A couple of gentlemen were strolling through a cemetery, when one drew his companion's attention to a stone on which was inscribed, "Little

Johnnie, aged 3." "You may hardly credit it," was the remark, "but Master Johnnie, before his demise, did me slap out of \$800 a year, not to speak of a charming wife."

"How on earth could a child of manage that," asked the other.

"In this fashion: As you are aware, I am quite bald, and wear, for appearance sake, a wig. One hot day, being alone with the youngster, I took the thing off and gave it to him to play with for a few minutes. Well, I had proposed to and been accepted by the child's mother's sister-a splendid girl, possessed of property bringing about \$800 a year. We were just on the eve of getting married. One day my afflanced was carrying Johnnie, and the little chap suddenly began to howl for no apparent reason. He could not, of course, give utterance respecting the cause of his grief, but made signs that he wished me to hold him. When I took the child in my arms the imp instantly grabbed at my wig and pulled it off. Then my beloved perceived that the luxuriant chestnut curls which she had so often admired were not my own, and she nearly fainted. Next morning I received a note stating that she could never marry a man with a head as bare as a billiard ball. I heard subsequently of dear little Johnnie's decease. I didn't require to use my handkerchief, I assure you."

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 kilneys and liver to a healthy activity, without irritating or weakening them, to dispel headaches, cold or fevers, use Syrup of rigs.

Italy exports 2,500,000,000 oranges every

Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root cures all Kidney and Bladder troubles. Pamphlet and Consultation free Laboratory Binghamton, N. Y.

It takes a Danish express train a day to



Verdict for Hood's

"I was in the army 4 years, was wounded and contracted sciatica and rheumatism. Have suffered ever since and lost the use of my leit leg and side. I must say that of all the medicines I have ever tried Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best. It has done me the ost good. I do not say that it will raise a

ood's Sarsaparilla 23266 fellow from the dead; ures but it will come the nearest to doing it of any medicine I have ever used." T. H. SAUNDERS, Osceola, Neb.

Hood's Pills cure indigestion, bilious

## The Marked Success

of Scott's Emulsion in consumption, scrofula and other forms of hereditary disease is due to its powerful food properties.

rapidly creates healthy fleshproper weight. Hereditary taints develop only when the system becomes weakened.

Nothing in the world of medicine has been so successful in diseases that are most menacing to life. Physicians everywhere prescribe it.

PATENTS --- THOMAS P. SIMPSON, undireten obtailed, Write for Inventor's Guida

Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All druggists

from our c ins. in 1893, W. P. O. 1871, New York



It lias more than three times hithe strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, and EASILY

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FREE

Fine Steel. Keen as a razer Good, strong handle.

## REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUN-DAY SERMON.

The Subject: "Recovered Families" (Preached at Little Rock, Ark.).

The Subject: "Recovered Families" (Preached at Little Rock, Ark.).

Text. "Then David and the people that were with him lifted up their voice and wept until they had no more power to weep."

\* David recovered al."—I Samuel xxx. 5, 19.

There is intense excitement in the village of Ziklag. David and his men are bidding goodby to their families and are off for the wars. In that little village of Ziklag the defenseless ones will be safe until the warriors. flushed with victory, come home. But will the defenseless ones be safe? The soft arms of children are around the necks of the bronze warriors until they shake themselves free and start, and handkerchiefs and flags are wavel and kisses thrown until the armel men vanish beyond the hilis. David and his head on the knapsack than in his dream he hears the welcome of the wife and the shout of the child.

Oh, what long stories they will have totell their families of how they dodged the battleax, and then will roll up their sleeve and show the half healed wound. With glad, quick step, they march on, David and his men, for they are marching home. Now they come ap to the last hill which overlooks Ziklag, and they expect in a moment to see the dwelling places of their loved ones. They look, and as they look their cheek turns pale, and their lip quivers, and their hand involuntarily comes down on the hilt of the sword. "Where is Ziklag? Where are our homes." The open door of a sepulchre. The congregation to go along with me. If tell this power, and their lip quivers, and their land involuntarily comes down on the hilt of the sword. "Where is Ziklag? Where are our homes." The word only to win heaven, but I want all this congregation to go along with me. If each the congregation to go along with me. If each the congregation to go along with me. If each the congregation to go along with me. If each the congregation to go along with me. If each the congregation to go along with me. If each the congregation to go along with me. If each the congregation to go along with me. If ea

untarily comes down on the hilt of the sword. "Where is Ziklag? Where are our homes?" they cry. Alas, the curing smoke above the ruin tells the tragedy!

The Amalekites have come down and consumed the village and carried the mothers.

and the village and carried the mothers, and the wives, and the children of David and his men into captivity. The swarthy warriors stand for a few moments transfixed with horror. Then their eyes glance to each other, and they burst into uncontrollable weeping, for when a strong warrior weeps the grief is appalling. It seems as if the emotion might tear him to pieces. They "wept until they had no more power to weep." But soon their sorrow turns into rage, and David, swinging his sword high in air, cries, "Pursue, for thou shalt overtake them, and without fail recover all." Now the march becomes a "double quick." Two hundred of David's men stop by the brook Besor, faint with fatigue and grief. They cannot go a step farther. They are left there. But the other 400 men under David, with a sort of panther step, march on in sorrow and in rage. They find by the side of the road a half dead Egyptian, and they resuscitate him an icompel him to tell the whole story. He says, "You had a they want the cartery of the road a page." compel him to tell the whole story. He says, "Yonder they went, the captors and the captives," pointing in the direction. Forward, ye 400 brave men of fire!

Very soon David and his enrage! company come upon the Amalekitish host. Yonder they see their own wives and children and mothers, and under Amalekitish guard. Here are the officers of the Amalekitish army holding a baroner. are the officers of the Amalekitish army holding a banquet. The cups are full; the music is roused; the dance begins. The Amalekitish host cheer and cheer over their victory. But, without note of burle or warning of trumpet, David and his 400 men burst upon the scene. David and his men look up, and one glance at their loved ones in captivity and under Amalekitish guard throws them into a very fury of determination, for you know how men will flight when they flight for their wives and children. Ab, there are lightnings in their eye, and every flager is a spear, and their voice is like the shout of the winty wounded Amalekites lie, their blood mingling with their wine, shrieking for gling with their wine, shricking for mercy. No sooner do David an I his men win the victory than they throw their swords down into the dust—what do they want with swords now?—and the broken families come together amid a great shout of joy that makes the parting scene in Ziklag seem very insipid in the comparison. The rough old warrior has to use some persuasion before the can get his child to come to him now after so long an absence, but soon the lutte scarred face. And then the empty tankaris are set up, and then the empty tankards are set up, and they are filled with the best when ghastly becavement and you will be as placid as the Kentucky minute from the hills, and David and his men, the husbands, the wives, the brothers, the trouble that whitened their pair. It was dying hour: "Write to my sister Kate and sisters, drink to the overthrow of the Amalekites and to the rebuilding of Ziklag.

up in years of conquest—everything now in the hands of David and his men. When the hands of David and his men, when the hands of David and his men, was looking into the distant past), until the was looking into the distant past), until the they come by the brook Besor, the place was looking into the distant past), until the where staid the men sick and incompetent apron came up to ber eyes because the memto travel, the jewels and the robes and all ory was too much for her? sick as well as among the well. lame an lexhaustel ought to have some of the treasures. Here is a robe for a pale-faced warrior. Here is a pillow for this dying man. Here is a haniful of gold for the wasted trumpeter. I really think that these men who fainted by the brook Besor may have endured as much as those men who went into the battle. Some mean fel-

may have endured as much as those men who went into the battle. Some mean fellows objected to the sick ones having any of the spoils. The objectors said, "These men did not fight." David, with a magnatimous heart, replies, "As his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff."

This subject is practically suggestive to me. Thank God, in these times a man can go off on a journey and be gone weeks and months and come back and see his house untouched of incendiary and have his family on the step to greet him if by telegram he has forefold the moment of his coming. But there are Amalekltish disasters, there are Amaleare Amalekitish disasters, there are Amaleare Amalekitish disasters, there are Amalekitish diseases that sometimes comes down upon one's home, making as devastating for the down as the day when Ziklag took fire. There are families you represent broken up. No battering ram smote in the door, no iconoclast crumbled the statues, no flame leaped amid the curtains, but so far as all the joy and merriment that once belonged to that house are concerned the home has sword.

Armed diseases came down upon the quictness of the scene—scariet fevers or pleurisles or consumptions or undefined disorders came and seized upon some members of that family and carried them away. Zik-lag in ashes! And you go about, sometimes of that family and carried them.

In gin ashes! And you go about, sometimes weeping and sometimes enrage!, wanting to get back your loved ones as much as David and his men wanted to reconstruct their despoiled households. Ziklag in ashes!

Some of you went off from home. You counted the days of your absence. Every day seemed as long as a week. Oh, how day seemed as long as a week. Oh, how who sat at your own table, the chair now vacant. There they are, those whom you was and raised himself about ten holds in intensy in the eralle or hushel to feet into the air and then fell back intensically and the principle. up the street where your dwelling was, and in the night you put your hand on the doorbell, and, behold! it was wrapped with the signal of bereavement, and you found that Amalakitish death, which has devastated a thousand other households, had

tated a thousand other households, had blasted yours. You go about weeping amid the desolation of your once happy home, thinking of the bright eyes closed, and the noble hearts stopped, and the gentle hands folded, and you weep until you have no more power to weep. Ziklag in ashes:

A gentleman went to a friend of mine in the city of Washington and asked that through him he might get a consulship to some foreign port. My friend said to him:
"What do you want to go away from your beautiful home for into a foreign port?"
"Oh," he replied, "my home is gone! My six children are dead. I must get away, sir. I can't stand it in this country any longer." I can't stand it in this country any longer." Ziklag in ashes!

most every assemblage black is the predominant color of the apparel? Is it because you do not like saffron or brown or violet? Oh, no! You say. "The world is not so bright to us as once it was," and there is a story of silent voices, and of still feet, and of loved ones gone, and when you look over the hills expecting only beauty and loveliness you find only devastation and woe. Ziklag in ashee:

I preached this sermon to-day because I want to rally you, as David rallied his men. for the recovery of the lovel and the lost. I want not only to win heaven, but I want all this congregation to go along with me. I feel that somehow I have a responsibility in your arriving at that great city. Do you really want to join the companionship of your love i ones who have gone? Are you as anxious to join them as David and his men were to join their families? Then I am here, in the name of God, to say that you may and to

I remark, in the first place, if you want to join your loved ones in glory, you must travel the same way they went. No sooner had the half dead Egyptian been resuscitated than he pointed the way the captors and the captives had gone, and David and his mer. followed after. So our Christian friends have gone into another country, and if we want to reach their companionship we must take the same road. They repented. We must repent. They prayed. We must pray. They trusted in Christ. We must trust in Christ. They lived a religious life. We must live a religious life. They were in some things like ourselves. I know, now they are gone, there is a halo around their names, but they had their faults. They said and did things they ought never to have said or did things they ought never to have said or done. They were sometimes rebellious, sometimes cast down. They were far from being perfect. So I suppose that when we have gone some things in us that are now only tolerable may be almost resplendent. But as they were like us in deficiencies we ought to be like them in taking a supernal Christ to make up for the deficits. Had it not been for Jesus they would have all perished, but Christ confronted them and said. "I am the way," and they took it.

I have also to say to you that the path that

Amalekites and to the rebuilding of Ziklag.

So, O Lord, let Thine enemies perish!

Now they are coming home. David and his men and their families—a long procession. Men, women and children, loaded with jewels and robes and with all kinds of trophies that the Amalekites had gathered.

Was trouble that washed the luster from their last the representation of truth in it, for I am there is not a word deathered. Tail her there is not a word deathered. Tail her there is not a word deathered. The local deathered is with me, and I find it a very happy way, not because I am a good man, for I am not beca

Oft the big, unbilden tear, Stealing down the furrows I cheek, Tol I in eloquence shoers Tales of wos they could not speak.

But, this scene of weeping o'er, Past this scene of toll and pain, They shall feel distress no more, Never, never weep again.

"Who are those under the altar?" the

tell you that between us and coming into the ompanionship of our loved ones who are isparted there is an Austerlitz, there is a

rocke i in intancy in the cralle or hushet to sleep in your arms. There they are, those in whose life your life was bound up. There to the water and disappeared."

There tasy are, those whom you noise and raised himself about feet into the air and then fell be to the water and disappeared."

Mr. Rice's reputation for water and disappeared. before you saw it, their lips waiting for the kiss of heavenly greeting, their cheek roseate with the health of eternal summer, their hands beckoning you up the steep, the feet bounding with the mirth of heaven. The pallor of their last sickness gone out of their he desolation of your once happy home, hinking of the bright eyes closed, and the coble hearts stopped, and the gentle hands olded, and you weep until you have no nore power to weep. Ziklag in ashes!

A gentleman went to a friend of mine in the city of Washington and asked that hrough him he might get a consulship to ome foreign port. My friend said to him: "What do you want to go away from your eautiful home for into a foreign port?" 'Oh," he replied, "my home is gone! My ix children are dead. I must get away, sir, can't stand it in this country any longer."

Why these long shadows of bereavement while heaveling should succeed in carrying your sty, and if they really should succeed in carrying your St. Louis Republic.

across this audience? Why is it that in al- | families away from you, how long would w armory or old and rusty in the garret, would be brought out, and we would urge on, and coming in front of the foe we would look at them and then look at our families, and the them and then look at our lamilies, and the ery would be. "Victory or death!" and when the ammunition was gone we would take the captors on the point of the bayonet or under the breech of the gun.

If you would make such a struggle for the getting back of your earthly friends, will you not make as much struggle for the gaining of the eternal companionship of your

you not make as much struggle for the gaining of the eternal companionship of your heavenly friends? On, yes, we must join them! We must six in their holy society. We must sing with them the song. We must calebrate with them the triumph. Let it never be told on earth or in heaven that David and his men pushed out with braver hearts for the getting back of their earthly friends for a few years on earth than we to get our departed!

You say that all this implies that our de-

get our departed!
You say that all this implies that our departed Christian friends are allve. Why, had you any idea they were dead? They have only moved. If you should go on the 2d of May to a house where one of your friends lived and find him gone, you would not think that he was dead. You would inquire next door where he had moved to. Our departed Christian friends have only taken an next door where he had moved to. Our departed Christian friends have only taken another house. The secret is that they are richer than they once were and can afford a better residence. They once drank out of earthenware. They now drink from the King's chalice. "Joseph is yet alive." and Jacob will go up and see him. Living, are they? Why, if a man can live in this damp, dark dungeon of earthly captivity, can he not live where he breathes the bracing atmosphere of the mountains of heaven? Oh, yes, they are living!

yes, they are living!
Do you think that Paul is so near dead now as he was when he was living in the Roman dungeon? Do you think that Frederick Robertson, of Brighton, is as near dead now as he was when, year after year, he slept seated on the floor, his head on the bottom of a chair, because he could find ease in no other position? Do you think that Robert Hall is as near dead now as when on his couch he tossed in physical torture. No. Death gave them the few black drops that cured them. That is all death does to a Christian—cures him. I know that what I have said implies that they are living. There is no question about that. The only question this morning is whether you will ever living them.

But I must not forget those 200 men who fainted by the brook Besor. They could not take another step farther. Their feet were sore; their head ached; their entire nature was exhausted. Besides that they were broken hearted because their homes were gone. Ziklag in ashes! And yet David, where the covers we to their divides the when he comes up to them, divides the spoils among them! He says they shall have some of the jewels, some of the robes, some of the treasures. I look over this audience of the treasures. I look over this audience this morning, and I find at least 200 who have fainted by the brook Besor—the brook of tears. You feel as if you could not take another step farther, as though you could never look up again. But I am going to imitate David and divide among you some glorious trophies. Here is a robe, "All things work together for good to those who love God." Wrap yourself in that glorious promise. Here is for your neck a string of love God." Wrap yourself in that glorious promise. Here is for your neek a string of pearls made out of crystallized tears, "Weeping may ondure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." Here is a coronet. "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." On, ye fainting a search the back Baser, dip your blistered.

trouble that shook the cup in their hands. It tell her not to be worried and frightened was trouble that washed the luster from about the story of the horrors around the their eyes with the rain of tears until they deathbed. Tell her there is not a word

His arms are around me. May God Almighty, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, bring us into the companionship of our loved ones who have already entered the heavenly land and into the presence of Christ, whom, not baving seen, we love, and so David shall recover all, "and as his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff."

## A River "Sea Serpent."

Austin Rice, of East Deerfield, a plain, unimaginative farmer, who for nearly fifty of the seventy years of his life has resided in his quiet home on the banks of the Connecticut River, said a few days ago: "I was near the bridge, a little over a week ago, when I heard what seemed to me like a grunt followed by a splash. I looked into the river, and, not more than twentyfive feet away, I saw a big snake.

invalnerable shields, and thick breastplates so much as they wanted them on the day when they came down upon the Amelikites. If they had lost that battle, they never would have got their families back. I suppose that one glance at their loved ones in captivity hurled them into the battle with tenfold courage and energy. They said "We must win it. Everything depends upon it. Let each one take a man on point of spear or sword. We must win it." And I have to sword. We must win it." And I have to foot across. The color of his body was about as large as those of a horse, and his mouth, which was open, was nearly a sword. We must win it." And I have to foot across. The color of his body was about as large as a man's leg at the thigh, and the body was about as large as a man's leg at the thigh, and in the body was about as large as a man's leg at the thigh, and the body was about as large as a man's leg at the thigh, and the body was about as large as a man's leg at the thigh, and the body was about as large as a man's leg at the thigh, and the body was about as large as a man's leg at the thigh, and the body was about as large as a man's leg at the thigh, and the body was about as large as a man's leg at the thigh, and the body was about as large as a man's leg at the thigh, and the body was about as large as a man's leg at the thigh, and the body was about as large as a man's leg at the thigh, and the body was about as large as a man's leg at the thigh, and the body was about as large as a man's leg at the thigh, and the body was about as large as a man's leg at the thigh, and the body was about as large as a man's leg at the thigh, and the body was about as large as a man's leg at the thigh, and the body was about as large as a man's leg at the thigh, and the body was about as large as a man's leg at the thigh, and the body was about as large as a man's leg at the thigh, and the body was about as large as a man's leg at the thigh. "Its head was out of water, and its was black, and a white stripe around his mouth extended down to his Gettysburg, there is a Waterloo. War with the world, war with the flesh, war with the devil. We have either to conquer our troubles, or our troubles will conquer us. David pannel. I followed the snake, trying

Mr. Rice's reputation for veracity among his neighbors and acquaintances is good. -Boston Herald.

Celebrated Christmas 180 Times. Golour McCrain, who died on the Isle of Jura, one of the Hebrides, in the reign of Charles L, is said to have celebrated 180 Christmases during his lifetime. There were records in the McCrain family which proved that the old man was past 180 years of age on the day of his death, which would make his lease of life at least thirteen years greater than any other man who hes lived during the last 3000 years .-

A SIDE from the fact that the Cheap baking powders contain alum, which causes indigestion and other serious ailments, their use is extravagant.

It takes three pounds of the best of them to go as far as one pound of the Royal Baking Powder, because they are deficient in leavening

There is both health and economy in the use of the Royal Baking Powder.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., NEW-YORK

THE ANCIENT DINNER TABLE Why Its Ceremonies Were Bigidly Ob-

In studying the service of the anelent dinner table, the amount of teremony which invested the meals of our forefathers is one of the first things which strikes us-a peculiariy, however, which is easily accounted for when we recollect that, during the middle ages, men separated from one another in rank so widely as were the feudal baron and his retainers were accustomed to eat together in common, a practice which could scarcely fail to have resulted in the growth of an elaborate system of cti-

quette, says the Quarterly Review. The ancient fashion of arranging the tables for a meal is still preserved in college halls, where the "high ta-ble" stands transversely on a raised platform at the upper end of the oom. It was the further side of this "table of dais" which at a feudal feast was alone occupied, the master of the house and his chief guests thus emphatically dining in public before his vassals. Everything pertaining to the service of this table was conducted with a ritual of almost ecclesiastical minuteness. At a time when, from the crown vassal to the petty baron, a man's safety and con-sequence depended on the number of followers he could muster, the greater part of the revenue of an estate was spent in the support of retainers and hangers-on, and, there being thus no lack of service, the various duties of

a household were much subdivided. The modern term, "butler's pantry," marks the coalescence of two offices formerly distinct, when the butler or "boteler" presided over the buttery, or "botelerie," and the "panter," or "pantler," over the pantry or bread closet. The duties of carver and cupbearer were held to be very honorable ones, and could be discharged by men of high rank, and in great establishments the butler, the pantler, the porter, and the officers ? of all the several household departments had each his own contingent of grooms and veomen.

No pourt the ostrich takes its head out of the sand occasionally, to look around and laugh at the other ostriches whose heads are still in.

Good Times Ahead.

No doubt about it, we are rapidly leaving "hard times" in the rear, and those who are working for good times and expecting them are already enjoying a fair degree of prosperity. If, however, things are not moving satisfactorily, write to B. F. Johnson & Co., Richmond, Va., and they will give you a business opportunity that will prove a surprise and delight. Every male elephant is liable to in anlty

We will give \$100 reward for any case of ca-tarrh that cannot be cured with Hall's Catarrh Cure. Taken internally. F. J. Cheney & Co., Props., Toledo, O.

some time or other,

A locomotive engineer travels 20,000 miles

Shileh's Cure Is sold on a guarantee. It cures Incipient Consumption; it is the Best Cough U re; Zbc., 50c., \$1 Melon seeds and tobacco are m favorite form of refreshment in Chinese public

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water. Druggists sell at 25c per bottle. The latest gold field was discovered by finding a nugget in digging a well in La Veta, Submarine Cable Lines.

The lines over which it is proposed to lay a submarine telegraph cable are now as carefully surveyed beforehand as any line of railroad is surveyed before construction. Not only are soundings taken to find out the inequalities of the occan bed, but the nature of the bed itself is investigated. This is done by using a sounding machine, which ings up a portion of the bottom. Two ships make zigzag courses across the proposed line of cable, and sound-ings are taken every few miles, and more frequently if circumstances warrant it, in order to prevent the cable being laid in places where there is any great or sudden difference in the depth the water.

Could Only Be Auswered in Latin. Little Rastus-Dar's sumpin', fessah, wants ter ask yer bout de oceanses. Dar's mosh watch in de oceanses at high tiden at low tide. W'at becomes of all dat extry watch dat wuz at high tide w'en it gets to be low tide? Prof. Johnson—Um—um—dat's a questshun, honey, 'at kin on'y be answered in Latin. Umpery, trumpery, dixum digit sockdologous. Dat's wat becomes ob de watah, honey, on'y you'se too young ter un'erstan'.

STAMPED OUT

-blood-poisons of every name and nature, by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It rouses every control of the control of t rouses every organ into healthy action, urifies and enriches the blood, and through the cleanses and renews the whole system.

All Blood, Skin, and Scalp Diseases, from a common blotch or eruption to the worst Scrofula, are cured by it. For Tetter, Saltrheum, Eczema, Erysipelas, Boils, and Carbuncles, the "Discovery" is a direct



Mrs. Caroline Week-Ley, of Carney, Baldwin Co. Aic., writes:
"I suffered for one quarter of a century with "fever-sore" (ulcen) on my leg and eczematous eruptions and gave up all hope of ever being well again. But I am happy to say that your Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery made a complete cure of my all-ments, although I had tried different doctors and almost all known remedies without effect.

PIERCE antees a CURE.



BN U 22

PISO'S CURE FOR Coasumptives and people who have weak lungs or Asthma, should use Piso's Cure for Consumption. It has cured thousands. It has not injured one. It is not bad to taxa. It is the best cough syrup. Bold everywhere. 25c. CONSUMPTION.

Sell on Sight.

LATEST IMPROVEMENTS, LIGHTEST WEIGHTS. We stake our business reputation of over fifty years that there is no better wheel made in the world than the LOVELL DIAMOND.



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