

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "The Glories of the Christian Religion."

TEXT: "Behold, the half was not told me," Kings x., 7.

Solomon had resolved that Jerusalem should be the centre of all sacred, regal and commercial magnificence. He set himself to work and monopolized the surrounding desert as a highway for his caravans. He built the city of Palmyra around one of the principal wells of the east, so that all the long trains of camels which from the east were obliged to stop there, pay toll and leave part of their wealth in the hands of Solomon's merchants. He manned the fortress Thapsacus at the chief ford of the Euphrates, and put under guard everything that passed there.

The three great products of Palestine—wine pressed from the richest clusters, and delicately flavoured with oil, which in that country is the entire substitute for butter and lard, and was pressed from the olive branches until every tree in the country became an oil well, and honey, which was an entire substitute for sugar—these three great products of the country Solomon exported and received in return fruits and precious woods and the animals of every clime.

He went down to Esion-geber and ordered a fleet of ships to be constructed, oversaw the workmen, and watched the launching of the fleet, which was to go on more than a year's voyage to bring home the wealth of the then known world. He heard that the Egyptian pharaohs were large and swift, and long maned and round humped, and he sought to surpass them, giving eighty-five dollars apiece for them, putting the best of these horses in his own stall and selling the surplus to foreign potentates at great profit.

He heard that there was the best of timber on Mount Lebanon, and he sent one hundred and eighty thousand men to hew down the forest and drag the timber through the mountain gorges, and put on more than a raft to be floated to Joppa, and from thence to be drawn by ox teams twenty-five miles across the land to Jerusalem. He heard that there were beautiful flowers in other lands. He sent for them, and planted them in his gardens, and to this very day there are flowers found in the ruins of that city such as are to be found in no other part of Palestine. He sent for the finest of the very flowers that Solomon planted. He heard that in foreign groves there were birds of richest voice and most luxuriant wing. He sent out people to catch them and bring them there, and he put them into his cages.

Stand back now and see this long train of camels coming up the king's gate, and the ox trains from Egypt, gold and silver and precious stones, and seas of every hoof, and birds of every wing, and fish of every scale! See the peacocks strut under the cedars, and the horsemen run and the chariots wheel! Hear the orchestra! Gaze upon the dancers! Not stopping to think of the wonders of the temple, step right on the causeway and pass up to Solomon's palace.

Here we find ourselves amid a collection of buildings on which the king had lavished the wealth of every empire. The genius of Hiram, the architect, and of the other artists is here seen in the long line of corridors, and the suspended gallery, and the approach to the throne. Traces of the five opposite traceries window. Bronzed ornaments busting into lotus and lily and pomegranate. Chapters surrounded by network of leaves in which imitation fruit seemed suspended as hanging baskets.

Three branches—so Josephus tells us—three branches sculptured on the marble, so thin and subtle that even the leaves seemed to quiver. A laver capable of holding five hundred barrels of water on six hundred brazen ox heads, which gushed with water and filled the whole place with coolness and crystal line brightness and musical plash. Ten tables clad with chased silver and adorned with ivory and onyx and sardonyx and onyx and sardonyx and onyx.

Three branches—so Josephus tells us—three branches sculptured on the marble, so thin and subtle that even the leaves seemed to quiver. A laver capable of holding five hundred barrels of water on six hundred brazen ox heads, which gushed with water and filled the whole place with coolness and crystal line brightness and musical plash. Ten tables clad with chased silver and adorned with ivory and onyx and sardonyx and onyx and sardonyx and onyx.

Why, my friends, in that place they trimmed their sandals with suuffers of gold, and they cut their fruits with knives of gold, and they washed their faces in basins of gold, and they scooped out the ashes with shovels of gold, and they stirred the silver with their tongues of gold. Gold reflected in the water! Gold flashing from the apparel! Gold blazing in the crown! Gold! gold! gold!

Of course the joy of this affluence of that place went out every where by every caravan and by wing of every ship, until soon the streets of Jerusalem are crowded with curiosity seekers. What is that long procession approaching Jerusalem? I think from the pomp of it there must be royalty in the train. I smell the breath of the spices which are brought as presents, and I hear the shout of the slaves, and I see the dust covered caravan moving that they come from far away. Cry the news up to the palace. The Queen of Sheba advances. Let all the people come out to see. Let the mighty men of the land come out on the palace corridors. Let Solomon come down the stairs of the palace and the Queen shall alight. Shake out the cinnamon and the saffron and the camomil and the frankincense and pass it into the treasure house. Take up the diamonds until they glitter in the sun.

The Queen of Sheba alights. She enters the palace. She washes at the bath. She sits down at the banquet. The cupbearers bow. The meat smokes. You hear the dash of waters from molten sea. Then she rises from the banquet, and walks through the conservatories, and gazes at the architecture, and she asks Solomon many strange questions, and she learns about the religion of the Hebrews, and she then and there becomes a servant of the Lord God.

She is overwhelmed. She begins to think that all the spices she brought, all the precious words which are intended to be turned into harp and psalteries and into rattlings for the causeway between the temple and the palace, and the one hundred and eighty thousand dollars in money—she begins to think that all these presents amount to nothing in such a place and she is almost ashamed that she has brought them, and she says within herself: "I heard a great deal about this wonderful religion of the Hebrews, but I find it far beyond my highest anticipations. I must add more that fifty per cent. to what has been related. It exceeds everything that I could have expected. The half—the half was not told me!"

Learn from this subject what a beautiful thing it is when social position and wealth surrender themselves to God. When religion comes to a neighborhood, the first to receive it are the women. Some may say it is because they are weak-minded. I say it is because they have quicker perception of what is right, more ardent affection and capacity for sublimer emotion. After the women have received the Gospel then the distressed and the poor of both sexes, those who have no friends, accept Jesus. Last of all come the people of position and high social position. Alas, that it is so!

If there are those here to-day who have been favored of fortune, or, as I might better put it, favored of God, surrender all you have and all you expect to be to the Lord who has blessed this Queen of Sheba. Certainly you are not ashamed to be found in this Queen's company. I am glad that Christ has had His imperial throne in all ages—Elizabeth Christina, queen of Prussia; Maria Feodorovna, queen of Russia; Marie, empress of France; Helena, the imperial mother of Constantine. Aroa Ha, from her great fortunes building public baths in Constantinople and tending for the alleviation of the masses; Queen Clotilda, leading her husband and three thousand of his armed warriors to Christian baptism; Elizabeth, of Burgundy, giving her jeweled glove to a beggar and scattering great fortunes among the distressed; Princes Albert, singing "Rock of Ages" in Windsor castle, and Queen Victoria, ignorant, reading the Scriptures to a dying pauper.

I bless God that the day is coming when royalty will bring all its thrones, and undo all its harmonies, and painting all its pictures, and sculpture all its statues, and architecture all its pillars, and oust all its scepters; and the queens of the earth, in long lines of advance, frankincense filling the air and the camels laden with gold, shall approach Jerusalem, and the gates shall be hoisted, and the great burden of splendor shall be lifted into the palace of this greater than Solomon.

Again, my subject teaches me what is earnestness in the search of truth. Do you know where the Queen of Sheba was? Arabia Felix. In either case it was a great way off from Jerusalem. To go from there to Jerusalem she had to cross a country in which there were no cities, and no villages, and no towns, and she had to go across blistering deserts. Why did not the Queen of Sheba stay at home and send a committee to inquire about this new religion, and have the delegates report in regard to that religion and what it might mean to her?

She wanted to see for herself and hear for herself. She could not do this by word of committee. She felt she had a soul worth ten thousand dollars, and she wanted to have a rober richer than any woman by oriental shuttles, and she wanted a crown set with the jewels of eternity. Bring out the camels. Put on the spices. Gather up the Jerusalem and put them on the caravan. Start now. No time to be lost. Goad on the camels. When I see that caravan, dust covered, weary and exhausted, trailing on across the desert at an amazing pace, and when it reaches Jerusalem, I say: "There is an earnest seeker after the truth!"

But there are a great many of you, my friends, who do not act in that way. You all want to get the truth, but you want the truth to come to you; you do not want to go to it. There are people who fold their arms and say: "I am ready to become a Christian at any time. If I am to be saved I shall be saved, and if I am to be lost I shall be lost." But on all the sweat, spices and treasures of the heart's affection, start for the throne. Go in and hear the waters of salvation dashing in fountains all around about the throne. Sit down at the banquet of the wine pressed from the grapes of the heavenly Eschol, the angels of God the cupbearers.

God on the camels; Jerusalem will never come to you; you must go to Jerusalem. The Bible declares it: "The queen of the south"—that is, this very woman I am speaking of—"the queen of the south shall rise up in judgment against the queen of the north; for she came from the uttermost parts of the earth to hear the wisdom of Solomon; and behold, a greater than Solomon is here." God help me to break up the stagnation of those people who are sitting down in idleness expecting to be saved.

"Strive to enter in at the straight gate. Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened to you. Take the kingdom of heaven by violence. Urge on the camels!"

Again, my subject impresses me with the fact that religion is a surprise to any one that gets it. The story of the new religion in Jerusalem, and of the glory of King Solomon, who was a type of Christ—that story rolls on and on and is told by every traveler coming back from Jerusalem. The news goes on the wing of every ship and with every caravan, and you know a story enters as it is told, and by the time that story gets down into the southern part of Arabia Felix, and the Queen of Sheba hears it, it must be a tremendous story. And yet this queen declares in regard to it, although she had heard so much and had so many captivities raised so high, the half—the half was not told her.

So religion is a surprise to any one that gets it. The story of the new religion in Jerusalem, and of the glory of King Solomon, who was a type of Christ—that story rolls on and on and is told by every traveler coming back from Jerusalem. The news goes on the wing of every ship and with every caravan, and you know a story enters as it is told, and by the time that story gets down into the southern part of Arabia Felix, and the Queen of Sheba hears it, it must be a tremendous story. And yet this queen declares in regard to it, although she had heard so much and had so many captivities raised so high, the half—the half was not told her.

So religion is a surprise to any one that gets it. The story of the new religion in Jerusalem, and of the glory of King Solomon, who was a type of Christ—that story rolls on and on and is told by every traveler coming back from Jerusalem. The news goes on the wing of every ship and with every caravan, and you know a story enters as it is told, and by the time that story gets down into the southern part of Arabia Felix, and the Queen of Sheba hears it, it must be a tremendous story. And yet this queen declares in regard to it, although she had heard so much and had so many captivities raised so high, the half—the half was not told her.

I appeal to those in this house who are Christians. Compare the idea you have of a Christian with the appreciation that this joy you have now since you have become a Christian, and you are willing to do it before angels and men that you never in the days of your spiritual bondage had any appreciation of what was to come. You are ready to-day to answer, and if I gave you an opportunity in the midst of an assembly you would speak out and say in regard to the discoveries you have made of the mercy and the grace and the goodness of God: "The half—the half was not told me!"

Well, we hear a great deal about the good time that is coming to this world, when it is to be girdled with salvation. Holiness on its bells of the horses. The lion's mane, patting by the hand of a babe. Ships of berries bringing cargoes for Jesus, and the hard, dry, barren, winter breaking, storm scarred, thunder split roof breathing into fountains of bright water, Jesus into which droves of turkeys thrust their nostrils, because they were afraid of the simoom—Jesus blooming into carnation rose and silver tipped hills.

It is the old story. Everybody tells it. Isaiah told it, John told it, Paul told it, Ezekiel told it, Luther told it, Calvin told it, John Milton told it—everybody tells it, and yet—when the midnight shadow falls on the hills, and Christ shall march His great army, and China, dashing her idols into the dust, shall hear the voice of God and wreathe into lines, and India, destroying her juggernaut and snatching up her little children from the Ganges, shall hear the voice of God and wreathe into lines, and all the nations of the earth shall hear the voice of God and fall into the church which has been talking and struggling through the centuries, roared and garlanded like a bride adorned for her husband, shall raise her veil and look up into the face of her Lord and King, and say: "The half—the half was not told me!"

Well, there is coming a greater surprise to every Christian—a greater surprise than anything I have depicted. Heaven is an old story. Everybody talks about it. There is hardly a hymn in the hymn book that does not refer to it. Children read about it in their Sabbath-school book. Aged men put on their spectacles to study it. It is a matter for us to study. We call it our homes. We say it is the house of many mansions. We weave together all sweet, beautiful, delicate, exalted words; we weave them into letters and into songs; we tell it out in rose and lily and ananar. And yet that place is going to be a surprise to the most intelligent Christian.

Like the Queen of Sheba, this report has come to us from the far country, and many of us have started. It is a desert march, and we urge on the camels. What though our feet be blistered with the way? We are hastening to the palace. We take all our loves and hopes and Christian ambitions, as frankincense and myrra and all cassia to the great King. We must not rest. We must not halt. The night is coming on, and the sun is setting on the desert. Urge on the camels. I see the domes against the sky, and the houses of Lebanon, and the temples and the gardens. See the fountains dance in the sun, and the gates flash as they open to let in the poor pilgrims.

Send the word up to the palace that we are coming, and that we are weary of the march of the desert. The King will come out and say: "Welcome to the palace; baths in these waters, recline on these banks. Take this cinnamon and frankincense and myrra and put it upon a cedar and swing it before the altar." And yet, my friends, when heaven bursts upon us it will be a greater surprise than that—Jesus in the desert, and we made like Him. All our Christian friends surrounding us in glory! All our sorrows and tears and sins gone by forever! The thousands of thousands, the one hundred and forty and four thousand, the great multitudes that no man can number, will cry, without end, "The half—the half was not told us!"

A Farmer's Remarkable Record.

I adopted a vegetable diet in 1841, when twenty-two years old, writes Rev. J. B. Saxo, of Fort Scott, Kansas, and for more than half a century I have eaten no flesh or butter, have drank no tea or coffee, and have lived mostly on graham or corn bread and fruit. During all these years I have had hardly a day's sickness, have consulted no doctor, taken no drugs and have always been able to do vigorous work, either mental or physical. What makes this more striking is the fact that I began life with a feeble constitution, and was an invalid most of the time, always doctored, up to my adoption of this system. I have seen most of my early acquaintances, healthy and vigorous young men and women, pass away while I am conscious of scarcely any bodily or mental decay; and in my seventy-third year can do anything I could at twenty, and do it better and easier. I can see no reason why I may not live twenty years more, as well as have for the past twenty. Though a clergyman by profession, I have been engaged in farming most of the time for thirty years, and labored with my hands nearly every day; and I assure my brother farmers that there is no need of being sick, or having anything to do with drugs or doctors, or being laid up with age and infirmity at seventy. Nearly every American could and ought to live to the age of 100, and most of them to the age of 200; and could if they lived right from childhood. Captain Reiley says that when captive among the Arabs he saw men 300 years old, and still able to follow the tribe in its wanderings. Health and endurance are as necessary capital as land to a farmer, and should be cultivated as carefully and as scientifically if he would have success in his vocation.—New York Tribune.

Mirrors of the Israelites.

The earliest mirrors of which mention is made in history were in use among the Israelites in the time of Moses. That gentleman, as recorded in the Bible, commanded in a certain emergency that these articles should be transformed into wash basins for the priests. They are made of brass. Doubtless similar utensils of this and other materials were in use long before that. At that period black glass was employed for the purpose, as well as transparent glass with black foil on the back. It is related that the Spaniards found mirrors of polished black stone, both convex and concave, among the natives of South America.

Florence Nightingale.

Soon after the close of the Crimean war there was a memorable dinner in London, given by Lord Stratford to the ranking officers of the British army and navy. Naturally, conversation turned on the recent conflict, and toward the conclusion of the entertainment the host suggested that each guest should write on a slip of paper the name connected with the war which he believed would be most illustrious through future ages. All wrote as requested, the ballots were collected by the proposer of the movement, were opened and read amid enthusiastic cheers, for every one of them contained the name of Florence Nightingale.

The result has proved the truth of that evening's prophecy; a whole generation has passed since then, and who thinks of the dead and gone general who fell at the storming of the Malakoff? The ecumenical genius of the "Charge of the Light Brigade" without knowing who obeyed the bitter blunder; the military student may recall the hero of Kinglake's history—the beloved Raglan—and possibly some veteran dimly remembers the great commander of the gray hosts of the Vladimir, but the sweet name of Florence Nightingale is dear in almost every home where the English language is spoken.—Chicago Herald.

The Finns.

The inhabitants of Finland are strong and hardy, with bright, intelligent faces, high cheek bones; yellow hair is common, but by no means the rule, black or dark brown being frequently met with in the interior.

Their morals and manners are excellent. Their temper is universally mild, and when angry they keep silence. They are happy hearted, affectionate to one another, and honorable and honest in their dealings with strangers. They are a cleanly people, being much given to the use of vapor baths.

This trait is a conspicuous note of their character from their earliest history to the present day. Often in the runs of the "Kalevala" reference is made to the cleansing and healing virtues of the vapors of the heated bathroom. They are morally upright and have an honesty and simplicity of character totally foreign to that of the Russian; they are hospitable, faithful and submissive, with a keen sense of personal freedom and independence, but they are also somewhat stolid and revengeful. Superstition flourishes among the Finns to a far greater extent than generally known, and of it takes its form in quaint legends.—Chicago Tribune.

Ice-Coated Swans Caught.

During a recent severe rain and sleet storm in the vicinity of Millport, Columbia County, a flock of swans were seen to sweep in their aerial flight, break ranks, and, after vain attempts to pursue their course, drop one by one to the earth below. A farmer who had been an eyewitness to the strange freak and on whose farm the fowls had settled succeeded after a hard chase in capturing a number of the flock alive. It was then discovered that the swans were completely enveloped in a thick coating of ice, the weight of which had gradually saproped their strength and forced them to the earth. The fowls captured are said to be very fine specimens, none of which measure less than six feet from tip to tip.—Chicago Tribune.

Long Was the Word.

"Might I inquire," asked the city editor, in a soft, sweet voice, "why you describe the late Mr. Billiger as being six feet eight inches long? Is not the word 'tall' good enough English for your fastidious taste?" "No, in this case," answered the new reporter. "Billiger was paralyzed and hadn't stood on end for fifteen years. See?"—Indianapolis Journal.

Why the Dog is There.

An express wagon passed by. On the end of the seat where the driver was there was painted the picture of a dog guarding a safe. One man on the corner asked his friend why a dog's picture was nearly always on or near the picture of a safe. Then he told him. A long time ago the safe was nothing more than an iron box. It had none of the scientific attachments which one sees in banks and business houses to-day. The key of the great box was generally as heavy as the box. That is in proportion. It was sometimes used as a weapon. As the iron boxes had no security but the ordinary locks, bankers took to leaving dogs tied to the boxes at night. Then it was found necessary to have the dogs trained. This the bankers did not always have time to do, even if they had known how. The result was that the manufacturers took to dog farming. These dogs were trained in the business of guarding the iron boxes, and at one time it was the custom for the manufacturer to furnish a dog with each safe. And the two became inseparable. That is why you see the picture of a dog so often wherever you see the picture of a safe. And that is also why you see a dog so often perched on the seat with the driver of an express wagon which delivers money packages.—Chicago Tribune.

A Veteran of the Mexican War.

Samuel L. McFadin, whose portrait appears above, is a prominent citizen of Logansport, Ind., and one of but seventeen surviving veterans of a company of ninety-two young men who left that city forty-five years ago for the seat of War in Mexico. He now holds the position of Marshal of National Association, and although well advanced in years is still hearty and hale. In writing of his health he says: "I had been troubled for a long time with Rheumatism, Kidney and Liver Complaint and could hardly get around. Suffered great pain night and day. After trying many different kinds of medicines and finding no relief, at last through the advice of a friend I purchased Dr. Kilmer's Swamp Root from one of our leading Druggists, B. F. Kesling, and must say it has helped me wonderfully, as I now walk without pain."

It is the only medicine that has done me any good, and has been a great benefit in invigorating and building up my system, greatly assisting the liver, kidneys and digestive organs. This is the first recommendation I have ever given a medicine and it affords me pleasure to call the attention of the public to the merits of this wonderful specific. Those who try Swamp-Root have generally first employed the family physician, or used all the prescriptions within their reach without benefit. As a last resort, when their case has become chronic, the symptoms complicated and their constitution run down, then they take this remedy, and it is just such cases and cures that have made Swamp-Root famous and given it a world-wide reputation.

The trouble with the so-called idle lies is that as soon as they are uttered they stop being idle.



If you have Malaria, Piles, Sick Headache, Costive Bowels, Dumb Ague or if your food does not assimilate,

Tuft's Tiny Pills
Will cure these troubles. Dose small. Price, 25c. Office, 33 Park Place, N. Y.

RISE IN SUN STOVE POLISH
DO NOT BE DECEIVED
With Paris, Eucalypt, and Palm which stain the hands, injure the eyes, and burn the face.
The Rising Sun Stove Polish is Brilliant, Odorous, Durable, and the consumer gets 10 tin or glass packages with every purchase.

KANSAS FARMS
And Horticulture are all right, big crops and good prices. Farms for sale at bargain. List free.
CHAS. H. WOODRUFF, Topeka, Kan.

OPIMUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 Days.
DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

Berlin, Germany, has 210 miles of streets.

At all times, in all places, on all occasions, under all circumstances, for all headaches, use Brandywine only. Fifty cents.

Greenland has no cats.

Brown's Iron Bitters cures Dyspepsia, Malaria, Biliousness and General Debility. Gives Strength, aids Digestion, tones the system, creates appetite. The best tonic for Nursing Mothers, weak women and children.

It is not how much we have, but how much we enjoy, that makes happiness.

FITS stopped free by DR. KILMER'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER. No fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and 5¢ trial bottle free. Dr. Kilmer, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

A lady in Stonington, Conn., has slept 21,000 consecutive nights in one house.

If your Back Aches, or you are all worn out, and for nothing, it is general debility. Brown's Iron Bitters will cure you, make you feel like a new man, and give a good appetite—tones the nerves.

The worst cases of female weakness readily yield to Dr. Swan's Pills. Samples free. Dr. Swan, Beaver Dam, Wis.

Artificial ice ponds are now being introduced into England.

BEECHAM'S PILLS will cure wind and pain in the stomach, indigestion, flatulency, dizziness, nervousness, and loss of appetite.

Chest matches by telephone are very popular in England.

If afflicted with sore eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell at 25¢ per bottle.

Turkeys have been known to live thirty years in India.

Berlin, Germany, has 210 miles of streets.

At all times, in all places, on all occasions, under all circumstances, for all headaches, use Brandywine only. Fifty cents.

Greenland has no cats.

Brown's Iron Bitters cures Dyspepsia, Malaria, Biliousness and General Debility. Gives Strength, aids Digestion, tones the system, creates appetite. The best tonic for Nursing Mothers, weak women and children.

It is not how much we have, but how much we enjoy, that makes happiness.

FITS stopped free by DR. KILMER'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER. No fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and 5¢ trial bottle free. Dr. Kilmer, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

A lady in Stonington, Conn., has slept 21,000 consecutive nights in one house.

If your Back Aches, or you are all worn out, and for nothing, it is general debility. Brown's Iron Bitters will cure you, make you feel like a new man, and give a good appetite—tones the nerves.

The worst cases of female weakness readily yield to Dr. Swan's Pills. Samples free. Dr. Swan, Beaver Dam, Wis.

Artificial ice ponds are now being introduced into England.

DR. KILMER'S SWAMP-ROOT

SWAMP-ROOT
Kidney, Liver and Bladder Cure, Rheumatism, Disordered Liver, Impure Blood, Scrofula, malaria, general weakness or debility.

Guarantee—Use contents of one bottle, if no benefit, Druggists will refund the price paid.

At Druggists, 50c. Size, \$1.00 Size.

CATARRH

Is SWIFT'S SPECIFIC, because it never fails to force out the poison; it builds up the system with new rich blood, and it is harmless, because entirely vegetable.

Mrs. E. J. ROWELL, No. 11 Quincy Street, Medford, Mass., says that her mother had been cured of Scrofula by the use of four bottles of S. S. S., after having had much other treatment and being reduced to quite a low condition of health, as it was thought she could not live.

"Having suffered much from contagious Blood Poison, after using half a dozen bottles of Swift's Specific I was restored to perfect health, and all eruptive sores disappeared."

J. CROSBY BYRON, 208 Third Avenue, Pittsburg, Pa.

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases, mailed free.

SWIFT SPECIFIC COMPANY, ATLANTA, GA.

THE COST IS THE SAME.

The Hartman Steel Picket Fence

W.L. DOUGLAS
\$3 SHOE FOR GENTLEMEN.

Is a fine Calf Shoe, made seamless, of the best leather produced in this country. There are no tacks or wax threads to hurt the feet, and it is made as smooth inside as a hand-sewed shoe. It is as stylish, easy fitting and durable as custom-made shoes costing from \$4.00 to \$5.00.

This shoe has been on sale throughout the United States over eight years, and has given excellent satisfaction, as the increasing sales show. We are now selling more of this grade than any other manufacturer in the world. Try a pair—you cannot make a mistake. One trial will convince you that it is the

Best Shoe in the World for the Price.

W. L. DOUGLAS \$2.00 and \$1.75 SCHOOL SHOES are worn by the boys everywhere. They are made strong, stylish and durable.

CAUTION.
W. L. DOUGLAS' NAME AND THE PRICE is stamped on the bottom of each shoe. Look for it.
W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

It is a duty you owe to yourself and your family during these hard times to get the most value for your money. You can economize in your foot-wear if you purchase W. L. Douglas Shoes, which, without question, represent a greater value for the money than any other made in the world, as thousands who have worn them will testify.