

REV. DR. TALMAGE

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "Palaces in India."

Text: "Who sows in violence and robbery in their palaces."—Amos ii, 10.

In this day, when you stand before me, are being given for the redemption of India, I hope to increase the interest in that great country and at the same time draw for all classes of our people practical lessons, and to present this little sermon to the round the world series. We step into the ancient capital of India, the mere pronunciation of its name sending a thrill through the mind and soul of all those who have ever read its stories of splendor and disaster and prowess—Delhi.

Before the first historian impressed his first word in clay, or cut his first word on marble, or wrote his first word on papyrus, Delhi stood in India, a contemporary of Babylon and Nineveh. We know that Delhi existed long before Christ's time than we live after His time. Delhi is built on the ruins of seven cities, which ruins cover forty miles, with wrecked temples, broken fortresses, split towers, tumble down palaces and debris of centuries. An archeologist could not find a stone to be seen talking with the past through its lips of venerable masonry.

There are a hundred things here you ought to see in this city of Delhi, but three things you must see. The first thing I want you to see is the Cashmere gate, and the point at which the most wonderful deed of daring which the world has ever seen was done. That was the turning point of the mutiny of 1857. A light was put into my hand an oil painting of about eighteen inches square, a picture well executed, but chiefly valuable for what it represented. It was a scene from the time of the mutiny; two horses had run, harnessed to a carriage in which were four persons. She said: "Those persons on the front side are my father and mother. The young lady on the back seat is holding in her arms a baby of a year was my older sister, and the baby was myself. My mother, who is down with a fever in the next room, painted that scene for me. The horses in the picture because we are fleeing for our lives. My mother is driving, for the reason that father, standing up in the front of his carriage, had to defend us with his sword. He was seen fighting our way out and on for many miles, shooting down the sepoy as we went. We had somewhat suspected trouble and had become suspicious of our servants. A prince had requested a private interview with my father, who was editor of the Delhi Gazette. The prince proposed to come to see us, but my mother insisted on being present, and the interview did not take place. A large fish had been sent to our family and four other families, the present an offering of thanks for the King's recovery from a recent sickle attack. We suspected poison and did not eat the fish.

"One day all our servants came up and said they must go and see what was the matter. We saw that they were going to see that if the servants returned they would murder us of us. Things grew worse and worse until this scene of flight shown you in the picture took place. You see, the horses were wild with fright, and the driver was endeavoring to discharge of guns, but the horses were struck and wounded by sepoy, and ropes were tied around the waggon, and the savage halloo and the cry of revenge made all the way of our flight a horrible scene. The books have fully recorded the heroism displayed at Delhi and approximate regions, but made no mention of this family of Waggon. The prince who was mentioned, but the Madras Athenaeum printed this:

"And now! Are not the deeds of the Waggon-entire, though he wore a round hat and she a circlet, as worthy of imperishable fame as those of the heroes of the Napoleonic wars? The court of Charlemagne? A more touching picture than that of the brave man contending with well-nerved arm against the bigger and threatening fate impending over his wife and child we have never seen. Here was no strife for the glory of physical prowess or the spoil of shining arms, but a conquest of the human mind, an assertion of the power of the soul over the most appalling array of circumstances that could assail a human being. Men have become gray in front of sudden and unexpected peril, and in ancient days so much was peril, and in modern times and more insistent that we read in immortal verse of heroes struck with pain and fleeing before the enemy. But the savage sepoy, with his bow, his arrow, and his swarming like wasps around the Waggon-entire, struck no terror into the brave man's heart. His heroism was not the mere exhibition of despair, but like that of his wife, calm and wise-standing upright that he might use his arms better."

As an incident will sometimes more impress than a generality of statement, I present the flight of the family from Delhi merely to illustrate the desperation of the times. The fact was that the sepoy had taken possession of the city of Delhi, and they were, with all their artillery, fighting back the Europeans who were on the outside and murdering all the Europeans who were inside. The city of Delhi has a circumference wall on three sides, a wall seven and a half miles long, and the fourth side of the city is defended by the River Jamuna. In addition to these two defenses of wall and water there were 40,000 sepoy, all armed. Seven hundred British soldiers were to take that city. Nicholson, the immortal General, commanded them, and you must visit his grave before you leave Delhi. He fell leading his troops. He commanded them even after he was mortally wounded. You will read this thing in the history of the war. John Nicholson, who led the assault of Delhi, but fell in the hour of victory, mortally wounded, and died 23rd September, 1857, aged thirty-five years.

gate was blown into fragments, and the bodies of some of these heroes were scattered they were never gathered for funeral or grave or monument. The British army rushed in through the broken gate, and although six days of hard fighting were necessary before the city was in complete possession, the crisis was past. The Cashmere gate, the capture of Delhi, and all it contained of places and mosques and treasures was possible.

Lord Napier, of Macleod, of whom Mr. Gladstone spoke to me so affectionately when I was his guest at Hawarden, England, has lifted a monument near this Cashmere gate, with the names of the men who here fell in the most heroic of wars. That English lord, who had seen courage on many a battlefield, visited this Cashmere gate and felt that the men who opposed it with the loss of their own lives ought to be commemorated and hence this cenotaph. But, after all, the best monument is the gate itself, with the deep gouges in the brick wall on the left side made by two bombshells, and the wall on the right side defended and scraped and ploverd and galled by all styles of long reaching weaponry. Let the words "Cashmere gate," as a synonym for patriotism and fearlessness and self sacrifice, go into all history, all art, all literature, all time, all eternity! My friends, that kind of courage sanctified will yet take the whole earth for God. Indeed, the missionaries now at Delhi, tending amid heat and fever and cholera, and far away from home and comfort, and staying there until they drop into their graves, are just as brave as the Delhi warriors for Christ, were Nicholson and Home and Carmichael in taking Delhi for Great Britain. Take this for the first sermon lesson.

Another thing you must see if you go to Delhi, and you leave many things unvisited, is the palace of the mughuls. It is an inclosure 1000 yards by 500. You enter through a vaulted hall nearly 400 feet long. Floors of Ploentine mosaic and walls once enlaid and sapphire and carnelian and diamonded. I said to the guide, "Show us where once stood the peacock throne." "Here it is," he responded. All the thrones of the earth put together would not equal that for costliness and brilliance. It had steps of silver, and the seat and arms were of solid gold. It cost about \$150,000,000. It stood between two peacocks, the feathers and plumes of which were fashioned out of colored stones. Above the throne was a life-size parrot cut out of one emerald. Above all was a canopy resting on twelve columns of gold, the canopy being made of diamonds and sapphires and emeralds and pearls. Seated here, the emperor on public occasions wore a crown containing, among other things, the Kohinoor diamond, and the entire dress of coronet cost \$10,000,000. This superb and costly and most superlatively beautiful room has imbedded in the white marble wall letters of black marble, which were translated to me from the English as meaning:

If on the earth there be a God of billions, That place is this, is this, is this, is this. But the peacocks that stood beside the throne have flown away, taking all the display with them, and those white marble thrones were reddened with slaughter, and the bathrooms ran with blood, and the Eden of which the Persian couplet on the walls spoke has had its flowers wither and its fruits decay, and I thought while looking at the brilliant decorations and the vanished glories of that throne room that some one had better change a little that Persian couplet on the wall and make it read:

There is a place where such you miss, That place is this, is this, is this, is this. As I came out of the palace into the street of Delhi, I thought to myself, parades are not built out of stone, are not cut in sculpture; are not painted on walls; are not fashioned out of precious stones; do not spray the cheek with fountain; do not offer thrones or crowns. Parades are built out of nature's uplifted and ennobled, and what architect's compass may not sweep, and sculptor's chisel may not cut, and painter's pencil may not sketch, and gardener's skill may not lay out the grace of God can achieve, and if the heart be right all is right, and if the heart be wrong all is wrong. Here ends the second lesson.

But I will not yet allow you to leave Delhi. The third thing you must see, or never admit that you have been in India, is the mosque called Jumma Musjid. It is the grandest mosque ever saw except St. Sophia at Constantinople, but it surpasses that in some respects. For St. Sophia was originally a Christian church and changed into a mosque, while this of Delhi was originally built for the Moslems.

As I entered 1000 or more Mohammedans were prostrated in worship. There are times when 5000 may be seen here in the same attitude. Each stone of the floor is three feet long by one and a half wide, and each worshiper has one of these slabs for himself while kneeling. The erection of this building required 5000 laborers for six months. What a built up immensity of white marble and red sandstone. We descended the forty marble steps by which we ascended and took another look at this wonder of the world.

I thought what a brain the architect must have had who first built that mosque in his own imagination, and as I thought what an opulent ruler that must have been who gave the order for such vastness and symmetry, I was reminded of that which perfectly explained all. The architect who planned this was the same man who planned the Taj—namely, Austin de Bordeaux—and the king who ordered the mosque constructed was the king who ordered the Taj—namely, Shah Jehan. As this grand mogul ordered built the most splendid palace for the dead when he built the Taj at Agra, he here ordered built the most splendid place of worship for the living at Delhi. See here what sculpture and architecture can accomplish. They link together the centuries. They successfully defy time. Two hundred and eighty years ago Austin de Bordeaux and Shah Jehan cut this life, but their work lives and bids him stand until the continents crack open, and hemispheres go down, and this planet shows other worlds with its ashes.

I rejoice in all these big buildings, whether dedicated to Mohammed or Brahma or Buddha or Confucius or Zoroaster, because as St. Sophia at Constantinople was a Christian church changed into a mosque and will yet be changed back again, so all the mosques and temples of superstition and sin will yet be turned into churches. When India and Ceylon and China and Japan are ransomed, as we all believe they will be, their religious structures will all be converted into Christian asylums, and Christian schools, and Christian homes, and Christian churches. Built at the expense of superstition and sin, they will yet be dedicated to the Lord Almighty. Here ends the third lesson.

As that night we took the railroad train from the Delhi station and rolled out through the city now living over the vaster cities buried under this ancient capital, under cities, and our traveling servant had unrolled our bed, which consisted of a rug and two blankets and a pillow, and we were worn out with the slightest of the day, and were roughly tossed on the Indian railway, I soon fell into a troubled sleep, in which I saw and heard in a confused way the scenes and sounds of the mutiny of 1857, which at Delhi we had been recounting, and now the rattle of the train seemed to turn into the rattle of musketry, and now the light at the top of the car descended with the idea of a burning city, and then the loud thump of the railroad broke was in dream mistaken for booming battery, and the voices at the different stations made me think I heard the cheer of the British at the taking of the Cashmere gate, and as we rolled over bridges the battles before Delhi seemed going on, and as we went through dark tunnels I seemed to see the tomb of Humayun, in which the King of Delhi was buried, and in my dreams I saw Lieutenant Benny the artillery throwing shells which were handed to him, their fuses burning, and Campbell and Bell and Hope Grant covered with blood, and Nicholson falling while rallying on the wall his wavering troops, and I

saw dead rootless fallen across dead ramparts, and heard the rattle of the hoofs of Hordozee's horse, and the dash of the Bengal cavalry, and the storming by the immortal fourth column, and the roughest the Indian railway became and the darker the night grew the more the scenes that I had been studying at Delhi came on me like an incubus. But the morning began to look through the window of our jolting railcar, and the sunlight poured in on my pillow, and in my dreams I saw the bright colors of the English flag hoisted over Delhi, where the green banner of the Moslem had waved, and the voices of the wounded and dying seemed to be exchanged for the voices that welcomed soldiers home again.

And as the morning light got brighter and brighter, and in my dream I mistook the bells at a station for a church bell hanging in a minaret, where a Mohammedan priest had mumbled his call to prayer, I seemed to hear a chant, whether by human or angelic voices in my dream I could not tell, but it was a chant about "peace and good will to men. And as the speed of the rail train slackened the motion of the car became so easy as we rolled along the track that it seemed to me that all the distress and controversy and jolting and wars of the world had ceased, and in my dream I thought we had come to the time when "the ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."

Halt here at what you have never seen before, a depopulated city, the city of Amber, India.

This strange fact is that a ruler abandoned his palace at Amber and moved to Jaipur, and all the inhabitants of the city followed. Except here and there a house in Amber occupied by a hermit, the city is as silent as the desert. The people of Jaipur, and but those cities were emptied by a great disaster, while this city of Amber was vacated because Prince Jai Singh was told by a Hindu priest that no city should be inhabited more than 1000 years, and so the ruler 170 years ago moved out himself, and all his people moved with him.

You visit Amber on the back of an elephant. Permission obtained for your visit the day before at Jaipur, an elephant is waiting for you about six miles out to take you up the steeply walled streets. You pass through the awfully quiet streets, all the feet that tread on the days of their activity having gone on the long journey and the voices of business and gaiety that sounded among these abodes having long ago uttered their last syllable. You pass by a lake covering 500 acres, where the rajahs used to sail in their pleasure boats, but alligators now have full possession, and you come to the abandoned palace, which is an enchanted scene. No more of the residence place was ever chosen for the residence of a monarch. The fortress above looks down upon this palace, and the palace looks down upon a lake. This monarch showed his last door, an inscription when it was the home of royalty which vanished, but antiquity and the silence of many years and opportunity to tread where once you would not have been permitted to tread may be an addition quite equal to the subtraction.

But what a solemn and stupendous thing is an abandoned city! While many of the peoples of earth have had their heads, here is a whole city of roofs rejected. The sand of the desert was sufficient excuse for the disappearance of Heliopolis, and the engulfment of the Mediterranean Sea for the ruin of Vesuvius for the obliteration of Herculaneum, but for the sake of nothing but a superstition which the city of Amber is an enchanted scene. No more of the residence place was ever chosen for the residence of a monarch. The fortress above looks down upon this palace, and the palace looks down upon a lake. This monarch showed his last door, an inscription when it was the home of royalty which vanished, but antiquity and the silence of many years and opportunity to tread where once you would not have been permitted to tread may be an addition quite equal to the subtraction.

The temperature of the earth advances one degree for every fifty-one feet of descent. Of preventive the grippe, colds, headaches, and fevers is to use the liquid laxative remedy, Syrup of Figs, whenever the system needs a gentle, yet effective cleansing. To be benefited one must get the true remedy manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only. For sale by all druggists in 50c. and \$1 bottles.

A "seismometer" record at the College of Rome shows that the undulations from the great Japanese earthquakes were continued a distance of about 6000 miles. A good story is told of a well known actor who in a piece in which he was playing "on tour," had to "make up" his nose to rather large proportions. He generally used a special paste for this purpose; but at one place falling short of paste, he sent a boy out to buy some flour. He used this in the form of stiff dough, painted it to suit his purpose, and went on to the stage in due course. Presently the nose began to grow and swell. Seeing a moment when he was not required behind the footlights the actor rushed to his dressing-room, tore off the superfluity of nose, again "made up" the rest, and returned to the stage. But still the nose grew, and it was not until the play was over that the victim had leisure to read the inscription on the paper in which the material for his marvelous nose had been brought to him. Then for the first time he saw the words: "Self-raising flour. Requires no yeast or baking-powder. Mix with a little cold water and set in a warm place, and in a short time the dough will rise and be ready for baking."

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Eating Ice. The following thermodynamical problem is stated and solved by the Engineer: "A boy eats two ounces of ice. Let us see what is the approximately thermodynamical equivalent of the work he has made his interior do, assuming he takes five minutes to eat it. In melting the ice he will require eighteen units to reduce it to water. To raise it in temperature to that of his inside he will require seven more units, or a total of twenty-five British thermal units. Taking the mechanical equivalent as 777 foot pounds, this will be equal to 19,425 foot pounds. If the boy weighs 100 pounds, he will have called upon his stomach to do as much heat work as would, with a machine having unit efficiency, raise him 194 feet high, or a rate of heat extraction equal to nearly an eighth of a horse power."

Cost of Running Trains. Probably few travelers, even those who daily have occasion to use the railways, have any adequate idea of the cost of running trains. The cost may differ, and doubtless does differ greatly with the varying conditions, but the recently published figures of one of the extensive Western systems are instructive. The Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway, operating 6,147 miles of road, has made public an analysis of expenses per revenue train mile run for the past two years, the total miles run being 31,750,418 in 1893, and 26,092,470 in 1894.

The items include repairs to locomotives and cars, station service, train service, locomotive service, train and station supplies, fuel, oil and waste and miscellaneous expenses. The total operating expenses were 96.46 per cent. per revenue train mile in 1893, and 92.67 cents in 1894. The revenue from passengers, per train mile run, was only 91.51 cents in 1893, and 90.32 cents in 1894, or less than cost. But there was a profit on freight, the revenue per mile run being \$1.5701 in 1893, and \$1.5834 in 1894, and out of this margin between receipts and expenditures per mile has to come the return for the enormous investment in road rolling stock, structures and other property. Stated in a general way, it costs about a dollar a mile, actual operating expenses, to run a train, without allowing any return on cost of road or equipment.—Providence Journal.

Put on your rubber; it is a hard job to put on pneumonia.

A House in a Fret.

Let the mother become sick and helpless, and the house is all in disorder. When both father and mother are down you may as well close the shutters. Order is brought out of chaos often very easily, and Mrs. John Main, of South Butte, Mont., Feb. 17, 1895, found an easy way out of her difficulties, as she writes thus: "My husband and I took very bad rheumatism from severe colds, and my arms were so lame I could not raise them to help myself. I sent at once for a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil, and before the bottle was half empty I could go about my work. My husband became so lame he could not get out of bed. Two and half bottles completely cured him. I will always praise St. Jacobs Oil, and you may use this as you see fit." This is a clear case of what is "set at the right moment, and how every household can be made happy whose pain abounds.

The temperature of the earth advances one degree for every fifty-one feet of descent.

The Most Pleasant Way.

Of preventive the grippe, colds, headaches, and fevers is to use the liquid laxative remedy, Syrup of Figs, whenever the system needs a gentle, yet effective cleansing. To be benefited one must get the true remedy manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only. For sale by all druggists in 50c. and \$1 bottles.

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A Remarkably Fine Nose.

A good story is told of a well known actor who in a piece in which he was playing "on tour," had to "make up" his nose to rather large proportions. He generally used a special paste for this purpose; but at one place falling short of paste, he sent a boy out to buy some flour. He used this in the form of stiff dough, painted it to suit his purpose, and went on to the stage in due course. Presently the nose began to grow and swell. Seeing a moment when he was not required behind the footlights the actor rushed to his dressing-room, tore off the superfluity of nose, again "made up" the rest, and returned to the stage. But still the nose grew, and it was not until the play was over that the victim had leisure to read the inscription on the paper in which the material for his marvelous nose had been brought to him. Then for the first time he saw the words: "Self-raising flour. Requires no yeast or baking-powder. Mix with a little cold water and set in a warm place, and in a short time the dough will rise and be ready for baking."

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THE U. S. Government Chemists have reported, after an examination of the different brands, that the ROYAL Baking Powder is absolutely pure, greatest in strength, and superior to all others. ROYAL BAKING POWDER COMPANY, 106 WALL ST., NEW-YORK.

A Steam Engine 100 Years Old. A few years ago an old beam engine, built by James Watt, which had been doing regular work daily for 102 years, was taken down and replaced by a modern engine. The engine was originally a 75-horse-power engine, and was erected in 1785. In 1786 some alterations were made to enable it to work to horse-power. It had a 24-inch cylinder, a 4-foot stroke and ran on planet motion. It worked at 2 1/2 revolutions, or 270 feet of piston speed per minute. In 1875 it was tested by Mr. Longbridge, when, with a steam pressure of five pounds per square inch, it indicated 47.72 horse power, with an expenditure of coal of 4.59 pounds per indicated horse-power per hour. Only the best modern engines with the same condition of loading would work with two pounds of coal per indicated horse-power per hour. One is in doubt whether to be surprised that, after a century of endeavor to improve the economy of steam engine work, the progress is so small as to be proud that such a much has been achieved.—Casell's Magazine, N. Y.

Fear is more painful to cowardice than death to true courage. Dr. Kilmor's Swamp-Root cures all Kidney and Bladder troubles. Pamphlet and Consultation free. Laboratory Birmingham, N. Y. Difficulties strengthen the mind, as labor does the body. I have found Piso's Cure for Consumption an unfailing medicine.—F. B. Lutz, 1205 Scott St., Covington, Ky., Oct. 1, 1894. Nobody will use other people's experience, nor has any of his own till it is too late to use it. Karl's Clover Root, the great blood purifier, gives freshness and clearness to the complexion and cures constipation, 25 cts., 50 cts. \$1. Looking for trouble is one way to make it. Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c. a bottle. Time's noblest offering is the last. If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's E. E.-water. Druggists sell at 25c per bottle. Reason is the life of law.

The Greatest Medical Discovery of the Age. KENNEDY'S Medical Discovery, DONALD KENNEDY, OF ROXBURY, MASS., Has discovered in one of our common pasture weeds a remedy that cures every kind of Humor, from the worst Scrofula down to a common Pimple. SEND FOR BOOK. Dunbarton, Ohio, Dec. 24, 1894. Donald Kennedy, Dear Sir: Last spring La Grippe and Bronchitis took me and for weeks I got worse though taking medicine all the time. A friend told me of your Medical Discovery, how it had helped a friend of hers and I thought I would try it. I have taken two bottles of Discovery and three bottles of Fowler's Root and I can't begin to tell you how much better I feel. When I began to take your medicine I could not sit up much of any; now I sit up all day and walk round the house, and I am still hearty, and of course you are—that's the Humor about three more bottles Discovery will get the last of that out of your system, and send your advice about that. I thank you with my whole heart. Yours truly, NAOMI OLIVER.

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