inebriate wakes up in that world he will feel an infinite regret, and he will believe that he is in a world, although he may have been very poor, he could beg or he could steal five cents with which to get that which would save him from a life of while, but in eternity where is the rum to come from?

Oh, the deep, exhausting, exasperating, everlasting thirst of the drunkard in hell! Why, if a fiend came up to earth for some informal way to get a grogram or a shandy, he would back taking on his wing just one drop of rum, and that is rum! And it would wake up the echoes of the damned: "Give me rum! Give me rum! Give me rum!" In the future world I do not believe that it will be the absence of rum. Oh, beware! You have not yet been captured. Beware! Whether the beverage be poured in golden chalice or pewter mug in the foam at the top, in white letters, let there be spelled out to your soul, "Beware!" When the books of judgment are open, 10,000,000 drunkards come up to get their doom. I want you to bear witness that I, in the fear of God and in love for your soul, told you, with all affection and with all kindness, to beware of the rum that has already exerted its influence upon your family, blowing out some of its light—a premonition of the blackness of darkness forever.

Oh, if you could only hear interpenetration with drunkards' bones drumming on the head of the liquor cask the dead march of immortal souls, methinks the very glance of a wine cup would make you shudder, and the color of the liquor would make you think of the blood of the soul, and the foam on the top of the cup would remind you of the froth on the mania's lip, and you would kneel down and pray God to keep, rather than your children should become captives of this evil habit, you would like to carry them out some bright spring day to the cemetery and put them away to the last sleep, until at the call of the south wind the flowers would come up all over the grave—sweet prophecies of the resurrection. God has a balm for such a wound, but what flower of comfort ever grew on a drunkard's sepulcher?

Corcan Paper.
The statement is made by a writer in the Apotheker Zeitung that a remarkable kind of paper is produced in Corea entirely by manual labor and without the use of machinery. Its quality exceeds that of the very best made in China or Japan. The raw material used for this paper is obtained from the bark of Broussonetia papyrifera, which is collected in the spring and beaten in water containing a large admixture of wood ashes, until reduced to thick pulp; this is taken in large ladles and spread upon frames of bamboo, and in this way formed into thin sheets. Another kind of paper is produced from old scraps trodden into pulp, much in the same way that grape juice is expressed in some countries—a process of pulping which, though slow, has the advantage of not breaking the fiber so much as when machinery is used; then, after the pulp has been made into paper, the sheets are piled up to the height of six feet and cut into pieces, to be again subjected to the feet stamping—at the same time the roots and seeds of a plant called "tack-pot" are added, the soluble parts of which are supposed to give tenacity and toughness to the paper.

KILLED ON A PLEASURE TRIP.

A Train Crashes Into a Tally-Ho Filled With Brooklyn Young People.

A despatch from New York says:—Five young people were killed and a number of others injured in a railroad accident at Valley Spring, L. I. A tally-ho, with a party of twenty-one excursionists from the Greene Avenue Baptist Church, Brooklyn, which started out for a day's outing through Long Island, was struck by a train on the Long Island Railroad at the Merrick Boulevard crossing.

Some of the dead were frightfully mangled. The body of Lester W. Roberts was ground to pieces. The body of Miss Burtch was also badly mangled. Winslow Lewis and his neck was badly gashed. The crash came almost without warning, and the occupants of the coach had no time to make any effort to escape. Before the most of them knew of the impending danger the train was upon them, the coach was upset and the engine was pushing it along the rails, the dead and injured being out and mangled beneath it.

The train which struck the tally-ho was bound east from Merrick. It was not running fast when the accident happened, and accounts differ as to whether the whistle was blown. It is also a matter of dispute whether the bell was being rung. It is claimed by some that it was, and that the merry party on the coach was making so much noise that the driver could not hear the bell.

The double team of the tally-ho had crossed the track and had the front wheels of the coach upon the rails when the pilot of the engine was seen by the driver. He gave the horse a cut with the whip, but it was too late, and a moment later the crash came.

A CO-OPERATIVE COLONY.

Scheme of Eugene V. Debs and Henry D. Lloyd Is to Be Tried in Utah.

A despatch from Denver, Col., says: Rev. Myron W. Reed, national president of the Brotherhood of the Co-Operative Commonwealth, which Eugene V. Debs and Henry D. Lloyd are organizing, said: "The experiment will first be tried in Utah. We have chosen Utah because the Mormons have already proved that co-operation can be made a success."

"Our plan is to establish co-operative communities of 1,500 persons each. We believe that in a community of 1,500 will be discovered about the right material necessary for the different vocations. When the system has been a success in Utah its friends can proceed to carry the educational facilities into other States."

"It is the intention to select a location for the first community next fall, so that the settlers may move upon the land and break ground for crops next spring. The headquarters of the brotherhood are at present in Thomaston, Me., where the national secretary, D. E. Loomis, has his home. The total membership has reached 1,844."

It is probable that, in the near future, every employee of the B. & O. will wear a distinctive uniform. Train men are now neatly attired, but the Receivers desire that each employe have either a badge, cap or suit that will identify him as a B. & O. man.

MARKETS.

GRAIN ETC.	
FLOUR—Baltimore, Best Pat. 9	4 95
High Grade Extra.....	4 60
WHEAT—No. 2 Red.....	78
WHEAT—No. 2 White.....	26
Oats—Southern & Penn.....	23 1/2
RYE—No. 2.....	34 1/2
HAY—Choice Timothy.....	13 00
Good to Prime.....	12 00
ETH. Hay in car lots.....	14 00
Wheat Blocks.....	9 00
Oat Blocks.....	9 50

CANNED GOODS.	
TOMATOES—Std. No. 2 9	75
No. 2.....	27 1/2
PEAS—Standards.....	85
Seconds.....	75
CORN—Dry Pack.....	80
Molasses.....	60

HIDES.	
CITY STEERS.....	8 @ 8 1/2
City Cows.....	7 @ 7
Southern No. 2.....	6 @ 6

POTATOES AND VEGETABLES.	
POTATOES—Durbanks.....	25 @ 30
ONIONS.....	3 @ 35

PROVISIONS.	
HOGS PRODUCTS—shd.....	6 1/2 @ 7
Hams.....	10 1/2 @ 11 1/2
New Pork, per bar.....	10 50
LARD—Grade.....	3
Best refined.....	3 1/2

BUTTER.	
BUTTER—Fine Crm.....	21 @ 22
Upper Pine.....	19 @ 20
Creamery Rolls.....	21 @ 22

CHEESE.	
CHEESE—N. Y. Fancy.....	12 1/2 @ 13 1/2
N. Y. Field.....	12 1/2 @ 13 1/2
Skim Cheese.....	4 1/2 @ 5

EGGS.	
EGGS—State.....	9 @ 9 1/2
North Carolina.....	8 1/2 @ 9

LIVE POULTRY.	
CHICKENS—Hens.....	20 @ 25
Ducks, per lb.....	10 @ 11
Turkeys, per lb.....	11 @ 12

TOBACCO.	
TOBACCO—Md. Infer.....	1 50 @ 2 50
Sound common.....	3 00 @ 4 00
Mild.....	6 00 @ 7 00
Fancy.....	10 00 @ 12 00

LIVE STOCK.	
BEEF—Best Dovers.....	4 20 @ 4 50
SHEEP.....	2 20 @ 2 50
Hogs.....	3 50 @ 3 75

PORK AND BACON.	
MUSKRAT.....	10 @ 11
Bacon.....	40 @ 45
Red Fox.....	100
Skunk Black.....	80
Opossum.....	22 @ 23
Mink.....	80
Otter.....	100

NEW YORK.	
FLOUR—Southern.....	3 00 @ 4 20
WHEAT—No. 2 Red.....	78 @ 79 1/2
RYE—Western.....	38 @ 39
CORN—No. 2.....	28 @ 29
OATS—No. 3.....	22 @ 24
BUTTER—State.....	14 @ 15
EGGS—State.....	10 @ 10 1/2
CHEESE—State.....	9 1/2 @ 10

PHILADELPHIA.	
FLOUR—Southern.....	3 00 @ 4 25
WHEAT—No. 2 Red.....	79 1/2 @ 80
CORN—No. 2.....	27 1/2 @ 28 1/2
OATS—No. 3.....	24 @ 25
BUTTER—State.....	10 @ 11
EGGS—Penna.....	10 @ 10 1/2

A Crawling Rug.

Among the first "instruments" to be used toward the education of the little son of the Duke and Duchess of York is a crawling-rug, designed by Miss Emma Windsor, who is famous for her intelligent interpretation of the Froebel idea of education.

Froebel, she says, constantly urged upon mothers the necessity of the infants' education beginning at their mothers' knees, and thinking of this has led me to the invention of the babies' crawling rug. It is a large floor-picture of animals, birds and domestic figures, made of real skin, swansdown, and other materials sewn on to flannel, and is quite in harmony with Froebel's idea.

For as soon as baby is put on the rug the first thing that the mite does is to begin to kick and stretch out its limbs; then it begins to roll over and look about, and tries to clutch at the pretty animals on the rug. Then baby finds it beyond its reach, and the first attempt to crawl is after puse, or some other equally familiar form which it sees on the rug.

The kicking, the stretching out the hand, the observation, the crawling, and so on, are all what Froebel calls education. As baby grows older it learns, with the help of mother and nurse, to imitate the different sounds which the animals make, to pick out one from the other, and to learn their names.

Then baby should be taught to stroke each animal gently, and to speak its name in tender tones. Then the infant will early learn that love of animals calls forth the love of mankind. It is a good plan to teach the baby to notice pictures of animals in children's books, and to call its attention to living animals and their actions. As the child grows older its delight in its zoological carpet increases; and children of seven years of age are known to greatly appreciate them.

The place for the rug is the nursery, the drawing-room, the bath-room, the seaside, and on shipboard.

A Dead Linc.
Cholly—I wonder if your father would fly into a passion if I were to ask him for you?
Adelaide—Not if you tell him first that he looks twenty years younger since he shaved off his whiskers.—Cleveland Leader.

HALL'S Vegetable Sicilian HAIR RENEWER

Beautifies and restores Gray Hair to its original color and vitality; prevents baldness; cures itching and dandruff. A fine hair dressing. R. P. Hall & Co., Props., Nashua, N. H. Sold by all Druggists.

HAY PRESSES!

IMPROVED HUNTER TILL, CYCLE, All Steel and Wooden (steel lined) shipped on trail for reliable parties. FULLY GUARANTEED. SEE WHITE FOR CATALOGUE AND PRICES. St. H. LEWIS, Leavenworth, Mo. MERIDIAN MACHINERY SHOPS. Box A. MERIDIAN, W. Va.

SILOS

HOW TO BUILD AND WILLIAMS MFG. CO., KALAMAZOO, MICH. S. N. 23

CANDY CATHARTIC

Cascarets
CURE CONSTIPATION
REGULATE THE LIVER
ALL DRUGGISTS
ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED
to cure any case of constipation. Cascarets are the Ideal Laxative, never grip or gripe, but cause easy natural results. Sample and booklet free. Ad. STERLING REMEDY CO., Chicago, Montreal, Can., or New York.



A resident of Shawnee, Tennessee, says: "I want to tell of the benefit I received from taking"

Ripans Tabules.

My stomach had got into such a fix I could not digest my victuals at all; everything I ate I threw up, with great pains in my chest and bowels. I tried several doctors, who did me no good. At last, after spending about \$75, a friend advised me to try Ripans Tabules. I commenced taking them and soon I could eat almost anything, and I had the satisfaction of knowing that what I eat would stay with me. I am grateful for such