Subject: "Autumn Thoughts."

TEXT: "The stork in the heaven knoweth her appointed time, and the turtle, and the crane, and the swallow observe the time of their coming, but my people know not the judgment of the Lord."—Jeremiah viii., 7.

When God would set fast a beautiful thought, He plants it in a tree. When He would put it afloat, He fashions it into a fish. When He would have it glide the air, He molds it into a bird. My text speaks of four birds of beautiful instinct—the stork, of such strong affection that it is allowed familiarly to come in Holland and Germany and build its nest over the doorway; the sweet dispositioned turtledove, mingling in color white and black and brown and ashen and chestnut; the crane, with voice like the clang of a trumpet; the swallow, swift as a dart shot out of the bow of heaven, falling, mounting, skimming, sailing—four birds started by the prophet twenty-five centuries ago, yet flying on through the ages, with rousing truth under glossy wing and in the clutch of stout claw. I suppose it may have been in this very season of the year-autumn —and the prophet out of doors, thinking of the impenitence of the people of his day, hears a great cry overhead.

Now, you know it is no easy thing for one with ordinary delicacy of eye-sight to look into the deep blue of noonday heaven, but the prophet looks up, and there are flocks of storks and turtledoves and cranes and swallows drawn out in long lines for flight southward. As is their habit, the cranes had arranged themselves in two lines, making an angle, a wedge splitting the air with wild velocity, the old crane, with command-ing call, bidding them onward while the towns, and the cities, and the continents slid under them. The prophet, almost blinded from looking into the dazzling heavens, stoops down and begins to think how much superior the birds are in sagacity about their safety than men are about theirs, and he puts bis hand upon the pen and begins to write. "The stork in the heaven knoweth his appointed times, and the turtle, and the crane, and the swallow observe the time of their coming, but my people know not the judgment of the Lord."

If you were in the field to-day, in the clump of trees at the corner of the field, you

the American Congress the last pight belora adjournment or as the English Parliament when some unfortunate member proposes more economy in the Queen's household, a convention of birds all talking at once, moving and passing resolutions on the sub ject of migration, some proposing to go to-morrow, some moving that they go to-day, but all upanimous in the fact toat they must go soon, for they have marching orders from the Lord written on the first white sheet of the frost and in the pictorial of the

changing leaves.

There is not a belted kingfisher, or a chaffluch, or a fire crested wren, or a plover, or a red legged partridge but expects to ments have already been ordered for them in South America or in Africa, and after thousands of miles of flight they will stop in the very tree where they spent last January. Farewell, bright plumage! Until spring weather, away! Fiy on, great ban't of heavenly musicians! Strew the continents with music, and, whether from Ceylon isle, or Carolinian swamps, et Brazilian groves men see your wings of hear your voice, may they yet bethink themselves of the solemn words of the text, "The stork in the heaven knoweth her appointed times, and the turtle, and the crane, and the swallow observe the time of their coming. but my people know not the judgment of the Lord."

I propose so far as God may help me in this sermon carrying out the idea of the text to show that the birds of the air have more gacity than men. And I begin by particularizing and saying that they mingle music with their work. The most serious undertaking of a bird's life is this annual flight southward. Naturalists tell us that they arrive thin and weary and plumage suffled, and yet they go singing all the way, the ground the lower line of the music, the sky the upper line of the music, themselves the notes scattered up and down between. I suppose their song gives elasticity to their wing and helps on with the journey, dwindling 1000 miles into 400. Would God that we were as wise as they in mingling Christian song with our everyday work! I be-lieve there is such a thing as taking the pitch of Christian devotion in the morning and keeping it all the day. I think we might take some of the duilest, heaviest, most disagreeable work of our life and set it to the tune of "Antioch" or "Mount Pis-

It is a good sign when you hear a work-man whistle. It is a better sign when you hear him hum a roundelay. It is a still bet-ter sign when you hear him sing the words of Isaac Watts or Charles Wesley. A violin chorded and strung, if something accidentally strikes it, makes music, and I suppose there is such a thing as baving our hearts so attuned by divine grace that even the rough collisions of life will make a heav-enly vibration. I do not believe that the power of Christian song has yet been fullytried. I believe that if you could roll the "Old Hundred" doxology through the street it would put an end to any panic. I believe that the discords, and the sorrows, and the sins of the world are to be swept ou by heaven-born halleluians. Some one asked Haydo, the celebrated musician, why he always composed such cheerful music "Why," he said, "I can't do otherwise Why, he said. 'I can't do otherwise, when I think of God, my soul is so full of joy that the notes leap and dance from my pen." I wish we might all exuit melodiously before the Lord. With God for our Father and Christ for our Saviour, and heaven for our home and angels for future companions, and eternity for a lifetime, we should strike all the notes of joy. Going through the wilderness of this world let us remember that we are on the way to a summery clime of beaven, and from the migratory populations flying through this autumnal air learn always to

Children of the Heavenly King, As ye journey, sweetly sing. Sing your Saviour's worthy praise, Giorious in His works and ways,

Te are traveling home to God In the way your fathers troc. They are happy now, and we Soon their happiness shall see.

The Church of God never will be a tri-

I go jurther and remark that the birds of I go further and remark that the birds of the air are wiser than we in the fact that in their migration they fly very high. During the summer, when they are in the fields, they often come within reach of the gun. but when they start for the annual flight southward they take their places midneaven and go straight as a mark. The longest rifle that was ever brought to shoulder cannot reach them. Would to God that we were as wise as the stork and crane in our

flight heavenward! We fly so low that we are within easy range of the world, the flesh and the devil. We are brought down by temptations that ought not to come within a mile of reaching us. Oh, for some of the taith of George Muller of England and Alfred Cookman, once of the church militant, now of the church triumphant! So poor is the type of piety in the church of God now that type of piety in the church of God now that men actually caricature the idea that there is any such thing as a higher life. Moles never did believe in eagles. But my brethren, because we have not reached these heights ourselves, shall we deride the fact that there any such heights? A man was once talking to Brunel, the famous engineer, about the length of the railroad from London to Bristol. The engineer said: "It is not very great, We shall have after

awhile a steamer running from England to New York." They laughed him to scorn, but we have gone so far now that we have ceased to laugh at anything as impossible for human achievement. Then I ask, is any-thing impossible for the Lord? I do not be-lieve that God exhausted all His grace in Paul and Latimer and Edward Payson. I lieve that God exhausted all His grace in Paul and Latimer and Edward Payson. I believe there are higher points of Christian attainment to be reached in the lature ages of the Christian world.

You tell me that Paul went up to the tiptop of the Alps of Christian attainment. Then I tell you that the stork and crane have found above the Aips pienty of room for free flying. We go out and we conquer our temptations by the grace of God and lie down. On the morrow those temptations raily themselves and attack us, and by the grace of God we defeat them again, but staying all the time in the old encampment we have the same old battles to fight over. Why not whip out our temptations and then forward march, making one raid through the enemy's country, stopping not until we break ranks after the last victory. Do, my brethren, let us have some novelty of combat, at any rate, by changing by going on. by making advancement, trading off our stale prayers about sins we ought to have quit long ago, going on toward a higher state of Christian character, and routing out sins that we have never thought of yet.

The fact is, if the church of God, if we as individuals, made rapid advancement in the Christian life these stereotyped prayers we have been making for ten or fifteen years would be as inappropriate to us as the shoes, and the hats, and the coats we wore ten or fitteen years ago. Oh, for a higher flight in the Christian life, the stork and the crane in their migration teaching us the les-

Dear Lord, and shall we ever live At this poor dying rate, Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,

And Thine to us so great? Again, I remark that the birds of the air are wiser than we because they know when to start. If you should go out now and shout, "Stop, storks and cranes, don't be in a hurry!" they would say: "No, we cannot stop. Last night we heard the roring in the woods bidding us away, and the shrill flute of the north wind has sounded the retreat. We must go." So they gather them selves into companies, and turning not aside for the companies, and turning not aside the companies. for storm, or mountain top, or shock of muskery over land and sea, straight as an arrow to the mark, they go. And if you come out this morning with a sack of corn and throw it in the fields and try and get them to stop they are so far up they would hardly see it. They are so their way south. You could not stop them. Oh, that we were as wise about the best time to start for God and heaven! We say "Wait until it is a little later in the season of mercy. Wait until some of these green leaves of hope are all driet up and have been scattered. Wait until next year." After awhile we start, and it is too late, and we perish in the wav when Gol's wrath is kindled but a little. There are, you know, exceptional cases, where birds have started too late, and in the morning you have found them dead on the snow. And there are those who have perished half way between the world and Christ. They waited until the last sickness, when the mind was gone, or they were on the express train going forty miles an hour, and they came to the bridge, and the "draw was up," and they went down. How long to repeat and pray? Two seconds! To do the work of a lifetime and to prepare for the vast eternity in two seconds! I was reading of an entertainment given in a king's court, and there were musicians there, with elaborate pieces were musicalistates, what reaches present of music. After awaite Mozart came and began to play, and he had a blank piece of paper before him, and the king familiarly looked over his shoulder and said: "Woat looked over his shoulder and side: "What are you playing? I see no music before you." And Mozart put his hand on his brow, as much as to say, "I am improvising." It was very well for him; but, oh, my friends, we cannot extemporize heaven. If we do not get prepared in this world, we will never take part in the orchestral harmonies of the saved. Oh, that we were as wise as the crane and the stork, llying away, llying away from

the tempest! Some of you have felt the pinching frost of sin. You feel it to-day. You are not happy. I look into your faces, and I know you are not happy. There are voices within your soul that will not be sileneed, telling you that you are sinners, and that without the pardon of God you are unione forever. What are you going to do, my !rien!s, with the accumulated transgressions of this life-time? Will you stand still and let the avalanche tumble over you? Oh, that you would go away into the warm heart of Go i's mercy! The southern grore, redolent with magnolia and cactus, never waited for northern flocks as God has waited for you, saying: "I have loved thee with an everiasting love. Come unto Me, all ye who are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you

Another frost is bidding you away. It is Another frost is bidding you away. It is the frost of sorrow. Where do you live now? "Oh," you say, "I have moved." Why did you move?" You say, "I don't want as large a house now as formerly." Why do you not want as large a house? You say, "My family 's not so large." Where have they gone to? Eternity! Your mind goes back through that last siekness, and through the almost supernatural effort to keep life, and through those prayers that seemed un-availing, and through that kiss which received no response because the lips were lifeless, and I hear the bells tolling, and I hear the hearts breaking. Waile I speak I hear them break. A heart! Another heart! Alone, alone, alone! This world, which in your girlhood and boyhood was sunshine, is cold now, and, oh! weary dove, you fly around this world as though you would like to stay, when the wind, and the frost, and the blackening clouds would bid you away into the heart of an all com-

You may have notice! that when the chaffineh, or the stork, or the crane starts on its migration it calls all those of its kind to come too. The tree tops are full of enirg and whistle and carol, and the long roll call, The bird does not start off alone, It gathers The bird does not start officione. It gathers all of its kind. Oh, that you might be as wise in this migration to heaven, and that you might gather all your families and your friends with you! I would that Hannah might take Samuel by the hand, and Aoraham might take Isame, and Hagar might take Ishmael. I ask you if those who sat at your breakfast table this morning will sit with you in heaven. I ask you what inwith you in heaven. I ask you what in-fluences you are trying to bring upon them, what example you are setting them. Are

you calling them to go with you? Aye, aye have you started yourseif? Start for heaven and take your children with you. Come, thou and all thy house, into the ark. Tell your little ones that there are realms of balm and sweetness for all those who fly in the right direction. Swifter than engices stoke two out for several than engices stoke two out for several than than eagle's stroke put out for heaven. Like the crane, or the stork, stop not night or day until you find the right place for shopping. Seated to-ray in Christian service, will you be seated in the same glorious service when the heavens have passed away with a great noise, and the elements have melted with fervent heat, and the redeemed are gathered around the throne of Jesus?

The Saviour calls. Ye wanderers, come, Oh, ye benighted souls, Way longer roam? The Spirit calls to-day, Yield to His power. Oh, grieve Him not away, "I's mercy's hour.

WESTERN papers have found Governor Me-Kinley's manner in private conversation par. ticularly cordial and pleasing, but they say he does not know how to shake hands with the voters, and that he is superstitious about

FIFTERN theusand Japanese troops are encamped in the rear of Port Arthur, and the A FIRE UNDER THE SOIL.

Near Hernick, Icws, the Flames are Raging for a space of 300 Acres.

A fire is raging under the sod and soil in the vicinity of Hornick, a station on the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad, about twenty-five miles southeast of Sioux City. Investigation proves that what seems to be the burning of the earth is in progress there and has been for two months. An area of over 300 acres has been burned to a depit of from five or six inches to four or five feet. Over this area clouds of thin smoke are intermitently sent up. Sometimes grass is fired and many stacks of hay have been burned. Live stock avoid not only the burning area, but also a considerable surrounding district.

The burning region lies in the Missouri River bottom. Until five years ago it was within the limits of a great swamp. Then an immense ditch known as the "Skinner" Canal, was dug through the swamp, draining it into the Little Sloux River, which empties into the Mississippi a few miles below. Much of the swamp land was thus reclaimed and has been cultivated and the rest is log land.

The deepest portions of the swamp had been covered with a deposit of vegetable strata, varying in thickness from a few inches to several feet. The intense drought over a long period this scason quite thoroughly dried the vegetable strata, and these have somehow been set on fire, although the appearance in many places is that of burning

earth. The fire was first discovered in June and for weeks it spread very slowly, and then it rapidly extended. At times clouds of smoke arise from the ground as dense as from a prairie fire, and at times, to all outward ap, pearances, there is no fire at all. In many places the ground does not seem on the surface to have been damaged by fire, but a pole thrust down into it shows that the subsoil of vegetable matter has been burned away, and only a thin crust hides from view the damage done. Such places are dangerous for horses and vehicles, which are liable to break through the crust. Where the fire is still burning the feet of horses become heated as they pass on.

Every attempt to extinguish the fire has failed. It smoulders in the underground storagehouse and cannot be reached. In many places all that can be seen is the smoke rising through thr soil, and it is only where the vegetable strata outcrop that Sames break forth.

CHINESE AGAIN ROUTED.

Japs Cross the Yalu and Vanquish a Small Fores.

Field Marshall Count Yamagata has telegraphed to the War Office that a detachment of 1,600 Japanese infantry crossed the Yalu River and attacked the enemy. The Chinese force consisted of 600 cavalry and 100 infantry with two guns. The enemy fled. The Japanese captured a Chinese fort, two guns and as many rifles. The Chinese loss was twenty killed and wounded. The Japanese sustained no loss. The despatch adds that the Japanese advance columns are marching upon Lishiyen.

A despatch dated Wi Ju, October 24, gives details of the fight. It says that the Japanese were ferried over the Yalu River at Sukochin at daybreak. Chinese earthworks had been thrown up to oppose the landing of the Japanese force, but a slight deviation enabled the Japanese to cross the river and land without opposition. The Chinese fled after the first few rounds were fired at them. The Japanese captured the works with a rush. The Chinese fled to batteries that had been constructed lower down the river. throwing away their arms in their flight, These were found to be antiquated muskets.

The Chinese are still in force in the batteries opposite Wi Ju Their strength has not materially increased during the past week. The main attack upon the Chinese position will be delivered before Sunday.

\$14,300 IN ONE HAUL

Robbers Bind and Gag a Mother and Son and Make Off with the Bosty.

Albert Spaulding and mother, living in the timber two miles and a half east of Venton, Iowa, were bound and gagged and the house robbed of \$14,300. Four hundred dollars was in gold. Old Mrs. Spaulding had been hording the money for years.

WORK AND WORKERS.

The Park Hill Mills at Fitchburg, Massachusetts, resumed operations with 1,500

A despatch from Omaha says that a distiliery there has succeeded in producing pure spirits from beet-sugar molasses, and is now using a car-load a day of the molasses.

The knitting mill of the Aspinock Company at Danielsonville, Conn., which failed some time ago, and which was purchased by Mr. Sanford, of Fall River, resumed oper-

Chairman Stewart, of the Stockholders' Reorganization Committee of the Maryland Steel Company, says the large plant at Sparrow's Point will resume operations about November 1.

Between 2,000 and 3,000 of the striking weavers of Fall River, Mass., made a street demonstration in that city. Some of the milis made slight gains in the number of

weavers at work. The weavers in Fall River, Massachusetts, have decided by a vote of 875 to 75 not to occept the proposition made by the manufacturers. The earders, however, voted to go to

work, 290 to 194. Representatives of 63 cloak and cloth manufacturers in New York met, and resolved not to take any action towards a compromise or sign any agreement, or to confer with the strikers. The demands of the strikers, they

claim, are unreasonable. Out of 59,500 looms in Fall River, only 30,-000 are in operation. Some mills are running nearly full and others are practically idle, it being hard to account for the conditions influencing the weavers. In some instances the mills paying the lowest wages and operating the poorest looms are the ones where the weavers rushed in to their old places, "The No. 2 Hargraves mill is practically idle, despite the fact that wages there average 10 per cent, higher than in mill

The minimum penalty for serving drinks on Sunday in Western Australia is £50. A hotel keeper in Perth, the metropolis, was recently mulcted in the sum of £150 for illegally refreshing a party of three on the Sabbath, the court refusing to regard the three drinks as constituting a single offense. Another curious feature of the licensing law in Western Australia is that the licensee must not absent himself from his house for more than twenty-eight days in the year, except by special permission of a stipendlary magistrate, a restriction on personal liberty that has long been the source of much irritation and indignation to the trade.

New Thermometer. A new thermometer for registering extreme heat is composed of a liquid alloy of sodium and potassium, instead of mercury. The boiling point of this alloy is about 1,100 degrees above, and its freezing point 12. degrees below zero.

A MAN is just as sorry that his wife is sick as her sickness affects his com-

Never Too Late or Too Soon.

There is more lost in life from putting off from to-lay till to-morrow what might be done on the instant than from any other cause. Fortune and fame have been thus wrecked, and in minor things it will not do to delay or trifle. A man hobbling on crutches for the rest of his life, caused by sprain, would have been a well, sound man, out of misery, if he had used St. Jacobs. Oil when the mishap occurred. It is mover too soon to get it for pain never tarries; it will do its work in ten minutes if it is allowed to do so. pain as you would a mosquito-knock it out

The man who goes out to meet trouble will

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

Paris store clerks get commission on sales,

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle There are 51,000 brewers in the world.

Success in Lite

depends on the little things. A Ripans Tabule is a little thing, but taking one occasionally gives good digestion, and that means good blood, and that means good brain and brawn, and that means success.

Chicago is said to have 207 millionaires,

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's E, e-water. Druggists sell at Ze per tottle.

NEARLY every farmer who lives close to a town at some time in his life thinks of laying out a burying

MOTHERS and those about to become mothers. should know that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription robs childbirth of its torture, terrors and dangers to both mother and

child, by aiding Nature in preparing the system for parturition. Thereby "labor" and also the period of confinement are greatly shortened. It also promotes an abundant secretion of nourishment for the child. During pregnancy, it prevents "morning sickness" and those distressing nervous symptoms from which so many suffer.

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Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. V.:

Dear Sir-I took your "Favorite Prescription" previous to confinement and ver did so well in my life. It is only o weeks since my confinement and I am able to do my work. I feel stronger than I ever did in six weeks before.

Corda. Culfreplos

A MOTHER'S EXPERIENCE. DR. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.:

DR. R. V. PIERCE, Bullalo, N. Y.:

Dear Sir—I began taking your "Favorite Prescription" the first month of pregnancy, and have continued taking it since confinement. I did not experience the names confinement. I did not experience the nausea The state of the s or any of the allments due to pregnancy, after I began taking your "Prescription." I was

only in labor a short ; time, and the physician

said I got along un-We think it saved me Mrs. BAKER.
a great deal of suffering. I was troubled a great deal with leucorrhea also, and it has done a world of good for me. Yours truly, Mrs. W. C. BAKER,

Abstemious on Sundays.

The best baking powder made is, as shown by analysis, the Royal. Com'r of Health, New-York City. THE THE HEALTH WELLENGTHEN WHEN THE HEALTH WELLENGTHEN

THE WINE INDUSTRY.

Some Figures on the Products of European Vineyards.

Viticulture in this country represents only about one-twentieth of the product of France or Italy. France leads in quantity produced, and Italy in area of vineyards. The vintage of 1874 was the greatest ever known in France, the product exceeding 1,800,-000,000 gallons, although flercely attacked by the phylloxera. The yield declined rapidly, and has not risen to 700,000,000 in many years; yet rose last year to 1,125,000,000 gallons. In 1877, the acreage was 5,866,242; in 1892, only 4,527,500; but last year an increase of about 25,000 acres occurred. There are no vineyards in the northern countries of Europe-the British Isles, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Holland, and Belgium. A recent stati-tical statement credits Europe with 23,000,000 acres in vineyards, and all other parts of the world with 1,000,000 acres-a very round and doubtless uncertain estimate. The total area of Italian vineyards is placed at 8,666,000 acres. The average production of the past ten years, in millions of gallons, is thus stated: France, 681; Italy, 630; Spain, 562; Austria, Hungary, and Germany, 83; Portugal, 78; Russia. 72; Servia, 60; Bulgaria, 56; Turkey and Cyprus. 45; Rommania, 40; Greece. 31; Switzerland, 22

Put Himself in Pawn.

Gustavus V. Brooke, the English actor, was fond of a frolic, and not infrequently was the cause of much consternation to his manager. Old playgoers may remember that Mr. Brooke went down with the steamer City of London in the Bay of Biscay many years ago, when on his way to fill a lengthy engagement in Australia. His convivial habits kept him in a state of chronic impecuniosity, and on one occasion he conceived the notion of rais ng a small amount by pawning himself. Going to a loan office he explained who he was, and after a good deal of talk induced the pawnbroker to advance him \$10, the tragedian agreeing to remain in the place until the money was refunded. Seating himself in a corner he sent a messenger for some liquor and cigars. and was soon in a happy frame of mind. The play for that night was "Richard III," and Brooke, before tasting the liquor, wrote a note to his manager giving information of his whereabouts, telling the pawnbroker to deliver it half an hour after time for the curtain to rise. When the star failed to appear at the theater at the usual time the manager sent messengers hurrying hither and thither and was finally compelled to begin the performance with a far e instead of a tragedy. When the opening piece was about finished and the manager was almost crazed Brooke's note was delivered. The manager jumped into a carriage and in a few minutes found the tragedian singing a jolly son to the pawnbroker and assistants. He was bundled off to the theater in a hurry, plentifully douched with cold water and, after a brief delay, appeared as the crook-backed tyrant, playing as well as ever he did in his life.

eities. Men and wosses of good character will find this an exceptional opportunity for profitable empoyment. Spare hours finay be used to good advantage.

11th and Main Sis., Richmond, Va.

who actually left this country, account for the decrease. That the number of this class has been quite large the reports of the steamship companies show. The bars also seem to have been kept up against undesirable imm grants so as to keep out contract and pauper laborers. Probably this decrease in immigration is only temporary, and when times grow better in the United States the tide will set in again. Then the immigrants who have the making of good citizens will be welcomed as they have always been. Meantime no one will mourn that an undesirable class has turned its back on this country for good same time. - Buffalo Courier. COOK BOOK

THE Treasury Department's sum-

mary of immigration satistics for the

last eleven months shows that the

decrease of immigrants for the full

year will exceed 150,000. The total

will probably be 300,000 as against

450,000 for the preceding year. Hard

times in the United States, discour-

aging reports sent home by those

THE poker table is about the only place where a man can have the blues and be happy at one and the

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"I wish I had not eaten that salad."
"Why? I thought it excellent."
"So it was, but it has given me indigestion. It distresses me fearfully."
"Oh, that's nonsense. Swallow this.
You'll be all right in ten minutes."
"What is it?"

"A . Ripans . Tabule!"

"Do you carry them around with yon?"
"I do, indeed: Ever since I heard
about them I keep one of the little vials
in my vest pocket."

DOUCLAS \$5. CORDOVAN, \$4.5.50 FINE CALF& KANSARON \$ 3.50 POLICE, 3 SOLES. \$250\$2. WORKINGMENS \$2.17.75 BOYS SCHOOL SHOES LADIES - LADIES - SEND FOR CATALOGUE W-L-DOUGLAS, BROCKTON, MASS

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Consumption was formerly pronounced incurable. Now it is not. In all

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