TEMPERANCE.

SCIENTIFICALLY CONSIDERED.

The Action of Alcohol Upon the Brain and Nervous System—The Four Stages of Alcoholic Disease—The Horrors of Delirium Tremens.

In one of a series of articles by Prof. A. B. Palmer, M. D., LL. D., in *The Wide Awake*, the writer says:

The strong resemblance between the narcosis of alcohol and that of chloroform or ether is apparent; but that of alcohol is much more likely to become habitual. The essential character of the condition is so similar that the same terms may be applied to each. If chloroform is a narcotic, so is alcohol: if one is a depressing, lethal agent, so is the other. If chloroform is a poison, so is alcohol. The greatest difference in their immediate action is, that the chloroform is more speedy in its effects and sooner over: and its secondary consequences are less severe.

But in studying the effects of alcohol on the brain and nervous system we must go beyond the speedy action of a single or a few doses, and consider the more important, because the more permanent, effects of its continued use. These effects are varied by the quantity used, the length of time it is continued, and by the temperament and power of endurance of the drinker.

In its habitual use, *four* stages of alcoholic change are recognized, corresponding in many respects with the four acute stages that have been described.

There is a mild *first* stage where only small quantities are used, as where an occasional glass of light wine or beer is taken with the meals, and where such limits are not exceeded. In this the condition of the brain and nerves is but little changed from the physiological or natural state.

There is a *second* stage where a change from the normal state is more perceptible—where the force and regularity of brain and nerve action is impaired, but not in any extreme degree; but where the tone of the intellectual, and particularly of the moral, character is lowered, but yet where the subject of it is not regarded as a drunkard.

There is a *third* stage where there is unquestionable intemperance or inebriety, where the subject is called a "hard drinker" or "drunkard" according to the degree of indulgence; and there is still a more advanced or *fourth* stage, where the victim is a complete sot, given up to continued and extreme indulgence, whenever the means are within his reach, where there is the greatest debasement, physical, mental and moral, where there is advanced alcoholism or alcoholic disease, where the wretched victim is tottering on the verge of destruction, unfit for any useful occupation or respectable association, a disgrace to himself and friends, and a nuisance to all about him. These stages shade off into each other with no abrupt line of demarkation, but are different degrees of the one general process of abnormal change.

All are ready to admit the very great, the almost inexpressible, evils to the brain and nerves of individuals, to the happiness of families, to the interests of communities and the country, of the third and fourth stages of habitual alcoholic indulgence. The changes of the brain usually discoverable in its structure, but which more certainly exist in its functions—in its actions and tendencies—are most profound; and are all in the direction of physical, mental and moral degradation.

The structure of the brain is changed in various ways from its normal state. It is sometimes hardened from the increase of its connective tissue, and sometimes softened from a form of fatty change; and in both cases the proper brain cells, the seat of cerebral action of physical and mental power—are more or less diminished in number, altered in structure, and impaired in activity. The vessels are often found degenerated, and are liable to great distention and rupture, constituting congestion and apoplexy. The membranes of the brain are often found inflamed and thickened, their transparency and pliability impaired and, in short, the whole organ is degenerated, enfeebled and perverted.

Under the immediate effect of the liquor the drunkard is regardless of his duties and obligations to himself, his family and to society. He is inefficient, improvident, unthrifty, unreliable; often violent, dangerous and criminal. When deprived of his accustomed dram, he is morose, despondent and often unendurably wretched with a craving for the liquor, which in the perverted state of his brain is irresistible. His depression and despair sometimes lead to suicide, preceded, it may be, by the murder of his family, with the motive of relieving himself and them from their living death. Mingled with this despair are often fits of fury which the drink excites, and his causeless and unreasoning venge ance may be inflicted indiscriminately on himself, his family, his friends, or strangers, as well as on imagined or real foes. In many cases nothing is too sacred or too depraved for him to do, and no suffering is too severe for him to endure.

The drink which for a time relieved his agony, at length fails to do so unless carried to the extent of stupefaction and unconsciousness. This quantity is therefore taken, and this increasing indulgence, if it does not induce sooner some fatal form of disease, brings him to the fourth and extreme stage of habitual drunkenness, which, though it sometimes is endured for a considerable period, usually soon results in death.

Besides rendering other diseases and accidents much more severe and fatal, this excessive drinking produces several particular diseases of the brain and nervous system.

The one best known to persons not of the medical profession, because of the striking character of the symptoms, is delirium tremens. In this terrible disease the brain becomes so affected by the alcoholic poison that all its functions, physical and mental, are performed in the most irregular and fearfully perverted manner. There is usually a premonitory stage in which the patient is restless, wakeful and apprehensive of some violence, misfortune or calamity. When attempting to sleep he is awakened with frightful dreams which are so vivid as to appear to be realities for a time after awaking. These and other symptoms may cause the patient to stop his drink, but too late to prevent its effects. In other cases, quite as numerous, the premonitory symptoms are less regarded, and the full development of the disease comes on in the midst of gross indulgence in drink; but the phenomena in either case are similar. The face now becomes paler, the surface is covered with a profuse sweat, there is trembling in every muscle, the patient looks wildly about him, seeing in his delusions frightful objects in every quarter; and though his pulse is weak and fluttering and his whole appearance indicates great debility, he still moves about restlessly, and often actively, and he frequently exerts himself violently to escape from imaginary enemies. His whole mental functions are perverted even more than his bodily ones. The most characteristic mental condition is *fear*, which is always present. His ever-present hallucinations, or morbid imaginings of sight, sound and feeling are of a frightful character. He thinks he is pursued by "a man with a hot poker," that "snakes are in his boots," that disgusting bugs are crawling over him, that great bats are flapping their skinny wings in his face, that vampires are sucking his blood, or that demons are about to seize him; and he cries out and struggles in mortal agony. He may make a fatal leap from a high window, or, escaping from his room, may run half-naked through the streets. No condition of horrors or mental suffering can exceed this state. The ancient ideas of Gorgons and Furies must have been derived from experiencing or witnessing this disease, which occasionally occurred among the wine-bibbers of the time.

In this disease, left to itself, sleep and rest are banished, and death by exhaustion is likely to occur in from a few days to a week. Many cases, however, under proper management, recover from a first, and some from a second or third, attack. It would seem from such a warning that the first attack would be the last—that the cause would be avoided. But the desire to return to drinking is so great, the force of habit so strong, the self-control through brain impairment so feeble, that indulgence again occurs, and subsequent attacks generally follow. With each recurrence of the disease the chances of recovery diminish, until death closes the earthly scene. Subsequent attacks of this particular disease may not occur, death following from other forms of alcoholism, or from complications of other diseases; but when the brain is so far impaired as to produce delirium tremens permanent reform is almost hopeless, and the victim is almost sure to die a drunkard.

Death to our natural instincts is a fearful thing, come in what form it may; fearful when amid friends and family and loving care; made less appalling by affection earned by years of self-control, of duty done, of virtue, kindness and love. It is a terror even when life passes away with those surroundings, in resignation and hope, and ceases as gently as a music from a slumbering harp-string. What then must be this dread event to a man, who drives from his death-chamber, or perhaps his gloomy cell, by his raving violence or his profane mutterings, his family and kin, who may have but the tattered remnants of abused affection, while he pulls out his last foul breath, a token of the corruption within, and nothing remains but an inheritance of painful memories, and possibly of propensities which may lead his offspring to repeat his career.

Can it be possible that an article which so often produces the effects upon the brain and nervous system which have been sketched in mere outline, is, as a beverage, even necessary, useful or safe; or indeed entirely innocent, habitually used in any quantity, be ever moderate?

In the Sunday-School.

It is said that fourteen States have passed laws requiring that instruction in physiology and hygiene, with special reference to the effect of alcohol and narcotics upon the human body, shall be given in the public schools.

This suggests the question whether or not there has been any adequate teaching of Temperance in the Sunday-schools? Is not the State taking up the teaching of morals more effectively than the church? If so, all praise to the lawmakers; but ought not our Sunday-schools to take a lesson and be provided with some manual suitable for the purpose of systematic instruction relative to the habits which are a more fruitful source of crime and misery than any others which arise from human infirmity? The simple signing of the pledge must be regarded as a vastly inferior method of promoting Temperance, as compared with showing the effects of alcohol upon the brain, blood, muscles, heart, lungs, stomach, no less than the mind and morals. If the people are scientifically taught that intoxicating drink is a curse in the blood and wherever the blood circulates, this knowledge will be more powerful than pledges, however desirable they may be.—*Unity.*

A Boy's Effective Speech.

An esteemed clergyman writes thus: "Very recently a boy in my parish, only six years of age, was sent by his mother to fetch his father home from a public house. He found his parent drinking with some other men; one of them invited the little fellow to take some beer. Firmly and at once the boy replied: 'No, I can't take that; I'm in the Band of Hope.' The men looked at one another, but no one was found to repeat the temptation. The man then said: 'Well, if you won't take the beer, here's a penny for you to buy some candy.' The boy took the penny and said: 'I thank you, but I had rather not buy candy; I shall put it into the savings bank.' The men looked at one another, and for some moments were entirely silent. At length one of them rose and gave utterance to his feelings in these words: 'Well, I think the sooner we sign the pledge and put our savings in the bank the better.' The men immediately left the house. Such was the effect of the two speeches of a boy six years old. How many old people have made much longer but less effective speeches! 'A little child shall lead them!'"—*Golden Censor.*

Christians and the Liquor Traffic.

The dram seller offers liquor to every man (not already intoxicated) who applies for it. Among those who apply are many to whom the liquor is poison, and worse than poison. To some of them it will bring bodily death; others it will madden to the commission of fearful crime; others find in it that which ruins family peace; and to a great number it brings the curse implied in the words: "Neither thieves, nor covetous, nor drunkards, shall inherit the Kingdom of God." Can it be right to offer liquor promiscuously to men, when it *may* lead (and a vast number of whom it *will* lead) to hell?

May the wholesale merchant furnish whisky to the retailer to be used for this purpose? Alcohol is sold and bought for manufacturing purposes; that, of course, is right. But can it be right to furnish it to the dram-seller for a use that leads to the ruin of soul and body? Nations will not allow a neutral to furnish munitions of war to the enemy. Is not the dram-shop drinking of whisky a weapon of the Evil One? May a child of God furnish it?—*Christian Observer.*

RELIGIOUS READING.

THY WAY.

Have Thou Thy way with me, O God!
Although I beg my own:
Heed not the body's noisy cry,
But the soul's undertone.

Have Thou Thy way with me, O God!
This is my spirit's choice,
Though stubborn greed of present good
Drowns all with deafening voice.

Have Thou Thy way with me, O God!
Nor let me dread the proof
That the untutored way may put me to
For some divine behoof.

Have Thou Thy way with me, O God!
Until my life attest
That just the will to do Thy will
Is of all gifts the best.

Have Thou Thy way with me, O God!
And, O my soul, "take care
To have thy daily attitude
In keeping with the prayer!"
—*Charlotte F. Bates, in Congregationalist.*

HAPPINESS IN THE HOME.

A Precious Possession and How It May Be Retained—Christian Love and Principle the Best and Most Enduring Foundation.

Usually, if we have a precious possession we do not hold it lightly. It is a vase, a gem, a picture, a flower; it cost labor and trouble, care and expense to bring it to the adornment of our homes, and we are conscious of its value, and solicitous that it shall neither be marred nor mislaid. It is the tangible evidence of a part of our wealth, and we show how much we prize it by our tenderness in its handling, its protection, we bestow upon it, and the manner in which we display it to our friends.

There is an intangible and precious thing which may be a part of our person and wealth, but which is held by a tenure more subtle and less easy of definition than that by which we own the material possessions. I refer to our home happiness. Every household should be happy. Where, instead of being positively so, the home is only the abode of an indifferent tranquility, not to say stagnation, or, still worse, where it is the scene of asperity, friction and petty strife, something is very wrong.

Even in the Christian household it is well not to take too much for granted. There are husbands and wives who are loyal to each other's slightest interests, who make daily sacrifices for each other's benefit, and who still have so fallen out of the habit of sweet, lover-like demonstration, of daily petting and caressing, of tender compliment, that they would blush and grow embarrassed should they happen to indulge in what ought to be the every-day fashion and coin of their lives. Is there anything much sadder than to observe neglect, if not rudeness, in the manner of a husband to the wife who has been his life's partner for half that life, or to hear that acerbity of the tones, and see coldness in the looks of a wife, who should know her good man too well to put his love and temper to so trying a test.

Our babies get their full share of kisses and petting, bless their dear little faces and helpless hands and feet. An infant's utter helplessness gives it a claim on every heart. But many a growing lad and lass, quite beyond the prettily interesting season of infancy, arrived at the awkward age of betwixt and between, when impulse is eager, and experience is slight, and youthful confidence is overbold, and temptations throng, would be better for more of love's expression in the home. We can not err in being too affectionate.

If love be made a daily ministrant to any one in this world, it should be so to the aged pilgrim, whose way has grown lonely, whose life has taken on the neutral tints of sober eve, and to whom, by reason of infirmity, the grasshopper is a burden. Even if old age be querulous and exacting, as sometimes it is, youth and strength should be patient and gentle.

The happiness of home is conserved by perfect openness as to the style of living which may be maintained therein. A home which is managed in a style which, though not extravagant, is a drain upon the family income, which keeps somebody wakeful at night, which it is a terrible strain to maintain honestly, is managed in a mistaken way. Better narrow quarters and plain furnishing than ample space and everlasting wrong. Better the simplest viands on the table than the menace of a bill at the butcher's and the fact of an increasing account with the grocer, and no money to pay it with. Better the dress of calico than the silken gown, if silk crowd out mental comfort and weave itself into wrinkles on the brow.

Home happiness is often imperiled by incessant fault-finding. A chronic fault-finder in the house is as pitiless as a hail-storm, and he or she blights the plants of affection as surely as a frost destroys the blossoms. Unfortunate are the interiors where the young people live in dread of Aunt Mary or Uncle John, of papa or mamma, who are not only never satisfied, but who seem to think that duty demands that they shall wave and snap a whip over the heads of all with whom they come in contact. If any of us perceive in ourselves the faint beginnings of a fault-finding disposition, we should fight against and resist it with all our strength.

Home happiness is enlarged when the home is not too self-centered. Nothing is more directly educational to children than frequent presence of honored and beloved guests, who bring with them a pleasant breeze from the outer world and break the usual routine by introducing new topics and inviting excursions into new fields of thought. The amenities of life, which should not be overlooked or slighted when the family is by itself, are seldom forgotten when there is company under the roof, and politeness—even ceremonious politeness—is a social lubricator.

The best, most enduring home happiness is founded upon Christian love and principle, and that is the sweetest earthly habitation in which Jesus is owned and peace rules.—*Margaret E. Sangster, in Interior.*

NOT THE TRUE REASON.

The Imperfections of Christians Used as a Pretext by Men Whose Wills Are Set Against God.

A favorite theme of the scoffer, and a stone of stumbling to the earnest-minded unbeliever, is the imperfections of Christians. Glaring as those imperfections often are in the lives of those who are on the whole honest in endeavor to follow Christ, they are outshone by the vices of those who make no pretense of living a religious life. Is not the latter fact worthy of attention as well as the former? There is certain significance in the fact—if it be a fact—that Christian people as a whole are better men and women than those who live for themselves and profess to do no more. That this is the fact no candid man has ever questioned.

It is worthy of note, also, as a companion fact, that nobody has ever charged that Christianity has made the world worse than it was before Christ came. No man was ever depraved by attempting to lead a Christian life. He may not be made especially better, or he may not be made so much better as other people think he ought to become, but he is certainly not made worse. A Christian profession encourages the growth of no vices; it affords no excuse for selfish indulgence or for dishonest conduct; it offers no opiates to relieve the stings of outraged conscience; it does not "debase the moral currency" by clothing sin in the garb of virtue, by speech or act. In short so far as it has influence at all, a Christian profession braces a man's moral nature, makes his conscience more tender, elevates his standard of duty, and makes of him in every way a better man.

If a religious life never harms but always helps a man, if Christianity blesses and blights wherever it goes, the man who points to the imperfections and inconsistencies of Christians as his reason for not entering the service of Christ convicts himself of the very sin he reproaches in others—insincerity. For nothing can be plainer than the fact that he is not giving his true reason for refusal. He is bound to admit—he always will admit, when pressed—that there are genuine Christians, and that a genuine religious life is a noble thing. That others are not living that life is a lamentable fact, but it has no bearing whatever on his own duty. "You admit that genuine religion is good; very well, why not be genuinely religious?" you say to him. And his reply is: "Because Smith and Jones are hypocrites."

The absurdity and irrelevance of his reason are evident—as evident to himself, one must think, as to anybody. So transparent a subterfuge can not long impose upon any one, even on him who uses it to deceive himself. The man must wake up to the fact in brief time that his answer is not an honest one. His admission that genuine religion is admirable leaves him no escape from the duty to become himself an example of that admirable thing—no escape, that is to say, but a simple refusal to do what he acknowledges to be his duty. Ah! there we have it, at last, the true reason why men will not be Christians. Their reason is the essence of unreason: a stubborn refusal, grounded on nothing of which they can give account to themselves or to others. Their "why not" is a will not, nothing more. They do not decline to follow Christ because of the imperfections of Christians, but because of a settled unwillingness to submit themselves to a Master. Their wills are set against God. They it is of whom the Apostle wrote: "The light is come into the world, and men loved the darkness rather than the light."—*N. Y. Examiner.*

PURE IN MIND AND HEART.

The Reverential and Religious Side of General Grant's Character.

Rev. Dr. Newman, in a recent letter, wrote as follows:

"I became his pastor in 1869. I have been his guest many times, and at all times in the White House at Washington or at his cottage in Long Branch, he always had family prayer, in which he usually requested me to lead. I have been with him in private and in public, and with all classes of people, yet I never heard him use a profane word or indulge in an improper story, nor have I ever seen him smile approvingly at an immodest story which some person present happened to have the audacity to relate. He was altogether the purest man in conversation of whom I ever had knowledge. During my pastorate of six years in Washington, which includes the greater part of his Presidency, he was a regular attendant at church. Storm of no kind ever kept him away. He was the most attentive and appreciative listener I ever had.

"Recurring to his love of family prayer, I recall a visit to his Long Branch cottage, where daily we had prayers after breakfast. One morning an English gentleman called while we were at the table. He remained so long that there was no opportunity that day for morning devotions. The next morning the President brought the old family Bible into the breakfast-room with him. Handing it over to me, he said: 'Doctor, we were cheated out of our prayers yesterday, but, to make sure that it shall not happen again, we will have devotions after this before breakfast.'

"Once I asked him, I remember, what he considered his most providential experience. Without hesitation he said: 'My resignation from the army in 1854. I was then a Captain. If I had staid in the army I would have been still a Captain on frontier duty at the outbreak of the war and would have been deprived of the right to offer my services voluntarily to the country. That opportunity shaped my future.'

"In connection with the sick room I have spoken of the prayerful spirit that pervaded it. I might add that the General never allowed suggestions for the relief of his infirmities to interfere with his reverence for the Sabbath. On Saturday night lately, when he was nervous and weary and very restless, his son, the Colonel, hoping to divert his mind, suggested some amusement. The General brightened at the idea of diversion, but presently, with a grave face, he inquired the hour. It was nearly midnight. 'Never mind,' the General said, with perfect resignation, 'it is too close to the Sabbath to commence any diversion.'"

CHOICE SELECTIONS.

—Not failure, but low aim, is crime.—*J. R. Lowell.*

—Peace in a sinful course is one of the greatest of curses.—*Bunyan.*

—The aching head may cease to throb when laid upon that softest pillow for human pain—"God knows."

—There is no leveler like Christianity, but it levels by lifting to lofty table-land accessible only to humanity. He only that is humble can rise, and, rising, lift.

—It is only cowardice that says: I have a miserable disposition, because my grandparents had the same. An individual to make use of another individual as an excuse! Very much of a slave is he to himself, if he allow himself to employ such a pretext in palliation of his want of effort.

—Christian charity is too often like a large bank-note which may be flourished on occasion to excite the wonder of by-standers, but which is never broken up into small change to meet every-day occasions. Little labors are the small change into which true charity is willing to be turned for life's common needs. Do not be content with merely discharging your charity by large professions of liberality, but prove it by those little deeds of pity and grace for which you may get no popular applause.—*S. S. Times.*

A BRIGHT BOY.

Getting Through the World Without Legs and Arms.

There are many who have to go through a part of life at least with the loss of an arm or a leg, and any one can realize in a measure the privations such a loss can occasion; but very few are called upon to exist without either, and very few realize the extent to which human ingenuity can provide means of compensation in such cases. Sometimes it seems as if nature gives what aid it can, and when the physical completeness has been denied sought to make up the deficiency with more than average mental gifts. Such observations might naturally occur to the individual who was acquainted with the son of G. B. Williams, of Mendon, Mass., who was born without arms and legs, and yet goes around the village and fills a worthy place in the youthful society of the town, with promise of an active and useful manhood in the years to come. The young man is twelve years of age. His features are rather old-looking for his years, and the expression is bright and intelligent. His language and look indicate a belief in his ability to take care of himself before a great while. He is nearly qualified to enter the high school of the town, and his handwriting is above the average. In accomplishing the latter work the pen is held under the chin, and with the aid of the shoulder the tracings are made.

He attends the public school and goes around the village without the aid of any other person, but the means to this end were not invented until within a year so, and not until after a long time of study upon the subject and trial of several aids, which proved by experiment to be of little use. He could get up and down stairs, put on his cap, and roll or throw himself from one point in the room to another without help, but to go much outside of the house it was necessary to carry him. Now he carries himself. For this purpose a pair of wheels similar to those on a boy's velocipede were procured and the axle padded. The boy rests his chest on the pad and by means of his imperfect lower limb propels himself around the town. It required some practice to learn to balance himself at first, but he soon overcame the difficulty. The wheels were obtained in Detroit, efforts to find the kind nearer home having been without success.

"I can go anywhere I want to," said the lad. "Can go down hill faster than a walk, but have to rest on up grades." He does not complain of any pain or trouble in the stomach from resting the weight of his body on it so much. In spite of his affliction and the way he is handicapped in the race for worldly rewards, he impresses the stranger as one who bids fair to make his mark by strong mental attainments.—*Boston Globe.*

THEY MOVED IT ON HIM.

How the Rural Sports Played It on the Detroit Betting Man.

A Detroiter who was spending several days in a town in the interior soon discovered that every villager whom he was introduced to had a fondness for betting. They'd bet on anything, from the color of a horse on the hill a mile and a half away to the number of flies which would light on a pane of glass in a given time. The Detroiter kept clear of any wagers for a day or two, and then put up a job. He got a string and secretly measured the distance from the hotel steps to a certain hitching post, and next day, when the betting fever began to rage, he showed his hand.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I am not a betting man, but seeing that you are anxious for a wager of some sort I'll lay twenty-five dollars that I can guess within a foot of the distance to that hitching post."

"Done!" cried the voice of the landlord, and the money was put up.

"Now, what do you guess?"

"Ninety-seven feet."

By his measure it was six inches more. He had measured the string twice over with a rule and he felt that he was twenty-five dollars ahead. One of the boys ran for a tape-line and the measure was taken in a manner no one could dispute. The figures were ninety-nine feet, and the landlord had won.

"I don't see how it is," muttered the Detroiter, but a second measurement verified the figures. It was a full hour before he recovered from the stunning blow. Then he walked over to the post and discovered that some time during the previous night, and probably soon after his measurement, it had been moved a foot and a half!—*Detroit Free Press.*

It is said that in England lovers remain engaged from three to five years. The English lover, however, doesn't have to buy ice-cream every week for his girl.—*Chicago Tribune.*

A POETESS sighs: "I sit all alone, I sit by myself, I sit all alone." If she would stop writing she might have more company.

THE GENERAL MARKETS.

KANSAS CITY, August 24			
CATTLE—Shipping steers	$4 25	@	5 00
Native cows	2 25	@	3 85
Butchers' steers	3 00	@	4 00
HOGS—Good to choice heavy	3 75	@	4 00
Light	2 90	@	3 00
WHEAT—No. 2 red	72	@	72½
No. 3 red	60	@	61
No. 2 soft	87	@	89
CORN—No. 2	33	@	34
OATS—No. 2	22	@	23
RYE—No. 2	42	@	42½
FLOUR—Fancy, per sack	1 95	@	2 05
HAY—Large baled	5 00	@	6 00
BUTTER—Choice creamery	17	@	20
CHEESE—Full cream	10	@	11
EGGS—Choice	10	@	11½
PORK—Ham	10	@	11
Shoulders	3 85	@	3 90
Sides	5 15	@	5 20
LARD	6	@	6¼
WOOL—Missouri unwashed	13	@	15
POTATOES—New	35	@	40
ST. LOUIS.			
CATTLE—Shipping steers	4 60	@	5 00
Butchers' steers	3 50	@	4 00
HOGS—Packing	4 70	@	4 90
SHEEP—Fair to choice	3 25	@	4 25
FLOUR—Choice	3 75	@	4 25
WHEAT—No. 2 red	91½	@	92½
CORN—No. 2	42	@	42½
OATS—No. 2	23	@	23½
RYE—No. 2	55½	@	56
BARLEY	50	@	59
BUTTER—Creamery	17	@	22
PORK	9 10	@	9 45
COTTON—Middling	9	@	10
CHICAGO.			
CATTLE—Shipping steers	4 20	@	6 10
HOGS—Packing and shipping	4 10	@	4 50
SHEEP—Fair to choice	1 75	@	4 00
FLOUR—Winter wheat	4 85	@	5 25
WHEAT—No. 2 red	86	@	87½
No. 3	81	@	82
No. 2 spring	81	@	81½
CORN—No. 2	45	@	45½
OATS—No. 2	25½	@	26½
RYE	56	@	56½
PORK	8 65	@	8 75
NEW YORK.			
CATTLE—Exports	5 00	@	6 40
HOGS—Good to choice	4 70	@	5 20
SHEEP—Common to good	3 00	@	4 85
FLOUR—Good to choice	5 30	@	5 50
WHEAT—No. 2 red	91½	@	91¾
CORN—No. 2	53½	@	53¾
OATS—Western mixed	33	@	35
PORK	10 50	@	10 75
PETROLEUM—United	97	@	98½

The Epidemic of

Whence comes this epid and murders? Recent di named several causes. Ho of Indiana, charges it to in —holding that hopelessnes state cripples fortitude fo ills. Another declares suffe universal business depressi third writer attributes it t sanity, a physician thin tendency is inherited advocates lay the r strong drink. Free-thinkers have c but so have orthodox chu cial straits have beset wealth have also taken th Insanity and dissipation suicides and family murder One feature common to such crime challenges atte nigh every report of suicide murder mentions the perpetrat "for some time been subject t choly." Whence comes this? All mind medical authorities tell us tha fire which consumes the brain is alwa kindled by derangements of digestion; th good digestion is impossible without pure blood, and pure blood is never known when the liver and kidneys are out of order. Under such circumstances, a preventive should be sought, and for this Warner's safe cure is sovereign—a fact conceded by the best authorities in the land, and it is especially commended by the celebrated Dr. Dio Lewis.—*Rochester Democrat.*

Meteorological Item.

It was in a smoking-room of an Atlantic steamer that a worthy Teuton was talking about weather forecasts.

"Look here," he said, "I tell you vat it is. You petter dond take no stock in dem vetter predictions. Dose beobles dond know noding. Dey can't tell no petter as I can."

"But, my dear sir," said a person near by, "they foretold the storm which we have just encountered."

"Vell, dat ish so," said the Teuton, "but I tell you vat it is. Dat storm vould haf come yust de same if it had not been predicted."—*Texas Siftings.*

"SHE tried her prentice hand on man,
And then she formed the issues O;
"What is woman's worth?" asked a fair
damsel of a crusty old bachelor. He did
not know, so she said: W. O. man (double
you O man). But a woman feels worth
little if disease has invaded her system and
is daily sapping her strength. For all female weaknesses, Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" stands unrivaled. It cures the complaint and builds up the system. Send two letter stamps for pamphlet to World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

A WELL-KNOWN New York tailor recently attempted to kill his wife, and subsequently committed suicide. This is evidently not a case of the survival of the "fittest."—*Life.*

Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets," Positively Popular; Provoke Praise; Prove Priceless; Peculiarly Prompt; Perceptibly Potent; Producing Permanent Profit; Precluding Pimples and Pustules; Promoting Purity and Peace. Purchase, Price, Pretty. Pharmacists Patronizing Pierce Procure Plenty.

A CHICAGO firm is introducing wooden slippers into this country. The small boy is all in a sweat for fear that his mother will take it into her head to buy a pair.—*Burlington Free Press.*

PIKE'S TOOTHACHE DROPS cure in 1 minute. The GERMAN CORN REMOVER kills Corns & Bunions.

"LOOKING at your drawing imbues me with an artistic fever," remarked Smythe to Miss Lulu last evening. "It ought to; it's sketching," quietly replied Lulu.—*Philadelphia Call.*

Use the great specific for "cold in head" and catarrh—Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

JAPANESE fans sell from three cents up to $10. The former are the best for use. It is easier to "raise the wind" at that price.—*Norristown Herald.*

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