REV. DR. TALMAGE

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "Lessons Learned From the Story of Ehud."

TEXT: "But when the children of Israel cried unto the Lord the Lord raised them up a deliverer, Ehud, the son of Gera, a Benjamite, a man left handed."-Judges iii., 15.

Ehud was a ruler in Israel. He was left handed, and what was peculiar about the tribe of Benjamin, to which he belonged, there were in it 700 left handed men, and yet so dexterous had they all become in the use of the left hand that the Bible says they could sling stones at a hair's breadth and

Well, there was a king of the name of Eglon who was an oppressor of Israel. He imposed upon them a most outrageous tax. Ehud, the man of whom I first spoke, had a divine commission to destroy that oppressor. He came, pretending that he was going to pay the tax, and asked to see King Eglon. He was told he was in the support house. was told he was in the summer house, the place to which the king retired when it was too hot to sit in the palace. This summer house was a place surrounded by flowers and trees and springing fountains and warbling

Ehud entered the summer house and said to King Eglon that he had a secret errand with him. Immediately all the attendants were waved out of the royal presence. King Egion rises up to receive the messenger. Ehud, the left handed man, puts his left hand to his right side, pulls out a dagger and thrusts Eglon through until the haft went in after the blade. Eglon falls. Ehud comes forth to blow a trumpet of recruit amid the mountains of Ephraim, and a great host is marshaled, and proud Moab submits to the conqueror, and Israel is free. So, O Lord, let all Thy enemies perish! So, O Lord, let all Thy friends triumph!

Llearn first from this subject the power of

I learn first from this subject the power of left handed men. There are some men who by physical organization have as much strength in their left hand as in their rig t hand, but there is something in the writing of this text which implies that Ehud had some defect in his right hand which com-pelled him to use the left. Oh, the power of left handed men! Genius is often self obser-vant, careful of itself, not given to much toil, burning incense to its own aggrandizement while many a man with no natural endowments, actually defective in physical and mental organization, has an earnestness for he right, a patient industry, an all consuming perseverance which achieve marvels for the kingdom of Christ. Though left handed as Ehud, they can strike down a sin as great

and imperial as Eglon. I have seen men of wealth gathering about them all their treasures, snuffing at the cause of a world lying in wickedness, roughly ordering Lazarus off their doorstep, sending their dogs, not to lick his sores, but to hound him off their premises, catching all the pure rain of God's blessing into the stagnant, ropy, troe, inhabited and of their posts self-show. frog-inhabited pool of their own selfishne -right-handed men, worse than useless-while many a man with large heart and little purse has out of his limited means made poverty leap for joy and started an influence that overspans the grave and will swing round and round the throne of God, world

without end, amen.
Ah, me, it is high time that you left handed men who have been longing for this gift and that eloquence and the other man's wealth should take your left hand out of your pocket. Who made all these railroads? up all these cities? Who started all these churches and schools and asylums? Who has done all the tugging and running and pulling? Men of no wonderful endowments, ds of them acknowledging themselves to be left handed, and yet they were earnest, and yet they were determined, and yet they

were triumphant. But I do not suppose that Ehud the first time he took a sling in his hand could throw a stone a hair's breadth and not miss. I suppose it was practice that gave him the wonderful dexterity. Go forth to your spheres of duty and be not discouraged if in your first attempts you miss the mark. Ehud missed it. Take another stone, put it carefully into the sling, swing it around your head, take better aim, and the next time you will strike the center. The first time that a mason rings his trowel upon the brick he does not expect to put up a perfect wall. The first time a carpenter sends a plane over a board or drives a bit through a beam he es not expect to make perfect execution The first time a boy attempts a rhyme he does not expect to chime a "Lalla Rookh" or a "Lady of the Lake." Do not be surprised if in your first efforts at doing good you are not very largely successful. Understand that usefulness is an art, a science, a trade.

There was an oculist performing a very difficult operation on the human eye. A young doctor stood by and said: "How easily you do that. It doesn't seem to cause you any trouble at all." "Ah," said the old ocuany trouble at all. "An, said the old ocu-ist, "it is very easy now, but I spoiled a hat-ful of eyes to learn that." Be not surprised if it takes some practice before we can help men to moral eyesight and bring them to a vision of the cross. Left handed men to the work! Take the gospel for a sling and faith and repentance for the smooth stone from the brook, take sure aim, God direct the weapon, and great Goliaths will tumble be-

I learn also from this subject the danger of worldly elevation. This Eglon was what the world called a great man. There were hundreds of men who would have considered it the greatest honor of their life just to have him spear to them. Yet, although he is sa high up in worldly position, he is not beyond the reach of Ehud's dagger. I see a great many people trying to climb up in social position, having an idea that there is a safe place somewhere far above, rot knowing that the mountain of fame has a top like Mount Blanc, covered with perpetual snow.

We laugh at the children of Shinar for trying to build a tower that could reach to the heavens, but I think if our eyesight were only good enough we could see a Babel in Nation. The goal for which men are running is chairs and chandellers and mirrors and houses and lands and presidential equipments. If they get what they anticipate, what have they got? Men are not safe from calumny while they live, and, worse than that, they are not safe after they are dead, for I have seen swine root up graveyards.

One day a man goes up into publicity and the world does him to be seen swine root up graveyards.

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There was a gentleman to the seen swine root up graveyards.

There was a gentleman to the seen swine root up graveyards. many a dooryard. Oh, the struggle is flerce.

Belshazzar was no worse perhaps than hundreds of people in Babylon, but his position slew him. Oh, be content with just such a position as God has placed you in! It may not be said of us, "He was a great general," or "He was an honored chieftain," or "He was mighty in worldly attainments," but this thing may be said of you and me, "He was a good citizen, a faithful Christian, a friend of Jesus." And that in the last day will be the

I learn further from this subject that death comes to the summer house. Eglon did not expect to die in that fine place. Amid all the flower leaves that drifted like snow into the window, in the tinkle and dash of the fourtains; in the sound of a thousand leaves flut-tering on one tree branch; in the cool breeze that came up to shake feverish trouble out of the king's locks, there was nothing that spake of death, but there he died! In the winter, when the snow is a shroud, and when the when the snow is a shroud, and when the wind is a dirge, it is easy to think of our mortality, but when the weather is pleasant and all our surroundings are agreeable how difficult it is for us to appreciate the truth that we are mortal! And yet my text teaches that death does sometimes come to the sum-

He is blind and cannot see the leaves. He is deaf and cannot hear the fountains. Oh, if death would ask us for victims, we could if death would ask us for victims, we could point him to hundreds of people who would rejoice to have him come. Push back the door of that hovel. Look at that little child cold and sick and hungry. It has never heard the name of God but in blasphemy. Parents intoxicated staggering around its straw bed. Oh, death, there is a mark for thee! Up with it into the light! Before these little feet stumble on life's pathway give these little feet stumble on life's pathway give them rest.

Here is an aged man. He has done his work. He has done it gloriously. The companions of his youth are all gone, his children dead. He longs to be at rest, and wearily the days and the nights pass. He says. "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly." Oh, death, there is a mark for thee! Take m him the staff and give him the sceptre! Up with him into the light, where eyes never frow dim, and the hair whitens not through the long years of eternity. Ah, death will not do that. Death turns back from the straw bed and from the aged man ready for the skies and comes to the summer house.

What doest thou here, thou bony, ghastly monster, amid this waving grass and under this sunlight sifting through the tree branches? Children are at play. How quickly their feet go and their locks toss in the wind! Father and mother stand at the side of the room looking on, enjoying their glee. It does not seem possible that the wolf should ever break into that fold and carry off a lamb. Meanwhile an old archer stands looking through the thicket. He points his arrow at the brightest of the group—he is a sure marksman—the bow bends, the arrow speeds! Hush, now! The quick feet have stopped, and the locks toss no more in the wind-Laughter has gone out of the hall. Death in the summer house!

Here is a father in midlife. His coming home at night is the signal for mirth. The children rush to the door, and there are books on the evening stand, and the hours pass away on glad feet. There is nothing want-ing in that home. Religion is there and sacriflees on the altar morning and night. sacrinees on the altar morning and night. You look in that household and say. "I cannot think of anything happier. I do not really believe the world is so sad a place as some people describe it to be." The scene changes. Father is sick. The doors must be kept shut. The deathwatch chirps dolefully on the hearth. The children whisper, and walk softly where one they removed. and walk softly where once they romped. Passing the house late at night, you see the quick glancing of lights from room to room. It is all over. Death in the summer house. Here is an aged mother—aged, but not infirm. You think you will have the joy of caring for her wants a good while yet. As she goes from house to house, to children and grandchildren, her coming is a dropping of sunlight in the dwelling. Your children see her coming through the lane, and they cry, "Grandmother's come?" Care for you has marked up her face with many a deep wrinkle, and her back stoops with carrying your burdens. Some days she is very quiet. She says she is not sick, but something tells you you will be to the says that the same with the same wi will not much longer have mother. She will sit with you no longer at the table nor at the hearth. Her soul goes out so gently you do not exactly know the moment of its going. Fold the hands that have done o many kindnesses for you right over the heart that has beat with love for you since before you were the pilgrim rest. She is weary.

Death in the summer house! Gather about us what we will of comfort and luxury, when the pale messenger comes he does not stop to look at the architecture of the house before he comes in, nor entering does he wait to examine the pictures we have gathered on the wall, or bending over your pillow he does not stop to see whether there is a color in the cheek, or gentieness in the eye, or intelligence in the brow. But what of that? Must we stand for ever mourning among the graves of our dead, No! No! The people in Bengal bring cages of birds to the graves of their dead and then they open the ages, and the birds go singing heavenward. So I would bring to the graves of your dead all bright thoughts and congratuations and bid them think of victory and redemption. I stamp on the bottom of the grave, and it breats through into the light and glory of

The ancients used to think that the straits entering the Red sea were very dangerous places, as they supposed that every ship that went through those straits would be destroyed, and they were in the habit of put-ting on weeds of mourning for those who had gone on that voyage, as though they were actually dead. Do you know what they called those straits? They call them the "Gate of Tears." Ob, I stand to-day at the gate of tears through which many of your loved ones have gone, and I want to tell you that all are not shipwrecked that have gone through those straits into the great ocean stretching out beyond.

The sound that comes from that other

shore on still nights when we are wrapped in prayer makes me think that the departed are not dead. We are the dead-we toil, we who weep, we who sin—we are the dead. How my heart aches for human sorrow! This sound of breaking hearts that I hear all about me! This last look of faces that will never brighten again! This last kiss of lips that never will speak again This widowhood and orphanage! Oh, when will the day of sorrow be gone?

After the sharpest winter the spring dis-mounts from the shoulder of a southern gale and puts its warm hand upon the earth, and in its palm there comes the grass, and there come the flowers, and God reads over the poetry of bird and brook and bloom and pronounces it very good. What, my friends, if every winter had not its spring, and every pickt its day, and every gloom its glow and

calumny while they live, and, worse than that, they are not safe after they are dead, for I have seen swine root up graveyards.

One day a man goes up into publicity, and the world does him honor, and people climb up into sycamore trees to watch him as he passes, and as he goes along on the shoulders of the people there is a waving of hats and a wild huzza. To-morrow the same man is caught between the jaws of the printing press and margled and bruised, and the very same persons who applanded him before cry. "Down with the traitor! Down with him."

Belshazzar sits at the feast, the mighty men of Babyion sitting all around him. Wit sparkles like the wine and the wine like the wit. Music rolls up among the chandeliers, the chandeliers flash down on the decanters. The breath of hanging gardens floats in on the night air; the voice of revelry floats out. Amid wreaths and tapestry and folded banners a finger writes. The march of a host is Leard on the stairs. Laughter catches in the throat. A thousand hearts stop beating. The blow is struck. The blood on the floor is richer hued than the wine on the table. The kingdom has departed.

Belshazzar was no worse perhaps than hundreds of people in Babylon, but his position slew him. Oh, be content with just such a position as God has placed you in! It may not be said of us, "He was a great general," or "He was an honored chieftain," or "He was mighty in worldly attainments," but this thing may be said of you and me, "He was a good citizen, a faithful Christian, a friend of the said of tizen, a faithful Christian, a friend of the said of t

THE Dutch government has sent out a de-nial that the health of Queen Wilhelmina is space will allow.

THE TWISTING VERSES.

A Famous Feat of Constructive Skill in Verse and Sense.

Dr. John Wallis was Savilian Professor of Geometry at Oxford in 1649. He is the author of the verses under the word "Twister" in Dr. Johnson's Dictionary which the author calls remarkable, and says that they explain the word in all its senses. A very learned Frenchman conversing with Dr. Wallis toward the close of the year 1653, expatiating on the copiousness of his native language, and its richness in derivatives and synonyms, produced in proof four lines of verse on rope making which he appears to have composed for the purpose. They are the following, and though technically framed are admirably smooth and expressive:

Quand un cordier cordant veut corde: une corde Pour sa corde corder trois cordons il ac-

corde. Mais si un des cordon de la corde decorde,

Le cordon decordant fait decorder la corde. To show that the English language

was at least equally rich and copious, Dr. Wallis immediately translated the verses into English, word for word, and of equal syllables, taking the word "twist" for the Frenchman's worde "corde."

When the twister a twisting will twist him a twist,

For the twisting of his twist he three twines doth intwist; But if one of the twines of the twist doth

The twines that untwisteth untwisteth

the twist. Here were nouns, verbs, participles and synonymes precisely equal to those of the Frenchman in number, quantity and force; but to show that the richness of his language was not exhausted, he added the four following lines which

continued the subject: Untwisting the twine that untwisted between

He twirls with his twister the two in a Then twice having twisted the twines of

the twine, He twisted the twine he had twined in twain.

The Frenchman being previously exhausted no attempt could be made to find a parallel. The English mine, however. was still rich and to show that it could still be worked to advantage Dr. Wallis added the following quadrain:

The twain that intwining before in the twine As twines were intwisted he now doth

Twist the twain intertwining a twine made between,

He, twirling his twister makes a twist -[New Haven Leader.

How New York Was Laid Out.

The crookedness of the lower part of the city, south of the Fresh Water, was repeated north of the Fresh Water on a grander scale. In this new region the streets were straight in their several groups, but the groups were so defiantly at variance with each other, that wherever their edges came together there was a tangle fit to make a loadstone lose its way; which picturesque confusion was due to the fact that each group had started from a separate base-the shore lines of various parts of the island, different angles of the line of the Bowery, and the lines of Broadway and Christopher street-and thence had extended until, quite at hazard, they had come together, but had not joined. However, some part of this tangle still was only on paper-many of the plotted streets remaining unopened-and therefore could be corrected before it

became a reality; and all of the island north of the present Fourteenth street practically was virgin territory which could be treated in whatever way seemed most conducive to the public good. These facts being considered, the wise conclusion was reached very early in the present century to correct (so far as this was possible) the existing City Plan, which had been created by a mere patching together of scattered parts for the benefit of private interests, and to make a larger plan-so comprehensive that the growth of the city for a century or more would be provided for-in the interest of the community as a whole.

Unfortunately, the promise of this farsighted undertaking was far from being fulfilled in its performance. The magnificent opportunity which was given to the Commissioners to create a beautiful city simply was wasted and thrown away. Having to deal with a region well wooded, broken by hills, and diversified by watercourses-where the contours of the land suggested curving roads, and its unequal surface reservations for beauty's sake alone - these worthy men decided that the forests should be cut away, the hills levelled, the hollows filled in, the streams buried; and upon the flat surface thus created they clapped down a ruler and com-pleted their Bœotian programme by cre-ating a city in which all was right angles and straight lines .- [Harper's Magazine.

A New Rain Compeller.

Scientists say that the effect of a low temperature on a cloud of vapor will be shown in the precipitation of rain. Acting on this knowledge, a European living in the tropical regions of India has invented a novel rain producer. His apparatus consists of a rocket, capable of rising to a height of a mile, containing a reservoir of ether. In its descent a parachute-like attachment opens out, causing the apparatus to descend slowly. At the same time the other is thrown out in a fine spray. The absorption of heat by the ether is said to lower the temperature of the surrounding air sufficient to condense the vapor, and hence cause rain. This being true, a large number of rockets would probably be required to cause a prolonged shower.—[Philadelphia

Dame Fashion declares that not less than six cushions shall be found on every sofa in her realm, and as many more as

Westinghouse, the inventor and "There is no queselectrician says: tion about the development of a much higher rate of speed than that which even the fastest service on the railroads of to-day maintain. I presume that a speed of from ninety to onehundred miles an hour could be secured with modern locomotives which are sure to come. But I am inclined to think that other influences may operate to prevent in the next century the running of railway trains at such a speed 1 have seen mentioned in some of the newspapers. It is not a question of attaining speed, but a question of the control of the train after great speed has been secured. I am inclined to think that the development of railway travel in the next century along the present lines will be not so much great speed as uniform speed. The ideal speed, I think, will be about forty miles an hour and steadily maintained from the time of leaving one terminal to the arrival at destination. That will give most satisfactory results. I am also satisfied that the immense cost of furnishing power for electric railways, which some persons seem to think can secure and maintain a speed of 100 miles an hour or more, will make such a development commercially unprofitable, although there is no doubt that electricity as a motive power for passenger traffic will be extensively used in the next century."

Where is "The Silent City?"

Many stories have been written about mirages and delusions, but none more interesting and curious than that of the Silent City illusion, which makes its appearance near the Pacific Glacier, in Alaska.

The discovery of this wonderful mirage was made by the Indians, who often tell of the city which was built in the clouds. The mirage can be seen in the early part of July from 5 to 6 p. m. It rises from the side of

the Pacific glacier. It appears like a heavy mist and soon becomes clearer, and one can distinctly see the spectre city, well-Jefined streets and trees, tall spires, huge and odd-shaped buildings, which appear to be ancient mosques

and cathedrals. It is a city large enough to contain 25,000 or 30,000 inhabitants. As yet no one has been able to identify it, although several have claimed to recognize the place. There is no city like it in Alaska, nor in any country about it for thousands of miles

Some claim it is a city in Russia. others say it is a city in England, but none can tell what or where it is.

The mirage was given the name of "Silent City," as it appears to one like a dead city; there is nothing to indicate that it is the pictured reflection of an inhabited place.

Rates of Postage in 1814.

An old almanac for 1814 gives the following as the rates of postage pre vailing at that time: For every single letter by land for 40 miles, 8 cents; 90 miles, 10 cents; 150 miles, 124 cents: 300 miles, 17 cents: 500 miles, 20 cents, and for more than 500 miles, 25 cents. No allowance to be made for intermediate miles. Every double letter is to pay double the said rates; every triple letter, tripple; every packet weighing ! ounce, at the rate of 4 single letters each ounce. Every ship letter originally received at an office for delivery, 6 cents. Magazines and pamphlets not over 50 miles, 1 cent per sheet; over 50 miles and not exceeding 10 miles, 12 cents per sheet; over 100 miles. 20 cents per shet.-Quincy

WE are not in condition to enjoy riches until we can be happy without

To Cleanse the System

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

It is the troubles of to-morrow that make people heavy laden to-day.

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

A great many people are right in their nearts and wrong in their heads.

A. M. Priest, Druggist, Shelbyville, Ind., cays: "Hall's Catarrh Cure gives the best of satisfaction. Can get plenty of testimonials, as it cures every one who takes it." Druggists sell it, 75c.

The taste of pie does not depend upon the size or the shape of the piece.

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

Thinking will keep us from doing wrong.

Impaired digestion cured by Beecham's Pills. Beecham's—no others. 25 cents a box. During the most violent gales the sea is disturbed to a depth of 500 feet.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr.Issac Thompson's Eye-water. Druggists seil at 25c.per bottla The man who will not improve his talents steals from himself.

A study of the small toe in man has been made in Germany by Herr Pfitzner. In 36 per cent. of the persons examined—the porportion being greater among women than menthis toe was found to have only two joints instead of three supposed to belong to it. That tight shoes have not caused the union of two bones was shown by the fact that the proportion having the peculiarity was about the same among small children as among aduits. The investigator concludes the small toe is in course of degeneration, and is inclined to believe that man may eventually become four-toed.

IT is a very good thing for a man that his friends don't have time to invostigate all his statements.

In a Paris Pawnshop.

The number of pledged articles at the Mont de Piete, the national pawnshop in Paris, that have been renewed during the year is 307, 319. The term renewed indicates that a small sum has been paid in order that the objects may not be sold, but re-

main in pawn for a further term. There is a timepiece which was pledged for £6 in 1835, and which has been paid annually ever since.

A silver dish-cover has been pledgeo for seventy years, and a piece of lace, upon which only 12f. was lent for seventy-five years.

The fact hardest to explain is the presence of an umbrella-a green gingham of enormous dimensions, the original proprietor of which, or his Inheritors, have duly paid the fee for its renewal for the last sixty-three

Do You Wish the Finest Bread and Cake?

It is conceded that the Royal Baking Powder is the purest and strongest of all the baking powders.

The purest baking powder makes the finest, sweetest, most delicious food. The strongest baking powder makes the lightest food.

That baking powder which is both purest and strongest makes the most digestible and wholesome food.

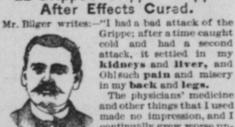
Why should not every housekeeper avail herself of the baking powder which will give her the best food with the least trouble?

Avoid all baking powders sold with a gift or prize, or at a lower price than the Royal, as they invariably contain alum, lime or sulphuric acid, and render the food unwholesome.

Certain protection from alum baking powders can be had by declining to accept any substitute for the Royal, which is absolutely pure.

DR. KILMER'S CURED ME.

La Grippe! Gripp! Gripp! After Effects Cured.



and other things that I used made no impression, and I continually grew worse until I was a physical wreck, and given up to die. Father bought me a

bottle of Dr. Kilmer's SWAMP ROOT, and before I had used all of the second bottle I felt better, and to-day I am just as well as ever. A year has passed and not a trace of the Gripp is left. SWAMP-ROOT saved my life." D. H. BILGER, Hulmeville, Pa. Jan. 10th, 1893.

DROPSY! DROPSY! DROPSY! Suffered Three Years.

Respected Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y My wife had suffered for three years with Dropsy, during that time she was attended five different physicians, none of whom helped her for longer than a few days. We also used besides, more than twenty different rem but nothing would help.

SWAMP - ROOT, and after she had used MRS. HERMAN BROERING. continued to take it until she had used twentyfive One dollar bottles. Now she is healthy and strong, as she never was before. She will be forty-one years old on the 9th of next March and next to God she owes her life to SWAMP-ROOT. I send you this testimony and enclose herewith a Photograph of my wife. Your true friend, HERMAN BROERING.

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To the Editor of the New York World;
"Mrs. John Gemmill, of this place, was thrown from a wagon, sustaining a most serious injury to her spine, and was A HELPLESS CRIPPLE FOR 19 YEARS,

unable to walk. Her daughter providentially procured two bottles of ST. JACOBS OIL, which Mrs. Gemmill used. Before the second bottle was exhausted, she was able to walk about, and has been

COMPLETELY CURED." M. THOMPSON, POSTMASTER.

Do You Sleep Peacefully !

Sleep! to the homeless thou art home; The friendless find in thee a friend; And well is he, where'er he roams. Who meets thee at his journey's end."

PILCRIM

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