

BUSINESS SIGNS.

THEY ARE NOW OF AN ENCOURAGING NATURE.

Financial and Commercial Reports Good, and Legislation Being Pushed at a Galloping Rate—The Era of Prosperity Is Now Fairly With Us.

(Washington Correspondence.) There are unmistakable signs of business improvement, not only here but in all parts of the country, and reflected here. The reports of the banks, the reports of the commercial agencies, the reports of the merchants, the reports of their traveling salesmen and, above all, the reports which the members of congress are receiving from their constituents are all encouraging.

The most accurate business barometer is that which indicates the progress of business among the banks of the country. If their loans and discounts are heavy it is an evidence that the business men are preparing for re-entering into active business pursuits. The May reports to the comptroller of the currency show a much improved condition of the national banks of the great cities in this particular. Their loans and discounts are increasing, individual deposits are heavy and there is a general tone of improvement and an evidence of business revival which will increase from month to month when business is able to adjust itself to the new tariff.

More Southern Protectionists.

The protection party in the senate received another acquisition to its ranks this week in the transfer of Hon. J. C. McLaurin from the house to the senate, to succeed the late Senator Earle of South Carolina. Mr. McLaurin's speeches in the house during the consideration of the Dingley bill were strongly in favor of protection and against the democratic theory of free raw material. There were already five southern protectionists in the senate and thirty in the house. Mr. McLaurin's transfer to the senate strengthens the protection wing in that body, and it is probable that he will be succeeded by another protection democrat from his own district in the house.

Gold Scorned by Democrats.

The political outlook for the gold Democrats is not very cheering when they turn their faces in the direction of the so-called democracy. In New York, New Jersey, Virginia, Ohio, Kentucky, Iowa and in pretty much every state where there are to be elections this fall the free coinage of silver is being made a leading issue, and such "leaders" of that party as William Jennings Bryan and Richard Parks Hland are loudly proclaiming that there is no place in that party for men who do not believe in the free and unlimited coinage of silver.

Secretary Gage Hopeful.

Secretary Gage, who has an excellent opportunity for feeling the busi-

ness pulse of the country, in his recent meeting with the business and commercial men of four great cities at Cincinnati and during his visit to the eastern cities, expresses himself as very much gratified with the outlook.



"The commercial clubs which met at Cincinnati," said he, "are composed of representative commercial and manufacturing men from four great cities of the country—Boston, Chicago, St. Louis and Cincinnati. They are the heads of the greatest commercial and manufacturing houses of these great cities. Each one of them is in touch with his representatives in all parts of the country, and thus obtains information concerning business conditions all over the United States. Take such a man as Mr. Armour, for instance; he has hundreds of representatives located in not only all the great cities, but the smaller places of the country, and of course is in touch with them constantly and able to

THEIR CUPS ARE EMPTY.



Judge of business conditions the country over. The same may be said to a great extent, perhaps, of Marshall Field, whose business lines bring him in touch with every part of the United States. Another Chicago house represented there does a large business in the manufacture of elevators, engines and other products of that class. Mr. Pullman reaches through his sleeping car system of course every part of the country, and is able to accurately diagnose business conditions and judge of business activity or the reverse. I mention these Chicago houses not because they are more representative, but because I know of them more in detail in a personal way. The representatives of other cities and other lines of business have equal facilities for judging of business conditions and of the feelings of the business public the country over.

"I was gratified to find," continued Mr. Gage, "a very satisfactory feeling among those gentlemen, who thus formed their opinions by their contact with the business and commercial men in all parts of the country. They reported a better business condition and better feeling than has been realized for a long time. By this I mean not an extreme growth of activity, but a marked improvement, and one which is accompanied by confidence on their part, that it is the beginning of a permanent improvement. We have, of course, seen in the past spurts of business improvement which were only temporary, but the feeling among these gentlemen was that the improvement which they observed is likely to be permanent and to continue to increase with such legislation as will assure them regarding currency as well as tariff."

"Your assurance, then, Mr. Secretary, of action regarding financial matters following the tariff must have been gratifying to them?"

"Yes. A great many of them so expressed themselves to me. They all recognize, I think, the importance of having early action upon the tariff, so that that question may be out of the way, and manufacturers and merchants may know what to depend upon, but they do desire legislation after that upon the currency question, and expressed great satisfaction that they have reason to believe that it will come. The general impression among them was that with the proper legislation, which we have reason to believe will be had, the business improvement which is now beginning to be felt will continue to increase, and that a season of prosperity will follow."

"Do you think that the free silver sentiment is as strong as it was three months ago?"

"Of course, the people with whom I came in contact represent the cities only, so that I could not judge so accurately from what they personally know; but it is quite apparent, not only from what I learn through them, but from other sources, that the silver sentiment is on the decline. Events of the past few months have been decidedly adverse to it, and must have had a depressing influence upon its advocates and upon the theory itself. Japan, for instance, to which they called particular attention during the campaign as a shining example of free silver prosperity, has adopted a gold standard. So have Peru and Russia, and the tendency among other silver-using countries seems to be in that direction. All these things, coupled with the continuous fall in the price of silver, is not only showing people the unwisdom of the proposition which these leaders so strenuously advocated, but are showing to those leaders themselves the improbability of inducing the American people to again support such a proposition.

G. H. WILLIAMS.

Gladness.

It was a choice between two policies as radically opposed as those championed by Lincoln and Douglas a generation ago. It is only a question of time when even the defeated party will be as glad that Cleveland won in 1892 as all of us now are that Lincoln won in 1860.—N. Y. Evening Post, November 21, 1892.

How glad we were, and how glad we have been ever since, "that Cleveland won in 1892." And so "glad" has the Evening Post been since 1892 that it has not always extended the "glad" hand to him.

Stop Robbing Labor.

A bill that even Grover Cleveland refused to sign and approve should have no place among American laws. Put a good republican bill in the place of the free-trade monstrosity that robs our wage-earners of upward of a million dollars during each and every day of its existence.

Blaine's Words Promised Prosperity. The commercial history of the United States has been a history of alternate waves of depression and prosperity. They recur with unvarying uniformity, nor is there much difference in the duration of each period. Blaine in his work, "Twenty Years in Congress," charged these fickle conditions to tariff changes. He conclusively showed that whenever the Democrats secured control of the government a low tariff immediately followed and a panic invariably followed the low tariff. The panic caused the overthrow of the Democratic party, whereupon the Whigs, and later the Republicans, rode into power, restored the tariff, and prosperity immediately ensued. This has been the commercial record of the United States. It has never been disputed, for it is cold history, as distinctly marked as wars and presidential successions.

This being the case, we are evidently entering upon a season of renewed prosperity. The next three or four years ought to be a period of good times. And the indications will probably be realized. It pleases the business class all over the country to believe so at any rate, and the business class is never very far wrong where its cash box is concerned.—San Francisco Call.

Need Adequate Protection.



The Farmers Doing Better.

Here is what the Popke (Kansas) Capital has to say about those people who, like Mr. Bryan, are dissatisfied because the republican party, in less than three months, is unable to entirely undo and rectify the errors which it took the last administration four years to commit. The Capital says:

No sensible person ever said, and no reasonable person ever expected the blunders of four years to be all corrected and everything made lovely in the twinkling of an eye. Reasonable people will be willing to wait until McKinley and his party have had time to crystallize their notions into law, and get the governmental machinery to running in harmony with their notions before criticising them.

But we'd like to ask these disgruntled editors if the mere anticipation of these things hasn't already started a pretty good-sized wave of prosperity?

Have you heard anything since the 4th of March about the gold reserve playing out and bonds being issued to maintain it?

And will you please name a single thing that the Kansas farmer raises that does not bring a better price than it did a year or six months ago?

How is it with cattle? How is it with hogs? How is it with sheep? How is it with wool? How is it with wheat? How is it with corn? How is it with everything on the market, except, possibly, Pop Legislators? They are cheap, very cheap.

Why Not?

If it is a solemn duty to redeem the pledge that was made to restore a protective tariff, why is it not equally obligatory to redeem that other solemn pledge to restore the early American policy of discriminating duties?

Kill It.

Kill the free-trade tariff and wipe every vestige of democratic "parody and dishonor" from our statute books.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"THE FIRST WOMAN" LAST SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

"And When the Woman Saw that the Tree Was Good for Food and Desired to Make One Like She, She Took of the Fruit Thereof—Gen. 3:6."

IT IS the first Saturday afternoon in the world's existence. Ever since sunrise Adam has been watching the brilliant pageantry of wings and scales and clouds, and in his first lessons in zoology and ornithology he has noticed that the robins fly the air in twos, and that the fish swim the water in twos, and that the lions walk the fields in twos, and in the warm recollection of that Saturday afternoon he falls off into slumber; and as if by allegory to teach all ages that the greatest of earthly blessings is sound sleep, this paradisaical somnolence ends with the discovery on the part of Adam of a corresponding intelligence just landed on a new planet. Of the mother of all the living I speak—Eve, the first, the fairest, and the best.

I make me a garden. I inlay the paths with mountain moss, and I border them with pearls from Ceylon and diamonds from Golconda. Here and there are fountains tossing in the sunlight and ponds that ripple under the padding of the swans. I gather me lilies from the Amazon, and orange groves from the tropics, and tamarinds from Goyaz. There are woodbine and honeysuckle climbing over the wall, and starred spaniels sprawling themselves on the grass. I invite amid these trees the lark, and the brown thrasher and the robin, and all the brightest birds of heaven, and they stir the air with infinite chirp and carol. And yet the place is a desert filled with darkness and death as compared with the residence of the woman of my text, the subject of my story. Never since have such skies looked down through such leaves into such waters! Never has river wave had such curve and sheen and bank as adorned the Pison, the Havilah, the Gihon, and the Hiddekel, even the pebbles being bdellium and onyx stone! What fruits, with no curculio to sting the rind! What flowers, with no slug to gnaw the root! What atmosphere, with no frost to chill and with no heat to consume! Bright colors tangled in the grass. Perfume in the air. Music in the sky. Great scene of gladness and love and joy.

Right there under a bower of leaf and vine and shrub occurred the first marriage. Adam took the hand of this immaculate daughter of God and pronounced the ceremony when he said: "Bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh." A forbidden tree stood in the midst of that exquisite park. Eve sauntering out one day alone looks up at the tree and sees the beautiful fruit, and wonders if it is sweet, and wonders if it is sour, and standing there, says: "I think I will just put my hand upon the fruit; it will do no damage to the tree; I will not take the fruit to eat, but I will just take it down to examine it." She examined the fruit. She said: "I do not think there can be any harm in my just breaking the rind of it." She put the fruit to her teeth, she tasted, she allowed Adam also to taste the fruit, the door of the world opened, and the monster Sin entered. Let the heavens gather blackness, and the winds sigh on the bosom of the hills, and cavern, and desert, and earth, and sky join in one long, deep, hell-rending howl—"The world is lost!"

Beasts that before were harmless and full of play put forth claw, and sting, and tooth, and tusk. Birds whet their beak for prey. Clouds troop in the sky. Sharp thorns shoot up through the soft grass. Blasting on the leaves. All the chords of that great harmony are snapped. Upon the brightest home this world ever saw our first parents turned their back and led forth on a path of sorrow the broken-hearted myriads of a ruined race.

Do you not see, in the first place, the danger of a poorly regulated inquisitiveness? She wanted to know how the fruit tasted. She found out, but six thousand years have deplored that unhealthful curiosity. Healthful curiosity has done a great deal for letters, for art, for science, and for religion. It has gone down into the depths of the earth with the geologist and seen the first chapter of Genesis written in engraving on rock, and it stood with the antiquarian while he blew the trumpet of resurrection over buried Herculaneum and Pompeii, until from their sepulchres there came up shaft and terrace and amphitheater. Healthful curiosity has enlarged the telescopic vision of the astronomer until worlds hidden in the distant heavens have trooped forth and have joined the choir praising the Lord. Planet weighed against planet and wildest comet lassoed with resplendent law. Healthful curiosity has gone down and found the tracks of the eternal God in the polypi and the starfish under the sea and the majesty of the great Jehovah encamped under the gorgeous curtains of the dahlia. It has studied the spots on the sun, and the larva in a beach leaf, and the light under a fre-fly's wing, and the terrible eye-glance of a condor pitching from Chimborazo. It has studied the myriads of animalcules that make up the phosphorescence in a ship's wake, and the mighty maze of suns, and spheres, and constellations, and galaxies that blaze on in the march of God. Healthful cur-

iosity has stood by the inventor until forces that were hidden for ages came to wheels, and levers, and shafts and shuttles—forces that fly the air, or swim the sea, or cleave the mountain, until the earth jars, and roars, and rings, and crackles, and booms with strange mechanism, and ships with nostrils of hot steam and yokes of fire, draw the continents together.

I say nothing against healthful curiosity. May it have other Leyden jars, and other electric batteries, and other voltaic piles, and other magnifying-glasses, with which to storm the barred castles of the natural world until it shall surrender its last secret. We thank God for the geological curiosity of Professor Hitchcock, and the mechanical curiosity of Liebig, and the zoological curiosity of Cuvier, and the inventive curiosity of Edison; but we must admit that unhealthful and irregular inquisitiveness has rushed thousands and tens of thousands into ruin.

Eve just tasted the fruit. She was curious to find out how it tasted, and that curiosity blasted her and blasted all nations. So there are clergymen in this day inspired by unhealthful inquisitiveness who have tried to look through the keyhole of God's mysteries—mysteries that were barred and bolted from all human inspection, and they have wrenched their whole moral nature out of joint by trying to pluck fruit from branches beyond their reach or have come out on limbs of the tree from which they have tumbled into ruin without remedy. A thousand trees of religious knowledge from which we may eat and get advantage; but from certain trees of mystery how many have plucked their ruin! Election, free agency, trinity, resurrection—in the discussion of these subjects hundreds and thousands of people ruin the soul. There are men who actually have been kept out of the kingdom of heaven because they could not understand who Melchisedec was not!

Oh, how many have been destroyed by an unhealthful inquisitiveness! It is seen in all directions. There are those who stand with the eye-stare and mouth-gape of curiosity. They are the first to hear a falsehood, and build it another story high and two wings to it. About other people's apparel, about other people's business, about other people's financial condition, about other people's affairs, they are over-anxious. Every nice piece of gossip stops at their door, and they fatten and luxuriate in the endless round of the great world of tittle-tattle. They invite and sumptuously entertain at their house Colonel Twaddle and Esquire Chitchat and Governor Smalltalk. Whoever hath an innuendo, whoever hath a scandal, whoever hath a valuable secret, let him come and sacrifice it to this Goddess of Splutter. Thousands of Adams and Eves do nothing but eat fruit that does not belong to them. Men quite well known as mathematicians falling in this computation of moral algebra: good sense plus good breeding, minus curiosity, equals minding your own affairs!

Observe also in this subject how repelling sin is when appended to great attractiveness. Since Eve's death there has been no such perfection of womanhood. You could not suggest an attractiveness to the body or suggest any refinement to the manner. You could add no gracefulness to the gait, no lustre to the eye, no sweetness to the voice. A perfect God made her a perfect woman, to be the companion of a man in a perfect home, and her entire nature vibrated in accord with the beauty and song of Paradise. But she rebelled against God's government, and with the same hand with which she plucked the fruit she launched upon the world the crimes, the wars, the tumults that have set the universe a-walling.

A terrible offset to all her attractiveness. We are not surprised when we find men and women naturally vulgar going into transgression. We expect that people who live in the ditch shall have the manners of the ditch; but how shocking when we find sin appended to superior education and to the refinements of social life! The accomplishments of Mary Queen of Scots make her patronage of Darnley, the profligate, the more appalling. The genius of Catharine II. of Russia only sets forth in more powerful contrast her unappeasable ambition. The translations from the Greek and the Latin by Elizabeth, and her wonderful qualifications for a queen, make the more disgusting her capriciousness of affection and her hotness of temper. The greatness of Byron's mind makes the more alarming the Byron's sensuality.

Let no one think that refinement of manner or exquisiteness of taste or superiority of education can in any wise apologize for ill-temper, for an oppressive spirit, for unkindness, for any kind of sin. Disobedience Godward and transgression manward can give no excuse. Accomplishment heaven-high is no apology for vice hell-deep.

My subject also impresses me with the regal influence of woman. When I see Eve with this powerful influence over Adam and over the generations that have followed, it suggests to me the great power all women have for good or for evil. I have no sympathy, nor have you, with the hollow flatteries showered upon woman from the platform and the stage. They mean nothing; they are accepted as nothing. Woman's nobility consists in the exercise of a Christian influence; and when I see this powerful influence of Eve upon her husband and upon the whole human race, I make up my mind that the frail arm of woman can strike a blow which will resound through all eternity down among the dungeons or up among the thrones.

Of course, I am not speaking of representative women—of Eve, who ruined

the race by one fruit-picking; of Judah who drove a spike through the head of Sisera the warrior; of Esther, who overcame royalty; of Abigail, who stopped a host by her own beautiful prowess; of Mary, who nursed the world's savior; of Grandmother Leta, immortalized in her grandson Timothy; of Charlotte Corday, who drove the dagger through the heart of the assassin of her lover; or of Marie Antoinette, who by one look from the balcony of her castle quieted a mob, her own scaffold the throne of forgiveness and womanly courage. I speak not of these extraordinary persons, but of those who, unambitious for political power, as wives and mothers and sisters and daughters, attend to the thousand sweet offices of home.

When at last we come to calculate the forces that decided the destiny of nations, it will be found that the mightiest and grandest influence came from home, where the wife cheered up despondency and fatigue and sorrow by her own sympathy, and the mother trained her child for heaven, starting the little feet on the path to the Celestial City; and the sisters by their gentleness refined the manners of the brother; and the daughters were diligent in their kindness to the aged, throwing wreaths of blessings on the road that leads father and mother down the steep of years. God bless our homes! And may the home on earth be the vestibule of our home in heaven, in which place may we all meet—father, mother, son, daughter, brother, sister, grandfather and grandmother and grandchild, and the entire group of precious ones, of whom we must say in the words of transporting Charles Wesley:

One family we dwell in him,
One church above, beneath;
Though now divided by the stream—
The narrow stream of death;
One army of the living God,
To his command we bow;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

LORD NELSON'S KINDNESS.

A Charming Anecdote Showing His Remarkable Human Fellowship.

Capt. Mahan, in his "Life of Nelson," just published, claims the following as an original story showing the inherent kindness of the great sailor. The Fleet letters had just been sent off, when Nelson saw a midshipman come up and speak to Lieut. Pasco, the signal officer, who, upon hearing what was said, stamped his foot in evident vexation and uttered an exclamation. The admiral, of whose nearness Pasco was unaware, called him and asked what was the matter.

"Nothing that need trouble your lordship," was the reply.

"You are not the man to lose your temper for nothing," rejoined Nelson. "What was it?"

"Well, if you must know, my lord, I will tell you. You see that commaine" pointing to one of the most eminent of the petty officers. "We have not a better man on board the Victoria, and the message which put me out was this. I was told that he was on his way receiving and getting off the mailbag that he forgot to drop his own letter into one of them, and he has just discovered it in his pocket!"

"Hoist the signal to bring her back," was Nelson's instant command. "Who knows that he may not fall in action tomorrow? His letter shall go with the rest." And the dispatch vessel was brought back for that alone.

The Strongest Dinner.

Perhaps the most remarkable dinner on record was that given by an antiquary named Goebel, in the city of Brussels. At the dinner were apples that ripened more than 1,800 years ago, bread made from wheat grown before the children of Israel passed through the Red Sea, and spread with butter that was made when Elizabeth was Queen of England. The repast was washed down with wine that was old when Columbus was playing with the boys of Genoa. The apples were from an earthen jar taken from the ruins of Pompeii. The wheat was taken from a chamber in one of the pyramids, the butter from a stone shelf in an old well in Scotland, where for several centuries it had lain in an earthen crock in icy water, and the wine was recovered from an old vault in the city of Corinth. There were six guests at the table, and each had a mouthful of the bread and a teaspoonful of the wine, and was permitted to help himself bountifully to the butter, there being several pounds of it. The apple jar held about two-thirds of a gallon. The fruit was sweet and as finely flavored as if it had been preserved but a few months.

In Sweet Simplicity.

Truth in sweet simplicity expresses the thoughts that bind and the words that burn conviction in human understanding, and steadily, with unflinching eye, detects and discloses to the brave spirit that stands by what it believes. One has said that "truth, like light, travels in straight lines"—that it is a divine essence.—Philadelphia Methodist.

Taken from Life.

Manager—I wish to congratulate you. You have managed to draw a picture of absolutely consummate repulsiveness for your villain. Author—Thanks, very fully; but the compliment is due to my better half. It is a description of me by my wife when I refused to buy her a new bonnet.—Tit-Bits.

Nonchalantly Speaking.

Skillet—So you traded your old bones for this one, did you? What did you get to boot? Skillet—Myself.—New York Tribune.