Subject: "Heaven's Glories."-(Farewell Sermon in London.)

TEXT: "The spider taketh hold with her ids and is in kings' palaces."-Proverbs xxx. 28.

Permitted as I was a few days ago to attend the meeting of the British Scientific Association at Edinburgh, I found that no paper read had excited more interest than that by Rev. Dr. McCook, of American, on the subject of spiders. It seems that my talented countryman, banished from his pulpit for a short time by ill health, had in the fields and forest given himself to the study of insects. And surely if it is not be-neath the dignity of God to make spiders it is not beneath the dignity of man to study

We are all watching for phenomena. A sky full of stars shining from January to January calls out not so many remaks as the blazing of one meteor. A whole flock of robins take not so much of our attention as one blundering bat darting into the window one summer ever. Things of ordinary sound on a summer eve. Things of ordinary sound and sight and occurrence fail to reach us. and yet no grasshopper ever springs, upon our path, no moth ever dashes into the evening candle, no mote ever floats in the sunbeam that pours through the crack of the window shutter, no barnacle on ship's hull, no burr on a chestnut, no limpet clinging to a rock, no rind of an artichoxe but would teach us a lesson if we were not so stupid. God in His Bible sets forth for our consideration the lily, and the snowflake, and the locust, and the stork's nest, and the hind's foot, and the aurora borealis, and the ant

In my text inspiration opens before us the gate of a palace, and we are inducted amid the pomp of the throne and the courtier, and while we are looking around upon the magnificence inspiration points us to a spider plying its shuttle and weaving its net on the wall. It does not call us to regard the grand surroundings of the palace, but to a solemn and earnest consideration of the fact that "The spider taketh hold with her

hands and is in kings' palaces."

It is not very certain what was the particular species of insect spoken of in the text, but I shall proceed to learn from it the exquisiteness of the divine mechanism. The king's chamberlain comes into the palace and looks around and sees the spider on the "Away with that intruder," and the servant of Solomon's palace comes with his broom and dashes down the insect, saying, "What a loathsome thing it is."
But under the microscopic inspection I fin i
it more wondrous of construction than the embroideries on the palace wall and the up-

holstery about the windows.

All the machinery of the earth could not make anything so delicate and beautiful as the prehensile with which that spider clutches its prey, or as any of its eight eyes. We do not have to go so far up to see the power of God in the tapestry hanging around the windows of heaven, or in the horses or chariots of fire with which the dying day departs, or to look at the mountain swinging out its sword arm from under the mantle of darkness until it can strike with its scimeter of the lightning.

I love better to study God in the shape of a fly's wing, in the formation of a fish's scale, in the snowy whiteness of a pond lily. I love to track His footsteps in the mountain moss, and to hear His voice in the hum of the rye fields, and discover the rustle of His robe of light in the south wind. Oh, this wonder of divine power that can build a habitation for God in an apple blossom, and tune a bee's voice until it is fit for the eternal orchestra, and can say to a firefly, "Let there be light;" and from holding an ocean in the hollow of His hand, goes forth to find heights and depths and length and breadth of omnipotency in a dewdrop, and dismounts from the chariot of midnight hurricans to cross over on the suspension bridge of a spider's web

You may take your telescope and sweep it across the heavens in order to behold the glory of God, but I shall take the leaf holding the spider and the spider's web, and I shall bring the microscope to my eye, and while I gaze and look and study and am confounded I will kneel down in the grass and cry, "Great and marvelous are Thy works, Lord God Almighty?"

Again, my text teaches me that insignifi-cance is no excuse for inaction. This spider that Solomon saw on the wall might have "I can't weave a web worthy of this great palace; what can I do amid all this gold embroidery? I am not able to make anything fit for so grand a place, and so I will not work my spinning jenny." Not so said the spider. "The spider taketh hold with her hands." On, what a lesson that is for you and me! You say if you had some great sermon to preacn, if you only had a great audience to talk to, if you had a great army to marshal, if you only had a constitution to write, if there was some tremendous thing in the world for you to do—then you would show us. Yes, you would

What if the Levice in the ancient temple

had refused to snuff the candle because he could not be a high priest? What if the humming bird should refuse to sing its songs into the ear of the honeysuckle because it cannot, like the eagle, dash its wing into the sun? What is the raindrop should refuse to descend because it is not a Niagara? What if the spider of the text should refuse to move its shuttle because it cannot weave s Solomon's robe? Away with such folly! If you are lazy with the one talent, you would the lazy with the ten talents. If Milo can-mot lift the calf he never will have strength to lift the ox. In the Lord's army there is order for promotion, but you cannot be a general until you have been a captain, a lieutenant and a colonel. It is step by step, it is inch by inch, it is stroke by stroke that our Christian character is builded. Therefore be content to do what God commands

god is not ashamed to do small things. He is not ashamed to be found chiseling a grain of sand, or helping a honeybee to construct its cell with mathematical accuracy, or tingeing a shell in the surf. or shaping the bill of a casflinch. What God does, Hedoes well. What you do, do well, be it a great work or a small work. If ten talents, employ all the ten. If five talents, employ all the five. If one talent, employ the thousandth part of a talent, employ that. "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thes the crown of life." I teil you if will give thee the crown of life." I tell you if you are not faithful to God in a small sphere, you would be indolent and insignificant in a

Again, my text teaches me that repulsiveness and loathsomeness will sometimes climb up into very elevated places. You would have tried to kill the spider that Solomon saw. You would have said: "This is no place for it. If that spider is determined to weave a web let it do so down to the spider in the spider is determined." no place for it. If that spider is determined to weave a web, let it do so down in the cellar of this palace or in so ne dark dungeon." Ah! the spider of the text could not be discouraged. It clambered on an't climbed up, higher and higher and higher, until after awhile it reached the king's vision, and he said. "The spider taketh hold with her hands, and is in kings' palaces." And so it often is now that things that are loathsome and repulsive get up into very elevated

The church of Christ, for instance, is a palace. The King of heaven and earth lives in it. According to the Bible, her beams are of cedar, and her rafters of fir, and her windows of agate, and the fountains of salvation dash a rain of light. It is a glorious palace—the church of God is, and yet sometimes unseemly and loathsoms things creep up into it—evil speaking and rarcor and slander and backbiting and abuse, crawling up on the walls of the church, spinning a The church of Christ, for instance, is a up on the walls of the church, spinning a web from arch to arch, and from the top of one communion tankard to the top of another communion tankard. Glorious palace in which there ought only to be light

and love and pardon and grace; yet a spider

Home ought to be a castle. It ought to be the residence of everything royal. Kindness love, peace, patience and forbearance ought to be the princes residing there, and yet sometimes dissipation crawls up into that home, and the jealous eye comes up, and the scene of peace and plenty becomes the scene of domestic jargon and dissonance. You say, "What is the matter with the You say, "What is the matter when house," I will tell you what is the matter

A well developed Christian character is a grand thing to look at. You see some man with great intellectual and spiritual proportions. You say, "How useful that man must be!" But you find amid all his 'splendor of faculties there is some prejudice, some whim, some evil habit that a great many people do not notice, but that you have happened to notice, and it is gradually spoiling that man's character—it is grad-ually going to injure his entire influence. Others may not see it, but you are anxious in regard to his welfare, and now you discover it. A dead fly in the olutment. A

spider in the palace.

Again, my text teaches me that perseverance will mount into the king's palace. It must have seemed a long distance for that spider to climb in Solomon's splendid residence, but it started at the very foot of the wall and went up over the panels of Leba-non cedar, higher and higher, until it stood higher than the highest throne in all the nations—the throne of Solomon. And so God has decreed it that many of those who are down in the dust of sin and dishonor shall gradually attain to the King's palace. We see it in worldly things.

Who is that banker in Philadelphia? Why, he used to be the boy that held the horses of Stephen Girard while the millionaire went in to collect his dividends. Ark wright toils on up from a barber shop until he gets into the palace of invention. Sextus V toils on up from the cfflice of a swineherd until he gets into the palace of Rome. Figtcher toils on up from the most insignificant family position until he gets into the palace of Christian eloquence. Hogarth, engraving pewter pots for a living, toils on up until he reaches the palace of

world renowned art. The spider crawling up the wall of Soiomon's palace was not worth looking after or considering as compared with the fact that we, who are worms of the dust, may at lass ascend into the palace of the King Immortal. By the grace of God may we all reach it. Oh, heaven is not a dull place. It is not a wornout mansion, with faded curtains and outlandish chairs and cracked ware. No, it is as fresh and fair and beautiful as though it were completed but yesterday. The kings of the earth shall bring their honor and glory into it

and glory into it. I do not know but that Carist referred to the real juice of the grape when He said that we should drink new wine in our Father's kingdom, but not the intoxicating stuff of this world's brewing. I do not say it is so; but I have as much right for thinking it is so as you have for thinking the other way. At any rate, it will be a glorious banquet. Hark! the chariots rumbling in the distance, I really believe the guests are coming now. The gates swing open, the guests dismount, the palace is filling, and all the chalices, flashing with pearl and amethyst and car-buncle, are lifted to the lips of the myriad banqueters, while standing in robes of snowy white they drink to the honor of our glori-

"Oh," you say, "that is too grand a place for you and me." No, it is not. If a spider, according to the text, could crawl up on the wall of Solomon's palace, shall not our poor souls, through the blood of Christ, mount up from the depths of their sin and shame, and finally reach the palace of the eternal

Years ago, with lanterns and torches and a guide, we went down in the Manmoth cave of Kentucky. You may walk fourteen miles and see no sunlight. It is a stupendous place. Some places the roof of the cave is a hundred feet high. The grottoes filled with weird echoes: cascade falling from invisible height. echoes; cascades falling from invisible height to invisible death. Stalagmites rising up from the floor of the cave, salactites defrom the floor of the cave, salactites de-scending from the roof of the cave, joining each other and making pillars of the Al-mighty's sculpturing. There are rosettes of amethyst in halls of gypsum. As the guide carries his lantern ahead of you the shadows have an appearance supernatural and spectral. The darkness is fearful.

Two people, getting lost from their guide only for a few hours, years ago, were demented, and for years sat in their insanity. You feel like holding your breath as you walk across the bridges that seem to span the bottomless abyss. The guide throws his calcium light down into the exercise. calcium light down into the caverns, and the light rolls and tosses from rock to rock and from depth to depth, making at every plunge a new revelation of the awful power that could have made such a place as that. A sense of suffocation comes upon you as you think that you are two hundred and fifty feet in a straight line from the summit

surface of the earth.

The guide after a while takes you into what is called the "star chamber;" and then he says to you, "Sit here;" and then he takes the lantern and goes down under the rocks, and it gets darker and darker until the night is so thick that the hand an inch from the content of the the eye is unobservable. And then, by kindling one of the lanterns and placing it in a cleft of the rock there, is a reflection cast on the dome of the cave, and there are stars coming out in constellations—a brilliant night heavens—and you involuntarily exclaim, "Beautiful! beautiful!"

Then he takes the lantern down in other

depths of the cavern and wanders on and wanders off antil he comes up from behind the rocks gradually, and it seems like the dawn of the morning until it gets brighter and brighter. The guide is a skilled ventriloquist, and he imitates the voices of the morning and seem the gloom is all gone and morning, and soon the gloom is all gone and you stand congratulating yourself over the derful spectacle.

Well, there are a great many people who look down into the grave as a great cavern. They think it is a thousand miles subterraneous, and all the echoes seem to be the voices of despair, and the cascades seem to be the falling tears that always fall, and the gloom of earth seems coming up in stalagmits. falling tears that always fall, and the gloom of earth seems coming up in stalagmite, and the gloom of the eternal world seems descanding in the stalactite, making pillars of indescribable horror. The grave is no such place as that to me, thank God! Our divine guide takes us down into the great caverns, and we have the lamp to our feet and the light to our path, and all the echoes in the rifts of the rock are anthems, and all the falling waters are fountains of salvation, and after awhile we look up, and behold! the cavern of the tomb has become behold! the cavern of the tomb has become

a king's star chamber.

And while we are looking at the pomp of And while we are looking at the pomp of it an everlasting morning begins to rise, and all the tears of earth crystallize into stalagmite, rising up in a pillar on the one side, and all the glories of heaven seem to be descending in a stalactite, making a pillar on the other side, an i you push against the gate that swings between the two pillars, and as that gate flashes open you find it as one of the twelve gates which are twelve pearls. Blessed be God that through this Gospel the mammoth cave of the sepulcher Gospel the mammoth cave of the sepuicher has become the illuminated star chamber of the King! On, the palaces! the eternal palaces! the King's palaces!

A GREAT deal of the unoccupied farming land in the older States is now relatively far above the prices of equal or better land in the newer States which have, within the past few years, been made accessible by railroad building. Agriculturists, instead of remaining on this Eastern high-priced land, find it to their advantage to go further west on cheaper but good land, where railway facilities enable them to reach markets.

ARABIAN HORSES.

These Famous Steeds Have No Written Pedigrees.

Mr. H. C. Merwin, who has written some interesting papers for the Atlantic Monthly about horses, has a paper on "Arabian Horses" Speaking of the pedigrees, he says:

The Arabs have no written pedigrees; it is all an affair of memory and of notoriety in the tribe. Certain alleged pedigrees of Arabian horses, couched in romantic language, and represented as carried in a small Lag hung by a cord around the animal's neck have been published; but these are forgeries, gotten up probably by horse dealers, Egyptian, Syrian, or Persian. The breeding of every horse is a matter of common knowledge, and it would be impossible for his owner to fabricate a pedigree so as to deceive the natives, even if he were so inclined. The Bedouins, it seems necessary to admit, are in general great liars; and they will lie (to a stranger) about the age, the qualities or the ownership of a horse, but they will not lie about his pedigree, even when they can do so with impunity. To be truthful on this subject is almost a matter of religion, certainly a point of honor, in the desert.

How far back do these pedigrees run, and what was the origin of the Arabian horse? These questions it is impossible to answer definitely. The Bedouins themselves believe that Aliah created the equine genus on their soil. "The root or spring of the horse is," they say, "in the hands of the Arab." This plous belief is shared by a few generous souls in England and America, a small but devoted band, who gallantly defend the cause of the Arabian horse against his only rival, the modern English thoroughbred. Chief among these faithful was the late Major R. D. Upton, who visited the desert himself, and who has recorded his experiences and his views. Major Upton concluded that the horse was found in Arabia, "not later than about one hundred years after the deluge, * * * if, indeed, the did not find his way there immediately after the exodus from the ark. which is by no means improbable," and this probability the author then proceeds seriously to consider. According to Major Upton and a few kindred spirits, all other breeds are mongrels, and the only way to obtain horseflesh in its best and purest form is to g back to the fountain head, to the norse of the desert.

A New Artificial India-Rubber.

About eight years ago the hydrocarbon "soprene," which had previously been identified among the products of the destructive distillation of crude rubber, was discovered among the volatile compounds obtained by the action of moderate heat upon oil of turpentine. Isoprene can be reconverted into true elastic rubber by the action of strong acids, such as muriatic. Dr. Tilden, who originally. made the discovery referred to, not long ago produced from turpentine a quantity of isoprene, which after being kept for a few weeks became thick and surupy, with lumps of hard, clastic substance floating in it. These lumps proved to be true rubber, and are supposed to have been formed by the accidental presence of acetic or formic acid in the solution. This rubber appears to be analogous in every respect to the natural product, and is equally susceptible of vulcani-

The discovery has been followed by experiments to ascertain the feasibility of manufacturing rubber from turpentine on a commercial scale. An interesting field for experiments has been opened up by this discovery, for if, as is possible, other resins are similarly susceptible of conversion into elastic compounds, products possessing properties of peculiar value may be developed, and in any case the dearth of rubber which has existed for some time in consequence of the wholesale destruction of rubber forests is likely to give no further

The True Cure.

There are two ways of dealing with the evils in the world which we justly deplore and wish to abolish; one is to attack and try to break them down forcibly, the other to dissolve or exhale them by the active presence of good. The former of these methods appears so much the more direct and obvious that it generally gains the first place in our attention. We see a wrong, and our impulse is to crush it; we see injustice, and we long to exterminate it; we observe an unrighteous institution, and we desire to overthrow it. The slower and less direct method of overcoming evil with good, of substituting a better way for that which is bad, of devoting the same energy to building up that we would have given to the work of tearing down, obtains a gradual hold over us only with time and experience.

PROFESSIONAL base-ball is on its last legs. It has been worked to death, and there will be no very general regret at the announcement of the funeral.

THE man who does not brag on himself usually has reason to.



No Wonder People Speak Well of HOOD'T. "For a long time I was troubled with weak stomach. Indigestion and Dyspepsia. I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla and

have not felt so well all Mr.R.J. Brundage. over for years. My food seidom troubles me now. My sister also took Hood's Sarsaparills, with very pleasing results. I don't wonder people speak well of **Hood's Barsaparilla**, Don't see how they can help it." R. J. BRUNDAGE, Norwalk, Ct. N.B.—Be sure to get Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Hood's Pills act easily, yet promptly and afficiently on the liver and bowels.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

DR. JULIAN ALTHAUS has an article in the Contemporary Review on "Influenza," in which he gives us a guarded promise of a comparative immunity from the disease during the life of the present generation. This view is based upon his belief in the purely contagious character of the disease. The bacillus of influenza, which, he states, was recently discovered by Preiffer of Berlin, grows first outside the human system. It is not known what is the original home of the bacillus, or why it breeds only every thirty or forty years. It has been said by some authorities to be of Russian origin, and to be the result of the wretched sanitary condition of portions of that country. But such conditions always exist there, while the influenza only comes at long and irregular intervals. Another theory has attributed the origin of the recent idemics to the Chinese inundations of

and 1889; the vast number of wned cattle and, uprooted trees left the inundations is held to have formed tocus of decomposition. It is true that what we call "Russian influenza" the Russians themselves call the "Chinese cold." The Chinese origin of the disease, however, is disproved by the fact that China was not the first country to be visited by the epidemic, but the last.

THE position of the body during literary composition has always been a matter of great concern to authors. Charles Kingsley and numerous other writers of distinction found that their ideas flowed most freely when they stood on their feet slowly pacing the room, while one eminent composer did his best work sitting bolt upright in a gilded drawing-room chair, attired in his finest clothing, and an American poet of note rests on his spine, his feet high in air, to write his most enjoying verse. On this point Dr. Lander Brunton has made some investigations that entitle him to the world's gratitude, for he thinks that he has thereby discovered the secret of having ideas at will. In the course of his experiments he placed himself in various positions and found that his mental activity was greatest when he lay flat on a table. Then ideas bubbled up in his mind. By and by he thought that, as he was doing so well in a reclining position, he might sit up, but it would not do. "The moment," says the doctor, "that I raised my head my mind became an utter blank; so I put my head down again flat on the table and finished my article in that position."

OUR "youngest Congressman" is necessarily more than twenty-five years old, in accordance with the provisions of the Constitution, but the British House of Commons has members several years younger. One of the newly returned members, William Allen, is twenty-one, and Frederick Smith and Mr. Dalziel are not yet twenty-four. They do not break the record of political precocity, however, for William Pitt was only eighteen when he made his maiden speech in the House -the speech that led Burke to say that the young orator "was not a chip of the

old block, but the old block itself.' DR. PATSCHEFF, of Moscow, has discovered what he claims to be a certain cure for cancer. M. Patscheff has treated two ladies, one of whom is a member of the court at St. Petersburg. Both ladies had been treated in Paris, Berlin and elsewhere, but found no relief until they were taken in hand by the Russian physician. Dr. Patscheff's system is based upon a course of sulphuric baths. He will soon make a report to the Academy of Medicine here upon the results already

A very notable exhibit at the World's Fair will be that relating to public institutions of charity and their work. This will be made under the auspices and direction of the Bureau of Charities and Corrections, which was created for this purpos - some time ago by the Exposition authorities. Nathaniel S. Rosenau, the superintendent of this Bureau, estimates that in the United States the annual expenditure for public charitable institutions is fully \$125,000,000, and that not less than \$500,000,000 is invested in buildings and a ments for carrying on the work of a sinstitutions.

THERE will be an unprecedented boom in the shipbuilding yards on the shores of the great lakes this winter. It is said that the vessels under contract for the season 1893 will aggregate 47,000 gross tons. Most of them will be constructed of steel or iron, the day of the wooden ship on those fresh water seas having gone by. The tendency also is towards great carrying capacity, but it has not had the effect of discouraging building, as was predicted by the smaller shipping firms. On the contrary, even they have come to the conclusion that the lake trade increases so fast that vessels must be launched from the yards in quick succession to keep up with it. The contracts referred to call for passenger as well as freight boats, which would seem to in-dicate that the business of water transportation, once so lucrative, is reviving. The steamship service next year between Duluth, Chicago, and Buffalo promises to be a great improvement in point of speed and convenience over the present service. The prospect of the World's Fair, it is said, has not so much to do with this development as the increase of tourists who are being attracted by the scenery and summer resorts of the lakes.

THE Macon (Ga) Telegraph gives an interesting description of the farm of Mr. W. O. Wadley, in Burke County, Ga. He has 2,000 acres in corn, 1,700 acres in cotton, and a fine herd of cattle. He raises everything on a big scale. He has already thrashed 2,500 bushels of oats from this year's crops, and has several barns filled with oats in the shock. Mr. Wadley's experiments in raising corn are interesting. The rows in a part of his crops are six feet, another seven feet, and another ten feet apart. The corn in the ten-feet rows was given eighteen inches in the drill, and this promises by far the best yield. Mr. Wadley's idea is that corn must have plenty of room for the air and light to strike it.

THE September issue of Scribner's Magazine may be called an American Number. Every contribution is by an

PROFESSOR WALLACE of Edinburgh tells the British Association, in session at London, that, according to his belief, the American wheat trade with Europe s yet in its infarcy.

A Quiet Tip for the Fool Killer.

There is a new idiot in town. He manifests himself on the streets in a peculiarly obnoxious and aggravating way. His particular hallucination is that he is unusually bright and clever and that he is showing it in a brilliant and original way. His manner of doing it is to secure a piece of ice, not too large to be carried conveniently in one hand. Armed with this he passes rapidly along the sidewalk, touching the hands of as many people as possible with the ice. The victim gives a sudden start, jerks the touched hand, and looks around angrily for the pest. But the idiot is wise enough to maintain a rapid gait, and so far has escape the fate which the fool-killer has in store for him .-Chicago Times.

she was a man as when she sees one get up from the table, and walk away without a backward look or thought of the dishes.

No man who wears a long look on his face has a right to wear a short coat.

Foundation for a Factory City.

"Four railroads, one a beit line, and two fuel-oil bipe-lines are sore to make a oig city here," said Jay A. Dwiggins & Co., of Chicago, when they founded Griffith. They were right. Four factories located at once, new houses and stores are going up daily.—Chicago News.

The deepest perpendicular shaft is in the Kuttenberg mine in Bohemia, 3778 feet deep. Sample Package Matted Free.

Address Small Bile Benne, New York. A buried city has been discovered near Ironton, Ohio.

Constipation cured by Small Bile Beans. A shower of files fell at Mount Joy, Penn., recently.

Cure for Colds, Ferers and General Debility, Email Bile Beans. 25c. per bottle. The mole can swim excellently and it often sinks wells for the purpose of obtaining

LADIES needing a tonic, or shildren woo want building up, should take Brown's from Bitters. It is pleasant to take, cures Malaria, indigestion, Billiousness and Liver Complaints, makes the Blood rich and pure.

The new testament was first printed in Irish in 1602. ANYONE would be justified in recommending Bescham's Pills for all affections of the liver and other vital organs.

A colored man lives longer in the South than he does in the North.

MANY persons are broken down from over-work or household cares. Brown's Iron Bit-ters rebuilds the system, aids digestion, re-moves excess of bile, and cures malaria. A spendid tonic for women and children.

It cost the present Emperor of China \$10,000,000 to get married.

J. A. Johnson, Medina, N. Y., says: "Hall's Catarrh Cure cured me." Sold by Druggista, ibc.

There are 3 W (00) blind people in Enropy.



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, head aches 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

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able shoes sold at these prices.

LADIES' S3 Hund-Sewed, \$2.50, \$2 and \$1.72

LADIES' S3 Hund-Sewed, \$2.50, \$2 and \$1.72

Shoes for Misses are made of the test Dong gols or fine Calf, as desired. They are very stylish, comfortable and durable. The \$3 shoes equals custom made shoes coating from \$1 to \$6. Lodies who wish to come mize in their footwear are finding this out.

CAUTION.—Beware of ocalers substituting shoes with out W. L. Douglas' name and the price stamped on bottom-

ASK FOR W. L. DOUGLAS' SHOES.

"German Syrup

A woman is never so apt to wish Bloomingdale, Mich. "I have had the Asthma badly ever since I came out of the army and though I have been in the drug business for fifteen years, and have tried nearly everything on the market, nothing has given me the slightest relief until a few months ago, when I used Boschee's German Syrup. I am now glad to acknowledge the great good it has done me. I am greatly relieved during the day and at night go to sleep without the least trouble." @



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

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