# A DETROFT BUILDER. HE TELLS A REMARKAULE STORY OF HIS LIFE.

Came to Detroit About Forty Years Ago. LEVI ELSEY'S ENPERIENCE WORTHY SERIOUS

ATTENTION.

(From the Detroit Evening News.)

Away out Grafiot avenue, far from the din and turmoil of the business centre, there are many attractive hones. The intersecting streets are wide, clean an! shaded by large leaf-coverel trees, and the people you meet are typical of industry, economy and honest toil. There are many pretty residences, but none more inviting in its neatness and homelike comfort than that of Mr. Levi Elsey, the well-known builder and contractor, at 71 Moran street, just off Gratiot. Mr. Elsey is an old resident of Detroit, having moved here about forty years ago. He has erected hundreds of houses in different parts of the city, and points with pride to such buildings as the Newberry & McMullan and Campaw blocks, in which he displayed his ability as a superintendent.

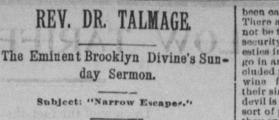
"I have seen Detro't grow from a village to a city." he observed yesterday in conversation with the writer, "and I don't think there are many towns in America to-lay equal to it in point of beauty. I know almost everybody in the city, and an incident which recently happened in my life has interested all my friends,

"It is now about eight years ago since I was stricken down with my first case of illness. One cold, blustering day I was down town and through my natural carelessness at that time I permitte I myself to get chilled right through. When I arrived home that evening I felt a serious pain in my left lec. I bathed it that night, but by morning I found it had grown worse. In fact it was so serious that I sent for my family physician, and he informed me that I was suffering from varicose veins. My leg swelled up to double its natural size and the pain increased in volume. The agony was simply awful. I was laid up and never left my bed for eight was faid up and never felt my bed for eight weeks. At times I felt as though I would grow irabite with pain. My leg was ban-daged and was propped up in the bed at an angle of thirty degrees, in order to keep the blood from flowing to my extremities. "I had several doctors attending me, but I better me are inderest balance but

I believe my own judgment helped me better I believe my own judgment helped me better than theirs. After a siege of two months I could move around, still I was on the siek list and had to doctor myself for years. I was never really cured and suffered any amount of anguish.

"About two years ago I noticed an article in the *Ecching News* about my friend, Mr. Northrup, the Woolward avenue merchant. In an interview with him he stated that he had used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pala People and that they cured him. I knew him very well, having built his house out Wood-ward Ave., and I thought I would follow his ward Ave., and I thought I would follow his suggestion. I must confess I did so with marvelous success. From the time I began to take the Pink Pills I ielt myself growing to be a new man. They acted on me like a magical stimulant. The pain departed and I soon was as strong and healthy as ever. Before trying the Pink Pills I had used any amount of other medicine without any no-ticeable benefit. But the Pills cured me and I was myself again.

1 was myself again. "When a person finds himself relieved and enjoying health he is apr to expose himself again to another attack of likess. Somo three months ago I stopped taking the Pink Pills, and from the day I did so I noticed a change in my condition. A short time since I renewed my habit of taking them with the same beneficial results which met me for-merty. I am again nearly as strong as ever, aithough I am a man about fifty-six years of age. I tell you, sir, the Pink Pills are a most wonderial medicine, and if they do as well in other cases as they did in mine they are the best in the world. I freely recommend



TEXT: "I am escape 1 with the skin of my teeth," Job xix., 20.

Job had it har i. What with boils and be-reavements and bankruptcy and a fool of a wife he wished he was dead, and I do not blame him. His flesh was gone, and his bones were dry. His teeth wasted away un-til nothing but the enamel seemed left. He ries out, "I am escaped with the skin of my teeth.

There has been some difference of opinion about this passage. St. Jerome and Schul-tens and Drs. Good and Poole and Barnes have all tried their forceps on Job's teeth, You deny my interpretation and say, "What did Job know about the enamel of the teeth?" He knew everything about it. Dental surgery is almost as old as the earth. The mummles of Egypt, thousands of years old, are found to day with gold filling in their teeth. Ovid and Horace and Solomon and Moses wrote about these important factors of the body. To other provoking complaints Job, I think, has added an exasperating toothache, and putting his hand against the inflamed face he says, "I am escaped with the skin of my teeth."

A very narrow escape, you say, for Job's body and soul, but there are thousands of men who make just as narrow escape for their soul. There was a time when the partition between them and ruin was no thicker than a tooth's enamel; but, as Job finally escaped, so have they. Thank Gol! Thank God!

Paul expresses the same idea by a different figure when he says that some people are "saved as by fire." A vessel at sea is in flames. You go to the stern of the vessel. The boats have shoved off. The flames ad-vance. You can endure the heat no longer vance. You can endure the heat no longer on your face. You stide down on the side of the vessel and hold on with your flagers un-til the forked tongue of the fire begins to lick the back of your hand, and you feel that you must fall, when one of the lifeboats comes back, and the passengers say they think they have room for one more. The boat swings under you, you down the the boat swings under you ; you drop into it ; you are saved. So some men are pursued by temptation until they are partially con sumed, but aiter all get off-"saved as by fire." But I like the figure of Job a little "saved as by fire." But I like the figure of Job a little better than that of Paul, because the pulpit has not worn it out, and I want to show you, if God will help, that some men make narrow escape for their souls and are saved as "with the skin of their teeth."

It is as easy for some people to look to the cross as for you to look to this pulpit. Mild, gentle, tradable, loving, you expect them to become Christians. You go over to the store and say, "Grandon joined the church yesterday." Your business comrades say

That is just what might have been expect He always was of that turn of mind. In youth this person whom I describe was always good. He never broke things. He never laughed when it was improper to laugh. At seven he could sit an hour in caurch, perfectly quiet, looking neither to the right hand nor to the left, but straight into the eyes of the minister, as though he understood the whole discussion about the eternal decrees. He never upset things nor lost them. He floate, into the kingdom of Gol so gradually that it is uncertain just when the matter was decided.

Here is another one, who started in life with an uncontrollable spirit. He kept the nursery in an uproar. His mother found him walking on the edge of the house roof to see if he could balance himself. There was no horse he dared not ride, no tree he could not climb. His boyhood was a long series of predicaments; his manhood was reckies; his midflife very wayward. But now ne is converted, and you go over to the store and say, "Arkwright joined the church yesterday." Your iriends say "It is not possible! You must be joking." You say: "No; I tell you the truto. He joined the church." Then

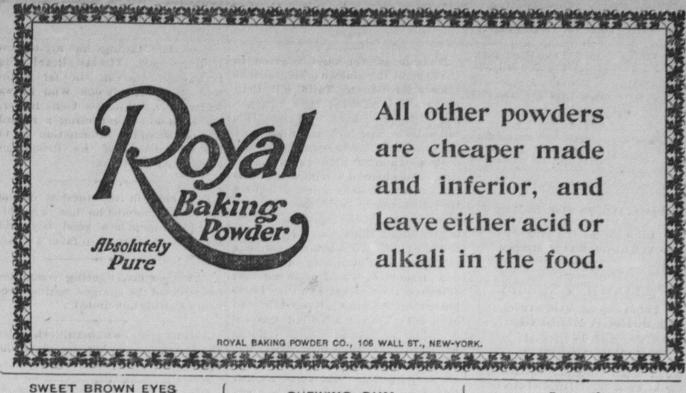
been carried on by memoers of the church There are men in the churches who would not be trusted for \$5 without goo i colinteral security. They leave their business dishon-esties in the vestibule of the church as they go in and sit at the communion. Having co go in and sit at the communion. Having con-cluded the sacrament, they get up, wips the wine from their lips, go out and take up their sins where they let off. To serve the devil is their regular work; to serve God, a sort of play spell. With a Sunday sponze they expect to wipe off from their business siate all the past week's inconsistencies. You have no more right to take such a man's life as a specimen of religion than you have to take the twisted irons and split timbers that lie on the brash at Coney Island as a speci-men of an American ship. It is time that we drew a line between religion and the frail-ties of those was profess it.

Again, there may be some of you who, in the attempt after a Christian life, will have to run against powerful passions and ap-petites. Perhaps it is a disposition to anger that you have to contend against, and per-haps, while in a very serious mood, you hear of something that makes you feel that you must swear or die. I know of a Chris-tian man who was once so exasperated that he said to a mean customer, "I cannot swear to wavel" for I at you myself, for I am a member of the church, but if you will go down stairs my partner in business will swear at you." All your good resolutions heretotoro have been form to tatters by explosions of temper. Now, there is no harm in getting mad if you only get mad at sin. You need to bridle and suddle these hot breathed passions, and with them ride down injustice and wrong. There are a thousand things in the world that we ought to be mad at. There is no that we ought to be mad at. There is no harm in getting redhot if you only bring to the lorge that which needs hammering. A man who has no power of righteous indig-nation is an imbecile. But be sure it is a righteons indignation and not a petulancy that biurs and unravels and depletes the

BOUL Tuere is a large class of persons in midlife There is a large class of persons in midilie who have still in them appetites that were aroused in early manhood, at a time when they prided themselves on being a "little fast," "high livers," "iree and easy," "hail fellows well met." They are now paying in compound interest for troubles they collect-ed twenty years ago. Some of you are trying to escape, and you will, yet very nar-rowly, "as with the skin of your teeth." God and your own soul only know what the struggie is. Omalpotent grace has pulled out many a soul that was deeper in the mire than you are. They line the beach of heaven, the multitule whom God has res-cued from the thrall of suicidal habits. If you this day turn your back on the wrong and start anew, God will help you. Oh, the weakness of human help! Men will sym-pathize for a while and then turn you off. If you ask for their pardon, they will give it and say they will try you again; but, fail-ing away again under the power of tempta-tion, they east you off forever. But Go I forgives seventy times seven-yea, seven hundred times-yea, though this be the ten thousandth time He is more earnest, more sympathetic, more helpful this last time than when you took your first misstep. I', with all the influences favorable for a

right life, men make so many mistakes, how much harder it is when, for instance, some appetite thrusts its iron grapple into the roots of the tongne and pulls a man down with hands of destruction! If under such circumstances he break away, there will be no sport in the undertaking, no holiday enjoyment, but a struggle in which the wres-tlers move from side to side and bend and twist and watch for an opportunity to get in a heavier stroke until, with one final effort, in which the muscles are distended, and the veins start out, and the blood starts, the swarthy habit falls under the knee of the victor-escaped at last as with the skin of his

In the last day it will be found that Hugh Latimer and John Knox and Huss and Bid-ley were not the greatest marfyrs, but Christian men who went up incorrupt from the contaminations and perplexities of Wall street, Water street, Pearl street, Broad street, State street, Third street, Lombard street and the bourse. On earth they were called brokers or stockjobbers or retailers or importers, but in heaven Christian heroes. No fagots were heaped about their feet, no inquisition demanded from them recanta-, no soldier aimed a spike at their heart, they had mental toriures, compared but with which all physical consuming is as the breath of a spring morning. I find in the community a large class of men who have been so cheated, so lied about, so outrageously wronged that they have lost faith in everything. In a world where everything seems so topsy turvy they do not see how there can be any God. They are con-founded and frenzied and misanthropic. Elaborate argument to prove to them the truth of Christianity of thetruth of anything else touches them nowhere. Hear me, all such men. I preach to you no rounded sach men. I preach to you no rounded periods, no ornamental discourse, but I put my hand on your shoulder and invite you into the peace of the gospel. Here is a rock on which you may stand firm, though the waves dash against it harder than the Atlantic, pitching its surf clear above Eddystone lighthouse. Do not charge upon God all these troubles of the world. As long as the world stuck to God, God stuck to the world, but the earth secended from His govworld, but the earth second from his gov etnment, and hence all these outrages and all these woes. God is good. For many hundreds of years He has been coaxing the world to come back to Him, but the more He has coaxed the more violent have man been in their resistance, and they have stepped back and stepped back until they have dropped into ruin. Try this God, ye who have had the bloodhounds after you, and who have thought that God had forgotten you. Try Him and see if He will not help. Try Him and see if He will not pardon. Try Him and see if He will not save. The flowers of spring have no bloom so sweet as the flowering of Christ's affections. The sup hath no warmth comaffections. The sun hath no warmth com pared with the glow of His heart. The waters have no refroshment like the foun-tain that will slake the thirst of thy soul. At the moment the reindeer stands with his lip and nostril thrust into the cool mountain tor rent the hunter may be coming through the thicket. Without crackling a stick under his foot he comes close by the stag, aims his his foot he comes close by the stag, aims his gun, draws the trigger, and the poor thing rears in its death agony and falls backward, its antiers crashing on the rocks, but the panting heart that drinks from the water brooks of God's promise shall never be fa-tally wounded and shall never die.



How They Were Made to Sparkle, Wink

and Water. The conductor knew the man in the rear seat, and when the tickets had all been punched sat down beside him. They rode in silence for some time. Then the man in the rear seat asked abruptly, "What's the matter?"

The conductor took his left leg off the right knee and crossed the right one over the left. "I keep thinking about a man that travels with me sometimes," he answered.

"What about him?"

"It's what he told me about his wife. She ran away, you know, and he's trying to find her. He says she's pretty woman, with large, soft, brown eyes, and a sweet, tender mouth.

The woman in front of him had large, brown eyes, but they were hard and cold, and her mouth was very scornful.

"He asked me to be on the lookout for her."

The woman in front seemed to be counting the telegraph poles along the road.

"It breaks me all up when I see him, and he says, sort of despair ing, 'So, you haven't run across her yet, have you, old man?' And then it keeps running in my mind all the time what I am to say to the woman if I find her.

The woman in front moved uneasily, then tried to count the cattle in a pasture that they passed.

"What is it?" asked a man in the rear seat.

"'You won't forget, now, will you?' he'll say, putting his hand on my shoulder. 'You're to give her my love, you know, and tell her that it has been hers all the time. Tell her that the other fellow may tire of her, but I pever shall. Tell her that CHEWING GUM.

# Some of the Materials from Which It Is

Made. The practice of chewing gum prevails to a great extent in some parts of the country. Certain of the gums are made of the product of a kind of rubber tree, a native of Mexico. This is a sap about the color and consistency of a maple syrup. How this is made into gum is a profound secret known only to the manufacturer.

More is known concerning the materials and manufacture of other gums. If your favorite brand is white gum your solace is in chewing paraffine-

which is a mixture of various carbohydrides—that has been dissolved at a gentle heat in olive oil and glycerine. It is stiried on cooling and afterward compressed. The glycerine is supposed t) keep it soft and to make it sweet at

the same time. If tolu occupies first place in your affections you may indulge in a mix-ture of laisam of tolu-which is made by dissolving orange shellac and gum benzoin in rectified spirit, with an ad-dition of a few drops of the oils of cassia and nutmeg dissolved in a little esence of vanilla-oatmeal and sugar. There is also spruce gum, made from exudations of the spruce tree. This gum from the manufactory of Nature is regarded as both pure and bene-

# A Wonderful Bridge of Agate.

"During a trip through Arizona a short time ago," remarked a traveler recently, "I came across a most remarkable natural tridge spanning a chasm about fifty feet wide. The bridge is formed by an immense tree of agatized wood. The tree had fallen many years tefore and become imbedded in the silt of some great inland sea or water overflow. The silt became in time sandstone and the wood gradually passed through the various stages of minera ization until it is now agate. Fully fifty feet of the tree rest on one side of the ray ne and can be traced, but how far the other end is buried in the sandstone cannot be ascertained withif she'll come home she'll find me out blasting away the rock. The trunk waiting for her, and trying to keep varies in size from three to four feet in

Now We Marry Late.

women do better. At the age of 24

nearly half of them have become wives, and before they reach 3) years

nearly three quarters have found their

Pure and Wholesome Quality

Commends to public approval the California

liquid laxative remedy, Syrup of Figs. It is

pleasant to the taste and by acting gently on

the kidneys, liver and bowels to cleanse the

system effectually, it promotes the health and

comfort of all who use it, and with millions it

Trust is the strongest link in the chain of

Dr. Klimer's SWANP-ROOT cures all Kidney and Bladder troubles. Pamphlet and Consultation free.

Laboratory Binghamton, N. Y.

Hall's Catarrh Care

is the best and only remedy.

mates.

ssociation.

## Sympathy.

None of us are sufficiently sympathetic in our innermost natures. exhaust our stock upon visible suffer-ing, and have little left for deeper and sadder evils. We need to realize that where we cannot sympathize our right to criticise is questionable. No one is more to be pitied than the wrong-doer, and no one more truly needs the hand of sympathy extended to him. If we cannot do this, if we cannot feel within ourselves that even we might have done as badly, or even worse, under like circumstances, we are in no position to do him good.

How often do we hear, when another errs, "There is no excuse for him. knew periectly well what should have been done, but he failed to do it," showing that there is still held the expectation that performance will follow knowledge, even though it has thou-sand of times been proved a fallacy. We must deal with people as they are, not as we would like to find them. There are a few who do their duty at once upon perceiving it, no matter how disagreeable it may be, but most of us temporize if possible, or perhaps absolutely shirk many a thing which we know should be done at once. Therefore, though our line of faithlessness to duty may not be his, let us keep a warm spot in our sympathies for the wrong-doer Some day we may need his forbeau ance in some other dipaction.



THE WAY IS OPEN to health and strength, if you're a nervous, delicate woman. The medicine to cure you, the tonic to build you up, is Dr. Pierce's Fa-vorite Prescription. You can depend upon it. The makers say it will help you, or cost you nothing. They concerns it. you nothing. They guarantee it. As a safe and cortain remedy for woman's

allments, nothing can compare with the "Prescription." It's an invigorating, re-storative tonic, and a soothing, strengthen-ing nervine, perfectly harmless in any con-dition of the female system.

It's a marvelous remedy for nervous and general debility, St. Vitus's Dance, Fainting ess, and all the

them to any sufferer.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a con-densed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an un-initing specific for such diseases as locomo.or ataxis, partial paralysis. St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuraigia, rheumatism, nervous headacae, the after effect of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sailow com-plexions, all forms of weakness, either in male or female, Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price (50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50-they are never sold in bulk or by the 109), by addressing Dr. Wittiams' Medicine Co., Schensetady, N. Y.

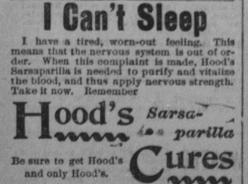
#### Money Value of St. Louis.

When Louis IX., the saint, surrendered with his whole forces to the Saracens at Mansura, on the 5th of April, 1250, 1,000,000 golden bezants -equal to half that number of the livres of the day-were demanded for his freedom. But the Moslems came down to 800,000 bezants, and, in the end, by surrendering Damietta, Louis got off for 100,000 marks-equal, roughly, to over £1,000,000 sterling of to-day.

These golden bazants contained about 30s. worth of our gold, but t) go to market with would buy as much, probably, as 71 sovereigns now would. Were the scorner allowed to break forth here, he would probably tell how this high-priced and saintly carcass was treated by his people when Louis died, at the slege of Tunis, twenty years later. Being hard up for embalmers, they had (according to the Journal of Aubery) to quarter and boil him down in separate caldrons, and so sent but his whited skeleton to France .--- The Saturday Review.

## Grisly Legislation.

Two most extraordinary bills were introduced in the Ohio Legislature. The first bill provided for the abolishment of hanging as a penalty in cases of capital punishment, and substituted the use of anæsthetics and vivisection. The murderer was to be turned over to the doctors, who would deprive him of consciousness by the use of anæsthics and then experiment with him to their hearts' content. The other bill was similar to the first, but less radical, and gave the murderer the choice between death by electricity and death by anæsthetics and vivisection.



Hood's Pills cure all liver ills, bilious

ey reply, "l'aere is nope for any of us if old Ars wright has become a Christian. In other words, we all admit that it is

more difficult for some men to accept the gospel than for others.

I may be addressing some who have cut loose from churches and Bibles and Sundays and who mays at present no intention of be coming Christians thomserves, but just to see what is going on. And yet you may find yoursell escaping before you hear the end, as "with the skin of your testh." I do not expect to waste this nour. I have seen boats go off from Cape May or Long Branch and arop their nets and after awhile come ashore putting in their nets without having caught a single fish. It was not a good day, or they had not the right kind of a net. But we ex-

peet no such excursion to-day. The water is full of fish ; the wind is in the right direction ; the gospel net is strong. O thou who dust help Simon and Andrew to fish, show us to-Jay how to cast the net on the right side of the ship ! Some of you, in coming to Gol, will have

to run against skeptical notions. It is use-less for people to say sharp and eatting things to those who feject the curistian rengion. l cannot say such inings. By what process of temptation or trial or betrayal you have come to your present state 1 know not. Tuere are two gates to your nature-the gate of the near and the gate of the heart. The gate of your near is locked with polts and pars that an archangel could not break, but the gate of your heart swings easily on us hinges. If a assaulted your body with wea-pons you would meet me with weapons, and it would be sword stroke for sword stroke, and wodel lo: wound, and blood for blood. but if I come and knock at the door of your house you open it and give me the best seat in your parlor. If I should come at you today with an argument, you would answer me with an argument; if with sarcasm, you answer me with sarcasm, blow for blow, stroke for stroke, but when I come and knock at the door of your heart you open it

and say, "Come in, my brother, and tell mo all you know about Christ and heaven." Listen to two or three questions. Are you as happy as you used to be when you believed in the truth of the Christian religion? Would you like to have your children travel on in the road in which you are now traveling? You had a relative who professed to be a Christian and was thoroughly consistent, living and dying in the faith of the gospel, living and dying in the faith of the gospel. Would you not like to live the same quiet life and die the same peaceful death? I re-ceived a letter sont me by one who has re-jected the Christian religion. It says. "I am old enough to know that the joys and pleasures of lifeare evanescent and to realize the fact that it must be comfortable in old are to believe in something relative to the the fact that it must be comfortable in old age to believe in something relative to the future and to have a faith in some system that proposes to save. I am free to confess that I would be happier if I could exercise the simple and beautiful faith that is possessed by many whom I know. I am not willingly out of the eburch or out of the faith. My state of uncertainty is one of un-rest. Sometimes I doubt my immortaint faith. My state of uncertainty is one of un-rest. Sometimes I doubt my immortality and look upon the deathbed as the closing scene, after which there is nothing. What shall I do that I have not done. Ab, skepti-cism is a dark and doleful land! Let me say that this Bible is either true or false. If

It be false, we are as well off as you; if it be true, then which of us is safer? Let me also ask whether your trouble has not been that you confounded Christianity with the inconsistent character of some who profession there are mean and dishonest men. Is that anything against the law? You are a There are unskilled and contemptidoctor. doctor. There are unskilled and contempti-ble men in your protession. Is that anything against medicine? You are a merchant. There are thieves and defrauders in your business. Is that anything against merchan-dise? Behold, then, the unfairness of charg-ing upon Christianity, the wickedness of its disciples

We admit some of the charges against those who profess religion. Some of the most gigantic swin-lies of the present day have

## Learn to Listen.

Would you be popula ?? Learn to listen while others talk. Our riends do not care much about us and our affairs. They are absorded in their own concerns. He must have the art of story telling, and then must tell only the best stories, who is destined to "bold forth" in a tete-a-tete or a larger assemblage. To the man or woman who wants popular ty the motto should be always: "Listen listen! listen!" It shouldn't be "Talk."

#### A Victim of Circumstances.

"I am jist a unfortunate victim of tircumstances," explained the bulletneaded gentleman to the city misdonary who wanted to know how it sappened that he was in prison.

"Victim of circumstances?"

"Dat's what. De night 1 wend fur to do dis job dat I got pinched fur de policeman had a toothache an' couldn't sleep."--Indianapolis Journal

There is a movement on foot to erect a monument to the late Henry C. Work, who wrote "Marching Through Georgia."

things the way she'd like to see them,' and then he'll clear his throat and turn away with that wistful look on his face. "One time he told me to tell her

beauty. that he was saving up to buy a new carpet for the sitting-room, because she didn't like the blue one, and last time he said to tell her that he'd It is a very curious fact that the age planted flower seeds, because he knew at which men marry seems to be get-ting constantly later. Nowadays, inshe loved a garden, and then he always tells me that I am to know her deed, men are still bachelors at an age when their grandfathers were heads by those soft, brown eyes and sweet,

of families. At the age of 24 years only twenty men out of 100 are marpretty mouth." "He's a fool," said the man in the ried, and even up to 30 years nearly rear seat, bluntly. one-half still remain single.

"Of course he is," assented the conductor, "though a smart fellow otherwise; but he's clear crazy on that point, for there never was a woman lived worth loving like that."

They were nearing a station, and the conductor went out on the platform.

The man in the rear seat took up his newspaper and began to read.

A change had came over the face of the woman in front. She had a sweet, tender mouth, that was trembling with emotion, and she was vainly trying to see the landscape with a pair of soft brown eyes, sulfused with tears. -Albany Post.

IF you are willing to play steppingstone you have no right to complain of dirty feet.



world knows MONEY IN CHICKENS KNOW HOW ter and mard tis

prosperity, which must, at 12th, Rockwoll and Fillmore Sts., Chicago, EL.

To keep them, but it is wrong to let the poor things buffer and Die of the va-rous Maiadies which afflict them when is a majority of cases a Cure could have been effected had the owner possessed a little knowi-rdge, such as can be pro-cured from the COOK BOOK APPERE IS APPENDED - ILLUSTRATED. One of the Largest and Beet COOK-BOOKS published. Railed in exchange for 20 Large Lion Loon Coffee wrappers, and a Scent stamp. Write for list of our other fine Pro-Write for list of our other fine Pro-ONE HUNDRED PAGE BOOK

WOOLSON SPICE CO.,

-----

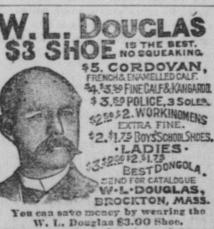
Spells, Dizziness, Sle diameter. Where the bark has been torn away all the characteristic colors ments. of agate are plainly seen, and under a microscope the brilliancy of the color ings is clear.y brought out in all its

The

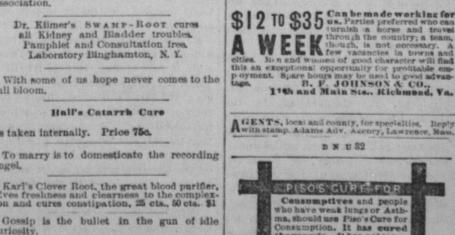
Money in Chickens.

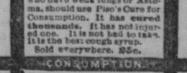
nervous disorders due to functional derange It has often, by restoring the manly functions, cured cases of Insanity. PIERCE Guar-antees a CURE

**OR MONEY RETURNED** 



W. L. Douglas 53.00 Shoe. Because, we are the largest manufacturers of this graded those in the world, and guarantee their value by stamping the name and price on the bottom, which profect you against high prices and the middleman's profit. Our shoes equal custom work in style, easy fitting and wearing qualities. We have them sold overywhere at lower prices for the value given than any other make. Take no sub-situte. If your dealer cannot supply you, we can







ROOK