

THE DROVES AT THE WELL

Dr. Talmage Discourses on the Thirst of Mankind.

This is, indeed, a World of Thirst and Unrest—Many Plain Lessons Drawn from the Text, Well Worth a Careful, Thoughtful Perusal.

ELMIRA, N. Y., Sept. 6.—Dr. Talmage preached here today to the immense multitude who have come to attend the New York and Pennsylvania exposition, which is being held here September 1 to September 9. It is a combination exposition of cattle, sheep, horses and valuable stock of all kinds from the two states. The sermon was preached on the fair grounds to a great audience of farmers, horsemen, drovers and stock raisers from near and far as well as citizens from the adjacent cities. Secretary Stanley, of the Y. M. C. A. of Elmira, presided. Dr. Talmage's text was Genesis xxix: 8: "And they said, we cannot, until all the flocks be gathered together, and till they roll the stone from the well's mouth; then we water the sheep."

There are some reasons why it is appropriate that I should accept the invitation to preach at this great interstate fair, and to these throngs of countrymen and citizens, horsemen just come from their fine changers, the king of beasts, for I take the crown from the lion and put it on the brow of the horse, which is in every way nobler, and speak to these shepherds just come from their flocks, the Lord himself in one place called a shepherd, and in another place called a lamb, and all the good are sheep, and preach to you cattlemen come up from the herds, your occupation honored by the fact that God himself thinks it worthy of immortal record that he owns "the cattle on a thousand hills." It is appropriate that I come because I was a farmer's boy and never saw a city until I was nearly grown, and having been born in the country I never got over it, and would not dwell in cities a day if my work was not appointed there. My love to you now, and when I get through I will give you my hand, for though I have this summer shaken hands with perhaps about 40,000 people in twenty-one states of the union all the way through to Colorado and north and south, I will not conclude my summer vacation till I have shaken hands with you. You old farmer out there! How you make me think of my father! You old lady woman out there with cap and spectacles! How you make me think of my mother! And now while the air of these fair grounds is filled with the bleating of sheep and the neighing of horses and the lowing of cattle, I cannot find a more appropriate text than the one I read. It is a scene in Mesopotamia, beautifully pastoral. A well of water of great value in that region. The fields around about it white with three flocks of sheep lying down waiting for the watering. I hear their bleating coming on the bright air and the laughter of young men and maidens indulging in rustic repartee. I look off and I see other flocks of sheep coming. Meanwhile, Jacob, a stranger on the interesting errand of looking for a wife, comes to the well. A beautiful shepherdess comes to the same well. I see her approaching, followed by her father's flock of sheep. It was a memorable meeting. Jacob married that shepherdess. The Bible marries up his voice and woe. It has always been a mystery to me what he found to cry about! But before that scene occurred Jacob accosts the shepherdess and asks them why they postpone the slaking of the thirst of these sheep, and why they did not immediately proceed to water them. The shepherdess reply to the effect: "We are all good neighbors, and as a matter of courtesy we wait until all the sheep of the neighborhood come up. Besides that, this stone on the well's mouth is somewhat heavy, and several of us take hold of it and push it aside, and then the buckets are troughs are filled; and the sheep are satisfied. We cannot, until all the flocks be gathered together, and till they roll the stone from the well's mouth; then we water the sheep."

Oh, this is a thirsty world! Hot for the head, and blistering for the feet, and parching for the tongue. The world's great want is a cool, refreshing, satisfying draught. We wander around and find the cistern empty. Long and tedious drouth has dried up the world's fountains, but nearly nineteen centuries ago, a shepherd, with crook in the shape of a cross, and feet cut to the bleeding, explored the desert passages of this world, and one day came across a well a thousand feet deep, and bubbled and bright, and apalescent, and looked to the north, and the south, and the east, and the west, and with a voice strong and musical that rang through the ages: "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters!"

If a herd of swine come to a well they angrily jostle each other for the precedence; if a drove of cattle come to a well, they hook each other back from the water, but when a flock of sheep come, though a hundred of them shall be disappointed, they only express it by sad bleating, they come together peacefully. We want a great multitude to come around the Gospel well. I know there are those who do not like a crowd—they think a crowd is vulgar. If they are oppressed for room in church it makes them positively impatient and belligerent. Not so did these Oriental shepherds. They waited until all the flocks were gathered, and the more flocks that came the better they liked it. And so we ought to be anxious that all the people should come. Go out into the highways and the hedges and compel them to come in. Go to the rich and tell them they are indigent without the Gospel of Jesus. Go to the poor and tell them the affluence there is in Christ. Go to the blind and tell them of the touch that gives eternal illumination. Go to the lame and tell them of the joy that will make the lame man leap like a hart. Gather all the sheep off of all the mountains. None so torn of the dogs, none so sick, none so worried, none so dying, as to be omitted. When the fall elections come the whole land is scoured for voters, and if a man is too weak or sick to walk to the polls, a carriage is sent for him; but when the question is whether

Christ or the devil shall rule this world, how few there are to come out and see the sick, and the lost, and the suffering, and the bereft, and the lame, and induce their suffrages for the Lord Jesus. Why not gather a great flock? All America in a flock; all the world in a flock.

You notice that this well of Mesopotamia had a stone on it, which must be removed before the sheep could be watered; and I find on the well of salvation today impediments and obstacles which must be removed in order that you may obtain the refreshment and life of this Gospel. In your case the impediment is pride of heart. You cannot bear to come to so democratic a fountain; you do not want to come with so many others. It is to you like when you are dry, coming to a town pump, as compared to sitting in a parlor sipping out of a chased chalice which has just been lifted from a silver salver. Not so many publicans and sinners. You want to get to heaven, but it must be on a special car, with your feet on a Turkish ottoman and a band of music on board the train. You do not want to be in company with rustic Jacob and Rachel, and to be drinking out of the fountain where ten thousand sheep have been drinking before you. You will have to remove the obstacle of pride, or never find your way to the well. You will have to come as we came, willing to take the water of eternal life in any way, and at any hand, and in any kind of pitcher, crying out: "O, Lord Jesus, I am dying of thirst. Give me the water of eternal life, whether in trough or goblet; give me the water of life; I care not in what it comes to me." Away with all your hindrances of pride from the well's mouth.

Here is another man who is kept back from this water of life by the stone of an obdurate heart, which lies over the mouth of the well. You have no more feeling upon this subject than if God had yet to do you the first kindness, or you had to do God the first wrong. Seated on his lap all these years, his everlasting arms sheltering you, where is your gratitude? Where is your morning and evening prayer? Where are your consecrated lips? I say to you, as Daniel said to Belshazzar: "The God in whose hand thy breath is, and all thy way, thou hast not glorified." If you treated anybody as badly as you have treated God, you would have made five hundred apologies—yes, your whole life would have been an apology. Three times a day you have been seated at God's table. Spring, summer, autumn, and winter he has appropriately appraised you. Your health from him, your companion from him, your children from him, your home from him. All the bright surroundings of your life from him. O man, what dost thou think that hard heart? Canst thou not feel one trob of gratitude toward the God who made you, and the Christ who came to redeem you, and the Holy Ghost who has all these years been imparting you? If you could sit down five minutes under the tree of a Saviour's martyrdom, and feel his warm life trickling on your forehead and cheek and hands, methinks you would get some appreciation of what you owe to crucified Jesus.

Heart of stone relent, relent,
Touched by Jesus' cross subdued;
See his body, mangled, rent,
Covered with a gore of blood.
Sinsoul, what hast thou done?
Crucified the eternal Son.

Jacob with a good deal of tug and push took the stone from the well's mouth, so that the flocks might be watered. And I would that today my word, blessed of God, might remove the hindrances to your getting up to the Gospel well. Yes, I take it for granted that the work is done, and now like Oriental shepherds, I proceed to water the sheep.

Come, all ye thirsting! You have an undefined longing in your soul. You tried money-making; that did not satisfy you. You tried office under government; that did not satisfy you. You tried pictures and sculptures, but works of art did not satisfy you. You are as much disappointed with this life as the celebrated French author who felt that he could not any longer endure the misfortunes of the world, and who said: "At 4 o'clock this afternoon I shall put an end to my own existence. Meanwhile I must toll on up to that time for the sustenance of my family." And he wrote on his book until the clock struck 4, when he folded up his manuscript and, by his own hand, concluded his earthly life. There are men here who are perfectly discontented. Unhappy in the past, unhappy today, to be unhappy forever unless you come to this Gospel well. This satisfies the soul with a high, deep, all-absorbing and eternal satisfaction. It comes and it offers the most unfortunate man so much of this world as is best for him, and throws all heaven into the bargain. The wealth of Croesus, and of all the Rothschilds is only a poor, miserable shilling compared with the eternal fortunes that Christ offers you today.

Come, also, to this Gospel well, all ye troubled. I do not suppose you have escaped. Compare your view of this life at 15 years of age with what your view of it is at 40, or 60, or 70. What a great contrast of opinion! Were you right then, or are you right now? Two cups placed in your hands, the one a sweet cup, the other a sour cup. A cup of joy and a cup of grief. Which has been the nearest to being full, and out of which have you the more frequently partaken? What a different place the cemetery to what it used to be. Once it was to you a grand city improvement, and you went out on the pleasure excursion, and you ran laughingly up the mound, and you criticised in a light way the epitaph. But since the day when you heard the bell toll at the gate as you went in with the procession, it is a sad place, and there is a flood of rushing memories that suffuse the eye and overmaster the heart. Oh, you have had trouble, trouble, trouble. God only knows how much you have had. It is a wonder you have been able to live through it. It is a wonder your nervous system has not been shattered, and your brain has not reeled. Trouble, trouble. If I could gather all the griefs, and all sorts, from this great audience, and could put them in one scroll, neither a man nor angel could endure the recitation. Well, what do you want? Would you like to have your property back again? "No," you say, as a Christian man: "I was becoming arrogant, and I think that is why the Lord took it away. I don't want to have my property back." Well, would you have your departed friends back again? "No," you say, "I couldn't

take the responsibility of bringing them from a tearless realm to a realm of tears. I couldn't do it." Well, then, what do you want? A thousand voices in the audience cry out: "Comfort, give us comfort!" For that reason I have rolled away the stone from the well's mouth. Come, all ye wounded of the flock, pursued of the wolves, come to the fountain where the Lord's sick and bereft ones have come.

"Ah," says some one, "you are not old enough to understand my sorrows. You have not been in the world as long as I have, and you can't talk to me about my misfortunes in the time old age." Well, I have been a great deal among old people, and I know how they feel about their failing health, and about their departed friends, and about the length their souls. After two persons have lived together for forty or fifty years, and one of them is taken away, what desolation! I shall not forget the cry of the late Rev. Dr. De Witt, of New York, when he stood by the open grave of his beloved wife, and, after the obsequies had ended, he looked down into the open place and said: "Farewell, my honored, faithful and beloved wife. The bond that bound us is severed. Thou art in glory, and I am here on earth. We shall meet again. Farewell! Farewell!" To lean on a prop for fifty years! Then have it break under you! There were only two years' difference between the death of my father and mother. After my mother's decease, my father used to go around as though looking for something; and he would often get up from one room, without any seeming reason, and go to another room; and then he would take his cane and start out and some one would say: "Father, where are you going?" and he would answer: "I don't know exactly where I am going. I'm always looking for something. I'm always looking for something. I'm always a tender-hearted man. I never saw him cry but once, and that was at the burial of my mother. After sixty years' living together, it was hard to part. And there are aged people today who are feeling just such a pang as that. I want to tell them there is perfect enchantment in the promises of this gospel; and I come to them and I offer them my arm, or I take their arm and I bring them to this Gospel well. Sit down, father or mother, sit down. See if there is anything at the well for you. Come, David, the Psalmist, have you anything encouraging to offer them? "Yes," says the Psalmist. "They shall still bring forth fruit in old age, they shall be fat and flourishing, to show that the Lord is upright, he is my rock, and there is no unrighteousness in me." Come, Isalah, have you anything to say out of your prophecies for these aged people? "Yes," says Isalah. "Down to old age I carry with thee, and to hoary hairs will I carry thee." Well, if the Lord is going to carry you, ought not to worry much about your failing eyesight and failing limbs. You get a little worried for fear sometimes you will come to want, do you? Your children and grandchildren sometimes speak a little sharp at you because of your ailments. The Lord will not speak sharp. Do you think you will come to want? Who do you think the Lord is? Are his granaries empty? Will he feed the raven and the rabbit, and the lion in the desert, and forget you? Why, naturalists tell us that the porpoise will not forsake its wounded and sick mate. And do you suppose the Lord of heaven and earth has not as much sympathy as the fish of the sea? But you say: "I am so near worn out, and I am of no use to God any more." I think the Lord knows whether you are of any more use or not; if you were of no more use he would have taken you before this. Do you think God has forgotten you because he has taken care of you seventy or eighty years? He thinks more of you today than he ever did, because you think more of him. May the God of Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, and Paul the aged be your God for ever!

But I gather all the promises today in a group, and I ask the shepherds to drive their flocks of lambs and sheep up to the sparkling supply. "Behold, happy is the man whom God correcteth." "Though he cause grief, yet will he have compassion." "Many are the afflictions of the righteous, but the Lord delivereth him out of them all." "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." I am determined today that no one shall go away uncomfited. Yonder is a timid and shrinking soul who seems to hide away from the consolations I am uttering, as a child with a sore hand hides away from the physician lest he touch the wound too roughly, and the mother has to go and compel the little patient to come out and see the physician. So come to your timid and shrinking soul today, and compel you to come out in the presence of the Divine physician. He will not hurt you. He has been healing wounds for many years, and he will give you gentle and omnipotent medication. But people, when they have trouble, go anywhere rather than to God. De Quincy took opium to get rid of his troubles. Charles Lamb took to punch. Theodore Hook took to something stronger. Edwin Forrest took to theatrical dissipation. And men have run all around the earth, hoping in the quick transit to get away from their misfortunes. It has been a dead failure. There is only one well that can slake the thirst of an afflicted spirit, and that is the deep and inexhaustible well of the Gospel.

Oh, what a great flock of sheep God will gather around the celestial well! No stone on the well's mouth while the Shepherd waters the sheep. There Jacob will recognize Rachel the shepherdess. And standing on one side of the well of eternal rapture your children; and standing on the other side of the well of eternal rapture, your Christian ancestry, you will be bounded on all sides by a joy so keen and grand that no other world has ever been permitted to experience it. Out of that one deep well of heaven the Shepherd will dip reunion for the bereaved, wealth for the poor, health for the sick, rest for the weary. And then all the flock of the Lord's sheep will lie down in the green pastures, and will without end we will praise the Lord that on this first autumnal Sabbath of 1891 we were permitted to study among the bleating flocks and lowing herds of this fair ground the story of Jacob and Rachel the shepherdess at the well in Mesopotamia. Oh plunge your buckets into this great Gospel well and let them come up dripping with that water of which if a man drink he never again shall thirst.

LATE NEWS OF THE MARKETS

Items of Interest to Dealers and Agriculturalists.

News from the Great Cattle and Sheep Ranges and the Markets Where These Products Are Sold—Marketable Notes.

The world's stock of lard decreased during August 750,000 tierces.

Hogs in the vicinity of Nebraska City, Neb., are dying from cholera.

Native cows at Chicago Saturday were 20c lower than the opening of the week.

During August the decrease in receipts of hogs at Omaha was 177,993 and 1,154 head of cattle.

A Winnipeg dispatch states that the recent cold wave did no injury to the crops, which are looking fine.

The top on hogs at Kansas City during August was \$3.50, which is \$1.40 higher than during the same month last year.

During the month of August South Omaha received 45,320 cattle, 71,320 hogs, 21,966 sheep and 1,541 horses and mules.

A bunch of choice 1,500-pound beaver sold in Chicago Monday at \$6.20 and a bunch of fancy at \$6.25. Inferior to fair grassers sold as low as \$3.50/\$3.75.

The average weight of hogs at Chicago during August was 213 pounds, being 35 pounds lighter than the same month last year, and 34 pounds lighter than they averaged two years ago.

An addition is being built to the packing house at Fort Worth, Tex., which will increase the killing capacity to 1,500 hogs per day. A canning department is also being put in and will be in operation within a few days.

During August Chicago received 250,705 cattle, 23,357 calves, 324,499 hogs, 160,349 sheep and 5,605 head of horses and mules. Of this number 88,162 cattle, 4,825 calves, 176,355 hogs, 45,798 sheep and 4,825 horses and mules. The decrease from the same month last year was 63,638 cattle, 179,708 hogs and 24,825 sheep.

The production of oleomargarine continues to increase in spite of repressive legislation. The average production per month during the last fiscal year was 3,031,201 pounds, as compared with 2,565,494 pounds in the previous year. Internal revenue receipts from this source increased from \$735,491 in 1890 to \$1,077,994 in the last fiscal year.

Stockmen at Pierre, S. D., are perfecting arrangements for the establishment of a system of sunfish or heliographic signal stations, to be run in connection with the signal stations, to protect stock on the cedar lands. The signals can be seen 1.5 miles and will send out reports of all approaching storms, so that cattle can be driven to shelter. There are over 31,000,000 worth of cattle within reach of the signals.

The Chicago Drovers Journal says of Monday's hog market: The range of prices continued very wide with rough mixed at \$1.60/\$1.75, shopped up mixed at \$1.85/\$2.00 and fair to heavy good light and heavy averaging \$2.00/\$2.25 pounds at \$1.00/\$1.15. The grass hogs continue to sell badly at fully \$1.00 less than the good corn-fed hogs of the same weight and that it seems well nigh impossible to impress on the minds of owners.

Daily Trade Bulletin: Western roads will not in the future make allowances for shrinkage nor errors in cattle weights. Hereafter the roads have allowed 500 pounds to each car for errors in weight at the originating point and shrinkage in transit. Taking effect September 1, cattle destined to Chicago must be weighed at the union stock yards, and the weight on arriving there will be the basis on which rates will apply. On cattle destined to points east, or to other points other than the union stock yards, the actual weights as secured at originating points will apply.

It is reported that the Sprackels company have issued bonds to the extent of \$2,500,000 recently, and that a considerable portion of these have been taken by the Havemeyer company. As a part of this transaction a working arrangement has been made between the two concerns, so that while there was no actual consolidation of interests, they would no longer be considered competitors. The sugar dealers believed that if the Sprackels company were not in the trust, as periodically reported, an arrangement has been made which would have about the same effect.

A census bulletin contains the information that in the census month of last year there were on hand on the farms of the United States 14,976,017 horses, 2,246,926 mules, and 49,109 asses. These figures do not include the animals on ranges nor those kept on holdings of less than three acres, and that the city ownership is not enumerated. The increase of horses in the decade was 44.59 per cent, against 44.95 per cent for the ten years ending 1880. The increase of mules was much smaller, and they are most numerous in the South Atlantic group of states, the percentage there being 32.04 of mules and 67.96 of horses.

The grain crisis in Germany becomes more acute daily. The ministers are resorting to every expedient to mitigate it and will soon have to take up again the question of a reduction of duties against which the majority and the emperor still hold out. The present and prospective action of Russia with regard to rye and corn renders immediate action necessary.

The North German Gazette states that between August 11 and 26, 60,000 tons of rye were conveyed by rail from Poland to Prussia since the interdiction went into effect and exportation ceased, rye has fallen a ruble in the Polish markets.

Full crop reports have been received from all parts of Minnesota and show an acreage of 3,000,000, while enough threshing has been done to allow fair estimates of the yield. The wheat crop in Minnesota this season will not be below 70,000,000 bushels, and will probably exceed that amount. The recent frosts, which have extended quite generally over the state, have not affected the final result so far as it relates to the wheat crop. The present condition will also warrant the statement that the farmers of Minnesota will receive upwards of \$80,000,000 for their crop of products this year. The yield last year and in 1889 was but 42,000,000 bushels.

Chicago Drovers Journal: Corn-fed cattle have not been scarcer in years than at present. The grass has been so good in many localities that the cattle have done almost as well as they would have done with some corn. Even where this has not been the case farmers have been unwilling to put much corn into cattle, considering the prices of grain and beef, and where corn feeding has been done the feeders have done it out very sparingly. In portions of Illinois, especially in the southern counties, some feeders have been cutting up new corn and feeding to cattle on the stalk, and the indications are that feed lots will be busy as soon as the new crop becomes available.

John Myrick, a farmer in Kingman county, Kansas, was recently the victim of a bold thief. Myrick had rented a piece of wheat land near Norwich, which is a

long way from his own farm, and after cutting and stacking his grain, he went home and dreamed of the golden grain which would soon be converted into shining shekels. But, alas! a stranger appeared at Norwich and representing himself as Myrick, hired a threatening gang and tenasters, and by the light of the moon, threshed the entire crop and carted it to market before daylight. The robber boarded an out-bound train, and as a result of his boldness carried away \$1,000 in cold cash.

The hog market at Chicago is still in a bad condition and prices are shading downward. Receipts last week were 200,000 less than the week before and \$2.00 less than the same week last year. In referring to Saturday's market the Drovers Journal says: It took good mixed hogs to bring \$5.00 and common stock sold at \$4.45/\$4.70, though good to choice assorted mixed hogs sold at \$5.30/\$5.45. The extreme range of prices is very misleading to farmers and shippers, but sensible men know well enough there are few hogs fetching the fancy prices and that if they get what the bulk of the hogs are selling for they have hogs that are as good or better than the average.

Five hundred cattle created a panic in a rainstorm on one of the line steamers bound for Europe the other day in the lower Delaware bay, and the cattle were and crew gave the animals a wild berth in their hurry to reach the hurricane deck. The loading day there was a very warm one, and the cattle were tied around the fleshy part of the head with such ropes which were drawn tight and knotted. When the rain began to fall the ropes grew shorter, cutting into the skin. In a few seconds all the beasts were rearing with pain; some had torn loose from the ties, and were trying to jump overboard. It required all hands to coax the large drovers and release the beasts from further pain.

The market for beef cattle at Chicago Wednesday was not very good owing to the scarcity of ripe cattle and a liberal supply of the "best cattle in our neighborhood," as the Drovers Journal facetiously refers to fair to good cattle which were considered as prime. The supply of beef cattle from all quarters, especially the rangers, was very liberal. For that reason buyers could be deliberate and fastidious. They were both the result of the fact that the market is so full of cattle that were salable, making 150,000 of the close of last week and the worst feature was that many poor to pretty good cattle remained without a bid. The fancy cattle at \$6.00/\$5.50 were hardly numerous enough to mention. Some 45-pound cattle sold to an exporter at \$5.25. Such cattle would have been called pretty good on Monday and would have brought about \$5.50, so the seller exclaimed. Rough grass cattle at \$3.25/\$4.00 were hard to sell.

The Northwest Live Stock Journal in referring to the possible demand for western feeders this fall says that with corn in abundance there may come a large demand for feeding steers, and the west is the main, and in fact, only source of supply outside of the corn growing states. Shippers and farmers throughout these states freely admit that the home supply will fall far short of the demand. All kinds of steers will be required to fill the demand. The demand for feeders will not be confined to the territory west of Chicago, Indiana, Ohio and Pennsylvania will want feeders from the west and they will pay for good ones, and the southwest will supply a few feeders, but the north and east of Missouri will depend on the west and northwest. It also counsels its patrons not to begin shipping their feeders until October.

The following are Chicago wool quotations: Michigan and Wisconsin—Fleece washed, medium, 27¢/28¢; fine, 28¢/29¢; medium unwashed, 21¢/22¢; coarse unwashed, 17¢/18¢; extra, 19¢/20¢; north and Dakota medium unwashed, 17¢/18¢; coarse unwashed, 14¢/15¢; fine unwashed, 12¢/13¢; territorial, 14¢/15¢.

At Philadelphia the quotations are: For Ohio, Pennsylvania and West Virginia double extra and above, 25¢/26¢; extra, 23¢/24¢; New York, Michigan, Indiana and western fine, extra or double extra, 20¢/21¢; medium, 18¢/19¢; coarse, 16¢/17¢; fine washed, extra and double extra, 30¢/31¢; medium, 27¢/28¢; coarse, 25¢/26¢; fine, 27¢/28¢; coarse washed, combed and delaine, 35¢/36¢; Canadian washed combed, 31¢/32¢; tub washed, choice, 28¢/29¢; fair, 25¢/26¢; coarse, 23¢/24¢; medium unwashed, combed and delaine, 30¢/31¢; coarse unwashed, 28¢/29¢; Montana fine, 19¢/20¢; territorial, 15¢/16¢.

St. Paul Stock Journal: A buyer who has watched the cattle market of the northwest about as closely as anyone is thought to be is of the opinion yesterday that cattle now selling from \$2 to \$2.50 per hundred would be selling at 50c less before December 1st. His reasoning was based upon sound logic, he arguing that the excellent ground of the summer and the bountiful corn crop would be the means of ripening more than the usual number of calves, and as there is known to be an abundance of cows and common steers in the country those grades would be the most likely to feel the first effects of the decline that is sure to come. This is nearer truth than fiction, and shippers who send in half-fat grassy cows and spinning scrub cows realize the truth of it. This cow is now selling at such low prices that there is no profit in them, and an additional drop of 50 cents a hundred would, after paying yardage and freight, leave such a small margin that the shipper could not expect to stand the risk of loss by sending them to market. The advance in value shippers were led to believe were sure to come have failed to materialize, and the opposite seems more probable to be meted out to them.

Denver Live Stock Record: Southwest New Mexico is experiencing a drouth that if continued much longer means ruin to the cattlemen. In the vicinity of Lake valley the plains are bare, the crops are dead, the grass is withered, and in the neighborhood of Greasely's ranch the water holes are a veritable Golgotha, and teams are kept busy dragging the dead cattle away from the water. The Sierra Land and Cattle company are busy buying thousands of head of but skin and bone, and are in poor condition to climb, for both grass and water. The regular rainy season generally begins here about the middle of July, but this year it failed to come until the middle of mountain springs have shown a marked decline and many of them have entirely disappeared, and digging after them has no signs of water. The cattle situation is becoming alarming, and several of the most prominent cattlemen are now selling off their cattle as rapidly as possible, while others are shipping them out of the country as fast as they can gather them up and secure transportation. The cattle kings at present are very sick kings, and for once are praying for rain and not praying upon the innocent maverick.

Mr. De Cutter—Why this sudden coolness, Cla—I mean Miss Beauty? A few days ago you allowed me to infer that I had at last won your favor and perhaps—

Newport Belle—That will do Mr. De Cutter. A new yacht has arrived in the harbor, and it is ten feet longer than yours.

A mountain of coal is Wild Horse Valley, Wyo., has been burning for more than thirty years.

Two gum trees which tower over 100 feet above a little church in Guatemala are sixty feet in circumference and their strong roots have pushed the foundation of the church out of place.

Naphtha Spill in Sevastopol.

For many years a spring of dirty water ran from the house of a certain M. Korotoff, in the heart of Sevastopol, and caused the proprietor much trouble. At times the spring would cover the best street in the city with mud. Of late the spring has become a public nuisance, and the city authorities compelled M. Korotoff to build a small reservoir around it, and lead of the muddy substance by sewer pipes. But as soon as this was done it was discovered that the substance in the new reservoir was pure naphtha. For the last three months since the discovery was made nothing has been done to utilize this wasting treasure.

An Effective Barrier.

It is a practice of the Navajo Indians to stretch a larjat of horsehair about their tents at night, such a barrier proving entirely effective to keep out snakes, tarantulas and centipedes.

A Philadelphia surgeon says that by three strokes of the lancet he could paralyze the nerves acted on to make a man get mad, and therefore, say one could pull his nose, cut his ears, and spit on his boots, and he would simply smile a soft, bland smile.

Wah Sing, a Chinese laundryman, died the other day at Winfield, Kas. He was buried by three of his own countrymen, who placed in his coffin all his personal effects, including \$5 in money, a razor, a brush a knife and some soap. The cot of the deceased and his bed-clothes were buried with him.



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