

A MAN WITH A HISTORY.

THE TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE THAT BEFELL JOHN W. THOMAS, OF THETA, TENNESSEE.

Afflicted With a Peculiar Disease—His Body Covered With Lumps—Could Not Eat and Thought He was Going to Dry Up—His Recovery the Marvel of Tennessee.

(From the Nashville, Tenn., Banner.)

Mr. John W. Thomas, Jr., of Theta, Tenn., is a man with the most interesting history. At present he is interested in blooded horses, for which Maury County is famous.

"Few people, I take it," said Mr. Thomas to a reporter who had asked him for the story of his life, "have passed through as remarkable a chain of events as I have and remained alive to tell the story."

It was in 1854, when I was working in the silver mines of New Mexico, that my troubles began; at first I suffered with indigestion, and so acute did the pains become that I went to California for my health, but the trip did me little good, and fully impressed with the idea that my last day had nearly dawned upon me, I hurried back here to my old home to die.

From simple indigestion my malady developed into a chronic inability to take any substantial food, I was barely able to creep about, and at times I was prostrated by spells of heart palpitation. This condition continued until one year ago.

On the 14th of April, 1893, I suddenly collapsed, and for days I was unconscious. In fact I was not fully myself until July. My condition on September 1st was simply horrible; I weighed but seventy pounds, whereas my normal weight is 165 pounds. All over my body there were lumps from the size of a grape to the size of a walnut, my fingers were cramped so that I could not more than half straighten them. I had entirely lost control of my lower limbs and my hand trembled so that I could not hold a pen or a quill. Nothing would remain on my stomach, and it seemed that I must die before many more days had passed.

I made another round of the physicians, calling in one after another. Mr. Thomas, "the man who doctors did by putting morphine into me," I managed to live through barely through the fall.

Here Mr. Thomas displayed his arms, and was just above the elbow of each arm, there was a large irregular stain as large as the palm of the hand and of a purple color; the space covered by the mark was sunken, nearly to the bone. "The doctors," Mr. Thomas, "said that the doctors did by putting morphine into me."

On the 11th of December, 1893, just eleven months after I took permanently to bed, I shall never forget the day—my cousin, Joe Foster, of Carter's Creek, called on me and gave me a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, saying they had cured him of partial paralysis, with which I knew he had all but died. I followed his directions and began taking the medicine; as a result I stand before you to-day the most surprised man on earth.

"I made another round of the physicians, calling in one after another. Mr. Thomas, 'the man who doctors did by putting morphine into me,'" I managed to live through barely through the fall.

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A MAN is just as sorry that his wife is sick as her sickness affects his comfort.

When Nature

Needs assistance it may be best to render it promptly, but one should remember to use even the most perfect remedies only when needed. The best and most simple and gentle remedy is the Syrup of Figs manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co.

One of the hardest lessons to learn is that we are made out of the same kind of clay as other folk.

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

"Frankly I am taking a great interest in music these days." "Is he studying the piano?" "No, the baby."

Karl's Clover Root, the great blood purifier, gives freshness and clearness to the complexion and cures constipation, 25 cts., 50 cts. 1.

The present is made up of the fragments of the past.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children settles the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. See a bottle.

The highest peak of the Rocky Mountains is Mount Brown, British America, 15,000 feet.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water. Unsurpassed, 25 cts. per bottle.

Don't nurse a good intent; give it immediate exercise.

FALL MEDICINE

Is fully as important and as beneficial as Spring Medicine, for at this season there is great danger to health in the varying temperature, cold storms, malarial germs, and the prevalence of fevers and other serious diseases. All these may be avoided if the blood is kept pure, the digestion good, and the bodily health vigorous, by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Sarsaparilla. "My little boy fourteen years old had a terrible sore throat, his throat was so sore that he could not eat. He had a bottle of the medicine, and the result has been that the bunch has left his neck. It was so near the throat, that he could not have stood it much longer without relief." Mrs. I. H. Hood, 224 Thorsdrake St., Lowell, Mass. Be sure to get only Hood's.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "The Tax Collectors Conversion."

TEXT: "This day is salvation come to this house."—Luko xix, 9.

Zaccheus was a politician and a taxgatherer. He had an honest calling, but the opportunity for "stealing" was too much for him. The Bible says he "was a sinner"—that is, in the public sense. How many fine men have been ruined by official positions? It is an awful thing for any man to seek office under government unless his principles of integrity are deeply fixed. Many a man upright in an insignificant position has made a slip which in a great one. As far as I can tell, in the city of Jericho this Zaccheus belonged to what might be called the "ring." They had things their own way, successfully avoiding exposure by no other way perhaps by hiring somebody to break in and steal the vouchers. Notwithstanding his bad reputation there were streaks of good about him, as he was about almost every man. Gold is found in quartz, and sometimes in a small percentage.

Jesus was coming to town. The people turned out in masses to see him. Here Ho comes, the Lord of glory, on foot, dusty covered and travel weary, limping along the way, carrying the griefs and woes of the world. He looks to be sixty years of age. However, he is only about thirty. Zaccheus was a short man and could not see over the people's heads while standing on the ground, so he got up into a sycamore tree that swung its arm clear over the road. Jesus advanced amid the wild excitement of the surging crowd. The most honorable and popular men of the city are looking on and trying to gain His attention. Jesus, instead of regarding them, looks up at the little man in the tree and says: "Zaccheus, come down. I am going home with you." Everybody was disgusted to think that Christ would go home with so dishonorable a man.

As Christ enters the front door of the house of Zaccheus. The King of heaven and earth sits down, and as He looks around on the place and the family He pronounces the benediction of the text, "This day is salvation come to this house."

Zaccheus had mounted the sycamore tree out of mere inquisitiveness. He wanted to see how this stranger looked—the color of his eyes, the length of his hair, the contour of his features, the height of his stature. "Come down," said Christ.

And so many people in this day get up into the tree of curiosity or speculation to see how they look—how they appear to their neighbors. They take the time to see how they look—how they appear to their neighbors. They take the time to see how they look—how they appear to their neighbors.

Why be perplexed about the way sin came into the world when the great question is how we shall get sin driven out of our hearts. How many spend their time in criticism and self-reproach, and in the meantime they are doing nothing for the world? They take the time to see how they look—how they appear to their neighbors.

When I went out to hunt the grizzly bear, the grizzly bear would have come out to hunt me. Here is a plain road to heaven. Men say they will not take a step on it until they can make game of all the theories that are put forward from them. The thickets, America. The fact that, as they go out to hunt the theory, the theory comes out to hunt them, and so they perish.

Dr. Ludlow, my professor in the theological seminary, taught me a lesson I shall never forget. While putting a variety of questions to him that were perplexing he turned upon me, somewhat in sternness, and more in love, and said, "Mr. Talmage, you have to let God know some things that you don't." We tear our hair and spin the capstern instead of feasting our eyes on its tropical home. A great company of people now sit swiveling themselves, and the symptoms of their pride, and I cry to you: "Zaccheus, come down. Come down out of your pride, out of your inquisitiveness, out of your speculation. You cannot hide into the gate of heaven with conceit and fear, position and lackey behind. Except you become as little children, ye cannot enter the kingdom of God." God has chosen the weak things of the world to confound the mighty. Zaccheus, come down, come down.

I notice that this taxgatherer accompanied his surrender to Christ with the restoration of property that did not belong to him. He says: "I have taken anything by force, I have taken it, I restore fourfold"—that is, if I have taken any man for \$10,000 when he had only \$5000 worth of property and put in my own hands the tax for the last \$5000, I will give him fourfold. If I took from him \$10, I will give him \$40. If I took from him \$40, I will give him \$160.

Hundreds of thousands of dollars have been sent to Washington during the past few years as "conscience money." I suppose that money was sent by men who wanted to be Christians, but found they could not until they made restitution. There is no need of our trying to come to Christ as long as we keep fraudulently a dollar or a farthing in our possession that belongs to another. Suppose you have not money enough to pay your debts, and for the sake of defrauding your creditors you put your property in your wife's name. You might try until the day of judgment for pardon, but you would get it without first making restitution. In times of prosperity it is right, against a rainy day, to assign property to your wife, but if, in time of perplexity and for the sake of defrauding your creditors, you make such assignment, you become a culprit before God, and you may as well stop praying until you have made restitution. Or suppose one man loans another money on bond or mortgage, with the understanding that the mortgage can lie quiet for several years, but as soon as the mortgage is given commences foreclosure—the sheriff mounts the auction block, and the property is struck down at half price, and the mortgages buy it. The mortgagee started to get the property at half price and is a thief and a robber. Until he makes restitution there is no mercy for him.

You say: "I cannot make restitution. The parties whom I swindled are gone." Then I say, "Take the money up to the American Bible Society and consecrate it to God." Zaccheus was wise when he discharged his unrighteous gains, and it was his first step in the right direction.

The way being plain, Christ walked into the house of Zaccheus. He becomes a different man; his wife a different woman; the children are different. Oh, it makes a great change in any home when Christ comes into it! How many beautiful homes are represented among you? There are pictures on the wall, there is music in the drawing-room, and luxuries in the wardrobe, and a full supply in the pantry. Even if you were half asleep, there is one word with which I could wake you and thrill you through and through, and that word is "home!" There are also houses of suffering represented in which there are neither pictures nor wardrobe nor adornment—only one room, and a plain cot, or a bunk in a corner. Yet it is the place where your loved ones dwell, and your whole nature tingles with satisfaction when you think of it and call it home. Through the world may scoff at us and pur-

suu us, and all the day we be tossed about, at eventide we sail into the harbor of home. Though there be no rest for us in the busy world, and we go trudging about our bearing burdens that will crush us, there is a refuge, and it hath an easy chair in which we may sit, and a lounge where we may lie, and a security of peace in which we may repose, and that refuge is home. The English soldiers, sitting on the walls around Sevastopol, one night heard a company of musketeers, dressed in the uniform of peace, and it is said that the whole army broke out into sobs and weeping, so great was their homesickness. God pity the poor, miserable wretch who has no home!

Now, suppose Christ should come into your house. First the wife and then the child would feel His presence. Religion almost always begins there. It is easier for women to become Christians than for us men. They do not fight so against God. If woman tempted man originally away from holiness, now she tempts him back. She may not make any fuss about it, but somehow everybody in the house knows that there is a serious matter being done there. Some children more gently. Her face sometimes lights up with an unearthly glow. She goes into some unoccupied room for a little while, and the husband goes not after night she looks why she was there. He knows without asking that she has been praying. The husband notices that her face is brighter than on the day when, years ago, they stood at the marriage altar, and he knows that Jesus has been visiting. He would know a wretch sweeter than the orange blossom. She puts the children to bed, not satisfied with the formal prayer that they once offered, but she lingers now and tells them of the good things that she has done for them.

How he hides his face lest some of his worldly friends or his parents see him. He blushes him, melts him, overwhelms him. And they go home, husband and wife, in silence, until they get to their room, when he cries out, "Oh, pray for me!" And they kneel down each at his own desk, and word will not come. But God does not want any words. He looks down and answers so and soon and outlasting tenderness. That they may be kept any for talking of all the years wasted away of that salvation, they ceased not to call. Before morning they have laid their plans for a new life. Morning comes, father and mother descend from the heaven of that salvation, and do not know what is the matter. They never say with a Bible in his hand before. He says, "Come children, I want you all to sit down while we read and pray." The children look at each other, and they are also disposed to laugh, but they see their parents are in deep earnest. It is a short chapter that the father reads. He is a good reader at other times, but now he does not get on much. He sees so much to linger on. His wife, who is a good reader, is so strangely new to him. They kneel—that is, the mother and father, but the children come down one by one. They do not know that they have been praying. It is some time before they all get down. The sentences are long, and the phrases are a little ungrammatical.

The prayer begins abruptly and ends abruptly; but, as far as I can understand what he says, it is about this: "Oh Saviour, help us! We do not know how to pray. Teach us. We cannot live any longer in the way we have been living. We start to-day for heaven. Help us to take these children from us, for the sake of the past. Strengthen us for all the future, and when the journey is over take us where Jesus is and where the little babe is that we lost. Amen." It ended very abruptly, but the angels came out and caught the last words that they would have fallen off the father's mouth for a stroke of their wings and cried: "Hark, hark! Behold, he prays!" The next night there is a rap at the bedroom door. "Who is there?" cries the father. "It is the oldest child." "What is the matter? Are you sick?" "No; I want to be saved." Only a little while, and all the children are brought into the kingdom of God. And there is great joy in the house. Years ago, the telegraph goes electric, electric! What is the news flying over the country? "Come home, father is dying!" The children all gather. Some of them are in the past, too late for the train, take a carriage across the country. They stand around the dying bed of the father. The oldest son upholds the mother and sister. They cry, mother, I will take care of you." The father, being given, No long admittance, for he has, through years, been saying to his children, "I will take care of you, and I will be good to you." What makes it so? "I will be good to you, and I will be good to you."

Life's duty done, as sinks the day,
Light from heaven on his spirit gleams.
While heaven and earth combine to say,
How blest the righteous when he dies.

A whole family saved forever! If the daughter who they are all in the ark—father, mother, and children, together on earth, together in heaven. What makes it so? Zaccheus one day took Jesus home with him. That is all. Salvation came to that house.

What sound is it I hear to-night? It is Jesus knocking at the door of your house. Behold a stranger at the door!
He gently knocks—has knocked before.
If you greed out of your window and saw me going up your street, you would not wait, but you would open the door. Now you see Jesus standing on the outside. His locks wet with the dew of the night? This day is salvation come to thy house. The great want of your house is a new carpet or costlier pictures or richer furniture. It is Jesus!

Up to forty years men work for themselves, and then for their children. Now, what do you propose to leave for them? Nothing but dollars? Alas, what an inheritance! It is more likely to be a curse than a blessing. You own common sense and observation tell you that money, without the divine blessing, is a curse. You must soon leave your children. Your shoulders are not so strong as they were, and you know that they will soon have to carry their own burdens. Your eyesight is not so clear as once. They will soon have to play on their own way. Your arm is not so mighty as once. They will soon have to fight their own battles.

Oh, let it not be told or judgment day that you or your family start without the only safeguard—the religion of Christ. Give yourself no rest until your children are the sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty. Your own sense just as you do. He tries to walk like you do, but he is not you. The daughter imitates the mother. Alas! If father and mother miss heaven, the children will! Oh, let Jesus come into your house. Do not let the hall door, or the parlor door, or the kitchen door, or the bedroom door against Him. Above all, do not let your heart.

Bible lying on the parlor table. Call together as many of your family as may be awake. Read a chapter, and then, if you can think of nothing else besides the Lord's Prayer, say that. That will do. Heaven will have begun in your house. You can put your head on your pillow, feeling that, whatever you wake up in this world or the next, all will be well. In the great consensus book of the judgment, there are recorded all the important events of the earth, you will read at last the statement that this was the day when salvation came into your house. Oh, Zaccheus, come down, come down! Jesus is passing by!

WORK AND WORKERS.

The American Tin Plate Company, of Elwood, Indiana, has decided upon a wage reduction of 20 to 30 percent. in the sheet mill.

A DEBATE from Houghton, Michigan, says that, owing to the suspension of mining work at all the copper properties in Keweenaw county, it is proposed to abandon the county organization.

The Mule Spinners' Association of America at its semi-annual meeting in Boston, decided to take the Fall River and New Bedford strike in hand if it should still be in force three weeks hence, and to increase the levy to \$1 a week.

The saw mills of C. Lamb's Sons, at Clinton, Iowa, employing 1,000 hands, have closed down indefinitely. It is said that the shut-down is largely due to the new tariff bill, which has destroyed some of the firm's largest markets in Indiana and Ohio.

The Fall River Weavers' Union decided to grant half a week's pay to its members. The idle weavers in and out of the union are clamoring for assistance, and the savings banks report that withdrawals are three times in excess of the deposits.

A DEPARTURE from Newark, New Jersey, says the big strike of the Local Assembly of the United Garment Cutters of America was brought to an end through the mediation of the State Board of Arbitration, and the men will resume work. It is said to be a decided victory for the employers.

The coal operators in the north end of Massillon, Ohio, district, have resumed operations with Polish labor. It is said that the miners are paid only 20 cents a ton by their employers, who reap a handsome profit from the company. At Coleman's No. 2 mine the men are working steadily, and are getting 75 cents.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company has issued orders on the Camden and Amboy Division for all departments to resume work on eight hours' time, six days each week. For the past 13 months, the shipyards, machine and car repairing shops have worked five days each week, while the trainmen worked only half a day.

JUDGE VALLANT, in St. Louis, granted an omnibus injunction against the striking employees of the Hamilton-Brown Shoe Company. The men are ordered to refrain in every way from interfering with the employees of the company and are forbidden to congregate about the place or in any way intimidate the men now engaged in working there.

What is the Ink-Plant?

In Columbia there grows a plant whose popular name is the ink-plant. Its juice is ready-made ink. At first the writing looks reddish, but it becomes deep black in the course of a few hours. It will not harm steel pens, and letters written with it, if soaked in water, even for a long time, will be quite legible when dried. The plants are poisonous, however, so that this natural ink will never take the place of the common or finger-staining sort of daily use.

MARKETS.

BALTIMORE.	
GRAIN, ETC.	
FLOUR—Balto. Best Pat. No. 1	\$ 8 85
High Grade Extra	2 15
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	50 33 1/4
JOHN—No. 2 White	50 40
OATS—Southern & Penn.	34 1/2 25
RYE—No. 2	32 1/2 23
HAY—Choice Timothy	12 50 15 00
Good to Prime	12 00 12 50
STRAW—Rye in car lots	9 00 9 50
Wheat Blooms	5 50 6 00
Out Blocks	7 00 7 50
CANNED GOODS.	
TOMATOES—Std. No. 3	
No. 2	60 60
PEAS—Standards	1 00 2 00
Second	80 80
CORN—Dry Pack	80 85
Moist	75 75
HIDES.	
CITY STEERS—	7 00 7 1/2
City Cows	4 40 4 1/2
Southern No. 2	4 00
POTATOES & VEGETABLES.	
POTATOES—Barbans	50 50 58
ONIONS	65 60 80
PROVISIONS.	
HOGS PRODUCTS—shils.	
Clear rib sides	9 1/2 11 1/2
Hams	13 50 14 50
Mess Pork, per bar	16 75 17 00
LARD—Crude	10 10 10 50
Best refined	10 10 10 50
BUTTER.	
BUTTER—Fine Crm.	27 00 28
Under line	24 25 25
Milk	21 25 22
CHEESE.	
CHEESE—N. Y. Fancy	11 1/2 11 1/2
N. Y. State	11 1/2 11 1/2
Skim Cheese	6 60 6 00
EGGS.	
EGGS—State	18 00 18 1/2
North Carolina	16 16 17
LIVE POULTRY.	
CHICKENS—Hens	9 1/2 10
Ducks, per B.	11 00 12
TOBACCO.	
TOBACCO—Md. Infer.	1 30 1 30
Sound common	3 00 4 00
Middling	6 00 7 00
Fancy	10 00 12 00
LIVE STOCK.	
BEEF—Best Reeves	4 25 4 50
Good to Fair	3 50 4 12
SHEEP	2 00 2 00
Hogs	6 00 6 25
FURS AND SKINS.	
MUSKRAT	10 00 11
Red Fox	100 100
Skunk Black	80 80
Opossum	22 22
Mink	15 15
Fur	60 60
NEW YORK.	
FLOUR—Southern	8 10 8 40
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	43 43
RYE—Western	48 48
CORN—No. 2	45 46 1/2
OATS—No. 2	25 25 1/2
EGGS—State	20 1/2 21
CHEESE—State	8 10 8
PHILADELPHIA.	
FLOUR—Southern	5 50 6 40
WHEAT—No. 3 Red	54 54 1/2
RYE—No. 3	47 47 1/2
OATS—No. 3	35 35 1/2
BUTTER—State	36 27
EGGS—Penns. fl.	19 1/2 20

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"We might pursue this subject, its effect upon winter prices, but it would lead us away from the point under consideration. Now is the time when it is bought for storage. It is advantageous to have the grade of butter to sell which these buyers want, for otherwise they will not take it and the buyer for immediate use sees his advantage and profits by it, taking the profit out of the pocket of the producer of the butter. But for storage must be pretty dry. If too much water is present it will not keep well and storage buyers let it alone. So in the summer time it is particularly wise not to load butter with water, for it will not keep so well nor sell so well. Churn early in the morning and work it while the air is pure and cool. If you do a first-class job, you will get the top of the market."

A STEEL shaft is to mark the historic battle of Braddock.

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Do you doubt that hundreds of such cases reported to us as cured by "Golden Medical Discovery" were genuine cases of that dread and fatal disease? You need not take our word for it. They have, in nearly every instance, been so pronounced by the best and most experienced home physicians, who have no interest whatever in misrepresenting them, and who were often strongly prejudiced and advised against a trial of "Golden Medical Discovery," but who have been forced to confess that it surpasses in curative power over this fatal malady, all other remedies with which they are acquainted. Many Cod Liver oil and its filthy "emulsions" and mixtures, had been tried in nearly all these cases and had either utterly failed to benefit, or had only seemed to benefit a little for a short time. Extract of milk, whiskey, and various preparations of the hypophosphites had also been faithfully tried in vain.

Photographs of a large number of those cured of consumption, bronchitis, lingering coughs, asthma, chronic nasal catarrh and kindred maladies, have been skillfully reproduced in a book of 160 pages which will be mailed to you, on receipt of address and six cents in stamps. You can then write to those who have been cured and profit by their experience.

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