

## THE TITHING MAN.

His face was built on the Gothic plan, And grim was the glare of the tithing-

man.

He lived in the old pod-auger days,
When the garb was bombazine and baize;
When the candle-mold and loom and
swifts
Were the handlest things for wedding

Were the handiest things for wedding gifts;
In the days when people could not shirk On mute machines the hardest work, But buckled down the long week through To what their hands could find to do, With grit and grace and elbow-grease, Till Saturday night brought blest release. Then off to church on Sunday they Obediently pursued their way.

At forenoon session and afternoon Heard the Scripture and droned a tune, Then sat them down with upcocked head To listen to what the parson said.

And then was the time when they risked the ban Of the solemn and taciturn tithing-man.

Oh, the tithing-man, the tithing-man!
Up at the front he'd sit and scan
The rugged faces for row on row
Like sunflowers turned to Phoebus' glow.
But Morpheus daily by Duty balked
Now sought his chance while the parson
talked.
He poked his fingers in listening ears,
He stroked down eyelids and calmed the
fears

fears Till head drooped here and head drooped

there
Under the parson's somber glare.
Most of them merely quaffed a sip
Of the draft that Morpheus held to lip,
Then yanked their chins and snapped
their eyes
And stared around with grave surprise.
But others dipped and dipped,
Ratching their heads. And then they
slipped
Over the border and under the bar

slipped Over the border and under the ban Of that vigilant tyrant, the tithing-man.

Oh, the tithing-man, the tithing-man! Foe to slumber! Observe his plan: Yon is a plump and worthy dame Who is tired by distaff and quilting-

You is a free by distant and frame.

The wearies and worries of six days past Have chased her, and caught her in church at last.

Her lips are open, and wafting through Is the soothing whisper of "Ook-apf-

Is the soothing whisper of "Ook-apf fo-o-o!"

The smile on her face is rapt and blest, And pity it is she may not rest!
But the tithing-man of callous soul
Poises deftly his lengthy pole.
And the end with its tickly rabbit's foot
Under her nose is softly put,
And lo! from the blest Lethean shore
She is back to her cares and toils one more.

Put to him who sits on the other side.

But to him who sits on the other side No fluffy touch is thus applied.

His toil-gnarled hands on his lap are crossed,

Mem'ries of back-bent work are lost,
And all at once his head tips back
And his nose like a bugle yelps: "Aow-rak-k-k!"
That sound has shocked the mentor's soul.
There's a hard, round knob on that lengthy pole,
And the luckless head receives a "tunk"
That brings it down from the clouds, kerchunk!
And eyes that were closed on the things

And eyes that were closed on the things And eyes that were closed on the thing of earth,
Beholding in dreams fair food for mirth,
Unclose alarmed in this solemn place
To blink appeal at the frosty face—
That face severe in its Gothic plan,
The face of the glowering tithing-man.
—Holman F. Day, in Youth's Companion

D'ri and I By IRVING BACHELLER

Author of "Eben Holden." "Darrel of the Biessed Isles," Etc.

CHAPTER XII.-CONTINUED.

I had a high notion, those days, of the duty of a soldier. My father had always told me there was no greater glory for anybody than that of a brave death. Somehow the feeling got to be part of me. While I had little fear of death, I dreaded to be shot like & felon. But I should be dying for my country, and that feeling seemed to light the shadows. When I fell asleep, after much worry, it was to dream of my three countrymen who had fallen to their faces there by the corn. awoke to find the guard in our cell, and D'ri and he whispering together. He had come with our breakfast.
"All I want," D'ri was saying, "is a

piece of iron, with a sharp end, hal es long es yer arm."

He made no answer, that big, sullen g man who trought our food to When he had gone, D'ri lay over and began laughing under his breaath

"His thinker's goin' luk a sawmill, he whispered. "Would n't wonder e it kep' 'im awake nights. He was ask in' 'bout thet air tew thousand dol-lars. Ef they 'll let us alone fer three days, we'll be out o' here. Now, you mark my word."

"How?" I inquired.

"Jest a leetle job o' slidin' downhill," 'he said. "There's a big drain-pipe goes under this cell—t' the river, prob'ly. He says it 's bigger 'n a barrel."

We saved our candle that day, and walked up and down, from wall to wall, for exercise. Our hopes were high when we heard footsteps, but they fell suddenly, for, as we listened, we could hear the tramp of a squad of men. They came to our cell, and took us upstairs, blind-folded as before, to a bath-room, where the uniforms, discarded the day of our capture, were waiting for us, newly pressed. Our bath over, they directed us to put them on. They gave us new hats, for our own had been lost the night of the wreck, covered our eyes, and led us through many doors and alleys into the open air. It was dark, I knew, for as we entered a carriage I could dimly see the glow of a lantern hanging over the wheel. The carriage went away swiftly on a level We sat knee to knee, with two men facing us, and not a word We could hear hoofs falling the rattle of bit and rein, the creak of saddle-leather on each side of us. We must have gone a long journey when the carriage halted. They pulled us out roughly and let us up three steps and across is deep veranda. A

light fell on us, filtering to our eyes. Entering, we could feel a carpet un-der us, and took a dozen paces or more before they bade us halt. We heard only the low-spoken order and the soft tread of our feet. There was a dead silence when they removed our fetters and unbound our eyes. We were standing in a big and sumptuous drawing-room. A company of gentlemen sat near us in arm-chairs; there were at least a score of them. Round tables of old mahogany stood near, on which were glasses and packs of cards and wine-bottles. The young man who sat with the

general and answered to "your Lordship" was approaching me, hand ex-

"Glad to see you; sit down," he said in the same quiet, languid, forceful tone I had heard before.

It was all very odd. The guards were gone; we were apparently as free as any of them.

"I shall try to make you comfortable," he said. A servant began filling a row of glasses. "We have here wine and wit and all the accessories, including women. I should introduce you,



THIMP!" IT WHISPERED AND BARE BONES OF THE DEAD FIN GERS STIRRED IMPATIENTLY.

but I have not the honor of your ac quaintance. Let it suffice to say these are my friends" (he turned to those who sat about), "and gentlemen, these are my enemies," he added, turning to "Let us hope they may die happy."
"And with a fighting chance," I

added, lifting the glass without tasting it.

D'ri sat, his brows lifted, his hands in his pockets, his legs crossed. looked curiously from one to another.

"Horton," said his lordship, sat down, leaning lazily on the arm of his chair, "will you have them bring down the prisoners?'

The servant left the room. Some of the men were talking together in low tones; they were mostly good-look

ing and well dressed.
"Gentlemen," said his lordship, rising suddenly, "I'm going to turn you out of here for a moment-they're a shy lot. Won't you go into the library?'

They all arose and went out of a door save one, a bald man of middle age, half tipsy, who begged of his "Ludship" the privilege of remaining.
"Sir Charles," said the young man,

still lounging in his chair as he spoke in that cold calm tone of his, "you annoy me. Go at once!" and he went.

They covered our faces with nap-kins of white linen. Then we heard heavy steps, the clink of scabbards on a stairway, the feet of ladies, and the swish of their gowns. With a quick movement our faces were uncovered. I rose to my feet, for there before me stood Louison and the Baroness de Ferre, between two guards, and, bebehind them, Louise, her eyes covered, her beautiful head bent low. I could see that she was crying. The truth came to me in a flash of thought. They had been taken after we left; they were prisonlooking at one another with no sign of recognition. My face may have shown the surprise and horror in me but shortly I recovered my stony calm. The ladies were dressed finely, with the taste and care I had so much admired. Louison turned away from me with a splendid dignity and stood looking up at the wall, her hands behind her, a toe of one shoe tapping the floor impatiently. It was a picture to remember a lifetime. I could feel my pulse quicken as I looked upon her. baroness stood, sober-faced, her eyes looking down, her fan moving slowly. His lordship rose and came to Lou-

"Come, now, my pretty prisoner; it is disagreeable, but you must forgive me," he said.

She turned away from him, drying her eyes. Then presently their beauty shone upon me.

"Grace au ciel!" she exclaimed, a great joy in her eyes and voice. M'sieur Bell. Sister—baroness—it is M'sieur Bell!"

I advanced to meet her, and took her hand, kissing it reverently. She covered her face, her hand upon my shoulder, and wept in silence. If it meant my death, I should die thanking God I knew, or thought I knew, that she loved me.

"Ah, yes; it is M'sieur Bell-poor fellow!" said Louison, coming quickly to me. "And you, my dear, you are Ma'm'selle Louise."

She spoke quickly in French, as if quite out of patience with the poor diplomacy of her sister.

"I knew it was you, for I saw the emerald on your finger," she added, turning to me, "but I could not tell

"I am glad, I am delighted, that she spoke to me," I said. I desired to save the fair girl, whose heart was ever as society for its initiations. We the fair girl, whose heart was ever as child's, any sorrow for what she had done. "I was about to speak myself. It is so great a pleasure to see you all could not longer endure silence.

"They made us prisoners; they bring us here. Oh, m'sieur, it is terrible!" said the baroness "And he is such a horrible-looking

monkey!" said Louison.

"Do they treat you well?" I asked. "We have a big room and enough to It is not a bad prison, but it is one terrible plase," said the baroness. "There is a big wall; we cannot go beyond it."

"And that hairy thing! He is in love with Louise. He swears he will never let us go," said Louison, in a

whisper, as she came close to me, "un-less she will marry him."

"Ah! a tea-party," said his lordship, coming toward us. "Pardon the interruption. I have promised to return these men at nine. It is now 10 minutes of the hour. Ladies, I wish you all a very good night."

He bowed politely. They pressed my hand, leaving me with such anxiety in their faces that I felt it more than my own peril. Louison gave me a tender look out of her fine eyes, and the thought of it was a light to my soul in many an hour of darkness She had seemed so cool, so nonchalant, I was surprised to feel the tremor in her nerves. I knew not words to say when Louise took my hand.

"Forgive me-good-by!" said she It was a faint whisper out of trembling lips.

"Have courage!" I called as they went away.

I was never in such a fierce temper as when, after they had gone above-stairs, I could hear one of them weeping. D'ri stood quietly beside me, his arms folded.

"Whut ye gotn' t' dew with them air women?" he asked, turning to the young man.

"I beg you will give me time to consider," said his lordship, calmly, as he lighted a cigarette.

There was a quick move in the big ower of bone and muscle beside me. laid hold of D'ri's elbow and bade him stop, or I fear his lordship's drawing-room, his lordship, and ourselves would presently have had some need of repair. Four guards who seemed to be waiting in the hall entered hurriedly, the shackles in hand,

"No haste," said his lordship, more pleasantly than ever. "Stand by and wait my orders."
"D' ye wan' t' know whut I think o

you?" said D'ri looking down at him his eyes opening wide, his brow wrinkling into long furrows

"I make a condition," said his lord ship: "do not flatter me." "Yer jest a low-lived, mis'ble, wuth

less pup," said D'ri. "Away with them!" said his lordship, flicking the ashes off a cigarette as he rose and walked hurriedly

CHAPTER XIII.

out of the room.

The waiting guards laid hold of us in a twinkling, and others came crowding the doors. They shackled our hands behind us, and covered our eyes again. Dark misgivings of what was to come filled me, but I bore all in silence. They shoved us roughly out of doors, and there I could tell the up to no child's play. A loud jeer burst from the mouths of many as we came staggering out. I could hear the voices of a crowd. They hurried us into a carriage.

We demand the prisoners!" a mar shouted near me.

Then I could her them scuffling with the guards, who, I doubt not, were doing their best to hold them back. In a moment I knew the mob had possession of us and the soldiers were being hustled away. D'ri sat shoulder to shoulder with me. I could feel his muscles tighten; could hear the cracking of his joints and grinding of the shackle-chain. "Judas Pr-r-i-e-st!"

he grunted, straining at iron. Two men leaped into carriage. There was a crack of the taken after we left, they were taken after brought here to identify us. A whip, and the horses went off boundike quickness of perception had aping. We could hear horsemen all about us and wagons following. I had a stout heart in me those days, but in all my life I had never taken a ride so little to my liking. We went over rough roads, up hill and down, for an

hour or more. I could see in prospect no better destination than our graves, and, indeed, I was not far wrong. Well, by and by we came to a town somewhere—God knows where. I have never seen it or known the name of it, or even that of the prison where we were first in mured. I could tell it was a town by the rumble of the wheels and each echoing hoof-beat. The cavalcade was all about us, and now and then we could hear the sound of voices far behind. The procession slowed horsemen jammed to the left of us the carriage halted. I could hear foot-steps on a stone pavement. "You 're late," said a low voice at

the carriage door. "It 's near eleven." "Lot o' fooling with the candidates. said one of the horsemen, quietly. "Everything ready?"

'Everything ready," was the answer. The carriage door swung open "We get out here," said one of the

men who sat with us. I alighted. On each side of me some oody put his hand on my shoulder. could see the glow of a lantern-light close to my face. I knew there was a crowd of men around, but I could hear nothing save now and then a whisper

"Wall, Ray," said D'ri, who stood by my side, "hol' stiddy 'n' don't be scairt."

"Do as they tell ye," a stranger whispered in my ear. "No matter what 't is, do as they tell ye."

went on through a narrow hall, and up a winding flight that seemed to me interminable. Above it, as we stopped, the man who was leading me rapped thrice on a rattling wooden door. It broke the silence with a loud echoing noise. I could hear then the sliding of a panel and a faint whispering and the sound of many feet ascending the stairs below. The door swung open presently, and we were led in where I could see no sign of any light. They took me alone across a light. wide bare floor, where they set me down on some sort of platform and left me, as I thought. Then I could hear the whispered challenge at door and one after another entering and crossing the bare floor on tiptoe Hundreds were coming in, it seemed to me. Suddenly a deep silence fell in that dark place of evil. The blindfold went whisking off as if a ghostly hand had taken it. But all around me was the darkness of a pit. I could ee and I could hear nothing but a faint whisper, high above me, like that of pine boughs moving softly in a light breeze. I could feel the air upon my I thought I must have moved out of door by magic. It seemed as if I was sitting under the trees alone. Out of the black silence an icy hand fell suddenly upon my brow. I flinched, feeling it move slowly downward over my shoulder. I could hear no breathing, no rustle of garments near me. In the dead silence I got a feeling that the hand touching me had no body behind it. I was beyond the reach of fear-I was in a way prepared for anything but the deep, heart-shaking horror that sank under the cold damp touch of those fingers. They laid hold of my elbow firmly, lifting as if to indicate that I was to rise. did so, moving forward passively as it drew me on. To my astonishment was unable to hear my own footfall or that of my conductor. I thought we were walking upon soft earth. Crossing our path in front of me I could see, in the darkness, a gleaming line. We moved slowly, standing still as our toes covered it. Then suddenly a light flashed from before and below A cold sweat came out upon me; I staggered back to strong hands that were laid upon my shoulders, forcing me to the line again. By that flash of light I could see that I was standing on the very brink of some black abyss indeed, my toes had crossed the edge The light came again, flickerof it. ing and then settling into a steady glow. The opening seemed to have a grassy bottom some 10 feet below. In front of me the soil bristled, on that lower level, with some black pointed plant: there were at least a score of them. As I looked I saw they not plants, but a square of bayonets thrust, points up, in the ground, curse came out of my hot mouth, and then a dozen voices mocked it, going fainter, like a dying echo. A tall figure in a winding-sheet, its face "To hesitate is to die," it whispered. 'Courage may save you."

Then a skeleton hand came out of

eovered, was leaning over me.

the winding-sheet, pointing down at the square of bristling bayonets. The figure put its mouth to my ear.
"Jump!" it whispered, and the bare

bones of the dead fingers stirred impatiently.
[To Be Continued.]

A Question of Knowledge.

Two men in Kansas City were havng a heated argument concerning the location of a certain theater in New York city. The one insisted that the louse stood on lower Broadway, while the other was equally confident that it was up town. Finally, the first man, becoming angry, exclaimed: "Perhaps you think you know more about New York than I do? How often have you been there?" "Once," was the epi-grammatic reply. 'Well," exclaimed the other in triumph, "I've been there five different times, and I ought to know more about it than you do.' The vanquished one was silent for a moment. Presently he spoke with a smile on his face: "How long did you stay in New York on each of the five isits you made?" The other scratched his head a moment before replying, and said: "Well, each time I was there for two or three days. How long did you stay on the only visit you made? "Seventeen years," was the calm reply That ended the conversation.—Sunday Magazine.

Gladstone Failed to Tip.

Mr. Gladstone's hatred of tipping, vrites a correspondent, was not only shown in his avoidance of the custom whenever possible, but also in the smallness of the gift when he found the custom too strong for him. At a private hotel in Brighton where Mr. Gladstone had stayed for the week-end, one of the dining-room waiters who had served Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone gives as one of his reasons for voting against Liberal candidates at local elections, the fact that "Gladstone only gave me a shilling." For this "insult the Liberal party lost one vote. Pre miers will have to be very careful that they tip wisely and well.-London Chronicle.

Balled Up. John Lund, former president of the

Norwegian house of parliament, and a delegate to the recent international peace congress, can write English ver: well, but occasionally makes a mistake in rhetoric and the pronunciation of words. He made a rather funny break in responding to the address of welcome given by Secretary Hay. Mr. Lund was referring to the action of the United States in promoting the universal peace movement. As he strove to bring out the point of his argument, he said, "And iast, but not least, first of all, we must interest all They led us into a long passage and nations as much as the United States p a steep flight of wooden stairs. I has been interested."—Argonaut. Bound to Be Damaged.

Bound to Be Damaged.

Apropos of the suits for damages that are continually being brought against railway companies, relates the New York Tribune, President Francis, of the St. Louis exposition, said:

"Many of these suits, of course, are mere cases of unjust extortion. It isn't often, though, that the victim of an accident is as alert and resourceful as a man of whom I heard the other day.

"A man and his wife were riding in a car that was derailed. Crash, bang, it went, and then burn, bang, bump, down a steep hill. The man howled with terror, but the car soon came to a stop. He examined himself all over carefully, and found that he was quite unharmed. Then he thought in the same breath of damages and of his wife.

"'Are you hurt at all, old girl?' he a'ked.

"No, thank Heaven!' the woman answered.

"Then,' said the man, 'I tell you what.

swered.
"Then, said the man, 'I tell you what.
Let me black your eye, and won't we soak the company hard for damages! It won't hurt you much. I'll just give you one good punch."

Cured Her Diabetes.

Halo, Ind., Feb. 27th.—(Special)—If what will cure Diabetes will cure any form of Kidney Disease, as so many physicians say, then Dodd's Kidney P'lls will cure any form of Kidney Disease. For Mrs. L. C. Bowers of this place has proved that Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure Diabetes.

"I had Diabetes," Mrs. Bowers says, "my teeth all became loose and part of them came out. I passed a great deal of water with such burning sensations I could hardly bear it. I lost about 40 pounds in weight. I used many medicines and doctored with two local doctors but never got any better till I started to use Dodd's Kidney Pills. They cured me so completely that in three years I have had no return of the disease. I am a well woman now, thanks to Dodd's Kidney Pills."

Dodd's Kidney Pills cure all kidney ail-Cured Her Diabetes.

mey Pills."
Dodd's Kidney Pills cure all kidney ailments from Backache to Bright's Disease.
Cure your Backache with them and you will never have Bright's Disease, Diabetes or Rheumatism.

Unfortunate

"Miss Cayenne is very unfortunate."
"She has a remarkable gift of repartee."
"Yes. When she tries to be sincerely complimentary people take it for granted that she is being sarcastic."—Washington Star.

A Wife's Advice.

Undertaker—That fellow who thinks he can get the nomination for mayor is a dead one.

Mrs. Undertaker—Don't talk shop, dear.

—Brooklyn Life.

Political forms touch the life of the people intimately. Thus, under a monarchy or a theocracy or an oligarchy, a man with long hair passes for a poet, whereas under a republic he is thought to be paying an election bet, merely.—Puck.

All the world's a stage, but the sad thing about it is that the majority of men and women are merely supers.—Baltimore American.

## IT IS IN THE BLOOD

Neither Liniments nor Ointments Will Reach Rheumatism-How Mr. Stephenson Was Cured.

People with inflamed and aching joints, or painful muscles; people who shuffle about with the aid of a cane or a crutch and cry, Oh! at every slight jar, are constantly asking, "What is the best thing for rheumatism?" To attempt to cure rheumatism by ex-

ternal applications is a foolish waste of The seat of the disease is in the blood, and while the sufferer is rubbing lotions and grease on the skin the poison in the circulation is increasing. Delays in adopting a sensible treatment

are dangerous because rheumatism may at any moment reach the heart and prove fatal. The only safe course for rheumatic sufferers is to get the best possible blood remedy at once.

Mr. Stephenson's experience with this obstinate and distressing affliction is that of hundreds. He says:

"About a year ago I was attacked by severe rheumatic pains in my left shoulder. The pains were worse in wet weather, and at these periods caused me the greatest suffering. I tried a number of treatments and ointments, but they failed to alleviate the pains."

Then he realized that the cause must be deeper and the pain only a surface indication. He adds:

'I had heard Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People recommended as a cure for rheumatism, and when I found that I was getting no relief from applications. I made up my mind that I would try them. Before the first box was gone I noticed that the pains were becoming less frequent, and that they were not so severe as before. After the second box had been used up I was entirely free from discomfort, and I have had no traces of rheumatism since."

The change in treatment proved by almost immediate results that Mr. Thomas Stephenson, who lives at No.115 Greenwood street, Springfield, Mass., had found the true means for the purification and enrichment of his blood.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are without doubt the best of all blood remedies.

They effect genuine and lasting cures in rheumatism. They do not merely deaden ache, but they expel the poison from blood. These pills are sold by all SEND STAMP Get description of 50 cheapest farms in Ohio H. N. Bancroft, Jefferson, O.

## SICK WOMEN

SHOULD READ MRS. FOX'S LETTER

In All Parts of the United States Lydia Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Has Effected Similar Cures.

Many wonderful cures of female ills are continually coming to light which have been brought about by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and



through the advice of Mrs. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., which is given to sick women absolutely free of charge.

Mrs. Pinkham has for many years made a study of the ills of her sex; she has consulted with and advised thousands of suffering women, who to-day owe not only their health but even life to her helpful advice.

Mrs. Fannia D. Foy, of 7 Chestrut.

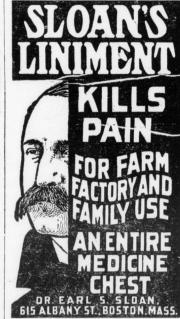
Mrs. Fannie D. Fox, of 7 Chestnut Street, Bradford, Pa., writes:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—

"I suffered for a long time with womb trouble, and finally was told by my physician that I had a tumor on the womb. I did not want to submit to an operation, so wrote you for advice. I received your letter and did as you told me, and to-day I am completely cured. My doctor says the tumor has disappeared, and I am once more a well woman. I believe Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the best medicine in the world for women."

women."
The testimonials which we are constantlypublishing from grateful women establish beyond a doubt the power of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to conquer female diseases.

Women suffering from any form of female weakness are invited promptly communicate with M Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. She as nothing in return for her advice. It absolutely free, and to thousands women has proved to be more precious than gold.



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