REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Brooklyn Divins's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "The Time of Departure."

TEXT: "The time of my departure is at hand."-II Timotay IV., 6.

Departure! That is a worl used only twice in all the Bible. But it is a word often used in the courtroom and means the desertion of one ccurse of pleading for an-other. It is used in havigation to describe the distance between two meridians passing through the extremities of a course. It is a word i have recently, heard word I have recently heard applied to my departure from America to Europe for a preaching tour to last until September. In a smaller and less significant sense than that implied in the text I can say, "The time of my departure is as hand."

Through the printing press I address this sermon to my readersall the world over, and when they read it I will be in mi locean, and unless something new happens in my ma-rine experiences I will be in no condition to preach. But how unimportant the word de-parture when applied to exchange of continents as when applied to exchange of worlds as when Paul wrote, "The time of my de-parture is at hand."

Now departure implies a starting place and a place of destination. When Paul left this world, what was the starting point? It was a scene of great physical distress. It the Tuliianum, the lower dungeon of the Mamertine prison, Rome, Italy. The top dungeon was bad enougo, it having no means of ingress or egress but through an opening in the top. Through that the pris-oner was lowered, and through that came all the food and is and light all the food and air and light received. It was a terrible place, that upper dungeon, but the Tullianum was the lower dungeon. and that was still more wretched, the only light and the only air coming through the roof, and that roof the floor of the upper dungeon. That was Paui's last earthly

I was in that lower dungeon in November, 1989. It is made of volcanic stone. I meas-ured it, and from wall to wall it was fifteen The highest of the roof was seven feet feet. from the floor and the lowest of the roof five feet seven inches. The opening in the roof through which Paul was let down was three feet wide. The dungeon has a seat of rock two and a half feet high and a shelf of rock four feet high. It was there that Paul spent his last days on earth, and it is there that I see him now, in the fearful dungeon, shivering, blue with the cold, waiting for that old overcoat which he had sent up for to Troas for that old and which they had not yet sent down, not-withstanding that he had written for it.

withstanding that he had written for it. If some skillful surgeon should go into that dungeon where Paul is incarcerated we might find out what are the prospects of Paul's living through the rough imprison-ment. In the first place he is an old man, only two years short of seventy. At that very time when he most needs the warmth, and the sunlight, and the fresh air he is shut out from the sun. What are those some on out from the sun. What are those scars on his ankles? Why, those were got when he was fast, his feet in the stocks. Every time was tast, his feet in the stocks. Every time be turned the flesh on his ankles started. What are those scars on his back? You know he was whipped five times, each time getting thirty-nine strokes—one hundred and ninety-five bruises on the back (count them.) made with rods of elmwood, each one of the one hundred and ninety-five strokes bringing the blacd.

Look at Paul's face and look at his arms. Where did he get those bruises? I think it was when he was struggling ashora amid the shivered timbers of the shipwreck. I see a gash in Paul's side. Where did he get I think he got that in the tussel with that? highwaymen, for he had been in peril of robbers and he had money of his own. He was a mechanic as well as n aposti

Besides this, all models i men agree in sty-ing that there is probably no struggle at the last moment—not so much pain as the price of a pin, the seeming signs of distress being altogether involuntary. But you say, "It is the uncertainty of the future." Now, child of God, do not play the inidel. After God has filled the Bible till it can hold no upon with storage the goal thungs abead more with stories o. the good things ahead. better not talk about uncertainties.

Besides this, all mentalical men agree in say-

I remark again, all those ought to feel this joy of the text who have a holy curiosity to know what is beyond this earthly ter-minus. And who has not any curiosity about it? Paul, I suppose, had the most sat-isfactory view of heaven, and he says. "It doth not yet appear what we shall be." It is like looking through a broken telescope. "Now we see through a glass darkly." you tell me anything about that heavenly You ask me a thousand questions place? about it that I cannot answer. I ask you a thousand questions about it that you cannot answer. And do you wonder that Paul was so glad when martyrdom gave him a chance to go over and make discoveries in that ed country?

I hope some day, by the grace of God, to go over and see for myself, but not now. No well man, no prospered man, I think. wants to go now. But the time will come, I think, when I shall go over. I want to see what they do there and I want to see how they do it. I do not want to be looking through the stars size for the set of the set. through the gates ajar forever. I want them to swing wide open. There are ten thousand things I want explained-about vou, about myself, about the government of this world, about God, about everything. Columbus risked his life to find this continent, and shall we shudder to go out on a voyage of discovery which shall reveal a vaster and more brilliant country? John Franklin risked his life to find a passage between icebergs, and shall we dread to find passage to eternal summer? Men in witzerland travel up the heights of the a passage to

Matterhorn with alpenstock and guides and rockets and ropes, and getting haif way up stumble and fail down in a horrible massacre. They just wanted to say they had been on the tops of those high peaks. And shall we fear to go out for the ascent of the eternal hills which start a thousand miles beyond where stop the highest peaks of the

Alps when in that ascent there is no peril? A man doomed to die stepped on the scaffold and said in joy. "Now in ten min-utes I will know the great secret." One minute after the vital functions ceased, the little child that died last night knew more then little child that died last night knew more than Jonathan Edwards or St. Paul himself before he died. Friends, the exit from this world, or death, if you please to call it, to the Christian is glorious explanation It is demonstration It is illumination. It is sunburst. It is the opening of all the windows. It is shutting up the catechism of doubt and the unrolling of all the scro of positive and accurate information. In-stead of standing at the foot of the ladder

and looking up it is stan ting at the top of the ladder and looking down. It is the last mystery taken out of botany and geology and astronomy and theology.

I remark again, we ou thit to have the joy of the text, because, leaving this world, we move into the best society of the universe. You see a great crow I of people in sog street and you say: "Who is passing there? What general, what prince is going up there?' Well, I see a great throng in heaven. I say: "Who is the focus of all that admiration? Who is the centre of that glittering company?' It is Jesus, the cham-pion of all the world the focus of all pion of all the world, the favorite of all

Do you know what is the first question the soul will ask when it comes through the gate of heaven? I think the first question will be, "Where is Jesus, the Saviour that that fought my sin, that carried my sorrows, that fought my battles, that won my victor-ies?" Oh, Radiant Ona! how I would like to see Thee! Thou of the manger, but without its humiliations; Thou of the cross, but without its panzs; Thou of the grave, but without its darkness.

But when I meet my Lord Jesus Christ, of all I first delight to hear Him speak? Now I think what it is. I shall first want to hear the tragedy of His last hours, and then Luke's account of the crucifixion and Mark's account of the crucifixion, and John's ac-count of the crucifixion will be nothing, while from the living lips of Christ the story shall be told of the gloom that fell, and the devils that arose, an i the fact that upon the and arose dependent the research of His endurance depended the rescue of a race; and there was darkness in the sky, and there was darkness in the soul, and the pain became more sha. p, and the burdens became more heavy, until the mob began to swim away from the dying vision of Christ, and the cursing of the mob came to His ear more faintly, and His hands were fastened to the horizontal piece of the cross, and His feet were fastenel to the perpendicular piece of the cross, and His head fell forward in a swoon as He uttered the last moan and cried, "It is for the difference of the cross of the cross of the cross of the second finished!" All beaven will stop to listen until the story is done, and every harp will be put down, and every hip closed, and all eyes fixed on the Divine Narrator until the story is done, and then, at the tap of the baton, the eternal orcnestra will rouse up finger on string of harp, and lips to the mouth of trumpet, there shall roll forth the oratorio of the Messiah, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive blessing and riches and honor and glory and power, world without end "

She Surprised Them. Presence of mind has turned defeat

nto victory for generals on the battlefield, for statesmen in the Senate chamber, and for lawyers in the courtroom. It is a rare gift, but a very young woman who lives in the little own of Hawthorne, in the pine woods of Florida, possesses it to an unusual degree. The Sunday school o which she belongs recently gave a Sunday-school concert, and though she is hardly 5 years old, she showed such willingness to contribute to the success of the occasion that she was intrusted by her teacher with the recitation of a verse.

She applied herself to the task, and at the preliminary rehearsal acquitted herself to the delight of her teacher and the envy of her classmates.

The Sunday ofternoon came at last. The church was crowded, and the exercises began. The little girl was in a flutter. At last the long-awaited moment arrived, and the superintendent announced her name. She toddled bravely up the aisle, and with the help of his hand mounted the steps and stood on the platform facing the people.

"Oh, what a lot of folks all looking at me!' she thought.

In fact, like many an older person in a similar situation, that was all she could think of. The verse which she knew so well that she had been saying it in her sleep she could not think of at all.

But she was not the child to give way to defeat without a struggle. If she couldn't think of that verse, she could of another, and so while the congregation was hushed to catch the first syllable from her faltering lips, she piped up in a shrill treble:

Needles and pins,

Needles and pins, When you get married the trouble begins. In one respect, at least, her recitation was the success of the afternoon.

The Business-like Way.

"For years," observed the verbose caller to the busy editor, "I have been endeavoring to discover the lost tribes of Israel."

"Has it ever occurred to you to adtise for them?" asked the editor with deep concern .--- Indianapolis Journal.

Negroes in Rhode Island.

There are more negroes in Rhode sland in proportion to population than in any other State of New England.

To Cleanse the System

Effectually yet gently, when costive or billous, or when the blood is impure or sluggish. to permanently cure habitual constipation. to awaken the kidneys an I liver to a healthy activity, without irritating or weakening them, to dispel headaches, cold or fevers, use Syrup of Figs.

are the pores of the skin that a

THE ANTIQUITY OF BEER.

It Was in Common Use in Many Ancient Countries.

Hecatæus, one of the very earliest of Greek historians, who wrote five hundred years before Christ, mentions, that the Pieonians or ancient inhabitants of Macedonia, a country which bordered on Thrace, drank Bruton made from barley, and Hellanicus (B. C. 466) speaks of a race of men who drank beer made of 100ts, just as the Thracians did that made of barley.

Aristotle mentions barley beer under the name of pinon, and observes that it had such a stupefying effect on those who drank it that they fell on their backs and lay face uppermost!

During the latter days of the Roman Empire wine must have been nearly as plentiful as water in Southern Europe, nevertheless malt liquor formed the staple drink of the country folk throughout the districts situate between the Adriatic and the Danube. Thus, when Valens, first Emperor of the East (Constantinople) and a native of Pannonia, was besieging Chalcedon, the men on the walls amused themselves by roaring out at him "Sabaiarius!" which is equivalent ts "beer bibber," or, perhaps, our old English word "ale draper." "Sabai," explains Am-mianus, to whom we are indebted for the narrative, "is a poor sort of drink in Illyricum, consisting of barley or wheat converted into liquor." As a curious instance of how history repeats itself, we may observe that, a thousand years afterward, the French of Pontoise are represented in a poem as addressing similar taunts to their English besiegers; "Anglois et Normans, retournez a la cervoise!" (Go home to your beer!) Priscus, the ambassador of Theodosius the younger at the court of Attila the Hun, in Pannonia (a district bounded on the south by beer drinking Illyricum, and on the north and east by the river Danube), relates that when traveling in that country he was furnished by the villagers with what was 'locally termed medos (mead) instead of wine, while his servants were supplied with a drink made from barley, which the barbarians called kamou (ex Historia Gothica, page 183), and Dion Cassius, who was legate in the same country two centuries previously, has recorded the fact that the "Pannonians ate and drank barley. The Egyptians too, were well known

to the ancient inhabitants of Greece as brewers and consumers of beer. "They grind barley and make it into drink. writes Hecataeus. In the "Suppliants" of Æschylus (B. C. 484), King Pelasgus says in a scornful tone to an Egyptian herald: "You will find the inhabitants of this country (Argos), let me tell you, men and not drinkers of barley wine.' -[The Gentleman's Magazine.

A Wonderful Clock.

The Warschawskij Dujewnik, a paper ublished in Warsaw, Poland, describes wonderful clock which will be exhibited at the World's Fair in Chicago, The clock is the result of six years of armest work by a watcht marned named Goldfaden, in Warsaw. It represents a railroad station, with waiting rooms for travellers, telegraph and ticket offices, an outside promenade and a fountain in operation. Along side of the station are seen the tracks, with signal-booths, switches and water reservoirs,-in fact, everything belonging to a European railroad depot. In the dome of the central tower of the building is a clock showing the local time, while in each of two other towers there is a clock, giving the time, respectively, of New York and Pekin. In both of the towers, last mentioned, a calendar and barometer are seen. Every quarter of an hour it gets lively at the station. First the telegraph operator does his work-issues the telegram to signify that the track is clear. Then the doors of the building are opened; the station keeper and his assistant appear on the platform; at the ticket office the cashier is noticeable; the guards leave the signal-booths and hoist the barrier; a long row of passengers is observable in front of the ticket office; baggage is hauled; one of the guards rings the bell and a train runs into the station. While the whistle of the locomotive is blown, the train stops; a workman goes along the row of opaches and kits the axles with a hammer, while another one pumps water into the water tank of the locomotive. After a third signal with the station-bell the train starts and disappears in a tunnel on the opposite side. The station-keeper and his assistant leave the platform and the doors of the depot building are closed, the guards enter their booths and quiet reigns. After fifteen minutes the same trouble commences again.

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The mole can swim excellently and it often sinks wells for the purpose of obtaining water to drink.

Who would be free from earthly ills must uy a box of Beecham's Pills. 25 cents a box. Worth a guinea.

A Philadelphia church is making trouble because its pastor's misfit set of false teeth interfere with his enunciation.

IF your Back Aches, or you are all worn out, cood for nothing, it is general debility. Brown's from Bitters will cure you, make you strong, cleanse your liver, and give a good ap-petite—tones the nerves.

The first victim to the guillotine was a highwsyman named Peletier, who cuted on the Place de Greve, Paris. who was exe-

My wife has used Bradycrotine for headache with the best imaginable results. I state this without solicitation. J. W. Mashburn, Abbe-ville, Ga. All druggists, fifty cents.

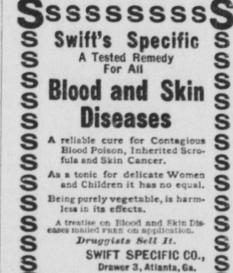
Cuban harbers lather their patrons with their hands, from a howl made to fit under the chin. No brush is used.

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OVERS P MUSIC us the names and addresses



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Which do you want, when you're buying medicine?

If you're satisfied with words, you get them with every blood-purifier but one. That one is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. With that, you get a guarantee. If it doesn't help you, you have your money back. On this plan, a medicine that promises help is pretty sure to give it.

But it's because the medicine is different, that it's sold differently. It's not like the sarsaparillas, which are said to be good for the blood, in March, April, and May. At all seasons and in all cases, it cures permanently, as nothing else can, all the diseases arising from a torpid liver or from impure blood.

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B N U 26

With this, you pay only for the good you get.

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FILHT

think the tents he made were as good as his

Hark! what is that shuffling of feet in the Hark! what is that shuffling of feet in the upper dungeon? Why, Faui has an invita-tion to a banquet, and ne is going to dine to-day with the King. Those shuffling feet are the feet of the executioners. They come, and they cry down through the hole of the dungeon. "Hurry up, old man. Come now; get yourself ready." Why, Paul was ready. He had nothing to pack up. He had no baggage to take. He had been ready a good while. I see him rising up, and straightgood while. I see him rising up, and straightening out his limbs, and pusning back his white hair from his creviced forehead, and see him looking up through the hole in the roof of the dungeon into the face of his executioners, and hear him say. "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand.

Then they lift him out of the dungeon, and Then they lift him out of the dungeon, and they start with him to the place of excution. They say: "Hurry along, old man, or you-will feel the weight of our spear. Hurry along." "now far is i.," says Paul, "we have to travel?" "Three miles." Three miles is a good way for an old man to travel after he has been whipped and crippled with maltreatment. Fur they soon get to the maltreatment. But they soon get to the place of execution-Acque Salvia-and he is fastened to the pillar of martyrdom. It does not take any strength to the him fast. He makes no resistance.

Paul: why not now strike for your life? You have a great many triends here. With that withered hand just launch the thundertoit of the people upon those in-famous soldiers. No! Paul was not going to interfere with his own coronation. He to interfere with his own coronation. He was too giad to go. I see aim looking up in the lace of his executioner, and, as the grim official draws the sword, Paul calmiy says, "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand." But 1 put my hand over my eyes I want not to see that last struggle. One sharp, keen stroke, and Paul does go to the banquet, and Paul does dine with the Kinz. What a transition it was! From the ma-laria of Rome to the finest climate in all the universe—the zone of eternal beauty and health. Humakes ware out in the categories

health. His ashes were put in the catacombs of Rome, but in one moment the air of heaven bathed from his soul the last ache. From shipwreck, from dungeon, from the biting pain of the elmwood rods, from the sharp sword of the headsman, he goes into the most brilliant assemblage of heaven, a king among kings, multitu les of the sain ;hood rushing out and stretcoing forth his is of welcome, for I do really think that as on the right hand of Gol is Christ, so on the right hand of Christ is Paul, the second great in heaven.

changed kings likewise. Before the He changed kings likewise. Before the hour of death and up to the last moment he was under Nero, the thick-necked, the crusi-eyed, the filthy-lippel and sculotured fea-tures of that man bringing down to us this very day the horrible possibilities of his nature-seated as he was among pictured marbles of E_{LY} pt, under a roof alorned with mother-of-pearl. in a dining-room marbles of Egypt, under a roof alorned with mother-of-pearl, in a dining-room which by machinery was kept whirling day and night with most bewitching magnifi-cence; his horses stanting in stalls of solid gold, and the grounds around his palace lighted at night by its victims, who had been bedaubed with tar and pitch and then set on fire to illumine the darkness. That was Paul's king. was Paul's king.

But the next moment he goes into the realm of Him whose reign is love, and whose courts are paved with love, and whose throne is set on pillars of love. and whose throne is set on billars of love, and scepter is adorned with jewels of love, and whose palace is lighted with love, and whose lifetime is an eternity of love. When Paul lifetime is an eternity of love. When Paul was leaving so much on this side the pillar of martyrdom to gain so much on the other side, do you wonder at the cheerful valedictory of the text, "The time of my departure is at hand "

Now, why cannot all the old people have Now, why cannot all the old people have the same holy glee as that aged man had? Charles I., when he was combing his hair, found a gray hair, and he sent it to the queen as a great joke; but old age is really no joke at all. For the last forty years you have been dreading that which ought to have been an exhilaration. You say you most fear the struggle at the moment the soul and body pæt. But millions have en-dured that moment, and may not we as well? They got through with it and so can we.

what He endured, oh, who can tell, To save our soms from death and hell!

When there was between Paul and that magnificent Personage only the thinness of the sharp edge of the sword of the executhe sharp edge of the sword of the execu-tioner, do you wonder toat he wanted to go? Oh! my Lord Jesus, let one wave of that glory roll over us! Hark! I hear the wei-ding bells of heaven ringing now. The marriage of the Lamb has come, and the bride hath made herself ready. And now for a little while good by. I have no morbid feeling about the future. But if anything should happen that we never meet again in this world, let us meet where there are no partings. Our friendships have been delightful ful on earth, but they will be more delightful in heaven. And now I commend you to God and the word of His grace, which is able to build us up and give an inheritance among all them that are sanctified.

Difficult TRAK.

Many idioms of the English language possess a striking and picturesque significance, which from long and constant use is often lost sight of. Occasionally, however, unusual association brings it out with clear- They tone up the weak stomac build up the flagging energies. of. Occasionally, however, unusual

Two women were discussing a young man of their acquaintance, whose father had been a distinguished member of the bar, and a useful member of society.

"For my part," said one, "I think George is very bright and capable. I am confident he will succeed."

"Yes," replied the other, "he is undoubtedly a worthy young man, but I don't think he has head enough to fill his father's shoes."

Her Ignorance.

Mrs. Cumso-I'm glad it's a t'n wedding we are invited to next week and not a silver wedding. Silver presents are so frightfully expensive. Cumso-My dear, you are evidently unacquainted with the fact that we are expected to take a present made of American tin.

An Urgent Case. Poor Patient-"I sent for you, doctor, because I know you are a noted physician, but I feel it my duty to inform you that I haven't over \$25 to my name."

Dr. Biggfee-"Very well, then, we must cure you up as quickly as possible."-New York Weekly.

grain of fine sand will cover 300 of them



HOOD'S PILLS cure all Liver Ills, jann-

"August Flower"

Miss C. G. MCCLAVE, Schoolteacher, 753 Park Place, Elmira, N. Y. "This Spring while away from tome teaching my first term in a country school I was perfectly wretched with that human agony called dyspepsia. After dieting for two weeks and getting no better, a triend wrote me, suggesting that I take August Flower. The very next day I purchased a bottle. I am delighted to say that August Flower helped me so that I have quite recovered from my indisposition."



Rescued His Feline Friend.

Here is a very charming cat and dog story, for the truth and accuracy of which the proud inhabitants of the Swiss village where it occurred recently are one and all ready to youch.

A troublesome cat in the village had been doomed to a watery death, and the children of the mother had been told to take it in a sack to the river Aar and there to drown it. 'The house dog accompanied the party to the execution, which was carried out according to parental instructions.

But, much to the sarprise of the inmates, a short time later the cat and dog, both soaking wet, re-uppeared together at their owner's door. This is what had happened:

The dog on seeing that the sack containing the cat was thrown into the river, jumped after it, soized it with its teeth, dragged it to the bank, tore it with its teeth, and restored his friend the cat to life and liberty. It goes without saying that the death warrant of the cat was destroyed after the marvelous escapade .--- [Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Another Fault in the New Coins.

"There is a very serious defect in the new silver half dollar that few people appear to have discovered," said Milton Everett of San Antonio, Tex., at the Laclede. "The new coin is nearly as brittle as steel. A hard blow from a hammer breaks it completely in two. You can pound all day on the coin which this one is intended to succeed and not crack it, which seems to attest a superiority of coinage in favor of the old half dollar.-[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.



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