A Sufferer Cured

"Every season, from the time I was two years old, I suffered dreadfully from erysipelas, which kept growing worse until my hands were almost useless. The bones softened so that they would bend, and several of my fingers are now crooked from this cause. On my hand I carry large scars, which, but for

AYER'S

Sarsaparilla, would be sores, provided I was alive and able to carry anything. Eight bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla cured me, so that I have had no return of the disease for more than twenty years. The first bottle seemed to reach the spot and a persistent use of it has perfected the cure."—O. C. Davis, Wautoma, Wis.

AYER'S
THE ONLY WORLD'S FAIR
Sarsaparilla

AYER'S PILLS Promote Good Digestion

OPEN WINDOWS.

A Lesson Taught by Daniel of Old, Who, in Violation

Of the Persian Law, Prayed to God, and Braved the Fury of the Lions in Their Den—Sermon by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D.

In his sermon for Sunday, Rev. Dr. Talmage has chosen a theme overflowing with Christian cheerfulness and encouragement. The subject is "Open Windows," and the text selected was Daniel vi. 10: "His windows being open in his chamber toward Jerusalem."

The scoundrelly princes of Persia, urged on by political jealousy against Daniel, have succeeded in getting a law passed that whosoever prays to God shall be put under the paws and teeth of the lions, who are lashing themselves in rage and hunger up and down the stone cage, or putting their lower jaws on the ground, and bellowing till the earth trembles. But the leonine threat did not hinder the devotions of Daniel, the Coeur-de-Lion of the ages. His enemies might as well have a law that the sun should not draw water, or that the south wind should not sweep across a garden of magnolias, or that God should be abolished. They could not scare him with the red-not furnaces, and they can not now scare him with the lions. As soon as Daniel hears of this enactment he leaves his office of secretary of state, with its upholstery of crimson and gold, and comes down the whole marble steps and goes to his own house. He opens his window and puts the shutters back and pulls the curtain aside, so that he can look toward the sacred city of Jerusalem, and then prays.

I suppose the people in the street gathered under and before his window and said: "Just see that man defying the law; he ought to be arrested." And the constabulary of the city rush to the police headquarters and report that Daniel is on his knees at the wide open window. "You are my prisoner," says the officer of the law, dropping a heavy hand on the shoulder of the kneeling Daniel. As the constables open the door of the cavern to thrust in their prisoner, they see the glaring eyes of the monsters. But Daniel besomes the first lion tamer. And they lick his hand and fawn at his feet, and that night he sleeps with the shaggy mane of a wild beast for his pillow, while the king that night, sleepless in the palace, has on him the paw and teeth of a lion he can not tame—the lion of a remorseful conscience.

What a picture that would be for some artist: Darius in the early dusk of morning, not waiting for footmen or chariot, hastening to the den, all flushed and nervous and dishabille, and looking through the crevices of the cage to see what had become of his prime minister! "What! no sound?" he says. "Daniel is surely devoured, and the lions are sleeping after their horrid meal, the bones of the poor man scattered across the floor of the cavern." With trembling voice Darius calls out: "Daniel!" No answer. for the prophet is yet in profound slumber. But a lion, more easily awakened, advances, and, with hot breath blown through the crevice, seems angrily to demand the cause of this interruption, and then another wild beast lifts his mane from under Daniel's head, and the prophet, waking up, comes forth to report himself all unhurt and well.

But our text stands us at Daniel's window, open toward Jerusalem. Why in that direction open? Jerusalem was his native land, and all the pomp of his Babylonish successes could not make him forget it. He came there from Jerusalem at 18 years of age, and he never visited it though he lived to be 85 years. Yet, when he wanted to arouse the deepest emotions and grandest aspirations of his heart, he had his window open toward his native Jerusalem. There are many of you to-day who understand that without an exposition. This is getting to be a nation of foreigns. They have come into all occupations and professions. They sit in all churches. It may be 30 years since you got your naturalization papers, and you may be thoroughly Americanized, but you can't forget the land of your birth, and your warmest sympathies go out toward it. Your windows are open toward Jerusalem. Your father and mother are buried there. It may have been a very humble home in which you were born, but your memory often plays around it, and you hope some day to go and see it—the hill, the tree, the brook, the house, the place so sacred, the door from which you started off with parental blessing to make your own way in the world; and God only knows how sometimes you have longed to see the familiar places of your childhood, and how in awful crisis of life you would like to have caught a glimpse of the old, wrinkled face that bent over you as you lay on the gentle lap 20 or 40 years ago. You may have on this side of the sea risen in fortune, and, like Daniel, have become great, and may have come into prosperities which you never could have reached if you had stayed there, and you may have many windows to your house—bay windows and sky-light windows, and windows of conservatory, and windows on all sides—but you have at least one window open toward Jerusalem.

When the foreign steamer comes to the wharf you see the long line of sailors, with shouldered mail bags, coming down the planks, carrying as many letters as you might suppose to be enough for a year's correspondence, and this repeated again and again during the week. Multitudes of them are letters from home, and at all the post offices of the land people will go to the window and anxiously ask for them. Hundreds of thousands of persons finding that window of foreign mails the open window toward Jerusalem. Messages that say: "When are you coming home to see us?" Brother has gone into the army. Sister is dead. Father and mother are getting very feeble. We are having a great struggle to get on here. Would you advise us to come to you, or will you come to us? All join in love, and hope to meet you if not in this world, then in a better. Good-by."

Yes, yes; in all these cities, and amid the flowering western prairies, and on the slopes of the Pacific, and amid the Sierras, and on the banks of the lagoon, and on the ranches of Texas there is an uncounted multitude who, this hour, stand and sit and kneel with their windows open toward Jerusalem. Some of these people played on the heather of the Scottish hills. Some of them were driven out by Irish famine. Some of them, in early life, drilled in the German army. Some of them were accustomed at Lyons or Marseilles or Paris to see on the street Victor Hugo and Gambetta. Some chased the chamois among the Alpine precipices. Some plucked the ripe clusters from Italian vineyards. Some lifted their faces under the midnight sun of Norway. It is no dishonor to our land that they remember the place of their nativity. Miscreants would they be if, while they have some of their windows open to take in the free air of America and the sunlight of an atmosphere which no kingly despot has ever breathed, they forgot sometimes to open the window toward Jerusalem.

No wonder that the son of the Swiss, when far away from home, hearing the national air of his country sung, the malady of homesickness comes on him so powerfully as to cause his death. You have the example of heroic Daniel of my text for keeping early memories fresh. Forget not the old folks at home. Write often; and, if you have surplus of means and they are poor, make practical contribution, and rejoice that America is bound to all the world by ties of sanguinity as in no other nation. Who can doubt but it is appointed for the evangelization of other lands? What a stirring, melting, gospelizing theory that all the doors of other nations are open toward us, while our windows are open toward them!

But Daniel, in the text, kept this port hole of his domestic fortress unclosed because Jerusalem was the capital of sacred influences. There had smoked the sacrifice. There was the Holy of Holies. There was the Ark of the Covenant. There stood the temple. We are all tempted to keep our windows open on the opposite side, toward the world, that we may see and hear and appropriate its advantages. What does the world say? What does the world think? What does the world do? Worshipers of the world instead of worshipers of God. Windows open toward Babylon. Windows open toward Corinth. Windows open toward Athens. Windows open toward Sodom. Windows open toward the flats, instead of windows open toward the hills. Sad mistake, for this world as a god is like something I saw in the museum of Strasburg, Germany—the figure of a virgin in wood and iron. The victim in olden time was brought there, and his figure would open its arms to receive him, and, once unfolded, the figure closed with a hundred knives and lances upon him, and then let him drop 180 feet sheer down. So the world first embraces its idolaters, then closes upon them with many tortures, and then lets them drop forever down. The highest honor the world could confer was to make a man Roman emperor; but, out of 63 emperors, it allowed only six to die peacefully in their beds.

The dominion of this world over multitudes is illustrated by the names of coins of many countries. They have their pieces of money which they call sovereigns and half sovereigns, crowns and half crowns, Napoleons and half Napoleons, Fredericks and double Fredericks, and ducats and Isabellinos, all of which names means not so much usefulness as dominion. The most of our windows open toward the exchange, toward the salon of fashion, toward the God of the world. In olden times the length of the English yard was fixed by the length of the arm of King Henry I., and we are apt to measure things by a variable standard and by the human arm that, in the great crisis of life, can give us no help. We need, like Daniel, to open our windows toward God and religion.

But, mark you, that good lion tamer is not standing at the window, but kneeling, while he looks out. Most photographs are taken of those in standing or sitting posture. I now remember but one picture of a man kneeling, and that was David Livingstone, who, in the cause of God and civilization, sacrificed himself, and in the heart of Africa his servant, Majawara, found him in the tent by the light of candle, stuck on the top of a box, his head in his hands upon the pillow, and dead on his knees. But here is a great lion tamer, living under the dash of the light, and his hair disheveled of the breeze, praying. The fact is that a man can see further on his knees than standing on tiptoe. Jerusalem was about 550 statute miles from Babylon, and the vast Arabian desert shifted its sands between them. Yet through that open window Daniel saw Jerusalem, saw all between it, saw beyond, saw time, saw eternity, saw earth, and saw Heaven. Would you like to see the way through your sins to pardon, through your troubles to comfort, through temptation to rescue, through dire sickness to immortal health, through night to day, through things terrestrial to things celestial, you will not see them till you take Daniel's posture. No cap of bone to the joints of the fingers, no cap of bone to the joints of the elbow, but cap of bone to the knees, made so because the God of the body was the God of the soul, and especial provision for those who want to pray, and physiological structure joins with spiritual necessity in bidding us pray, and pray, and pray.

In olden time the earl of Westmoreland said he had no need to pray, because he had enough pious tenants on his estate to pray for him; but all the prayers of the church universal amount to nothing unless, like Daniel, we pray for ourselves. Oh, men and women, bounded on one side by Shadrach's red-hot furnace, and the other side by devouring lions, learn the secret of courage and deliverance by looking at that Babylonish window open toward the southwest! "Oh," you say, "that is the direction of the Arabian desert!" Yes; but on the other side of the desert is God, is Christ, is Jerusalem, is Heaven.

The Brussels lace is superior to all other lace, so beautiful, so multiform, so expensive—four hundred francs a pound. All the world seeks it. Do you know how it is made? The spinning is done in a dark room, the only light admitted through a small aperture, and that light falling directly on the pattern. And the finest specimens of Christian character I have ever seen or ever expect to see are those to be found in lives all of whose windows have been darkened by bereavement and misfortune save one, but under that one window of prayer the interlacing of Divine workmanship went on until it was fit to deck a throne, a celestial embroidery which angels admired and God approved.

But it is another Jerusalem toward which we now need to open our windows. The exiled evangelist of Ephesus saw it one day as the surf of the Icarian sea foamed and splashed over the bowlders at his feet, and his vision reminded me of a wedding day when the bride by sister and maid was having garlands twisted for her hair and jewels strung for her neck just before she puts her betrothed hand into the hand of her affianced: "I, John, saw the Holy City, New Jerusalem, coming down from God out of Heaven prepared as a bride adorned for her husband." Toward that bridal Jerusalem are our windows opened?

We would do well to think more of Heaven. It is not a mere annex of earth. It is not a desolate outpost. As Jerusalem was the capital of Judea, and Babylon the capital of the Babylonian monarchy, and Washington is the capital of our own republic, the New Jerusalem is the capital of the universe. The King lives there, and the royal family of the redeemed have their palaces there, and there is a congress of many nations, and the parliament of all the world.

Yes, as Daniel had kindred in Jerusalem of whom he often thought, though he left home when a very young man, perhaps father and mother and brothers and sisters still living, and was homesick to see them, and they belonged to the high circle of royalty, Daniel himself having royal blood in his veins, so we have in the new Jerusalem a great many kindred, and we are sometimes homesick to see them, and they are all princes and princesses, in them the blood imperial, and we do well to keep our windows open toward their eternal residence.

It is a joy for us to believe that while we are interested in them they are interested in us. Much thought of Heaven makes one heavenly. The airs that blow through that open window are charged with life, and sweep up to us aromas from gardens that never wither, under skies that never cloud, in a spring-tide that never terminates. Compared with it other heavens are dead failures.

Homer's heaven was an elysium which he described as a plain at the end of the earth or beneath, with no snow nor rainfall, and the sun never goes down, and Rhadamanthus, the justest of men, rules. Hesiod's heaven is what he calls the islands of the blessed, in the midst of the ocean, three times a year blooming with most exquisite flowers, and the air is tinted with purple, while games and music and horse races occupy the time. The Scandinavian's heaven was the hall of Walhalla, where the God Odin gave unending wine suppers to earthly heroes and heroines. The Mohammedan's heaven passes its disciples in over the bridge Al-Sirat, which is finer than a hair and sharper than a sword, and then they are let loose into a riot of everlasting sensuality.

The American aborigines look forward to a heaven of illimitable hunting ground, partridge, and deer, and wild duck more than plentiful, and the hounds never off the scent, and the guns never missing fire. But the geographer has followed the earth round, and found no Homer's elysium. Voyagers have traversed the deep in all directions and found no Hesiod's islands of the blessed. The Mohammedan's celestial debauchery, and the Indian's eternal hunting ground for vast multitudes have no charm. But here rolls in the Bible Heaven. No more sea—that is, no wide separation. No more night—that is, no insomina. No more tears—that is, no heart-break. No more pain—that is, dismissal of lancet and banishment of neuralgies and calalepsies and consumptions. All colors in the wall except gloomy black; all the music in the major key, because celebrative and jubilant. River crystalline, gate crystalline, and skies crystalline, because everything is clear and without doubt. White robes, and that means sinlessness. Vials full of odors, and that means pure regalement of the senses. Rainbow, and that means the storm is over. Marriage supper, and that means gladdest festivity. Twelve manner of fruits, and that means luscious and unending variety.

Harp, trumpet, grand march, anthem and hallelujah, in the same orchestra. Choral meeting solo, and overture meeting antiphon, and strophe joining dithyramb, as they roll into the ocean of doxologies. And you and I may have all that, and have it forever through Christ, if we will let Him with the blood of one wounded hand rub out your sin, and with the other wounded hand swing open the shining portals.

Day and night keep your window open toward that Jerusalem. Sing about it. Pray about it. Think about it. Talk about it. Dream about it. Do not be inconsolable about your friends who have gone into it. Do not worry if something in your heart indicates that you are not far off from its ecstasies. Do not think that when a Christian dies he stops, for he goes on.

THE DOG NEVER SPOKE AGAIN.

And the Ventriloquist Received Three Hundred Dollars for Him.

There was once a ventriloquist so poor that he was obliged to travel on foot from town to town to save expense, much after the manner of the gentleman of adventure in Grimm's tales, says Harper's Young People. One day he was joined on the road by a dog as forsaken as himself but who seemed desirous of becoming his companion. They journeyed together to the next town and entered the tavern tired, hungry and penniless. Not being troubled with the inconvenient refinement which comes from a long line of gentle ancestors, the man had developed the quality known as cheek, so he and the dog sat down to eat a supper for which they could not pay.

The room was full of loungers and the stranger took a conspicuous seat. "What will you have?" asked the only waiter the place employed, and the order embraced nearly everything on the bill of fare.

"But I want something for my dog, too," he added. "Ask him what he will have." The waiter muttered something about "Whatcher giving us," so the stranger said: "What, don't you like to? Well, Bruno, will you have beef or fish?"

"Beef every time," said Bruno, looking with mild brown eyes at the waiter.

"And what do you drink?"

"Water, thank you," said Bruno.

By this time the landlord and everyone in the place were eager with suppressed wonder and gathered about to hear the dog talk.

The ventriloquist feigned indifference by eating with avidity, while the landlord was evidently considering something. His cogitation resulted in his offering the stranger three hundred dollars for his wonderful talking dog. The ventriloquist appeared to hesitate a moment, then said, abruptly: "Yes, you may have him for three hundred dollars."

When the money was paid and the ventriloquist was about to leave he turned to the dog, patted him affectionately, and said: "Good-by, old fellow; you've been a good friend to me."

"You are no friend of mine," returned the dog, "to sell me to another master. As you were mean enough to serve me such a trick I'll have revenge. I'll never speak another word as long as I live."

The ventriloquist then made off with all possible haste.

Capped the Climax.

An exchange tells that a good story was heard the other day of a father and mother who were trying to find names for their twin babies, who, by the way, were girls. It was decided that the father must name them. After casting about and finding no names that exactly suited him he determined to end the strain on his mind and named them Kate and Duplicate. In the course of time another pair of twins came and they were boys. This was the husband's opportunity to get even and he wanted his wife to christen the boys. Imagine his feelings when the mother one day told him she had named them Pete and Repeat. But when the third pair came the father grew frightened and named them Max and Climax.

Her Only Chance.

On the corner of two Boston streets a young man was peering through a surveyor's leveling instrument and making signals to his partner, who stood in front of the schoolhouse above. A little girl, coming from out the schoolhouse later than her mates, caught sight of the instrument, smoothed out her dress and posed in front of it. A big policeman came along. "Move on, little one," said he. "I can't," simpered the child. "Don't you see I'm getting my picture took?"

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder World's Fair Highest Award.

THE PRICE OF COTTON

GOVERNED BY THE LAW OF SUPPLY AND DEMAND.

Free Silverites Should Study This History of Production and Prices Since 1791. What the Record of Crops Proves—Silver Has No Effect on Prices.

The spread of free coinage sentiment in the southern states has been almost entirely due to the belief that the low price of cotton was caused by the adoption of the gold standard. The main argument of the advocates of a 50 cent dollar in this section of the country has been that the alleged demonetization of silver was the cause of the marked fall in cotton during the past 23 years.

A bulletin just issued by the department of agriculture giving the history of the production and price of cotton for over 100 years proves conclusively that the use of silver as money has nothing to do with the decline in value of cotton. Beginning with 1791, with a crop of 8,889 bales, worth on an average 26 cents per pound in the United States, the production rapidly increased during the next ten years to 310,526 bales, and the price at the same time advanced to 44 cents. In 1802 the crop was 241,228 bales, of which 120,619 were shipped to Great Britain, but, owing to the greatly increased supply and a large stock—154,000 bales—on hand at the close of the year, the price dropped to 19 cents per pound in New York.

In spite of this remarkable decrease in price the crop increased to 340,000 bales in 1810, worth 16 cents. In 1816 the crop was 457,565 bales, but the enormously increased demand from Great Britain forced prices up to 29¼ cents, and the next year to 34 cents. These high prices caused an increase in the acreage of cotton, and by 1820 the crop was 606,061 bales and the price dropped to 17 cents. The production increasing, prices fell, in 1826, to 11.40 cents, and in 1827, with a crop of 957,281 bales, and with 562,860 bales in stock, to 9.29 cents.

By 1834 an increase in the European demand for cotton had advanced the price to nearly 13 cents, with a crop of 1,205,394 bales. For the next five years prices fluctuated widely, averaging from 7½ to 20 cents per pound, and when, in 1840, the crop amounted to 2,177,555 bales, the average price went down to 8.92 cents. The great crops and the accumulation of large stocks in Liverpool caused a still further decline, in 1845 reaching 5 cents, the lowest recorded price, with a crop of 2,394,503 bales. By 1850 prices had advanced to 12.34 cents, and for the next ten years averaged about 11 cents, the crop increasing to 3,655,557 in 1856 and to 4,861,292 in 1860.

The war which broke out in 1861 brought on the "cotton panic," which lasted to 1866, when prices went as high as $1.89 per pound. The close of the war left many of the cotton growing states in an impoverished condition, and it was not until 1876 that the crop was as large as that of 1860. In the meantime the price had fallen with the gradual increase in production until in 1871, with a crop of 4,352,317 bales, it averaged 16.95 cents. In 1872 cotton was badly damaged by excessive rains, and with a crop of only 2,974,351 bales, the price reached 20.48. In 1880 the crop was 5,761,252 bales and the price had fallen to 12.02.

The increased European demand for a time prevented prices falling to the level of the decade previous to the war, but by 1889 the stock on hand began to increase beyond the demand, and in 1891 the unheard of crop of 8,652,597 bales forced the price down to 9.03 cents. In 1892 the crop was 9,035,379 bales, the stock on hand amounting to 2,253,000 bales. Prices fell to 7.64 cents, but advanced in 1893, when on account of unfavorable weather the crop fell off to 6,700,365 bales, to 8.24 cents. An increase to 7,549,817 bales in 1894 was followed by a decline in price, and the greatest crop on record in 1895, amounting to about 9,476,435 bales, brought down the price to 6.26.

The following table gives the comparative crops and stocks of cotton and the lowest and highest prices in the United States for two decades, showing that prices reached the lowest point during the years when the accumulation of surplus stocks was the largest, and that those were the years of largest crops:

1841–1850.			
	Crops in United States. Bales.	Surplus in Europe at close year. Bales.	Middling upland per lb. in New Orleans. Cents.
1841	1,634,954	675,000	8 @12
1842	1,683,574	761,000	6¼ @10
1843	2,378,875	807,000	4½ @ 8
1844	2,030,409	1,053,000	5¾ @10¼
1845	2,394,503	1,101,000	4¾ @ 7¾
1846	2,100,537	1,219,000	6½ @ 8¼
1847	1,778,651	622,000	7½ @13
1848	2,439,786	591,000	5 @12
1849	2,866,938	805,000	5 @ 8¾
1850	2,353,718	646,000	9¼ @12¾
1886–1895.			
1886	6,575,031	942,000	8 3-16@ 9¾
1887	6,935,087	935,000	8½ @10¾
1888	7,046,852	869,000	8¾ @10¼
1889	6,938,230	1,201,000	6¼ @11⅛
1890	7,311,322	1,584,000	9 7-16@11⅛
1891	8,652,597	1,947,000	7 11-16@10⅞
1892	9,035,379	2,253,000	6¼ @ 8¾
1893	6,700,365	1,963,000	6 13-16@ 9 13-16
1894	7,549,817	1,827,000	6¾ @ 8 3-16
1895*	9,476,435	2,484,000	4⅞ @ 7

*The figures for 1895 are to July 1.

This record of crops and prices proves that instead of being caused by an increase or decrease in the use of silver money, the price of cotton depends in every case on the relation between supply and demand. Larger crops have resulted in falling prices, and when in a few years with an increased crop prices advanced it was the increased European demand, which meant that the crop was not larger as compared with consumption, which regulated the price. The record further proves that in the year 1845, when the silverites claim that silver was the unit of value, the price of cotton in the United States was lower than at any time in the history of the country. In view of these facts we should hear no more of the price of cotton as a reason for debasing our currency by putting it on the silver standard.

Senator Turpie a Blind Leader.

Senator Turpie of Indiana tries to break the force of what is known as the "hammer test" of money—that is, the fact that a gold coin beaten out of shape retains its value, while a silver coin treated in the same way loses half its value—by claiming that, on account of the one-tenth alloy a $10 goldpiece would only be worth $9 if it were put under the hammer. Senator Turpie ought to know better than to delude his followers with such misleading nonsense. The weight of the pure gold in a $10 coin is the same as in an ingot worth $10. The alloy has nothing to do with the value of our gold coins, as any jewelry manufacturer who melts down double eagles for use in his business can tell the Indiana statesman. It is the 23 2-10 grains of gold which constitute the value of the standard dollars of 25 8-10 grains, and that weight of gold is worth just as much when the coin containing it is melted or hammered out of shape. Thousands of $10 and $20 pieces are melted every year for use in the arts. Does Senator Turpie suppose that business men are foolish enough to pay $10 for $9 worth of gold merely because it happens to be in the form of a coin?

Cheap Money—Dear Horses.

A good illustration of the sound money principle that the quality of money is far more important than the quantity is found in a story of Colonel C. J. Villere of General Beauregard's staff. Riding up to a group of cavalry one day toward the close of the war, he was accosted with: "Hello, Villere! That's a mighty fine horse you've got. I'll give you $10,000 for him." "Not much, you won't!" replied the colonel. "I've just paid $1,000 to have him curried."

SILVER IN MEXICO.

HOW THE LABORER IS ROBBED BY THE CHEAP DOLLAR.

The Condition of the Toiler In That Country Is a Warning to Be Heeded—Wages Merely a Pittance, and Living Is Made Higher by Free Silver.

Some things would seem to be so certain that it is a waste of time to argue about them. Among these is the condition of the people of Mexico, which everybody knows is in every respect inferior to that of the people of the United States. Yet the silverites have cheek enough to brazenly claim that the Mexicans are more prosperous than we are. The following letter, recently published in the New York Sun, shows the real facts as to Mexico's alleged prosperity:

MEXICO, July 6, 1895.

The fight over the financial question now on in the United States is watched with eagerness and interest by mine owners here. Whenever the United States throws open her mints to the free and unlimited coinage of silver the mining property of Mexico will be enhanced in value in the same proportion as that in Colorado, though experience has shown that the salary of the laborer will be the same at least so far as Mexico is concerned. The dividend of the stockholder will alone be increased.

The average of wages ranges from 12½ to 25 cents a day in the cities and haciendas or plantations of Mexico, and in the remote mining districts it is a little more. All laborers have to "find" themselves in Mexico. On all plantations there are stores owned by the landlord. What is usually earned by labor on the land is always spent with the owner of it.

The question naturally arises, especially after one has heard the promises of the silver men on the floors of congress, Why have wages not risen in Mexico? Why, even on a silver basis, are they so much lower than the lowest paid in the United States? It must be remembered, too, that the wages paid here are in a depreciated coin, worth only half as much as the same amount received for labor in the United States.

On all sides one hears the answer that the silver basis in Mexico is not responsible for the low wages. This is partially true, but still wages have not increased or made any advance under the free coinage of silver. The chief argument of the silver men in the States seems to be that wages will advance and that the volume of currency will be largely inflated.

Nothing which has been promised by the silver men has come to pass here. Wages are lower and living higher. Since silver has decreased in value to about one-half, everything produced in this country which competes with the markets of the world has increased proportionately. The only products which have remained at nominally the old figure are those which are not grown for export and which do not come in contact with similar products grown in countries which have a sound currency. Even coffee, which is one of the staple products, has risen to such a point as to practically be beyond the reach of the peon and the laborer, while the only beef ever in reach of the peon is that which is cut from the dead animals after the bull fight.

Butter is so dear as to make it a luxury to all classes, and it is ordered in restaurants as dainties are. Beer, which is a standard drink here, sells for 15 cents a glass, and the only liquor which is to be had by the laboring classes is a native drink called "pulque," a milk-like looking beverage which produces some of the results of the malt product without possessing any of its virtues.

When these facts are pointed out to the silver man from the States, he at once says that such a condition of things could not exist there; that labor is too well organized to permit such a state of affairs to last. The politician as well as the laborer knows that there can be no fictitious value in labor, and, moreover, that less than 2 per cent of the great mass of labor in the United States is organized. The low wages here are not confined alone to what may be termed the laboring class, but all salaries are proportionately small. The best of clerks in the stores get from $50 to $100 a month. The most expert bookkeepers can seldom get more than from $60 to $90 a month. Yet in this class of life the clothes they wear, the food they eat, are bought at gold prices. While his salary is higher, yet the bookkeeper's necessities are so much the greater.

Argue as they will, there can be but one result from a silver basis in the United States, which should be made clear to all who are dependent for their living upon their labor. It is that wages would not be perceptibly increased, and that the purchasing power of those wages would be diminished almost half.

Rents have been steadily advancing here, and they would be put up in any country which depreciates its money. Whenever the United States goes upon a silver basis, the earning power of her laborers, artisans and clerks will be cut almost in two, while the clothes they wear, the houses they live in, the food they eat, will be increased almost double. Seeing the condition of the toiler and the peasant here, in a country upon a silver basis, it can be but the one prayer of an American visiting Mexico that his own country may be spared the folly of doing what would be an irreparable wrong.

AN AMERICAN DEMOCRAT.

LEGISLATION AND PRICES.

Laws of Trade More Powerful Than the Laws of Nations.

The Iowa Democrats on Aug. 7 declared against free coinage of silver at 16 to 1 by an overwhelming majority. The following is a short quotation from the speech of Hon. Nathaniel French, chairman of the convention:

"At what ratio shall we coin the metals so that a dollar of one will equal a dollar of the other in intrinsic and exchangeable value? When we want to know how much things are worth, we go to the markets and find out. We don't hunt up a congressman to ask the value of eggs or spring chickens or grain or anything else, or if congress has declared what their value shall be. We know that the mere declaration of congress, or even a constitutional amendment, could not fix the price of a single egg. In like manner, if we want to know how many ounces of silver an ounce of gold is worth, we must go to the bullion markets instead of the revised statutes. Thomas Jefferson could not have won undying fame as a statesman and leader of the common people if he had not been endowed with an abundance of common sense, and over 100 years ago, when congress sought his advice as to the ratio to adopt for the coinage of gold and silver, he said: 'Disregard legal proportions altogether. Inquire into the market price.' He knew that opinions should not and could not be controlled by legislation. He knew that the basic laws of trade were more powerful than the laws of nations and that the multiplication table could not be altered by statute.

"To so coin gold and silver that both shall circulate together by reason of parity of value we must follow Jefferson's advice and inquire the price of gold and silver in the markets of the world. If we find one ounce of gold will buy 32 ounces of silver, that is the ratio to adopt. To put in the silver dollar more than 32 grains of silver for each grain of gold in the gold dollar would at once drive our silver money from circulation, and to put in less would banish our gold. The loss of either would be a misfortune, and to retain both we must adopt the mercantile ratio, putting in our coins no more and no less than is needed to make one of equal value to the other."

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Is the result of the usual treatment of blood disorders. The system is filled with Mercury and Potash remedies—more to be dreaded than the disease—and is a short while is in a far worse condition than before. The most common result is

RHEUMATISM

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THE CLIMAX

Has decided to give a number of prizes to those who secure cash subscribers before January 1st, 1896.

To the person securing the largest number of cash subscribers will be given an order on Covington & Mitchell for $20 worth of any merchandise kept by them.

To the person securing the second largest list will be given an order on the same firm for $5 worth of goods.

To the person securing the third largest list will be given an order on the same firm for $5 in goods.

To the person securing the fourth largest list will be given three years subscription to the CLIMAX.

To the person securing the fifth largest list will be given a year's subscription to the CLIMAX.

The regular price of the CLIMAX is $1.50 a year, but to cash in advance subscribers it is put at $1.25.

Subscriptions may be sent in at any time from this till January 1st. Agents can send any number of names from one up, and due credit will be given the agent.

Agents are not confined to any particular territory.

Every subscription must be for one year, or more, but if for more than one year each year will be considered as one subscriber.

All persons are authorized to act as agents, but the CLIMAX will not be responsible for the failure, if any should occur, on the part of any agent to remit subscriptions.

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Livery Stable for Sale Privately.
I wish to sell my new brick livery stable, same on and near Hotel Glyndon, Richmond, Ky. Possession given January 1, 1896.
10-13 W. S. DUNCAN.

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Public Renting
—OF THE—
MORAN FARM.

The undersigned will rent at public auction, to the highest and best bidder, on the premises, on

SATURDAY, SEPT. 14, '95,

At the hour of 11 o'clock a. m., the Moran Farm, in five parcels, as follows:

No. 1, 65⅞ Acres.

Being all the land north of Silver Creek, except the 9½ acres at Mill Grove for a term of three years, to be cultivated, 130 acres in corn, 210 acres in wheat and grass the first year, and 12 or 15 acres of tobacco, for which there is barn room on the place. Will break sod for corn or tobacco the second year. This tract includes the residence and several tenant's houses.

No. 2, 273 Acres.

South of Silver Creek and west of the Richmond and Lancaster turnpike, now in good grass for one year. This tract is admirably situated and adapted for grazing purposes.

No. 3, 273½ Acres.

In blue grass on the East side of the Richmond and Lancaster turnpike, and west of the railroad and Silver Creek, for one year.

No. 4, 45 Acres.

East of the railroad, with good house, all to be cultivated, for three years.

No. 5, 10⅞ Acres.

The mill property, known as Moran's Mill, on Silver Creek. Dwelling house and mill in good condition, for three years.

The whole farm is well fenced and in a high state of cultivation.

TERMS.—Rent notes, with good security, will be required. Written contracts will be prepared and executed after the renting. For any further information inquire of the undersigned at his office in Richmond, Ky.

W. R. SHACKELFORD,
12-14 Agt. for Jenny B. Moran et al.

Commissioner's Sale.

FAYETTE CIRCUIT COURT.

G. D. WILGUS'S EXECUTORS, Pltfs.,
vs.
W. F. RAMSEY, Defendant.

By virtue of a judgment of the Fayette Circuit Court of date June 3, 1895, and amended judgment of date Aug. 23, 1895, entered in the above styled action, I will, on

Thursday, Sept. 19, 1895,

About the hour of 12 o'clock, m., on the premises hereinafter described, sell the following described property, or so much thereof as is necessary to pay the sum of $2,046.31.

All that property constituting the brick yard and plant of G. D. Wilgus, deceased, situated on the Newtown Pike, Fayette county, Ky., described as follows:

3,300 feet (estimated) drying racks and all pallets belonging to same; 2 stables and 1 office building; 1 drying house and chimneys; 24 wheelbarrows; 2 Quaker machine trucks; 11 Chambers's machine trucks; 3 box wheelbarrows; 50 bushels moulding sand; 1 work bench and vice; 4 hand pressing machines; 1 Chambers brick machine tables, belting, etc., and Lexington right to use the Chambers brick machine; 38 iron kilt doors; 1 Quaker brick making machine; belting, shafting, moulds, etc.; 1 steam engine and boiler; hot and cold water pumps, heaters, etc.; one half barrel of lubricating oil; 1 Sword brick machine; 1 rock crusher; 16 grate baskets; 2 pairs of pipe tongs; 3 picks and 1 sledge hammer; 4 spades and 5 shovels; 3 coal shovels; 2 water tanks; 50 hand brick moulds; 30 kiln doors and frames; 220 grate bars; 1 old Quaker brick machine; 1 engine and boiler; house and shed; 2 single brick sheds; 2 double brick sheds; plank cover on 3 kilns; 1 office desk, chairs, and some old brass.

Also all the right, title and interest of W. F. Ramsey, defendant, to take clay off of the McClelland land adjoining the brick yard of G. D. Wilgus, acquired by lease to G. D. Wilgus, dated September 26th, 1892, which said contract was transferred to said Ramsey by J. H. Shropshire, Executor of G. D. Wilgus, deceased. Being the same property mentioned in mortgage of Ramsey to Shropshire, Executor, in Mortgage Book 34, page 542 of Fayette County Court.

Sale will be on credits of three months, the purchaser being required to execute bond, with approved security thereon, bearing interest at 6 per cent. per annum from day of sale until paid, said bonds to have the force and effect of a judgment, and to remain a lien upon the property sold until paid. J. R. MORTON,
M. C. F. C. C.
Falconer & Falconer, Attorneys.
12-

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