AN OLD DUELING PISTOL.

It Has Seen 400 Years of Service and Is Still in Good Condition.

Major Moore has among his collection of curios a dueling pistol which was brought to this country from England by one of the earliest inttlers of Virginia. The weapon, which is a flint-lock, is fully 400 years old, and is still in good condition, and if capped with a bit of flint and loaded could be fired.

The pistol has a brass barrel, which unscrews about an inch from the flash-pan. To load it the barrel is unscrewed, the powder poured in and rammed down. The barrel is then replaced and the bullet, about three times as large as a buckshot, is dropped in. The sight is on the side of the barrel, about midway between the trigger and the muzzle. Instead of sighting over a point on the extreme top of the barrel, as one does when handling a modern revolver, the old pistol was held so that the sight was taken over the knuckles of the person sighting it, says the Wash-

The pistol was manufactured by Kitano & Co., London, and was brought to this country by a man named Mason, who was related to; Lord Fairfax. It remained in the Mason family until 1679, when it was given to an old fisherman by Miss Mason, a granddaughter of the man who brought it over from old England. The old fisherman gave it away, and it finally found its way into the hands of one Detective Raff. who presented it to Major Moore.

ington Post.

The descendants of the original possessor, Mr. Mason, still reside on the farm on which he settled some 300 years ago in King George County, Va. How many affairs of honor this "lingering eternity" of a barbarous custom has figured in is not known by its present owner, its history having become lost in the recent rapid changes of ownership.

STAND back a little and give Ferd Ward another chance. A man should not be killed for a single mistake.



As Large As a dollar were the scrofula sores on my poor little boy, sickening and lisgusting. They were especially severe on his legs, back of his ears and n his head. I gave him

Hood's Sarsaparilla. In wo weeks the sores commenced to heat up; the came off and all over his body new and Joseph Ruby. bottles of HOOD'S SARSAPA-RILLA, he was free from sores RUBY, Box 356, Columbia, Penn.

HOOD'S PILLS are a mild, gentle, painless, safe and efficient cathartic.



Rheumatism.

Lumbago, pain in joints or back, brick dust in urine, frequent calls, irritation, inflamation, gravel, ulceration or catarrh of bladder.

Disordered Liver. Impaired digestion, gout, billious-headache. SWAMP-ROOT cures kidney difficulties, La Grippe, urinary trouble, bright's disease.

Impure Blood.

Scrofula, malaria, gen'l weakness or debility. At Druggists, 50c. Size, \$1.00 Size. Invalids' Guide to Health"free—Consultation free. DR. KILMEN & CO., BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

German Syrup"

I simply state that I am Druggist and Postmaster here and am therefore in a position to judge. I have tried many Cough Syrups but for ten years past have found nothing equal to Boschee's German Syrup. I have given it to my haby for Croup with the most satisfactory results. Every mother should have it. J. H. Hobbs, Druggist and Postmaster, Moffat, Texas. We present facts, living facts, of to-day Boschee's German Syrup gives strength to the body. Take no substitute.

Tutt's Tiny Pills:

outlasting three boxes of any other. ted by heat. LF GET THE GENUINE. FOR SALE BY DEALERS GENERALLY.

A WORLD'S FAIR CUIDF FREE. Contains map of Chicago and Exposition grounds ad picture and description of all the Kaif buildings. Authentic and as good as toose sold for outs. Conditions of the contained and the contained

## REV. DR. TALMAGE

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "Heaven's Redeemed Multitude" (Preached in London.)

TEXT: "After this 1 behe'd, and lo! great multitude which no man could number, of all nations and kindreds and people and tongues, stood before the throne and before the Lamb, ciothed with whit robes, and paims in their hands, and criew with a loud voice, saying, Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb."—Revelation vii., 9, 10.

It is impossible to come in contact with anything grand or beautiful in art, nature or religion without being profited and elevated. We go into the art gallery and our soul meets the soul of the painter, and we hear the hum of his forests and the clash of his conflicts and see the coud blossoming of the sky and the foam blossoming of the ocean, and we come out from the gallery better men than when we went in. We go into the concert of music and are lifted into enchantment; for days after enchantment; for days after our soul seems to rock with a very tumuit of joy, as the sea,

after a long stress of weather, rolls and rocks and surges a great while before it comes back to its ordinary caim.

On the same principle it is profitable to think of heaven, and look off upon that landscape of joy and light which St. John descriptions of the trees of the tree picts—the rivers of glaoness, the trees of life, the thrones of power, the comminglings ot everlasting love. I wish this morning that I could bring heaven from the list of intangibles and make it seem to you as it really is—the great fact in all history, the depot of all ages, the parlor of God's uni-

This account in my text gives a picture of heaven as it is on a holiday. Now, if a man came to New York for the first time on the day that Kossuth arrived from Hungary, and he saw the arches lifted, and the flowers flung in the streets, and he heard the guns booming, he would have been very foolish to suppose that that was the ordinary appearance of the city. While heaven is always grand and always beautiful, I think my text speaks of a gala day in heaven. It is a time of great celebration—perhaps of the birth or the resurrection of Jesus, perhaps of the downfail of some despo.ism,

perhaps because of the rushing in of the millennium. I know not what, but it does seem to me in reading this passage as if it were a holiday in heaven; 'After this I beheld, and lo! a great mustitude which no man could number, of all nations and kindreds and people and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their bands, and cried with a loud voice, saying, Salvation to our God which sitteta

upon the throne, and unto the Lamb."

1 shall speak to you of the glorified in beaven-their number, their antecedents, their dress their symbols and their song. But how shall I begin by telling you of the numbers of those in heaven? I have seen a curious estimate by an ingenious man who calculates how long the world was going to last, and how many people there are in each generation, and then sums up the whole matter, sni says he thinks there will be twenty-seven trillions of souls in glory. I have no faith in his estimate. I simply take the plain announcement of the text—it is "a great multitude, which no man can

One of the most impressive things I have looked upon is an army. Standing upon a hillside you see forty thousand or fifty thou-sand men pass along. You can hardly sand men pass along. You can hardly imagine the impression if you have not actually felt it. But you may take all the armies that the earth has ever seen—the egions of Sennacherib and Cyrus and Tiesar, Xerxes and Alexander and Napoleon, and all or modern forces and put them in one great array, and then on some swift steed you may ride along the line and review the troops; and that accumulated host from all ages seems like a half formed regiment compared with the great array of the redeemed.

I stood one day at Williamsport, and saw on the opposite side of the Potomac the forces coming down, regiment after regiment, and brigade after brigade. It seemed as though there was no end to the procession. But now let me take the field glass of St. John and look off upon the hosts of heaven— thousands upon thousands, ten thousand times ten thousand, one hundred and forty and four thousand, and thousands of thou ands, until I put down the field glass and 'I cannot estimate it-a great multitude that no man can number.

You may tax your imagination and torture your ingenuity and break down your powers of cuculation in attempting to ex-press the multitudes of the released from earth and the enraptured of heaven, and talk of hundreds of hundreds, of thousands of thousands of thousan is, of millions of millions of millions, until your head aches and your heart faints, and ex-hausted and overburdened you exclaim: "I cannot count them-a great multitude that no man can number.

But my subject advances, and tells you of their antecedents, "of all nations and kin-dreds and tongues." Some of them spoke Scotch, Irish, German, English, Italian, Spanish, Jamil, Choctaw, Burmese. After men have been long in the land you can tel by their accentuation from what nationality they came, and I suppose in the great thron; around the torone it will not be difficult to tell from what part of the earth they came

These reaped Sicilian wheat fields and those picked cotton from the pols. Thes and yams. Those crossed the desert on camels, and those glanced over the mow. drawn by Siberian dogs, and these miked the goats far up on the Swiss crags. These rought the walrus and white bear in regions of every start and white bear in regions. of everasting snow, and those heard the song of flery winged birds in African thickthey were white. They were black.
They were red. They were cop or color.
From all lands, from all ages. They were From all lands, from all ages. The plunged into Austrian dungeons. passed through Spanish inquisitions. They were confined in London Tower. They fought with beasts in the amphitheater. They were Moravians. They were They were Moravians. They were Waidenses. They were Albigenses. They were Sandwich Islanders.

In this world men prefer different kinds of government. The United States wants a republic. The British Government needs to government, be a constitutional monarchy. Austria wants absolutesm. But when they come up from earth from different nationalities they will prefer one great monarch;—King Jesus ruler over it. And if that monarchy were disbanded and it were submitted to all the hosts of heaven who would rule, then by the unanimous suffrages of all the redeeme! Christ would become the president of the whole universe. Magna Chartas, bills of right, houses of burgesses, triumvirates, congresses, parliaments—nothing in the presence of Christ's scepter swaying over all the records who have entered we are the the people who have entered upon the great glory. Oh! can you imagine it? What a strange commingling of tastes, of histories, of nationalities, "of all Nations and kindreds

and people and tongues."
My subject advances and tells you of the dress of those in beaven. The object of dress in this world is not only to veil the body but to adorn it. The God who dreeses up the spring morning with blue ribbon of sky around the brow and earrings of dewsky around the brow and earrings of dewdrops hung from tree branch and mantle of
crimson cloud flung over the shoulder and the
violetted slippers of the grass for her feet—I
know that God does not despise beautiful
apparel. Well, what shall we wear in
heaven? "I saw a great multitude clothed
in white robes." It is white! In this world
we had sometimes to have on working apparel. Bright and lustrous garments would
be ridiculously out of place sweltering amid
forzes, or mixing paints, or plastering ceilings, or binding books.

ings, or binding books.

In this world we must have the working lay apparel sometimes, and we care not how.

coarse it is. It is appropriate; but when all the toil of earth is past and there is no more irudgery and no more weariness, we shall tand before the throne roosi in white. On earth we sometimes had to wear mourning apparel—black scarf for the arm, black veil apparel—black scart for the arm, black vell for the face, black gloves for the hands, black band for the hat. Abraham mourning for Sarah; Isaac mourning for Rebecca; Rachel mourning for her children; David mouseing for Absalom; Mary mourning for Lazarus. Every second of every minute of every hour of every day a heart breaks.

very hour of every day a heart breaks. The earth from zone to zone and from oole to pole is cleft with sepulchral rent, and the earth can easily afford to bloom and blossom when it is so rich with moldering life. Graves! graves! But when these bereavements have all passed, and there are no more graves to dig, and no more coffins to make, and no more sorrow o suffer, we shall pull off this mourning and e robed in white. I see a soul going right in from all this scene of sin and trouble ino glory. I seem to hear him say:

I journey forth rejoicing From this dark vale of tears To heavenly joy and freedom, From earthly care and fears.

When Christ my Lord shall gut'ter All His redeemed arsin, Good-night till then.

The joyful hour has come: The joyful hour has come: The angel guards are ready To guide me to our home.

When Christ our Lord shall gather All His redeemed again, His kingdom to inherit— Good-night all then.

My subject advances, and tells you of the symbols they carry. If my text had represented the good in heaven as carrying cypress branches, that would have meant sorrow. If my text had represented the good in heaven as carrying nightshade, that would have meant sin. But it is a palm branch they carry, and that is victory. When the people came home from war in olden times the conqueror rode at the head of his troops, and there were triumphal arches, and people would come out with branches of the palm tree and wave them all along the host. What a significant type this of the greeting and of the joy of the redeemed in heaven! On earth they were condemned, and were put out of polite circles. They had infamous hands strike them They had infamous hands strike them on both cheeks. Infernal spite spat in their faces. Their back ached with sorrow.

Their brow resked with unalleviated toil. How weary they were! Sometimes they broke the heart of the midnight in the mids of all their anguish, crying out, "O God!" But hark now to the shout of the delivered captives, as they lift their arms from the snackles and they cry out, "Free! free!" They look back upon all the trials through which they have passed, the battles they have fought the burdens they carried the misrepresentations they suffered, the misrepresentations they suffered, and because they are delivered from all these they stand before God waving their palms. They come to the feet of Christ, and they look up into His face, and they remember His sorrows, and they remember His sorrows, and they remember His sorrows. they remember His groans, and they say:
"Why, I was saved by that Christ. He
pardoned my sins, He soothe 1 my sorrows,"
and standing there they shall be exultant, waving their palms.
That hand ones held the implement of toil

or wielded the swort of war but now it placks down branches from the tree of life as they stand before the throne waving their palms. Once he was a pilgrim on earth; he crunched the hard crusts—he walked the weary way, but it is all gone now; the sin gone, the weariness gone, the sickness gone, the sorrow gone. As Christ stands up before the great array of the save! and re-counts His victories it will be like the rocking and tossing of a forest in a tempest, as all emed rise up, host beyond beyond reny, waving their palms.

My subject makes another advancement, and speaks of the song they sing. Dr. Dick, in a very learned work, says that among other things in heaven he thinks they will give a great deal of time to the study of arithmetic and the higher branches of mathematics. I do not believe it. It would upset my idea of heaven if I thought so; I never liked mathematics; and I would rather take the representation of my text, which describes the occupation of heaven as being joyful psalmody. "They cried with which describes the occupation of heaven as being joyful psalmody. "They cried with a loud voice, saying, Salvation unto our God." In this world we have secular songs, nursery songs, boatmen's songs, harvest songs, sentimental songs; but in heaven we will have taste for only one song, and that will be the song of salvation from an eternal death to an eternal heaven through the blood of the Lamb that was slain.

blood of the Lamb that was slain. In this world we have plaintive songe songs tremulous with sorrow, songs dirgeful or the dead; but in heaven there will be no sighing of winds, no waiting of anguish, no weeping symphony. The tamest song will be falleiuiah—the dulles: tune a triumphal march. Joy among the cherubin! Joy among the seraphim! Joy among the ran-somed! Joy forever!

On earth the music in churches is often poor, because there is no interest in it or be cause there is no harmony. Some would not sing, some could not sing, some sang too sing, some could not sing, some sang too high, some sang too low, some sang by fits and starts, but in the great audience of the redeemed on high all voices will be accordant, and the man who on earth could not tell a plantation, majors, from the "Deat Murca in tation meloly from the "Deal Mirch in Saul" will lift an anthem that the Mendels soons and Besthovens and the Schumanns of earth never imagined, and you may stand through all eternity and listen and there will not be one discord in the great anthem that forever rolls up against the great heart of God. It will not be a solo, it will not be a ouer, it will not be a quintet, but an innumerable host before the thron-, crying, "Sal vation unto our God and unto the Lamb. They crowd all the temples, they bend over the battlements, they fill all the heights and depths and lengths and breaiths of heaven with their hosannas,

When people were taken into the Temple of Diana it was such a brilliant room that they were always put on their guard. So no people had lost their sight by just looking on the brilliancy of that room, and so the janitor when he brought a stranger to the door and let him in would always charge im, "Take need of your eyes."
Oh! when I think of the song that goes up

around the throne of God, so jubilant, many voiced, multitudinous, I feel like saying, "Take heed of your ears." It is so lou1 a song. It is so blessed an anthem. They sing a rock song, saying. "Who is He that sheltered us in the wilderness, and shadowed us in a weary land?" And the chorus comes in, "Christ the shadow of a rock in a weary

They sing a star song saying, "Who is He that guided us through the thick night, and when all other lights went out arose in the sky the morning star, pouring light on the soul's darkness?" And the chorus will come soul's darkness?" And the chorus will come in, "Christ, the morning star, shining on the soul's darkness." They will sing a flower song, saying, "Who is He that brightened all our way, and breathed sweetness ucon our soul, and bloomed through frost and tempest?" And the chorus will come in, "Christ, the lily of the valley, blooming through frost and tempest." They sing a water song, saying, "Who is He that gleamed to us from the frowning crag, and lightened the darkest ravine of trouble, and brought cooling to the temples and refreshment to the lip, and was a fountain in the midst of the wilderness," and then the chorus will come in, "Christ, the fountain in the midst of the wilderness,"

My friends, will you join that anthem? Shall we make rehearsal this morning? If we cannot sing that song on earth we will not be able to sing it in heaven. Can it be that our good friends in that land will walk all through that great throng of which I speak looking for us and set find.

that our good friends in that land will walk all through that great throng of which I speak looking for us and not finding us. Will they come down to the gate and ask if we have passed through, and not find us reported as having come? Will they look through the folios of eternal light and find our names unrecorded? Is all this a representation of a land we shall never see, of a song we shall never sing?

FOR THE CHILDREN.

THE DIFFERENCE.

A little red face With soft, wrinkled skin-

A little snub nose And wee puckered chin; A little bald head,

Two weak, watery eyes, Iwo red, toothless gums That he shows when he cries Two thin, little hands

A small, fretful voice That demands constant care. That was the way that he looked to me When I called, her first-born son to see. But she said with pride: "I hope that he Looks as pretty to you as he does to me!"

—[New York Advertiser.

That are clutching the air;

BLANCHIE AND THE BIRDS.

It is strange, muses Mrs. A. E. C. Maskell, how much nearer some persons can get to the lower forms of animal life than others. A little girl could pick up almost any kind of insect with her fingers and remove it out of her path without ever being harmed. Another, ten years old, very quiet and gentle in her ways, was a great favorite among the birds around her home, they would perch on her bonnet, and many of them flock about at her call. Last summer, directly after the great fire in the woods around Chesilhurst, N. J., this gentle child found an empty bird's nest on the ground, and placing it in the fork of a small tree, "Some poor birdie has lost her said: nest. Oh! I do hope she will find it again," and the very next day, the Blanchie's surprise, there was an egg in the nest.

She clapped her hands softly with delight, and went to her home for crumbs and a small dish of water; and so carried food every day, until the mother bird became so tame that she could stroke her on the nest. Three little birdies were hatched, and they would allow their friend to take them out and pet them to her heart's content. There were other children in the same family, but the birds made friends with little Blanche alone; because, as her mother explained, 'Blanchie is kind and gentle with everything." Even the tiny, bright-eyed lizards would stop in their flight to listen to her soft, cooing words as she talked with them, and threw them food. All of this made me the more fond of the little girl; for I thought that one who could endear herself to bird and beast was well worthy of my love .- [New York Tribune.

"MY WAGON."

Robbie had a cart given to him on his birthday. Though Robbie was only a little boy, not seven years old, the cart was big enough to be of real use. Dick, who was nearly three years younger than Robbie, could sit in it, and then his two brothers could give him such a nice ride! But the best thing was to fill the big cart with the fallen leaves, and take them off to the stable-yard. "We'll play the leaves are hay, and

I'm the farmer," said Will. "No, I'm the farmer; for it's, my wagon," said Robbie. And then, I am sorry to say, the two boys began to quarrel

"Robbie," called mamma, 'when Aunt Mary wanted to give you a wagon, I said I was afraid you and Will would quarrel over it. You might as well take papa's axe and chop up your wagon at

"Chop up my beautiful wagon! Why, mamma

"Yes, for you are spoiling it quite as badly as if you cut it up. If you get along pleasantly with it, and take turns in being the farmer, you will enjoy yourself; but just as soon as you are cross and selfish, you won't have any fun at all."

Robbie stood sticking the toe of his shoe in the loose dirt. "It's my wagon," he was thinking; but then something whispered, "But you might play it was Will's half the time; mamma knows, "I'll tell you, mamma, Will can be Mr. Post, and borry my wagon!" And the little boy ran off quite ready to be un-

Mrs. Drake laughed, for Mr. Post was a neighbor who was all the time trying to borrow everything possible. He even tried to borrow a horse-shoe.

So Will was Mr. Post, and he and Robbie and Dick raked and swept the leaves again and again, till every dead leaf was gathered up and put in the stable-yard. Then Mr. Post gravely returned the wagon; and strange to say, it was not hurt at all!

"We've had such fun," said the boys, as they ate their basins of bread and milk. "It is really more fun to be kind and pleasant, isn't it?" said mamma. 'Yes, it is," said Will; while Robbie

asked, "Why don't we think of pleasant plays always, mamma?" "You must learn, little by little, to be

pleasant and kind, just as Carrie learns to knit. If Robbie will only try to make Will and Dick happy, and not think about Robbic, and if Will only tries to make Robbie and Dick happy, you will soon have to think of pleasant plays."

"Dick loves everybody," said the little boy, jumping down to give each one a "big hug."

"Come, let's give Dick a ride in our wagon," said Robbie. And no one heard any more about "my wagon."-The Observer.

A Human Analysis.

Dr. Lancaster, the famous London physician and surgeon, who analyzed the body of a man in 1875, gives the following result of his unique experiment: The body operated upon weighed 158 pounds exactly. From this mass of flesh, bones, muscles, etc., he obtained 23.1 pounds of carbon, 2.2 pounds of lime, 22.3 ounces of phosphorus, and I ounce each of sodium (salt), iron, potassium, magnesium and silicon. Besides the above "solids" he obtained from the came subject 5,595 cubic feet of oxygen and 103,900 cubic feet of hydrogen, this latter weighing 15 pounds four ounces, and 52 cubic feet of nitrogen. All of these elements combined into the following: One hundred and twenty-one pounds of water, 16 pounds of gelatine, 1 1-3 pounds of fat, 8 pounds of fibrin and albumen, 7 pounds of phosphate of lime and 22-3 pounds of other mineral substances .- |St. Louis Re-

Barn-Yards, Barn-yards are bad leaks in farm management. Thousands of loads of manure are wasted in them from constant exposure to sun, wind, and rain. And yet the farmers endure them just as though there was no remedy. Manure is needed on most farms more than anything else, and yet nothing is wasted with more readiness.

Beware of Continents for Catarrh That

As mercury wiii surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co.

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

For Dyspepsia, Indigestion, and Stomach disorders, use Brown's iron Bitters. The Best Tonic, it rebuilds the system, cleans the B ood and strengthens the muscles. A splendid tonic for weak and debilitated persons.

So minute are the pores of the skin that a grain of fine sand will cover 300 of them.

Mr. J. Lane, general manager Georgia Southern and Florida Railroad, says: "I was entirely relived of headache by Bradycrotine in fifteen minutes. It is the only thing that relieves me." All druggists, fifty cents.

The leap-year girl might try him delicately with a little pop-corn.

For impure of thin Blood, Weakness, Malaria Neuraigia, Indigestion, and Billion-ness, take Brown's Iron Bitters—it gives strength, making old persons feel young—and young persons strong; pleasant to take.

"Bonanza" is a Spanish word, meaning fair or prosperous weather.

Neavous, bilious, disorders, sick headache indigestion, loss of appetite and constipation removed by Beecham's Pills.



## ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most

popular remedy known. Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and \$1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YOFK, N.Y.

GO WEST.

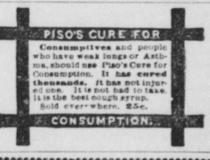
Fixed just right -Liver, Stomach, and Bowels, by Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They do it in just the right way, tooby using Nature's own methods. That's why they're better than the dreadful, old-fashioned pills, with their griping and violence.

But they're better in every way. In size, for instance, and dose. They're the smallest and the easiest to take; only one little Pellet is needed for a gentle laxativethree for a cathartic. They cleanse and regulate the system thoroughly - but it's done easily and naturally. Sick Headache, Bilious Headache, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the Liver, Stomach and Bowels are prevented, relieved, and cured.

They're the cheapest pill you can buy, for they're guaranteed to give satisfaction, or your money is returned. You pay only for value received.

Something else, that pays the dealer better, may be offered as "just as good." Perhaps it is, for him, but it can't be, for you.







cent collection of over GOO LATEST SONGS with the music for each GOO LATEST SONGS one, bound in a thick handsome volume. This is the grandest collection of Sentimental, Comic, Operation and Ethiopian Songs ever published, and includes all the popular favorites: "COMRADES,"

all the popular favorites: "COMRADES,"
"ANNIE ROONEY," etc. A whole year's supply for the cost of a single piece of music. VICTOR
MFG. COMP'Y, 695 Broadway, New York.

FRED'K DUTCHER DRUG CO.,

COME QUICK !-R'ys advancing will double value. Fine timber and rich soil underlaid with coal. Well adapted for Poultry, Vegetables, Fruit, 80,000 acres lands, lots in all plateau towns, CUMBERLAND PLATEAU LAND OFFICE, Roslin P. O., Hulbert Park, Tenn.



READY CASH BICYCLES 50 PEP CENT UNDER USUAL PRICES 28 inch Pilot, cushion tires, ball bearings throughout, \$40.00 30 in. Pathfinder. 38 in. Ladies' Juno." 30 Inch Ben-Hur Pneumatic Tires, Full ball bearings, all Bicycles Guaranteed, \$70.00

AGENTS WANTED. SEND FOR LISTS.



IT IS A DUTY you owe your-self and family to get the best value for your money. Econo-mize in your footwear by pur-clusing W. L. Donglas Shoes, which represent the best value for prices asked, as thousands will testify. TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE.



W. L. DOUGLAS THE **BEST SHOE** IN THE WORLD FOR THE MONEY.

costing from \$4 to \$5.
\$4 and \$5 Hand-sewed, fine call shoes. The most stylish,
\$4 easy and durable shoes ever sold at these prices. They equal
fine imported above costing from \$8 to \$12.
\$3 56 Police Shoes, worn by farmers and all others who
\$3 want a good heavy ealf, three soled, extension edge shoe,
easy to walk in, and will keep the feet dry and warm.
\$2 56 Fine Calf, \$2.25 and \$2 Workingmen's Shoes
\$2 will give more wear for the money than any other make.
They are made for service. The increasing sales show that workingmen have found this out. BOYS' \$2 and Youtho' \$1.75 School Shoes are worn by the boys everywhere. The most service-

able shoes sold at these prices.

LADIES' \$3 Hand-Sewed, \$2.56, \$2 and \$1.75 Shoes for Missees are made of the best Dongola or fine Caif, as desired. They are very stylish, comfortable and durable. They are very styling shoes without the pricestamped on bottom. Such substitutions are fraudulent and subject to prosecution by law for obtaining money under false pretences.

If not for sale in your pince send direct to Factory, stating kind, size and width vanted. Fostage free. Will give exclusive sale to shoe dealers and general inerchants where I have no agents. Write for Catalogue, W. L. Douglas, Breckton, Mass.