FALSEHOODS DENOUNCED

Dr. Talmage Characterizes Lying as the Fifth Plague.

The First Lie Originated With Satan—A Plague That Has Invaded Society and the Churches—Two Ways of Living Compared.

In continuance of his course of sermons on "The Plagues of These Three Cities" Rev. T. De Witt Talmage preached his fifth discourse at Brooklyn on the Plague of Lies. His text was Genesis, iii, 4: "Ye shall not surely die." De Witt Talmage said:

That was a point blank lie. Satan told it to Eve to induce her to put her semi-circle of white, beautiful teeth into a forbidden apricot, or plum, or peach, or apple. He practically said to her: "O, Eve! Just take a bite of this and you will be omnipotent and omniscient. You shall be as gods." Just opposite was the result. It was the first lie that was ever told in our world. It opened the gate for all the falsehoods that have ever alighted on this planet. It introduced a plague that covers all nations, the Plague of Lies. Far worse than the plagues of Egypt, for they were on the banks of the Nile, but this on the banks of the Hudson, on the banks of the East river, on the banks of the Ohio, and the Mississipi, and the Thames, and the Rhine, and the Tiber, and on both sides of all the rivers. The Egyptian plagues lasted only a few weeks, but for 6,000 years has raged this plague of lies.

There are a hundred ways of telling a lie. A man's entire life may be a falsehood, while with his lips he may not once directly falsify. There are those who state what is positively untrue, but afterward say "may be," softly. These departures from the truth are called "white lies," but there is really no such thing as a white lie. The whitest lie that was ever told was as black as perdition. No inventory of public crimes will be sufficient that omits this gigantic abomination. There are men, high in church and state, actually useful, self-denying and honest in many things, who, upon certain subjects and in certain spheres, are not at all to be depended upon for veracity. Indeed, there are many men and women who have their notions of truthfulness so thoroughly perverted that they do not know when they are lying. With many it is a cultivated sin; with some it seems a natural infirmity.

I have known people who seemed to have been born liars. The falsehoods of their lives extended from cradle to grave. Prevarications, misrepresentation and dishonesty of speech appeared in their first utterances, and were as natural to them as any of their infantile diseases, and were a sort of moral croup or spiritual scarlatina.

The air of the city is filled with falsehoods. They hang pendant from the chandeliers of our finest residences; they crowd the shelves of some of our merchant princes; they fill the sidewalk from curbstone to brownstone facing. They cluster around the mechanic's hammer and blossom from the end of the merchant's yardstick and sit in the doors of the churches. Some call them "fiction." Some style them "fabrication." You might say they were subterfuge, disguise, delusion. I shall chiefly call them what my father taught me to call them—lies.

I shall divide them into agricultural, mercantile, mechanical, ecclesiastical and social lies.

First, then, I will speak of those that are more particularly agricultural. There is something in the perpetual presence of natural objects to make a man pure. The trees never issue "false stock." Wheat fields are always honest. Rye and oats never move out in the night, not paying for the place they have occupied. Corn shocks never make false assignments. Mountain brooks are always "current." The gold on the grain is never counterfeit. The sunrise never flaunts in false colors. The dew sparks only genuine diamonds.

Taking farmers as a class, I believe they are truthful and fair in dealing and kind hearted. But the regions surrounding our cities do not always send this sort of men to our markets. Day by day there creak through our streets and about the market houses farm wagons that have not an honest spoke in their wheels or a truthful rivet from togue to tailboard. During the last few years there have been times when domestic economy has foundered on the farmer's firkin. Neither high taxes, nor the high price of dry good, nor the exorbitance of labor could excuse much that the city has witnessed in the behavior of the yeomanry. Rural districts are accustomed to rail at great cities as given up to fraud and every form of unrighteousness; but our cities do not absorb all the abominations. Our citizens have learned the importance of not always trusting to the size and style of apples in the top of a farmer's barrel as an indication of what may be found further down. Many of our people are accustomed to watch and see how correctly a bushel of beets is measured; and there are not many honest milk cans.

Deceptions do not all cluster round city halls. When our cities sit down and weep over their sins, all the surrounding countries ought to come in and weep with them. There is often hostility on the part of producers against traders, as though the man who raises the corn was necessarily more honorable than the grain dealer who pours it into his mammoth bin. There ought to be no such hostility. Yet producers often think it no wrong to snatch from the trader; and they say to the bargain maker, "You get your money easy." Do they get it easy? Let those who in the quiet field and barn get their living exchange places with those who stand to-day amid the excitements of commercial life and see if they find it so very easy. While the farmer goes to sleep with the assurance that his corn and barley will be growing all the night, moment by moment adding to his revenue, the merchant tries to go to sleep, conscious that that moment his cargo may be broken on the rocks or damaged by the wave that sweeps clear across the hurricane deck; or that reckless speculators may that very hour be plotting some monetary revolution, or the burglars be prying open his safe, or his debtors fleeing the town, or his landlord raising the rent, or the fires kindling on the block that contains all his estates.

Easy! Is it? God help the merchants! It is hard to have the palms of the hands blistered with outdoor work, but a more dreadful process when, through mercantile anxieties, the brain is consumed!

In the next place we notice mercantile lies, those before the counter and behind the counter. I will not attempt to specify the forms of commercial falsehood. There are merchants who excuse themselves for deviation from truthfulness because of what they call commercial custom. In other words, the multiplication and universality of a sin turns it into a virtue. There have been large fortunes gathered where there was not one drop of unrequited toil in the wine; not one spark of bad temper flashing from the bronze bracket; not one drop of needlewoman's heart blood in the crimson plush; while there are other great establishments in which there is not one doorknob, not one brick, not one trinket, not one thread of lace, but has upon it the mark of dishonor. What wonder it some day a hand of toil that had been wrung and worn out and blistered until the skin came off should be placed against the elegant wall paper, leaving its mark of blood—four fingers and a thumb; or that, some day, walking the halls, there should be a voice accosting the occupant, saying, "Six cents for making a shirt;" and, flying the room, another voice should say, "Twelve cents for an army blanket," and the man should try to sleep at night, but ever and anon be aroused, until getting up on one elbow, he should shriek out, "Who's there?"

One Sabbath night, in the vestibule of my church after service, a woman fell in convulsions. The doctor said she needed medicine not so much as something to eat. As she began to revive in her delirium, she said gaspingly: "Eight cents! Eight cents! I wish I could get it done; I am so tired! I wish I could get some sleep, but I must get it done! Eight cents! Eight cents!" We found afterward she was making garments for eight cents apiece, and that she could make but three of them in a day! Three times eight are twenty-four! Hear it, men and women who have comfortable homes!

Some of the worst villains of the city are the employers of these women. They beat them down to the last penny, and try to cheat them out of that. The woman must deposit a dollar or two before she gets the garments to work on. When the work is done it is sharply inspected, the most insignificant flaws picked out, and the wages refused and sometimes the dollar deposited not given back.

A merchant can, to the last item, be thoroughly honest. There is never any need of falsehood. Yet how many will, day by day, hour by hour, utter what they know to be wrong? You say that you are selling at less than cost. If so, then it is right to say it. But did that cost you less than what you ask for it? If not, then you have falsified.

You may consider it insignificant because relating to an insignificant purchase. You would despise the man who would falsify in regard to some great matter in which the city or whole country was concerned, but this is only a box of buttons or a row of pins or a case of needles. Be not deceived. The article purchased may be so small you can put it in your vest pocket, but the sin was bigger than the pyramids and the echo of the dishonor will reverberate through all the mountains of eternity.

You throw on your table some specimens of handkerchiefs. Your customer asks: "Is that all silk? no cotton in it?" You answer: "It is all silk." Was it all silk? If so, all right. But was it partly cotton? Then you have falsified. Moreover, you lost by the falsehood. The customer, though he may live at Lynn, or Doylestown, or Poughkeepsie, will find out that you have defrauded him and next spring when he again comes shopping he will look at your sign and say: "I will not try there. That is the place where I got that handkerchief." So that by one dishonest bargain you picked your own pocket and insulted the Almighty.

In the next place I notice mechanical lies. There is no class of men who administer more to the welfare of the city than artisans. To their hand we must look for the building that shelters us, the garments that clothe us, for the car that carries us. They wield a wide-spread influence. There is much derision of what is called "muscular Christianity," but in the latter day of the world's prosperity I think that the Christian will be muscular. We have the right to expect of those stalwart men of toil the highest possible integrity. Many of them answer our highest expectations and stand at the front of religious and philanthropic enterprises.

But this class, like the others that I have named, has in it those who lack in the element of veracity. They can not all be trusted. In times when the demand for labor is great it is impossible to meet the demands of the public or do work with that promptness or perfection that would at other times be possible. But there are mechanics whose word cannot be trusted at any time. No man has a right to promise more work than he can do. There are mechanics who say that they will come on Monday, but they do not come until Wednesday. You put work in their hands that they tell you shall be completed in ten days, but it is thirty. There have been houses built of which it might be said that every nail driven, every foot of plastering put on, every yard of pipe laid, every shingle hammered, every brick mortared, could tell of falsehood connected therewith. There are men attempting to do ten or fifteen pieces of work who have not the time or strength to do more than five or six pieces; but by promises never fulfilled keep all the undertakngs witihin their own grasp. This is what they call "nursing" the job.

How much wrong to his soul and insult to God a mechanic would save, if he promised only so much as he expected to be able to do. Society has no right to ask of you impossibilities. You can not always calculate correctly, and you may fail because you cannot get the help that you anticipate. But now I am speaking of the willful making of promises that you know you cannot keep. Did you say that that shoe should be mended, that coat repaired, those bricks laid, that harness sewed, that door grained, that spout fixed, or that window glazed by Saturday, knowing that you would neither be able to do it yourself nor get any one else to do it? Then before God and man you are a liar.

I next notice ecclesiastical lies; that is, falsehoods told for the purpose of advancing churches and sects, or for the purpose of depleting them. It is almost impossible for one denomination of Christians, without prejudice or misrepresentation, to state the sentiment of an opposing sect. If a man haste Presbyterians, and you ask him what Presbyterians believe, he will tell you that they believe that there are infants in hell a span long.

It is strange also how individual churches will sometimes make misstatements about other individual churches. It is especially so in regard to falsehoods told with reference to prosperous enterprises. As long as a church is feeble, and the singing is discordant, and the minister, through the poverty of the church, must go with a threadbare coat, and here and there a worshiper sits in the end of a pew, having all the seat to himself, religious sympathizers of other churches will say: "What a pity!" But, let a great day of prosperity come, and even ministers of the gospel, who ought to be rejoiced at the largeness and extent of the work, denounce and misrepresent and falsify, starting the suspicion in regard to themselves, that the reason they do not like the corn is because it is not ground in their own mill. How long before we shall learn to be fair in our religious criticism! The keenest jealousies on earth are church jealousies.

Next I speak of social lies. This evil makes much of society insincere. You know not what to believe. When people ask you to come you do not know whether or not they want you to come. When they send their regards you do not know whether it is an expression of their heart or an external civility. We have learned to take almost everything at a discount. Word is sent "Not at home," when they are only too lazy to dress themselves. They say, "the furnace has just gone out," when in truth they have had no fire in it all winter. They apologize for the unusual barrenness of their table when they never live any better. They decry their most luxurious entertainments to win a shower of approval.

They apologize for their appearance, as though it were unusual, when always at home they look just so. They would make you believe that some nice sketch on the wall was the work of a master painter. "It was an heirloom, and once hung on the walls of the castle; and a duke gave it to their grandfather." When the fact is, the painting was made by a man "down east," and baked, so as to make it look old, and sold with others for $10 a dozen. People who will lie about nothing else will lie about a picture. On a small income we must make the world believe that we are affluent and our life becomes a cheat, a counterfeit and a sham.

Few persons are really natural. When I say this, I do not mean to slur cultured manners. It is right that we should have more admiration for the sculptured marble than for the unknown block of the quarry. From many circles in life insincerity has driven out vivacity and enthusiasm. A frozen dignity instead floats about the room, and iceberg grinds against iceberg. You must not laugh outright; it is vulgar. You must smile. You must not dash rapidly across the room; you must glide. There is a round of bows, and grins, and flatteries, and O's! and ah's! and simpering, and nambypambyism—a world of which is not worth one good, round peal of laughter. From such a hollow round the tortured guest retires at the close of the evening and assures his host that he has enjoyed himself!

What a round of insincerities many people run in order to win the favor of the world. Their life is a sham and their death an unspeakable sadness. Alas for the poor butterflies when the frost strikes them!

Compare the life and death of such a one with that of some Christian aunt who was once a blessing to your household. I do not know that she was ever offered the hand in marriage. She lived single, that untrammeled she might be everybody's blessing. Whenever the sick were to be visited or the poor to be provided with bread, she went with a blessing. She could pray or sing "Rock of Ages," for any sick pauper who asked her. As she got older there were days when she was a little sharp, but for the most part auntie was a sunbeam—just the one for Christmas eve. She knew better than any one else how to fix things. Her every prayer, as God heard it, was full of everybody who had trouble.

The brightest things in all the house dropped from her fingers. She had peculiar notions, but the grandest notion she ever had was to make you happy. She dressed well—auntie always dressed well; but her highest adornment was that of a meek and quiet spirit, which in the sight of God is of great price. When she died you all gathered lovingly about her, and as you carried her out to rest the Sunday school class almost covered the coffin with japonicas and the poor people stood at the end of the alley with their aprons to their eyes, sobbing bitterly, and the man of the world said with Solomon: "Her price was above rubies;" and Jesus, as unto the maiden in Judea commanded, "I say unto thee arise!"

But to many through insincerity this life is a masquerade ball. As at such entertainments gentlemen and ladies appear in the dress of kings or queens, mountain bandits or clowns, and at the close of the dance throw off their disguises, so, in this dissipated life, all unclean passions move in mask. Across the floor they trip merrily. The lights sparkle along the wall or drop from the ceiling—a cohort of fire! The music charms. The diamonds glitter. The feet bound. Gemmed hands stretched out clash gemmed hands. Dancing feet respond to dancing feet. Gleaming brow bends to gleaming brow. On with the dance! Flash and rustle and laugher and immeasurble merry-making! But the languor of death comes over the limbs and blurs the sight. Lights lower! Floor hollow with sepulchral echo. Music saddens into a wail. Lights lower! The maskers can hardly now be seen. Flowers exchange their fragrance for a sickening odor, such as comes from garlands that have lain in vaults of cemeteries. Lights lower! Mists fill the room. Glasses rattle as though shaken by sullen thunder. Sighs seem caught among the curtains. Scarf falls from the shoulder of beauty—a shroud! Lights lower! Over the slippery boards, in dance of death, glide jealousies, disappointments, lust, despair. Torn leaves and withered garlands only half hide the uncered feet. The stench of smoking lamp wicks almost quenched. Choking damps. Chilliness. Feet still. Hands folded. Eyes shut. Voices hushed. Lights out!

NAHUATL HIEROGLYPHS.

Queer Characters Utilized to Teach the Indian Idea How to Shoot.

Every one who has attempted to teach the Indian to read has encountered as his greatest difficulty the inability of the "untutored mind" to comprehend the values of alphabetic characters as used by civilized peoples, and a number of efforts have been made to give them a literature in written or printed characters more suitable to their understanding.

The first attempt by white men to employ symbolic characters for this purpose among our Indians was made in Mexico before the introduction of printing, which took place about 1540. In these attempts hieroglyphs, already known to the Indians, were utilized, supplemented by such other characters, usually of a religious signification, as were necessary for the proper conveyance of the spiritual idea.

All the examples of this kind were in manuscript, and no attempt was made to put them in type; nor, so far as I can learn, was the practice continued to any considerable extent after printing was introduced.

A few of these manuscripts have been preserved, and I consider myself fortunate in having obtained one of them—a quaint and curious little catechism, or "doctrina christiana," of twenty leaves, about three inches by five in size, incomplete, and showing the marks of much use, but still perfectly legible, writes James C. Pilling in the Analostan Magazine. I place it among my most valued linguistic possessions.

It is ruled horizontally for questions and answers, and there is occasionally interpolated a Spanish phrase of a theological signification. It is, in brief, a story in pictures, prepared with the endeavor to bring the Christian doctrine within the comprehension of the illiterate savage.

Sewed with twine and covered with a rough bit of leather of irregular shape, which would seem to have been a piece of a saddle pocket, and which once doubtless formed a part of the horse trappings of one of the Spanish adventurers, it is, indeed, a queer specimen of early book-making in America.—N. Y. Journal.

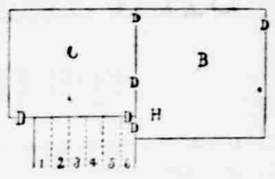
—All the Go.—A man in Boston, working on a salary of ten dollars per week would have bought a forty-eight thousand dollar residence if the owner would have disposed of it on the weekly payment plan. The proposition was to pay one dollar per week.—Detroit Free Press.

AGRICULTURAL HINTS.

HANDY TOOL HOUSE.

Mr. Terry Describes the One in Use on His Ohio Farm.

I am entirely satisfied with our toolhouse, when taken in connection with the other buildings. It just suits us. In order to make this plain, a rough ground plan of buildings is given, which is not drawn in exact proportion, as I am away from home and have no tools. There are six pairs of doors in front of the tool-house. The entire front is doors, except the posts. They are hung to the posts by hinges. They could not well slide. I would not have them slide if I could. Put posts down for end doors to swing against, if you wish. The first four pairs of doors to the left, marked 1, 2, 3, and 4, give entrance to the part where we store tools. These doors are made of a width just right for tools to be put in. For example, the second pair (2) are 8 feet wide, and we store in these the manure spreader, roller and grain drill, which are all of about that width. No. 5 is used for the carriage, or we can put in two, by backing one in and running the other in thills first. No. 6 is a gangway through to the shed or covered yard. We can leave a wagon in there, or two side by side. But we usually leave wagons in the covered yard (C) in summer, as we do other tools which we may be using. They are put in the covered yard at nights. When we are through with them for the time being



they are put in their places in the toolhouse; but we need not go to this trouble every night. In the winter, wagons are put on barn floor of main barn, which leaves space in No. 6 for sleigh and carriage.

B is the barn. Notice position of horse stable (H) with reference to tool house—right handy by for hitching up or unhitching. The letter D stands for door all through. Notice outside entrance to covered yard. We can drive in one way, say through the space at 6, in tool house, and unhitch, and then hitch on in the morning and go right around out the other doors, with wagon or binder or any tool. Or we can come in the other way and go out through tool house. Again we can go through stable in main barn. Over all the spaces in tool house except 6 we have a floor, so as to use room above for storing odds and ends. Over tools the floor is about 7 feet high; over carriage space, a little higher. The dotted lines simply show position of posts. There are no partitions, of course, in tool house. The tool house is 22x56 feet. As used in connection with other buildings it just suits us. We could suggest no changes for the better. It is as snug, with as little waste room, and as convenient as we could make it. With a thousand dollars' worth of implements to care for, it pays, and so does the covered yard, as a temporary shelter for tools, say nothing about the saving of manure.

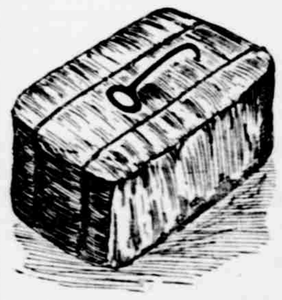
We were unable to build all at once, but had the plan laid out and got it completed as soon as possible. The tool house was first built and nicely finished, at a total cost, including all lumber, labor, etc., of $400. Then the main barn and a part of covered yard followed in two or three years, at a cost of about $1,400. Then last year we finished up yard to our entire satisfaction at a further cost of nearly $200. We might build the tool house slightly different for use alone or if differently situated in regard to other buildings. Friend Tabor can figure this out for his circumstances. We have the space at No. 6, 12 feet wide, which is room enough for driving in three horses abreast and unhitching them.

The grading in front of tool house, however, is very carefully done. The space is graveled and only just full enough to turn the water off (with eaves trough to help), so one man can readily draw in a wagon or most any tool. The floor is of earth, of course, the door posts resting on stones sunk in the earth. There is tight underpinning under the other three sides. The covered yard is in the southeast corner. It is planked up 7 feet high on the outside, and then open 5 feet, thus giving stock pure air and sunshine without exposure to rain or mud. The buildings protect it from north and west. There is water there, of course, as well as comfort for man and beast (no more mud!) and two or three profits besides.—T. B. Terry, in Ohio Farmer.

HANDLING BALED HAY.

A Simple Iron Hook Which Reduces the Labor to a Minimum.

It is difficult to lift an ordinary bale on to a wagon more on account of its unwieldiness than its weight. The wrought iron hook presented in this illustration will enable a man to handle



baled hay with much greater ease. The bale to be lifted should be stood on end, then lean the upper end against you and reach over and place the hook near the other end and bring it up perpendicularly, and then the whole bale may be easily handled. The hook should be made of three-eighths-inch round iron, with a loop for a good grasp by the hand and may be drawn out smaller at the other end.—Orange Judd Farmer.

Seed Corn and Gophers.

The subject of how to protect seed corn from gophers is a very important one. Probably no greater leak than just this can be found upon the farm. I believe that fully one-eighth of the stand of corn is injured every year. I have known of very many pieces taken so badly that entire replanting was necessary; sometimes flax was sown instead but that is an injury to the ground. If smoking seed corn with sulphur or anything else will prevent gophers molesting it, I would like to *know* it. You see I want to emphasize the word KNOW. I have seen a dozen ways of prevention going the rounds of the papers but I should hate to pin my faith to something and then lose a stand of corn. Poison and watchfulness will protect; but it is no light task, and at a season of the year when every moment is precious, and one can ill spare the time. Smoking can be done at one's leisure before the rush of spring work begins.—Orange Judd Farmer.

WONDERS IN THE CAMERA.

Possibility of Photographing Rapidly Occurring Phenomena.

At a recent lecture before the Royal institution, England, the lecturer, after referring to a series of photographs of animals in motion which had been taken by means of a movable shutter, said that rapidly occurring phenomena might also be photographed by the exposure of the lens to a flash of magnesium light or to the electrical spark. After stating that neither of these flashes of light was absolutely instantaneous, he proceeded to show their actual duration. It appears that a spark from a Leyden jar lasts less than one twenty-five millionth part of a second. Some idea may be formed of such a duration by considering that it is nearly the same fraction of a second as one second is of a year, as a year contains, roughly, 25,000,000 seconds. It was further shown that a soap film might be photographed in the act of breaking, but as this occupied less than one-tenth of a second it was more difficult to photograph than jets of liquid. A dry shot would pass through a soap bubble without breaking it, but a shot wetted with alcohol would break the film at once. By means of the dropping of weights suspended from an electro-magnet it was possible to make the breaking of the film and the flash of the spark simultaneous, and thus photograph the film in the act of breaking.

Among the many recent triumphs of photography were cited those in the medical field, and especially the invention which enables the operator to photograph the throat and vocal chords. Prof. Levison had devised a condenser condensing ten inches of solar rays on to a one-inch beam of parallel rays, which brought down the question to the matter of a special camera. This was afterward devised and the operation was perfected. A beam of condensed light is now reflected from a glass bound on the operator's forehead into the patient's mouth, and a tiny detective camera snaps the image of the vocal chords in an instant.—Chicago News.

"Now good digestion wait on appetite, and health on both." This natural and happy condition of the mind and body is brought about by the timely use of Prickly Ash Bitters. While not a beverage in any sense, it possesses the wonderful faculty of renewing to the debilitated system all the elements required to rebuild and make strong. If you are troubled with a headache, diseased liver, kidneys or bowels, give it a trial, it will not fail you.

THE prosperity of the tailor opens a large field for theorizing on the survival of the misfittest.—Washington Post.

WHY don't you try Carter's Little Liver Pills? They are a positive cure for sick headache, and all the ills produced by disordered liver. Only one pill a dose.

AN intellectual present—giving one a piece of your mind.

FOR THROAT DISEASES, COUGHS, COLDS, etc., effectual relief is found in the use of "*Brown's Bronchial Troches.*" Price 25 cts. *Sold only in boxes.*

WHY is a new moon like a sick baby? Because it is a pale "yeller."

WASTING away, growing thinner every day. Poor child, won't Mama get you a box of Dr. Bull's Worm Destroyers?

NEVER kick an electric light wire when it's down.—Buffalo Express.

THE GENERAL MARKETS.

KANSAS CITY, March 30.

CATTLE—Shipping steers	$3 35	@	6 05
Butchers' steers	3 00	@	4 50
Native cows	2 40	@	4 30
HOGS—Good to choice heavy	3 25	@	4 45
WHEAT—No. 2 red	94	@	15
No. 2 hard	87	@	88
CORN—No. 2	59	@	6 0¾
OATS—No. 2	50	@	50½
RYE—No. 2	80	@	85
FLOUR—Patents, per sack	2 15	@	2 25
Fancy	2 10	@	2 15
HAY—Baled	7 50	@	10 50
BUTTER—Choice creamery	28	@	31
CHEESE—Full cream	9½	@	10
EGGS—Choice	14	@	15
BACON—Hams	8¾	@	9½
Shoulders	4	@	6
Sides	7	@	7½
LARD	6½	@	7
POTATOES	1 00	@	1 20
ST. LOUIS.			
CATTLE—Shipping steers	4 00	@	5 60
Butchers' steers	3 00	@	4 50
HOGS—Packing	4 00	@	4 55
SHEEP—Fair to choice	4 00	@	5 60
FLOUR—Choice	3 55	@	4 50
WHEAT—No. 2 red	1 01	@	1 01½
CORN—No. 2	61¼	@	62
OATS—No. 2	52	@	52¼
RYE—No. 2	80½	@	80
BUTTER—Creamery	32	@	34
PORK	12 00	@	12 25
CHICAGO.			
CATTLE—Shipping steers	4 00	@	6 00
HOGS—Packing and shipping	3 50	@	4 55
SHEEP—Fair to choice	4 00	@	5 60
FLOUR—Winter wheat	4 40	@	4 90
WHEAT—No. 2 red	1 01¼	@	1 02¼
CORN—No. 2	64½	@	64¾
OATS—No. 2	51½	@	52
RYE—No. 2	84	@	84½
BUTTER—Creamery	25	@	34
PORK	11 75	@	12 00
NEW YORK			
CATTLE—Common to prime	3 50	@	6 30
HOGS—Good to choice	3 55	@	4 75
FLOUR—Good to choice	4 10	@	5 50
WHEAT—No. 2 red	1 15	@	1 17
CORN—No. 2	78	@	78½
OATS—Western mixed	57	@	61
BUTTER—Creamery	21	@	35
PORK	11 25	@	11 00

Patent medicines differ—One has reasonableness, another has not. One has reputation—another has not. One has confidence, born of success—another has only "hopes."

Don't take it for granted that all patent medicines are alike. They are not.

Let the years of uninterrupted success and the tens of thousands of cured and happy men and women, place Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription on the side of the comparison they belong.

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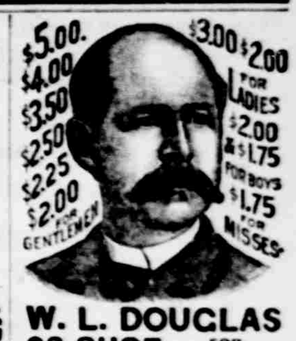

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