D.A. BAKER,

U. P. TIME TABLE.	
GOING EAST.	
No. 8—Atlantic Express Dept 12:30 A No. 6—Chicago Express 6:30 A No. 4—Fast Mail 8:50 A No. 2—Limited 10:05 A No. 28—Freight 7:50 A No. 18—Freight 6:00 P No. 22—Freight 4:05 A	M M
GOING WEST-MOUNTAIN TIME.	
No. 7—Pacific Express. Dept 4:40A No. 5—Denver Express. 10:30 P No. 1—Limited 10:00 P No. 21—Freight 4:30 P No. 23—Freight N. B. OLDS. Age	

ORIMES & WILCOX, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, Office over North Platte National Bank.

H. CHURCH,

NORTH PLATTE. - - NEBRASKA Office: Hinman Block, Spruce Street. DR. N. F. DONALDSON,

Assistant Surgeon Union Pacific Railway and Member of Pension Board, NORTH PLATTE, - - NEBRASK Office over Streitz's Drug Store. MM. EVES, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, NORTH PLATTE, - - NEBRASKA sale by F. H. Longley. Office: Neville's Block. Diseases of Wom and Children a Specialty.

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DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF

Fresh, Salted and Smoked MEATS.

Hams, Bacon, Fresh Sausage, Poultry, Eggs, Etc. Cash Paid for Hides and Furs. Your patronage is respectfully solicited and we will aim to please you at all times.

CLAUDE WEINGAND,

DEALER IN

Crude Petroleum and Coal Gas Tar.

Leave orders at Evans' Book Store.

Rheumatism, Nervous Diseases and Asthma

the aid of ELECTRICITY.

We do not sell the apparatus, but Send for further information to

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NORTH PLATTE

W. C. RITNER, Manufacturer of and Dealer in

Monuments, Headstones,

And all kinds of Monumental and Cemetery Work. Careful attention given to lettering of every description. Jobbing done on short notice. Orders solicited and esti-

mates freely given.

GEO. NAUMAN'S

SIXTH STREET MEAT MARKET.

Sausage at all

times. Cash paid for Hides.

UNION PACIFIC LAND AGENT,

I. A. FORT, Has 200,000 acres of U. P. R. R. land for sale on the ten year plan. Call and see him if you want a bargain.

E. B. WARNER.

Funeral Director.

AND EMBALMER.

always in stock. NORTH PLATTE, - NEBBRSKA. dark street, and no trace of hair or Telegraph orders promptly attended to. man has been found.

Jerry Simpson has not said that he proposes to retire from public life at the end of his present term, but he has made a speech in support of the Wilson bill, which amounts to the same thing.

Haller's Barb Wise Liniment for all cuts on cattle and horses; it is the best earth. Sold by F. H. Longley.

Tho present year is going to noted for an unprecedented number of political casualties, in which the victims will be mostly democratic congressmen from districts scourged by the Wilson bill,

The good die young-but they are using Haller's little German Pills now and honest men will soon be a drug in the mar ket. Sold by F. H. Longley.

Parks' Sure Cure is a positive specific for women who are all "run down" and at certain times are troubled by back. aches, headaches, etc. Sold by North Piatte Pharmacy.

Hoke Smith received a "facer" in sion case. Hoke may be sent back to Atlanta as the scapegoat was sent sins of the Israelites. Mrs. N. Meyette, the Genesee county

treasurer of the W. C. T. U. and a very influential worker in the cause of women says: "I have used Parks' Tea and find it is the best remedy I have ever tried for constipation. It requires smaller doses and is more thorough. I shall use nothing else in future." Sold by North Platte Pharmacy.

A correspondent of Gameland claims to have seen in Texas an owl lift a rattlesnake a few feet in the air and drop it several times until the reptile was disabled. Then the bird grasped the victim and flew regular intervals with large diamonds away with it.

DON'T FORGET!

That's what Brown's wife called out to him-don't forget to get a bottle of Haller's Sarsaparilla, it's so nice. For

Northern markets are being painfully supplied with southern oranges and New York people expect that through a small magnifying glass. nearly 2,000,000 boxes will be land- Presently a lady opposite begged to be ed at that port within the next allowed to examine the ring, and from thirty-days.

Patrick Henry once said, "Give me liberty or give me death"-folks nowdays don't talk so foolish, they say, "Give me Haller's Sure Cure Cough Syrup or I will die." It amounts to the same thing. For sale by F. H. Longley,

Another new party has been organized at Shelbyville, Ill. It is named "the poor man's party" and no bloke is admitted to the fold who is worth more than \$1,500. But in a vear or two more of democratic rule we shall all be eligible, so the bar does not amount to anything

How's This! We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props.,

We the undersigned have known F. J Chency for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business Coal Oil, Gasoline, him perfectly honorable in all business transaction and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm. WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O, WALDING, KINNAN & MAR-VIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally. acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

C. A. McCloud of York, one of the biggest hearted men on earth pounds of flour and half a ton of sengers have done?" corn meal to help out those who are in need. His name is written in the CANNOT BE CURED without big white book at the top of the

Joseph T. Dory, of Warsaw, Ill. was troubled with rheumatism and rent. CURE GUARANTEED. tried a number of different remedies but says none of them seemed to do him any good; but finally he got P. A. LEONARD & CO., hold of one that speedily cured him. He was much pleased with it, and felt sure that others similarly difference to me," was the icy answer. afflicted would like to know what the remedy was that cured him. He states for the benefit of the public that it is called Chamber-Marble Works. public that it is called Chamber-F. Streitz and North Platte Phar-

An eagle measuring six feet eight inches from tip to tip of its wings was captured by a dog near Scio, Ore., recently. The eagle was eat-Curbing, Building Stone, ing a gander when the dog pounced upon it. An enciting struggle ensued, in which the dog was much Mrs. Bouverie," he said in a queer, unhurt, but it ended in the death of

> W. I. Church, of Staunton Post, G. A. R. says "I have tried nearly every cough rembut have found nothing to compare with Parks' Cough Syrup. There is nothing deck.
> on earth like it for bronchitis. I have After this day, however, Carew obsuffered ever since my discharge from served a gradual but marked difference the army and Parks' Cough Syrup is the in his fellow passengers' demeanor toonly remedy that has ever helped me. Sold by North Platte Pharmacy.

without a dollar in the world to a signal for a dead silence. know that if he had a dollar or a Meats at wholesale and re- chance to earn one it will purchase 20 per cent more of the necessities tail. Fish and Game in of life than it would when work was plenty and wages high. And thus are free trade theories worsted when they come in contact with actual conditions,

Ballard's Snow Liniment. This invaluable remedy is one that ought to be in every household. It will cure your Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sprains, Cuts, Bruises, Burns, Frosted Feet and Ears, Sore Throat and Sore Chest. If you have Lame Back it will cure it It penetrates to the seat of the disease, It will cure Stiff Joints and contracted muscles after all other reme dies have failed. Those who have been cripples for years have used Ballard's Snow Liniment and thrown away their crutches and been able to walk as well as ever. It will cure you. Price 50 cents.

Sold by A. F. Streitz. Miss Vira Wilcox, a 15-year-old Lincoln girl, was blessed with a were pale. "I beg your pardon," he was one. magnificent head of black hair, but said quietly. Then he lifted his cap As he pale. now some black wretch is cursed and walked away. with the young lady's tresses. He A full line of first-class funeral supplies clipped them off with shears while Miss Wilcox was walking along a

AN ADEQUATE REASON

His name was George Carew, and at the time of which I write he was a passenger on board the Royal Mail steamer Cobra on her homeward voyage from Buenos Ayres to Southampton. It was late in the year, and the passengers were comparatively few. I cannot with truth say that Carew was a general favorite on board. He was taciturn as a rule, and when he was not taciturn he was apt to be dogmatic.

Among the male passengers he was usually spoken of as "a decent fellow enough, but queer." The feminine portion of the community thought-or said they thought - him uninteresting. Among their number was a tall, pretty blond, who had gradually pierced the armor of his reserve, and in whose company he had even been seen to smile. They became very good friends—so much so indeed as to draw down upon the young lady's head various maternal lectures on the folly of encouraging young men who were nobodies. But as Carew, of course, did not hear these lectures, and as Miss Ida Lennox was a the decision of the Judge Long pen- self willed young person, their friend-

ship suffered no interruption. There was a certain Mrs. Bouverie on out into the wilderness bearing the board, an extremely handsome widow, in whom Carew, for some unknown reason, had aroused a violent dislike. She was clever as well as handsome, but was possessed of a passionate and somewhat uncertain temper - which last, however, in virtue of her many counterbalancing good qualities, was universally condoned.

One evening at dinner Mrs. Bouverie was expatiating to those nearest to her on the value and antiquity of a very curious and beautiful ring which she wore, and which she had picked up in a tour through Italy. She affirmed it to be at least 300 years old. It was a broad gold band, chased richly and with marvelous delicacy and set all round at of exquisite brilliancy. Inside were two capital letters, N. C., each letter formed of tiny seed pearls sunk into the gold. Mrs. Bouverie, who was of a romantic turn, was of opinion that it had been an ancient betrothal ring. There was a half effaced date inside, which the widow's right hand neighbor, a pale, consumptive looking clergyman, was in vain trying to decipher her it was passed from hand to hand

pretty well up and down the length of But, strange to say, it did not come back to its owner. It had apparently disappeared. Every one declared it had passed safely out of his or her hands. Where was it then? There was a great commotion, of course; everybody rose, and a thorough search was made, on and under the table and from one end to the other of the long

The ring, however, was not forthcoming. Its owner had by this time become somewhat excited, and a rather disagreeable scene ensued. In point of fact, Mrs. Bouverie insinuated that some one had appropriated her ring. Upon this, some of the male passengers angrily suggested that, if Mrs. Bouverie entertained suspicions of that nature, all present had better turn out their pockets. To this proposition there was

a general assent. All resumed their seats, and there was a hurried disentombing of keys, letters, pocket handkerchiefs, etc., but

Carew, to the surprise of all, quietly refused to exhibit the contents of his pockets. "But merely as a matter of form,

Mr. Carew," expostulated the captain. The young man, however, repeated his refusal courteously, but more inflexibly, if anything, than before. There was an awkward silence. Then Mrs. Bouverie forgot herself. "May I ask, sir," she said, address-

ing Carew in an excited tone, "why chipped in twenty-six hundred you refuse to do as all your fellow pas-"You may, madam," was the brief and haughty answer.

"Well, sir, and why not?" "Because I have a very special reason for not doing so," he answered in a carefully repressed voice. "And that reason?"

"I fear I must decline to give it," he answered quietly, but with an ominous flash in his gray eyes. "Then you are aware of the imputation your refusal casts upon your character?" inquired the lady scornfully.

"That is a matter of the utmost in-But the speaker's hand, as it lay upon the table, opened and shut in a quick, nervous fashion which showed that he was less unmoved than he looked.

Whereupon Mrs. Bouverie waxed more and more indiscreet, and all but accused Carew of having the ring in

"Mrs. Bouverie, Mrs. Bouverie," remonstrated the captain, "this is really not quite fair.' Here Carew, who had been growing whiter every moment, rose from his

"I regret that you should have such an opinion of me as your words imply, certain voice. "May I suggest that you drop the subject for the present? My temper is not all that it might be, and I should be sorry to be guilty of discourtesy to a lady.

Then he left the saloon and went on ward him. His greetings were received coldly, though with scrupulous politeness. Groups began to melt insensibly What a joy it must be to the man away at his approach, or his advent was

If this general boycotting affected :he object of it, he did not show it, but simply withdrew into himself and

avoided other people as deliberately as they avoided him. To only one person did he make an advances, and he only made them once. It was in this way: Early one morning he was standing looking moodily to leeward, when he suddenly became aware that Miss Lennox had come on deck and was leaning against one of the doors of the covered stairway. Their eyes met. She blushed deeply, made a half hesitating movement of her head-which might have meant a morning salutation or might not-and turned away. But Carew

took steps toward her. "One moment, Miss Lennox," he said in an odd voice. "Will you tell me why you have avoided me so persistently during the last few days?"

wardly enough. "Oh-I, really-not at all. But-but"-

have done so with pleasure. After this little episode, Carew was, 'Do you care to come for a turn?"

ir possible, more ostracised than ever. | ne said. Only the captain treated him with comparative cordiality. But as the days went on he, too, became less kind, especially after one forenoon when he

opened to Carew the matter in hand. The young man cut him short at once. er sit down. "I don't care to discuss the thing. You can believe what your passengers seem to believe, or you can let it alone.

It is nothing to me." Captain North shrugged his shoulders and walked off. Carew laughed. His laugh was short, though, and bitter. If this suspected young man had been anybody in particular it is possible they might not have been so hard upon him. But as he was simply George Carew, with nothing beyond an average good looking face and well set up figure to recommend him, and as, moreover, his clothes had a look of having seen

the latest cut, he was clearly not an acquaintance to be regretted. At dinner that night Carew found imself next a small, gray clad young woman, with a pale, serious face and a smooth, birdlike head of dark brown hair. She had also, as he absently noted, exquisitely shaped hands. He had never entered into conversation with the little woman; indeed he had hardly been aware of her existence beyond hearing the captain address her once or twice as Miss Neville.

better days and were by no means of

As he took his seat beside her tonight lowever, she said in a low, clear voice, Good evening, Mr. Carew. It was so many days since any of the lady passengers had addressed him at all that he actually started.

"I beg your pardon?" he said.

in gray made answer, looking up at im with a little smile. Then he noticed that her teeth were very pretty and her eyes very satisfactory indeed. Before he had time to speak, she went on: "The captain says the voice, "and I would take your word that before many days we shall be in against all the world." the bay of Biscay. I have not cross it since I was a little child. I suppose

it will be frightfully rough?" "I think it is more than likely," he inswered, gazing steadily at his plate. Whereupon they drifted into a subdued, friendly conversation which lasted till the end of the meal. Carew was not a particularly soft hearted fellow, but it touched him strangely-this unlooked for partisanship. It gave him a queer, unwonted lump in his throat and made him feel womanish, which

Next morning he saw the girl in gray away—only nestled it farther into his. on deck. She was standing quite still. watching the screaming sea birds that let it go. flew and dipped astern. Her pale, serious little face already seemed to him like the face of a friend. As he passed her with a slight bow she turned, held out her hand and bade him a cheery good morning, supplementing it by some trifling remark regarding the weather. He stopped, answered her and stood beside her for a minute or two. Then he flung away his cigar

and leaned his arm on the railing. His companion scanned his face swiftly and covertly. She thought he his. looked dispirited, and she felt for him, for she was a tender hearted little

They talked on indifferent subjects until luncheon and repeated the process between that meal and dinner and also in the evening. And so it came to pass that Carew began to look upon this small, gray clad creature as his one friend in all his present world. He learned a great deal about her from her half unconscious confidences-among other things that her Christian name was Joyce, and that she was an orphan, and that she had known trouble. But she learned little or nothing about him. The Cobra touched at Corunna, where one or two Englishmen came on board.

Then came the redoubtable bay of Bis-On the night they left Corunna there was a glorious moon, under the rays of which Miss Neville and Carew were walking up and down on deck. The steamer was rolling a great deal,

and he had offered her his arm, which she had accepted. She treated him in a frank, unembarrassed fashion, almost as a sister might have done-and he? Well, men are susceptible, you know, and I am bound to say his feelings to as to Carew and supplied the details. her were not altogether those of a

When they had taken a few turns in silence, she said suddenly, "Mr. Carew, we seem to have become such good friends by this time that I should like to say something to you which otherwise I should not presume to say.". She looked up at him as she spoke,

and he looked down at her. "You know you may say anything you please to me," he said, with a curious lingering tenderness in his voice. "You won't think it a liberty, will

you?" she went on. "I shall assuredly not think it a liberty," was the brief answer. Certainly her eyes were very lovely. They thrilled him through and through. "I want to ask you, then," she said

somewhat nervously, "why you allow those people to believe what they be-She felt him wince slightly. There was a silence. The monotonous

throbbing of the engines amidships mingled with floating scraps of half Then Carew said in a hard, bitter voice: "Unfortunately I am not respon-

sible for their beliefs, Miss Neville. Besides, what they believe of me may be-true. I am-pardon me-an utter stranger to you; you have no reason to believe in my innocence." "I do believe in your innocence,

"May I ask why?" He spoke clearly, but she feit his arm tremble under her hand. For one swift moment she looked up at him, and her eyes were full of tears.

thrill running through her voice.

But he did not see them, for he was gazing straight before him. "Why?" she repeated, with a curi-

ous sobbing little laugh. "Because I -know!" A minute later she was gone, and he gown disappearing in the direction of

Late that night Carew sat in his cabin, leaning his elbows on his knees. and staring earnestly at something be held between his fingers, something that twinkled and sparkled as the light of the electric lamp fell upon it. It was first up and then down the table. a broad gold gipsy ring, richly chased, and set at intervals with large dia-

For two days after that it blew a pretty fair gale. It rained a good deal, ently during the last few days?" too, at intervals; and such of the pas-"Avoided you?" she stammered awk-sengers as were not violently seasick in their berths kept to the saloon or the music room, with the exception of two Carew smiled slowly, but his lips or three hardy males, of whom Carew

and walked away.

As he did so be saw one of the male passengers grinning from behind an abnormally large cigar. He did not pitch the youth overboard, but he could ing white and ill had been stringly large conditions. The look which accompanied the action spoke volume. he told her so she only laughed.

"If goesn't Tain now, and I

pitching so heavily that after a few turns Miss Neville said she would rath- | C.; in the other, C. N.

So Carew provided her with a shelabout her feet and seated himself beside gnashing of teeth, too, in the cabin of her. It was now almost dark. A few | the Lennoxes. - Montreal Star. stars shone here and there in the stormy

The wind shrieked and whistled drearily. The deck was deserted. For quite a long time both were silent. Then Carew said in a half whisper: "You are trembling. You are not afraid of the storm, are you? It is nothing for the bay, I assure you.' "No-I am not afraid."

"You feel quite safe here with me?"

ne went on, sinking his voice lower yet.

"Yes," she answered somewhat

remulously. After a pause he laid his hand on hers as it rested on her knee and said in an odd, deliberate kind of way: Will you let me take care of you always? I mean as my wife. I have grown to love you very dearly, and I think I could make you happy.

For perhaps a minute there was utter Then Carew withdrew his hand, saying hastily and in an indefinably changed voice: "Ah! you do not care for me. Perhaps it is as well, and perhaps I had no right to ask you to do so. I forgot for a moment that I am a man under a cloud-a cloud that in all probability will never be lifted, for I tell you honestly I have no means of right-"I only said good evening," the girl ing myself. Forget what I have said." The words and tone were hardly loverlike, but there was a slight, almost im-

perceptible quiver in the deep voice. A small hand stole softly into his. "I do care for you," said a happy lit-

Another pause. Carew did not even press the hand he held. Then he said harshly: "But suppose I cannot give you my word? Suppose I tell you that am what our fellow passengers think

"I should not believe you," was the confident answer. "But if I tell you that you must believe me?" His face as he looked down

was very pale and wore an expression she could hardly fathom. She uttered a half suppressed little

He grasped it almost painfully; then said in a strange voice. "Must I give per cent, and the average clean scoured you proof that your trust is-mis-He held out his other hand to her.

In its palm lay the ring. Even in the dim light she recognized it at once. There was a curious, breathless pause, during which Carew never took his eyes from the girl's face. "Well?" he quietly said at last. He felt her little fingers close tightly on

"I can't help it," she said brokenly. 'I love you-I love you." "And will you be my wife?" She could not see his face, but hi

roice shook. "Yes," she whispered, hiding her face in both her hands. But the hands were gently drawn. In the semidarkness she felt his arm come about her, and his mustache brush her lips.

"Darling," he murmured passionate-"you shall never regret it-I swear," and in his eyes glittered some thing that looked like tears.

Next morning one of the Englishmen who had come on board at Corunna, and who had been ill ever since, appeared on deck. As it happened, the first person he saw was Carew. They greeted each other cordially. and after the fashion of old friends.

This Englishman, by the way, was a well known statesman, and a very good In the smoking room that afteroonn some one kindly put him on his guard "I thought I would mention it, you know," appended the man who had

"I saw you speaking to him awhile ago. "Thank you," was the dry answer. "I've known George Carew for a good many years. I think I have a pretty good idea of his idiosyncrasics, and I don't think annexing other people's property is one of them. By the way, you may not have heard that he has come into the title and is now Lord Evandale. I though I'd mention it, you know," he added with a somewhat

In the silence that followed, the speaker lit a fresh cigar, rose and went I blush to have to relate that during the remainder of that day a good many of the Cobra's passengers became suddenly imbued with the conviction of

grim smile.

Carew's-or rather Lord Evandale'sinnocence and evidenced as much. How their overtures were received perhaps I Joyce Neville was a little shy with her lover when she knew. But in the course of a starlit walk on deck he made that all right. She, it seemed,

had had the idea that he was rather obscure and hard up than otherwise, at which confession he was a good I think it was on the evening before

Mrs. Bouverie's ring found in a distant corner of the saloon, where it had been effectually concealed by an upstanding corner of the carpet. Captain North publicly restored the ring to its owner that night at dinner. There was a very uncomfortable silence for a few moments. Every one had an awkward kind of feeling that some sort of apology should be made to the haughty looking young man who was for such unwashed as was worth 20 cents at present helping Miss Neville to clar- last March. et. And every one had an equally awkwas watching the last flutter of her ward conviction that any apology or any explanation whatsoever would be

> The subject of their thoughts, however, forestalled anything of the kind. There was something rather fine in his appearance just then, as he leaned back in his chair and threw a keen glance "As Mrs. Bouverie is now, I hope,

worse than impossible.

satisfied that I did not steal her ring,' monds. Inside were two Roman let-ters formed of tiny seed pearls. he said in a cold, clear voice that pen-ters formed of tiny seed pearls. loon, "I will explain my reason for refusing to turn out my pockets as the question I naturally objected to its being mistaken for any other one's proper-You are all at liberty to examine it, if Miss Neville chooses." As he

There was a pause of intense as-

tonighment; then a babel of excited

and wondering exciamations, in the will take good care you don't fall," he midst of which Lord Evandale rose and went out on deck.

The rings were identical, with one exception—in one the initials were N. THE NEW YORK SHYLOCKS CLAIM TO

Mrs. Bouverie looked crushed and unhappy, for of all things she dearly tered seat, brought a warm rug to wrap loved a lord. There was weeping and

THE PRICE OF WOOL

HOW THE FREE RAW MATERIAL BILL HAS AFFECTED THE FARMER.

A Clear Comparison of London and American Prices-The Change From Harrison to Cleveland Caused a Difference of f Cents Per Pound.

was then quoted at 15 cents per pound in the London market. The duty on wool was 11 cents. Add a cent for carriage, and foreign wool would cost 27 cents laid down in New York. Our friend got 14 cents. We would like to know where the protection comes in." Such wool as brings 15 cents in the London market is twice as valuable as the 14 cent unwashed Pennsyvania wool. The former is skirted Australian and is so clean that in any market it would command a higher price than the cleanest fleece washed wools of Washington county, to say nothing of unwashed. We might as well compare gold and silver, because they are precious metals, as to compare Washington county unwashed with Australian unwashed. They are neither in the same condition. The wool which this Washington county farmer sold in Washington county at 14 cents is worth only 84 cents in London, and with free wool the London price would be the American price in New York, and on the farm it

bound to get wool from the farm in Washington county to the eastern mar-In confirmation of the free trade value the following table procured by the Na- this fall, and that the goods would be retional Association of Woolen Manufacturers, giving the cost in London of cer- never had such a quantity of goods on cry, but she did not take her hand tain lots of Australian unwashed wools my shelves. If the people could only Locust Street, between Fifth and Sixth competing with Washington county pay the interest, I would not complain, wools. The average price was 19 cents but most of them are industrious people in London for unwashed skirted wool, out of work, and the chances of getting "Foolish, trusting little woman," he | the average shrinkage of which was 48 cost was 361 cents:

would be at least 2 cents per pound less

because it would cost over 2 cents per

OST IN LONDON OF AUSTRALIAN UNWASHED

TCin square.... 22 TCin square B. 47 rin Nerrin.... 45 Ware Minjah... 10 Ware Minjah... 27 Ware Minjah. Salt Creek A HH in triangle 63 Yarralumla. oodwood 18 Vombramurra. Gums.... Naringal. Naringal. Wando... TWH in diam'd 39 WHindiam'd 31

Thus you will see that first class Ausralian wool, although unwashed and free from skirts, is so clean that the shrinkage is only 48 per cent as against a shrinkage of 65 per cent for Washington county unwashed wool with the skirts on. Washington county washed fleeces, with the skirts on, will shrink 55 per cent. If we had free wool, the London price would be the American price, for the freight from London to New York is only one-fourth cent per pound, which is less than the freight on wool from Washington county farms to the same market. Therefore, with free wool, the Washington county farmer will have to sell sconr-

ed merino wool free from skirts at 364

It is estimated that the loss on the skirts, tag locks, legs and belly wool is from 6 to 7 cents per pound on American wools to make them equal to Australian skirted wools. Assuming that 64 cents would be the average loss on skirts on Pennsylvania unwashed wool, the American farmer with free trade would have to sell scoured wool, including the skirts, at 30 cents in order to make it cost not over 361 cents with the skirts off. Washington county unwashed wool shrinks 65 per cent, yielding 35 pounds of clean scoured wool at 30 cents; the free trade price would make the unwashed fleece worth 84 cents in the New York market. It cost at least 2 cents per pound to get it to the eastern market without any profit to local middlemen. The outside free trade price on the farm for unwashed fleece would be not over 64 cents for such wool as our friend sold there recently at 14 cents, and this wool that was worth 14 cents under the free wool administration of Grover Cleveland was worth 20 cents on the day that General Harrison left the White House, March,

the Cobra got into Southampton that the head steward made a startling distariff law since then, but the reason that this Pennsylvania farmer got 14 cents this Pennsylvania farmer got 14 cents this year instead of 20 cents last year was because its free trade value is only 8t cents, and the fall from 20 cents to 14 cents was discounting the effect of a free wool bill. The nearer we come to the passage of that bill the nearer will be the price on the farm in Washington county to the London price of 81 cents

On page 260 of The American Econo mist of Nov. 3 is a table showing the price in London and also in the United States for the same grade of Ohio wool and Australian wool from the time of the passage of the tariff law of 1867 up to 1891. The average difference in the price of wool of the same shrinkage, of the same blood and of the same diameter of fiber was over 51 per cent lower in free trade London than in the United States under protection, and but for this American protection the London price would have been the American price, and the American woolgrower would have received less than half of the price rest of you did. I possess a ring which which he did receive under 24 years of is the exact fac simile of that possessed protection. Or, in other words, if the by Mrs. Bouverie, and as I had the American farmer had sold his wool in ring in my pocket on the evening in London instead of in America, he would have received less than half of the prices actually obtained here.

> Philadelphia, Jan. 27. A Few Profit, Thousands Suffer. Virginia is 1 arning that, while free coal may benefit W. C. Whitney and

JUSTICE BATEMAN & Co.

NOTHING TO PAWN.

BE STARVING.

The People Have All the Money, and "Uncle" Has the Goods-Have Never Seen Business So Dull-The Effect of Demo-

cratic Tariff Tinkering. Times must indeed be hard when even the pawnbrokers complain of bad business. While all other branches of trade have managed to pull through the holidays with at least a small but profitable balance at the last of the year, the pawnbrokers, probably for the first time in their recollection, find themselves on the

losing side of the ledger. A reporter made a tour of New York city, visiting 100 pawnshops scattered The Cannonsburg Herald of Washingabout the east and west sides and Harton county, Pa., states that "one of our farmers recently sold his unwashed wool | lem. Out of all the shops visited only at 14 cents per pound. Unwashed wool | two of the owners admitted that business was improving, and that they were doing as well as last year. These two cases may be accounted for by reason of their long standing and popularity with the people that patronize such establishments. One is situated on upper Sixth avenue, in the Tenderloin, and the other in Chatham square, for generations the Mecca for those in want of ready cash. Neither of the two places advances money except on jewelry. They do not, therefore, come in contact with the poor- Please give me a call before you make est class of people, who are compelled to your purchases. part with even their clothes when ne-

cessity compels them to raise money to buy food. The pawnbrokers, when asked for an explanation of the falling off in their business, with one accord said, "The poorer classes, with whom we deal, pawned all they had during the money panic last summer and now have nothing left to pawn and no money to redeem

their pledges." One man in Oliver street said: "I have been in the pawnbroking business for 45 years, and I have never seen busithan the price in New York, or 64 cents, ness so dull. During the summer months we took in all we could handle, but money was so tight then that we ad- Farm and Spring Wagons, vanced only one-half the loan usually given. Even this did not stop the busiof Washington county wool we refer to ness. Naturally we expected a big boom deemed, but we were mistaken. I have

my money back are very slim." At a pawnshop on the Bowery the manager said: "If business in our line continues the same for another month, I shall be compelled to go to work. The outside public look upon the pawnbrokers as having money to burn. They think we are on 'velvet' all our lives, but if they could look at our books for the past year they would not think our game was such a good thing. It may look very odd for me to make this statement, but it is a fact nevertheless that when times are good with the people they are good with us. I can explain that this way: When, for instance, the head of the family is working steadily, the wife or daughter needs some little things in the middle of the week. They have not the wherewith and won't have it until Saturday night. They can't wait until then, but rush off to the pawnshop with some trinket, and on Saturday night come in and redeem it. Now things are different. Even if they have the trinket (which, by the way, is very doubtful) they do not dere to pawn it, for the father being out of work they are not so sure of getting it out again. The result is that, instead of our turning our money over and over, we simply have to sit

down and grin and bear it. "Pawnbrokers are starving," said a Grand street proprietor. "The people have all our money and we their goods. We would rather reverse the order of affairs, but I can see no prospect of such a change. During the past year we had more goods left with us after the tickets expire than ever before. With the hard times and competition we got no prices at all when we auctioned our unredeemed pledges." To prove this assertion the pawnbroker brought out his books, which showed that at the last auction sale of unredeemed goods in December the pawnbroker lost \$200.

"We would prefer to have the people redeem their pledges," he added, "for then we get the interest, and that's what we are in the business for." A tour of the pawnshops along Second

avenue found the proprietors all bemoaning their fate and complaining of the hard times. Little or no business was being transacted at these shops, poor peo-ple having long since parted with their clothing, the principal article in trade on Up in Harlem the same condition of

affairs prevails. One pawnbroker on One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street said that he had no more money to loan on clothing, adding that it did not pay for the room it occupied, and that the chance of its ever being redeemed was very remote. Along Eighth, Ninth and Tenth avenues the pawnbrokers said business was going to the dogs. A pawnbroker on Eighth avenue, near Twentieth street, who does a flourishing business said: "There's no chance of improvement in our business until the people get work. At present it looks as if we were in business for our health." In lower Sixth avenue and Hudson

street, which are populated by the poorer class, the wail of the pawnbroker is loud and sad. No reason is given except that majority of pawnshops. - New York Commercial Advertiser.

> "Windy" Wilson, heed their prayer, Thou and Grover, precious pair, Take good advice and have a care. Let the people's will be done. "Windy" Wilson, let them work, That's a thing they do not shirk. Let labor be where idlers lurk. Let the people's will be done.

Their Will Be Done.

For his well known honesty. Ad valorems must not be. Let the people's will be done. Robber barons must be slain; Thee, their chief, the country's bane, Never raise thy head again Till the people's will be done.

Rob the many! robber thou,

Call to mind Chicago's vow.

They love McKinley more than thee

Hear the hungry clamor now. Let the people's will be done. Lead them through this wilderness. Relieve them from their dire distress Thou hast caused this idleness. Let the people's will be done.

Avoid protection's ragged edge.
"Windy" Wilson, thou shouldst hedge.
Heed the Windy City pledge. Let the people's will be done. Robber barons must be caught, Teacher Wilson must be taught That his tariff bill is 0.

The people's will, it must be done.

When you are going to buy a new hat see that it has been made in an American factory by American labor. Honest the freezing out of employment thou- Americans do not want their hats made other administration favorites, it means sands of her hardworking miners - in "Lunnon, you know."

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