Hours of Sunshine Spain has more sunshine than any country in Europe. The yearly average

is 3,000 hours. In America it is 2,100 Tetterine is The Name of It. If you have any skin disease such as eczema, sait rheum, ringworm or tetter, nothing will cure you so quickly or thoroughly as Tetterine. It has cured shou-ands and will cure you. Numerous testimonials for the asking. Accept no substitute. J. T. Shuptrine, Manut'r., Savannah, Ga., will send you a box postpaid for 50c. in stamps if your druggist doesn't k-ep it.

For the last ten years there has been an increase of 2,000 annually in the number of Great Britain's insane.

Don't Tebacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away. To quit tobacco easily and forever, be magnetic, full of life, nerve and vigor, take No To-Bac, the wonder-worker, that makes weak men strong. ... druggists, 50c or \$1. Cure guaranteed. Bo. tlet and sample free. Address Sterling Remedy Co. Chicago or New York.

Marshall Field, of Chicago, is to build and present a library to his native town, Conway, Mass.

Findley's Eye Salve Cures Sore eyes in 3 days; chronic cases in 33 days, or money back. All druggists, or by mall, 25c, per box. J. P. HAYTER, Decatur, Texas.

Mme. Emma Nevada will appear at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, in No-vember for the first time in 15 years.

Piso's Cure for Consumption has no equal as a Cough medicine.—F. M. ABBOTT, 383 Sen-eca St., Buffalo, N. Y., May 9, 1894.

The Duke of York has an imposing collection of cigarette-holders.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents. Guaranteed tobacco habit cure, makes weak men strong, blood pure. 50c, \$1. All druggists The King of Greece rarely dons a uniform, at when he does he shows a marked preference for light colors.

## "Necessity is the Mother of Invention.

It was the necessity for a reliable blood purifier and tonic that brought into existence Hood's Sarsaparilla. It is a highly concentrated extract prepared by a combination, proportion and process peculiar to itself and giving to Hood's Sarsaparilla unequalled curative power.

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Send your name and address on a postal, and we will send you our 156page illustrated catalogue free.

WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO. \*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

## Ask for it. If your dealer hasn't

Rare Snap for Hoboes. New York Correspondent Pittsburg Dispatch: Heaven knows where the crowd of hoboes came from so quickly when a barrel of whisky rolled off a at work, saw sea-gulls hovering over. wagon and split open on the cobble- and occasionally alighting upon a turstones down in Church street this nip field, in which the observer and afternoon. But there they were. The others were at work. A particularly truckman swore vigorously as he saw that the barrel was a hopeless wreck, attention by the graceful way in which while the tattered men who pushed and it floated slowly over the drills, inscrambled with each other, knelt down | tently scanning the surface of the for their unexpected carousal. Some ground. Suddenly, steadying itself a of them had tin cans, others only their two hands, with which they labeled up the ground, and rose with a mole the liquor, while three old stagers, with | for its prey. Resting a few minutes, it noses redder than the rest, lay flat on gracefully began again a further search their stomachs and imbibed the stuff for prey. In a few minutes a second from the gutter. A great deal of it | mole was uncarthed. went down the sewer drop at the corner, but much of it was saved for immediate consumption by an ancient tatterdemalion who dammed the stream with a large newspaperwrapped parcel of broken victuals that | requisites for prompt surgical aid to he had begged somewhere.

Beauty Is Blood Deep.

Clean blood means a clean skin. No beauty without it. Cascarets, Candy Cathartic clean your blood and keep it clean, by stirring up the lazy liver and driving all impurities from the body. Begin to-day to banish pimples, boils, blotches, blackheads, and that sickly bilious complexion by taking Cascarets,—beauty for ten cents. All druggists, antisfaction guaranteed, 10c, 25c, 50c.

When first known to the Romans silk was so dear that it was sold weight for weight with gold.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly falling to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address F.J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

ORIGIN OF THE TERM CADDIE. Ingenious Explanation of Common Golf

To some, at least, of the unnumbered and now I resume the subject. and innumerable host of golfers the question may have occurred at one time or another-Whence came the word "caddie"? Frank Boyd, in his "Omitted Chapters in the History of Monifieth," which he contributes to "The Book of Monifieth Golf Links Bazar," offers an ingenious as well as highly amusing explanation of the term. There was, he says, a Culdee, or "Keledei," establishment at Monifieth at one time, till the monks of Arbroath dispossessed the Culdees of their lands and made them their servants. One day it occurred to a monk, while having a game of golf, to make the Keledei carry his clubs. He found this contributed greatly to his comfort. "The plan was adopted by the rest of the monks, and henceforth they never went out without being accompanied by their Keledei. Now you know," continues Mr. Boyd, "that in these parts the practice is to cut short words in which the letter 'l' is used. A native, for instance, never says 'Balgray,' it is always 'Baigrie.' Thus it was natural that in the course of time the 'l' should drop out of the 'Keledei,' and it should come to sound like 'caydee,' and to this day this is how the word is pronounced by superfine Scotch youths. In the strong Forfarshire vernacular it was, however, broadened out to 'caddie." As a matter of fact, the origin of the term "caddie" does not appear to have ever been satisfactorily explained. Jamieson, who defines caddie as one who earns a livelihood by running errands, delivering messages, and so on, expresses the opinion that the term was originally the same with the

--Literature. How a Sea Gull Catches a Mole. A farm manager at Fodderty, Dingwall, Scotland, watching a mole catcher large and handsome bird attracted his moment, it dropped, dug its bill into

French cadet, which, as he remarks, is

sometimes used to denote a young per-

son in general. Dr. Murray, in his

colossal work, holds the same view,

but how the word came to be employed

to denote the lad who carries a play-

er's golf clubs has still to be elucidated.

Surgical Aid on Trains. In view of recent railway accidents the French minister of public works has decreed that all trains must carry the injured.

CAPABLE mother must be a healthy mother. The experience of maternity should not be approached without careful physical preparation.

Correct and practical counsel is what the expectant and wouldbe mother needs and this counsel she can secure without cost by writing to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass. MRS. CORA GILSON, Yates, Manistee

CAPABLE MOTHER-HOOD

enough."

Co., Mich., writes: "DEAR MRS. PINKHAM-Two years ago I began having such dull, heavy, dragging pains in my back, menses were profuse and painful and was troubled with leucorrhœa. I took patent medicines and consulted a physician, but received no benefit and could

not become pregnant. "Seeing one of your books, I wrote to you telling you 6 my troubles and asking for advice. You answered my letter promptly and I followed the directions faithfully, and derived so much benefit that I cannot praise Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound enough. I now find myself for pregnant and have begun its use again. I cannot praise it

MRS. PERLEY MOULTON, Thetford, Vt., writes:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM-I think Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is an excellent medicine. I took several bottles of it before the birth of my baby and got along nicely. I had no after-pains and am now strong and enjoying good health. Baby is also fat and

healthy." MRS. CHAS. GERBIG. 304 South Monroe St., Baltimore, Md., writes: "DEAR MRS. PINKHAM-Before taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I was

unable to become pregnant; but since I have used it my health is much improved, and I have a big baby boy, the joy and pride of our home."

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE EMINENT DIVINE'S SUNDAY DISCOURSE.

Subject: The Queens of Home-The Rights of Woman Discussed-Her Dominion is Home, and There She Should Rightly Rule-Comforter of the Sick.

[Copyright, Louis Klopsch, 1899.1 Washington, D. C.—In this discourse the opportunities of usefulness for women are set forth by Dr. Talmage, and many sympathies are stirred and memories recalled. The text is Solomon's Songs, vi., 8. "There

are three-score queens."
So Solomon by one stroke set forth the imperial character of a true Christian woman. She is not a slave, not a bireling, not a subordinate, but a queen. In a former sermon I showed you that crown and courtly attendants and imperial wardrobe were not necessary to make a queen, but that graces of the heart and life will give coro-nation to any woman. I showed you at some length that woman's position was higher in the world than man's, and that, although she had often been denied the right of suffrage, she always did vote and always would vote by her influence, and that her chief desire ought to be that she should have grace rightly to rule in the dominien which she has already won. I

In the first place, woman has the special and the superiative right of blessing and comforting the sick. What land, what street, what house has not feit the smitings of disease? Tens of thousands of sick beds! What shall we do with them? Shall man,

It is an awful thing to be ill away from home in a strange hotel, once in awhile men coming in to look at you, holding their hand over their mouth for fear they will catch the contagion. How roughly they turn you in bed! How loudly they tak! How you long for the ministries of home! I know one such who went away from one of the brightest of homes for several weeks' business absence at the west.

A telegram came at midnight that he was on his deathbed far away from home. By express train the wife and daughters went about it!

And again, "What is the matter?" But he believes it a sort of Christian duty to keep all that trouble within his own soul. Oh, sir, your first duty was to tell your wife all about it! westward, but they went too late. He feared not to die, but he was in an agony to live until his family got there. He tried to bribe the doctor to make him live a little longer. He said, "I am willing to die, but not alone." But the pulses fluttered, but not alone." the eyes closed and the heart stopped. The express trains met in the midnight, wife and daughters going westward, lifeless re-mains of husband and father coming eastward. Oh, it was a sad, pitiful, over-whelming spectacle! When we are sick, we want to be sick at home. When the time comes for us to die, we want to die at to speak good cheer. Loving lips to read the comforting promises of Jesus.

In our Civil War men cast the cannon, men fashioned the musketry, men cried to the hosts, "Forward, march!" men hurled their battallons on the sharp edges of the

enemy, crying, "Charge, charge!" but woman scraped the list, woman administered the cordials, woman watched by the dying couch, woman wrote the last message to the home circle, woman wept at the solitary burial, attended by herself and four men with a spade. We greeted the generals home with brass bands and tramphal arches and wild buzzas, but the Ress in the copper shop hospital; of Margaret Breckinridge, who came to men who had been for weeks with their wounds undressed-some of them frozen to the ground, and when she turned them over dressed—some of them frozen to the ground, and when she turned them over those that had an arm left waved it and filled the air with their "hurrah!"—of Mrs. Hodge, who came from Chicago with blankets and with pillows, until the men shoated: "Three cheers for the Christian commission! God bless the women at home!" then sitting down to take the last message: "Tall my wife not to fret a out me, but to meet me in heaven; tell her to train up the boys whom we have loved so well; tell her we shall meet again in the good land; tell her to bear my loss like the Christian wife of a Christian soldier," and of Mrs. Shelion, into whose face the convalescent soldier looked and said, "Your grapes and cologne cured me." And so it was also through all of our war with Spain—women heroic on the field, braving death and wounds to reach the fallen, watching by their fever cots in the West Indian hospitals or on the troopships or in our smitten home camps. Men did their work with shot and shell and carbine and howitzer; women did their work with socks and slippers and bandages.

Mary Tuin!" O woman, what knowest thou but thou canst destroy thy husband?

Are there not some of you who have kind-ly influences at home? Are there not some of who have wandered far away from God who can remember the Christian influences in their early home? Do not despise those influences, my brother. If you die without Christ, what will you do with your mother's prayers, with your wife's importunities, with your sister's entreaties? What will you do with the letters they used to write to you, with the memory of those days when they attended you so kindly in times of siekness? Oh, if there be just one strand dark sea, I wou'd just like to take hold of that strand now and pull you to the beach! For the sake of your mother's God, for the sake of your daughter's God, for the s

be cries of distress in that cellar. Men will, sleep, and women will watch. Again, woman has a special right to take care of the poor. There are hundreds and thousands of them all over the land. There is a kind of work that men the land. There is a kind of work that men the land. There is a kind of work that men the land. There is a kind of work that men the land is the land of work that men the land. land. There is a kind of work that men cannot do for the poor. Here comes a group of little bareloot children to the door of the Dorcas society. They need to be clothed and provided for. Which of these directors of banks would know how many yards it would take to make that little girl a dress? Which of these masculine bands could fit a bat to that little girl's head? Which of the wise men would know how to tie on that new pair of shoes? Man sometimes gives his charity in a rough way, and it falls like the fruit of a tree in the east, which fruit comes down so heavily that it breaks the skull of the man who is trying to gather it. But woman glides

christan waman who goes forth on gospel work into the haunts of iniquity, carrying the Bibles and bread. God with the red right arm of His wrath omnipotent would tear to pieces any one who should offer indignity to her. He would smite him with lightnings and drown him with floods and awallow him with earthquakes, and damn him with eternal indignations. Some one said: "I dislike very much to see that Christian woman teaching those bad boys in the mission school. I am afraid to have her instruct them." "So," said another

man, "I am afraid, too." Said the first.
"I am afraid they will use bad language before they leave the place." "Ah," said the other man, "I am not afraid of that. What I am afraid of is that if any of those boys should use a bad word in her presence the other boys would tear him to pleces and kill him on the spot." That woman is the best sheltered who is sheltered by the Lord God Almighty, and you need never fear going anywhere where

God tells you to go.

It seems as if the Lord had ordained woman for an especial work in the solicitation of charities. Backed up by barrels in which there is no flour, and by stoves in which there is no fire, and by wardrobes in which there is no ciothes, a woman is irresistible. Passing on her errand, God says to her "You so into that hank or store or to her, "You go into that bank or store or shop; and get the money." She goes in and gets it. The man is hard-fisted, but she gets it. She could not help but get it. It is decreed from eternity she should get it. No need of your turning your back and pretending you don't hear; you do hear. There is no need of your saying you are begged to death. There is no need of your wasting your time, and you might as well submit first as last. You had better right away take down your checkbook, mark the number of the check, fill up the blank, the number of the check, fill up the blank, sign your name and hand it to her. There is no need of wasting time. Those poor children on the back street have been hungry long enough. That sick man must have some farina. That consumptive must have something to ease his cough. I meet this delegate of a relief society coming out of the store of such a bard-fixed man and I say "Did you get hard-fisted man, and I say, "Did you get the money?" "Of course," she says, "I got the money; that's what I went in for. The Lord told me to go in and get it, and

He never sends me on a fool's errand."

Again, I have to tell you that it is a
woman's specific right to comfort under
the stress of dire disaster. She is called with his rough hand and ciumsy foot, go stumbling around the sickroom, trying to soothe the distracted nerves and alieviate the pains of the distressed patient? The young man at college may scoff at the idea of being under material influences, but at the first blast of typhoid fever on his check he says, "Where is mother."

It is a way if you that it is a woman's specific right to comfort under the stress of dire disaster. She is called the weaker vessel, but all profane as well as accred history attests that when the crisis comes she is better prepared than the first blast of typhoid fever on his check he says, "Where is mother."

It is a way if you that it is a woman's specific right to comfort under the stress of dire disaster. She is called the weaker vessel, but all profane as well as accred history attests that when the crisis comes she is better prepared than the first blast of typhoid fever on his check he says, "Where is mother." one stroke of calamity changed to a heroine. Oh, what a great mistake those business men make who never tell their busi-ness troubles to their wives! There comes some great loss to their store or some of their companions in business play them a sad trick, and they carry the burden all alone. He is asked in the household again and again, "What is the matter?" But he

Again, I remark it is woman's right to bring to us the kingdom of heaven. It is easier for a woman to be a Christian than for a man. Why? You say she is weaker. No. Her heart is more responsive to the pleadings of divine love. She is in vast majority. The fact that she can more eas-liy become a Christian I prove by the statement that three-fourths of the mem-bers of churches in all Christendom are women. So God appoints them to be the chief agencies for bringing this world back to God. I may stand here and say the soul is immortal. There is a man who will deny hone. The room may be very bumble, and the faces that look into ours may be very plain, but who cares for that? Loving who will contradict it. I may stand here and say we are lost and undone without Christ. There is a man who will contradict it. I may stand here hands to bathe the temples. Loving voices and say there will be a judgment day after awhile. Yonder is some one who will dis-pute it. But a Christian woman in a Christian household, living in the faith and the consistency of Christ's gospel—nobody can refute that. The greatest sermon- are not preached on celebrated platforms; they

triemphal arches and wild buzzas, but the story is too good to be written anywhere save in the chronicles of heaven, of Mrs. Brady, who came down among the sick in the zwamps of the Chickahominy; of Annie me have family prayers, you langhed Paul said to the Corinthian woman, "What about all that and you got me away into worldliness, and now I'm going to die, and my fate is sealed, and you are the cause of my ruin!" O woman, what knowest thou but thou canst destroy thy husband?

Men did their work with shot and shell and carbine and howitzer; women did their work with socks and slippers and bandages and warm drinks and Scripture texts and gentle stroking of the hot temples and stories of that land where they never have any pain. Men knelt down over the wounded and said, "On which side did you fight?" Women knelt down over the wounded and said. "Where are you hur? What nice thing can I make for you to eat? What makes you cry?" To-night while we men are sound asleep in our beds there will be groaning down that dark alley; there will be cries of distress in that cellar. Men will, side of the care of Christ, finally to reach heaven. Oh, what a multitude of women in heaven. Mary, Christ's mother, in heaven, the Countess of Huntington, who sold her spleudid jeweis to build chapels, in heaven, while a great many others who have never been heard of on earth or known but little have gone into the rest and peace of Christ, finally to reach heaven. Oh, what a multitude of women in heaven. Mary, Christ's mother, in heaven, the Countess of Huntington, who sold her while a great many others who have never been heard of on earth or known but little have gone into the rest and peace of Christ, finally to reach heaven. Oh, what a multitude of women in heaven. Oh, what a multitude of women in heaven. What a multitude of women in heaven. Oh, with heaven, the Countess of Huntington, who sold her while a great many others who have never been heard of on earth or known but little have gone into the rest and peace of Christ, finally to reach heaven. sions!" No more stitching until 12 o'clock at night, no more thrusting of the thumb

Man sometimes gives his charity in a rough way, and it fails like the fruit of a tree in the east, which fruit comes down so heavily that it breaks the skull of the man who is trying to gather it. But woman glides so softly into the house of destitution and finds out all the sorrows of the place and puts so quietly the donation on the table that all the family come out on the front steps as she departs, expecting that from under her shawl she will thrust out two wings and go right up toward heaves, from whence she seems to have come down. Can you tell me why a Christian woman, going down among the haunts of iniquity on a Christian errand, never meets with any indignity? I stood in the chapel of Helen Chaimers, the daughter of the celebrated Dr. Chaimers, in the most abandoned part of the city of Edinburg, and I raid to her as I looked around upon the fearful faurroundings of that place, "Do vou come here nights to hold a service?" "Oh, yes!" she said. "Can it be possible that you never meet with an insult while performing this Christian errand? "Never," she said, "never." That young woman who has her father by ber side, walking down the street, armed police at each corner, is not so well defended as that Christian woman who goes forth on gospel work into the haunts of iniquity, carrying the Bibles and bread. God with the red right arm of His wrath omnipotent would tear to pieces any one who should offer indignity to her. He would smite him with lightnings and drown him with floods and swallow him with earthquakes, and dama him with eternal indignations. Some one said: "I dislike very mush to see that Christian woman teaching those bad boys to the mission adood the proposition of light and love, "God hath wiped away all tears from all faces!" The Free Methodist societies of Christian learn of his christian errand to have a pang of body or soul He puts another gem in that crown, until after awhile in all the tiars there will be that crown, angel will errow the and Christian errand. The crown is done; let her up t



Should women vote? Well, if they could, They'd vote for what is pure and good; And Ivory Soap, because it's best, Would simply overwhelm the rest.

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CHINA GAVE US THE MASSAGE.

It Is Contended That the Treatment Came from the Flowery Kingdom. Few people while enjoying the delilous sensations of the massage at the hands of an expert operator are aware that to the Chinese we probably owe the treatment. While the question as to whether massage originated in Sweden or China has been much discussed, the latter country is evidently a strong claimant. According to long-time Chinese ideas, life is entirely dependent on "air currents," which are designated as the primary aura of the organism; so long, then, as the body is permeated by the air current it is proof against disease, and the object of physical exercise is to circulate the air current, To effect this the Chinese system is divided into three periods, each period occupying a hundred days, the first period commencing at the time of the now moon. The patient must rise at 4 o'clock in the morning and walk outside his house, taking seven deep inspirations, and, immediately after this, two youths who have been specially trained commence a gentle friction all over the body, starting over the cardiac area. At the time of full moon a further set of inspiratory exercises are taken. Later on, in the second period, the various parts of the body are rubbed with wooden planks until the muscles are handened, and it is not until the hardening takes place that the real physical exercises are taken. Between the fifth and sixth month is the period of greatest activity, the Euro-

Damages, 1 Cent; Costs, \$700. In the District Court at Oakley the other day a jury gave Mr. Kepple one cent damages against Mr. O'Neil on account of some injury done to Mr. Kepple's crops by Mr. O'Neil's sheep. But this verdict carried with it \$700 in costs, and if Mr. O'Neil will now ap peal to the Supreme Court Kansas may yet be able to rival that celebrated

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