The Hickman Courier.

GEORGE WARREN, Publisher.

HICKMAN, : : KENTUCKY.

CURRENT TOPICS.

THERE is a fine prospect for winter wheat in the West.

SWEET CIDER is the latest remedy for gout and rheumatism.

FRANCE owes her savings-bank depositors nearly $150,000,000.

ONE of the oldest settlements in Illinois is named Chestnut.

IT may now safely be said that the base ball season has fairly opened.

A CHINESE bank note 3,284 years old is in the museum at St. Petersburg.

A BUFFALO bull calf was born in Central Park, New York, the other night.

VERMONT expects to produce ten million pounds of maple sugar this year.

IN an egg-sucking match in Iowa recently, the victor disposed of sixty-five eggs.

THERE are now 30,000 Democratic postmasters in the service of the Government.

PROHIBITION was carried in Rhode Island at the recent election by 400 majority.

THE running time between Chicago and St. Paul has been reduced from eighteen to thirteen hours.

THE famous Petroleum V. Nasby has at last been elected to office. He is a Toledo (O.) alderman.

THE mayor of Houston, Tex., at the recent election was beaten for re-election by only four votes.

MRS. WILLIAM THOMPSON ("Clara Belle"), the celebrated New York fashion correspondent, is dead.

IF we would stop the destruction of our birds we must ask the ladies to wear fewer of them on their hats.

AN increase of emigrant rates from San Francisco to China has called a halt in travel in that direction.

THE Canadian inspector of prison, reports 2,705 insane persons in the five public asylums of the Dominion.

NOT a particle of fruit of any kind was found by a Paris chemist in a "currant jelly" which he analyzed lately.

A CHECK recently presented at the Catskill (N. Y.) National Bank called for the payment of "Aity-ate" dollars.

A DELEGATION of Mormon women, all good talkers, are in Washington to work against further Mormon legislation.

NEW YORK State now has twenty-six incorporated cities, Jamestown being the latest to take on metropolitan airs.

JOSEPH BERG, of Dubuque, Ia., has a pair of shears which he says were used by Andrew Johnson when the latter was a tailor.

A FORMER United States Senator is now a night watchman in one of the departments at Washington at a salary of $60 per month.

IT is announced that the gravediggers of Brooklyn, N. Y., have formed a trade union. The next step will doubtless be a boycott of the crematory.

FOUR thousand acres of land, near Red Bluff, Cal., have been purchased by an English syndicate, which proposes locating an English colony thereon.

HELENA, MONT., has a woman superintendent of schools who has Indian blood in her veins. She is highly educated and has a decided dramatic talent.

A BROOKLYN street car driver has sued the superintendent who discharged him, for $20,000 damages by injury to his reputation as a railroad man.

IT is said of the fashionable women of the period, says the New York *Mail*, that she apparently makes it a point never to be seen in public with her husband.

LOTTA, the actress, is worth over a million dollars and is said to be the wealthiest woman on the stage. Mary Anderson is computed to be worth over $500,000.

IT is now reported that Patti and Nicolini are to be married again next June. The two have had a hard time in securing divorces and becoming married to each other.

IT is said that General Master Workman Powderly disputes with Mrs. Langtry and Maud Branscombe the first place in popular favor as evinced by the sale of photographs.

PHILADELPHIA follows New York in starting a movement for closing shops Saturday afternoons, and a half holiday league is battering away at the matter in good earnest.

BEDSPREADS made out of old kid gloves are the latest rage in fashionable New York society. New York society appears to be getting nearer and nearer to the lunatic asylum.

A LAW that has been a dead-letter for thirty years has been revived by the local authorities of Dover, N. H., for the purpose of compelling barber-shops to keep closed on Sundays.

WILL CARLETON, the poet, is now roaming and rhyming in the orange groves of Florida, with a view, doubtless, of restoring sweetness to the crop so sadly soured by the untimely frosts.

KENSINGTON, N. H., a town with about six hundred population, has living at present sixty-four persons who are over seventy years old, twenty over eighty years and one who is ninety-three.

A SHOWER of black insects with innumerable legs fell near Cortland, N. Y., just after a heavy fall of snow. They were so plentiful that they turned the snow black in spots. They had no wings.

QUITE a lively time is in store for the counsel of the Union Pacific Company. Twelve hundred actions have been brought by the company against persons who have injured or destroyed its property.

MR POWDERLY, the Master Workman of the Knights of Labor, resides in a modest cottage on the outskirts of Scranton, and a salary of $1,500 a year from the organization is the sum total of his income.

CINCINNATI has a church usher who, when an epidemic of coughing breaks out in the congregation, kindly passes around the lozenges. He spends considerable cash in keeping himself supplied with the remedy.

AT the New York Horticultural Society's flower show, a few days ago, was exhibited the finest specimen of "Her Majesty" rose yet seen. It was eight inches in diameter and perfect in form and color, but almost odorless.

A MAN with a pencil shows that it took six men in 1870 to produce what five can do now, while in 1850 it took eight; all on account of improved machinery. At this rate how long will it take before machinery will be able to do all the work?

A HEN in Webster City, Ia., lays eggs of a bright vermillion color.

IN a certain Austrian town thirty female printers were introduced. The typographical society adopted a novel way of removing them. It took two or three years to do it, but it was accomplished at last, by the girls all becoming the wives of the printers.

A DETROIT court is puzzled over the pronunciation of the name of a Polish defendant whose first name is Peter. The other is Zisyjszghsky. His lawyer could puzzle the jury just as z-z as anything, but a riot was avoided by compromising on the word Peter, and by this name the defendant went on trial.

SENATOR JONES, of Florida, explaining in his own defense, says: "My vote has not been lost on a single public measure. I have been paired on all questions." The Senator seems to have been more successful in pairing in Washington than in Detroit.

AT a dinner at Rondout there was a German just arrived, who had not seen United States paper money. A gentleman opposite took a $50 bill from his pocket and endeavored to hand it to the German, but dropped it into a dish of soup. He took it out as quickly as possible, and was waving it to and fro to dry it, when a big dog in the room snapped it out of his fingers, and ate it down with apparent relish.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

Discourse on the Trials of Newspaper Editors and Reporters.

The Shams They See and the Temptations They Meet in Their Search for News—An Underpaid Class, as a Rule, and Their Souls Nobody's Care.

Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, in a recent sermon, took up the cudgel for the newspaper men, illustrating their trials, temptations and almost ceaseless labors in the fight for current news in a forcible manner. He took for his text:

Behold a flying roll!—Zachariah v., 1.

Dr. Talmage said: This winged sheet of the text had on it a prophecy. The flying roll to-day is the newspaper. In calculating the influences that affect society you can no more afford to ignore it than you can ignore the noonday sun or the Atlantic Ocean.

It is high time that I preach a sermon expressing my appreciation of what the newspaper press has done and is doing. No man, living or dead, is or has been so indebted to it as I am, for it gives me perpetual audience in every city, town and neighborhood of Christendom, and I take this opportunity before God and this people to thank the editors and publishers, and compositors and type-setters the world over, and I give fair notice that I shall take every opportunity of enlarging this field, whether by stenographic report on the Sabbath, or galley-proofs on Monday, or previous dictation. I have said again and again to the officers of this church, whoever else are crowded, don't let the reporters be crowded. Each responsible and intelligent reporter is ten or fifteen churches built on to this church. Ninety-five per cent. of the newspapers are now my friends, and do me full justice and more than justice, and the other five of the hundred are such notorious liars that nobody believes them. It was in self-defense that sixteen years ago I employed an official stenographer of my own because of the appalling misrepresentations of myself and church. From that things have miraculously changed, until now it is just as appalling in the marvelous opportunity opened.

The newspaper is the great educator of the nineteenth century. There is no force compared with it. It is book, pulpit, platform, forum, all in one. And there is not an interest—religious, literary, commercial, scientific, agricultural or mechanical—that is not within its grasp. All our churches, and schools, and colleges, and asylums, and art galleries feel the quaking of the printing press.

The institution of newspapers arose in Italy. In Venice the first newspaper was published, and monthly, during the time that Venice was warring against Solyman the Second, in Dalmatia, it was printed for the purpose of giving military and commercial information to the Venetians. The first newspaper published in England was in 1588, and called the *English Mercury*. Others were styled the *Weekly Discoverer*, the *Secret Owl*, *Heraclitus Ridens*, etc.

Who can estimate the political, scientific, commercial and religious revolutions roused up in England for many years past by *Bell's Weekly Dispatch*, the *Standard*, the *Morning Chronicle*, the *Post* and the London *Times*?

The first attempt at this institution in France was in 1631, by a physician, who published the *News* for the amusement and health of his patients. The French nation understood fully how to appreciate this power. Napoleon, with his own hand, wrote articles for the press, and so early as n 1829 there were in Paris 109 journals. But in the United States the newspaper has come to unlimited sway. Though in 1775 there were but thirty-seven in the whole country, the number of published journals is now counted by thousands; and to-day—we may as well acknowledge it as not—the religious and secular newspapers are the great educators of the country.

I find no difficulty in accounting for the world's advance. Four centuries ago, in Germany, in courts of justice, men fought with their fists to see who should have the decision of the court; and if the judge's decision was unsatisfactory, then the judge fought with counsel. Many of the lords could not read the deeds of their own estates. What has made the change?

"Books," you say.

No, sir! The vast majority of citizens do not read books. Take this audience, or any other promiscuous assemblage, and how many histories have they read? How many treatises on constitutional law, or political economy, or works of science? How many elaborate poems or books of travel? How much of Boyle, of De Tocqueville, Xenophon, or Herodotus, or Percival? Not many.

In the United States the people would not average one such book a year for each individual.

Whence, then, this intelligence—this capacity to talk about all themes, secular and religious—this acquaintance with science and art—this power to appreciate the beautiful and grand? Next to the Bible the newspaper—swift-winged and everywhere present, flying over the fences, shoved under the door, tossed into the counting-house, laid on the work-bench, hawked through the cars. All read it: white and black, German, Irishman, Swiss, Spanish, American, old and young, good and bad, sick and well, before breakfast and after tea, Monday morning, Saturday night, Sunday and week day.

I now declare that I consider the newspaper to be the grand agency by which gospel is to be preached, ignorance cast out, oppression dethroned, crime extirpated, the world raised, Heaven rejoiced and God glorified.

In the clanking of the printing press, as the sheets fly out, I hear the voice of the Lord Almighty proclaiming to all the dead nations of the earth, "Lazarus, come forth!" and to the retreating surges of darkness, "Let there be light!" In many of our city newspapers, professing no more than secular information, there have appeared during the past ten years some of the grandest appeals in behalf of religion, and some of the most effective interpretations of God's government among the nations.

There are only two kinds of newspapers—the one good, very good, the other bad, very bad. A newspaper may be started with an undecided character, but after it has been going on for years everybody finds out just what it is; and it is very good or it is very bad. The one paper is the embodiment of news, the ally of virtue, the foe of crime, the delectation of elevated taste, the mightiest agency on earth for making the world better. The other paper is a brigand amid moral forces; it is a beslimer of reputation; it is the right arm of death and hell; it is the mightiest agency in the universe for making the world worse and battling the cause of God. The one an angel of intelligence and mercy; the other a fiend of darkness. Between this Archangel and this Fury is to be fought the great battle which is to decide the fate of the world. If you have any doubt as to which is to be the victor, ask the prophecies, ask God; the chief batteries with which he would vindicate the right and thunder down the wrong, have not yet been unlimbered. The great Armageddon of the nations is not to be fought with swords, but with steel pens; not with bullets, but with type; not with cannon, but with lightning perfecting presses; and the Sumters, and the Moultries, and the Pulaskis, and the Gibralters of that conflict will be the editorial and reportorial rooms of our great newspaper establishments. Men of the press, under God you are to decide whether the human race shall be saved or lost. God has put a more stupendous responsibility upon you than upon any other class of persons. What long strides your profession has made in influence and power since the day when Peter Schoeffer invented cast metal type, and because two books were found just alike they were ascribed to the work of the devil; and books were printed on strips of bamboo; and Rev. Jesse Glover originated the first American printing press; and the Common Council of New York, in solemn resolution, offered forty pounds to any printer who would come there and live; and when the Speaker of the House of Parliament in England announced with indignation that the public prints had recognized some of their doings; until in this day, when we have in this country about five hundred skilled phonographers, and about thirteen thousand newspapers, printing in one year 2,500,000,000 copies. The press and the telegraph have gone down into the same great harvest field to reap, and the telegraph says to the newspaper: "I'll rake while you bind;" and the iron teeth of the telegraph are set down at one end of the harvest field and drawn clean across, and the newspaper gathers up the sheaves, setting down one sheaf on the breakfast table in the shape of a morning newspaper, and putting down another sheaf on the tea table in the shape of an evening newspaper; and that man who neither reads nor takes a newspaper would be a curiosity. What vast progress since the day when Cardinal Wolsey declared that either the printing press must go down or the Church of God must go down, to this time, when the printing press and pulpit are in combination, and a man on the Sabbath day may preach the Gospel to five hundred people, while on Monday morning, through the secular journals, he may preach that Gospel to millions.

Notwithstanding all this that you have gained in position and influence, men of the press, how many words of sympathy do you get during a year? Not ten. How many sermons of practical helpfulness for your profession are preached during the twelve months?" Not one. How many words of excoriation, and denunciation, and hyper-criticism do you get in the same length of time? About ten thousand. If you are a type-setter and get the type in the wrong font the foreman storms at you. If you are a foreman and can not surmount the insurmountable and get the "forms" ready at just the time, the publisher denounces you. If you are a publisher and make mismanagement, then the owners of the paper will be hard on you for lack of dividend. If you are an editor and you announce an unpopular sentiment, all the pens of Christendom are flung at you. If you are a reporter, you shall be held responsible for the indistinctness of public speakers, and for the blunders of type-setters, and for the fact that you can not work quite so well in the flickering gaslight and after midnight as you do in the noonday. If you are a proof-reader, upon you shall come the united wrath of editor, reporter and reader, because you do not properly arrange the periods, and the semicolons, and the exclamation points, and the asterisks. Plenty of abuse for you, but no sympathy. Having been in a position where I could see these things going on from year to year, I have thought that this morning I would preach a sermon on the trials of the newspaper profession, praying that God may bless the sermon to all those to whom this message may come, and leading those not in the profession to a more kindly and lenient bearing toward those who are.

One of the great trials of this newspaper profession is the fact that they are compelled to see more of the shams of the world than any other profession. Through every newspaper office, day by day, go the weaknesses of the world, the vanities that want to be puffed, the revenges that want to be wreaked, all the mistakes that want to be corrected, all the dull speakers who want to be thought eloquent, all the meanness that wants to get its wares noticed gratis in the editorial columns in order to save the tax of the advertising column, all the men who want to be set right who never were right, all the crack-brained philosophers, with story as long as their hair and as gloomy as their finger-nails, in mourning because bereft of soap; all the itinerant bores who come to stay five minutes and stop an hour. From the editorial and reportorial rooms, all the follies and shams of the world are seen day by day, and the temptation is to believe neither in God, man nor woman. It is no surprise to me that in your profession there are some skeptical men. I only wonder that you believe anything. Unless an editor or a reporter has in his present or his early home a model of earnest character, or he throw himself upon the upholding grace of God, he must make temporal and eternal shipwreck.

Another great trial of the newspaper profession is inadequate compensation. Since the days of Hazlitt and Sheridan and John Milton and the wailings of Grubb street, London, literary toil, with very few exceptions, has not been properly requited. When Oliver Goldsmith received a friend in his house he, the author, had to sit on the window, because there was only one chair. Linacre sold his splendid work for a ducat. De Foe, the author of two hundred and eighteen volumes, died penniless. The learned Johnson dined behind a screen because his clothes were too shabby to allow him dine with the gentlemen who, on the other side of the screen, were applauding his works. And so on down to the present time, literary toil is a great struggle for bread. The world seems to have a grudge against a man who, as they say, gets his living by his wits; and the day laborer says to the man of literary toil: "You come down here, and shove a plane, and hammer a shoe-last, and break cobblestones, and earn an honest living as I do, instead of sitting there in idleness scribbling." But God knows that there are no harder worked men in all the earth than the newspaper people of this country. It is not a matter of hard times; it is characteristic of all times. Men have a better appreciation for that which appeals to the stomach than for that which appeals to the brain. They have no idea of the immense financial and intellectual exhaustions of the newspaper press. They grumble because they have to pay five cents a copy, and wish they had only to pay three, or paying three, they wish they had only to pay one. While there are a few exceptions—and some few do make large fortunes—the vast majority of newspaper people in this day have a struggle for a livelihood; and if in their hardship and exasperation they sometimes write things they ought not to write, let those facts be an alleviation. O men of the press, it will be a great help to you if, when you come home late at night, fagged out and nervous with your work, you would just kneel down and commend your case to God, who has watched all the fatigue of the day, and who has promised to be your God and the God of your children forever.

Another great trial of the newspaper profession is the diseased appetite for unhealthy intelligence. You blame the newspaper press for giving such prominence to murders and scandals. Do you suppose that so many papers would give prominence to these things if the people did not demand them? I go into the meat market of a foreign city, and I find that the butchers hang up on the most conspicuous hooks meat that is tainted, while the meat that is fresh and savory is put away without any especial care. I come to the conclusion that the people of that city love tainted meat. You know very well that if the great mass of people in this country get hold of a newspaper and there are in it no runaway matches, no broken-up families, no defamation of men in high position, they pronounce the paper insipid. They say, "It is shockingly dull to-night." I believe it is one of the trials of the newspaper press, that the people of this country demand moral slush instead of healthy, intellectual food. Now, you are a respectable man, an intelligent man, and a paper comes into your hand. You open it, and there are three columns of splendidly written editorial, recommending some moral sentiment, or evolving some scientific theory. In the next column there is a miserable, contemptible divorce case. Which do you read first? You dip into the editorial long enough to say: "Well, that's very ably written," and you read the divorce case from the "long primer" type at the top, to the "nonpareil" type at the bottom, and then you ask your wife if she has read it! O, it is only a case of supply and demand. Newspaper men are no fools. They know what you want, and they give it to you. I believe that if the church and the world bought nothing but pure, honest and healthful newspapers, nothing but pure, honest and healthful newspapers would be published. If you should gather all the editors and reporters of this country in one great convention, and then ask of them what kind of a paper they would prefer to publish, I believe they would unanimously say: "We would prefer to publish an elevated paper." So long as there is an inquitous demand, there will be an inquitous supply. I make no apology for a debauched newspaper, but I am saying these things in order to divide the responsibility between those that print and those who read.

Another temptation of the newspaper profession is the great allurement that surrounds them. Every occupation and profession has temptations peculiar to itself, and the newspaper profession is not an exception. The great draught, as you know, is on the nervous forces, and the brain is racked. The blundering political speech must read well for the sake of the party, and so the reporter, or the editor, has to make it read well, although every sentence was a catastrophe to the English language. The reporter must hear all that an inaudible speaker, who thinks it is vulgar to speak out, says; and it must be right the next morning or the next night in the papers, though the night before the whole audience sat with its hand behind its ear in vain trying to catch it. This man must go through killing night-work. He must go into heated assemblages, and into unventilated audience-rooms that are enough to take the life out of him. He must visit court-rooms which are almost always disgusting with rum and tobacco. He must expose himself at the fires. He must write in foetid alley-ways. Added to all that he must have hasty mastication and irregular habits. To bear up under this tremendous nervous strain they are tempted to artificial stimulus, and how many thousands have gone down under that pressure God only knows. They must have something to counteract the wet, they must have something to keep out the chill, and after a scant night's sleep they must have something to revive them for the morning's work. That is what made Horace Greeley such a stout temperance man. He told me that he had seen so many of his comrades go down under that temptation. Oh, my brother of the newspaper profession, what you can not do without artificial stimulus, God does not want you to do. There is no halfway ground for our literary people between teetotalism and dissipation. Your professional success, your domestic peace, your sternal salvation, will depend upon your theories in regard to artificial stimulus. I have had so many friends go down under the temptation, their brilliancy quenched, their homes blasted, that I cry out this morning, in the words of another: "Look not upon the wine when it is red, when it moveth itself aright in the cup, for at the last it biteth like a serpent and it stingeth like an adder."

Another trial of this profession is the fact that no one seems to care for their souls. They feel bitterly about it, though they laugh. People sometimes laugh the loudest when they feel the worst. They are expected to gather up religious proceedings and to discuss religious doctrines in the editorial columns, but who expects them to be saved by the sermons they phonograph, or by the doctrines they discuss in the editorial columns? The world looks upon them as professional. Who preaches to reporters and editors? Some of them came from religious homes, and when they left the paternal rool, whoever regarded or disregarded, they come off with a father's benediction and a mother's prayer. They never think of those good old times, but tears come into their eyes, and they move around this great, roaring metropolis homesick. O, if they only knew what a helpful thing it is for a man to put his weary head down on the bosom of a sympathetic Christ! He knows how nervous and tired you are. He has a heart large enough to take in all your interests in this world and the next. O, men of the newspaper press, you sometimes get sick of this world, it seems so hollow and unsatisfying. If there are any people in all the earth that need God, you are the men, and you shall have Him if only this day you implore His mercy.

A man was found at the foot of Canal street.

As they picked him up from the water and brought him to the Morgue, they saw by the contour of his forehead that he had great mental capacity. He had entered the newspaper profession. He had gone down in health. He took to artificial stimulus. He went down further and further, until one summer day, hot, and hungry, and sick, and in despair, he flung himself off the dock. They found in his pocket a reporter's pad, a lead pencil, a photograph of some one who had loved him long ago. Death, as sometimes it will, smoothed out all the wrinkles that had gathered prematurely on the brow, and as he lay there his face was as fair as when, seven years ago, he left his country home and they bade him good-bye forever. The world looks through the window of the Morgue and says: "It's nothing but an outcast;" but God says it was a gigantic soul that perished because the world gave him no chance.

Let me ask all men connected with the printing press that they help us more and more in the effort to make the world better. I charge you in the name of God, before whom you must account for the tremendous influence you hold in this country, to consecrate yourselves to higher endeavors. You are the men to fight back this invasion of corrupt literature. Lift up your right hand and swear new allegiance to the cause of philanthropy and religion. And when, at last, standing on the plains of judgment you look out upon the unnumbered throngs over whom you have had influence, may it be found that you were among the mightiest energies that lifted men upon the exalted pathway that leads to the renown of Heaven. Better than to have sat in editorial chair, from which, with the finger of type, you decided the destinies of empires, but decided them wrong, that you had been some dungeoned exile, who, by the light of window iron-grated, or scraps of a New Testament leaf, picked up from the hearth, spelled out the story of Him who taketh away the sins of the world.

In eternity Dives is the beggar!

Well, my friends, we will all soon get through writing and printing and proof-reading. What then? Our life is a book. Our years are the chapters. Our months are the paragraphs. Our days are the sentences. Our doubts are the interrogation points. Our imitation of others the quotation marks. Our attempts at display a dash. Death the period. Eternity the peroration. O God, where will we spend it? Have you heard the news, more startling than any found in the journals of the last six weeks? It is the tidings that man is lost. Have you heard the news, the gladdest that was ever announced, coming this day from the throne of God, lightning couriers leaping from the palace gate? The news! The glorious news! That there is pardon for all and comfort for all trouble. Set it up in "double leaded" columns and direct it to the whole race.

A Scotch poet, insane on everything but religion, wrote this beautiful yet strange rhythm:

God hath pardoned all my sin,
That's the news! That's the news!
I feel like witness deep within,
That's the news! That's the news!
And since he took my sins away,
And taught me how to watch and pray,
I'm happy now from to day—
That's the news! That's the news!

And now if any one should say;
What's the news? What's the news?
Oh, tell him you've begun to pray—
That's the news! That's the news!
That you have joined the conquering band
And now with joy at God's command
You're walking to the better land—
That's the news! That's the news!

TEXAN SNAKES.

A Great Country for Monster Specimens of the Rattlesnake Persuasion.

The largest rattlesnakes are in Texas, on the lower Rio Grande, where they sometimes attain the length of twelve feet and are heavy in proportion. The smallest are the "horned" rattlesnakes of Arizona, New Mexico and Southern California, which seldom reach a length of two feet. They have two little excrescences over the eyes and are full of devilment. They have rattles, but seldom use them, preferring to lie half hidded in the sand until stepped on, when they remonstrate. The sand or "dessert" is also small, and pretends to be on neighborly terms with the prairie dog, whose burrows he occupies. I have reason to believe that when the rattlesnake inserts himself in the bosom of a prairie dog's family he does so on fraudulent grounds and is unwillingly entertained. The prairie dog carries no life insurance and can not afford a quarrel, and the snake is mean enough to take the advantage of him. There is a little brown and very comical owl who likewise takes up residence with the prairie dog, but he makes at least a show of earning his rent by remaining at the entrance and acting as janitor, politely bowing to everybody who passes. Neither snake, dog nor owl seems to mind the others' presence, but are exceedingly sociable.—*Nashville American.*

LIFE-SENATOR FLINT, Canadian parliament, says: St. Jacobs Oil acts like a charm.

Rev. W. M. Leftwich, D. D., Nashville, publicly endorses Red Star Cough Cure. Price, twenty-five cents a bottle.

THIS talk about the editorial pen is all nonsense—nearly all editors use pencils.—*Chicago Ledger.*

NOT a faded or gray hair to be seen, after using Hall's Hair Renewer.

A powerful remedy for lung troubles. Safe for young or old. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

WHAT is it that is dry, but still has a running spring in it? A watch.

PIKE'S TOOTHACHE DROPS cure in 1 minute. 25c

Glenn's Sulphur Soap heals and beautifies. 25c.

GERMAN CORN REMOVER kills Corns & Bunions.

DESIRABLE Quarters—Twenty-five cent pieces.—*Boston Post.*

IF afflicted with Sore Eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

AS a home-ruler the cook is a supreme success.—*N. Y. Independent.*

No Opium in Piso's Cure for Consumption. Cures where other remedies fail. 25c.

A SCHOOL for liars—A school of fish.—*Indianapolis Herald.*

THE MARKETS.

CINCINNATI, April 20.		
LIVE STOCK—Cattle—Common	$2 00	@ 2 75
Choice Butchers	3 85	@ 4 50
HOGS—Common	3 40	@ 3 80
Good Packers	3 90	@ 4 25
SHEEP—Good to choice	4 50	@ 5 75
FLOUR—Family	3 80	@ 4 10
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	.88	@ .89
No. 3 red	.80	@ .85
Corn—No. 2 mixed	....	@ .35½
Oats—No. 2 mixed	.33	@ .33½
Rye—No. 2	.67	@ .68
HAY—Timothy No. 1	12 50	@ 13 00
TOBACCO—Common Lugs	8 20	@ 9 80
Good Medium	10 50	@ 12 25
PROVISIONS—Pork—Mess	10 25	@ 10 37½
Lard—Prime steam	5 90	@ 5 95
BUTTER—Choice Dairy	.12	@ .14
Ohio Creamery	.20	@ .27
APPLES—Prime	1 50	@ 1 65
POTATOES—per bushel	.55	@ .60
NEW YORK.		
FLOUR—State and Western	$3 25	@ 5 60
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 Chicago	....	@ .93
No. 2 red	.90½	@ .91½
Corn—No. 2 mixed	.42	@ .43
Oats—mixed	.45	@ .46
PORK—Mess	10 50	@ 10 75
LARD—Western steam	....	@ 6 30
CHICAGO.		
FLOUR—State and Western	$4 50	@ 4 75
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	.77½	@ .78½
No. 2 Chicago Spring	....	@ .78½
Corn—No. 2	....	@ .50½
Oats—No. 2	.28½	@ .28½
Rye	....	@ .56½
PORK—Mess	9 15	@ 9 25
LARD—Steam	....	@ 5 90
BALTIMORE.		
FLOUR—Family	$4 50	@ 5 00
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2	.91½	@ .92
Corn—Mixed	.46½	@ .46¾
Oats—Mixed	.38	@ .39
PROVISIONS—Pork—Mess	10 00	@ 11 00
Lard—Refined	....	@ .7½
CATTLE—First quality	4 87½	@ 5 00
HOGS	5 55	@ 6 25
INDIANAPOLIS.		
Wheat—No. 2 red	$	@ .88½
Corn—mixed	....	@ .35
Oats—mixed	....	@ .30½
LOUISVILLE.		
Flour—A No. 1	$4 00	@ 4 50
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	....	@ .86
Corn—mixed	....	@ .37
Oats—mixed	....	@ .32
PORK—mess	....	@ 10 50
LARD—steam	7 75	@ 8 00

Boils

And pimples, and other like affections caused by impure blood, are readily cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla. While it purifies, this medicine also vitalizes and enriches the blood, and builds up every function of the body. Scrofula humors of all kinds, swellings in the neck, hives, ringworm, tetter, abscesses, ulcers, sores, salt rheum, scaldhead, etc., are also cured by this excellent blood-purifier.

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"Last Spring I was troubled with boils, caused by my blood being out of order. Two bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla cured me, and I recommend it to others troubled with affections of the blood." J. SCHOCH, Peoria, Ill.

"I had been troubled with hives and pimples for some time. Other remedies having failed, I was advised to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. I have taken two bottles, and am entirely cured. I think Hood's Sarsaparilla has no equal as a blood-purifier." EDWIN M. PETRIE, Portsmouth, Ohio.

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OF HUMAN FLESH.	OF ANIMALS.
Rheumatism,	Scratches,
Burns and Scalds,	Sores and Galls,
Stings and Bites,	Spavin, Cracks,
Cuts and Bruises,	Screw Worm, Grub,
Sprains & Stitches,	Foot Rot, Hoof Ail,
Contracted Muscles,	Lameness,
Stiff Joints,	Swiney, Founders,
Backache,	Sprains, Strains,
Eruptions,	Sore Feet,
Frost Bites,	Stiffness,

and all external diseases, and every hurt or accident. For general use in family, stable and stock yard, it is

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LINIMENTS

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CATARRH

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