Saved Through Chess.

In 1396 Mohammed Balba usurped the crown of Granada in spite of the superior claims of his elder brother Jussef. He was very unsuccessful in his conduct of the war against the Christians and was at length assassinated by poison absorbed through his skin from a shirt. He entertained a desperate dislike to the brother whom he had injured, and when he knew that his own fate was sealed he sent an order to the governor of the prison in which Jussef was confined that he should be executed immediately. When the order arrived Jussef was playing chess with the chaplain of the prison. With great difficulty Jussef obtained a respite from the governor permitting him to finish the game. Before it was ended, however, news came that the usurper had died of the poison. This canceled the order of execution and Jussef, instead of going to the scaffold, mounted the throne.

Waiter—Kin Ah bring yo' an 'ade, sah?

Jollyboy—What kind of 'ades have you?

Waiter—Lemonade, orangeade an' limeade, sah?

Jollyboy—Bring me a serenade.

"He is Wise Who Talks But Little."

This is only a half truth. If wise men had held their tongues, we should know nothing about the circulation of the blood. If it were not for this advertisement you might never know that Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best blood medicine.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Never Disappoints

A Burglary Story.

They were telling "burglary stories" on the veranda in front of the grocery store in a down-east town. "The man's hand was thrust through the hole he had cut in the door," said the star talker, "when the woman seized the wrist and held on in spite of the struggles of the man outside. In the morning the burglar was found dead, having cut his own throat when he found escape impossible; but the brave woman had not known he was dead, and so had not released her grasp on his wrist all night long." "Huh!" growled the skeptic in the corner; "why didn't she feel of his pulse?"—Buffalo Commercial.

Dr. Bull's COUGH SYRUP
Cures Croup and Whooping-Cough
Unexcelled for Consumptives. Gives quick, sure results. Refuse substitutes.
Dr. Bull's Pills cure Biliousness. Trial, 20 for 5c.

Should Women Smoke?

I have no earthly objection to women smoking; only, if they do smoke, they should smoke seriously. Most of them just fool a little with a cigarette. Now, that scarcely amounts to smoking at all. If they really mean it, let them take to cigars and pipes. I know a dignified old lady, a Polish countess—what is her name? Countess? Countess?—oh, well, Thingamojisky—it ends in 'isky,' anyhow—and I respect that woman. She genuinely smokes, and no mistake about it. There is no playing there. She looks on it as a sacred duty. She has a long pipe with a wooden stem and the bark on, and a fine big bowl—a regular man's pipe. When she was visiting me, she just loaded up and smoked, and loaded up and smoked, and loaded up and smoked again. She meant business. I know another lady who has a long Turkish pipe, and she, too, means business. If women are ever to be genuine smokers, that is the way they must go to work.—Mark Twain.

"I GAVE little thought to my health," writes MRS. WM. V. BELL, 230 N. Walnut St., Canton, O., to Mrs. Pinkham, "until I found myself unable to attend to my household duties.

THOUGHTLESS WOMEN

"I had had my days of not feeling well and my monthly suffering, and a good deal of backache, but I thought all women had these things and did not complain.

"I had doctored for some time, but no medicine seemed to help me, and my physician thought it best for me to go to the hospital for local treatment. I had read and heard so much of your Vegetable Compound that I made up my mind to try it. I was troubled with falling of the womb, had sharp pains in ovaries, leucorrhœa and painful menses. I was so weak and dizzy that I would often have severe fainting spells. I took in all several bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Blood Purifier and used the Sanative Wash, and am now in good health. I wish others to know of the wonderful good it has done me, and have many friends taking it now. Will always give your medicine the highest praise."

MRS. A. TOLLE, 1946 Hilton St., Philadelphia, Pa., writes:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I was very thin and my friends thought I was in consumption. Had continual headaches, backache and falling of womb, and my eyes were affected. Every one noticed how poorly I looked and I was advised to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. One bottle relieved me, and after taking eight bottles am now a healthy woman; have gained in weight 95 pounds to 140 pounds, and everyone asks what makes me so stout."

A Doctor's Advice Free!

About Tetterine. Dr. M. L. Fielder of Eclectic P. O., Elmore Co., Ala., says: "I know it to be a radical cure for tetter, salt rheum, eczema and all kindred diseases of the skin and scalp. I never prescribe anything else in all skin troubles." Send 50c. in stamps for a box of it, postpaid, to the manufacturer, J. T. Shuptrine, Savannah, Ga., if your druggist doesn't keep it.

Gentlemen Rankers' Disappearing.

"Gentleman rankers" are disappearing from the British army. In the fourteen years from 1885 to 1899 commissions were granted to 343 men from the ranks. The largest number was 41 in 1888. For the first four years they averaged over 30, for the next seven years about 20, in 1896 there were 16, the next year 9, and last year 14. The percentage of commissions given to "rankers" was four for the 14 years, but only 1.3 in 1897, and 1.9 in 1898. They are partly shut out by the difficulties put in their way, but many more seek military and "police" employment in the colonies.

Lost Sight

Restored and the eyes cured by using Findley's Eye Salve. No pain, sure cure or money back. 25c. box. All druggists, or by mail. J. P. HAYTER, Decatur, Texas.

Next to opium in power are certain kinds of grasses, notable among which is hemp which causes intoxication and anasthesia.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.
FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886. A. W. GLEASON, *Notary Public.*
SEAL

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free. F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

From boats run by foot power to fire engines propelled by electricity is the trend of modern invention.

Fits permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. $2 trial bottle and treatise free DR. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Not a single penny, halfpenny or farthing has yet found its way back to the English mint.

I believe Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my boy's life last summer.—MRS. ALLIE DOUGLASS, Le Roy, Mich., Oct. 20, 1894.

SPIRIT IN A STRANGE LAND.

Natives Care for Grave of an English Officer Buried There.

The British consul at Hiogo recently heard how the grave of a British naval officer on the island of Hiroshima, in the Inland sea of Japan, was carefully kept in order by the peasants. The consul got a history of the lonely grave. Here are some extracts: "In the first year of Meiji (A. D. 1868) her Britannic majesty's ship Sylvia was proceeding through the Inland sea when an officer named Lake fell ill. He was landed at Hiroshima, while the Sylvia proceeded and cast anchor at Enoura bay to await his recovery. However, he died, and Captain St. John buried his remains in the grounds of the Temple of Ikwoji, above Enoura shrine, and set up a wooden cross. Years afterward, when this monument had almost decayed * * * the natives said: 'Truly, it would be too sad if the grave of our solitary guest from afar, who has become a spirit in a strange land, were suffered to pass out of all knowledge.' So Terawaki Kaemon, head of a village guild, set up a stone monument, the shore folk with one accord lending help. This was on the seventh day of the eleventh month of the fourth year of Meiji—that is 1871. Since then nearly thirty winters have passed, during which time the islanders have not neglected to take good care of the tomb. From the tenth to the sixteenth day of the seventh month, in particular, the natives clean and sweep the grave and offer up flowers and incense, mourning and consolation."—London Star.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE EMINENT DIVINE'S SUNDAY DISCOURSE.

Subject: Small Annoyances—We Should Strive to Overcome the Troubles of Life—With the Help of God's Grace Petty Grievances Become Blessings.

[Copyright, Louis Klopsch, 1899.]

WASHINGTON, D. C.—This sermon by Dr. Talmage deals with a subject which appeals to all classes and conditions of men. His text is Deuteronomy vii., 20, "The Lord thy God will send the hornet."

In my text the hornet flies out on its mission. It is a species of wasp, swift in its motion and violent in its sting. Its touch is torture to man or beast. We have all seen the cattle run bellowing under the cut of its lancet. In boyhood we used to stand cautiously looking at the globular nest hung from the tree branch, and while we were looking at the wonderful covering we were struck with something that sent us shrieking away. The hornet goes in swarms. It has captains over hundreds, and twenty of them alighting on one man will produce certain death.

My friends, when we are assaulted by great behemoths of trouble we become chivalric, and we assault them. We get on the high mettled steed of our courage, and we make a cavalry charge at them, and if God be with us we come out stronger and better than when we went in. But alas for these insectile annoyances of life, these foes too small to shoot, these things without any avoirdupois weight, the gnats and the midges and the flies and the wasps and the hornets! In other words, it is the small, stinging annoyances of our life which drive us out and use us up. In the best conditioned life for some grand and glorious purpose God has sent the hornet.

I remark, in the first place, that these small, stinging annoyances may come in the shape of a nervous organization. People who are prostrated under typhoid fevers or with broken bones get plenty of sympathy, but who pities anybody that is nervous? The doctors say and the family say and everybody says, "Oh, she's only a little nervous; that's all!" The sound of a heavy foot, the harsh clearing of a throat, a discord in music, a want of harmony between the shawl and the glove on the same person, a curt answer, a passing slight, the wind from the east, any one of ten thousand annoyances, opens the door for the hornet. The fact is that the vast majority of the people in this country are overworked, and their nerves are the first to give out. A great multitude are under the strain of Leyden, who, when he was told by his physician that if he did not stop working while he was in such poor physical health he would die, responded, "Doctor, whether I live or die, the wheel must keep going round." These sensitive persons of whom I speak have a bleeding sensitiveness. The flies love to light on anything raw; and these people are like the Canaanites spoken of in the text or in the context—they have a very thin covering and are vulnerable at all points. "And the Lord sent the hornet."

Again, the small insect annoyances may come to us in the shape of friends and acquaintances who are always saying disagreeable things. There are some people you cannot be with for half an hour but you feel cheered and comforted. Then there are other people you cannot be with for five minutes before you feel miserable. They do not mean to disturb you, but they sting you to the bone. They gather up all the yarn which the gossips spin and retail it. They gather up all the adverse criticisms about your person, about your business, about your home, about your church, and they make your ear the funnel into which they pour it. They laugh heartily when they tell you, as though it were a good joke, and you laugh, too—outside.

The small insect annoyances of life sometimes come in the shape of local physical trouble which does not amount to a positive prostration, but which bothers you when you want to feel the best. Perhaps it is a sick headache which has been the plague of your life, and you appoint some occasion of mirth or sociality or usefulness, and when the clock strikes the hour you cannot make your appearance. Perhaps the trouble is between the ear and the forehead in the shape of a neuralgic twinge. Nobody can see it or sympathize with it, but just at the time when you want your intellect clearest and your disposition brightest you feel a sharp, keen, disconcerting thrust. "The Lord sent the hornet."

Perhaps these small insect annoyances will come in the shape of a domestic irritation. The parlor and the kitchen do not always harmonize. To get good service and keep it is one of the great questions of the country. Sometimes it may be the arrogance and inconsiderateness of employers; but, whatever be the fact, we all admit there are these insect annoyances winging their way out from the culinary department. If the grace of God be not in the heart of the housekeeper, she cannot maintain her equilibrium. The men come home at night and hear the story of these annoyances and say, "Oh, these home troubles are very little things!" They are small, small as wasps, but they sting. Martha's nerves were all unstrung when she rushed in asking Christ to scold Mary, and there are tens of thousands of women who are dying, stung to death by these pestiferous domestic annoyances. "The Lord sent the hornet."

These small insect disturbances may also come in the shape of business irritations. There are men here who went through the 24th of September, 1869, and the panics of 1873 and of 1893 without losing their balance who are every day unhorsed by little annoyances—a clerk's ill manners, or a blot of ink on a bill of lading, or the extravagance of a partner who overdraws his account or the underselling by a business rival, or the whispering of store confidences in the street, or the making of some little bad debt which was against your judgment, but you wanted to please somebody else.

It is not the panics that kill the merchants. Panics come only once in ten or twenty years. It is the constant din of these everyday annoyances which is sending so many of our best merchants into nervous dyspepsia and paralysis and the grave. When our national commerce fell flat on its face, these men stood up and felt almost defiant, but their life is going away now under the swarm of these pestiferous annoyances. "The Lord sent the hornet."

The naturalist tells us that a wasp sometimes has a family of 20,000 wasps, and it does seem as if every annoyance of your life brooded a million. By the help of God, to-day I want to show you the other side. The hornet is of no use? Oh, yes! The naturalist tells us they are very important in the world's economy. They kill spiders, and they clear the atmosphere. And I really believe God sends the annoyances of our life upon us to kill the spiders of the soul and to clear the atmosphere of our skies.

These annoyances are sent on us, I think, to wake us up from our lethargy. There is nothing that makes a man so lively as a nest of "yellow jackets," and I think that these annoyances are intended to persuade us of the fact that this is not a world for us to stop in. If we had a bed of everything that was attractive and soft and easy, what would we want of heaven? We think that the hollow tree sends the hornet, or we may think that the devil sends the hornet. I want to correct your opinion. "The Lord sent the hornet."

Then I think these annoyances come on us to cultivate our patience. In the gymnasium you find upright parallel bars with holes over each other for pegs to be put in. Then the gymnast take a peg in each hand, and he begins to climb, one inch at a time or two inches, and getting his strength cultivated, reaches after awhile the ceiling. And it seems to me that these annoyances in life are a moral gymnasium, each worriment a peg with which we are to climb higher and higher in Christian attainment. We all love to see patience, but it cannot be cultivated in fair weather. Patience is a child of the storm. If you had everything desirable and there was nothing more to get, what would you want with patience? The only time to cultivate it is when you are lied about and sick and half dead.

"Oh," you say, "if I only had the circumstances of some well to do man I would be patient too." You might as well say, "If it were not for this water, I would swim," or, "I could shoot this gun if it were not for the cartridge." When you stand chin deep in annoyances is the time for you to swim out toward the great headlands of Christian attainment, so as to "know Christ and the power of His resurrection and to have fellowship with His sufferings."

Nothing but the furnace will ever burn out of us the clinker and the slag. I have formed this theory in regard to small annoyances and vexations. It takes just so much trouble to fit us for usefulness and for heaven. The only question is whether we shall take it in the bulk or pulverized and granulated. Here is one man who takes it in the bulk. His back is broken or his eyesight put out, or some other awful calamity befalls him, while the vast majority of people take the thing piecemeal. Which way would you rather have it? Of course, in piecemeal. Better have five aching teeth than one broken jaw, better ten fly blisters than an amputation, better twenty squalls than one cyclone. There may be a difference of opinion as to allopathy and homœopathy, but in this manner of trouble I like homœpathic doses, small pellets of annoyance rather than some knockdown dose of calamity. Instead of the thunderbolt give us the hornet. If you have a bank, you would a great deal rather that fifty men would come in with checks less than $100 than to have two depositors come in the same day, each wanting his $10,000. In this latter case you cough and look down to the floor and you look up to the ceiling before you look into the safe. Now, my friends, would you not rather have these small drafts of annoyance on your bank of faith than some all staggering demand upon your endurance? But remember that little as well as great annoyances equally require you to trust in Christ for succor and for deliverance from impatience and irritability. "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is staid on Thee."

I go into a sculptor's studio and see him shaping a statue. He has a chisel in one hand and a mallet in the other, and he gives a very gentle stroke—click, click, click! I say, "Why don't you strike harder?" "Oh," he replies, "that would shatter the statue. I can't do it that way. I must do it this way." So he works on, and after awhile the features come out, and everybody that enters the studio is charmed and fascinated. Well, God has your soul under process of development, and it is the little annoyances and vexations of life that are chiseling out your immortal nature. It is click, click, click! I wonder why some great providence does not come and with one stroke prepare you for heaven. Ah, no! God says that is not the way, and so He keeps on by strokes of little vexations until at last you shall be a glad spectacle for angels and for men.

You know that a large fortune may be spent in small change, and a vast amount of moral character may go away in small depletions. It is the little troubles of life that are having more effect upon you than great ones. A swarm of locusts will kill a grain-field sooner than the incursion of three or four cattle. You say, "Since I lost my child, since I lost my property, I have been a different man." But you do not recognize the architecture of little annoyances that are hewing, digging, cutting, shaping, splitting and interjoining your moral qualities. Rats may sink a ship. One lucifer match may send destruction through a block of storehouses. Catherine de' Medici got her death from smelling a poisonous rose. Columbus, by stopping and asking for a piece of bread and a drink of water at a Franciscan convent, was led to the discovery of a new world. And there is an intimate connection between trifles and immensities, between nothings and everythings.

Now, be careful to let none of those annoyances go through your soul unarraigned. Compel them to administer to your spiritual wealth. The scratch of a sixpenny nail sometimes produces lockjaw, and the clip of a most infinitesimal annoyance may damage you forever. Do not let any annoyance or perplexity come across your soul without its making you better.

A returned missionary told me that a company of adventurers rowing up the Ganges, were stung to death by flies that infest that region at certain seasons. The earth has been strewed with the carcasses of men slain by insect annoyances. The only way to get prepared for the great trouble of life is to conquer these small troubles. What would you say of a soldier who refused to load his gun or to go into the conflict because it was only a skirmish, saying: "I am not going to expend my ammunition on a skirmish. Wait until there comes a general engagement and then you will see how courageous I am and what battling I will do?" The general would say to such a man, "If you are not faithful in a skirmish, you would be nothing in a general engagement." And I have to tell you, O Christian men, if you cannot apply the principles of Christ's religion on a small scale you will never be able to apply them on a large scale. If I had my way with you, I would have you possess all possible worldly prosperity. I would have you each one a garden, a river flowing through it, geraniums and shrubs on the sides and the grass and flowers as beautiful as though the rainbow had fallen. I would have you a house, a splendid mansion, and the beds should be covered with upholstery dipped in the setting sun. I would have every hall in your house set with statues and statuettes, and then I would have the four quarters of the globe pour in all their luxuries on your table, and you should have forks of silver and knives of gold, inlaid with diamonds and amethysts. Then you should each one of you have the finest horses and your pick of the equipages of the world. Then I would have you live 150 years, and you should not have a pain or an ache until the last breath.

"Not each one of us?" you say. Yes, each one of you. "Not to your enemies?" Yes. The only difference I would make with them would be that I would put a little extra gilt on their walls and a little extra embroidery on their slippers. But, you say, "Why does not God give us all these things?" Ah! I bethink myself. He is wiser. It would make fools and sluggards of us if we had our way. No man puts his best picture in the portico or vestibule of his house. God meant this world to be only the vestibule of heaven, that great gallery of the universe toward which we are aspiring. We must not have it too good in this world or we would want no heaven.

Polycarp was condemned to be burned to death. The stake was planted. He was fastened to it. The fagots were placed around him, the fires kindled, but history tells us that the flames bent outward like the canvas of a ship in a stout breeze, so that the flames, instead of destroying Polycarp, were only a wall between him and his enemies. They had actually to destroy him with the poniard. The flames would not touch him. Well, my hearer, I want you to understand that by God's grace the flames of trial, instead of consuming your soul, are only going to be a wall of defense and a canopy of blessing. God is going to fulfill to you the blessings and the promises, as He did to Polycarp. "When thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned." Now you do not understand, but you shall know hereafter. In heaven you will bless God even for the hornet.

The Religion of the Icelanders.

About 72,000 persons, which is about the entire population of Iceland, are members of the Lutheran Church.

For the horse, as for his master,
Ivory finds abundant scope;
Galls and scratches heal much faster,
When well cleansed with Ivory Soap.
Where 'tis used, the work is lighter,
Sleek and smooth the horses' coats,
Harness softer, carriage brighter,
And—a final charm—it floats.

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FITTED TO GOVERN.

Englishmen in Colonial Offices Advanced by Merit Only.

There is a marked feature of the fine body of Englishmen and foreigners generally in the work in Egypt. And it is one of especial interest to those who hope to see entrance to what, for want of a better name, may be called our colonial service based upon a system of appointment and advancement by merit alone. One of the most frequent arguments made by American advocates of partisan public service, when the benefits of the British civil service are advanced, is that while the service may be admitted excellent, entrance to it is by favor alone. Therefore, they say, positions are monopolized by the sons of the rich and great, by what the French call "sons of family." Nowhere have Englishmen better proved their fitness for governing than at Cairo, and nowhere have the sons of great men or the bearers of great names been so conspicuously absent. The majority of the men who have made the Egypt of today have at the same time made themselves. By this it is not meant that they have risen from the lowest ranks of society, what are generally known as self-made men. It is the good fortune or rather the legitimate result of the system and the rewards which it offers that the best class of Englishmen enter the government service. They must be men of good standing and good education. The most fitting example is furnished in Lord Cromer, whose very name is now synonymous with things Egyptian. It is equally difficult to write of Egypt without mentioning his name, and once it is mentioned, to withhold the fullest measure of admiration and praise for the record he has made. He began life as a younger and by no means wealthy member of the financial house of Baring. Family influence probably secured for him a nomination to be examined for the army, just as such nominations are given to young Americans. But it was his capability and excellent record which secured for Major Evelyn Baring, after the fall of Ismail Pasha, appointment as one of the members of the dual control established over Egypt by England and France. Except for an absence of three years (1880-1882) as financial member of the council of India, he has been in Cairo ever since. To write of what he has done is but to write a history of the occupation, for he has been its corner-stone. And today he is undoubtedly the greatest member of his family, where twenty years ago he was probably the most obscure.—Harper's Magazine.

Typhoid Rate and Pure Water.

In Vienna the typhoid rate of 12.5 deaths to 10,000 inhabitants fell to 1.1 after a pure water supply was obtained. In Dantzig the mortality fell from 10 per 10,000 to 1.5. In Munich, after the introduction of a good water supply and proper sewerage, the rate fell from 21 per 10,000 to 6.3, and in Boston from 17.4 to 5.6.

There is evidently everything in a name. Phil Graves is an undertaker in an Ohio village.

Ayer's Pills

Sick headache. Food doesn't digest well, appetite poor, bowels constipated, tongue coated. It's your liver! Ayer's Pills are liver pills, easy and safe. They cure dyspepsia, biliousness. 25c. All Druggists.

Want your moustache or beard a beautiful brown or rich black? Then use
BUCKINGHAM'S DYE for the Whiskers
50 cts. of Druggists, or R. P. Hall & Co., Nashua, N. H.

A Gentle Hint.

A singular custom prevails among the Tartars or Kurds. If a man loses his cattle or other property he pours a little brown sugar into a piece of colored cloth, ties it up and carries one such parcel to each of his friends and acquaintances. In return he is presented, according to circumstances, with a cow or sheep or a sum of money.

The French electric wagon Jeantaud recently made a trip of 85 miles in seven and one-quarter hours without recharging the battery.

The Tyrol has two octogenarian poets, Adolph Pichler and Hermann Rollett.

What Do You Want?

Fancy Chairs, 75c to $30.

There is nothing that money can buy that we do not sell, except locomotives, boats and live animals. We can save you money on everything you buy at all seasons of the year. Our general Catalogue contains 304 pages, has 10,000 illustrations, and quotes wholesale prices to consumers on over 100000 different articles.

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Watches, 69c to $75.

We issue a Lithographed Catalogue which shows Carpets, Rugs, Art Squares, Portieres and Lace Curtains in their real colors. Carpets sewed free, lining furnished free and freight prepaid.

Our Made-to-Order Clothing Catalogue with samples of cloth attached, offers suits and overcoats from $5.25 to $20.00. (Sent C. O. D.) Expressage paid on clothing everywhere. We also issue a Special Catalogue of Pianos, Organs, Sewing Machines and Bicycles.

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THE GENUINE have W. L. Douglas' name and price stamped on bottom.
Take no substitute claimed to be as good. Largest makers of $3 and $3.50 shoes in the world. Your dealer should keep them—if not, we will send you a pair on receipt of price. State kind of leather, size and width, plain or cap toe.
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Cures Coughs and Colds. Prevents Consumption. All Druggists. 25c.

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B N U 43.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS.