

The Messenger

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TUESDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1897.

SULLIVAN'S BARGAIN.

(From the Cornhill Magazine.) "So I hear as yer father's ather selling the ould ass," said Mrs. Flynn to Jody Sullivan as they tolled uphill together from their mutual well.

"I'm not sure about selling him, Mrs. Flynn, dear; 'twas more like swopping, I take it."

"An' how was that, acushla?"

"Ye see, me father had had it on his mind to get shut of Jerry this good while back; he was gettin' a bit stiff, an' he thought av he waited too long he'd be getting too ould entirely."

"Oh, faix, he was ould enough to be valuable," rejoined Mrs. Flynn, with a derisive laugh. "Isn't he the wan age, as yer brother Matt—as is in Ameriky—and that will bring him in for five and twenty year, though he is not on the parish register? Well, I mind the twof a gray foal and a fat lump av a baby, when I come to Thady's corner, a young slip av a girl herself."

Mrs. Flynn was now a stout, elderly woman, with a pair of somewhat rolling brown eyes, and a brimming tin can in either hand, while her companion was a "slip of a girl," dressed in a washed-out lilac cotton, with a curly red hair and a freckled face, who carried with anxious care a brown teapot and a black kettle.

The pair were celebrities in their humble way—the matron for her long tongue and the maiden for her light foot. They lived almost next door to one another, in a cluster of cabins, so insignificant to claim the title of village, and known by the name of "Thady's Corner," although there was no corner to be seen; on the contrary, the little gathering was boldly perched on the side of a bare hill, about five miles from Killarney.

"And what sort of a dale d'yer father make opt over the baste?" resumed Mrs. Flynn.

"Oh, dale, indeed! 'Twas a travelling tinkler as came round one day last week when the ould Jerry was bet up with turf drawing, and had scarcely a leg; under him and the thief had such a sultherin' way wid him 'e persuaded me father that the ass was just dying on his feet, and he offered to take him away to bury him, so that he mightn't have the annoyance of seeing him in the death-grip! However, me father was not so soft as all that, and after the devil's own haranguing and bargaining, the tinkler giv' two shillings in money, a toasting fork and a terrible bad skilnet—the biggest pot I ever laid eyes on."

"Well, to be sure, 'twas no great price and yer at the loss of the ass."

"Faix, we are so, and miss him at every hand's turn. Me father spent the money on porter, and me mother is raging mad to find her elegant big pot was just on ould wan patched up, an' she has a hole in the size of a caubeen. Sure, 'tis no manner av use at all, at all. We have just stuck it in the gap in the garden to keep the pig out, and it does that as well as anything else, an' the villain of a tinkler went and tuk a couple of the best hins away wid him, by way av keepin' the ass company."

"The blaggard!" ejaculated Mrs. Flynn, now setting down her two cans and placing her hands on her capacious hips. "Them tinklers is shocking thieves; they would stale the cross off an ass' back, and whatsoever they mend melts in yer hand! I'm terrible sorry for ye. Would ye know the chap?"

"Me father says he'd swear to him in Jerusalem. He had a patch over wan eye, and a black-an-white waistcoat."

"Well, I'd a wish fer ould Jerry—there is not a funeral or a wedding, nor a wake in these parts he hasn't had a hand in. Many and many a lift he giv' me; beaded, he was as couple av to be in it, and when he had a mind he would rattle a car as well as any ass going the road."

"Maybe the next wan will do as well, Mrs. Flynn, dear," rejoined Judy, with smiling complacency.

"The next wan, do yer say? Begorra! the price of a cracked skilnet won't go far in buying a cracked ass."

"Sure didn't me father have an order from Matt, er yesterdave, fer four pounds! I expect Matt would be vexed if he heard tell about ould Jerry, seeing they was reared together, and wor' companions, as I may say. We wor' laying out to buy a sow, but, after all, ye see we have the cart and tackling, so me father is going to buy a fine young donkey, or maybe a jennet at the fair at Killorglin."

"Is that so?" returned Mrs. Flynn, drawing in her double chin and eyeing the girl gravely. "Still, I'm thinking, ye will be lost widout ould Jerry; he was a grand wan to draw turf or hay, or to go to chapel and market. He knew every turn in the road, and who will bring yer dada safe back on fair days, avick? Sure, they had only to stretch him on the car, and Jerry just tuk him same as a Christian, and maybe better, for he was a wather drinker. Where's the young man will do that? He was terribly experienced, ye see, warming with her theme, and no expense whatever, but kep' himself. It isn't every ass would a'ute turf and whins and sticks—aye! I've seen him breaking his fast on a newspaper before now. I'm thinking a young wan will be twice as impudent! Howsomer, I can't be wasting me whole day wid the ould one of an ass, though he was the ould one in Thady's Corner."

"An' taking up her shimmering cans, Mrs. Flynn pursued her way with an air of dogged resolution, until she happened to encounter another matron en route to the well, and again felt called upon to halt—though Judy, with the fear of her mother before her eyes, hurried on with a civil good evening."

"Did ye hear of Sullivan's swopping away ould Jerry for a cracked skilnet?"

Inquired Mrs. Flynn of her acquaintance. "Troth, an' I did so," replied Mrs. Macon, with a superior smile.

"And as Matt has sent four pounds from Ameriky in a letter?"

"If I saw the money order with me own two eyes."

"They are talking of buying a jennet, no less, at Killorglin fair," continued Mrs. Flynn, with a touch of contempt.

"How grand we are! here'll be no holding Judy nor the mother!"

"Augh! Sure, don't ye know yer very well as Micky will drink half the jennet long before that?"

"That's true, an' so he will," agreed the other solemnly.

And, curious to relate, the prospect of this amazing feat had the immediate effect of raising their spirits, dispersing a great cloud of envy and malice, and throwing the two fat gossips into a simultaneous roar of laughter.

Nevertheless, Mrs. Flynn was wrong for once. Mrs. Sullivan had kept the money in a place of safety—in fact, an ould teacup in the thatch—and the four one pound notes were intact when the morning of the fair day dawned. Dawn found Mrs. and Mrs. Sullivan already en route to the "Fucky" fair. They set off at 2 o'clock in the highest spirits. Mrs. Sullivan wearing an ancestral blue cape cloak, a good green stuff gown and a yellow handkerchief tied over her head; Mickie important in his Sunday suit. They had borrowed a neighbor's pony and yoked him to their cart. The pony was for sale, and their prospective purchase was to bring them home.

The way was long, the pony was old, and the fair was already in full swing when the eager couple arrived. Mickie immediately treated himself to a glass of whiskey and porter, and, uplifted by the beverage and the delightful sensation of having unspent money in his pocket, he drifted off into the horse park as happy as a king.

There he encountered various acquaintances and rambled about passing his opinion on animals with immense gravity; sharply criticizing shapes and breeding, leaping and action, precisely as if he were a wealthy Dublin dealer come to collect hunters for "the show," instead of a poor laboring man with the price of an ass in his pocket.

He talked big, he swaggered here, and he swaggered there, with his hands clasped under his coat tails and a drawl in his mouth.

He priced a broken down thoroughbred in an offhand lordly manner, wrenched open the jaws of an indignant polo pony, and glared into her mouth. He surveyed an upstanding young hunter with a severely suspicious eye, and passed disparaging remarks upon his ribs and his ancestors.

Begorra, "tis ye as knows a good horse when he sees him, exclaimed one of Mickie's companions.

"Faix, I'd rather take Mickie Sullivan's opinion of a colt than Tim Maher's any day," announced another.

"Augh," Tim Maher! protested a third, with lofty scorn. "What does he know of the grass of a goose?"

"Anyhow, he's a terrible stern hand at a bargain. I've known him drive a colt home fourteen miles, all on account av half-a-crown as was between him and a Tralee dealer."

Meanwhile Mickie and his satellites strolled through the fair, and still no animal found favor in his eyes.

The day was sultry, and when the party drew near the Three Shamrocks Mickie cordially exhorted his acquaintances to "come in and let him see if any of them had a mouth on him."

Which invitation was, needless to say, accepted with effusion.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Sullivan was also enjoying herself prodigiously among the matrons of her acquaintance. It was the essence of a whole London season compressed into a few hours.

She talked over "matches," she shook the coat home fourteen miles, all on account av half-a-crown as was between him and a Tralee dealer.

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lor called out: "Sure, what do wan with the ould hearse horse at all, Mickie, or any horse whatever, when ye have such an elegant gray mare av yer own?"

"An hour later Mickie arrived at Flood's, followed by a smart-looking brown ass."

"Here ye are, Bridgie," he screamed. "I've waited to a good purpose, ye see; I've been and bought the gayest donkey in Munster."

"An' time for ye," replied his better half. "Sure, every man wan is going. How much?"

"Three pounds five shillings. I bet them down from five pounds, and they were axing five pounds ten shillings."

"On, axin' is one thing and gettin' another. How o'd is he?"

"He's four off, man," replied his former owner, a decent-looking man in frieze, "and he is well used to a family."

"I know he will give ye every satisfaction, no chiv," he said in a voice of tragic calm. "but at the worst, I thought he was a fairy."

"An' I thought it mighty queer when he made straight for the pig's tub in the moment he was out of the shafts," added Judy, "but I never suspicioned it was Jerry himself. Oh! but those tinkers would bate the devil!"

Before night the news of the manner of Jerry's return had penetrated into every cabin within a radius of two miles, and Mickie Sullivan took Thady Flynn's hint and received the grinning condolence of his friends with the aplomb of a man of the world, made quite the best of the situation, laughed at, and subsequently expressed it, "I had an' an eye in his head, an' I dwelt persistently upon the fact that he was no worse took in than the whole 'Corner,' nor half the fair."

The Flynn's and Connors, who had been secretly envious of the splendid brown trotting ass, were now both relieved and good-humored.

"Begor, I always said as ould Jerry come of a good stock, was a grand fellow and had a power of work in him," proclaimed Mrs. Flynn in her loudest key.

"Ye did so," acquiesced Mickie, "and knows a good baste when ye see him, not like me, as couldn't keep a valuable article when I had it, till it was, so to speak, put out of me again. An' Matt will be terrible proud to know as, we have the ould playfellow still."

"But what will Matt be after saying to ye, Mick, when he hears how ye spent the good four pounds he sent home? What went and laid it out in buying yer own ould ass?" demanded a malicious female voice.

But to this question Mickie Sullivan, the inventive and ready in retort, could find no fitting reply.—Cornhill Magazine.

Rheumatism Cured in a Day.

"Mystic Cure" for Rheumatism and Neuralgia radically cures in 1 to 3 days. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removes at once the cause and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits.

T. F. Anthony, Ex-Postmaster of Promise City, Iowa, says: "I bought one bottle of 'Mystic Cure' for Rheumatism, and two doses of it did me more good than any medicine I ever took. It cost me only \$4.00."

H. Hardin, Druggist, Wilmington, N. C., says: "I bought one bottle of 'Mystic Cure' for Rheumatism, and two doses of it did me more good than any medicine I ever took. It cost me only \$4.00."

Not Used to His New Estate (Houston Post).

The best joke of the honeymoon season is told by a southern hotel-keeper. The male half of the new partnership registered like this: "August Buerger and wife." He remained one day, and when he stepped up to ask the amount of his bill the clerk said it would be \$4.00.

"Four dollars," Mr. Buerger said; "why, your rates are rather high, aren't they?"

"No, I guess not; that's only \$2.00 a day."

"But I have been here only one day."

"I know, but it's \$4.00," the clerk replied.

"How do you figure that?" the newly wedded man asked as he leaned over the counter with a frown of perplexity on his otherwise blissful feature.

"Well, there's yourself, one day, \$2.00; and there's your wife, one day, \$2.00; two and two make four."

Then the fellow slammed his fist down on the register, while a crimson flush of blood suffused his cheeks.

"Well, I'll swear," he cried, "if I didn't forget all about her I'll eat my hat. I'll take this V, keep the change and say nothing about it, please."

But the clerk didn't keep the change, so didn't think there was any reason why he shouldn't tell the story.

ENDED.

From London it is officially announced that the famine in India, which is the greatest and most extensive which that Empire has undergone since 1770, is now at an end. The rainy monsoon has thus far been both sufficient and widespread enough for the universal sowing of the turtum crop. Perhaps the best proof of the fact that brighter times are at hand for India is the fact that most of the villagers have abandoned the State relief works in order to till and sow their lands. Meanwhile the British government is certainly doing more than can be expected of it, even by its most censorious critics, for after having fed at the expense of the State several millions of natives for a continuous period of more than six months, is now lending them money on the security of their future crops, but without interest, in order to facilitate their agricultural operations and at the same time preserve them from falling into the hands of that chief curse of India, namely, the village usurer.—New York Tribune.

THE LUCK OF BRUTUS.

Of all the historical characters of dramatic literature none has more occasion to be grateful than Brutus. Had it pleased the fancy of the dramatist to make him, instead of Cassius, the villain of the plot, the opportunity would have been at hand, for he was the basest ingrate of the lot. It was as if the arch conspirator in the plot of assassination which made Abraham Lincoln our martyr President had been held to Mr. Lincoln for favors received, say John Hay, our present ambassador at the court of St. James. But for some reason, or for no reason, except the poet's fancy, it was the good fortune of Brutus to be made a patriot, or semi-patriot. In all literature there is no more striking instance of genuine good luck. It is true Shakespeare followed Plutarch, but he was under no dramatic necessity of doing so.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

THE FIGHT AT LANDIKAL.

The following account of the cavalry charge at the action of Landikal, in the Swat valley, on August 17, will be read with interest:

While the artillery were shelling the position occupied by the tribesmen and the turning movement of General Meklejohn's brigade was being completed, the Guides' cavalry were waiting near the foot of the hill for an opportunity to move forward. When the enemy broke the Guides made their way along a narrow causeway leading into the plain of Landikal. By the time they reached the head of the leading squadron had emerged on to the plain, the enemy were already more than a mile away in full retreat towards the shelter which they knew was to be found in the distant hills. The pursuers started without a moment's delay, determined to overtake the fugitives before they had taken refuge. The time they would be unable to punish them; and as they advanced the squadron gradually strung out, the best mounted forging ahead, and the sowars being gradually outpaced. Captain Palmer and Lieutenant Greaves maintained a strong lead, closely followed by Colonel Adams and Lord Fincastle, and as the enemy were faster in order to direct Captain Palmer to keep to his left and take shelter in a clump of trees which stands some fifty yards from the foot of the hill where the enemy had taken refuge.

Unfortunately this order was unheard by Captain Palmer, and he advanced straight into the small knot of tribesmen who were still on the plain, under a very heavy fire from those on the hill. Poor Greaves was shot almost instantly, and fell to the ground, and Colonel Adams and Lord Fincastle at once dashed in to rescue him from the Ghazis, who were hacking with their swords at his unprotected body. It was then that Captain Palmer's horse was killed, and he himself received a bullet through the right wrist. As Colonel Adams and Lord Fincastle dashed up the Ghazis retreated from the body and began firing at them from a distance of about twenty yards, while the stream of bullets, Lord Fincastle's horse was shot and several bullet holes were found afterwards in his saddle and his scabbard was shattered by a ball. How he and Colonel Adams escaped appears a miracle. Lord Fincastle now endeavored to raise poor Greaves' body on to Colonel Adams' saddle, but found himself unable to do so, and a rush of Ghazis coming down the hill at the moment Colonel Adams moved a few yards to the right to intercept them. Lord Fincastle then dropped the body and stood over it until the arrival of two sowars. While one of the sowars was assisting Lord Fincastle to raise Greaves a bullet passed through his chest, and it was this that killed him, as he had hitherto been breathing, though unconscious. All this time Colonel Adams sat quietly on his horse guarding the others as far as he could from the hot fire which was being poured upon him by the enemy's sowars.

Meanwhile Lieutenant MacLean, having guided the remainder of the squadron under cover of the neighboring clump of trees, dashed out to the rescue with three sowars. Two horses were at once shot; Lieutenant MacLean dismounted, and with his help Lieutenant Greaves's body was at length raised on to a sowar's saddle and borne safely away. All now made off towards the trees, Lieutenant MacLean and Lord Fincastle on foot and on horse back, the former was assisted by both thighs, was helped under cover by the enemy, but died almost at once from loss of blood. Colonel Adams's horse meanwhile was wounded and he himself received a sword cut in the right hand. Thus the losses during the few minutes which these events occupied were very heavy. Lord Fincastle and two wounded. Both Colonel Adams and Lord Fincastle displayed great courage in their determined rescue of poor Greaves, unhappily dead, under a very heavy fire at so short a range, and the coolness of the former while resolutely protecting the others, so far as lay in his power, by interposing himself between them and the Ghazis, cannot be too highly praised.

It is impossible to make an accurate estimate of the enemy's losses during the battle of Landikal; it was first put down at about 150, but news has since been received from various villages and from Buner from which it would appear that they must amount to several hundreds, as might indeed be expected from the cavalry fire to which they were exposed.—Simla Correspondence London Times.

WHIPPED BY A SNAKE.

Mr. Wm. Reynolds, who lives in the Cerlastac neighborhood in this county, had quite an unpleasant experience with a snake of the coachwhip variety a few days since. Mr. Reynolds says he was walking along in the edge of a new ground field through some weeds, and suddenly he heard a strange noise, and not paying much attention to the noise, he proceeded, when he had gone only a short distance, to his great horror, he saw a monster coachwhip snake wrapped around his ankles and lashing him on the foot with its tail.

Mr. Reynolds says that he was so heavy, and they had been on any other part of his person would have hurt very badly.—Harlem Farmer's Light.

THE BICYCLE AS A MORAL AGENT.

Rev. Frank Talmage, pastor of the Second Presbyterian church, in Pittsburg, is an enthusiastic advocate of the bicycle, and believes its almost universal use has accomplished good. He recently gave a sermon in which he said that the bicycle is loudly berailed and the benefactors of the human race. Mr. Talmage is of the opinion that the wheel affecting the saloons and haunts of dissipation. He says: "Everybody who has taken long trips on the bicycle knows that it is almost impossible to drink whiskey and ride." He also says the practice of riding has caused the use of less tobacco and less rum, and reduced the haunts of dissipation and vice of all sorts.

The speaker endorsed the wheel as a health-restorer, and said that a great many people did not need medicine so much as they did exercise and pure air, both of which could be had by a jaunt into the country on a bicycle. He did not endorse the wheel as a means of grace, exactly, but he made the point that since its introduction there had been a distinct improvement in public morals, and he believed many a person had been freed from becoming confirmed in bad habits by riding.—Columbus Journal.

SPONGING ON NEWSPAPERS.

The Charleston News and Courier has some very timely and wholesome reflections on news and advertising—pointing out where the one stood and the other begins. It seems that the News and Courier, which, as an intelligent and progressive paper should do, takes great interest in the educational institutions of its state, and their advancement, has been highly commended for its seal in that regard. It recently received a letter from "a number of gentlemen" concerned in educational work expressing their appreciation of its attention to that department of public affairs. Naturally gratified at this manifestation of approval our contemporary took occasion to say so, and to declare its intention of always supporting the deserving educational institutions of South Carolina.

Now in saying this the News and Courier did not mean to imply that it would publish a supplement every day filled with free advertisements of the schools of the state. It did not mean that it would discriminate against all other branches of business by giving the schools a cut rate to help them along. Nor did it mean, in laying emphasis upon the necessity of education for the public welfare, that it had ceased to regard the work of teaching as a business. Food is a necessity of life, and the press is continually advertising its readers to be sure that what they buy in that line is pure and healthful. Newspapers are always discussing diet and the pure food question in some way. Because this is true would any intelligent butcher expect a newspaper to publish his advertisements for nothing or at a reduced rate for the reason that he sells fresh meats? Or would any sensible grocer expect his card to be displayed at a special discount for the reason that he does not offer adulterated groceries for sale?

That would be ridiculous, you say. Of course it would; but only a few days after the News and Courier had written its article on the advantages of a good educational system it received a letter from the president of one of the most flourishing colleges in the state inclosing the advertisement of the college and a check for three dollars to pay for it. The advertisement, our contemporary explains, was long out of all proportion to the size of the check, and yet the sender had no hesitation in asking for a good notice in the "reading columns of the paper." Then he went on to apologize for the small amount of the check, and to announce his profound regret that it was not larger.

The News and Courier, although it speaks calmly, is possessed of enough human nature to resent this sort of imposition. It remarks that the college in question has been encouraged and assisted since its establishment by the newspapers of South Carolina, that it has received thousands of dollars worth of free advertising, which was given voluntarily "and without the hope or expectation of reward." The college would probably never have succeeded if it had not been for the aid of the newspapers. "It has been willing," says the News and Courier, "to accept all that could be done for it in the news columns of the papers, but it cuts the appropriation for advertising to the bone when it comes to doing business in a business way." Then our contemporary proceeds to make the following striking observations, which go straight to the root of the matter:

While we are on this subject we should like to suggest * * * that there is a great deal of what is called "official advertising" that should be paid for, but is done for nothing. Possibly there is some "news" in almost every official statement, but the "news" could be covered in a few lines while the full statement would fill half a column or perhaps several columns. * * * The Baltimore Sun is a very rich newspaper, and it has made a pile of money out of the politicians who have stated that in actual campaign it has not come of the Sun from this source amounts to as much as or more than \$25,000. A little condensation in the "news" reports would doubtless have a good effect upon the advertising business.

That is full of newspaper sense. There are two distinct departments in every newspaper office—the news department and the advertising department. The news is put into a paper for the people; the advertisements are put into it for the advertisers. When the people buy a paper, they buy it for the news that is in it; and so, when some one comes with a lot of stuff that is not news or with the news stretched out to more than its legitimate length, it must be viewed as of particular business interest to the person who wishes to have it published, and it ought to be paid for and published as an advertisement or condensed into its proper space as news. The best newspaper is the one that is the people prefer, and the best newspaper is the one which knows how to keep news and advertising departments within their legitimate bounds. Our Charleston contemporary's lecture is timely and to the point. A man who comes to have an advertisement published should pay for it as an advertisement, whether he calls it "news" or not, and no business has a right to expect unfair concessions in advertising rates simply because the press regards it as a business beneficial to the public when it is well conducted. News is news; advertising is business.—Norfolk Landmark.

A NEW METHOD FOR DISCOVERING FORGERY.

This new method has been devised by Prof. M. Bruchmans, professor in the University of Louvain. The portion of a document which is suspected of having been altered is first moistened and then, after being dried, is exposed to the action of vapor of iodine. The portion thus moistened, if it has been altered assumes a violent tawny yellow. This action is evidently due to the removal of a portion of the starch contained in the size of the paper. The same process will even reveal the existence of pencil marks erased by rubbing.—Public Opinion.

The Dry Goods Market.

New York, October 2.—The dry goods market closed without feature locally. There is no strengthening of the market for cotton goods and print cloths have slumped materially. Woolen goods maintained their position undisturbed by the general trend, although it is doubtful whether in some divisions, such as dress goods, dealers will be able to secure the expected advances for spring goods. Staple cottons remain in quiet request with out change in any line. Prints are fairly well maintained at current rates. Print cloths are reported quiet at 2 1/2, the sale of yesterday afternoon at Fall River at that figure having decidedly weakening effect.

Oh, How Thankful.

Pain Was Maddening and Hope Had Been Abandoned—Wonderful Results of Purifying the Blood.

"A very severe pain came in my left knee, which grew worse and worse, and finally a sore broke out above the knee. It discharged a great deal and the pain from my thigh down was maddening. Large, hard, purple spots appeared on my leg. I suffered in this way for years, and gave up all hope of ever being cured. My wife was reading of a case like mine cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, and she advised me to try it. I began taking it and when I had used a few bottles I found relief from my suffering. Oh, how thankful I am for this relief! I am stronger than I have ever been in my life. I am in the best of health, have a good appetite and am a new man altogether." J. P. Moors, Lisbon Falls, Maine.

Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier. Hood's Pills cure all liver ills. 25 cents.